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CHRIST AND HIS SOLDIERS.

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Christianity is not a meditative, dreamy religion. It does not send its votaries to pray and dream, and pine away in solitude.

The Christian meditates, and prays, but he also *acts*. The early disciples were men of action. The first book after the Gospels is, very properly, a record of "The Acts of the Apostles." Terms taken from the most laborious vocations are the chosen words by which, in the inspired volume, Christians are designated.

They are, *servants* of God,—bound to devote their time, and employ their energies as He shall direct. They are contestants in the race, directed so to run that they may obtain. They are combatants for the prize, wrestling not with flesh and blood, "but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

But of all avocations, none is more arduous than that of the soldier in time of war. His is a life of self-denials. He foregoes the comforts of home. His bed is often the wet or frozen earth, where he is too glad to rest his weary body, his aching head pillowed upon his

knapsack. His shelter is a tent; his covering a blanket. His duty is to obey the commands of his officers, though at the imminent peril of his life.

In the New Testament, Christians are often referred to as spiritual soldiers. *Finally my brethren be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.*—Eph. vi, 10, 11. The primary meaning of the word sacrament, is an oath. It was the oath that soldiers took to obey their officers.

Soldiers make the service of their country their business. Their private interests must never interfere with the calls of duty. The Government undertakes to supply their absolute wants and to afford them all the protection that is consistent with their hazardous avocation. So Christ pledges himself to take care of the soldiers of the cross. *Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.*—Matt. vi. 33. He who clothes the grass and feeds the ravens, will feed and clothe him. His resources are boundless and always at command. He says to his followers: *All things are yours.*—1 Cor. 3, 4. Hence the soldier of the cross, on his march to Canaan, does not need to carry much with him. *Bread shall be given him; his water shall be sure.* He has

no occasion to lay up for himself, treasures on earth. He will never need them. The Lord is his portion. He can give manna in the wilderness and water in the desert. So he who is *contending for the faith once delivered to the saints*, need have no fear for his body. He is forbidden to have any anxiety about his physical wants. *Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on.*—Matt. vi. 25.

Again, Christ engages to give his soldiers victory. They may go into the conflict single handed and alone; their enemies may be numerous, strong and confident, but those who obey the Captain of their salvation, will finally triumph over all their foes. As they come out of the last battle you will hear them exclaim: *Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*—1 Cor. xv. 57. The battle may often seem to hang in suspense, but there is no doubt as to its issue.

As soldiers, we

1. Enlist for life. Nothing short of this is, under any conditions, admissible. There is no discharge in this war; and no short enlistments. *No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.*—Luke ix. 62. He who once engages to be Christ's, engages to be his forever. He who goes upon the spiritual battle field, leaves it only as a deserter or a conqueror.

2. We promise implicit obedience. *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.*—John xv. 14. *And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say.*—Luke vi. 46.

Discipline, is as essential as valor, to the success of an army. Rome lost its power, when Roman soldiers learned to

dictate, instead of to obey. The ineffectiveness of the professedly Christian army, is owing to its disregard of Christ's commands. Instead of insisting that they be obeyed, the officers with common consent, explain them away. Agag, instead of being hewed to pieces before the Lord, walks delicately in and out of his temple, and a servile priesthood pays him deference. No effort is made to overcome the world; but Mammon is revered as joint proprietor of the Kingdom. Where Christ commanded extirpation, his army offers friendship and alliance. Communion is decreed between light and darkness; concord is proclaimed between Christ and Belial.

The true soldier of the cross has no part nor lot in this unhallowed union. He does not cry "peace, peace," when God has not spoken peace. If he feels his courage declining, he cries out:

"Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord."

Then he hastens away to the conflict. He has no anticipation of ending the warfare until the last enemy is destroyed.

Are you a soldier of Christ? Do you march out boldly on the battle-field, or do you cower away and wait "to see how it is coming out?" That is not acting the part of a soldier; but of a time-server—of a coward. If that is your course, you cannot expect a soldier's crown.

Be true to your convictions. Stand by the truth, if you stand alone. Never give your money nor your influence to speed a glittering lie, or crush a heaven-born truth, whoever may oppose the one or advocate the other. Give the enemies of the cross no aid or comfort. Above all things endeavor to please Him who hath called you to be a soldier.

INSPIRATION.

What is the nature of inspiration? Are men mere passive instruments,—mere amanuenses of the Holy Ghost? Are their natural powers suspended under his influence? Were they not rather, if we may so speak, the subjects of inspiration, speaking as they were moved by the Holy Ghost? The Spirit takes men's natural powers as they are, and uses them for conveying the knowledge of God's will. By his influence they are qualified to set forth his will with unerring certainty.

The style of the sacred writers,—each retaining his own, which can easily be distinguished from that of others,—shows that their individuality is not destroyed. That which is natural and human is not suspended, but made to serve the supernatural and divine. This argues nothing against the plenary, verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, for it is possible for God to communicate his will in more styles than one, insuring by his Spirit that every word in every style declares his mind. While the written, as well as the incarnate word, has a human and a divine phase, every word of it is infallibly inspired.

The verbal inspiration of the Bible has been disputed. Some have said that the sentiments, but not the words, are given by the Spirit. But how could we be sure that sentiments divinely imparted to the mind were adequately expressed, if the expressions themselves were not also furnished? Is the mind of man incapable of erring in the setting forth of ideas that it has received? Were the writers of the Bible all men of such endowments and acquirements as to enable them with ease and discrimination to present the thoughts of the Spirit? On the contrary, the minds of men at best are liable to err, and many of the inspired writers were ignorant and unlearned men. Moses was "slow of speech and of a slow tongue;" Amos was among the herdsmen of Tekoa; Peter and others of the apostles were uneducated fishermen. They had no peculiar fitness or training for the

work of unfolding the divine mind. God, in sovereignty, chose them from various occupations, and with varying gifts and qualifications, to reveal his will to all mankind. Is this revelation left to be clothed in language of human choice? Is God's message to us thus marred in its transmission? Is the light blurred by the imperfect medium through which it is conveyed? We choose the alternative, and believe the Bible to be the very word of God, its inspired ideas being transmitted by inspired words. The Scriptures themselves claim to contain not only the thoughts but the words of God. Peter declares, that "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Paul says that he spake not merely truths, but words which the Holy Ghost taught. Verbal inspiration gives certainty and solidity to our faith in the Scriptures. On any other theory, we must be balancing continually between the wisdom of God and the weakness of man. But when the phraseology is divine, we may search the Scriptures with all thoroughness. We may prove its language with the severest criticism to bring to light the fullness of its meaning. Translations are of value just so far as they present the meaning of the words of the original languages. In as far as the diverse structure of languages will permit, a literal rendering is to be chosen, so that men may read in their own vernacular what they can confidently cling to as the word of God. And the inaccuracies of translation, which is a human work, instead of being an objection to the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, only shows the necessity of the verbally inspired word as the ultimate standard of appeal.—*Evangelical Repository*

He that has found a way to keep a child's spirit easy, active and free; and yet, at the same time, to restrain him from many things he has a mind to, and to draw him to things that are uneasy to him, he, I say, who knows how to reconcile these seeming contradictions, has, in my opinion, got the true secret of education.—*Locke.*

WESLEY ON PERFECTION.

"Let us go on unto perfection."—Heb. vi. 1.

The whole sentence runs thus: "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith towards God;" which he had just termed, "the first principles of the oracles of God," and "meat fit for babes;" for such as have just tasted that the Lord is gracious.

That the doing of this is a point of the utmost importance, the apostle intimates in the next words: "This will we do, if God permit. For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance." As if he had said: If we do not "go on unto perfection," we are in the utmost danger of "falling away." And if we do fall away, it is impossible [that is exceeding hard] to renew us again to repentance.

In order to make this very important scripture as easy to be understood as possible, I shall endeavor,

I. To show what perfection is:

II. To answer some objections to it, and

III. To expostulate a little with the opposers of it.

I. I will endeavor to show what perfection is.

1. I do not conceive the perfection here spoken of to be the perfection of angels. As those glorious beings never "left their first estate;" never declined from their original perfection; all their native faculties are unimpaired; their understanding, in particular, is still a lamp of light; their apprehension of all things clear and distinct; and their judgment always true. Hence, though their knowledge is limited; [for they are creatures;] though they are ignorant of innumerable things; yet they are not liable to mistake: their knowledge is perfect in its kind. And as their affections are all constantly

guided by their unerring understanding, so that all their actions are suitable thereto; so they do, every moment, not their own will, but the good and acceptable will of God. Therefore it is not possible for man, whose understanding is darkened, to whom mistake is as natural as ignorance; who cannot think at all, but by the mediation of organs which are weakened and depraved, like the other parts of his corruptible body; it is not possible, I say, for man always to think right, to apprehend things distinctly, and to judge truly of them. In consequence hereof his affections, depending on his understanding, are variously disordered. And his words and actions are influenced, more or less, by the disorder both of his understanding and affections. It follows, that no man, while in the body, can possibly attain to angelic perfection.

2. Neither can any man, while he is in a corruptible body, attain to Adamic perfection. Adam, before his fall, was undoubtedly as pure, as free from sin as even the holy angels. In like manner, his understanding was as clear as theirs, and his affections as regular. In virtue of this, as he always judged right, so he was able always to speak and act right. But since man rebelled against God, the case is widely different with him. He is no longer able to avoid falling into innumerable mistakes; consequently he cannot always avoid wrong affections; neither can he always think, speak, and act right. Therefore man, in his present state, can no more attain Adamic than angelic perfection.

3. The highest perfection which man can attain, while the soul dwells in the body, does not exclude ignorance or error, and a thousand other infirmities. Now from wrong judgments, wrong words and actions will often necessarily flow; and in some cases, wrong affections also may spring from the same source. I may judge wrong of you; I may think more or less highly of you than I ought to think: and this mistake in my judgement, may not only occasion something wrong in my behavior, but it may have a still deeper effect;

it may occasion something wrong in my affection. From a wrong apprehension, I may love and esteem you either more or less than I ought. Nor can I be freed from a liableness to such a mistake, while I remain in a corruptible body. A thousand infirmities, in consequence of this, will attend my spirit, till it returns to God who gave it. And in numberless instances, it comes short of doing the will of God, as Adam did in paradise. Hence the best of men may say from the heart:

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death;"

for innumerable violations of the Adamic as well as the angelic law. It is well, therefore, for us, that we are not now under these, but under the law of love. "Love is [now] the fulfilling of the law," which is given to fallen man. This is now, with respect to us, "the perfect law." But even against this, through the present weakness of our understanding, we are continually liable to transgress. Therefore, every man living, needs the blood of atonement, or he could not stand before God.

4. What is then the perfection of which man is capable, while he dwells in a corruptible body? It is this, the complying with that kind command: "My son, give me thy heart." It is the "loving the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind." This is the sum of Christian perfection: it is all comprised in that one word—LOVE. The first branch of it is the love of God; and as he that loves God, loves his brother also, it is inseparably connected with the second; "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" thou shalt love every man as thy soul, as Christ loved us. "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets; these contain the whole of Christian perfection.

5. Another view of this is given us, in those words of the great apostle: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." For although this immediately and directly refers to the humility of our Lord, yet it may be

taken in a far more extensive sense, so as to include the whole disposition of his mind, all his affections, all his tempers, both towards God and man. Now it is certain that as there is no evil affection in him, so no good affection or temper was wanting. So that "whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are lovely," are all included in "the mind that was in Christ Jesus."

6. St. Paul, when writing to the Galatians, places perfection in another view. It is the one undivided fruit of the Spirit, which he describes thus: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity," [so the word should be translated here,] "meekness, temperance." What a glorious constellation of graces is here! Now suppose all these things to be knit together in one, to be united together in the soul of a believer, this is Christian perfection.

7. Again: He writes to the Christians at Ephesus, of "putting on the new man, which is created after God in righteousness and true holiness." And to the Colossians, of "the new man renewed after the image of him that created him, plainly referring to the words in Genesis, chap. i, 27; "So God created man in his own image." Now the moral image of God consists, [as the apostle observes,] "in righteousness and true holiness." By sin this is totally destroyed. And we never can recover it, till we are "created anew in Christ Jesus." And this is perfection.

8. St. Peter expresses it in a still different manner, though to the same effect. "As he that hath called you is holy, so be ye holy, in all manner of conversation," 1 Peter, i, 15. According to this apostle then, perfection is another name for universal holiness: inward and outward righteousness: holiness of life, arising from holiness of heart.

9. If any expressions can be stronger than these, they are those of St. Paul to the Thessalonians: 1 Epistle, v, 23: "The God of peace himself, sanctify you wholly; and may the whole of you, the spirit, the soul, and the body; [this

is the literal translation,] be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

10. We cannot show this sanctification in a more excellent way, than by complying with that exhortation of the apostle: "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies," [yourselves, your souls and bodies; a part put for the whole, by a common figure of speech,] "a living sacrifice unto God;" to whom you were consecrated many years ago in baptism. When what was then devoted, is actually presented to God, then is the man of God perfect.

11. To the same effect St. Peter says, 1 Epistle ii, 5; "Ye are a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ." But what sacrifices shall we offer now, seeing the Jewish dispensation is at an end? If you have truly presented yourselves to God, you offer up to him continually all your thoughts, and words, and actions, through the Son of his love, as a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

12. Thus you experience, that he whose name is called Jesus, does not bear that name in vain: that he does in fact, "save his people from their sins;" the root, as well as the branches. And this salvation from sin, from all sin, is another description of perfection, though indeed it expresses only the least, the lowest branch of it, only the negative part of the great salvation.

DUTY.—There is really no hope for a young man who will not listen to the voice of duty. He has fallen as a prey to a mortal disease, for which no human skill can provide a remedy. The voice of duty is the voice of God—an inborn, heaven-sent guide. Not to obey it, is to revolt against our own constitution; it is as if one should refuse to give heed to the intimations of his senses, his eyes, his ears, or his touch; and will as certainly, and by as dire a philosophical necessity, bring upon him hopeless, irretrievable misfortune.—*Olin.*

CHRIST KNOCKING.

The late Christmas Evans, preaching from the text, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," proceeded to say:

"Oh, my dear brethren, why will you pay no attention to your best Friend? Why will you let him stand knocking night and day, in all weather, and never open the door to him? If the horse-dealer or cattle-drover came, you would run to open the door to him, and set meat and drink before him, because you think to make money by him, the filthy lucre that perishes in the using. But when the Lord Jesus stands knocking at the door of your heart, bringing to you the everlasting wealth, which he gives without money and without price, you are deaf and blind; you are so busy, you can't attend. Markets and fairs and pleasures occupy you; you have neither time nor inclination for such as he. Let him knock! Let him stand without, the door shut in his face, what matters it to you? Oh, but it does matter to you.

"Oh, my brethren, I will relate to you a parable of truth. In a familiar parable I will tell you how it is with some of you: and, alas, how it will be in the end. I will tell you what happened in a Welsh village—I need not say where.—I was going through the village in early spring, and saw before me a beautiful house. The farmer had just brought into the yard his load of lime; his horses were fat, and all were well to do about him. He went in and sat down to his dinner; and as I came up, a man stood knocking at the door. There was a friendly look in his face, that made me say as I passed, 'The master's at home; they won't keep you waiting.'

"Before long I was again on the road; and as soon as I came in sight of the house, there stood the same man knocking. At this I wondered; and as I came near, I saw that he stood as one who had knocked long; and as he knocked, he listened. Said I, 'The farmer is busy making up his books, or counting his money, or eating and

drinking. Knock louder, sir, and he will hear you. But,' said I, 'you have great patience, sir, for you have been knocking a long time. If I were you, I would leave him to-night, and come back to-morrow.'

"He is in danger, and I must warn him," replied he, and knocked louder than ever.

"Some time afterwards I went that way again, and there still stood the man, knocking, knocking, knocking. 'Well, sir,' said I, 'your perseverance is the most remarkable I ever saw. How long do you mean to stop?'

"Till I make him hear," was his answer; and he knocked again.

"Said I, 'He wants for no good thing. He has a fine farm, and flocks, and herds, and stack-yards, and barns.'

"Yes," he replied, 'for the Lord is kind to the unthankful and the evil.'

"Then he knocked again, and I went on my way, wondering at the goodness and patience of this man.

"Again I was in those parts. It was very cold weather. There was an east wind blowing, and the sleety rain fell. It was getting dark, too; and the pleasantest place, as you all know, at such a time, is the fireside. As I came by the farm-house, I saw the candle light shining through the windows, and the smoke of a good fire coming out of the chimney. But there was still the man outside, knocking, knocking. And as I looked at him, I saw that his hands and feet were bare and bleeding, and his visage as that of one marred with sorrow. My heart was very sad for him, and I said, 'Sir, you had better not stand any longer at that hard man's door. Let me advise you to go over the way to the poor widow. She has many children, and she works for her daily bread; but she will make you welcome.'

"I know her," he said. 'I am with her continually; her door is ever open to me; for the Lord is the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless. She is in bed with her children.'

"Then go," I replied, 'to the blacksmith's yonder. I see the cheerful

blaze of his smithy; he works early and late. His wife is a kind-hearted woman, and will treat you like a prince.'

"He answered solemnly, '*I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*'

"At that moment the door opened, and the farmer came out cursing and swearing, with a cudgel in his hand, with which he smote him, and then angrily shut the door in his face. This excited a fierce anger in me. I was full of indignation to think that a Welshman should treat a stranger in that fashion. I was ready to burst into the house, and maltreat him in his turn. But the patient stranger laid his hand upon my arm and said, 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.'

"Sir," I exclaimed, 'your patience and your long-suffering are wonderful; they are beyond my comprehension.'

"The Lord is long-suffering, full of compassion, slow to anger, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' And again he knocked as he answered me.

"It was dark, the smithy was closed, they were shutting up the inn, and I made haste to get shelter for the night, wondering more and more at the patience and piety of the man. In the public-house I learned from the landlord the character of the farmer; and, late as it was, I went back to the patient stranger and said, 'Sir, come away; he is not worth all this trouble. He is a hard, cruel, wicked man. He has robbed the fatherless, he has defamed his friend, he has built his house in iniquity. Come away, sir. Make yourself comfortable with us by the warm fireside. This man is not worth saving.' With that he held his bleeding palms before me, and showed me his bleeding feet, and his side which they had pierced; and I beheld it was the Lord Jesus.

"Smite him, Lord," I cried in my indignation; 'then perhaps he will hear thee.'

"Of a truth he *shall* hear me. In the day of judgment, shall he hear me, when I say, Depart from me, thou work-

er of iniquity, into everlasting darkness, prepared for the devil and his angels.' After these words I saw him no more. The wind blew, and the sleety rain fell, and I went back to the inn.

"In the night there was a knocking at my chamber. 'Mr. Evans,' cried the landlord, 'get up, get up; you are wanted with a neighbor who is at the point of death.'

"Away I hurried along the street, to the end of the village, to the very farm-house where the stranger had been knocking. But before I got there, I heard the voice of his agony: 'Oh, Lord Jesus, save me! Oh, Lord Jesus have mercy upon me! Yet a day, yet an hour for repentance! Oh, Lord, save me.'

"His wife was wringing her hands; his children were frightened out of their senses. 'Pray, pray for me,' he cried. 'Oh, friend Evans, cry to God for me. He will hear you; me he will not hear.' I knelt to pray, but it was too late; he was gone."

Reader, may the Spirit of God write the lesson of this parable on your heart. Jesus waits to save you, but delay not to go to him.

BACKSLIDING.

To enforce this warning, there is against looking back, let me beseech you to consider the exceeding proneness which there is in the heart to it. The heart of man is a backsliding heart. There is in the heart, a great love and hankering desire after the ease, pleasure, and enjoyments of Sodom, as there was in Lot's wife, by which persons are continually liable to temptations to look back. The heart is so much towards Sodom, that it is a difficult thing to keep the eye from turning that way, and the feet from tending thither. When men under convictions, are put upon feeling, it is a mere force, it is because God lays hold on their hands, as he did on Lot's and his wife, and drags them so far. But the tendency of the heart is to go back to Sodom again.

Persons are very prone to backsliding also, through discouragement. They

are apt to be discouraged. The heart is unsteady, soon tired, soon gives out, is apt to listen to discouraging temptations. A little difficulty and delay soon overcomes its feeble resolutions, and discouragement tends to backsliding; it weakens persons hands, lies as a dead weight on their hearts, and makes them drag heavily: and if it continue long, it very often issues in security and senselessness. Convictions are often shaken off that way; they begin first to go off with discouragement.

Backsliding is a desire that is exceedingly secret in its way of working. It is a flattering distemper; it works like a consumption, wherein persons often flatter themselves that they are not worse, but something better, and in a hopeful way to recover, until a few days before they die. So backsliding commonly comes on gradually, and steals on men insensibly, and they still flatter themselves that they are not backsliding. They plead that they are seeking yet, and they hope they have not lost their convictions. And by the time they find it out, and cannot pretend to piety any longer, they are commonly, so far gone, that they care not much if they have lost their convictions. And when it is come to that, it is commonly a gone case, with persons, as to those convictions.

Thus they blind themselves, and keep themselves insensible of their own disease, and so are not terrified with it, nor awakened to use means of relief, until it is past cure.

Thus it is that backsliding commonly comes upon persons that have for some time been under any considerable convictions, and afterwards lose them. Let the careful consideration of this, your danger, excite you to the greatest care and diligence to keep your hearts, and to watchfulness and constant prayer against backsliding. And let it put you upon endeavors to strengthen your resolutions of guarding against everything that tends to the contrary, that you may indeed hold out to the end, for then shall you know, if you follow on to know the Lord.—Edwards

SUPERFICIAL CONSECRATION.

BY REV. THOMAS J. CROWDER.

"My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time and voice,
My self, my reputation;
The lone way is my choice."

"Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts."
—Bible.

This is a superficial age. Almost everything is superficial. But nothing seems so much so, as the popular consecration of the present day. I say popular, because it is getting rather so, to talk and preach about consecrating all we have, *time, talents, reputation*, everything, to Christ. All for Jesus; by whole communities—*Counties, States and Nations*. All for Jesus.

Indeed, it is unpopular to talk about anything else, in many places. This is right. To it, no one will object, who hopes to get to the good land. But is it not true, painfully true, fearfully true, that most all of this, is superficial? Where is the evidence, among the masses who are thus consecrated, that it is any more than a simple class meeting story? Would not the Great God, if he speak now, say, "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." Consecration means the setting apart certain things for certain purposes; and when we consecrate all our time, talents, money, influence, everything to God, to be used to His glory, we ought to mean that all these things are completely at His disposal, to be used for Him, and for Him only. Anything less than this, is contrary to the principles of common sense, and common honesty, to say nothing about religion.

Oh, how we need to learn that a consecration, to be of any value, must be actual! Suppose some one would undertake to introduce a principle in business that would recognize a "promise to pay," as a real payment, how society would spurn him!

If a man, through misfortune, or otherwise, is actually unable to meet his engagements in business matters, promptly, he is at once ex-communicated by those who are the loudest in their

professions of entire consecration to the Lord; while they hold on to all in their possession, refusing to honor the drafts God makes on them, but go on increasing their goods as before. A man was dying, physically and spiritually; one who was thus consecrated, said, if he had time, he would go and see him. He had given his time to Christ; but now, when one for whom Christ died, was dying, and the Spirit said, "Go and speak words of comfort to him," he says, "Not so, Lord, my business must be attended to."

A poor man was unfortunate, lost money, and owed another one, who had given all his wealth (which was great) to the Lord; but the poor man was pressed to surrender property he needed to support his family, that this rich brother might get richer. A poor man lost a horse, and needed another to help support his family. He applied to one of his brethren in the church, (who has given all his horses to God) for the loan of a horse, and received for an answer, "he would rather his horses would run in the pasture and grow fat." Oh how shallow all this must appear in the sight of Him, before whom we cannot dissemble; and will he not "Spue them out of his mouth?" If a man has grace and courage enough to be answerable to his convictions, and goes about honoring the drafts made upon his time, or upon his worldly goods, he is at once branded as a fanatic; and that is enough in the eyes of the advocates of this superficial consecration, to ruin him for time and eternity. When will the world be brought to Christ, where such a state of things exist? Men of the world see through the flimsy veil, and have no trouble in detecting the deception that is being taught and practiced among them. No wonder they come to despise such stuff, and go on in sin. But is there no remedy for this state of things? Are not many of these men honest and deluded? I think they are. Many who are thus consecrated, no doubt intend to be strictly honest; but alas! such has been the teaching and example, that men who really mean all

they say, are left to follow the "traditions of men, in place of the commandments of God." A salaried ministry, for the sake of place and money, cry *peace, peace*, when there can be no peace! This morning, my heart cries out to God for some one who will thunder through this land, what real consecration is; and let the people know, that when time, talents, and everything is consecrated to the use and service of the living God, that to use any of these things for any other purpose, is to rob God of that which, in the first place, belongs to him by right, and secondly, that which we have voluntarily surrendered to Him, and that henceforth we have no more right to touch, for any other purpose, than we have to touch our neighbor's goods. But it means more, than simply setting these things apart for the service of God, it means that we are actually to use these things for God, our time for Him, our talents for Him; not laid up in a napkin for old age, or our children, or to give us power and position in the world, but used whenever and wherever he bids. But says one, I worked hard for what I have, and it is mine. Very well, then say so, but don't lie to God and men, by saying you have given it to God. *Be honest.* One says, "I do not know of anything I can do." Look around you; the Master went about doing good, you sit in your comfortable homes, devotedly praying for God to comfort the sick, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and blindly suppose that with you God is well pleased. Go, answer your own prayers. Live up to your consecration. Walk in the light. Live for Heaven, and be encouraged in the thought that "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my disciples, ye did it unto me."

Suppose you were attending to hear a will read where you expected a legacy, would you employ the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, we would be giving all ear to hear if any thing had been left to us. So we ought to hear the gospel.

CATHARINE ADORNA.

She was born in Italy, in 1447, and was distinguished for her piety. She enjoyed in its fullness, the blessing of perfect love. The following extract from her life, written by Prof. Upham, will, we trust, be read with interest and profit.

A holy soul is not destitute of desires; but its desires, instead of being divergent to every point of attraction from the world, the flesh, and the devil, are made identical with, and are lost in the divine desire, the divine will. It is not true, therefore, that such a soul ceases to desire; but it is true, that in its present state it desires, in particular cases, through the medium and under the control of its general desire, for God's glory. Can it be possible, that such a soul, that such a person, simply because its desires have assumed a just and sanctified position, can fail to act, and act energetically, for his fellow-men, when he has before himself, and when he deeply feels the mighty motive of God's express command? Let it be true, if you please, that the whole Christian world ceases to act from this moment, except from the single motive of God's will, and would there be less of watchfulness for the salvation of men, less of prayer, or less of anything which constitutes the truth, the power, and the unity of Christian effort?

I admit, that when a person arrives at the highest point of sanctification, by the loss of his own desires, the result is inward rest. The soul, reposing upon the bosom of its Maker, experiences a tranquillity which is divine. The fears, and selfishness, and outcries of the natural man cease; but it is a great mistake to suppose that rest in God is the same thing with the inactivity of nature. In that calm tranquillity there reposes an inward strength, (a strength too, which goes out in appropriate action,) far beyond the power of unspiritualized humanity. Call it quietism, if it is thought proper, and denounce it under that name. But denunciation does not alter the truth. It is the quietism of Abraham, when he offered up his son on

Mt. Moriah. It is the quietism of Noah, when he was rocked like helpless infancy in the storms that drowned a world. It is the quietism of Paul, when he calmly pleaded before Agrippa, and reasoned on Mar's Hill. It is the quietism of the Son of God, when in the agony of the garden, he said: "Not my will, but thine be done."

A soul that ceases from its own desires by making them in harmony with God, is at rest in itself, but it does not follow that it is either insentient or inactive in relation to others. Hear the language of Madame Adorna herself, on this very subject, and in relation to this very point. "Thou hast commanded me, my Father," she said, at a certain time, "to love my neighbor." But I find myself so drawn towards the great center of my affections, that I can only love thee. I can not endure the thought that any other being should divide and share in that love, which is now given to one alone. And what, then, shall I do?" It will be seen at once, that the very difficulty which we have been considering, was present to her own mind. The fear suggested itself, that her union with God might be adverse to a suitable degree of active love for her neighbor. She carried the matter to the Lord with that simplicity of spirit and faith which were so characteristic of her intercourse with her Heavenly Father. Her biographer informs us, that God gave her an interior answer.

The answer which the Lord gave her, was this: "He who loves me loves all that I love." Here is the evidence that we have a great truth in the administration and management of things, which it is exceedingly pleasing to contemplate. God, as the great center and governor, is interested in the welfare of all; he loves all; and will do, and is doing, all that he possibly can, consistently with truth and rectitude, for the good of all. Those who love him, will naturally and necessarily sympathize with his love; their affections will run in the direction of the divine affections; and if God loves man, as he obviously does, then the man, who is born into

God's image, will love his neighbor. In other words, if our love exists in the Central Love, and is made one with it, then our love, in the measure and degree which is appropriate to our inferior nature, will spread out from the center through the infinitely various radii, which fill up the vast circle of God's love. The love of our neighbor is not so much love, diminished and taken away from the love of God, as some may perhaps suppose, but is the same thing; is the love of God itself, manifested in a particular way. Such love is free from any intermixture of self; and is sometimes expressed by saying, that we love God's creatures in God and for God.

In connection with such views and with the specific remark, that man makes but little account of that soul which God values so much, she exclaims: "O wretched being! why dost thou rush to thy destruction? What dost thou do with thy time, with thy possessions, with thyself? Thou neglectest every thing, when every thing should be employed for the salvation of the soul. That soul, which is so divine in itself, that it is susceptible of being united with the divinity of God. Why dost thou plunge into the earth, and from earth into hell, and from hope into despair; losing the glory for which thou wast created, and the happiness, to which God in his infinite love doth call thee?"

"If man could only understand the unspeakable heinousness of sin, even of one sin, he would sooner plunge into a fiery furnace than commit it. If the sea were made of fire, he would seek the companionship of its burning waves, and dwell in the midst of them, rather than endure the pang, the hidden torment, which sooner or later must develop itself from every transgression." "I know," she says, "that these are strong impressions; but the soul that loves holiness, and knows what holiness is, can appreciate and receive them."

And then consider, in connection with statements and remarks of this kind which are to be found frequently

in her writings, the fact of her deliberate and permanent consecration to God; and that for many successive years her labors for the good of her fellow-beings were incessant; and I think it will be seen and felt, that the rest of God is a different thing from the inactivity of the creature, and that union with God is not the same thing with separation from humanity. On the contrary, by being like God, and by entering into union with him, we necessarily receive into our souls, peaceful and quiet though they may always be, that spirit of love and mercy, which prompted him to send into the world his only-begotten Son, to labor and to die for men.

SOME OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY E. W. PETTYS.

I sought and found Jesus, when, but twelve or thirteen years of age, to the joy of my soul. There was not any religious excitement. My father and mother had gone to meeting at the Presbyterian Church. I was reading the Bible—the New Testament. There I found out that I was lost. Without any preacher to instruct, the Holy Ghost alone showed me that I was justly condemned. It also pointed me to Jesus, who came to redeem even me. Oh, how my heart was pained to read that the Jews crucified Jesus. I went to the barn and prayed; my burden grew heavier. I prayed again, and again, until it could be truly said, “Behold he prayeth.” I went to the woods and there prayed; I got down by an old log, and there I found Jesus. All glory to God. It was the seventh time I prayed, that all my sins were washed away. I could sing, “Jesus all the day long, is my joy and my song.”

How Jesus used to talk with me in those days. It seemed that I could hear Jesus speak, and say, go pray, pray. Oh, it was blessed to go and have a talk with Jesus. Brother, did you ever doubt your conversion? No. Yet the devil tried to bother me, for years, saying, you cannot sing,

“I know the time, I know the day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.”

Although I was young and inexperienced, yet I used to tell him I have got religion now, this moment. Jesus saves me. I could not tell just the hour of the day, but I could say, “whereas I was once blind, now I see.”

I bless God for present salvation. Glory to God in the highest, “peace on earth and good will to man.” Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. He reigns just now in my heart; I feel the fire burning; I am on board the old ship Zion—she is sailing; every canvass is set to catch the breeze. Glory to God forever. Some say they are on the old ship; if they are, she must be anchored, for they do not go ahead. God bless you brother and sister, cut every shore line, and swing out into the deep. Some say that their faces are set Zion-ward, like a flint; yes there they are, backing away from God, whom they profess to love; their faces are Zion-ward, yet they are asleep! Awake! awake!! awake!!! In a moment more you will back into hell. Awake brother and sister, for Jesus’ sake, before it is everlastingly too late. Let me warn you, exhort you, that having your face Zion-ward is not enough, you must be marching Zion-ward. If you are not marching heaven-ward, you are marching hell-ward. Escape! flee for thy life; be a wide-awake Christian. Get on the armor. Go to work for Jesus, for, “he that worketh, receiveth wages.”

A few years after I got religion, a Methodist minister was passing where I was sawing wood, and he asked me if I wanted religion. I told him I had religion. This was the first one that had ever spoken to me about my soul, except my mother. I soon after joined the Methodist church, and was appointed to lead the Tuesday evening class. The class commenced to prosper; some were seeking holiness of heart and life, bless God. One of the old fashioned members—who has since gone to glory—wanted me to appoint a prayer meeting at 5 A. M. I did so. It was in

the winter time. Early in the morning I met father Lion coming, staff in hand, singing:

"Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this lonely vale,
Knowest thou not it's full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
No! I am bound for the kingdom;
Will you go to glory with me?"
Oh, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord."

Years have passed since I found Jesus, but I bless God, it grows brighter and better, every day; hallelujah! I can see clear through, this morning; bless the name of the *Lord our God*. There is not a cloud that doth arise; all glory to God.

I do not say hallelujah because it is popular, but I feel a hallelujah all through my soul and body. I have religion without a doubt. I got over every sand bar, by being willing and obedient. I have come to Mount Zion; there is a plenty, and it is all free—free as heaven; glory to God and the Lamb.

For a few years I kept free; I enjoyed justification. After a while I heard the voice of Jesus, saying, go preach the preaching I bid you. I reasoned, and said: How can I Lord, I am uneducated, with but one talent. This was the heaviest cross I had to bear. But I am over, clear over on the Lord's side—bless his name. I would not pray—could not go one step. It was dark. If Jonah had a sad time, I had. Oh, such darkness; by God's grace I will never be found there again. Some thought I was not called to preach. I had a talk with Father about it, and he said unto me, "What is that to thee, follow thou me. I am following Jesus, bless his holy name. Some will not believe unless they see signs and wonders, but I believe in the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. ALL CLEAR! Glory to God in the highest. Amen."

The sinner feeds with delight on the nauseous enjoyments of his iniquity, like the bird of prey upon carrion,—while the regenerate soul has a holy disgust of all that is offensive to its heavenly nature.

THE FAITHFUL WITNESS.

BY J. R. SMITH.

The definition of witness, in Greek, is martyr; signifying one that gives testimony to the truth, at the expense of his life. Jesus Christ is the faithful witness; not only because he revealed all truth, and bare record to the truth, before Pontius Pilate, but because he sealed the testimony with his blood. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain a martyr to the truth, which proves him a constant, faithful witness. Jesus was given for a witness to the people; He is the way, the truth, and the life. There is no other way. "There is no name under Heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." "God has highly exalted him, and has given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow; of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. In Jesus was life, and the life was the light of men. John was sent to bear witness of that light, that all men might believe; John testified, saying, "I saw the Spirit descending from Heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him, and I knew him not; but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining upon him, the same is he who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw and bare record that *this is the Son of God*." Unto us, therefore, who believe this testimony, he is precious." "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." "He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself; for the Spirit itself, beareth witness with our Spirit, that we are the children of God—and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. Glory

to God in the highest! on earth peace and good will to man. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us," if found as faithful witnesses of Jesus. There is a great cloud of witnesses who have been martyrs for Jesus. They have laid down their lives for the truth, and have sealed their testimony with their blood. But the glory which shall be revealed in them when they shall come forth in the morning of the resurrection, will far eclipse all their sufferings here; and their poor bodies that have been tortured and mutilated for the testimony of Jesus, and for the word of God, will come forth perfect and complete, resplendent with glory, and beauty, and fashioned like unto the most glorious body of Jesus. Hallelujah to Jesus! Jesus was dead, but glory to God, He is alive, and liveth forevermore; and because he lives, we live also. He has the keys of death, and hell; He will unlock the tomb, He will break every chain, and will give us the victory again and again. Jesus is coming again, and will receive his faithful witnesses unto himself, that where he is there we may be also. I believe his coming is near at hand. Prophetic history proves that this is so. Iniquity abounds on every hand, and the love of many is waxing cold.

Unfaithful witnesses of Jesus, you who have witnessed a good profession before many witnesses, and are now down by the cold streams of Babylon, you who have hung your harps upon the willows, and have forgotten to sing the Lord's song, are you ready for the glorious appearing of Jesus? Will you be glad to see the King in his beauty, or will you call for the rocks and mountains to fall upon you, and hide you from his presence, and from the glory of his power? For behold the day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand? His coming will be glorious, and yet awful for the unprepared; his coming will be sudden. There will be no time for preparation then, for, "as the lightning appeareth in the east, and

shineth even unto the west, so also shall the coming of the son of man be." Unfaithful witnesses of Jesus, be in time; make your calling and election sure, before that great and notable day of the Lord shall come. Lay aside every weight, and the sins which do so easily beset you, looking unto Jesus. Come out from the world; come out from those who have a name to to live, and are dead. Come out from Free Masonry; come out from the ungodly in every shape, presenting yourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. Be not conformed to the world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you may be able to prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God, concerning you. May God grant, according to his riches in glory, to strengthen you with might, by his Spirit in the inner man; may he sanctify you wholly, and may your whole body, soul and spirit, be preserved blameless, unto the coming of Christ. May you hear his welcome voice, saying, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world." Unto Jesus Christ who is the faithful witness, the first be-gotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Hallelujah!

WESLEY THE CATHOLIC.

"Every one is either on God's side, or on Satan's. Are you on God's side? Then you will not only not forbid any man that casts out devils, but you will labor, to the uttermost of your power, to forward him in the work. You will readily acknowledge the work of God, and confess the greatness of it. You will remove all difficulties and objections, as far as may be, out of his way. You will strengthen his hands by speaking honorably of him before all men, and avowing the things which you have

seen and heard. You will encourage others to attend upon his word, to hear him whom God hath sent. And you will omit no actual proof of tender love which God gives you an opportunity of showing him. If we willingly fail in any one of these points, if we either directly or indirectly forbid him 'because he followeth not us,' then we are bigots."

"Am I not sorry that God should thus own and bless a man that holds such erroneous opinions? Do I not discourage him, because he is not of my church, or disputing with him concerning it, by raising objections, and by perplexing his mind with distant consequences? Do I show no anger, contempt, or unkindness of any sort, either in my words or actions? Do I not mention behind his back his (real or supposed) faults, his defects, or infirmities? Do not I hinder sinners from hearing his word? If you do any of these things, you are a bigot to this day."

"O stand clear of this! But be not content with not forbidding any that cast out devils. It is well to go thus far, but do not stop here. If you will avoid all bigotry, go on. In every instance of this kind, whatever the instrument be, acknowledge the finger of God; and not only acknowledge, but rejoice in his work, and praise his name with thanksgiving. Encourage whomsoever God is pleased to employ, to give himself wholly up thereto. Speak well of him wheresoever you are; defend his character and mission; enlarge as far as far as you can, his sphere of action; show him all kindness in word and deed; and cease not to cry to God in his behalf, that he may save both himself and them that hear him. * * If he forbid you, do not forbid him. Rather labor, and watch, and pray the more, to confirm your love toward him. If he speak all manner of evil of you, speak all manner of good (that is true) of him.—*Ser. against Big.*

Some receive the form of godliness to take away their reproach, but not the power of it to take away their sins.

WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

BY MRS. G. W. FRENCH.

Southwest charge had a new minister. He came to his first appointment, one Sabbath, in early autumn, wearing a suit of gray, and riding a horse that seemed naturally ambitious, but looked as if grass was short in the pastures where he grazed.

Mr. Miller, the new minister, was fine looking, still in his early manhood, yet deep lines were drawn across his wide, high brow, silver threads were woven in with the brown of his hair, and a careworn, sober expression lingered around his mouth and in his calm, gray eyes. He was not an elegant preacher, but before his first sermon was finished, the people knew that he was a good man, that he would do them good.

During the winter he held revival meetings at all the different stations of his charge. A deep interest was awakened, souls saved, and the church was strengthened by the addition of many new members.

When the midsummer days came, Mr. Miller's work was done. A brother from an adjoining circuit, came and spoke sympathizing, comforting words to the widow, the fatherless, and the flock, whose shepherd a "mysterious providence" had taken away.

Was it providence? We will look at the simple facts.

Mr. Miller's Sabbath appointments were as follows:

Number one, near home, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Number two, four miles away, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Number three, six miles further, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

When cold weather came, having no sleigh, he still went to his appointments on horseback, wearing in addition to the gray suit, a rather shabby overcoat, a blue and black woolen belt, a pair of striped mittens and rubber overshoes.

During the revivals, he was expected to preach at least five sermons during

the week, take the lead of morning meetings, and spend the remaining portions of the day visiting from house to house, reproving, encouraging, instructing, exhorting, or praying, as the case might seem to demand.

Several times he found himself entirely unable to do anything; and then some kind, motherly sister would give him a syrup, cordial, or something to help him over his "poor spell," and he would go to work again.

When spring came, he now and then failed to fill his afternoon and evening appointments, and people said, "I guess brother Miller is not very healthy," or, "the climate don't seem to agree with him."

With summer, came a sort of malarious fever, that good constitutions shook off readily; but Mr. Miller's natural vigor, was too much impaired to make a successful resistance, so after a few days of acute suffering—days in which he did his winter's work all over, in imagination—he died; and they laid him down to rest, and marked the place with expensive marble.

Scattered over that circuit, were men—church members too, who were wealthy farmers, lawyers, doctors and merchants, who rode in their carriages and wore better clothes every day, than Mr. Miller's gray suit. Had he been warmly clothed, and provided with a comfortable conveyance, is it presumptuous to suppose that he might have done a reasonable amount of work for his people, and lived many years more?

In that day when God shall judge the world, it will not be very strange if some events, now ascribed to providence, be found clinging to the skirts of man, as sins for which he alone must answer.

All ministerial circuits are not like Southwest, but almost everywhere the health of ministers is improperly cared for, and for this neglect, the people are, at least, partially responsible.

None are so easily acquainted, so closely knit together, and so much endeared to one another as real Christians.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

The following incident is from the Life of Rev. John Collins, one of the pioneers of Methodism, in Ohio. The book was written by Judge McLean, who was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

"In the early settlement of the country, Mr. Collins was riding up the Ohio river, some thirty or forty miles above Cincinnati, in company with a friend, when they came to the forks of the road; the left hand road led to their place of destination; the right was more circuitous, and increased the distance; but Mr. Collins, against remonstrance, preferred the latter, from an impression which he did not particularly define. It led to the mouth of Red Oak, where the town of Ripley is now situated. As they approached this point they saw a funeral procession, which they immediately joined, and followed it to the grave. The corpse was the wife of a man who was an avowed infidel. After the grave was covered, Mr. Collins made known to the people that he was a preacher of the Gospel, and would then preach a sermon to all who should remain. No one left the ground. He read, for his text, a part of the twenty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John: 'I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he preached with an irresistible power. The solemnity of the occasion, and the circumstances which brought him to the place, added, no doubt, to the effect of the discourse. No one could apply circumstances more forcibly than Mr. Collins. There were many tears and sobs in the congregation. The infidel husband was overwhelmed; and from that day and hour he renounced infidelity, shortly after became a member of the Church, and lived to adorn the Christian religion.

"Mr. Collins believed in a special providence, and he did not confer with flesh and blood, under a strong impulse of duty. And he yielded to the gentler emotions of the Spirit for good, even

though he might not clearly see how the good was to be effected. The inclination to take the right-hand road was prompted, as he no doubt believed, by Providence, of which he could entertain no doubt when he saw the funeral procession, and preached to the mourning crowd. And is this too small a matter for Deity? Peter was called to preach to Cornelius; and his objections were overcome in an extraordinary manner. Philip, being prompted by the Spirit, joined himself to the chariot of the eunuch, and 'preached to him Jesus.' And who, that believes the Bible, does not believe that the same Spirit operates, more or less, upon Christians of the present day? The mode of its action may not seem to be miraculous; but it is spiritually discerned. It is a divine agency—that Spirit, or light, a portion of which is given to every man. It leads to good actions and happy results. And we are commanded not to 'quench the Spirit.' Every religion, without this spirit, is cold and lifeless. John says: 'Believe not every spirit; but try the spirits, whether they are of God.' The revelator was 'in the Spirit on the Lord's day.' The apostles, 'after they came to Mysia, assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not.'

"This doctrine is Scriptural; and it affords the sweetest consolation to the Christian. He can readily believe, if a 'sparrow falls not to the ground without his notice,' and the 'very hairs of his head are numbered,' that there is a special providence in his ways. And this encourages him to be firm under the most trying emergencies."

Every Christian family ought to be as it were, a little church, consecrated to Christ, and wholly influenced and governed by His rules. And family education and order, are some of the chief means of grace. If these fail, all other means are likely to prove ineffectual.—*Edwards.*

What are all the doctrines of the gospel but an unfolding of God?

THE WILL OF GOD.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

I worship thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesus' toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of his heart
Those three and thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee—
A love to lose my will in thine
And by that loss be free.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for come what will
Thou always hast thy way!

I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that hebbles is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet Will.

—*Faber.*

SETTLED.

BY C. M. DAMON.

I was trained in the M. E. Church. It was my home. Loyalty was an important element in my church creed.—The Free Methodists were wrong of course. Why? because their doctrines were false? No. Because their lives were inconsistent? No. Because the general teachings and tendencies of the new denomination were less Scriptural and Methodistic than those of the body with which I was connected? I did not stop to consider that question. But they had left *the Church*, and now they meant to break us down.

The M. E. Church was in lineal descent from John Wesley. All separations from it were causeless secessions, and of right, ought to be reproached by all true churchmen. This was the most insignificant and least worthy, of all the secessions from her pale. Besides, they unchristianized us, and treated us as cold, dead formalists. This was too bad to be endured. We were the genuine, orthodox Christians, and they were fanatics. I did not seriously consider whether their positions were right or not, nor suffer them to lead me to deep heart-searching.

What caused these views of those whom I now love as brethren? Simply a want of that awakening and experience, which qualifies us to discern truth, coming from unexpected sources. The same which prevented the Jews from recognizing Christ. It was by a long and painful discipline that my eyes were opened to the truth. Let no one smile at this, more than at the inward conflicts by which sinners were brought to the cross, as given in *Christian Biography*. When by the force of inward experience, deep convictions for personal and church purity, and a better acquaintance with Methodist history as a child of providence, I realized the necessity of separation from the M. E. Church, and craved the fellowship of kindred hearts. I was perplexed by Wesley's advice, "Never suffer a

thought of separating from your brethren." But I learned that God's ways are not as men's ways. These struggles are in the past. Perhaps only those who have passed through a similar experience, fully realize what it costs to break through the influences of positive early training, to surmount the barriers of prejudice, and embrace new views and new relationships.

I have now been nearly two and a half years connected with the Free Methodists, and have verified in some measure, the ominous words of Sisters Roberts and Freeland, on the day I joined them, "Your trials have just begun." Cutting and sore indeed have been some of these, yet of a character wholly different from the former; and never more than momentarily shaking of my confidence in the wisdom and righteousness of my course in uniting with my real brethren. These years have not been thoughtlessly passed; and now I can testify that with full opportunity for deliberate reflection, the heartfelt gratitude and praise to God, for his persuasive leadings, and for deliverance from spiritual bondage, which have repeatedly welled up from the depths of my soul during the last two years, have abundantly compensated for all the trial. The perplexities and questionings which disturbed me, have given place to settled and abiding confidence that this is verily the work of God. The F. M. Church is not in all places, quite all I desire; but the resolute determination of many of her ministers to act consistently with their holy calling, as commissioned ambassadors from God to men, give strong hope that it may soon become so. It is imperatively demanded that her discipline be more strict and firm, and her experience more thorough and spiritual.

But the stand which she makes against the prevailing sins which are robbing other churches of their vitality, is truly commendable; and her honest endeavor to feed the people with the living bread from heaven, and to smite the rock in the wilderness, that the waters of salvation may gush out and

run in the desert like a river of life for the fainting masses, is inspiring. May her self-denial and devotion be multiplied, and the Spirit be poured upon her from on high, until the thirsty land becomes springs of water.

But my chief confidence is in the absolute necessity of the work given us to do, the righteousness of our principles, and the immovable foundation of the Church of the living God, which insures her ultimate success. "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." "He that keepeth Israel shall neither sleep or slumber." God loves righteousness and hates wickedness, and wherever he can find moral agents opposed to sin, and loving holiness, he must, and will defend, and give them success. Now who of us all, could, with an eye single to the glory of God, abandon our cause, withhold our testimony, and quietly enter the fold of the popular Churches of our land? Who could sacrifice the small endowments of spiritual power, and inward joy, with which we are favored, with the prospect of greater power and richer joy, for the glittering but empty honors and foolish pleasures of the world?

But our own convictions are not alone in this appeal. There are those in other branches of the Church, scattered especially through those sections where there are none of our people crying aloud and making issue with the worldliness of the day, who are hungering and looking for the very bread which God has given us to distribute among them.

Such are waiting for deliverance, and their Macedonian cry is not to be disregarded. In vain they look for food from their own shepherds. They cannot accept as a satisfying portion, the intellectual truth which appeals only to their understanding, administered by men of the world and suited to the gratification of minds wholly carnal and worldly. Their convictions are too deep to receive the cup of the Lord at the hands of those who minister in secret lodges at Satan's altars. They

cannot mingle the joys of salvation with the earthly joys of festivals prepared for the sensual, under the mask of religion. We must feed them or they perish with hunger; exposed to the seductive influences of a refined, artistic, and attractive form of godliness, they are in great danger of falling in with the tide of worldliness sweeping over them. Many others have less light than these, and much less conviction, yet they have a degree of sincerity and long for a better state of things than now exists. They are easily accessible, will read our periodicals, and, if we are diligent, will ultimately embrace the truth.

A glorious field opens before us in this country, for this kind of work. My former labors in Northern Iowa, in the M. E. Church, paved the way for our present mission. In September, we returned to the State to enter upon ground unoccupied by our church. Immediately doors were opened, so that no time was lost. These were promptly entered, and with the exception of two Sundays, I have since had all the labor I could well perform. Some Churches are closed against us, but others are opened, and School Houses are generally given freely for our use. We settled in Charles City, a flourishing town of from 2,000 to 2,500 inhabitants, in the beautiful and fertile Cedar Valley. I have just made an interesting visit about 50 miles to the south. In answer to a cordial invitation, I visited Brother and Sister Howard, near Janesville. I preached with much liberty six times in their neighborhood. I have seldom, or never, been more favorably impressed than with this dear family of young people. They were converted and joined the F. M. Church while on a visit to Wisconsin, and immediately returned home. I was the third F. M. Preacher they had ever seen. With scarcely any religious associations save her brother, who has been with them one year; they have stood aloof from formal Churches, worshiping God in their family, and waiting patiently for God to send help. They have maintained their integrity. For

more than two years they have not seen a pilgrim. I could but feel that they were more devoted, conscientious and spiritual than they would probably have been, had they joined any of the churches there. She was *perfectly plain* in dress, and everything about their home and business indicated clear light and the fear of God. Sister H. had denied herself comfortable clothing, and performed extra work to send me money for expenses in visiting them. Their gratitude and joy seemed proportionate to the sacrifice, and I truly found their humble house a spiritual Bethel. The joy of comforting and encouraging one such lonely family, repays great labor and trouble in the itinerancy. And I thought here was great encouragement for Ministers to labor for transient hearers. How readily would unbelief have suggested the improbabilities of lasting fruit, in the case of these two isolated young persons? What a privilege to be instrumental in the conversion of those who, in a distant land may lay the foundation of a good work of God. Should any of the pilgrims pass through Janesville, they will meet a warm reception at Brother Howard's, one and a-half miles west, if they wish to stop off there.

Near Waterloo I found another interesting family. Brother G. W. Hanna and wife were among the earliest settlers in that part of the State. Their nearest trading point was Cedar Rapids, fifty-five miles distant. The nearest white family was thirty-five miles away. Twenty-five years ago, the first M. E. Church in all that section was formed in their house, consisting of five members, of which he was leader. They were of staunch, old Methodist training of the days when fasting was practiced, and useless ribbons were a bar to love-feasts. They were familiar with the trial and expulsion of Brother Roberts and others, at the time, by means of the Northern Independent. More lately, they had become awakened to the issues of practical godliness by reading the *Earnest Christian*, and I have no doubt that, with hundreds more, they

will rise up to pronounce the originators and publishers of our uncompromising periodicals blessed. For several years Sister Hanna has not received the sacrament at the hands of the Masonic Ministers. They have been convinced that to support the popular religion of the Church, was a waste of the Lord's money, and seemed glad of an opportunity to give in the direction of an earnest Christianity. Of their seven children, four are teachers. Brother H. had been addicted to the use of tobacco. Through reading the E. C. and F. M., he had been convicted and given it up, but as it made him sick, he had returned to its use, under the delusion of regarding it a necessity. He protested that if I could get him under conviction, he would give it up. Before preaching I inquired of the Lord to give me a subject, and unexpectedly received clear intimation to preach on the sanctification of the body, which I did with great liberty, from 1st Thess. v, 23. When I left, the second day after, he had used no more.

On the prairie, seven and a half miles west of Cedar Falls, we visited an isolated family of Illinois pilgrims, who have raised the banner of the Lord in their own house, where they have interesting meetings. A few miles north of Waterloo lives one of the first N. Y. Free Methodists, whom I hope soon to visit. Thus the pilgrims, actual and prospective, are scattered through the country, and it is a privilege to visit them and scatter the words of life.

HEAVEN.

The mind may struggle for emancipation, and crave a broader field, while the soul is the bond-slave of Satan, and has no wish to throw away her chains. Ay, it is just as easy to dress up an intellectual paradise as a carnal, and to desire the one, as well as the other, without acquiring any meetness "for the inheritance of the saints in light." The heaven of the Mohamedon is full of all that can gratify the senses, and pamper the appetites. The heaven of

the philosopher, may be a scene in which mind is to reach all its vigor, and science all its majesty; but neither is the heaven of a Christian. The heaven for which the Christian longs, is the place where God himself, shall be his "strength and his portion forever." The knowledge, whose increase he ardently wishes, is knowledge of Him who made him, and of Him who redeemed him; for already hath he felt that "this is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent." He may indeed exult in the thought that these things are to be explained, and the darkness illuminated; but only that he may find fresh cause for praising, admiring, and adoring God. He may rejoice in the assurance that a flood of splendid light will be poured alike, over creation and redemption; but his great motive to exultation is, that he can say with David to his God, "in thy light shall we see light," so that the irradiation will be from Deity, and that which makes visible, be that upon which all his affections are fastened. And you are to try yourselves by this text. You are to ask yourselves whether you desire heaven because God is there, because Christ is there; whether, in short, God and Christ would be to you heaven, if there were none but these to be beheld, none but these to be enjoyed. Unless you can answer such questions in the affirmative, you may be longing for heaven, because it is a place of repose, because departed kins-folks are there, or because man shall there be highly endowed; but you have none of that desire which proves a title to possession. We do not say that such reasons are to have no weight. But they are to be only secondary and subordinate: they are not to be uppermost. Our prime idea of heaven should be, that it is the place where God dwells, and of its happiness, that "God is all in all."—*Melville.*

♦ ♦ ♦
The cross is a wondrous place! here opposites meet; the highest joy, and the deepest sorrow; the sweetest peace, and *all the elements of a broken heart.*

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

The word of Christ is given and will not fail: "Ask and ye shall receive." But let it not be a sham, formal lip-asking, that would be very much astonished if it received; but a real, earnest heart-asking, in faith, nothing doubting, that, if it is for the best, it will be given. How much we miss by not becoming as little children, and simply, trustfully asking our Heavenly Father for just what we need. The Christian may ask for what he will, and it shall be given him; for no true disciple will ask for aught that he knows is contrary to God's will. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be given you." If we have need of food, and covering, and we ask our Heavenly Father, He will open a way for us to get them. If we need patience, and strength, and courage, He will strengthen us with strength in the soul, so that we can endure all things, overcome all things. If we lack wisdom, He will give it liberally; if we desire a greater measure of the Spirit, it shall be gladly ours—all for the asking. Every good and perfect gift cometh down from above, from the Father of light, in whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning. What he has promised he will perform.

And yet, when every time of need is a gracious opportunity to draw near to God, a golden gate that waits only our knock to open with bounteous blessing, we so often, through sloth, or pre-occupation, or beguiling of the adversary, lose the opportunity and let the golden gate stay shut, while we wearily, sadly, or impartially, devise our own way, and toilsomely try to run our own ship to the desired home, instead of asking and waiting for the Lord to show us the way; instead of inviting Jesus into the ship to still the storm and pilot us to the port of peace, making our venturous voyage successful.

Precious blessings, many good and perfect gifts, may be often waiting for

us, suspended from above by only the slender word "*ask*." But the slow heart does not ask, and the time goes by, and the precious things are drawn up again into heaven, and so another opportunity passes that might have brought to us joy, and to God, glory.—A chance just needlessly missed, because our gross hearts did not choose to ask, our heavy eyes to see, or our numb fingers to grasp the rich boon proffered. "God is love," and love delights to give, but infinite wisdom often sees that a giving without the asking may hurt more than a withholding.

But the saddest, most unspeakably sorrowful of all lost opportunities, is that of entering eternal rest and joy. The way is opened, and time is given. The compassionate father waits, ready to meet the returning wayward one, while he is yet a great way off. If the sinner neglects or despises salvation through Christ Jesus, there remains no more sacrifice for sin. The gate is shut forever, and forever. If any are waiting a more convenient season, a better opportunity, they ought to remember lost opportunities, like lost years, come back nevermore.

SICK OF SIN.

The first thing of which the soul is sick, and by which the conscience receiveth wounding, is the *guilt* of sin and fear of the curse of God for it; for which are provided the wounds and precious blood of Christ, which flesh and blood, if the soul eat thereof by faith, give deliverance therefrom. Upon this the *filth* of sin appears most odious; for that it hath not only at present defiled the soul, but because it keeps it from doing those duties of love which by the love of Christ it is constrained to endeavor the perfecting of it. For filth appears filth, irksome and odious to a contrary principle now implanted in the soul; which principle had its conveyance thither by faith in the sacrifice and death of Christ going before. "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if

one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, and they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but to him that died for them and rose again."

The man that has received Christ desires to be holy, because the nature of the faith that lays hold on Christ worketh by love, and longeth, yea, greatly longeth, that the soul may be brought not only into a universal conformity to his will, but into his very likeness; and because that state agreeth not with what we are now, but with what we shall be hereafter; "Therefore in this we groan, being burdened" with that which is of a contrary nature, "earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven;" which state is not that of Adam's innocence, but that which is spiritual and heavenly, even that which is now in the Lord in heaven.—*Bunyan*.

HOLY LIVING.

Remember, man, if the grace of God hath taken hold of thy soul, thou art a man of another world, and indeed a subject of another and more noble kingdom, the kingdom of God—which is the kingdom of the gospel, of grace, of faith, and righteousness, and the kingdom of heaven hereafter. In these things thou shouldst exercise thyself, not making heavenly things which God hath bestowed upon thee, stoop to things that are of the world; but rather here beat down the body, to mortify thy members, hoist up thy mind to the things that are above, and practically hold forth before all the world that blessed word of life.—*Bunyan*.

WATCHFULNESS.—He that will keep water in a sieve, must use more than ordinary diligence. Our heart is a leaky vessel; and therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.—*Bunyan*.

"SOME DOUBTED."

Doubted in the very presence of Jesus? With his form before them, his voice speaking to them, his countenance beaming with majesty and love, looking upon them! Yet, with all this fullness and power of evidence, turning faith into very sight, "some doubted."

Ten instances appear to have been recorded when Christ appeared to the disciples after his resurrection. The first, when he met the woman returning with "fear and great joy" after the announcement of the angels that he was "risen from the dead." The second, when he was seen by Mary Magdalene. The third, when he was "seen of Cephas." The fourth, when he joined the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. The fifth, when he appeared "to the disciples," Thomas not being "present with them." The sixth, when, after six days, he again appeared to them, Thomas being present. The seventh, when he "showed himself to the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias." The eighth, when "he appeared to the eleven on a mountain in Galilee." The ninth, when "he was seen of James." The tenth, and last, when he was seen "of all the apostles."

This appearing, therefore, "on a mountain in Galilee," was the eighth time he had "shown himself alive after his passion." All who were present had seen him probably, at least, three times; most of them oftener. Yet "some doubted."

How plain, then, that *doubt cannot be removed nor faith generated* by the evidence of *sense*! "They will not be persuaded," said our Lord, of unbelieving men, "though one should rise from the dead." Here was one who "had risen from the dead," and had appeared to them repeatedly, "yet some doubted."

Their doubts are the more remarkable that they had gone away "to a place where Jesus had appointed them." Would he not keep his word? Was not his very appearance, at the time and place appointed, a proof that it was no "phantasm," but the true and living

person of their Lord? Yet, against the testimony at once of faith and sense, "some doubted."

"Some," therefore, will "doubt," whatever strength and variety of evidence is given them. Doubt is in such minds a subjective affair, a mental and spiritual infirmity. It can no more be overpowered by evidence than blindness can be banished by the splendor of meridian sunlight. The cure must be, where the defect is, inward. The apprehension and grasp of the inner man must be restored. Truth can not of itself give that. Grace must supervene. The sovereign word of him who said over the sightless eyes "Ephphatha!" and to him of the withered hand, "Stretch forth thine hand!" can alone give to fallen nature the sight and strength which it has not.

But to each and all of us he says: Open thine eyes! Stretch forth thine hand! Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light! He who obeys, imbibes the light of truth and the power of holy acts. He who obeys not, "doubts;" and must continue in this infirm and inefficient spiritual condition, till the dimness of that doubt passes through deeper and deeper shades, into the "blackness of darkness."

But there may be a partial doubt—an imperfect apprehension and weak grasp—which yet admits enough of faith "to the saving of the soul." It is an unhappy state, though not in such cases a fatal one. But how desirable to emerge from it into the unclouded light and perfect joy of faith—especially when there is so sweet and sure a means of doing this as "looking unto Jesus, the author and *finisher* of our faith!"

God's way lies on the *ascent*, Satan's on the *descent*; the few who believe God are not discouraged by the toil necessary to reach the glorious summit of the hill, while the many who are enticed by the seeming ease of the descending way, are eventually engulfed in the pit.

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MISS CHARITY C. SNYDER.

Five years ago last April, the Lord very mysteriously led me into Brother M. N. Downing's family. He was then preaching at Rose, N. Y. My mother living then about three miles from that place, I frequently attended Church, and thereby became somewhat acquainted with them. I was then a wicked young lady, a great lover of dress and of the pleasures of this world. Religion was not an agreeable subject for me to think, or converse upon. I knew I ought to have it; I said to myself, When I get settled in life,—which I was making preparations to do the following winter—then I will get religion. I knew if I got the love of God in my heart, I should have to give up the vain things of this world, and come out and be separate from them. By the faithful dealings of Brother and Sister Downing with me, I was soon brought under deep conviction for my sins, and led to the foot of the cross. Praise the Lord! I little knew the will of the Lord concerning me, only that he desired to save me out of this wicked world and prepare me for a better one. I felt in my heart I will go with Jesus in the narrow way. The Lord soon let me see that my plans must all be given up, and I must consecrate my time to Him and His service, and remain as I was until He should see fit to change my position in life. This caused me a great struggle, for I had made great reckoning on the future, and laid many plans. But with the grace of God to help me I was able to say, "Thy will be done, not mine." I felt that the Lord knew what was best for me.

Oh, how I have been led to praise the Lord since that time, that he saved me from taking such an important step without his Holy Spirit to direct me. It makes me feel sad while I write, to think I have not been more faithful to God in view of all he has done for me. But I feel like saying with the Psalmist, "What shall I render unto the Lord

for all his benefits toward me. I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord; I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of the people."

In the fall of 1866, the Lord saw fit for some wise purpose, to deprive me of the sight of my left eye, and the right one partially. I visited different oculists but found they had no hopes in my case. The eminent Dr. Liston told me that if my sight was ever restored, it would be a higher power than any earthly that would do it. After having failed to get help or encouragement from those that I thought could help me, I was led to the great Physician who has said, I will forgive all your iniquities and heal all your diseases. Blessed be his name forever. On the 13th of May 1867, at a meeting held at Brother B. F. Stoutenburg's house, the Lord undertook my case, and in answer to prayer, and by the laying on of hands, my sight was restored. All glory to God! for it was God who did the work. Since that time my sight has been good. But let me say, that many times when I have been tempted to go into forbidden paths, and do things that the Lord would not have me, he would present the case of my eyes, and that would remind me of the vows I made to Him if He would give me my sight. And would it not be just in God to deprive me of it again if I go contrary to his will?

I praise God I have had no desire to go contrary to his will for a great while. I am learning more of his power to save, and am gaining new victories. Glory be to God and the Lamb forever, for the way and plan of salvation. I love it; I am proving every day that my Jesus is a satisfying portion, and I am content to work for him and do his will and take the pay he gives me; which is better to me than silver or gold. His love is in my heart and his approving smile rests upon me. Praise his name.

How holy is the principle, when covetousness is placed among the worst of sins! how it shows the sanctity of our walk!

STATE OF THE NATURAL MAN.

Thus does the natural and unawakened man, frustrate all the strivings of God's spirit, to shew him of his danger; thus he remains the willing servant of sin, content with the bondage of corruption, inwardly and outwardly unholy, and satisfied so to be; not only not conquering sin, but not endeavoring to conquer, especially that sin which so easily besets him.

Such is the state of every unawakened man, whether he be a gross, scandalous transgressor, or a more reputable and decent sinner, having the form though not the power of godliness.

O you who are in that condition, if I have showed you in some measure the state of your hearts, let me beseech you not to harden them the more on that account; rather give place to correction. For Christ's sake, let conviction be heard; if it cries, "Thou art the man," be not ashamed to confess your mistake about your spiritual state. Turn the text into a prayer, and say, "Lord have mercy upon me, I am a mere natural man still; I never understood the things of thy Spirit; but spare me, a little, and let me recover thy favor in Christ, before I go hence and be no more seen. Wake my soul to righteousness, that I may never more plead for sin, or wilfully and knowingly transgress against thee, give me that knowledge of thee wherein standeth my eternal life; I own to my shame I am a stranger to it; but Lord spare me a little, teach me, and let me obtain in this world the knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting." Nothing brethren, but the desire I have that you should thus pray, from a feeling sense of your wants, has made me use such plainness of speech. Be not displeased then at my endeavors to awaken you, and open your eyes. You are undone forever, unless your wound be probed in such a manner as will make you see and feel the necessity of applying in time to him that can heal you, even the Lord Jesus Christ. In him you shall find all that you want in

yourselves; he is the second Adam, from whom you must derive a new nature. To him your souls must be united in one spirit; from him you must receive pardon and grace, life and power-holiness and happiness. He is ready to bestow all these things upon you, if you are but willing to ask him sincerely. And he requires but one proof of your sincerity; and that is, not to seek your happiness in the world, and in created things any longer, but in him alone. Begin then to deny yourselves those sinful gratifications which separate God from your souls, and choose rather to mourn now in hopes that you shall be comforted, than to enjoy the pleasures of the world for a season. If you have not resolution enough to make that happy choice,—to desire with St. Paul, "to know nothing but Jesus, and him crucified," O look to yourselves, see the horror of your state. You are the heirs of the curse entailed upon every child of Adam. By nature you are children of wrath; you wander like lost sheep in the wilderness of this world; you are "dead in trespasses and sins." You have sold yourselves to the prince of the air, who leads you to perdition, as a sheep is led to the slaughter, and you know neither who leads you, nor whither you are led.—*Rev. John Fletcher.*

MAN A BANKRUPT.

BY REV. B. POMEROY.

Man is a bankrupt, God is the chief creditor.

Make an assignment of your house, self, and all, to the Infinite, as your assignee; take the benefit of the bankrupt law provided in the atonement, and ask your chief creditor to set you up in business on his own account.

But mark this; when you swear that you are worth nothing at all, be sure there are no precious things secreted, which you propose to exempt from the assignment, for your own gratification after the flesh; something your heart can fall back on and call your own, in case you are tempted to make a strike.

for a less spiritual service. Be suspicious of a sly hope of being able to go into business for yourself, when the big debts are cancelled, and the general ruin of the case is bettered; such as the pardon of sins, old wicked habits corrected, and a good religious character is established, and the poor fellow is righted up into a respectable church member. Then look out for the deceiver-ability of unrighteousness, or you will be tempted to make prayers for the show of good sense and intelligence, instead of groaning after God as formerly because you really needed his help. When if you examine closely, you may find a nice little separate interest growing up out of the stealings from the works and graces of the proprietor; or, in other words, the salvation of God perverted to the show of baptised aristocracy.

Once more; don't think of having your name on the sign, nor on the work; don't say my church, my converts with the air of a proprietor. Neither consider yourself a silent partner in the business. Only work by the day for the assignee. Make the proprietor responsible for the whole concern—yourself and all—except your obedience to his orders. Do your duty with fidelity and sincerity. Do it by the day; sleep well at night, as day laborers are apt to; live securely by day and look for the "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter into the joy of the Lord."

MATURITY OF GRACE.—When the corn is nearly ripe, it bows the head and stoops lower than when it was green. When the people of God are nearly ripe for Heaven, they grow more humble and self-denying than in the days of their first profession. The longer a saint grows in this world, the better he is still acquainted with his own heart, and his obligations to God; both of which are very humbling things. Paul had one foot in heaven, when he called himself the chiefest of sinners, and least of saints.—1 Tim., i. 15; Eph., iii. 8. A Christian in the progress of his knowledge and grace, is like a vessel cast into the sea; the more it fills the deeper it sinks.

FAITH.

"By faith we are saved from sin and made holy. The imagination that faith *supersedes* holiness, is the marrow of Antinomianism. The sum of all is this: the God of love is willing to save all the souls that he has made. This he has proclaimed to them in his word, together with the terms of salvation, revealed by the Son of his love, who gave his own life that they that believe in him might have everlasting life. And for these he has prepared a kingdom, from the foundation of the world. But he will not force them to accept it; he leaves them in the hands of their own counsel. He saith: 'Behold, I set before you life and death; blessing and cursing; choose life that ye may live.' Choose holiness by my grace; which is the way, the only way to everlasting life. He cries aloud, be holy, and be happy; happy in this world, and happy in the world to come. Holiness becometh his home forever!' This is the wedding garment of all that are called to 'the marriage of the Lamb.' Clothed in this they will not be found naked. 'They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' But as to all those who appear in the last day without the wedding garment, the judge will say, 'Cast them out into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'"

—John Wesley.

Faith is a lesson to be learned every day, and a lesson which God himself must teach. If we come to him every day for it anew, we would receive it; but we think we have it, and that it only requires to be blown up like our kitchen fires by ourselves, and all is well. . . . Faith is within us like a spark in the ocean. What a miracle that it at all lives! Nay, but it shall dry up that ocean, if we cleave fast as hell-deserving sinners to the Lord of life.—John Macdonald of Calcutta.

That love of outward things! Oh, it implies an inward vacuum.

A LIVING MINISTRY.

I know not what others think, but, for my own part, I am ashamed of my stupidity, and wonder at myself that I deal not with my own and others' souls as one that looks for the great day of the Lord; and that I can have room for almost any other thoughts and words; and that such astonishing matters do not wholly absorb my mind. I marvel how I can preach of them slightly and coldly; and how I can let men alone in their sins; and that I do not go to them, and beseech them, for the Lord's sake, to repent, however they may take it, and whatever pain and trouble it should cost me. I seldom come out of the pulpit but my conscience smiteth me that I have been no more serious and fervent in such a case. It accuseth me not so much for want of ornaments and elegancy, not for letting fall an unhandsome word; but it asketh me, "How couldst thou speak of life and death with such a heart? How couldst thou preach of heaven and hell in such a careless, sleepily manner? Dost thou believe what thou sayest? Art thou in earnest or in jest? How canst thou tell people that sin is such a thing; and that so much misery is upon them and before them, and be no more affected with it? Shouldst thou not weep over such a people, and should not their tears interrupt thy words? Shouldst thou not cry aloud, and show them their transgressions; and entreat and beseech them as for life and death?" Truly this is the peal that conscience doth ring in my ears, and yet my drowsy soul will not be awakened. Oh! what a thing is a senseless, hardened heart! O Lord, save us from the plague of infidelity and hard-heartedness ourselves, or else how shall we be fit instruments of saving others from it? Oh, do that on our souls which thou wouldst use to do on the souls of others?—*Baxter*.

Christian humility is not a flower that grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God.

NO FEELING.

How sad and hopeless is the condition of those who have *no feeling* on religion! One of the most fearful descriptions of character in the Bible is that of those who, being *past feeling*, are given up of God to all manner of iniquity. Yet such, it is to be feared, may be found in almost every Christian congregation. They have lived through the impressions of their childhood,—through years of faithful preaching, through revivals of religion, till now they are *past feeling*. Unmoved by the exhibition of God's glory and Christ's compassion, of the blessedness of heaven and the woes of hell, they "despise the riches of the goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering of God, and after their hard and impenitent heart treasure up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God."

AVOW YOUR PRINCIPLES.—Always be ready to avow your principles of action. Scorn concealment. Put on your true colors to the gaze of men and angels. There is a false prudence, a mock modesty, which inculcates the opposite method. It discourages confession as savoring of ostentation, and would have us leave the world to infer the existence of virtuous principle from our conduct. In most instances, this is but a poltroon's expedient to avoid responsibility, and save a convenient position for treachery or evasion. It is well and safe to stand committed to the right, that the world may know in advance where you will be found in any day of trial; and it is a reflection upon a good man's intelligence or integrity, to have his opinions or principles forever unsettled or in doubt. Society has a right to know what it may expect from him, and justly suspects him of interested and dishonest aims when he chooses to remain undecided and uncommitted till popular suffrage has announced the safe way.

Is He so vast? cavil not at His depths.

EDITORIAL.

YOUR WORDS.

Beware of your words. They influence others for good or for evil. They tend to promote the growth, in those who listen to you, of kind feelings, high resolves and noble aims; or, they stir up wrong dispositions, angry tempers, distrust of the good, and sordid, selfish purposes. They are the soldiers with whose aid you fight the great battle of life. Look after them carefully. The issue of the battle depends upon their character and the way in which they are handled. They are the golden threads with which you are unconsciously leading souls to Heaven or hell.

But your words not only affect others; they go very far towards molding and establishing your own character. Talk ugly, even without meaning it, and you will soon begin to feel ugly. Your words will react upon yourself. They beget the feelings which they represent. A young man stood up in a debating society in defence of the Bible. He was not religious and did not pretend to be. But he believed the word of God was misrepresented and misused. He met the objections offered, and spoke as strongly as he knew how in its favor. The effect upon himself was such that he at first became thoughtful, then prayerful, then God converted him and set him for the defence of the Gospel. Every day, your words are modifying your feelings. When you talk courage, you feel courage. Talk discouragement, and you feel discouragement.

"But must we not talk as we feel?"—That depends altogether on how you feel. If you feel wrong, that is no reason why you should act wrong or talk wrong. Be still. Let the wrong feelings go no farther. Treat the unhallowed fire in your breast as you would fire in your garments—SMOTHER IT. Let it come to the outside air and your danger is multiplied a thousand-fold. Look up to God instantly for help. As soon as it comes, and you begin to feel a little better, talk better. Light will break in fast, and you will gain a complete victory.

"You may as well say it as feel it," is a maxim of the devil. It will lead any soul to hell that follows it. There is not the slightest foundation for such a sentiment in the Bible. *Keep your mouth as with a bridle*, is its safe direction. The feelings often remain undecided until spoken words give them the preponderating bias. They hang, as it were, in the balance until the scale is turned by an expression, in favor of the right or of the wrong.

Then be careful of your words. *For by thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned.*

FREE CHURCHES.

Selling the right to the occupancy of a seat in a house dedicated to God, is destroying the foundation of all spiritual worship in that house. It is a formal inauguration of Mammon as Master of ceremonies. The Spirit of God is put under restraint. It can no longer have free course there. Nothing must transpire calculated to offend the taste of those who have the money to buy the seats. They have purchased the right to dictate how God shall be worshiped there; and their wishes are generally anticipated before they are expressed. Great care is taken that the influential, wealthy sinners, who have condescended to give their patronage to the house of God, shall have no cause of complaint. As they generally affect refinement whether they possess it or not, the singing must be artistic. The uncultivated saints must keep silence; and men and women trained to operatic singing, perform this part of public worship under the inspiration of money or vanity.

The utterances of the pulpit, too, must be toned down to please the ears of unsaved men. A faithful declaration of the whole counsel of God is out of the question. Popular sins must be ignored, and those truths alone must be presented which are of a nature to give no offense.

If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do? To leave the edifice altogether is the only remedy left. FROM SUCH TURN AWAY.

WORKING FOR GOD.

A Presbyterian minister of Erie Co., Ohio, writes to *The Interior* that he is preaching for Jesus on the following principles. Are they not in accordance with the Gospel?

First. Not to accept a stated salary.

Second. To have all the seats in the church, as nearly as possible, *alike*, and *entirely free*.

Third. To have no "collections" taken up in the usual way by passing a hat, box, basket, etc.

Fourth. To circulate no "subscription papers" for money for religious purposes. I do not wish any one to be personally applied to for money for my support, and heartily disapprove of such application to any one for religious purposes, unless it be a case of absolute necessity and *then* to Christians only.

Fifth. To make such application to unconverted persons I regard as the surest way to drive them from the Saviour, making them suspect Christians of mercenary motives, or tempting them to indulge a self-righteous spirit; and besides this, it is intensely humiliating to the child of God who stoops to do it. Therefore never ask unconverted persons for money for religious purposes.

Sixth. No unconverted person should be allowed to hold any share in the church property, nor have any voice in the management of church business.

He adds:

Do you ask me how I expect to live? I answer, *Trust God*. Do you ask me if "the laborer" is not "worthy of his hire?" I reply, Yes; that's why I trust God. The laborer truly is worthy of his hire; but I regard it as a very important point that the laborer remember *for whom* he is laboring. I profess to work for God alone, therefore I have a right to look to Him alone for my pay, and no right to look to any one else.

Further, he says, he is accustomed to say to his people:

I prefer not to know from what individuals my money comes. I will live among you as a child of God, working as much as my ability and opportunity admit, but trusting him alone for my temporal support. I will never tell any man of my financial necessities, but go direct to God in prayer, knowing of course, that he will generally use men, those who know me as His servant and who love Him, as the means for supplying my wants.

The Lord uses His flail of tribulation to separate the wheat from the chaff.—*Bunyan*.

WANTING CHRIST.

The Rev. George W. Hepworth, Pastor of the Unitarian church of the Messiah in New York City, and a leading minister in that Denomination, has publicly renounced Unitarianism. He says:

I am bound to believe in Christ's divinity or else tear up certain texts by the roots, which I am wholly unwilling to do. When Jesus in a prayer says, "O, Father! glorify me with thine own self, with the glory I had with Thee before the world was!" I cannot evade the conviction that the words, plainly as any words can be, are intended to assert a pre-existence. If they do not distinctly say that Christ is coeval with God, then I fail to comprehend the meaning of the passage. Now, you may honestly deny the fact by openly doubting the correctness of the text. But, admitting the text, the deduction is plain. Again, when he says, "If a man love Me my Father will love him, and We will come unto him and take up Our abode with him," I think he clearly intimates a power co-ordinate with that of God. I don't see how the conclusion can be avoided, provided you admit the correctness of the text. I do believe this. Second, having placed myself right on the dogma, I come to speak of its historical value. I believe that the dogma, as I have stated it, has saved the world, and done more than anything else to mould modern society. If Christ had been a mere man, a great reformer, the changes he introduced would have died out, and his voice, though he spoke in clarion tones, would have died into a very dim and distant echo long before this. The Church was built on the divinity of Christ: it would not have survived if it had not been, and the Church saved the seeds of the new civilization from among the ruins of the old. * * * I come lastly to speak of the institutional value of the dogma. It is the only possible basis of organization. It gives us two works to accomplish—to save ourselves and then to save the rest of the world.—Atheism can't organize. It never has done so; it never will. Radicalism can't organize. One must have faith to organize. Radicalism is cold; it always seems to me like a hen brooding on stone eggs. It may warm them with the heat of its own body, but, after all, the eggs are stone, and can never bring forth life.—What may not this dogma be to you? If you are weak—and who is not—you can go to Christ and get strong; if you are sinful—and who is not—you can go to Christ and be forgiven. I implicitly believe all this, and on it I would found this

Church. I heartily believe it, and by means of it I would save my soul and yours."

I believe, with all my heart and soul, in Jesus Christ, as God manifest in the flesh, my Lord and my Redeemer.

I have been led to this, in part, also, by my experience. I have resolved, and purposed, and tried to come up to the standard of the right, the good, and the true. But I find weakness, and helplessness, and failure. Now Jesus puts his arms around me, walks with me, and blesses me. I have something to lean upon, something to support me. One in whom to live; and move, and be.

YOUR WORK.

God never sets a man about work which he is unable to do. He is not a hard Master. He never reaps where he has not sown. He simply requires us to use the talent he has given us—to do the work for which we are or may be fitted.

Then do not be discouraged by a sense of inability to meet his call. *Have faith in God.* Go boldly forward in the path of duty, and you will get strength for your work. God can make small stores of learning go a great ways towards feeding those who are starving for the bread of life. The five small barley loaves, broken at his bidding, can satisfy the wants of thousands.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DYING TESTIMONY.

Julia, wife of Randolph Worthington, died December 21st, 1871, at their residence in Rushford, Allegany county, N. Y., aged thirty-one years.

Our sister was converted at the early age of fifteen; but, as is frequently the case, lost her enjoyment and again sought pleasure in earthly things. About nine years ago, under the labors of Bros. White and Curry, in Rushford, she was led to give herself again to the Lord, and was thoroughly reclaimed. From this time she laid aside the forbidden things of earth, and became a faithful follower of Jesus. She was very conscientious, and "willing

to bear the cross and walk in the narrow way," as she often said. She received the blessing of holiness about two years before her death. There was a general quarterly meeting at our place, and much of the grace of God was manifested. Sister Worthington was earnestly desiring to enter the land of Beulah, and while Bro. Brooks was preaching, Sunday morning, she cried out in the congregation for the victory. As she continued to groan for deliverance from the carnal mind, Bro. Brooks came from the pulpit to the altar where she was struggling, and engaged in prayer for her, and soon the weary soul rested, "and there was a great calm."

This practical demonstration of the power of the gospel to save, was no injury to the remainder of the sermon. From this time there was a marked change in our sister's experience; she was much more earnest in her efforts for her own salvation and that of others, and her prayers were more prevailing.

She was taken sick early last spring.—Late in the spring she appeared to be some better; so far recovered as to be able to walk a few rods and to sit up most of the time. But the disease was not removed. The fifth of November she was again obliged to take the bed, from which she never arose. She suffered much, but was resigned to the will of God, which appeared to be that she would soon depart. She felt that to die would be gain; was sometimes joyful, quite forgetting her diseased body. She expressed much anxiety for her unsaved relations, and left her dying admonitions with them. During her last hours she tried to sing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

And her sister said to her, "It is good to have the victory, Julia." To which she heartily responded, "Amen! Amen!"

We miss her in our social gatherings, and at our fire side; but we remember she has only passed on before—gone to possess her mansion a little in advance of her fellow-pilgrims, to whom she was fondly attached.

F. B. English.

LOVE FEAST.

WM. FELL.—There is nothing like salvation! Praise God! It stands by a man in the midst of the most trying circumstances of life. I never enjoyed it more than I do at the present time. My soul is pressing its way onward and upward in spite of all surrounding obstacles. I never felt more in earnest to get to glory than at present. Everything else is of very little importance compared to this. All is vanity here below; life is at best a span. Oh! how short! how fleeting and uncertain. Oh! eternity how long; its the life time of God. How wise, how happy the man who squares his life for eternity and lives every moment in view of eternal things. Every day I am living for God; it is the delight of my soul to do His will and please him in all things. The precious blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanses my heart from all sin. I love to tell, under all circumstances, what Jesus has done for me. I love the souls of my fellow creatures and try to do them all the good I can. Time is short and while I live I want to be as useful and as holy as it is possible for me to be. Take courage, dear Bro. Roberts. The work is going on here in Buffalo and God is with our beloved Pastor and wife. The work of holiness is taking a fresh start. Believers are seeking for it, and those of us who enjoy it see the necessity of pressing it home to others and holding it up as an instantaneous work. Thank God for the clear light as it shines, and our only safe way is to walk in it and acknowledge what Christ does for us, and not to hide the light under a bushel. How many lose the blessing by not confessing it. If we live it out in our every day life, we will have confidence to hold it up to others; but without this every day loving experience in our own souls, how powerless we are, and very little good is done. May God help us, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Buffalo.

PHILO PLUMMER.—For the encouragement of the pilgrims please say, that I am on my way to the land of rest, with the glory in my soul.

RICHARD F. BEAVERS, JR.—It was at Snickerville, Virginia, where I first heard a Methodist preacher, preach a free and full salvation. I attended the first protracted meeting that they held, and felt the Spirit striving with me: but did not know what it meant; and so I went on another year till the next protracted meeting. I read the Testament almost every day, but the thought never struck me that the promises written there, were for me, until this meeting commenced. Bro. Ferguson commenced the meeting, and it continued two weeks without any signs of any revival. He left at about this time. Bro. John F. James came to see his parent. He preached in the Methodist Church.—He and Bro. John Wolf took the meeting in charge, and commenced to preach. On the first night there was a gracious outpouring of the Holy Ghost. I could scarcely keep my seat till the invitation was given. When the invitation hymn was sung, I went forward. It is impossible for me to tell how I felt, when I began to see how sinful I was. I continued to go every night in this condition, and seeing a number of souls converted every night. But this did not discourage me. I thought that it would come by feeling. But I thank God that there was a change of things. Being told that as soon as I believed the Lord would do it, it would be done, I began to try to believe. On the night of the 28th of Oct., 1868, there was a sweet, calm peace came over me, such as I had never felt before. I arose and testified that the Lord had blessed me.

I continued in this state for about two months; then I began to be tempted of the devil to do evil, and I have, almost been persuaded that I have not been converted at all. I have to acknowledge, with shame, upon my part, that I have not lived as I should. But lashed by my conscience until I could hardly stand it at all, I have prayed to the Lord to forgive my sins. And I thank God that I have the evidence my sins are all forgiven. I have not made that advancement that I would like. By the grace of God I am determined to go on unto perfection.

IRA F. WARD.—I love the "highway of holiness." My feet are in it. Glory to God! I am glad that I am permitted to go to heaven by this "royal road." I am determined to see the King of Glory, and sit with him on his throne. I do love Jesus. I want to love him worthily, and with all my ransomed powers, perfectly. O how I love the "blood-washed." I take this as an evidence that I love Jesus because I love the Brethren. I love the bold and uncompromising ones. Brethren my heart is with you. My name is in the "Lamb's book of Life."

Washington Ter.

JOHN C. KEELER.—I can say, this 15th day of January, 1875, that the "*Blood of Jesus does now cleanse me from all sin*" Glory to God! I feel to hold myself ready for any duty the Lord puts upon me. Amen! Amen!!

New York.

J. W. VICKERY.—I am so glad that the Spirit led me to the Michigan Conference last fall. My religious experience has been delightful ever since. The Lord has been leading me, and also giving me strength to follow Him. Praise His name for ever. I can say to-night,

"He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear."

Oh, bless His holy name. How precious it is to feel that my beloved is mine, and I am His. Hallelujah! Glory to God and to the Lamb for ever.

I hope the Lord will send you to visit us here in this ungodly city before a great while. May he help you to stand up for the whole truth as it is in Jesus.

Ind.

ABNER SEARLES.—I love the Lord to-day. Bless His name forever! I can truly say, I am dead to the world, but alive to God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. I love the narrow way, there is so much peace, joy, and floods of glory. I desire nothing only an entire surrender of soul, body and spirit to God. The blood of Jesus washes my heart to-day; it saves me

now. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Ready to live, and ready to die.

Chenango Co., N. Y.

MRS. EDITH A. BROWN.—I do bless God's holy name for the privilege of enjoying a free and full salvation, away down here in Texas. Oh how sweet is the name of Jesus! That Jesus who saves me through his precious blood, and keeps me by his power. Although persecutions come, I glory in the cross of Christ, and am glad to be counted worthy to suffer persecutions for Christ's sake. They call us Northern fanatics, and say we have a new kind of religion up North. But it makes no difference to me, I have God's holy Spirit bearing witness with mine, that I am His child; and I can truly say, that the life I now live, I live by faith on the Son of God. I do bless God's holy name for his sanctifying influence, that I feel every day prompting me to duty. Oh, how the good Lord blesses me in bearing my cross, and I always do it everywhere opportunity affords. I intend, God being my helper, to stand firm for God; ever keeping all on the altar. We have taken the Earnest Christian five years; it is the next thing to the Bible. God grant that it may grow in spirituality and keep to the old paths.

Give me Jesus; I love him with all my soul, mind, and strength. Bless His holy name, forever and forever. We have prayer meeting at our house every Tuesday afternoon, and Friday evenings.

Collin Co., Texas.

ELIZABETH B. HENDERSON.—I love the Bible doctrine of holiness to the Lord, and feel the all-cleansing blood applied to my heart. I can say to-day that I live by the moment—trusting in Jesus. "Other refuge have I none," nor do I need any other; for He is all sufficient. Bless His name! He saves me now. Glory!

Ind.

MRS. LIZZIE KING.—Glory be to Jesus! for that free salvation that saves me from my sins. The Lord is mine, and I am his. Glory to God in the highest.