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ATTRIBUTES OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

True holiness has its influence on every part of our nature. It affects for good every member of the body, and every faculty of the mind. It produces symmetry of character.

Holiness gives to its possessor control over all his bodily appetites. He has appetites. The Saviour, who was holiness itself in bodily form, had them. He was hungry and thirsty. The natural appetites were given us for a good purpose. They are not in themselves sinful. But they are to be kept within proper bounds. They were not intended to be our masters. They must be regulated and controlled. They are to be brought into subjection to reason and conscience and the word of God. No holy person can be under the dominion of appetite. He is delivered from this bondage.

One who is holy never indulges his appetites in an unlawful manner. He will starve before he will steal. *"I know,"* says the Apostle, *both how to be abased, and I know how to abound, every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry; both to abound and to suffer need.* Phil. iv. 12. The Saviour, when he was hungry after having fasted forty days, would not obtain bread in the manner suggested by

the devil. We should follow this example. No matter how strong may be the cravings of appetite, or to what straits we may be reduced, we should remember that there is something more to be considered than simply whether what is presented will assuage hunger, or satisfy thirst. Have I the right to it? Can I obtain the right on conditions with which I may lawfully comply? Esau did not steal, but he sold his birth-right to obtain means to gratify his hunger. Many do the same to-day. The bodily appetites clamor for indulgence. Satan offers to gratify them on condition of some service rendered to him,—as breaking the Sabbath, catering to the vices of others, preaching the gospel in such a manner as to throw out of sight the cross and the self-denial. A holy person will suffer the pangs of hunger before he will obtain his bread by any of these methods. If he will not resort to these means to keep from starving, of course he will not for any other purpose.

True holiness will give one such control over his appetites that he will not indulge them in an ordinate degree. He eats to live, but does not live to eat. His tastes are simple and natural. His wants are easily satisfied. He who spends large sums of money to gratify his own pampered tastes, while so many are perishing of want, may be

orthodox and polite, but he is not holy. No matter though he can afford to be "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," yet he sees representatives of Christ in the destitute around him, and he denies himself of luxuries that he may minister to their necessities. Church festivals, to raise money, are open to this, among other objections. They educate the people to make self-gratification a stronger motive to action than duty to God, and to our fellow men. They assume that Christians will do more for their stomachs' sake than they will for conscience' sake. They take it for granted that they care more for their own sensual enjoyment, than they do for the claims of God, or the sufferings of their fellow men.

True holiness saves those who enjoy it from all unnatural, depraved appetites which have been formed by a course of sinful indulgence. Such is man's depravity that he forms appetites at which his physical nature at first revolts. After a while the indulgence of these appetites is attended with momentary enjoyment. Such is the use of opium, tobacco and ardent spirits. No one likes them at first. They frequently make beginners sick. But they stimulate the nervous system, and create an excitement which affords a certain degree of pleasure. When this excitement passes off, it is followed by a corresponding degree of languor and depression. This soon becomes so insupportable that the stimulant must be had at any cost. An appetite is formed that the victims will gratify at the expense of every thing which men hold dear. Property, friends, reputation, standing, health, and even life itself are sacrificed to gratify an appetite which brutalizes and enslaves. The

only safe course is to avoid the beginning. But for those who sincerely repent of their wickedness in forming and feeding such an appetite, God provides a remedy. The promise, *If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness*, covers this ground. The appetite for either of the stimulants named, cannot be godly—this no one contends. It cannot be indifferent,—it is of too positive a character. It is an unrighteousness,—both its nature and its effects proclaim this. That it is true of the appetite for opium and the appetite for ardent spirits is generally conceded. No one will maintain that a drunkard is holy. *This ye know, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.* But an habitual tobacco user is as clearly condemned by the Scriptures, as is the one who habitually uses ardent spirits as a beverage. His habit involves of necessity, personal filthiness. But we are commanded to *cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh, and of the Spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord.* We readily admit that the works of holiness may be begun in the heart of a person who uses tobacco. But it cannot go on and his habit continue. One or the other will cease. He will cease to advance in holiness, or he will abandon his unholy habits. No person can *perfect* holiness without *cleansing himself from all filthiness of the flesh*, as well as of the Spirit.

Again, we are commanded to eat and drink to the glory of God. 1 Cor. x. 31. We do this when we eat temperately, and such things as do not injure us or others. But it is a fact, as clearly established as any fact can be, that the habitual use of tobacco, breaks down the nervous system, and brings on many

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diseases. No man, immoderately addicted to the use of tobacco, can retain his mental vigor, and his bodily soundness, as he could without it. No one seeing a professed Christian smoking or chewing, will think any more highly of the Christian religion on that account. It is an act, to say the least, in which God is not glorified.

No man has the right to spend the Lord's money in this way. It is God who giveth the power to get wealth. It should be used to advance his cause,—to make men better,—to relieve their wants and instruct them in the way of life. A Christian man cannot spend his money as he wills, but must use it as the Lord wills.

But there is little use in multiplying words on this subject. Those who are really in earnest to gain Heaven, and are willing to meet the conditions of salvation, cannot fail to see the necessity of denying themselves of the gratification of an appetite formed in sin, the indulgence of which can do no good, but must eventually result in much harm. Those who make religion a mere matter of convenience, or fashion, would not be convinced any way, and it would do no good if they were. It is useless to talk against idols, to men who are joined to their idols. But to those who have formed this appetite, and wish to be delivered from it, we say—holiness will do it. Seek earnestly to be delivered from bondage to your animal nature, and you shall be delivered. You will become spiritual by becoming holy. *As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*

But if you are a slave to your appetites, do not profess holiness. If you do, you have no reason to expect that your profession will be received. Holiness

is a radical work. It changes us in our appetites. The things that we once loved we now hate. Old things are passed away and behold all things are become new.

Give yourself no rest until this thorough work is wrought in you. Seek to have the blood of cleansing applied to every part of your nature. Look to be sanctified wholly, and believe that—*Faithful is He that calleth you who also will do it.*

GOD IS ABLE.

SELECTED BY MRS. D. A. GATTON.

Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace.

Able to keep that which I have committed to him.

Able to succor them that are tempted.

Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

Able to keep you from falling, and present you faultless before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy.

Able to make all grace abound toward you, that you having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.

Able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.

What he has promised he is able to perform.

Able even to subdue all things unto himself.

Who is able to save, and to destroy.

Able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

Able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

Able of these stones to raise up seed to Abraham.

Able to keep all whom the Father hath given him, so that he will not lose one.

Believe ye that he is able to do this?

The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

PEACE.

BY REV. B. R. JONES.

Of all the questions that agitate society, none demand such profound consideration as the interests of the soul.

Man's exceeding sinfulness accounts for the utter absence of those elements that constitute the basis of true, abiding happiness.

Discord and confusion agitate the mind of the sinner. There is a felt want of soul-rest. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Sorrow and fear prevail.

1. Peace implies a "state of reconciliation between parties at variance."

He who is yet "carnal, sold under sin," is at variance with God. "The carnal mind is enmity against God." We are assured, also, that He who "cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance," is "angry with the wicked every day." But a reconciliation may be made. Every one may experience that peace which passeth all understanding. And no sooner does the heart yield to the divine claims, than it feels, "Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me."—Isa. xii. 1.

2. Peace includes a freedom from agitation or disturbance by the passions—a tranquil frame of mind. "Great peace have they that love thy law; and nothing shall offend them."—*David*.

Many who can command a good external appearance, are easily stirred within. But the soul that rests in God, feels a settled peace amid the fiercest gale. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."—Isaiah xxvi. 3. The Christian is so fortified by grace, that no distracting element is permitted to enter his heart. He exercises nothing but a spirit of forbearance and affection toward his bitterest enemies.

Neither will his mind become excited by the love of the world, and thereby diverted from the proper object of its affections; but he will feel a constant

flow of love for God and for His cause.

This peace removes that ardent desire for the laurels of earthly fame that once agitated the mind. Worldly ambition is crucified, and the Christian feels that "by humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honor, and life."

—Prov.

O, for more true soldiers, who "count not their lives dear unto them," but are ready to live, labor and *die* in pursuit of the "honor that cometh from God only"!

3. A few thoughts on the conditions of peace.

Nations adopt terms of peace which vary according to circumstances. Frequently, a compromise is effected,—again, an "unconditional surrender" is required. These terms may, or may not, be just.

God's government is pure, and His claims just. Hence, they can be violated only at the sacrifice of righteous principles.

Man having, by "wicked works," forfeited his claims as "fellow citizen with the saints, and of the household of God," is left a helpless subject of divine mercy. Were we at the mercy of that law which requires an "eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," our hopes of future enjoyments must forever die. But a wise provision has been made to meet the demands of justice.

Paul treats of peace as the result of faith in Christ. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. v. 1. This text embraces the fundamental condition of salvation, viz: *faith in Christ*. He who ignores Christ is a stranger to the "peace of God."

It is a glorious doctrine of the gospel, that, "When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son." Herein is a full discovery of God's righteousness and mercy,—clearly manifesting that He "might be just; and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

While faith is the primary condition of salvation, there are other re-

quirements to be met preparatory to the exercise of faith.

Our hostility to the truth, together with every evil practice, must cease. "Cease to do evil." "Repent, and turn yourselves from *all* your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin."

We must be in subjection to the laws of Christ's kingdom.

A wilful violation exposes us to the wrath of the King.

Every weapon of rebellion must be surrendered. If we are in possession of carnal weapons, our loyalty to the cause of Christ may justly be questioned. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal."

There must be a separation from the enemy's ranks. You forfeit your claims upon God for protection while ranking with His enemies. The Lord employs no spies. Ye must "*Come out from among them.*"

"Babylon" must be abandoned. Her "sins have reached unto heaven," and she is being visited with a terrible plague. The very atmosphere is pregnant with the deadly infection. Her province has become the "habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." To remain is death. The only alternative was heralded by a voice from heaven, saying, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."—Rev. xviii. 4.

There must be a change of uniform. Soldiers are distinguished by the uniform they wear. It is blasphemy to profess to be a follower of Christ, while clad in the garb of the world. The Christian soldier is adorned in "modest apparel," while "hating even the garment spotted by the flesh." O, to rank with such a throng! "Seek *righteousness*; seek *peace*," that ye may "be found of Him in *peace*, without spot and blameless."

To be a professor of piety and practitioner of iniquity is an abomination to the Lord.

SOLD UNDER SIN.

BY REV. R. GILBERT.

Was Paul, as a Christian, "sold under sin"?

Ever since the days of Augustine, imperfectionists have insisted that the seventh chapter of Romans is their auctioneer block, on which they have an unquestioned right to "sell" Paul to "Sin"—his gospel Master, being the highest bidder. The gist of the controversy at issue is this: Is Paul, in this chapter, relating the experience of Saul of Tarsus, the Jew under conviction as a sinner; or is he giving an epitome of the experience of Paul the Christian,—"free from sin," and yet at the same moment, "carnal, sold under sin"?

Let any person, unwarpd by a creed, carefully read the sixth and seventh chapters of Romans in connection, and he must see that the glorious privileges of the Christian, in the sixth chapter—a state in which he is "dead to sin," and made free from sin—are wholly incompatible with the bondage and spiritual slavery of the person described in the seventh chapter, "in captivity to the law of sin," chained to "the body of this death," and "carnal, sold under sin." The two pictures—the moral daguerreotypes drawn by Paul—are perfect contrasts. The first shouts enraptured on Pisgah, or flashes with heavenly coruscations of uncreated light on Tabor; the second trembles and wails amid the reverberating thunders of awe-inspiring Sinai.

The scope of the context, and the nature of the argument, show that Paul as a Christian did not regard himself as a candidate for the block of the great auctioneer, the Devil, to be knocked off under the hammer to the world-renowned slave-holder—namely, Sin, who is here personified as an unyielding and unrelenting master.

Paul opens the moral scenery of his epistle, by spreading out the canvas of inspiration, and portraying upon it an awful picture of a fallen world; showing that both Gentiles and Jews need

the gospel—must have it, as the only means of salvation. He proceeds to prove, that salvation by faith has from first to last been God's plan. He shows the utter insufficiency of the law—that is, the abstract Mosaic dispensation—to confer salvation; shows that the gospel alone does this. Still farther to dissuade the Jews from trusting in the Mosaic ritual, after God had superseded it by the gospel, Paul compares the now obsolete law, or Old Testament dispensation, to a dead husband. The old dispensation being dead, the Jews, as a free widow, were at liberty to become married to the gospel. This illustration occupies the first four verses of the seventh chapter. Now, to show the superiority of the new husband, Paul takes up the remainder of the chapter to illustrate the utter powerlessness of the law—that is, the old, obsolete Mosaic dispensation—in relieving a sinner under conviction. The sinner introduced is either Paul himself, as he felt when he was a penitent at Damascus, or, to make his moral panorama more vivid, he personates a Jew scorched by the fires of Sinai, till he exclaims, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Then, catching a glimpse of Calvary, his joyous heart exclaims, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

But let us suppose that Paul is not here drawing a picture of himself as a sinner under conviction, or personating one; but, showing what a man is under the gospel, as a redeemed sinner. On this absurd supposition, see how Paul defeats his own object. He tells the Jews that their old husband is dead—the obsolete dispensation of Moses; that they can infinitely better their condition, by adopting the gospel as a new husband. To persuade the Jews as a ready bride to receive a new husband, Paul goes on to show the condition of those in the new marriage relation,—namely, they are "carnal, sold under sin." Sin is chained to them, as with the ancients, dead, putrefying carcasses of men were sometimes chained fast to live men for crime—designated "the

body of this death!" and in this new relation as Christians, in their highest height of holiness—if holiness is not a misnomer—and in their deepest depth of humility, they would perpetually cry and sigh, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Now if the above were the *persuasive arguments* of Paul, to induce the Jews to embrace the gospel, they might have replied in substance thus: "You say, Paul, that under the administration of our new husband, we will be taken to the auctioneer's block, and sold under his hammer to the highest bidder, which is Sin. This is a worse condition than that of our forefathers in Egypt. The Egyptian task-masters could only enslave the *body*; but the gospel sells the *soul* into slavery. Were we indeed married, as you propose, we should certainly apply for a divorce, to be released from a husband at once so powerless, and yet so tyrannical." This reply would be natural and to the point.

That the ancient church all believed that Paul is describing the condition of a sinner under the law, is evident from the researches of Arminius and Stuart—the latter a Calvinist. When Augustine, in the fifth century; introduced these peculiar dogmas, subsequently denominated Calvinism, a *new exegesis* was presented, namely, that a *Christian*, as well as a *sinner*, is "sold under sin."

Stuart says, "The most ancient fathers of the Church, without a dissenting voice, so far as we have any means of ascertaining their views, were united in the belief, that an *unregenerate, unsanctified* person is described in Romans, seventh chapter, 5-25 verses.

Again Professor Stuart says, "I can not but believe, that the time is not far distant, when there will be but one opinion among intelligent Christians about the passage in question; as there was but one before the dispute of Augustine with Pelagius." The historical testimony of Prof. Stuart is especially commendable, as he is a learned, Calvinistic divine.

WITNESSES.

BY WILLIAM FELL.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."

From the earliest age to the present time, God has not "left himself without witnesses." He has them stationed here, and there, like so many beacon-lights to guide the weary mariner safely into port. They are not very numerous, as the words of the Saviour plainly declare; for he says,—"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." This shows that the way of life is unpopular. It also confirms the words of the poet,—

"Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

To be a witness for Christ, is a matter of the greatest importance. Jesus Christ has declared, "That he that is ashamed to confess me before men, of him shall I be ashamed before my Father and the holy angels." None but God and angels understand the exalted position that an individual occupies, who is a living witness for Christ. And it is only as we "follow on to know the Lord," and improve this precious gift, that God reveals to us a little of that glory which he has in store for us. "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid;" and again, "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." Christ, the King of glory speaks. He speaks to every one that has "passed from death unto life." We are his subjects, He has called us out of the world, and expects us to be his faithful representatives, and witnesses here on earth. It is a lamentable fact, and one that ought to excite our attention, that Jesus Christ who "tasted death for every man," has so few witnesses, even among those who profess to be his followers. Many call him Lord, Lord, but few, alas, how few, are willing to acknowledge him as their King, and to be governed by him. Christ's subjects are known wherever they go. They

greatly resemble their Lord, and King, and have sworn eternal allegiance to him. They love to obey him, and though they feel it a heavy cross to acknowledge him at times, yet they delight to bear it, and feel it a sweet, and precious privilege to witness for him on all occasions. To deny them of this would be to deny them of a very great privilege, and an unspeakable blessing, but they cannot be denied. The Pharisees tried to stop the mouths of Christ's disciples, but Jesus assured them that if they should hold their peace, the stones would cry out. That same old apostolic spirit burns in the breasts of God's people to-day. Put them where you will, and they are ready to open their mouths for their Master. Like Peter, who was commanded by the high priests not to speak in the name of Christ, they are ready to exclaim "We ought to obey God rather than man." And like David they feel like crying out, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he has done for my soul." And again, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord." God's people do not feel like dying out. No, they have got the resurrection life in them, and they breathe the sweet, pure air of freedom.

The old Jewish, Sanhedrim and Roman Inquisition, do not alarm them. They are going through, and you cannot stop them. Glory be to God in the highest. The whole Roman Empire was against Paul, but in the strength of the Holy Ghost he stood up as a faithful witness for his Master, and he said, "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing to both small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets, and Moses did say should come." And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad." But he said, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." And before he was through testifying for Jesus, King Agrippa got under conviction, and said

unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Thus it was, that one single man, filled with the Holy Ghost, caused a tremendous stir in the Roman Empire.

Witnessing for Christ carries conviction to the hearts of the unsaved, when nothing else will reach them. The great cry among sinners today is, "show me a man or woman that lives up to the Bible." Sinners are very bold to denounce Christians, and we, who are Christ's representatives on earth, must be equally as bold to stand up for him, and acknowledge what he has done for our souls. Those who were "beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony."

At times it takes all the courage we have to speak for Jesus. Every child of God knows this, but our strength is not in the flesh, but in the Holy Ghost. We may tremble under the cross, and feel our hearts almost ready to fail us, but the inspiring words of our God and King comes to us, and He says, "Fear ye not, neither be ye afraid, have not I told thee from that time, and declared it? Ye are even my witnesses." It is the Holy Ghost that gives us courage. Without this we are as powerless as other men. Wherever this is, there is liberty, and everything like bondage disappears. Poor Peter felt as though he would never deny his Lord, but he did and that in the presence of a female. He did not realize how weak he was. Here is where thousands fail. But after he had repented and received the Holy Ghost he stood up in the presence of the High Priest, and said, "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye also slew and hanged on a tree. And we are his witnesses of these things, and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him." This fearless testimony cut them to the heart. And so it is whenever God's people witness for him, though it may be in ever so ungrammatical a style, yet the Holy Ghost understands it, and carries it with power to the hearts of the

unsaved. To have a healthy, vigorous church, one that is a "City set on a hill," the members must be encouraged to witness for Christ in the public congregation, as well as in private. If they have nothing to say for Jesus, they had better repent at once, and get a real, living, salvation experience, and then they will have enough to say in the church and out of it. Shortly the Judge will come, and all those who have been his witnesses on earth, will stand approved of Him in the presence of an assembled universe, and hear the blessed invitation, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

UNTO THE LORD.

BY MRS. DELIA A. CATTON.

We are not our own: we belong to the Lord. He laid down his life for us—shed his blood on Calvary that we might be saved from death and hell.

Did we keep these thoughts ever before the mind, we should be able *more fully* to do all we do, not as unto ourselves, but as unto the Lord.

While our inmost soul, and not our lips only, says:—

"Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;"—

shall we be enabled, by grace divine, to do *all* we do unto Him who rightfully claims our all.

Not a moment of the time given us, in this short probationary state, will be spent with a view to gratify self. Attraction will no longer be earthward—but heavenward; and to the soul, God will be *All in All*.

Blessed thought! When we do all for God, and in God, he reaches forth His Almighty arm, to help and sustain, and we are *more than conqueror* "through Him that loved us, and gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity."

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

You praise the faith of the poor, the trust of the ignorant, the clinging worship of the inexperienced, but I tell you the faith that has its exercise amid science, art and literature, and that holds to God with all these beseeching the homage of the soul, is the greatest faith that this world knows. The faith of the man with a telescope,—with a microscope, with his pencil and brush, who stands in galleries of art, and moves among the colossal creations and stupendous constructions of genius, and who in the investigations of science is able to trace so many causes of so large a portion of the world's phenomena,—that is a faith which has a great splendor of victory, because it gains its triumph in an awful strife. All honor to the saint who will look out from mountains of faith which are piled grandly around him, to stars of divinity shining above him; who trusts not the mountains, but the mountains' God, and who climbs with heroic faith their baldest peaks, not to honor them, but to get nearer and nearer, in worshipful adoration, the invisible Sovereignty that gives them existence and form.

It may be said this tendency to rationalism is only in the laity, and has not reached the clergy. We doubt it. We fear it is not contented in the pews, but has climbed pulpit stairs; and stood at the sacred desk. It is not so much in the conscience of the clergy, but is in the intellect with the conscience barred out or lulled to sleep. And thus half the sermons of the day are the product of the habits, manners, customs, business, pleasure, and secular opinions of the laity in all the essential features of their literature, rhetoric, logical development and conclusions. They are shapen to fit the people, not to make the life of the people fit the truth of God. And thus the preaching of the current gospel gets only to reflect the sentiments of a set of people, and not to form their sentiments, not to fashion their habits of thought and opinion. It is the mission of the pulpit to teach men

what to think, what to believe, what to profess, what to live. God means that it shall appoint to them the doctrines they are to confess, propagate and defend, and which they may decline at their peril. Sentiment is to be made for the individual, for the family, for the community, for the state, for the world at large. Men are, out of the sacred desk, to be educated into a conformity to the law of God, and trained so as to pursue lives that shall be operative and influential in building up the kingdom of Christ according to the faultless pattern of revelation. We know not what the pulpit is for, if it be not to teach men the principles which they are to adopt as their confessions of faith and rules of practice. God forbid that it should sink entirely to the low level of representing men's thoughts and wishes, of acting as the organ of any sect, no matter how pure, of becoming the mere menial representative of a carnal constituency, of selling itself out to the perverted wishes of them for whom it labors. This happens often to be the case. The sermons are constructed, not to represent God and Christ, but to exhibit to each other and themselves the expected listeners. Old men and women, foppish youths, jaunty young ladies, and even little children have outranked the Bible and all the commentaries, from Mathew Henry down, in the work of making truth adaptable to human wants. Here is a man who does not believe some doctrine or phase of doctrine, but who is considered a good man, at least is very pleasant,—the sermon must be framed to suit him. Here is another who is engaged in a business which is considered disreputable and unchristian, but he is rich and liberal,—pays large pew rent, and swells the missionary contribution,—hence he must not be offended. Here is one who is prominent in the whisky ring,—temperance must be eschewed. Yonder is one who believes the negro to be descended from the baboon or monkey, or that he is at least of an inferior race,—there must be nothing said about human rights and equality,—

politics are disgusting in religion. There are some young ladies who love dancing parties, balls, masquerades, and all fashionable sports and pastimes, who dress elegantly, flourish luxuriantly, and swell immeasurably,—there must be no condemnation of vanity, pride, extravagance and frivolity. All around are hearers who are grown to think refinement, culture, pleasure and philosophy to be equal to God's revelations, or who persuade themselves that it favors such things exclusively, and hence who are impatient with lengthy, thorough discussion of the best truth of God. Conscience of their own attainments, abilities and excellences, the ladies who are compelled to spend from two to three hours in arranging and fitting their dresses, and completing all the necessary details of complex toilets, do not feel at liberty to listen to a sermon on justification by faith, or personal holiness, that exceeds thirty minutes in length. They apply their magnetism to the pulpit. It draws, controls, enslaves. It usurps the place of the heart and conscience of the preacher. It makes the mouth of Christ's ambassador a mere syphon tube, to draw off the froth and foam of a spurious life. Hence our sermons of generalities,—generalities that cannot boast of a substantial glitter to redeem them. Hence the pointless, powerless discourses of pedantic trimmers. Hence the twenty minutes' talk about nothing. Hence the vapid, puerile, silly entertainments of religious fiction. Hence the preaching that, instead of giving truth a practical form, life and energy, employs itself in laying it out, in building coffins around it, and which amid the pomp of stately eloquence, and the explosions of blank-cartridge elocution, reverently buries it out of sight. May it never rest in peace!

The question naturally arises, What shall be done? If the influence of our intellectual progress is to dwarf piety and rob the pulpit of its power, what does Christian duty, acting independently and in view of human responsibility to God, tell us to undertake and

do. Shall we tell men that to grow intelligent is to imperil their souls, and to endanger the cause of God? Shall we try to cultivate ignorance? Shall we emulate the Romanists in fettering the mind and manacling the conscience? Shall we make bonfires of our books? our pamphlets and periodicals? Shall we put the torch to our school-houses, to our academies, seminaries, colleges, lyceums, reading rooms and depots of knowledge, and fiddle like Neros while the sanctifying flames shoot up to heaven? Shall we make it a penal offence to establish a library, and, like the old slaveocrats who perished in the war, make it a crime worthy of death to teach a man to read? Shall we begin to praise the Caliph Omar, and to call the assassins of Lovejoy benefactors? Or shall we try to disprove the teachings of philosophy, and hurl the world back into the gloom of past centuries? Shall we preach that philosophy is of the Devil, and excommunicate from all religion the man who will dare to embrace its teachings? Shall we extol the bigotry that shut the discoveries of Copernicus in prison, that abused and persecuted Galileo, and join with the monks in heaping obloquy on the daring philosopher who would say in the face of the Vatican, "It does move?" Shall we execrate the name of Harvey for discovering the circulation of the blood? Shall we anathematize Newton, Herschel, Mitchell, and the great host who lived to such noble purpose among the stars? Shall we say Eli Whitney was an enemy?—that Robert Fulton was a foe? that Morse was antichrist? Shall we curse M'Cormick, Howe and Goodyear? Shall we try to rid the world of all the results of science and art? Shall we set men to chopping down our telegraphs, to breaking our batteries, to destroying our printing presses, to mashing our engines, and obliterating from the world all but the indelible marks of these instrumentalities of possible wrong? Shall we long and strive for the day when the steam whistle shall not be heard, when the buzz of spindles will be hushed in our manufactories, when the works of art will

be demolished, and the world reduced to a blank and desolation, expecting then to see the happy adjustment to moral wants that will make all futurity a millennium, and fill the world with the glory of God? No, God forbid! Let intellect move on till all men shall see every atom in the universe elevated to its philosophic place, and working out with beautiful benevolence its scientific mission.

But while we thus invite and encourage it, it becomes us to make it the servant of truth, and all intelligence a help to evangelization. It is not for us to try to stop the water-fall, because it has drawn a boat down its rapids, and shattered it on the rocks beneath; but rather to adapt and economise its power in some frugal manufacture. It is not for us to try to stop up or dissipate our Mississippi, because they have flooded districts and ruined harvests, but rather to fish the snags out of their channels, to build dykes and levees with which to confine their waters, and to make them thus efficient in bearing the wealth of our commerce out to the ocean, and around the world. We need not scuttle and sink our ships on the seas, but fill them with the blessings of civilization and religion, and make them the messengers of the gospel to every people. Science ought to be, not only the accommodating hand-maid, but the obedient servant of the gospel. The gospel has a right to its services, and is bound to use them. We are not to discard astronomy, but rather teach, in the light of its revelations, that the undevout astronomer is mad, and reason that if Job and David could have such rapture in considering the stars, how much more should we have with our incomparably better advantages? We are not to condemn geology, but by the fossils, petrifications, strata, and all the lessons in the records of the rocks, be taught to adore the goodness and the greatness of God. We are not to discourage any advance in any department of knowledge, but rather hail the world's progress, and bid it God-speed; yet remember to adapt it all to the uses of

his kingdom and glory. And when learning is so extensive and potential, and is employed so largely by those who hate the church of Christ, we are called upon to cultivate it to the extent of our abilities, and use it to the utmost of our skill.—*Rev. J. R. Johnston*

JESUS CAN KEEP US.

BY MRS. C. TERRY.

I feel like testifying to the keeping power of Jesus. Some do not believe there is such a thing as living free from all sin, but I know that God is both able and willing to keep us from sin if we will only let him. But I do not believe that he will keep any unless they believe. We must have faith and then he will save us to the uttermost. When I gave myself to the Lord, I gave all there was of me, might, mind, body and soul. The Lord took me just as I was. I laid all upon the altar, and asked God to forgive my sins, and to cleanse me from all unselfishness, and he did so—Glory to God forever. Would it not be foolish in me, not to believe that the same blood that cleansed me from all sin, is not just as powerful to keep me from sinning, as it was to save me from sin? It would be a reproach on God. I feel the same cleansing power to-day to keep me as I did to save me when I was converted. I am living in the midst of unbelief. Persecutions meet me on every side, but my faith and trust are strong in God. I do not fear any storm or tempest that man or the devil can bring against me, for I know the Lord is with me, and my foundation is built on the rock. I am digging deeper, and getting more firmly placed on the rock every day. Praise God for a full, and free salvation. Glory to Jesus forever and ever! Amen.

Those are not mothers, but monsters, that, while they should be teaching their children the way to heaven with their lips, are leading them the way to hell with their lives.

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

BY REV. C. M. DAMON.

I was delayed one day in a large town, and the question occurred, shall I spend the day and do nothing for my Master? Can I leave the place and not advocate the cause I am commissioned to represent?

I was a stranger, with no one to open the way. Moreover there was no strong impulse of the Spirit, compelling me, as it were, to action, from fear of condemnation. Had there been, I could have felt the strong assurance, God will help. But it seemed, God is proving me, whether I am willing to make an effort under these embarrassing conditions. If I will help myself, God will help me. A good part of the day was spent in securing a place, and circulating my own appointment, with only the above conviction to sustain.

When the small congregation had assembled, and I knelt in silent prayer, with agonizing force the temptation was presented,—You have done all this in your own strength, now you may go through in the same way. If God had led you to do it, you would have help, but now God will have nothing to do with the affair, and you will make a wretched failure. I looked at the suggestion and grew weak. It required all the resolution and nerve I could muster to repel it, and cast my helpless soul on Jesus,—but O, how graciously and powerfully did he come to my relief. It proved to be one of the most glorious occasions I ever enjoyed.

We were on a visiting trip to a lonely pilgrim family, and were detained at a hotel among strangers. Hearing a Church bell, we embraced the opportunity to go through a piercing cold wind, in very feeble health, to the Church, where God gave blessed freedom in testimony and exhortation. We also sang and prayed with part of the family in the hotel at night and in the morning, and were successful in persuading the landlady to subscribe for the Earnest

Christian, with the engagement to place it before the family and boarders. Thus we endeavored to compensate for loss of time and expense, by doing the work of God. Who can say but the foundation was laid for the building of a true Church by and by? We must be instant in season, out of season. We must work in faith, in expectation of certain, if not immediate results. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "All power is given unto me. Lo, I am with you alway." As ye go, *preach*.

Charged with such a commission, and sustained by such assurances, how can we fail? The Discipline warns us, "our whole motion is weak, because, (our faith,) the spring of it is weak." Are we not too formal, unwilling to work, or not expecting the salvation of men, but by regular agencies, and at usual opportunities? Do we not shrink from the cross in extraordinary effort? But men are perishing in their sins, and many who will never be saved by ordinary means, will be soon beyond our reach. What will they, or any other being, care in eternity, whether they were saved by usual or eccentric methods, only so that they escape an awful hell? Does the Bible limit the times and methods by which we shall seek to save souls? Is not God, by the Spirit, ever ready to apply the truth, and enable us to win them? O for faith in God, and a burning love for souls!

A good man says that when he was saved, God gave him a view of faith, and showed him that there is very little faith in the world. Let us plead before the Lord until we have a view of eternity, and a deep and constant realization of its solemn realities.

Two more illustrations from personal experience may be given. I had opportunity to supply the pulpit of the Baptist Church in a large town on Sunday. Fearing the attendance would be small, owing to strong prejudice, and desiring to make the day count more successfully for God and souls, notice was circulated for open air preaching in the afternoon. The attendance at morning

service was small, as was anticipated, and it was no small cross to go out at the hour appointed, and take my stand, almost alone, in the open air. As we began singing, people came to the doors and windows to stare at us; but soon a fair congregation was assembled to whom we had excellent opportunity to preach reformation. The truth probably was not palatable to many that heard, but it resulted in a large attendance in the evening, and serious application of the words, "Be ye holy," etc.

Two of us were making a long trip to Quarterly Meeting. We spent two nights on the way among strangers. After riding many miles, wearied and chilled, we had one hour previous to usual service hour. This was spent both nights in obtaining a place, and circulating notice of meeting. But while we preached the word of life to the few who were gathered, God gave witness of his approval by the Holy Spirit; and we went on our way rejoicing that some had heard the gospel.

PATIENT FAITH.

BY REV. PETER ZELLER.

Have you never felt the need of patience in the service of our Divine Master, even though sweetly resting in His love? Perchance, great effort has been made in some special case. The silent night watches may have found thee bearing the subject of thy prayers to Heaven. Faith seemed to say,—Thy prayer is heard, yet thou hast been tested, severely tried in thy faith, till the almost fainting soul hears the soothing words of the All Powerful One, saying, *In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.* Then the drooping spirits revive, and when patience has had its perfect work, however dark the prospects, the trusting soul cries out with unwavering faith: O Lord let it be in thine own good time and way, but it shall be done!

We have much to learn in the school of Christ, and our faithful Teacher never

makes the least mistake in the discipline of His little ones. We have only to sit at His feet and learn of Him the precious lessons of humility, faith and patience. These graces, combined and perfected in our hearts, will render us fit for the Masters' use. More to be desired are they, than all the treasures of the Universe.

A heart cleansed from sin, is just in a condition to appreciate this, and may advance rapidly in the cultivation of all the fruits of the Spirit, perfecting Holiness in the fear of the Lord.

One word to the youthful disciple, who hitherto may have yielded to the temptation so common: It is too much for me to be pure in heart. Is there not danger you may stop short? Never say that again: but let your mind dwell upon the rich blessings provided for you in the Gospel of Christ, and remember it is written: God is no respecter of persons.

Let the true value, and exceeding beauty of Christian character, be kept constantly before you, as the only copy worthy your imitation; and while you admire, begin at once to strive with all your powers, to attain your privilege in Christ Jesus. First let the blood of Jesus purify your heart. Search the conditions, made plain in God's Holy Word, and remember there is not a promise within the limits of that book, but is yours, and as sure as you claim them, you shall prove that He is faithful that promised.

The more there is of the real Christ of the Gospels abounding in the heart, the more will we look upon men in the light of their immortal interests; our chief thought will be how we may but win them to a saving knowledge of his love, solicitous lest by some thoughtless word or act of ours we deter them from seeing the surpassing loveliness there is in Christ.

A person whose life is full of good works, whose heart is devoted to God, whose faith and hope are sincere, will never be surprised by death.

ROOT-GRAFTING.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN

In some respects men are like trees, we know them by their fruits. A good tree produces good fruit, and a righteous man will work righteousness. Evil men, like worthless kinds of trees, bear corrupt fruit.

But trees that bear poor fruit, may be bettered by grafting. Now there are two principal kinds of grafting; one deals with the top, the other with the root. Top grafting improves a few of the branches; but the new sprouts that spring out below the graft, are of the old stock, and will bear the native fruit.

But root-grafting goes to the bottom of the matter. There is a complete renovation. The whole of the old top is cut away, a new and goodly scion is inserted. The tree is made good, and the fruit is good.

The man who makes and keeps a resolution to reform some evil habit, may change one branch of his doings a little, for the better. But he who is truly converted and born of God, has Christ the Branch implanted within, and becomes a new creature. The "old man" is put off, and the "new man" is put on. There is a new life begun, and now all the development and fruit is "unto holiness," as long as he abides in Christ Jesus.

Outward conformity and attempts at self-reformation, may make a fair top-show and have some good results in the flesh. But it is not a renewing. Dormant buds of native depravity will sprout up with irrepressible vitality.

But he who freely accepts the salvation that is freely offered to those who believe in Christ with the heart, such a one is renewed in spirit by the Holy Ghost, and bears fruit unto life eternal.

—♦♦♦—
RICHES AND HONOR.—There is no honor like relation to Christ; no riches like the grace of Christ; no learning like the knowledge of Christ; and no persons learning like the servants of Christ.—*Peter Zeller.*

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. CHARLES B. EBEL.

"All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth."

I was converted in 1863,—soundly converted to God, united with the M. E. church, and lived as most professed Christians do, sometimes in the favor of God, and sometimes in darkness,—careless and indifferent. In the summer of 1870, I attended a Holiness camp-meeting. After the sermon, seekers for purity were invited to the altar. I knew well enough that I needed a pure heart, but immediately my stubborn will came up and I said, "*I'll not go.*" No sooner had I made this resolve than darkness came over my soul and I saw that I must either go forward or backward, that I could not stand still, and I dropped on my knees where I was. Several good Christian women came and talked with me but I obtained no relief. I went home in the evening and did not have an opportunity of going back again. But I kept on praying and seeking for this blessing, sometimes just ready to claim it, when doubts and fears would arise, and Satan would say, "If you get saved it will be impossible to keep saved." At last I was enabled to give up all and accept Christ as a satisfying portion. When the blessing came, I was attending to my household duties. But I was compelled to lay them aside, so overpowered was I with the baptismal shower which I received, and I shouted the praises of God until my bodily strength was almost exhausted. Now, I thought, I'm ready to work for God. I will mention here, that the great hindrance to my obtaining the blessing of Sanctification, had been my unwillingness to talk with sinners about their souls. Oh it was such a cross, and I knew I would have it to bear. I shrank from making myself conspicuous. Yet, I thought, when God saves me it will not be such a cross, and I will go right forward and do my whole duty. But it was not so. One opportunity after another presented itself,

and still I refused to obey the leadings of God's Spirit, and in a few days after I was so gloriously filled with the presence of God,—darkness came upon my soul, and Oh, the agony that I endured! I thought I should die. I could not pray. The heavens seemed as brass. But God in mercy afflicted my body to save my soul. I was taken sick with a fever, which so affected my head, that I was unconscious most of the time for nearly a week. I kept getting worse, until my physician said, "I can do nothing more for her, she can't live long." Oh that terrible morning! I felt myself that I could not live long, and all was gloom and darkness before me. From some cause, (I say God ordered it so), I was left alone for some time, perhaps an hour. Suddenly I became unconscious of all around me, and it seemed to me I was alone with God, and that my life was hanging by two or three straws, and my soul standing in the presence of God, clothed in darkness; when suddenly such a flood of glory as burst upon my soul! Trembling it stood there waiting to hear whether it would be permitted to enter the pearly gates and walk the golden streets, or go back to earth, to be tempted and tried, and perhaps lost. Oh, I did not want to get well. But God saw fit that I should. I awoke to consciousness, and my body was *perfectly* free from pain,—the fever was gone, and I lay there so calm, so peaceful, and so happy; saved, soul and body, by the mighty power of God. My husband came in and I told him all that had happened, and as my relatives and friends came in, one after another, I told them how wonderfully God had brought me back to life; and they need have no fears about my dying, for I knew I was going to get well. They were not at all prepared to believe me, and they doubted about my getting well. When the physician came in the evening, he saw the change, and thought there was hope: left me some medicine, came in the morning and found me sitting up in bed. He looked at me astonished. He evidently did not know

how to account for the change. I said to him "I'm going to get well, I *know* this,—I am cured of my disease, but I cannot give you the glory. To God alone be all the praise." For nearly a week I had to lie quietly in my bed, all my bodily strength seemed to have left me, though all the time I suffered not a particle of pain. But I have almost regained my usual strength, and it is only two days since I was snatched from the jaws of death, and restored to my family and fireside; and today Jesus saves me from sin, and my soul is at peace with God, and I enjoy that rest which is for all who will have it. I am walking in the light—doing my duty,—obeying God, and in return I have continually the presence of my Saviour, and the approving smile of my Heavenly Father. Glory be to his name forever!

White Hall, Ill.

SUBLIMITY.

BY REV. O. M. OWEN.

Others have asked you to follow them among the scenes of the beautiful,—have led you into Elysian fields,—have taken you in imagination to the realms of which poets sing; have pictured to you the beauties of nature; but I would take you among grander scenes,—lead you to "prize the vast, the stable, the sublime." Come with me and visit the roaring cataract, the hoary mountain, whose stupendous rocks rise far above your head, seemingly ready to fall and crush you; come into the dreary wood by the solitary lake; come out into the solemn stillness of the night—lift your eyes to heaven, and view

"yon starry host
Sparkling on the midnight numberless."

Gaze as far as the natural eye can see, then on fancy's pinions try to pierce the depth beyond, and tremble at the vastness of your conceptions in fruitless endeavors to grasp infinity. With me, let your soul be elevated by the thunder's deafening roar—the fierce light-

ning piercing the vaulted arch above,
and the howling of the raging tempest.

"There is grandeur in the thunder's roar,
Loud pealing from on high,
In the vivid lightning's flash,
When storms sweep through the sky,
There is grandeur in the swelling waves,
The mountains of the sea,
That crush the pride of man.
When winds blow wild and free."

Visit yon battle field—hear the roll
of the drum, the crash of arms, the
groans of the dying, and you are filled
with the sublimest emotions. Let im-
agination have still a bolder sweep.
Back, back, through the labyrinth of
ages, to the dark days of creation.
What a scene! A Universe from cha-
os. Penetrating still farther, to the
Great First Cause, the infinity of whose
nature, and the eternity of whose du-
ration exalt our conceptions in the high-
est degree. A God! How grand the
thought. Who but a God could form
man out of the dust of the ground, and
"breathe into his nostrils the breath of
life?"

We see the sublime also developing
itself in human actions. When we view
Brutus, with unyielding sternness, sen-
tencing his sons for having conspired
against their country; when we behold
Codrus, rushing into the thickest of the
fight to save his land; or when we
gaze upon Socrates, drinking the poi-
soned cup of hemlock, we find ourselves
moved by the nobleness of their actions.
Whose soul has not been stirred by the
story of Washington and the Revolu-
tionary struggle for liberty?

With what feelings do we read of the
Christian martyrs, who in flames and
on the rack, in tortures inconceivable,
testified to the reality of their religion!
They were as firm as the Roman soldier
at the destruction of Pompeii, who,
when all others had fled for safety,
rather than leave his post, perished nobly
amid showers of fire and hail.

What Christians, at the present day,
are willing to die the death of St. Paul,
Peter, or Stephen? Who are willing
to suffer as did Huss, Latimer, Ridley,
or Cranmer, for their religious princi-
ples? These truly are grand. Yet let

us lift the veil, and behold the scenes
of Calvary. See yon noisy throng as-
cending the hillside! Behold the Son
of God going to execution! See him
nailed to the cross between two thieves
—railed at, mocked and spit upon! A
sudden darkness covers the earth; the
sun hides his brilliant face, ashamed to
witness the horrible scene. All is
gloom; a fearful earthquake shakes the
ground; the veil of the temple is rent
in twain; the rocks start from their
places, and the graves opening, yield
up their ghastly inmates. Ah, terrible
is that day! How grand the sacrifice!
Though they laid our Lord in a septul-
chre, with guards over his body, he
broke the bands of death, rose, and
went to heaven in a cloud.

And where are these truths recorded?
In the Bible—that holy book, in which
is contained the sublimest language
ever penned by man. It is elevating
to read the productions of Homer, Mil-
ton, or Ossian, yet the Bible excels
them all. Job and David have never
been equaled. In what sublime terms
has David described the Almighty, in
his 18th Psalm. O, what elevating
truths are in the Bible. It tells us how
to lead sublime lives, which every one
can do. It tells us we shall not lie
mingled with the dust forever, but shall
be called forth on the Resurrection morn.
Let us penetrate the future, and glance
at the grand consummation of all sublim-
ity! Behold Jesus coming in the ethe-
real regions, with thousands of angels
attendant at his command. Hark! what
sound is that which strikes upon the
ear? 'Tis the trump of Gabriel. "Arise
ye dead, and come to judgement," rings
through the earth; aye the mighty peal
breaks through earth and down to hell.
Satan, thunderstruck, assembles his
imps and hastens to the Judgement.
The moss covered tombstones are dis-
lodged—the saints arise, robed in white.
Ah, scoffer, now curl thy lip,—now
frown upon Christ—now that the tramp-
et sounds exceeding loud and long,
let us hear thy mocking laugh. Whilst
the cold sweat stands upon thy brow,
and thy stiff knees, for the first time,

begin to bend, hark! hear the martyr sing.

"Jesus thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy do I lift up my head."

The saint trembles not while he hears the angel declare, "The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand." While the tempest of wrath is howling by, calmly he sings,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I have hid myself in thee."

He is safe: but what consternation seizes the sinner as the yawning mouth of hell opens to receive him. He sinks, he groans, ah, yes, that is the same Jesus I slighted, and now I am damned forever. While saints are singing,—devils howling,—sinners screaming for mountains to hide them from the fear of God,—He applies the torch to the world, and

"Star after star from heaven's high arch doth rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems crush,
Headlong, extinct to one dark center fall,
And night and chaos commingle all;
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts her funeral pyre, on wings of flame,
And soars, and shines, another and the same."

STUMBLING BLOCKS.

BY HANNAH PELTON.

The world abounds in stumbling-blocks. They are all around us. Look where you will, and they are before you.

Some individuals however are comparatively safe from falling by reason of stumbling-blocks, and they are those who *walk in the light*. These enjoy the glorious sunshine of God's love, which warms, cheers and gives animation to every act. They can indeed run up the narrow way without weariness; can mount up on eagle's wings, leaving those stumbling-blocks far below, for they are closely allied to earth.

It would appear that Christians, or those professing to be such, are stumbling-blocks to many. We are told in

Lev. xix. 14, not to put a stumbling-block before the blind, also in Rom. xiv. 21, we are commanded to refrain from doing any thing which may cause a brother to stumble, or become weak. Again in 1. Cor. viii. 9, we are told to take heed lest our liberty become a stumbling-block to them that are weak. These passages show us that strong Christians are to refrain from indulging in any thing which would cause one of little experience to fall, although they could use the liberty, and still enjoy God's favor.

Here we have before us a direct command; also a kind admonition, and again a caution. We also read "Cursed be he that perverteth the judgment of the stranger, fatherless and widow." O how careful ought Christians to be, to talk, live and act the Gospel in its purity. Will those would-be Christians, that live along carelessly, continually throwing down stumbling-blocks, stand uncondemned before the great white throne? We can not think they will. Will the excuse that it was through ignorance, that they did not realize the evil, avail? It certainly will not. God's word is so plain that no one need err. God gives a light which is cherished, will not lead to error, and it is when persons walk in their own manufactured light, or abide by their own foolish reasonings, instead of the word of God, that they get into trouble. If they are so careless about their own salvation which they are to work out with fear and trembling, they are greatly to blame. Their perilous indifference will sooner or later cause them to feel an exceeding great fear.

Wide awake, active Christians full of animation and life, as they toil joyfully up the good way, can not but disapprove of these drones, cloaked in Christianity, throwing down stumbling-blocks, over which the blind stumble and fall.

That we need not stumble is plain enough, as we are commanded not to do it. God never commands without giving strength, wisdom and discretion if we seek it, to abide by that command.

If we will allow ourselves to be of God, and place our hand in His to be

led, we shall not be the occasion of others falling.

I well remember when about twelve or thirteen years of age, going in company with my mother to watch with a sick neighbor. She was a most excellent woman. She excelled in kindness and generosity to all, in efforts to relieve the sick and needy, and in hospitality to the destitute. She had now reached the age of seventy, and was sick unto death. In the silent hours of midnight she expressed herself dissatisfied with her hope of eternal life. She said that years ago she felt inclined to be a Christian, but troubles of some kind occurred in the church of which her husband was a member, which, as she expressed it, proved such a stumbling-block to her, that she neglected the great work of life, her own salvation; and now her sick bed seemed bereft of the Comforter. How sorry I felt, for I had for her the greatest respect and sympathy, and silently I wept to myself, for they thought me sleeping, and for days and weeks this sad scene was vividly pictured on memory's canvas, and the lesson was taught me of the necessity of being prepared to die. But is not there another lesson to learn from this sad experience? Had every member of that church enjoyed religion in its gospel purity, it is not at all probable that dissensions would have come among them, and this woman might have been led into the ways of peace and righteousness. If our influence is for good, for the promotion of Christianity, we shall not be guilty of putting stumbling blocks in the way of others.

To all those who are cast down and suffering, I say there is a God that is sorry for you. The same compassion that led Jesus Christ to give his life for those who were piercing him with the spear, now reigns in the bosom of God. And if men turn you away, if men disown you, if you are cast out from among your fellows, God thinks of you and will succor you.

Keep such company as God keeps.

TO THE "EARNEST CHRISTIAN."

BY MRS. HELEN SMITH ARNOLD.

Go, EARNEST CHRISTIAN, on thy mission grand,

And carry joy to many a darkened heart;
Spread thy light wings, and fly through all the land:

A messenger of love to man thou art.

A messenger of love; for oft, in grief
Or pain, I've turned to thee with many tears,

And from thy pages drawn a sweet relief;
My comfort thou hast been, these many years.

And sometimes, when my way has narrower grown,

And Jesus' voice has said, "Take up thy cross

And follow me; I know the way is lone;
A hundred fold I give for all thy loss."

O, EARNEST CHRISTIAN! knowest thou how strong

Thy words have made me in this darkest hour?

And nerved me for the conflict, sore and long,

And helped to arm me with high Heaven's power?

And when temptation, "like a flood," has rolled

Over my soul, a deluge of despair,—
Oh, then, thy counsels shone like purest gold,

And I have conquered, thro' prevailing prayer.

Cease not to lift thy warning voice on high,
'Gainst all that Jesus hates, and hell approves;

The countless multitude that dreaming lie.

In sin and woe and shame all heaven moves.

Carry cold water to the fainting one;
The bread of life give to the hungry soul;
Blaze in true holiness: outshine the sun,
Till men shall hear the judgments thunders roll.

THE RADICAL.

At one of the Anniversary Meetings held in Boston last spring, Wendell Phillips related an incident of a recent trip west. It was substantially this: "I met," said he, "in a thriving town in Illinois, a wealthy, but intemperate farmer. We had some conversation on the subject of Prohibition, and in the course of it the farmer remarked, 'I suppose I am worth something like two hundred thousand dollars, and I would gladly pay the whole of it to-day to any one who would give me the power to pass that grog-shop yonder without going in.'" Said Mr. Phillips, "I replied, we can't give you the power to pass it, but I'll tell you what we can do, we can enact a law that will shut the door of that shop so that neither you nor any one else can go in."

No better illustration than this could be found of the two methods of reform—that which Science undertakes, and that which Religion inspires. Science takes its stand on some external circumstance, and assuming the impossibility of man's doing anything for himself, it endeavors to do for him. It labors by getting a leverage of favorable conditions to pry a passive subject out of the mire of folly and iniquity, and set him on his feet again, meanwhile filling up the bog so that he cannot wallow in it, even if he wills. This is all good—as far as it goes. But how much it is really worth, John Bunyan told us when he said he tried it, and found that in the end, "It was only a little cleaner way to go to hell in." What shall it profit one, though the whole world help him, yet he does not help himself? And how shall the whole world hinder him who calls to his aid a motive which sensualism cannot bribe, and which has no self to save? Science with noble intent begins wrong. Had any one told that Illinois farmer that he could kill out Canada thistles by cutting off their tops, he would have laughed outright. Experience would have taught him that if he would rid his fields of them, he must go to work radically—he must begin at

the root. Why should he hope that shutting the grog-shop door would do him good unless he first shut the door of his own heart against evil desire? Let him do that, and the door of the grog-shop—yes the doors of all vice—would speedily shut themselves for lack of patronage. Jesus declared that it was not from without but from within that the influence comes that defileth a man. The inference is obvious. Science may cure many ills, but it cannot cure a corrupt spirit, nor can it heal a wounded one. There are voids which it may happily fill, but there are other and greater ones whose want and loss no culture and no skill can relieve.

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

BY WM. FELL.

This solemn command comes to each one of us, and God desires us to take heed to it, and not allow it to pass unobserved. We are hastening to the eternal world, and we have no time to squander. Every moment is precious. God, in his infinite mercy, has given us these few fleeting days to prepare for the awful change, which is to take place with each of us shortly. We must die. The death sentence has been passed upon all.—"And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment:" how wise it is to regulate our lives in view of this day.

"Day prepared for most by every rational, wise and holy man."—Jesus Christ says, "Behold I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." Precious souls don't for the sake of Jesus who died for you, neglect this important matter any longer. Death is doing its terrible work every day, and the next victim he will single out will be you. Therefore, "prepare to meet thy God."

Speak not well of yourself, nor ill of others.

EDITORIAL.

EXTREMES.

There is a style of preaching in many evangelical churches, which has much the appearance of Universalism in disguise. It consists in dwelling exclusively upon the glorious features of Christianity, and the advantages to be realized from embracing it. Heaven is presented to our view in all the attractions with which a fervid imagination can portray it. Much is said about the dignity of human nature, and how it is ennobled by being arrayed in the livery of the gospel. The rugged features of the Christian life are passed over in silence, and the cross is carefully concealed amid a profusion of the flowers of poetry and rhetoric. The conditions of salvation which Jesus has laid down with the utmost plainness, are not insisted upon at all; and people are encouraged to take upon them the Christian profession, when they have never given the slightest evidence of true repentance, or of separation from the world. They promise, in baptism, to "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, so as not to follow or be led by them," but are not made to believe that the words are anything more than an unmeaning form; and, without the slightest hint from the pulpit that there is anything inconsistent in it, they go forward to the holy communion adorned in "gold and pearls and costly array."—They were never told by their spiritual guides that they must deny themselves, and take up their cross and follow Christ. To the extent of their means, they are "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day."

This popular method of preaching the Gospel is radically wrong. It finds no warrant in Scripture. God denounces it in the strongest terms. *They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. . . Therefore they shall fall among them that fall: at the time that I visit them they shall be cast down, saith the Lord.*—Jer. vi. 14, 15.

The people themselves are to blame for giving their support to this kind of preaching, or even countenancing it by their presence. It is not the Gospel of Christ. It is another Gospel. *If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed; for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds.*—2 John 11th verse. The people cannot throw off the responsibility upon their preachers. They must take their share. Cowardly submission to false teaching is suicidal. He who administers poison to kill, is a murderer; but he who knowingly, and voluntarily takes it, and even pays to have it administered, is a self-murderer. *If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.* Those who are led do not escape because their leaders went before them. Men must be careful what leaders they follow. It is our business to know the truth.

There is another extreme into which those who see the errors to which we have pointed, are in danger of falling. It consists in substituting the Law for the Gospel. It deals much more largely in denunciations than in persuasions. It makes the conditions of salvation appear so hard, that one is inclined to think that there is but very little use in trying to meet them, as failure is almost certain. It leaves the sinner to conclude that the way to Heaven is rough and thorny, and that if he ever reaches the abode of the blessed it must be by a steep and dangerous route, without a friendly hand to aid him, or an encouraging voice to cheer him onward. It makes the yoke of Christ galling, and his burden heavy. It maddens without conviction, and discourages from making any exertion to follow the Lord fully.

Both these extremes should be carefully avoided. Be true to God, and true to your fellow-men. Make your appeals to men's consciences and not to their selfishness or their vanity. Encourage none to think they are Christians, until they have made a full and complete surrender to Christ. Insist upon it that if we would have God receive us, we must come out from unbelievers in our spirit and practice, and be separate. But let us know that if we do

this, God will receive us, not as bond slaves—grinding on the tread-mill of dead forms—but as the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Do not give us the bitter herbs alone, but let us have the Paschal Lamb to sweeten them. Be as radical in your preaching as you may be, but let it be the radicalism of the Gospel. Frighten us by the thunders of Sinai as you will, but point us to the strong tower, into which we may run and escape. Let us know, without any attempt at concealment, that *strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life*, but do not neglect to inform us that it is perfectly safe, *that no lion is there, nor any ravenous beast*, and that it is so plain that *the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein*. We long for a Father's love; so it will do us good to tell us occasionally that *God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life*. In short, preach the Gospel, *warning every man*, and instructing every man in all wisdom, that you may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

Try and make them the best this year that you ever attended. Have a mind to work. Do not go to *enjoy yourself*, but to do good and to get good. But do not be so taken up with the spiritual work, that you cannot bear your share of the physical labors necessary to be done, and of the expenses necessary to be incurred.

Do not intrude yourself upon others, but provide a home for yourself and those dependent upon you; and help make provision for the preachers. Attend every meeting, and in some way or other take a part in every service. Welcome the light, and wherever God shows you that you are not right, go to work to get right.

Help others all you can. Make a deliberate, distinct effort to be instrumental yourself in the salvation of souls. Watch the motions of the Spirit; and when you see any under conviction, pray specially for them, and try and bring them to a decision on the side of the Lord.

Be short in your public exercises. There are a good many to take a part: so do not use any more words than is necessary.—Some of the preachers set the people a bad example in this particular. Do not follow it. You have seen meetings killed with words, so be careful and not do it yourself. If you want to pray long, go to the woods and have it out by yourself. A pump that is kept working will bring water at every stroke. Get to the Lord, before you attempt to lead devotions in the camp.

Be in harmony with the meeting. Have religious services at the time for religious services. Do not begin meetings in your tent when it is time to retire, and so keep others awake; and then pay for it by sleeping the next day when you ought to be in meeting. Such a course savors more of self-will than of the spirit of the Gospel, which is considerate of the welfare and comfort of others. There is plenty of time for religious services, without encroaching upon the time allotted to sleep. There are always on a camp-ground persons in poor health, to whom the loss of a night's sleep is a serious matter. No one is in danger of becoming deranged, as long as he gets his regular sleep. Be considerate and thoughtful, and try and find out what it is to be entirely consecrated to God.

DEDICATION AT BAINBRIDGE.

We attended the dedication of a Free Methodist Church at Bainbridge, Chenango Co., N. Y., the 24th of May. It was a good meeting. God moved upon the hearts of the people.

The house is good size, pleasant and convenient. There is a large audience room, and a prayer room in the rear. The whole cost about \$2,500. The amount necessary to pay for it has been raised into about five hundred dollars. It would have been cleared of debt had they not lost, through Masonic influence, a legacy intended to assist in building the house. Beloved, do good while you may.

TOBACCO SMOKERS must look to their eyes. Proofs are accumulating that blindness, due to slowly progressive atrophy of the optic nerves, induced by smoking, is of frequent occurrence.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received by the hands of Mr. J. H. Chambers, St. Louis, Mo., the general agent for the sale of the work, a set of "Chamber's Encyclopædia," revised edition; published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most perfect work of the kind ever brought before the public. It contains a fund of information, so varied and extensive, and arranged in a manner so easily accessible, that it must become an indispensable feature of every library, public or domestic. It is published in ten large volumes, bound in leather, at six dollars per volume—a price exceedingly low, when compared with the intrinsic value of the work. We would strongly advise all persons, especially heads of families, to secure a copy without delay.

We have received from the publishers, DODD & MEAD, a copy of each of the following works:

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. By the Rev. John Hall, Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, author of *Papers for Home Reading*, etc.

The able author of this work is one of the few popular divines of the day who *holds fast the form of sound words*. He has great respect for the word of God. He says, "If the Scriptures be a perfect religious rule for the race, we can hardly expect questions to arise on which they will not cast light. . . . To the author it appears that nothing so much conduces to the formation of just, candid, and correct opinion, that nothing so effectually checks hasty, one-sided and partial judgment, as reverent familiarity with divine truth."

The practical bearing of the book may be inferred from the subjects on which it treats. The first chapter discusses the question, "Is the human race one?" It seems impossible to follow the author in his clear statements of admitted facts, and in his cogent reasonings, without coming with him to an affirmative answer to the question. He says, "The *anatomists* find human bodies the same everywhere. The surgeon who learned his business in the dissecting-room of *Paris or Dublin*, has no

difficulty in finding the glands, valves, arteries or tendons of his patients in Calcutta or Canton. The blood reaches the cheek of an Australian savage, or a Digger Indian, precisely as it does that of an European princess. . . . The physiologist finds all men alike in his department. . . . The mental philosopher finds all men alike. . . . The religionist finds man the same everywhere."

We can only indicate the character of a few of the chapters: "How far has man fallen?" "Is Christianity to be modernized?" "What is the baptism of fire?" etc.

The book contains 343 pages, and is got up in the very best modern style. Price, \$1.75.

PLAY AND PROFIT IN MY GARDEN. By Rev. E. P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away."

The author—a sincere lover of nature—shows how he managed to sell from a garden of about two acres, located near West Point, N. Y., two thousand dollars' worth of produce in a single year. Every family ought to have a garden, and this little book will tell you how to make one that will afford you both pleasure and profit. It is written in an attractive style, and contains much useful information. Price, \$1.50.

AN INTENSELY interesting book for both young and old, is the *LIFE* (by John S. C. Abbott,) OF FERDINAND DE SOTO, the Discoverer of the Mississippi." One can hardly lay it down after he has commenced to read it. Mr. Abbott says: "I have spared no pains in obtaining the most accurate information which the record of those days has transmitted to us." And again: "One who is aiding to form public opinion respecting another, who has left the world, should remember that he may yet meet the departed in the spirit land. And he may, perhaps, be greeted with the words, 'Your condemnation was too severe.'" It abounds in incidents of the most romantic character, and is handsomely printed and illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

Each of these last three works may be had of the Publishers, Dodd & Mead, 762 Broadway, New York, of Scrantom & Wetmore, Rochester, N. Y., and we presume of booksellers generally.

THEY DONT READ.

We occasionally get a letter ordering the Earnest Christian stopped. We are satisfied that, in the majority of these cases, the writers do not read the Earnest Christian with any care. If they did they would know how to do business with a publisher. But they write in such a way that it is impossible to attend to their request. *They fail to give their Post office and State.* The following is a fair sample of such letters.

May the 18th 1873.

Mr. Roberts,

Sir:—I have written to you two or three different times to stop the earnest Christian and now I tell you again not to send them any more. if you do you will send them on your own responsibility for I shant pay for them.

Jane Cook.

There is no clue whatever to the place where it came from. The Post-mark on the envelope, as is common in such cases, is utterly illegible. We might spend a day in looking over our mail books and find half a dozen names the same as that of the writer. We could not tell which was the right one. So, also, occasionally books are returned, with no intimation as to where they came from.

Aside from any spiritual benefit which you may derive, you will, if you will read the Earnest Christian for one year, get information on practical subjects worth more to you than a year's subscription.

—♦♦—
SPECIAL EFFORT.

We wish some efficient friend—preacher or layman, brother or sister—would volunteer to act as agent for the EARNEST CHRISTIAN, at each of the camp-meetings which we are unable to attend. With proper effort, many new subscribers could be obtained for us at each gathering. Great good may be done in this way, by persevering, faithful effort. Sermons are heard, and too often forgotten; but by putting the EARNEST CHRISTIAN in a family, you place the truth before them the year round. Many are reached in this way. Who will volunteer? Send us your names, and we will send you a package of back numbers, to be used to get subscribers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A SUDDEN DEATH ROBBED OF ITS STING, AND A WATERY GRAVE OF ITS VICTORY.

Our little societies on the Allentown, Emaus and Saucon Valley circuit, have by a remarkable providence, of a singularly afflictive nature, been made to sorrow deeply, though not without hope.

On Saturday, March 27th, Sister Laura Keenly, one of our most devoted pilgrims, and Robert Stuart, son of one of our members of the same circuit, were suddenly swallowed up by a raging flood, and hurried swiftly into the eternal world.

The sad occurrence took place at Stenton, a manufacturing village in the Lehigh Valley, Pa., and in which Bro. Stuart and family reside. His home is on the east side of a brook, usually shallow and small, and which empties into the Lehigh river a little distance from the house. On the day named, the brook had been greatly swollen by heavy rains, and was full five feet deeper than usual—the waters rushing furiously on to the river, which was also much swollen. A small, wire, suspension bridge, for foot passengers only, crosses the brook close to Bro. Stuart's residence; the said bridge readily yields somewhat, and sways, when any one passes over it,—making it somewhat difficult and dangerous for persons of weak nerves and muscles to cross at any time, but especially when, as on this occasion, the rushing waters beneath, foaming and roaring, make the brain dizzy.

On the afternoon of the day in question, Sister Keenly—who had been visiting a relative, and designed visiting Bro. Stuart's family—was seen approaching this bridge, and the son, a lad of about fifteen, was sent to assist her in crossing. They reached about the middle safely, when, suddenly, both fell off into the raging flood, were swiftly carried along to the river below, and were presently engulfed in the roaring waters; and all this in full view of the agonized parents, and other friends of the lad, who were unable to rescue them by reason of the swiftness of the flood. It was impossible to recover the bodies even

for a long time afterward. That of Sister Keenly was found on the subsidence of the flood, eleven days from the drowning; and that of the lad, not until a full month had elapsed. Both had been carried at least four miles from the bridge. It has afforded a melancholy satisfaction to the friends, to recover the bodies and give them decent interment, after so long a time.

But a richer satisfaction arises from a contemplation of the characters of the deceased. The acquaintance of the writer with the sister, began at an anxious seat, in a hall at Allentown, where he was holding a Quarterly Meeting, about two and a half years ago. The arrows of the Almighty had found a lodgment in her heart: and she had come seeking divine mercy. Those who were present will never forget the earnestness with which she sought the Lord—pleading in the dialect used by the Pennsylvania Germans. For two days and nights the struggle continued; sleep departed from her; food was not pleasant, and was rejected; nor could she be comforted, until God spoke peace to her soul. She knew in whom she believed, and obtained an unmistakable evidence of pardon and adoption. Her subsequent course was clear, consistent, and upward; none who knew her doubted her piety. Under the leadings of the divine Joshua, she passed over into the Canaan of perfect love several months, and walked in the light and power of entire sanctification up to the day of her death.

The writer was permitted to enjoy his last interview with her at another circuit Quarterly Meeting at Emaus; where, in the Love Feast, he took a mental photograph of her bright, shining face, that is very distinct and vivid while he writes.—The spirit of holy song rested on her, and she led the saints in triumphant rejoicing,—a modern Miriam. There was a holy unction accompanying her song. Some leaped and danced for joy; while others wept tears of delight, and gave vent to their holy gladness in German, salvation shouts. All glory to God! It is reported that in her visit to her relative, and on the day of her death, she manifested unusual,

holy joy; and we doubt not she finds herself wonderfully at home in Paradise.

Robert, her companion in the death plunge under the foaming waters, we have good reason for believing, was not divided from her after the mortal of each had sunk in the waves. He, though young, has for a long time given evidences of decided piety; always quiet, obedient and loving in the home circle; his removal has struck a blow on the hearts of the parents, too painful to be comprehended by any who have not had similar experiences. Being a child, timid, and bashful; his voice was not often heard in public assemblies; but to the attentive observer, it was evident that his heart was set on divine things: shunning the company of rude children of his own age, he might often have been seen, sitting, silently listening to the converse of Christians who visited the family; and evidently interested. His willing feet wended cheerfully to the house of God, and it evidently brought no weariness to his young spirit, to keep holy day, or attend sanctuary services.

In a conversation, had with him several months since, the writer found that he had a clear experience of the saving grace of God; and noticed that God had evidently set his mark upon him. God has plucked a bud, and gathered a flower from his own garden. Amen. Let him do what seemeth to him good.

W. GOULD.

♦♦♦♦♦ DYING TESTIMONY.

HELEN SMITH, wife of Rev. T. B. Arnold, died March 31st, 1873, near Quasqueton, Iowa, aged 23 years.

Sister Arnold, in early life, gave evidence of the possession of a mind of rare talent. To this was added a sweet disposition and a gentle grace and bearing which won their way to every heart. She was converted at eleven years of age, and attributed this great change to the prayers of a pious mother, who still survives her.

After years of varied experience, she began to hunger and thirst after that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Like others who have sought this great blessing, she learned that before the heart could be wholly possessed by the

Holy Ghost, self and sin must die. Though the crucifixion was lingering and painful, yet she was enabled to give up her own will, and learn the lesson of simple obedience to Jesus.

After long months of terrible heart-suffering, bearing crosses seldom required, and which are very painful to human nature, she realized that she was indeed "dead to the world," and by faith entered the Canaan of Perfect Love.

Thenceforth she testified constantly and faithfully that the blood of Christ cleansed her, and kept her clean. So great was the change experienced, that she felt she had just begun to live. From this time, (two years before her death), she never lost the witness of her acceptance. In July 1872, she became the wife of Brother Arnold, and cheerfully accepted the toil and privation incident to itinerant life. Possessed of an earnest and restless desire to save souls, and strengthen Christ's little ones, she left no opportunity unimproved. She wrote much for publication, and every article indicated the deep Christian experience of the author.

Many of her productions were composed amid the severe pain, and excessive nervous prostration accompanying Bronchial Consumption; for from this disease she was a constant sufferer, for many months before her death. During the past winter, Sister Arnold united with the F. M. Church, and previously to taking this step, examined well the nature of the covenant she was to make.

She found, that for want of clear light, her dress had not been as plain as the Bible required. And said, "God did not condemn me, but just let the light shine." Without hesitation, she walked in the light that shone, laying aside every superfluity, and adopting the plain "pilgrim's garb."

Fondly and long did she hope to live, and share the labors of her companion in the vineyard; but finally realized, as fully as her friends, that the Master, whom she had tried to follow so faithfully, was calling her, from the field of toil and the bed of pain, to the sweet rest of the eternal world. So gloriously was the Divine Re-

deemer manifested to her soul, that she became anxious to "depart and be with Christ."

Her death-bed testimonies were thrilling and rare indeed. A few are here inserted. Ten days before she died, she said, "Sometimes when I awake and find I am so near that world of glory, *it fills me so*, to see that innumerable multitude, that no man can number, and walk the golden streets, and see *Jesus*,—O how glorious." Her face seemed to light up with heavenly radiance, tears of grateful joy coursed down her cheeks in rapid succession, as she spoke in louder tones of her inward peace and joy. One evening, while eating her supper, she refused any more food, saying, "I am too weak to eat." After a few words of conversation she exclaimed; "Oh don't you wish you were as near the end as I am. Oh praise the Lord! To think it is so near. How glorious. It seems only just a little ahead, and yet it keeps ahead. Pray for me that I may have patience to wait God's time. I must wait patiently, but I want to go." "Why, it is nothing to die; I have had a vague fear that I might not have the cheering presence of my Saviour in my last hours, but *I have*. Oh I would not change places with any of you. If I had to spend these hours of suffering in getting to Christ, I fear I should fail." She then asked to hear the verse repeated, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live;" and gave directions concerning her burial, choosing text, hymns, and Scripture lesson, and named the minister she wished to officiate. Many such testimonies might be subjoined. Her room was the scene of glorious manifestations of Divine presence, and her death was a wonderful triumph. Bless God for the evidence that the Christian dies well. On the 31st of March she joyfully passed over the river, and no doubt the hand that so often wrote to comfort God's people, now holds a golden harp; and the voice that sang so sweetly the songs of Zion on earth, now sings the song of Moses and the Lamb, amid the courts of unending bliss.

MARY E. BAKER.

Quasqueton, Iowa.

Died, near Berrien Springs, Mich. Oct. 27th, 1872, my mother, Mrs. Prudence Maddox, in her 57th year.

She was converted at 12 years of age. She was convicted at church. On her way home her convictions became so powerful, that she fell to the ground, but, praise God, before she reached home she was happily, and powerfully converted. She soon after joined the M. E. Church.

Her life was one of sorrow, yet she praised God for afflictions, believing it to be the discipline she needed to bring her near to Christ. For some time previous to her last sickness, she was fast ripening for the kingdom of God's glory. Her conversation was much on the subject of religion, and her prayer was accompanied with much power. Her sickness was protracted, and at times severe, but was borne with a Christian resignation. She triumphantly said, "All is right, all is well." MATILDA MADDOX.

LOVE FEAST.

JAMES S. BRADBROOK.—I experienced religion during the late protracted meeting held at the new Free Methodist church, at Beach Pond.

God was exceedingly good to me, bless his name: the habits of years were instantly broken up—tobacco, intoxicating drinks, all were cast from me, and all other vicious habits were destroyed, and he gave me more of the blessed assurance of sins forgiven than I ever dared to hope for.—Praise his name!

To-day I was reading the "Love Feast," in the "Earnest Christian," and I seemed to myself feeling and talking with the brothers and sisters there. Oh truly this earnest service of God is not the slow, gloomy, dismal affair the world thinks it is!

On the contrary, how glorious is the first experience of the young Christian. How free he feels,—how relieved from his terrible burden,—how nobly he starts out in this way-of-life; watch his erect carriage—notice his springing step,—the firm determination that you read in his compressed lips,—the unalloyed faith in Christ's promises that beam from his face!

He sees no trouble ahead,—no pitfalls:

he sees no "stumbling blocks,"—no places for halting. He looks for no by-ways round the cross. He sees, feels nothing, but, "Christ is my friend, and He is sufficient for all."

Oh that we could ever feel this lifting up, this entire, and full faith in Jesus' help; this reliance on His grace, His blood, and these alone.

What is the world: what all its hollow pleasures: what are all its allurements, compared with this blessed assurance that fills every portion of our being, lighting up all the dark corners of our hearts? What glorious light is given by the Lamp of the Spirit, and this kindling of the love of Jesus. Bless his holy name forever and ever. Amen!

Beach Pond, Pa.

ARTHUR L. JOHNSON.—I love the Lord with all my heart. I love God's children wherever they are. I feel that I belong to the family of God everywhere. It is a great thing to be a true Christian amid so much worldly conformity. We will be hated of all men for Christ's sake; not for anything personal, but for Christ's sake. I think a good deal of reading the Earnest Christian.

J. P. DUNCAN.—About five years ago God convicted me of sin. I labored under conviction for some two or three weeks. At last I gave all up to Christ, and found him true to his promises. I was made happy in God. I went along praising God for about a year. During this time I united with the Presbyterian Church. I gradually declined in spirituality, and as Bunyan has it "went back to the town of morality." At last, God sent a preacher to the Methodist Church, who told me what I was doing, and where I was going. So I gave myself up to God again,—and what glory I found. Bless his name forever! To night I feel him precious to my soul. The way of God is narrow—I am glad that I am in it. Christ is all the world to me.

I have been a reader of the Earnest Christian for about three years, and God blesses it to my soul. May it not shun to declare the whole counsel of God.

Arcola, Ill.

REV. M. L. VORHEIS.—I find that it is a blessed thing to live for Jesus. I find it a blessed thing to know Jesus. The sentiment of my experience is—

“Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend.
Daily in His grace to grow,
And ever in His faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.”

Oh, the value of such an experience! It is worth more to me than all things else. And yet my heart adopts the language of Charles Wesley—

“Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine,
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead’s deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.”

To sum it all up, my experience is this: I have fellowship with God, the Father, through His eternal Spirit, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanses me from all unrighteousness.

Marengo, Ill.

J. L. PUTNAM.—I am trying, the best of my ability, to serve my God. I want to serve him more and more. I am a Wesleyan, and have been long in the way: having now all on the altar. My experience grows brighter and brighter. The Earnest Christian is a most precious journal.

ANGELINE DIXON.—I can say truly, I am learning in the school of Christ. The past winter has been one of affliction in body, but peace and joy in the soul. I know that my Father doeth all things well. I can trust him with myself, and all that pertains to me. Although I do not have the privilege of meetings, I have the Bible, and a mind to read it over and over. I don’t get tired of reading it,—I can say, as David said, “Thy word have I hid within my heart.” It is my shield and strong tower; I shall trust and not be afraid. O how glad I am that there is such a fulness in Jesus. I am so satisfied with the way he leads me. Praise his name, I can glory in the cross. I know what it means to die to the world. Praise the Lord!

EMMA HOLLIDAY.—Last December I was convicted of my sins so much that I could not rest day or night. I was so troubled that I could not eat or drink. I thought I needed to be saved in God. My mother noticed me, and asked, What was the matter? I said nothing. When Bro. Cheshbrough held a protracted meeting, I attended it every night. On the tenth night I found my way to the mercy-seat, and plead for Jesus to save me. On the nineteenth, I was saved in God. I was so glad that I was set free. The Lord said, “Come, and I will in no wise cast you out.” Glory be to his name for ever!

He sweetly saved me in a justified state. I was not satisfied. I felt that I must have more grace, and I could not rest till I got it. Oh, glory be to God! He saves me from all sin. Two weeks ago He sanctified me, and made me pure and holy. Praise his name, I am so happy now! Oh, glory to Jesus! My joy is unspeakable. Now I am overflowed with joy. Oh, glory to God! I am growing in grace every day of my life. I love Jesus with all my heart and soul. Oh, glory to God!

Oil City, Pa.

WM. H. LANING.—My experience is better than ever. I feel the Lord leading me out to speak to those around me concerning Holiness of heart, and he does bless me in so doing. I am surprised at myself some times, at what he gives me to say,—oh, how he does teach me. I meet with opposition, even among my own family, or did at least, but I believe the Lord is letting the light shine in their hearts more.

I find in Jesus a Saviour from all sin, one who is able to take away the sinful nature. Bless His name, He takes out the love of the world.

MARIA SHAW.—My testimony is, Jesus saves me, bless his name. We are having the gospel, in its purity; also receiving our share of persecutions. But the Lion of Judah doth break every chain, and gives us the victory again and again. I want my friends to know that I am going through with the conquering band. Hallelujah!

MAHALA THOMAS.—I desire a better country, a heavenly one, and my poor soul often is drawn out after my blessed Redeemer. On Tuesday night, March 12th, 1873, my poor heart and soul seemed to be burdened, and around the family altar I laid my case before Jesus, asking him to give me strength,—but Oh, my way seemed so dark, and I was filled with doubts, and fears. After all had retired, I again fell on my knees, and sent up my petition to a throne of grace, asking Jesus to give me the witness of my acceptance with him. I then retired, at about half past eleven, but not to sleep, as I thought I should. But whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell, but Jesus manifested himself to me in a glorious manner, and I can no longer doubt.

Broome Co. N. Y.

CARRIE E. GREEN.—I love the *Earnest Christian* next to God's holy word. It has been a great blessing to my soul. Oftentimes I have been greatly encouraged by its teachings. It has helped bring me, by the blessing of God, where my faith clings to the rock of my salvation, so strongly that nothing moves me. It makes me more firm, more determined than ever to trust Him whom my soul loveth. Although He slay me, I will trust Him, is the language of my heart. Oh, I am glad I love the Lord to-day—glory be to his name! Jesus saves me now—precious name! the name I love. He keeps me from the follies of the world and its pleasures; I have given them up. There is enough joy and pleasure in the service of God for me. I love the prayer and class meeting above every other thing except God himself.—Give them to me while I live. Oh, praise the Lord for salvation!

SABRINA E. OLDS.—To-day is the 54th anniversary of the life God has been pleased to give me. Thirty-six years of that life I have endeavored to devote to his service. Shortly after God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins, I was led by His Spirit to see that I not only needed pardon, but the purifying influences of his Holy Spirit. This I sought by entire consecra-

tion and faith in the atoning blood, until I could say—

“'Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption in thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.”

For several years, I believe I could say to the glory of my Heavenly Father, I walked in the clear light. But ministers failed to teach it. I seldom heard anything about it, only occasionally at a camp-meeting, or when some minister became straitened and wanted a revival. The result was, I failed to give explicit testimony, and by degrees found myself shorn of my strength. But having taken the *Earnest Christian* for two years, I have fully resolved to tell a dying world that Jesus' blood can make the foulest clean; and may I be able to demonstrate this by a well-ordered life and godly conversation.

WILLIAM WATSON.—I praise God to-day for a salvation that saves me from the sins of this world; that calls me to come out from all secret societies, and be separated from the world in all that is unlike Christ. I can say to-day, that Christ saves me from all these, and that he cleanseth me from all filthiness of the flesh. Glory to God for a religion that will help honest souls to get rid of tobacco, and everything that is unlike Christ. O, how I do praise Jesus for ever letting the clear light shine on my poor soul! I am walking in it the best that I can. I can say that I love God better than ever before, and that I mean to hold up the blood-stained banner to sinners and formalists as never before.

Six Corners, Mich.

S. A. GILLEY.—To-day finds me walking in the “road that leads from banishment.” Egypt, with all its leeks, onions and flesh-pots, has been left behind, with all desire for the same; and through free grace, I have found “a land, that doth abound with fruits as sweet as honey.”

My experience is very plain, simple and scriptural; “I know in whom I believe.” I have a great love for the will of God, and therefore can welcome all that is in agreement with that will—finding labor, rest, and pain, sweet, when it comes by divine appointment.

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