

# THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

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## CONSEQUENCES OF THE WIT- NESS OR SEALING OF THE SPIRIT.

BY REV. D. B. DODGE.

WILL my dear readers please keep in mind what is meant by the *Witness of the Spirit*, as stated in my article of last month, while I proceed to give several results or CONSEQUENCES of this blessed experience.

### 1. *Annihilation of infidel doubts.*

I know many precious souls are in a doubting state. They have intellects which are naturally incredulous. It takes a great deal of evidence to enable them to reach a faith which most can gain on much weaker testimony. They love God. They love the Bible; but they are greatly distressed sometimes. The devil comes in the hour of darkness and temptation, and throws suggestions into the mind, that, *perhaps* after all, there is no God; or the Bible may not be His Word. The poor soul groans. It struggles to meet and answer these intimations. But not having yet attained much depth of experience, and knowing little of historical evidence, it is torn and tossed. In prayer, these doubts intruding, a great cloud will seem to come between the soul and God. These doubts will taunt the soul like spectres. While it goes on, day by day, in momentary sunshine, hourly darkness; hoping, fearing, sighing, and crying for that evidence which it feels it must have before it will be able to come to a calm, sure faith, be good for anything as a worker for God—or have any permanent religious joy.

Such souls think a manifestation from Christ would set them all right, and scatter their doubts forever. They are right. If Jesus would reveal Himself to them in the experience commonly known as the Witness or Sealing of the Spirit, their incredulities would instantly and forever vanish. "At that day YE SHALL KNOW THAT I AM IN MY FATHER, and YE IN ME, and I IN YOU." Three things known—and yet, the soul in this experience has them with perfect distinctness. O glorious! And because the soul has secured this experience exactly in accordance with the teachings of God's Word, it knows the Bible is true. "How shall I get this experience?" You MUST KEEP His commandments, and pray IN FAITH for the *Witness of the Spirit*, and HOLD ON, He will come. On these conditions, He has promised. "He is FAITHFUL that promised."

### 2. *Light on the Scriptures.*

You will not be able perfectly to understand the whole Bible. But places which seemed most dry and barren, will teem with richest and sweetest treasures. The words of God will be spirit and life. You will cease lamenting your want of feeling when reading this precious book, and will feel rather like asking God to stay His hand, lest you should not survive meditation upon powerful truths which now so deeply affect you. Then, with the dear prophet you will be able to exclaim, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them! and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart!" And with David, "O how love I thy law! How sweet are thy words unto my taste!" This

experience is a sure result of the Witness of the Spirit.

### 3. Confidence toward God.

By confidence, here, I do not mean *faith*. But a *state of soul* which must exist, in order to the exercise of living faith. It is spoken of by the Apostle: "For if our *heart condemn us*, then God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, *then have we confidence toward God*."

Heart condemnation, or a condemning conscience, destroys this confidence.—By confidence toward God, is meant an assurance of consciousness that the soul *has a right to believe*—of course, this is all of *grace*.

A mother tells her daughter if she is obedient, she shall have certain presents. The little girl disobeys. Now she feels she cannot claim the favors. She has no heart to ask for them. She has no confidence that her mother will give them to her. She is conscious that she has not fulfilled the conditions of the promise; but that there has been a failure on her part.

So Jesus says to his children. "*If ye abide in me* and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

If the Christian is conscious he is *not abiding in Christ*, but is in unbelief and sin, can he have any confidence that God will answer his prayers? He will have no heart to pray. He will feel as the little girl, that he has no right under those circumstances to claim any favors. His heart condemns him. He knows God, who is greater than the heart, condemns him also. While in this state, he can have no confidence to look into the face of God, expecting that he shall receive anything. One reason so little prayer prevails with God, is—there is *so much heart condemnation*. Such prayers are only an empty form of words. It is impossible that faith should be in them.

The soul must have a "conscience void of offence," or conscious present integrity. "I have *walked in mine integrity*. I will *wash mine hands in in-*

*nocency*: so will I compass thine altar, O Lord." Of course, these expressions do not mean that the soul has never sinned, or that it is not *guilty* of past sin. But they do refer to the soul's acceptable standing with God, a *character consciously purified by His grace*, on condition of which the soul has confidence toward Him in prayer. Then, believing God has blotted out its past sins, the soul can look right up into the face of its Father, with unblushing countenance.

In this "confidence toward God," are *two elements*—assurance that the soul is *personally accepted* of God—consciousness of present uprightness. By the Witness of the Spirit, both these are greatly perfected. In this experience, Jesus *manifests Himself* to the soul. It then receives a direct, powerful, glorious assurance of its own acceptance with God; and knows itself possessed of a "conscience void of offence" toward God and toward man.

After such an experience, O how easy it is to *pray believably*! With what joy the soul comes "boldly to the throne of grace!" Conscious that itself is filled with God, the happy soul looks unabashed into the face of its own dear Saviour, and has full confidence toward God.

Let it be understood, there is nothing of *audacity* or of the idea of *creature merit* in this confidence. The soul is conscious of personal holiness, and of sweet abiding in Christ. Still it *recognizes the fact and believes it*, that every bit of its spirituality is *from the grace of Christ*, and it gives HIM ALL THE GLORY.

4. *The soul will experience no more distress, at a consciousness that it knows scarcely anything of the experience of primitive Christians.*

The Apostle wrote to the Corinthians, of Christ, "who HATH SEALED us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." How many Christians are *thus acquainted with Christ, to-day?* and know Him as a *Sealing Saviour?* Who knows, *by experience*, what SEALING means?

Then to the Ephesians he writes, "in whom, also, *after that ye believed*, ye were SEALED WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT of promise."

This was the *common* experience of those Christians. Paul speaks to them as if they knew all about it. Have you never felt *sad*, at the thought that you do not, *by experience*, know what is the Sealing of the Holy Ghost, and are thus so far below your privilege, as a child of God? Obtain the manifestation of Jesus to your soul, and your sadness will turn to laughter, and your sorrow to singing. You will realize yourself walking hand in hand with the early Christians, and the glory of the Lord will be risen upon you.

#### 5. Acquaintance with Christ.

To many professors of religion, Christ is a "root out of a dry ground." They see in Him, no form nor comeliness, no beauty, that they should desire Him.—REALLY, He is *altogether lovely*, and, in glory and beauty, the chiefest among ten thousand. But these souls do not see it. They never will see, until Christ fulfills His word: "*I will manifest myself to him.*"

Why is it, that shouts and rejoicings commonly attend the revelation of Jesus to the soul by the Holy Spirit? Ah! the soul beholds something indescribably glorious, ravishingly sweet, and lovely. It *must rejoice*. It *must praise* this Saviour. To confine in the body the feelings, at such times, is like compressing steam in a weak boiler. IT WILL BURST. The soul *must sound aloud*, the newly discovered glory, and the praise of that lovely Saviour whom it now beholds in the spirit. Jesus is a stranger no more. He is no longer knocking *outside* the soul, until His head is wet with the dew, and His locks with the drops of the night. The doors are flung wide. Jesus has come in. In the soul He dwells a guest. O happy, happy soul! You have seen the Lord's Christ. You have, in this world, become personally, sensibly, acquainted with Him, in whose presence, infinite love, and glory, you shall live in blessedness forever.

Earth is no more lonely. *Jesus is*

*here*. He is no longer farther off than the stars. The words expressing the moral character of the Saviour, mean a great deal now. The soul has looked into them, and seen a meaning unutterable. Jesus is no longer merely a person of history. He is the *soul's own living, personal* Saviour, with whom it has vital fellowship. He is a *realized Saviour*. O how such acquaintance with Christ makes the soul all over new, and sweetens all the pains and sorrows of this life. Rest not, dear reader, until you know HIM, in whom you have believed.

#### 6. The power of the world will be broken.

This point will consume all the space remaining for me in this issue. I do not intend to give you *all* the consequences of the Witness of the Spirit. They are almost innumerable. But, I trust, from those mentioned, it will be seen, that this experience is very desirable in itself, and indispensable to Christian influence and enjoyment. A perishing world demands that Christians should possess it. The glory of God makes the same demand.

It distresses me greatly, to see how unstable many are, whom I believe have been truly converted. Any little excitement or novelty, seems for the time being, to gain almost entire possession of their souls. Like the Jews, they seem to lust after their former selfish enjoyments. They are inefficient, weak, and unstable as water. I marvel that they are so soon and easily removed from Him that called them. They seem under a shell—the world charms them too easily. They feel the power of worldly things, more than of things spiritual. They are very frequently in deep sorrow, for their worldliness and sin. They seem to want to love and serve Christ. But spiritual things, on the account of the blindness of their minds, have little power on them; so they do many things which otherwise they would not, and are easily led away, into the error of the wicked. They have not the moral fortitude necessary to breast the influence of this wicked world. They have



not stability. A little change of circumstances, easily unsettles them. In the rush and whirl of human life, they do not retain a spiritual frame of mind. They know they are slaves to the world and its influences. Overcoming the world is to them, only a speculation.—They are world-bound.

What do such souls need? It is a manifested Saviour. They need to get a view of Christ under the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit. Then they will see *in Him*, their "PORTION."—The glory of Christ will so eclipse the glory of the world, and put it to shame, that the soul will turn from it with loathing. Let Christ reveal Himself to such a soul, and all vanity and fascination in selfish pleasure will instantly vanish.—The soul will greatly wonder that it could have regarded, that which it now sees chaff beside gold—that it could have turned so readily away, from the ineffable glory of Jesus, to the beggarly elements of the world.

But it sees the reason. The glory of God was not apprehended, and so not a *felt reality* to the soul.

Would you be delivered from bondage to the world—fashion—foolish custom—fear of man—slavery to usages which are contrary to the law of love? Would you see these bands snap very quickly, and stay broken very easily? Would you look far down into the *real rottenness* of this world's pleasures, so that your soul will spring from them as from a discovered viper? Would you clearly see, and deeply feel, that CHRIST is ALL IN ALL to you, and come into such a state, that you can *count all things but loss*, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and do this *joyfully*? If you would seek a MANIFESTED Saviour, obtain a Witness of the Spirit, and you are there. O then, from the heart, with strange feelings you will sing:

"Vain, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good;  
Only Jesus I pursue.  
Who bought me with His blood.  
All thy pleasures I forego;  
I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified."

"Here will I set up my rest;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of His breast  
Shall never more depart.  
Daily, in His grace to grow,  
And ever in His faith abide—  
*ONLY Jesus will I know,*  
And Jesus crucified."

#### "WHAT I DO THOU KNOWEST NOT."

I KNOW not what shall befall me, God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;  
And so each step in my onward path, He makes new scenes to rise,  
And every joy: He sends me, comes as a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread on another year,  
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear;  
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten, as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitter than I think;  
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I stop to drink;  
Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its brink.

It may be He is keeping, for the coming of my feet,  
Some gift of such rare blessedness—some joy so strangely sweet—  
That my lips shall only tremble with the thanks they cannot speak.

O, restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know;  
It keeps me so still in those arms which will not let me go,  
And hushes my soul to rest in the bosom that loves me so.

So I go, not knowing; I would not if I might;  
I would rather walk in the dark with God than go alone in the light;  
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;  
So I send the coming tear back with the whispered word, "HE knows."



BEAUTIFUL LINKS FROM A  
GOLDEN CHAIN.

Selections from the Bible, alphabetically arranged.

PREPARED BY ELEANOR J. WILSON.

## ENCOURAGEMENTS FOR GOD'S PEOPLE.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the Lord is tried; he is a buckler to all those who trust in him.—Ps. xviii. 30.

And call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.—Ps. l. 15.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.—Ps. cxxv. 2.

And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them.—Isa. xl. 16.

And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.—Mat. x. 27.

And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.—Mark. x. 29, 30.

And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily.—Luke. xviii. 7, 8.

And ye therefore now have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.—John xvi. 22.

At that day ye shall ask in my name: and I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved

me, and believed that I came out from God.—John xvi. 26, 27.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Rom. viii. 28.

And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.—2 Cor. xii. 9.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—Gal. vi. 9.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth and his hands make whole.—Job. v. 17, 18.

But he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.—Job. xxiii. 10.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.—Ps. xxxi. 24.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law.—Ps. xciv. 12.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.—Ps. cxxi. 4.

But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.—Zech. xiv. 7.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.—Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—Mat. v. 10–12.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord!—1 Cor. xv. 57, 58.

By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach

of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible.—Heb. xi. 24–27.

Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.—James v. 7, 8.

Behold we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.—James v. 11

But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled.—1 Pet. iii. 14.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.—1 Pet. iv. 12, 13.

Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.—Rev. iii. 11.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.—Ps. lv. 22.

Can a woman forget a suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.—Isa. xlix. 15.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Pet. v. 7.

Every word of God is pure; he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.—Prov. xxx. 5.

For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.—Deut. xxxii. 31.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret

of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.—Ps. xxvii. 5.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him. Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.—Ps. xxxii. 6, 7.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever.—Ps. xxxvii. 28.

From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.—Ps. lxi. 2, 3.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.—xliv. 7.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee: yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing; they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contended with thee: they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of naught. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not; I will help thee.—Isa. xl. 10–13.

For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.—xiii. 33.

For thus saith the Lord, . . . he that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.—Zech. ii. 8.

For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation aboundeth by Christ.—2 Cor. i. 5.

For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us.—2 Cor. i. 20.

For all things are for your sake, that the abundant grace might, through the thanksgiving of many, redound to the glory of God. For which cause we

faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Cor. iv. 15-18.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—Heb. iv. 15, 16.

For he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Heb. xiii. 5.

For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously.—1 Pet. ii. 19-23.

For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing. For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.—1 Pet. iv. 17, 18.

For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty.—2 Pet. i. 16.

Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried: and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death,

and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. ii. 10.

God is not a man, that he should lie, neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good.—Num. xxiii. 19.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble: therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.—Ps. xli. 1-3.

He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch you.—Job v. 19.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.—Ps. xci. 1-4.

## MEEKNESS.

BY REV. GEO. W. ANDERSON.

THE Lord Jesus evidently places a high estimate upon this rare trait of character. He gives prominence to it, and we certainly should. If he does not over-estimate meekness, a due regard for him, and a proper concern for our own spiritual good, should lead us to a careful study of its true nature.

•What is it to be meek? Is it to be tame-spirited, sluggishly indifferent, or merely unresistingly passive? As we understand it, meekness does not imply lack of spirit or energy, either of mind or heart. People who are the most energetic and noble, who have the finest sensibilities, can be the least arrogant; showing no resistance and no retaliation. Yes, even the high-spirited can be the meekest. Alas! that they are regarded as high-spirited who are bold, arrogant and assuming. We regard such as very low-spirited indeed. Even the insolent pass for men of spirit. Men of truly high and noble spirit are most



above base action and sharp return of evil. Their spirit is most elevated, as they imitate him who said, "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

Meekness is born of love, and develops in the same element. Love is not a cringing idiot or cowardly soldier. It is brave, though retiring; firm though modest; faithful, though gentle. Meekness is true, noble action. If it does not seek to promote itself, neither will it pull others down. If it does not stand in its' own light, it will not stand in yours. If it endures all things, it also bears them without appealing to your sympathies, by making a great ado about its many sufferings. It is no beggar, exhibiting wounds and scars to excite commiseration, but is most noble when it suffers, and its only and most pathetic appeal is its unvoiced patience under the smart of injustice or calumny. How truly might the Saviour say, "*Blessed are the meek.*" They do not debase or undignify themselves. Meekness invests every person with true and permanent adorning, lending effective charms, even to deformity. "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God is of great price." Such a disposition of soul is more lovely than "that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel."—Where the former is sought, we do not seek the latter.

Meekness is an element of strength in the Christian character. If you are groaning for more power, be sure you have this before you seek for anything more. The timber of the Elder tree is soft, easily cut, split and worked up; yet it has been proved that this timber will not rot in water. The largest part of Venice stands upon piles of Elder, which sunk in the sea, form massive buildings. Meekness is such a foundation as this,—durable, imperishable. It is gentle and yields, (except in matters of conscience) and yet continues stable in the floods of injustice, contradiction and persecution. Here is strength and power if you would have it. "This is the armor of the soul, and without it you

are exposed to every shaft of envy, malice and ill-will. But, possess it, and the provocations of injustice, envy, prejudice, the reverses of life, the entombing of cherished hopes, and even death's separations, cannot interrupt your peace or serenity of soul. We are unmoved under contempt or indignities. We do not watch the abuse, wrong or bad passion of our enemy by a display, on our part, of the same unlovely traits of character, "Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called that ye should *inherit a blessing.*"

One said, "Meekness is Love at school." Love grows in not visiting evil, giving the cloak when the coat is taken, and going the second mile after having wearily walked the first. The battle develops courage in the soldier, and love is developed and increased when we bear the ills of life and the wrongs of men with meekness. We do not expect to be more meek by having visions in the wilderness, or blessings with the saints. You can only get it by being where you have to bear the most. God cannot bless you more than to keep you quiet under injury. He so communed with the three men spoken of in the Bible, that their faces shone with his glory; and these men were eminent for their meekness; Moses, Stephen and the man Christ Jesus.

Meekness loses nothing but gains everything. "The meek shall inherit the earth." For example, Abraham, who yielded his right of choice to Lot, but was most blessed in the portion that fell to him. Worldly wisdom says, "stand up for your rights," but meekness yields and conquers too. Heaven is taken by violence, but the earth by meekness. "Seek ye the Lord all ye meek, seek righteousness, seek meekness, it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger."

—♦♦♦—  
If we could see the end as God does, we should see that every event is *for* the believer. When we get to heaven, we shall see that every wind was wafting us to glory.

## A MISER'S DEATH.

## THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

THEY brought him a dollar.

He took it, clutched it in his long, skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed-post, and then gazed on it long and patiently with his dull, leaden eyes.

That day, in the hurry of business, Death had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent, and he was on the verge of the miserable court, where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels, he was there, with his rent-book in his hand, when Death laid his iron hand upon him.

He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He was laid on a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations and the preacher were sent for.—All day long he lay without speech, moving his right hand, as though in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke.

He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him, and lean and gaunt he sat up in his death-bed, and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken bed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where chairs, and carpets, and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling—all said, Gold! as plainly as human lips can say it.

His hair and eyebrows were white. His cheek sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicated the passion of Avarice. As he sat up in his bed, with his neck bared and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost. And there was life in his leaden eye—all that life centered on the dollar, which he gripped in his clenched fist.

His wife, a pleasant-faced, matronly woman, was seated at the foot of his bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in the latest fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat before the table, pen in hand, and gold spectacles

on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

"Do you think he will make a will?" asked the son.

"Hardly *compos mentis* yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait. He'll be *lucid* after a while."

"My dear," said the wife, "had not I better send for a preacher?"

She arose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His eyes were upon the dollar.

He was a rich man. He owned palaces on Walnut and Chesnut streets, and hovels and courts in the outskirts. He had iron mines in this State; copper mines on the lakes somewhere; he had golden interests in California. His name was bright upon the records of twenty banks; he owned stocks of all kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his pay.

He knew but one crime—to be in debt without the power to pay.

He knew but one virtue—to get money.

That crime he had never forgiven—this virtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years.

To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation—these were the main achievements of his life.

He was a good man—his name was upon a silver plate upon the pew door of a velvet-cushioned church.

He was a benevolent man—for every thousand dollars he wrung from the tenants, from his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heel, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution.

He was a just man—the gallows and the jail always found in him a faithful and unswerving advocate.

And now he is a dying man—see! as he sits upon the bed of death, with the dollar in his clenched hand.

O holy dollars, object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death?

At length the dying man revived and dictated his will. It was strange to see the mother, and son, and lawyer, mut-

tering—and sometimes wrangling—beside the bed of death. All the while the testator clutched the dollar in his right hand.

While the will was being made, the preacher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the church, whose pew doors bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth and satin.

He came and said his prayer—decorously and in measured words—but never once did the dying man release his hold on the dollar.

"Can't you read me something, say, quick, don't you see I'm going?" at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look toward the preacher.

The preacher, whose cravat was of the whitest, took a book with golden clasps from a marble table. And he read:

"And I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

"Who said these words—who—who—who?" fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand that clenched the dollar, at the preacher's head.

The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.

"Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church? Why—why?"

The preacher did not reply, but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted.

"And it's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God, is it? Then what's to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever pity, what debtor did I ever spare, what debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preached to us, and never said one word about the camel. Not a word about the camel."

The preacher, in search of a consoling passage, turned rapidly over the

leaves, and, in his confusion, came to this passage, which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. . . . Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have reaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth! and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

"And you never preached that to me?" shrieked the dying man.

The preacher, who had blundered through the passage from James, which we have quoted, knew not what to say. He was perchance terrified by the very look of the dying parishioner.

Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will) attempted a word or two of consolation.

But with the dollar in his hand, he sank into death, talking of stocks, of rent, of copper mines and camels, of tenant and debtor, until life left his lips.

Thus he died.

When he was cold, the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such charitable society, which had been engrafted upon the preacher's church.

And the wife closed his eyes, and tried to wrench the dollar from his hand, but in vain. He clutched it as it were the only Saviour to light him through the darkness of eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes, and thought of the hundreds of thousands which were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length. There was a crowd around an open grave, and an eloquent sermon upon the virtues of the deceased by the preacher. There was a fluttering of crape badges, and rolling of carriages, but no tears.

They left the dead man, and returned to the palace, where sorrow died, even



as the crape was taken from the door knob.

And, in the grave, the dead hand still clenched the dollar!—*Geo. Lippard.*

## BREAD FROM UNBOLTED FLOUR.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

WISE men who have made the matter a study, tell us that very valuable portions of the wheaten grain are sifted out by the miller's bolting-cloth. The aim of the miller is to get pretty flour, in order to please his customers; and truly, the flour freed from bran and middlings does look white and pleasing to the eye. But it lacks something. There is too much tender starch, not enough tough gluten and solid organic elements, needful to keep the whole body in repair. Those despised parts, that are so carefully separated lest they might offend, are those which should go to feed bone and muscle, and brain. And unless these can be supplied from other forms of food, the man who eats the beautiful bread, will come short of good health and perfect strength. He may get fat but not muscular. True, the bread made from whole wheat, may not look so temptingly delicate as that made from bolted flour, but then it nourishes the whole man.

Now, too often, sermons carefully elaborated, and articles critically prepared—not that laziness or slovenliness are excusable in either; matter, not manner is what I am after,—may be likened to this minutely bolted flour. These "efforts" are scrupulously nice. They contain nothing unorthodox, nothing that can offend Laodicean "tastes," nothing that will be immediately hurtful. Their defect is a negative defect. They are minus where they should be plus.—Stern, distasteful truths are left out, from a motive similar to that of the miller in bolting his flour. They want to please the people. Very often they succeed for a time. Their "fine" efforts please men, but believing ones grow weak and sickly under such dainty regimen.

Robust, aggressive, overcoming Christians, must be fed with the unbolted bread of heaven, the unsifted words of Him that speaketh from heaven. Under a plea of progress, no man ought to sift the gospel to suit the changed tastes of those who loathe such old-fashioned food, as precepts of self-denial, deadness to the world, living unto Christ, striving not to please men in all we do, but God only, and other such like obsolescent duties and doctrines. The Scriptures demand obedience, as well as hold forth promises, call for stern doing, as well as permit emotional "blessings."

This sifting of God's word, to suit the tender teeth of effeminate professors, may make popular sermons and editorials, but such sermons and editorials will lack those plain elements of nutrition, which go to make perfect men. These fine efforts are too starchy. They may make "hearts fat as grease," but can not make them strong. The Lord desires to feed us with the "finest of the wheat," but there is no hint that it must be ground in the mill of metaphysics, sifted through a theological bolting-cloth, and leavened with airy rhetoric before it is ready for eating. The word of truth should be rightly divided, but dividing is different from sifting out the rugged part and keeping the easy.

There are duties to do, as well as hopes to ponder. Everybody likes the promises, but the precepts are not relished so well. Many love the hope of the kingdom; but not so many glory in the tribulation way that leads us there.—To inherit all things in the future, seems pleasant to hear; but to forsake all things in the present seems painful to do. All love the crown, but not all love the cross.

Nevertheless, the strait gate and the narrow way remain.

There are exceeding great and precious promises, but there are also exceeding broad and impressive commandments. Let us remember both, believing on the one hand, and doing on the other.

O BELIEVER, hidden in the cleft Rock, abide in Him.

## A MIRACLE.

BY REV. E. OWEN.

WHILE spending a few days with Bro. Steegar in a revival at the Free Methodist Church in Syracuse, I was told that God had wrought a miracle, on a pious girl by the name of Ida Perry, residing in the eastern part of the city. Bro. Steegar and myself, called on her, and received the following account from her own lips, which was confirmed by Mrs. Perry, (a city missionary) who was present, with others, when the cure was wrought.

On or about the 11th of Jan. 1871, in consequence of partial blindness, she stumbled and fell down a flight of stairs, struck her thumb, bending it to her wrist, dislocating two or three joints, and fracturing the bones in a fearful manner. Dr. Miller was called, who found the hand so swollen, that he only attempted to set the first joint from the nail, leaving the hand in a most fearful state. This visit was on Wednesday.— On Saturday the Doctor called again, but found the parts so injured and swollen, that he refused to make any further effort to set the bones, but left; requesting her to meet him at his office. This she did; where she also met Dr. Bigelow. The hand was examined, but no attempt made to set bones. From this place she was conducted by Dr. Miller, to the office of Dr. Pease, where she met Doctors Pease, Dydimia, Briggs, and Miller together, who finding it such an unusual and difficult case to handle, called in also Dr. Hamilton, who, with all his experience, declared he had never seen such a case before. After a painful examination, she was sent home without the least encouragement that she would ever have the use of her thumb, if indeed of her hand. Having now lost all hope from human skill, she committed her case to God; saying, to use her exact language—"Now Father, you see your child in trouble, must I be a cripple the rest of life in my right hand, besides being blind? But the pain continued without abatement. Among her

sympathizers, was a Mrs. Perry, a city missionary, who offered to draw a hundred dollars from the bank, to secure for her the aid of an eminent Surgeon of whom she had heard; saying, "I would not have such a hand for a thousand dollars." The poor girl declined this kind offer, saying, "If God don't help me, there is no help for me." Mrs. Perry replied, "It is well to trust God, but who ever heard of his coming down here to set bones?"

On the Sabbath, finding her in great distress, Mrs. Perry spent the Sabbath with her, instead of going to church.— In the evening they had a season of prayer. Ida and her sister, Mrs. Perry and a pious young man were present.

When they commenced praying, the pain seemed more and more intense. Instead of screaming for pain, as tempted to do, she would shout *Amen*, under the severest pang. Soon, to use her own language, "the power of God came into her hand, cooling and soothing the injured parts like a shower bath." All pain and swelling were at once removed. The Spirit then whispered, "Remove the bandage and set the bones;" which she did with perfect ease, and without the slightest pain. This was all done while Mrs. Perry was praying. There was no special reference, in Mrs. Perry's prayer, to the fractured hand. When the prayer ceased she showed them her hand all natural, working all the joints of the thumb without the least pain.— When we saw her, about three weeks had past, from the time it was healed, she had not felt the slightest pain. It was not yet strong as the other thumb, but she had commenced using it.

The morning after the cure, Dr. Miller called; examined the hand, and asked, in astonishment, "What have you been doing?" "I have been to the Great Physician," was the reply. "By George," said the Doctor, "that is a miracle. I thought the day of miracles had past, but that is a miracle." Being almost unwilling to believe his eyes, he handled and worked at the thumb until he displaced a bone. He then tried three times to set it, and failed. "Now,"

said the girl, "let me show you how the Spirit told me to set it, I guess God will help me to do it again." Then holding the hand before him, she put the bone in place with ease, and without the least pain. The Doctor examined and said, "It is all right," adding, "you see doctors don't know it all."—Those who doubt, may satisfy themselves of the correctness of the above statements, by consulting parties named, who were present.

## BEAUTIES OF HEAVEN.

BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

THE connection of the above term, is as peculiar, as it is full of meaning. Heaven is a term in itself beautiful. The associations at once seem to say to us, "O, that beautiful land! The home of the happy, the place of the good!"

Beauty is so common, so much admired, it needs no definition. When we see anything pretty, and fascinating, how naturally we exclaim, O how beautiful! The remark is common, Beautiful shrubbery! Beautiful landscape! Beautiful person! Beautiful stars!—Yes, and the beautiful heavens!

As much as heaven is higher than the earth, so great will be the contrast between the beauty of heaven and earth.

Earthly beauty is admirable; heavenly is infinitely more so, in every particular.

Earthly objects give us some faint conceptions of the heavenly. When we see a good, and pleasant child, especially if it is beautiful, how often we exclaim, "*Beautiful little Angel!*"—When all nature puts on her beautiful carpeting of variegated hues, the air is calm, the sky is clear, and earth seems in one general smile; we hear it said again, "O how heavenly!"

The evangelical prophet Isaiah, refers in his peculiar manner to beauty, as joy and gladness. "To comfort all that mourn. To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of

heaviness; that they might be called Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." Ezekiel calls it holiness or purity.—"Thy renown went forth among the heathen, for thy beauty: for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God."

Heaven needs no embellishment from poor mortal tongues or pens. Heaven is heaven. It is a place of light, life, love and beauty. It is God's throne. It is a house of many mansions. It is a place of everlasting pleasure.

The beauty of heaven is such, that they have no need of the sun, neither the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God lights it; and the Lamb is the light thereof. Heaven is represented as having twelve gates. The first is jasper; the second sapphire; the third chalcedony; the fourth an emerald; the fifth a sardonyx; the sixth sardius; the seventh a chrysolite; the eighth a beryl; the ninth topaz; the tenth a chrysoprasus; the eleventh a jacinth; the twelfth an amethyst. These gates are pearls; each gate a solid pearl. The streets are as pure gold, as it were transparent as glass. The Bible says, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." But, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may enter in." In heaven there is also the Beautiful River. It is called "A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Then, "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, is the Tree of Life." These few references give us a limited idea of the beauty of heaven.

I will close in the words of Shirley

"What a poor value do men set of heaven!  
Heaven, the perfection of all that can  
Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony.  
Health, beauty; and all these not subject to  
The waste of time; but in their height eternal:  
Lost for a pension, or poor spot of earth,  
Favor of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure!  
As men in scorn of a true flame that's near,  
Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm."

And Milton says,

"Heaven  
Is the book of God before thee set,  
Wherein to read his wondrous works.



## THE WRATH OF OF GOD.

I HAVE heard it remarked, that I shall not be punished more than I am guilty of, so I will try and bear it as well as I can. Alas, poor creature, let me beg this, of thee: before thou dost so resolve, that thou wouldst lend me thy attention to a few questions, and weigh them with the reason of a man. Who art thou, that thou shouldst bear the wrath of God? What is thy strength? Is it not as the strength of wax or stubble to resist the fire; or as chaff to the wind; or as dust before the fierce whirlwind? If thy strength were as iron and thy bones as brass, if thy foundation were as the earth and thy power as the heavens, yet shouldst thou perish at the breath of his indignation. How much more when thou art but a piece of breathing clay, kept a few days from being eaten with worms, by the mere favor and support of Him whom thou art thus resisting.

Why dost thou tremble at the signs of almighty power and wrath; at peals of thunder or flashes of lightning; or that unseen power which rent in pieces the mighty oaks, and tears down the strongest buildings; as at the plague when it rageth around thee? If thou hadst seen the plagues of Egypt, or the earth swallow up Dathan and Abiram, or Elijah bring fire from heaven, to destroy the captains and their companies, would not any of these sights have daunted thy spirits? How then canst thou bear the plagues of hell. Why art thou dismayed with such small sufferings as befall thee here. A tooth-ache, a fit of the gout, or the loss of a limb, or falling into beggary and disgrace, is hard to bear. And yet, all this laid together will be one day accounted a happy state in comparison with that which is suffered in hell. Why dose the approach of death so much affright thee. O, how cold it strikes to thy heart. And would not the grave be accounted a paradise compared with that place of torment which thou slightest. Is it an intolerable thing to burn part of the body by holding it in the fire. What then will

it be to suffer ten thousand times more for ever in hell. The thought or mention of hell occasions disquiet in thy spirit; and canst thou endure the torments themselves? Why doth the rich man complain to Abraham of his torments in hell; or thy dying companions lose their courage, and change their haughty language. Why cannot those make as light of hell as thyself? Didst thou never see or speak with a man in despair. How uncomfortable was his talk; how burdensome his life! Nothing he possessed did him good; he had no sweetness in meat or drink; the sight of friends troubled him; he was weary of life and fearful of death. If the misery of the damned can be endured, why can not a man more easily endure those fore-tastes of hell? What if thou shouldst see the devil appear to thee in some terrible shape; would not thy heart fail thee, and thy hair stand on an end? And how wilt thou endure to live forever, where thou shalt have no other company but devils and the damned, and shalt not only see them, but be tormented with them and by them?

Let me once more ask, if the wrath of God be so light, why did the Son of God, himself make so great a matter of it? It caused his sweat to be as it were, drops of blood falling down to the ground. The Lord of life cried, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." And on the cross, "My God! my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Surely, if any one could have borne these sufferings easily, it would have been Jesus Christ. He had another measure of strength to bear it than thou hast. Woe to thee, sinner, for thy mad security. Dost thou think to find that tolerable to thee, which was so heavy to Christ? Nay, the Son of God is cast into a bitter agony, and bloody sweat only under the curse of the law; and yet thou feeble, foolish creature, fearest not to bear also the curse of the gospel, which requires a much sorer punishment. The good Lord bring thee to thy right mind, by repentance, lest thou buy thy wit at too dear a rate.

And now, reader, I demand thy res-

olution. What use wilt thou make of all this? Shall it be lost to thee, or wilt thou consider it in good earnest? Thou hast cast away many a warning of God, wilt thou do so by this also? Take heed, God will not always stand, warning and threatening. The hand of vengeance is lifted up, the blow is coming, and woe to him on whom it lighteth. Dost thou throw away the book, and say, it speaks of nothing but hell and damnation! Thus thou usest also to complain of the preacher. But wouldst thou not have us tell thee of those things? Should we be guilty of the blood of thy soul, by keeping silent, that which God hath charged us to make known?

Wouldst thou perish in ease and silence, and have us perish with thee, rather than displease thee by speaking the truth? If thou wilt be guilty of such inhuman cruelty, God forbid, we should be guilty of such sottish folly. This kind of preaching or writing is the ready way to be hated, and the desire of applause is so natural, that few delight in such a displeasing way. But consider, are those things true or are they not? If they were not true, I would heartily join with thee against any that fright people without a cause. But if these threatenings be the word of God, what a wretch art thou, that wilt not use it and consider it. If thou art one of the people of God, this doctrine will be a comfort to thee and not a terror. If thou art yet unregenerate, methinks thou shouldst be as fearful to hear of heaven as hell, except the bare name of heaven as salvation be sufficient. Preaching heaven and mercy to thee, is entreating thee to seek them and not reject them; and preaching hell is but to persuade thee to evade it.—If thou wert quite past hope, of escaping it, then it were in vain to tell thee of hell. But as long as thou art alive, there is hope of thy recovery, and therefore all means must be used to awake thee from thy lethargy. Alas, what heart can even possibly conceive, or what tongue can express the pains of those souls that are under the wrath of

God. Then sinners, you will be crying to Jesus Christ, O, mercy, O, pity, pity on a poor soul. Why, I do now in the name of the Lord Jesus cry to thee, O have mercy, have pity, man, upon thy own soul! Shall God pity thee, who will not be entreated to pity thyself? If thy horse see but a pit before him, thou canst scarcely force him in, and wilt thou so obstinately cast thyself into hell, when the danger is foretold thee? Who can stand before the indignation of the Lord, and who can abide the fierceness of his anger? Methinks thou shouldst need no more words, but presently cast away thy soul-damning sins, and wholly deliver up thyself to Christ. Resolve on it immediately, and let it be done, that I may see thy face in rest among the saints.

May the Lord persuade thy heart to strike this covenant without any longer delay. But if thou be hardened unto death and there be no remedy, yet say not another day, but that thou wast faithfully warned and hadst a friend that would fain have prevented thy damnation.—*Saints Rest.*

#### UNDER THE EYE OF CHRIST.

MANY of us like others to know what we are doing. A corner of the newspaper is a great consolation to some people, or a good word from some eminent person. But if we realized Christ more we should feel that he sees us. Our work may be humble enough, and there is nothing in it that any one would think much of, but we are doing it in His sight. I would not alter my work because somebody or nobody sees me. He is my audience. It was well enough for the orator of old that Plato listened to him. He was a host. It is enough for us to have Christ. If you realize Him you would feel that you would rather work in his sight, than before all the world and miss his eye. Again you will feel that he is not only looking on you, but he is helping you. He worketh with you and through you. "I have found no friend in my work," says one, "no helper." Say not so; you have

all friends in one—the great Friend, and and all helpers in one—in the person of your Lord. If we realized Christ, we should have the greater joy from the fact of his joy in us.

He is pleased with the little works of his people; it is enough that they are done to please them; but great men have been found, who, when a child had gone out of the way to find them a flower—have stooped to smile, and thought it no condescension, but were pleased at what was done. The great God, the great Jesus, accepts our works, however feeble. An old Puritan says, "Our works may be cracked and broken, but sometimes persons will receive cracked sixpences, and treasure them, and count them precious, because love prompted the gift; and so does Jesus accept the works of his people because they are given to Him out of love."

I know it has gone to the heart of some dear child of God, and he is very discouraged because no one is taking notice of him. My friend, you have got Jesus Christ in heaven. He sees of the travail of his soul in you, therefore go on, and continue working for Christ.—Do you go home to a poor room? See Jesus there, and it will become a palace to you. Do you go to a sick relative? Well, I know the sorrow you feel, but if you say, "Jesus is there; He is in the sickness; He is at the bedside;" you will feel happy in watching. And to-morrow morning, when you work, still say to Jesus, "Abide with me," there is no place where he will not go with you; or, if there be, you must not go there yourself. Only go where Jesus will go. Take the real Jesus always with you, and this year will be a very happy and blessed new year to your souls.

I have spoken only to God's people, but if there be one here who has never looked to Jesus, do let him remember—

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One."

Let the eye of faith be turned to the sacrifice, and his soul is safe. God bless you, beloved, for Christ's sake.—*Spurgeon*.

## ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

*Sanctification as well as Justification learned by experience.*

EXPERIMENTAL knowledge necessarily depends upon experience. Without the experience we may have faith in it, but not the knowledge or clear understanding of what it is. A man may be fully satisfied of the existence of pain and death, but to know what pain is he must feel it, and to know what death is he must pass the solemn ordeal. It is pre-eminently so with experimental religion. We may fully be convinced that there is such a thing as the new birth, and yet be as unchanged and as ignorant of its real nature as was Nicodemus. To know what regeneration is, we, like Wesley, must feel the heart "strangely warmed" by the holy fire; and to know what sanctification is we must feel

"Refining fire going through our hearts,"

and realize the fulfillment of the promise "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The most learned may spend a lifetime in theorizing upon religion and die at last ignorant of its real nature and saving power.

How little the disciples knew what was meant by the promise, "ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost;" till the day of Pentecost. And they were not permitted to go out on their great mission, till, by actual experience, they learned its real, full meaning. They gained that knowledge at the mercy seat, while engaged "with one accord," in earnest believing prayer. Would to God that all our ministers and people would "graduate" in the same Divine College, and receive the same high and holy "degrees." One hour of earnest believing prayer, in spirit and attitude of entire consecration, will bring more light to the soul on this subject than years of mere theorizing, as, from experience, many can testify. This is true not only of sanctification, but also of conversion.

The scripture truths relative to heart religion were not designed to be taught



and fully understood without the light of experience, and those who demand more particular scripture proofs of sanctification, and are disposed to ignore the testimony of experience relative to it, seem not to be aware of how largely they are indebted to experience for their present clear knowledge of *experimental regeneration*.

Blot out the light of experience and what would they know about that great change? Just as much and *no more* than those who *denied* experimental religion, and called every one a fanatic who claimed to know his sins forgiven. The Bible seems very plain to us now, but not so to them. All the precious truths were there, then, as now, but they did not understand them, and hence they were as hidden treasures. They did not doubt the *fact* of the new birth, for that is so plainly stated that none may doubt it, and the same is true of sanctification; but what the new birth and sanctification consist of they did not understand.—To see this illustrated, we have only to go back to the early days of Luther and the Wesleys. Luther had read and *re-read* all those precious scriptures relative to justification by faith; and Wesley's pious father and mother, Wesley himself, his brother Charles, Whitefield, and all the "Holy Club," were very sincere and earnest Bible students, and some of them at least learned in Biblical literature, and all very zealous in their efforts to know the truth and to do good; but none of them understood or believed in the direct witness of the Spirit and the *knowledge* of sins forgiven, till in the light of the lamp of experience, brightly burning in the hearts of a pious monk and of some humble Moravians, they learned in an hour, the great lesson which years of earnest, intellectual research had failed to impart. To a greater extent than some seem to be aware of, God has committed this great matter of personal, experimental religion, to His *living* ministers and people. The Bible teaches all the essential truths and facts relative to this as well as all other subjects pertaining to our salvation, but leaves the particulars to

be taught and learned by and in the light of experience. And hence it is, as we have seen, that many sincere, earnest believers in the scriptures did not believe in or realize experimental religion until they were taught it by living witnesses. But when once in the light they could see it blazing upon every page of the Bible, and wondered that they had not seen it before.

And hence appears the duty as well as the great importance of personal testimony. "Ye are my witnesses saith the Lord." "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—And I cannot close this article better than with the words of our beloved Bishop Janes, in his sermon on 1 John i. 8-10, viz:

"I ask my brethren who have some misgivings on this question of instantaneous sanctification, what we are going to do with all the experience of the Church on this subject? It has been one of our exultant doctrines that religion was experimental, that religion was conscious; and we have preached most persistently and vehemently the witness of the Spirit to our justification; and we have quoted—oh how many thousand times! the language of Wesley: 'My heart strangely warmed.' We have said that was conscious conversion, and have rejoiced in it, and have sought the same blessing, and have found it, and exulted in it. Well, now, what shall we do, when Fletcher, and Benson, and Bramwell, and David Stoner, and Doctors Fisk and Olin and Bangs, and tens of thousands of others, have testified both in life and death that they are conscious of the hour and place when God by the Holy Ghost cleansed them from all unrighteousness? What are you going to do with the testimony? You must believe it, or you must doubt the witness of the Spirit in the case of justification."—*W. Burris in M. H. Jour.*

—♦♦—  
You have got into the way of putting aside convictions. The eyelid naturally closes when any object is coming against it; so does the heart of a practised worldling close, and shut out convictions.

## WISDOM, POWER AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

BY ROSELLA F. JONES.

How few realize the goodness, wisdom or power of God. Most do not consider, when they are tempted to do wrong, that God knows all that takes place. If He has such wonderful wisdom, why do we not go to him with all our cares and temptations, and ask his guidance, and ask with faith, believing that "Nothing is impossible with God." How few realize that we have an Omniscient God! Many seem to think they can deceive him. But this is not so. We can deceive man, in various ways; but when we try to deceive God, we are but deceiving ourselves. When we compromise with the world, a little here, and a little there, thinking that such little things can do no harm, we are deceiving ourselves, and not God. "Little foxes spoil the vines." We cannot compromise in the least, and be a true follower of Christ. Our motives must be pure. When we think we can do wrong this once, and then ask God to forgive us, and think to do differently afterwards, we are but tempting God and deceiving ourselves.

God also has great power. Persons do not realize his wonderful power, or they would not dare to go on as they do, making bold profession, while at their hearts they are black with guilt. They do not realize that God has power to lift the vail of deception from their hearts, and bring to light the many dark deeds of unrighteousness, with which their lives are blackened.

How would sinners dare to use profane language, if they realized that God could in an instant send them to eternal woe?

I thank God, that when we yield, he has the power to keep us in the narrow way. But we have something to do.—We must watch, and be careful to keep the consecration complete. How much I have realized of His power of late! I praise God that I have a fountain of it in my soul just now. It saves from

all sin, and enables me to bear every cross. We must all have this power, the mighty power of God, to ask effectually for the salvation of perishing souls. If we have this power in us, we shall have success; but if we have not, we are shorn of our strength, and all our efforts are in vain. When God speaks, he speaks in power. It reaches the sinner's heart.

Some will ask, "How am I to obtain this power?" You may obtain it, by giving your whole hearts, and all you possess, to God, and obeying him in everything, no matter how crucifying it is to the flesh.

The Lord is also good and merciful. He watches over us, and guides us in the way we should walk. If we obey him, he will protect us in the midst of dangers. How he keeps us through trials and afflictions. Sometimes he lets us see, after it is all passed, how he has been with us, and protected us. Perhaps, like Christian, in the "Valley and Shadow of Death," we were not at the time, fully aware of the real dangers through which we were passing, but God knew all, and by his own hand, led us safely through. He is continually on the lookout for our welfare, and why, then, should we not follow him where he leads us?

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THERE is peace with God, but constant war with sin. This law in the members has an army of lusts under it, and wages constant war against the law of God. Sometimes an army are lying in ambush, and they lie quiet till a favorable moment comes. So in the heart, the lusts often lie quiet till the hour of temptation, and then war against the soul. The heart is like a volcano: sometimes it slumbers, and sends up nothing but a little smoke; but the fire is slumbering all the while below, and will soon break out again. There are two great combatants in the believer's soul: there is Satan on the one side, with the flesh and all its lusts at his command; then, on the other side, there is the Holy Spirit, with the new creature all at his command.

## MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY J. R. SMITH

THE 17th day of last August, my Heavenly Father, for Jesus' sake forgave my sins, at the camp-meeting held at Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Soon afterwards, I had occasion to come to this place. Wishing to associate myself with some of the followers of Jesus, where I should grow in the knowledge of His truth, and seeking the direction of the Holy Spirit, I was left to cast in my lot, with a little despised band of pilgrims. Poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith—heirs of our Heavenly Father's Kingdom, and sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, who do not compromise with the world; who do not bow the knee to Baal in any way. They are called "Free Methodists." And are appropriately named, for they are free indeed. They have the Holy Spirit; they are also free from the weights, fashions, and trappings of the world. Free from secret societies,—which mingle with the untruthful, the profane, and the ungodly, and which do not allow prayers in the name of Jesus, to be used in their lodges. A good many professed Christians, seem to be afraid of "Free Methodists," but they have never hurt me any; but on the contrary, have led me to see my imperfections, and to cry unto God to cleanse me from *all* sin, and restore unto me, the joys of His *full* salvation. Glory be to God! My prayer has been answered, and I am free in Christ. Glory be to God in the highest! peace on earth, and good will to man. I have found this pearl of great price. I have found the river, the streams whereof, make glad the city of God. I have been drinking from that fountain. Hallelujah to Jesus. "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing; let them shout from the tops of the mountains." There is glory in my soul; hallelujah! hallelujah! love and praise to Christ belong. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing, my salvation, my redeemer from *all* sin. I found this great salvation by walking in the light

of God, and keeping *all* His commandments; by coming out separate from the world, and touching not the unclean thing; and the Lord has received me, and has promised to be a Father unto me. I have been adopted into the family of the Lord Almighty.

Praise God for a religion that does not compromise with the world in any way; that does not bow the knee to Baal. What concord hath Christ with Belial? "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Bless God for a religion that will make us careful to please God, that will cause us to set our affections on things above; and not on things on the earth; that will help us love our neighbors as ourselves; and not feel as though we are above him, because we worship in a house that cost a bigger pile of money, has a little taller steeple, and the people wear finer clothes; and consider themselves a little more respectable, because they trim more to the world. I have not so learned Christ; for he left his Father's throne in glory, and came down from heaven to earth. He became poor, that through his poverty we might become rich. He took upon himself the form of a servant, and was found in fashion as a man.

Brothers and sisters in Christ, do you walk in all the light of God? If so, then why do you not enjoy the blessing of *full* salvation? It is your privilege to have this full salvation. "If you walk in the light, as He is in the light, we shall have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin." O, I beg of you, not to rest your hope on anything short of a *full* salvation, do not live in a state of sinning one day, and repenting the next; for it is not the will of your Heavenly Father, and there is no joy in it. If you wish for happiness sweeter than you have ever yet known, cry mightily unto God to cleanse you from *all* sin, and restore unto you the joys of His *full* salvation. Get down to the Rock, and then when the floods come you will be able to stand.



It costs something to get the blessing. You can have it, and you will find it, by dying out to the world, and keeping all the commandments of God, by walking in the light, as He is in the light. I had a hard struggle with the enemy to get this blessing, but glory be to God! the sun of righteousness has arisen with healing in his wings: my soul is on the wing; the glory of the Lord has arisen on me; my light has come, glory to God! There is sunshine all along my pathway; this sun never sets; hallelujah! It shines all along, the way grows brighter, and brighter, even unto the perfect day. I find there is grace and glory here below; and that celestial fruit from faith and hope do grow.

"Jesus all the day long,  
Is my joy and my song."

O that all, this salvation might see. By the grace of God, I expect to go through this narrow way, the royal way of the cross. I glory in the cross, and find there's glory in bearing its crucifixions. I gladly welcome all for Jesus' sake. I have enlisted for the war, and I expect to end the battle down by the river. I have got my marching orders, and am going forward. Zion's soldiers have never been conquered, glory to God! our captain never has lost a battle. He is mighty to save, and strong to deliver. He is the lion of the tribe of Judah, and can break every chain.

Go on my brothers and sisters in Christ, until you can draw water from this well of full salvation, until you can drink from the fountain that will never run dry—until you can drink from the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, until you shall be able to comprehend, with all saints, the heights, and depths, the lengths, and breadths of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and are filled with all the fulness of God.

HOLY fear is the door-keeper of the soul. As a nobleman's porter stands at the door and keeps out vagrants, so the fear of God stands and keeps out all sinful temptations from entering.—*St. Bernard.*

## THE BLESSING OF HOLINESS.

*How I Sought and Found it.*

BY MARGARET R. EVERETT.

A SHORT time after I had received the blessing of justification, I felt risings of heart that greatly troubled me—especially pride and anger. I had laid off all my jewelry, excepting a breast-pin. Satan told me there was no harm in wearing that simple pin, and that I need not have my heart on it. I knew the Word of God forbid the wearing of gold, and I wanted to obey God in all things. Still, I thought it was not wrong to wear the pin. Oh, how blind the mind is, till the ever-blessed Spirit gives it the true light!

One Sunday, I found myself fixing my bonnet-strings so that my pin could be seen. The Spirit gently whispered, Is not this pride? Now deny thyself, and though it be a cross, take it up and follow me. Praise God! I walked in the light and laid it off. Whatever I found would hinder a free intercourse of God's love to my soul, I took off. I conferred not with flesh and blood. I was bound to have Jesus, cost what it might—if it was life itself. Everything seemed so little, compared to His precious love, which was better than life to me.

Although I had faith, I still had many doubts and much unbelief. Clouds would often darken my spiritual horizon, and I would fear God had left me. Satan would tempt me, and tell me I had sinned; but I knew not that I had.—But, praise the Lord! He gently led me, and often filled me with joy and peace. I found I was to live by faith, and still keep pressing on to the mark for the prize of my high calling. I felt that God had called me unto holiness, and nothing else would satisfy me. I could truly cry out with David, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." I attended strictly to my secret prayers—prayed whether I felt like praying or not—and soon found that I was getting nearer to Jesus. One great help to me

was, the brethren made me exercise in the meetings.

I was taught, by the writings of the early Methodists, that to receive the blessing of holiness, I must believe that God was carrying on His work in me, and was willing to accomplish it any moment,—that I must believe I received the things I asked for,—that it was something God was doing in me, rather than something He was going to do for me. Oh, how I prayed, exercising a continual faith. I hoped against hope. Self-desperate, I believed—I exercised faith where I did not seem to have any,—abased myself in the dust at Jesus' feet, casting myself and all on the mercy of God alone, and crying to Him for deliverance. I saw such a fullness in Christ for me—praise God! Oh, glory to His name! He spoke to my inmost soul: "According to thy faith be it done unto thee. Be thou clean." It was not till then that I fully felt redemption in His blood, and cried with joy unspeakable, Thou art my Lord and my God. Oh, how sweetly I was saved! All my doubts and fears were gone. I could rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks. I had a nearness to God that I never felt before—such a divine sweetness, a calm and abiding peace! Oh, glory to God for this great salvation, so free and full for all!

This was one year after I was justified. Why did I not receive it sooner? I believe it was because I looked at it too much as a growth in grace. Although I knew that one day with the Almighty is as a thousand years, I now thought all was done; and so it was, as far as a clean heart was concerned. But I did not know that there was still a greater fullness in Christ for me.

Although twelve years have rolled round since the precious blood of Jesus cleansed me from all inbred sin, and often since that time I have felt much of His fullness, and often stood, as it were, on the very verge of heaven, drinking deep out of the fountain of redeeming love; I still felt the need of more love. I often thirsted for a great-

er fullness, not knowing it was for me, till the Free Methodist preachers came around. I saw they occupied higher ground than I did, and believed that it was for me to go up higher into the land of perfect love. Praise God! for the last six months my joy has been full—my peace flows abundantly as a river, pervading my entire being. I have deep communion with the Father and the Son, and the precious blood is daily applied that keeps me clean. I am still determined, by grace divine, to go on; to measure still more of the heights and depths of all-redeeming love. I have received Christ. I am striving to walk in Him. As He has cast pride out, I feel the need of watching and seeing that it is kept out, for none are free from temptation. We need much of prayer, lest some root of bitterness spring up again in us, and trouble us. But our God is fully able to keep us by His mighty power, through faith unto eternal life.

Mansfield, Ohio.

#### FACTS TO REMEMBER.

PEAT bogs, in which human remains have been found at the depth of twelve feet, whence a great antiquity was inferred, have been found to grow a foot in five years. In thirty-six hours a green tree is converted into a fossil in California, and into lignite in a week; while before your eyes you behold the hardest porphyry converted into potter's clay, and the hardest granite so softened by the acidulated atmosphere, that you can crush or cut it as easily as unbaked bread. I have seen this metaphoric action affecting all the strata of the Napa Valley. Vegetation runs riot amid this excess of carbonic acid.—This discovery at once accelerates the formation of the carboniferous plants many milleniums, besides showing the folly of Lyell's estimates of the slow formation of lavas by streams in Auvergne.

On the coast of England, flints have been found, the stony covering of which has so completely the aspect of ancient rock, as to warrant the conclusion that

they were the growth of countless ages; but on removing the flinty matrix, you find a coin bearing the head of an Edward, a James, even a George; or a bolt or an anchor bearing the mark of some existing firm. We have had men counting the successive thin layers of delta and sedimentary deposits as an indication of so many floods; but we know now that these give no such traces, as a mass of fine clay deposited in quiet water will stratify in a few hours, into dozens of layers.

The best modern geologists now prove that the river beds were not excavated by the existing rivers, and some of them not by rivers at all, but that they are earthquake chasms.

Lyell, and a score of other savants, gravely cite the researches of Herner, who bored down seventy feet into the soil of Egypt for bits of brick and pottery, and calculated that the Nile had been depositing that seventy feet of mud over them during the last thirty thousand years. The matter was solemnly reported to the British Association, and the French Institute, and not one of these learned men had common sense enough to put the question in its proper form, namely: How long will a brickbat require to sink seventy feet into a mud bank? The whole valley of the Nile is only a vast mud bank every year during the inundation; and the brickbats probably reach their bed in one season. At any rate, bricks of the reign of Mohammed Ali, have been found deeper than Herner's.

Such facts as these, which are frequently occurring, should teach us the uncertainty of science, and the folly of allowing its transient theories to shake our faith in the sure word of God. We close by simply stating them, with a word of counsel for each case.

1. The meaning of the Bible may be obscure, and the revelation of science may be clear. Then let science interpret the Bible.

2. Science may be obscure, and the Bible clear. Now let the Bible interpret science.

3. If both Bible and science should

appear clear and contradictory, hold on to the Bible; and wait for further developments in science.—*Sel.*

## THE FIRST ROUND ON MY FIRST CIRCUIT.

BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

EIGHTEEN miles brought me to a little open cabin, with but few accommodations, a few rude seats, a few persons, who in appearance were but little in advance of the cabin, or the seats.—The attention was good, the feeling considerable, and several remained for class. We had a precious time in our class meeting. Some remained in class who were not members, and one of those took the preacher to dinner with him. At the table he remarked, and much to the encouragement of the preacher, "I am of the opinion the Lord had something to do in your appointment this year, as I think if you are faithful, you will do the kingdom of Satan much harm." I replied, "I hope so."

In the afternoon, the rain fell in torrents, and so continued all night, and the next day. As soon as breakfast was over, the following day, I was off for my next appointment. The day was dark, the clouds heavy, the roads muddy, the rain falling, the streams all full to overflowing, the way all strange, much timber, some prairie, the distance twenty-six miles. Not a house on the road, or rather the path. Many of the streams were swimmingly deep to my poor horse, and equally dreaded by the rider, as he could not swim.

After much detention, many seasons of prayer, the loss of some tears, and much help from Divine Providence, late in the afternoon, as wet as water makes a man, books well nigh ruined, jaded and hungry, in a thicket of hazle and shumate, I saw a little cabin. I called. A rough, seemingly angry man appeared. I inquired if that was the place where they had Methodist preaching, he answered, "It is, but I told the last preacher, I would not have it here any longer,



and I will not!" My feelings may be imagined; they are hard to realize.

While I sat in silent reflection, he disappeared. I knew not what to do. Again I called, and by some one I was told, that there was a Baptist family some seven miles from there, where the preachers occasionally stopped. I asked if there were any streams to cross; they said, "not more than two or three that will swim you." On I plodded, a little depressed and fearful. Near sun-down, I found a fine hewed-log cabin. The lady came to the door. I told her who I was, a few of the scenes of the day, and my reception at the place of my appointment. She very cordially invited me to remain over night with them. O how grateful I felt! A servant was called, and my poor horse was soon cared for. And the kind women soon presented to me, what she called, "*warm whiskey toddy*." I told her I had not tasted any such thing for many years. It was all kindness in her, as that was a very common article in those days, down in those swamps and cane brakes. In my heart I would rejoice, if all professors of religion were clear of the accursed article to-day.

The family were very kind. Soon a messenger was sent to all the neighbors, and at dark they were nearly all there for preaching; but except among the colored people, there seemed but little interest.

The next morning was clear, but cool and frosty, as it was in December, 1842. This was another perplexing day. I lost my way in trying to evade swollen, turbulent streams, and was all day in traveling some eighteen miles. Was kindly received—and most hospitably entertained, by persons belonging to no church, poor but pleasant. Twelve miles the following day, brought me to my third appointment. I was met by a *bear-hunter*, very cordially, he lived at the line between the States of Arkansas and Louisiana.

OBSERVED duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life.—*F. Lavel.*

## THE CONSUMPTIVES' HOME.

CHARLES CULLIS is a physician of large and successful practice in the city of Boston. He is still young, not over thirty-six years of age; rather small of stature, of a fair countenance, full of manly beauty, set off to advantage by thick, flowing, and glossy brown hair, falling back from a forehead of high and symmetrical proportions. In short, in appearance and in character, he is altogether a man to be loved. Although engaged in the gigantic work of a round of daily medical practice, of itself sufficiently extensive to tax the entire energy of one man; having the sole superintendence and executive control of his several "homes," consumptives and orphan children, Tract Repository, Deaconess' Home, Chapel for the poor; edits two monthly papers, besides writing and publishing, from time to time, many valuable tracts and small works, he shows no signs of being burdened, lets no care weigh upon his light and happy heart, but always, in the almost boyish cheerfulness of his word and manner, presents a practical, living, walking commentary on the hallowed injunction, "Serve the Lord with gladness."

With reference to his peculiar work of faith, the care of the institutions under his charge, and the straits into which he has frequently been brought, where he could only trust God for the needed supplies without knowing from whence help would come, he once said, "I confess I don't know what anxiety or even the sense of care is; I have never lost ten minutes' sleep on account of our difficulties. The needs of God's own work must be supplied by the Lord himself. *I am responsible only for being faithful in my place*; and I leave to our loving heavenly Father to fulfil his own promises."

Dr. Cullis entered substantially upon a life of faith, in connection with his labors of love in behalf of poor consumptives and orphans, about eight years ago. An extract from his journal of April 20, 1862, reveals the small be-

ginning of this wonderful work of trust: "A matter has been on my mind for several days which has occupied all my thoughts. Some time ago, a stranger called on me to inquire if the homœopathic physicians had a hospital for the poor. He had a needy friend who was sick in consumption, and had been refused admission to the Massachusetts General Hospital because he was incurable. What to do with him he knew not. Since then I have thought much about a hospital on the plan of Muller's Orphan House. But of course I can do nothing. I have prayed over this, asking the Lord, that, if the thoughts are from the Holy Spirit, he will bless it, and direct me what to do. My plan is, to speak to no one about this, but leave it all to the Lord. If he will that I shall do anything of the kind, he will furnish the means and patients."

It was not until August of this same year when he decided to begin the work. And it will be matter of intense and joyful interest, to the lovers of Jesus and holiness especially, to learn of the method by which God led this willing and obedient disciple of his to the consummation, or rather opening, of a work which still lives to gladden many hearts of suffering mortals, and is winning souls in numbers to Christ. We should have said that Dr. Cullis is; by church membership, an Episcopalian; and at the time of the entry, as above extracted from his journal, was rejoicing in the clear light of justifying grace, lately received, after passing through a severe affliction, which brought him to see more deeply than ever before, his need of an experimental knowledge of the inward consciousness of sins forgiven. This he obtained, and now was following on to know more of God. We find the following in his diary of this year: "Aug. 19. I enjoyed much in prayer this morning, and had an unusual nearness to God. Read 2 Thessalonians, second chapter, till I came to the 13th verse, where Paul says, 'We are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren, beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you

to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth.' '*Through sanctification of the Spirit*,'—here I paused, and read it over and over again, *praying to God to sanctify me wholly by his Spirit, that all love of the world might be destroyed, all selfishness might be driven from my heart, and all unbelief removed.*" And he received the end of his faith. Next follows this entry: "*I then prayed that God would bless the plan of a hospital; that it might be a monument to his glory.*"

Thus was the foundation of this great work of faith laid in "holiness to the Lord;" beginning in the personal reception of its experience by its founder.—Dr. Cullis is still a faithful witness of full salvation. His delightful sheet, "Times of Refreshing,"—a paper gratuitously distributed, and issued, as all his other works are done, in dependence on God for the necessary funds to support it,—is devoted to the propagation of the higher Christian life; and he has also established a Tuesday-afternoon meeting at his own residence for the promotion of this experience. This meeting is largely attended by Christians of many denominations.

We have space only to sum up, in part, the results thus far, as seen in this work of faith. From the "Sixth Report" before us, we extract the following: "'And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth.' Trusting in that *power* day after day, we have not been confounded; and now we will 'glory in the Lord,' for he hath not 'despised the day of small things.' Six years ago, one building was purchased and opened in his name, for the care of poor, sick with consumption; to-day, four buildings are used for this branch of the work, proving the blessed promise, 'Lo! I am with you always.'"—(Three other houses have also been added, and are used for the "Children's Home,"—"Deaconess' House,"—and "Chapel for the Poor.") "I have realized that I have to do with a living God, who has said, 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all

these things *shall* be added unto you.' To God's glory I can say, that, when we have been in straits, *my heart has not been cast down*; for I have sought the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all else has been added. . . . In answer to prayer, without solicitation, in simple trust in a living God, from its small beginning the work has steadily grown to its present dimensions, a monument to the faithfulness of Him who declares that he hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, that no flesh should glory in his presence."

In one respect, at least, this "Sixth Report" is exceedingly dry, in which also it resembles all the preceding Reports. *There is, on any page, a continual recurrence of simple prayer for daily needs, and invariably the same answer of abundant supplies.* This is the glorious monotony of the life of faith; thus, "Blessed be God, who *always* causeth us to triumph."

The doctor has recently purchased the beautiful estate in the city of Boston known as "Grove Hall," purposing, as soon as the Lord shall open the way, to remove the Consumptives' Home and other institutions to this more commodious and healthy locality, for the greater benefit of the patients and children under his care. This estate is about eleven acres, having several buildings of considerable size, with ample shade and fruit trees. It was not until after much prayer and waiting on God, that the doctor at last ventured to complete the purchase. We believe the cost was about ninety thousand dollars; for all of which he is, in his glad way, singing,—

"Still I'm trusting, Lord, in thee."

We regret that Dr. Cullis has not given us more of his "experience" of inward salvation. Those who have been favored by hearing, from his lips, the grateful testimony of God's dealing with his soul, will appreciate our remark, and concur in the desire that his future Reports may partake more of that quality. The feast of the Lord is in variety:

there is not only the "wines on the lees well refined," of which his report is full, but there are also the "fat things full of marrow."

We advise every Christian, and every sceptic in religious faith especially, to send for this Report (not forgetting to forward, at least, twenty-eight cents for Report and postage,) and read prayerfully each page to the end. Its perusal will strengthen the weak in faith, confirm the strong, and inspire the unsaved to desire a knowledge of these "hidden things of God." Dr. Cullis' residence is 18 Ashburton Place, Boston.—*Rev. W. H. Boole, in Advocate of Christian Holiness.*

### WITHIN THE VAIL WITH JESUS.

BEFORE the throne of God above,  
I have a strong, a perfect plea;  
A great High-Priest, whose name is Love,  
Who ever stands and pleads for me.

My name is graven on His hands;  
My name is written on His heart;  
I know that, while in heaven He stands,  
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,  
And tells me of the guilt within,  
Upward I look and see Him there,  
Who made an end of all my sin.

Because the sinless Saviour died,  
My sinful soul is counted free;  
For God, the just, is satisfied  
To look on Him, and pardon me.

Behold Him there! the bleeding Lamb!  
My perfect, spotless Righteousness—  
The great, unchangeable "I Am"—  
The King of glory and of grace.

One with Himself, I cannot die,  
My soul is purchased by His blood;  
My life is hid with Christ on high—  
With Christ, my Saviour and my God,"

ADVICE which, like the snow, softly falls, dwells the longer upon, and sinks the deeper into the mind.—*Coleridge.*



## WISDOM OF THE WORLD.

BY H. H. ROBINSON.

THE wisdom of the world is foolishness with God. The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness.—1 Cor. iii. 19; i. 18. The principles here given are directly antagonistic.—The person that will persistently, under all circumstances, adhere to the cross of Christ, will be regarded by the wisdom of the world, as foolish.

The greatest persecutions that man has ever suffered, has been provoked by holiness of heart and life,—and that, too, from those professedly the followers of Christ! A strict adherence to the cross of Christ, with a manifest holiness of heart and life, is not only foolishness to worldly wisdom, but antagonistic to it. Hence Christianity is a "warfare." At the present time, every means are being used to harmonize the two systems. Hence, we have Christian (?) novel writers—fictitious literature encouraged—the playing of billiards, and other like games, advocated as "innocent amusements." Also, worldly parties, "church fairs," "mite societies," "secret societies," and so on,—all insisted upon as a means to create a harmony between the wisdom of the world and the wisdom of God. To the extent that this succeeds in our Christian land, it will cause an indifference to its unhallowed influence upon the world and its advocates. God's ways and man's ways lead in opposite directions. As it is impossible, at the same time, to walk in opposite directions, it is equally impossible to harmonize the wisdom of God and the wisdom of the world, and cause them to walk together hand in hand.—No such harmony can ever be attained,—the views of "great men," "leading men," and "good men," to the contrary notwithstanding. They may quiet the conscience, level down the mountains, fill the valleys, and strew the pathway with flowers; yet the wisdom of the world will still remain foolishness with God.

Had Moses lived in our day, his course

would have been treated as foolish in the extreme. Adopted, as he was, by the king's daughter—schooled in all the literature of Egypt—heir to the throne—possessed of wealth, honor and power, all of which might be used for the good of himself and his people,—to forsake all these, how foolish! But "Moses esteemed the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."—Heb. xi. 26. Choosing the wisdom of God, "He supposed his brethren would have understood how that God by his hand would deliver them, but they understood not."—Acts vii. 25.

The principles upon which the three Hebrew children were thrown into the fiery furnace, and Daniel into the lions' den, may be considered by the Christian with profit. But would not worldly wisdom have dictated a compromise? that to save life "the end justifies the means"? that such fanaticism is the height of foolishness? But God manifested His approval, and the sequel proved His persecutors extremely foolish.

To follow the wisdom of the world is to go deeper and deeper into bondage. It tends directly to a general forgetfulness of God, and a contempt for His word. The wisdom of the world rejects God's plan of salvation to the sinner. Therefore, its ingenuity has ever been taxed to the utmost to invent something in its stead, or to so improve upon God's plan as to make it harmonize with the world. Yet no invention or schemes of men has ever been able to save one soul! No, never. The Gospel of Christ only, "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Therefore, to build on the wisdom of the world, is to build on a sandy foundation, which, sooner or later, will be washed away. But to build on the wisdom of God, is to build on a "Rock" which cannot be moved.

Therefore, who are the foolish? Echo answers, Who?

HE who sins against men, may FEAR discovery, but he who sins against God is SURE of it.—*Jones, of Nayland.*

## RELIGION AT HOME.

It is a painful thought that the prevalence of impiety and infidelity must, to a great extent, be attributed to the defective exhibition of religion in so many of those who, according to their profession, ought to be the salt of the earth, the light of the world. The world is not what it might be, because so few Christians are what they ought to be. It is not that they do not shine on the Sabbath—that they are not devout worshippers in the sanctuary—that they are not the encouragers and supporters of works of faith and labors of love; but that they do not shine at home—that the dove-like spirit, the lamb-like behavior of the lowly Jesus is not apparent in the shop, in the counting-house, the warehouse, and the parlor. There is a preaching of the truth, a proclaiming of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ besides that which is listened to from the pulpit; and there is an eloquence without words, which, though it may not fire, yet enters deep into the soul of man—it is the preaching and the eloquence of Christian conduct. Every Christian, then, whether male or female, can preach the gospel; the humblest, the poorest, the most illiterate and obscure can do this; and daily and hourly preached it must be, if Christianity is to be presented in her beauty and brightness, and to allure, influence, and subdue the godless millions around us.

Religion, without a practical exhibition of it, is a mere nonentity, or at best but as a sapless tree, neither beautiful nor useful. There should be a striking contrast between a religious and worldly family—between those recognized as the followers of the Lord and those who live according to the flesh. The contrast should be as apparent, if not as striking, as is seen when we cast our eye on the cheerless and barren heath, and then on the verdant and flowery mead. The description given of believers and unbelievers in the Bible is very marked and forcible: the one is dead, the other alive; the one is darkness, the other is light in the Lord; the one

is a forgiven child going to its Father's house, the other a rebel going his own way to perdition.

We readily know with whom we are in the family of unbelievers; a word from the lip, a book on the shelves, a picture on the walls, tell us pretty correctly that here God dwells not. But is the reverse of this true? Do we always as easily know when we are in the dwelling of the faithful? The children of this world do, by almost every word and work, plainly manifest that they are of the earth, earthy; do the disciples of Christ as manifestly evince that they are of heaven, heavenly? Those who serve in the families of the latter should, when departing from it, be able to say, "It was good for us to live there." Alas! how often has a different testimony been borne! There was the form of religion, but little of its reality; the words of prayer were heard, but the kind word of counsel and persuasion was music which seldom fell upon the ear; there was decorum and propriety of manners, but not much of the dissolving and dove-like spirit of Jesus; the voice of praise was heard, but too often the voice of chiding, accompanied with severe looks and darkened brows. Happily this is far from being true of every home: *but is it not true of some?* "We speak that which we know, and testify that which we have seen." Oh! that it were not so, and that every Christian home were of one peace and love, like that of Bethany! then would Jesus come in spirit and abide there, and many would be constrained to exclaim, "How goodly are thy tents, O Israel!"—Friends, remember that ye have a Master in heaven, whose all-searching eye is ever upon you. There are also other eyes upon you—the eyes of your unconverted servants, and the eyes of the world. They mark your character as it is daily exhibited in the retirement of your home and in the walks of busy life, and upon the holy traits of your character depend, to an extent beyond what you may imagine, the glory of God, the honor of his cause and the salvation of men.—*Christian Witness.*

## EDITORIAL.

## RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT.

ALLOW us to ask, kind reader, Are you earnestly striving to work out your salvation? You may inherit wealth—a fortuitous combination of favorable circumstances may render you famous—nature may give you health and vigor; but neither friends, nor fortune, nor nature, can bestow upon you eternal happiness. You will never go to heaven by accident; an effort is needed. The mightiest exertion of which you are capable is required. *Hear the GREAT TEACHER: Agonize to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able.*

You cannot commence too soon. You have not a longer period granted you, in which to prepare for eternity, than is necessary,—time is flying on with tireless wing. Having commenced with earnestness the great work of securing for yourself a mansion in the skies, you have need of prosecuting it till the end of your probation, with increasing intensity of purpose. No matter with what alacrity the runner of a race begins, if he gives out before the terminus is reached, he does not win the prize. The blight that destroys the grain just before the golden-eared harvest invites the reaper's sickle, is no less detrimental than the early frost that nips the infant blade. The emigrant, who, having safely passed the dangers of the deep, is carried on shore to die, fails of realizing his cherished visions no less than he who, upon the point of embarking, expired in the father-land. So he who serves God, long and faithfully, but dies an apostate, misses heaven just as surely as if he had lived a sinner all his days. Many years ago, the Holy Ghost told the prophet Ezekiel to write, *But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned; in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die.*

Do not say that the self-righteous is meant; for the sooner he turns from his spurious righteousness, the better. If he holds on to that, he must sink to ruin.

If you are thus in earnest, you will make religion the business of life. As the plant absorbs from air, and earth, and water, only what is essential to its growth, and allows the noxious elements to pass untouched, so you will lay every providential occurrence under contribution to minister to your growth in grace. In all things you will aim to please God; your feelings may fluctuate, but your outward life will present to the world a beautiful uniformity. You will do right at all times and under all circumstances. In unswerving rectitude you will be like the old Roman, of whom an enemy bore testimony, "that it would be easier to turn the sun from his course, than Fabricius from the path of honesty." You may be devoid of comfort at times; but instead of neglecting your closet, you will visit it the oftener. The smouldering embers of the family altar may be nearly extinct; but you will only put on fuel the more carefully, and with the breath of prayer blow them to a flame.

Your corruptions may struggle hard for the mastery, and in fact often prevail; but you will wrestle with them the more vigorously, and call the more earnestly upon God for help, lest these sons of Zeruiah prove too hard for you. He is not in earnest to secure his salvation, who, upon an interruption of his enjoyments, becomes careless, prayerless, immoral and wicked.

Let us warn you against a practice but too prevalent at the present time. Many, as soon as they lose the power, think themselves fully justified in giving up the form of godliness. This is a great mistake. If a man faints, it is not the best way to recover him to cut off his head. If your fire goes out, you will not warm your room by petulantly throwing off the fuel and pouring on water. So if your spiritual affections become languid, use incessantly the means of grace. Give yourself no rest.—Stir up your heart to take hold of God.—Strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die.



## HONESTY.

CHRISTIANITY makes its votaries honest. Masons take an oath not to wrong *each other*. Christians are under solemn obligation to wrong *no one*. Institutions of human origin, whether called Churches, or Societies, or States, afford special protection to those who uphold them; but the Gospel throws its shield alike over enemies and friends. Its favored ones are the poor, the defenseless, the erring, and the outcast. He who gives kind deeds and words to the friendless one upon his bed of suffering, or to the prisoner in his cell, it is as though he ministered unto Christ.

The morality of the Gospel is not merely strict: it is universal. One can no more be a Christian and defraud an infidel, than he can be, and defraud a brother. To steal or gamble for a Church, is just as wicked as when done in the hope of personal gain. To obtain money by catering to pride and carnal appetites and passions, in order to replenish the Sabbath School library, or to furnish the Church, is as much condemned by every precept of the Gospel as when done to make money for any other purpose. The end does not sanctify the means.—*Their damnation is just who do evil that good may come.*—Rom. iii. 8. An act that is condemned by the Gospel, is not rendered right by the sanction of an association which styles itself a Christian Church.—To obtain money under false pretenses, does not become a virtue because it is done for some religious charity at a Church festival.

*Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor.* This covers wide ground. If you owe money to another, see that he has it. Be honest with men and with the state.—Neither cheat those you work for in receiving pay for work that you do not perform, nor those who work for you in withholding their wages. Do not defraud the railroad of its fare, nor the government of postage.

But the precept we have just quoted requires that we should not only do right,

but should feel right toward others.—Many, through prejudice or bigotry, fail to give others—not belonging to their sect or their party—the credit to which they are justly entitled. They may not say anything against them; but they do not give “honor to whom honor is due.”

ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM.

## THE LAST WORD.

NATURE loves to have the last word.—Jesus suffered in silence. When falsely accused, He briefly stated the case as it was, and there left it. Being reviled, He reviled not again. In this, He set an example which we are called upon to imitate. The amount of difficulty which we experience in following in His footsteps in this particular, will indicate fairly the preponderance in our hearts of nature or of grace. If we are fully saved, it will not be hard to suffer in silence. If pride—especially pride of opinion—is not fully subdued, an attack upon us will be quite likely to be followed by a war of words.

No amount of humility and love can save us from unprovoked attacks, if we are true to God. It is the heritage of the saints to suffer persecution. Moses was the meekest of men, yet he was accused of taking too much upon him; and in the conspiracy formed to overthrow his authority, his own brother and sister united.—The lowly Nazarene was charged with being so ambitious that he aspired to nothing less than an earthly crown. His despised apostles, wherever they went, were involved in trouble. In the change of times, the carnal mind has lost none of its enmity against God. So none of the true followers of Christ may expect to escape persecution in some of the various forms which the law still allows. It is designed for our good. It is a part of the discipline necessary to fit us for a home in the skies.—Without it, we never could know our true spiritual condition. It must be a bad disposition that cannot remain sweet-tempered when everything goes according to one's wishes. But grace will keep us gentle

when the tongue of venom is let loose upon us.

Having the last word has destroyed the peace of many a church and many a family. It has robbed many an earnest Christian of his peace, and brought him into spiritual darkness and desolation. Many who have backslidden from God, without knowing the cause, could, if they would search carefully, trace it to the bad habit into which they have fallen, of having the last word.

Guard well, then, against this practice. Do not strive with words to no profit. In meekness instruct those that oppose themselves; but if they do not desire to be instructed, but wish only to dispute, go your way and let them enjoy the satisfaction of having the last word.

#### NO HARM?

It is often asked, What harm is it for a lady to wear a modest flower? The manner in which the question is put, implies that it is unanswerable. To oppose the practice now become general among professing Christians, is denounced as narrow-mindedness and bigotry. A secular paper furnishes us with one answer. It states that *fifteen millions of dollars are expended in this country, annually, for artificial flowers*. Is there no harm in spending this enormous sum every year, for that which can possibly answer no other purpose except to minister to vanity and pride?

What should a Denomination professing the self-denying religion of Jesus, think of their piety, when the men spend more money for tobacco, and the women for artificial flowers, than they can raise by every possible effort for the conversion of the heathen? Is this a mark of spiritual life? "Where shall the line be drawn?" Where the Bible draws it. There can be no mistake. Pass over this line, and who shall say where to stop? *Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel: but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### GREAT REVIVAL IN THE TOWN OF SHEFFIELD, VERMONT.

I CAME by invitation to this place on the 17th of January, and began to present the truth of God to a small congregation of persons who mostly were professors of religion, but few appeared to feel or even to know its power.

At first, many were amazed, and began to question whether these things were so. But after a time, a few began to seek the Lord, and at length were saved, and could give glory to God for His mercy. The work continued to progress, and one after another of the church members were converted or reclaimed, until a good band of saved souls were prepared to labor for God and salvation.

When these were saved, they were constrained to confess that they had never known the power of God to save, although they were some of them stewards and class-leaders in the church. On some occasions, the saved ones would walk the aisles of the church, clapping their hands, shouting glory to God, and confessing that

"A form of godliness was theirs,  
The power they never knew."

Now, Mr. Editor, you know this was quite irregular and not in order, according to the present-day, Iceberg Christians' theory of Order. But this only added new impetus to the work, and caused it to deepen and widen, and roll on in such power that even the infidels began to cry out, that if the meetings were not stopped they should go mad, and have to be carried to the insane asylum. Glory to God! there is a power that will make the infidel feel and tremble.

The work began among the older classes of community; but at length the youth, and even the children, were made partakers of the grace of life. As the result of the five weeks' meeting, there were one hundred and twenty-six stood up at once and confessed God's power to save; while there was quite a number who had been saved who were not present, at that time. To God be the glory for ever and ever.—  
Amen.

T. F. STUART.

## LOVE, FEAST.

MRS. CELESTIA CHILDS.—This morning the Spirit answers to the blood, and tells me I am born of God. Praise His holy name! I have been an invalid for the last six months, and not permitted to attend the prayer-meeting but a very few times. But my Heavenly Father saw that I was getting to love them more and more, and that I was depending on them, in a measure, for my spiritual strength; and so I have been laid by, that I might live entirely in Him who doth all things well. And glory be to His name! It has accomplished that for which it was sent, and now I am nothing, and God is all in all. I am receiving sustenance only from Him; and oh, how satisfying and perfect, without flaw or alloy—just perfect dependence and holy trust! Oh, how much Jesus has done for me! I never can praise Him enough. How true his sweet words on the shameful cross, "It is finished!"

GEORGE ENNEY.—Jesus wonderfully saves me. Glory be to God for salvation, that saves through and through,—that brings the glory to the soul! How I love the narrow way! I have paid the price, and I am going through with the despised few on this line to glory—praise the Lord! I feel my feet strike the rock while I write, and the echo sounds glorious. I bless God that the standard of holiness is being raised out here in Minnesota. I am determined, by the help of God, to fight on and end this war down by the river. Increase my courage, O Lord!

SARAH A. HARMON.—I love the Lord with all my heart, and it is my determination to serve Him all my days. I often feel cast down, but not lost; persecuted, but not discouraged.

MARY HANNA.—I feel that love which casts out all fear. I indeed feed on the Lord Jesus. His blood purifies me—praise the Lord, O my soul. I am given up wholly to the Lord. My prayer is, Arise, O Lord God; lift up thy hand. Forget not the humble. I feel that the Lord will come

speedily to the rescue of His people. Let the daughters of Zion shout for joy. We love the EARNEST CHRISTIAN. We have taken it ever since 1865, and have the bound volume for that year, and are having the others bound. I advise all its subscribers to do likewise.

MRS. S. W. VAN ORMAN.—I am fighting the fight of faith. I expect to conquer, though I die. Jesus never lost a battle. Though we may be tried as by fire, we have constant fightings without and fears within—fears that we may displease God. No fear aside from that. I am desperately in earnest about my soul's salvation. If I can be the means, in the hands of God, of winning one, it will be worth all my affliction in this life. By the grace of God, I intend to prove faithful till my Master says, Come up higher.

SIDNEY I. GOODYEAR.—Bless the Lord, O my soul! How wonderfully the Lord has kept me in the way of holiness for the eleven years past! When I think what I once was, and what I now am, what can I do but rejoice? We have a great revival here in progress, and how glad I am that I can have the privilege to work for Jesus! Oh, how I thank Him that He has taken away all evil desires from my heart, and that His blood now cleanses from all sin. Bless His name forever!

MRS. P. H. WARNER.—Sunday morning, at family prayers, the Lord took me nearer to Himself than I have ever been in my past experience; and Monday morning I went through and got the real glory—and such a sense of purity and cleanness I never felt before. My heart was emptied of all but God. Oh, that I could tell how I came to Mount Zion, the city of the living God,—to the innumerable company and Church of the first-born; how I saw my case going through the courts of heaven, and all the heavenly hosts in sympathy with my spirit. It far surpassed anything I ever experienced before. It was far beyond what I experienced at Grafton five years ago; (but that was exceedingly precious, when I saw Jesus, and He handed me the



tablets of stone with the law and the gospel written upon them; and there I had the burden for one of my children, who was converted in just four weeks after.)—I feel,

"Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me?  
Before my ravished eyes  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of Paradise."

Jesus has taken possession of His own.—  
"The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" for me,—  
"Such love an adamant would break." I fall in speechless wonder at His feet, and cry with the angelic throng, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!" I am redeemed by the precious blood of Christ out of all nations and tongues and people; and if I die sooner or later, it will be to prove the riches of His grace.

REV. J. M. BURDICK.—My mind was never more calmly staid on God, than it is this morning. I never felt the worth of souls as I do to-day. I never put so high a value upon my commission to preach the Gospel of Christ as I do now, and to so preach it that it will be *good news* to the unsaved. I feel that I am sent out as a lamb among wolves, and a *very little* lamb at that. But the Shepherd is so near me—His loving arms so tenderly encompass me, while He whispers in my ear, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid"—I could never bear with, and love the erring and weak ones, as I can now. Oh, how wonderfully I am saved! Hallelujah! Amen.

MRS. H. E. HAYDEN.—I am still on the battle-field, in the thickest of the fight.—  
The foe is on every side; but the Lord God is my strength, and in the name of Jesus I have the victory. Last week, in a terrible conflict, I fainted for a moment; but the Lord has forgiven me—bless His name for ever more! I find myself often weeping between the porch and the altar; and my daily cry is, "O Lord, let me see thy salvation!" I feel that I cannot rest unless I see the car of salvation coming. I am ready to do or to suffer, just as the Lord shall appoint.

AMOS B. CLAPP.—My age is thirteen years. I have been in the service of the Lord some over a year. I am still striving hard to serve the Lord, and to live a Bible Christian. But now I am confined to my bed with a broken limb, caused by a kick which I received from a cow. But the Lord gives me grace to bear the affliction that He has laid upon me—perfectly resigned to do or suffer His will, while here on earth I stay. But oh, how I miss the prayer-meetings! But bless the Lord! He can hear the prayer that I offer to Him, and He does bless me here while suffering with pain. The other evening, as I was sleeping, I dreamed that some one was praying for me that had faith; and I had faith too, and it seemed as though I received a double blessing. I was so happy that I waked them all up in the house—singing,

"Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?"

I thank God for giving me a disposition that will not murmur nor complain beneath His chastening rod. I praise the Lord now, for I feel that I am all the Lord's. I have set a stake that I am going straight through with Jesus in the narrow way. Praise the Lord! I know that I am in the road to heaven. With the help of Jesus I will go through; and He will help me, because He has pledged Himself to help those who put their trust in Him, and I know that my trust and confidence are in Him. Oh, how I love Him! Praise His name forever!  
Mich.

MRS. JOSEPHINE P. MILLER.—I received holiness of heart almost four years ago, and kept it but a short time. The 7th of September last, I obtained the blessing again. I was tempted much during camp-meeting, but came off conqueror, through Christ; and since that, every day, I make a new consecration and keep to the blood that cleanseth. Glory to the Lamb for ever and ever.

Montrose, Mich.