

# THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. XXVI.

AUGUST, 1873.

No. 2.

## ATTRIBUTES OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

HATING SIN: Holiness is not indifference. One who is truly holy does not feel that he has done his duty by simply abstaining from sin. True holiness is not that easy, good natured disposition that smiles at sin, and gives it ample toleration, especially if it is fashionable or popular, or capable of being turned to account in "building up the church," that is, adding to its numbers or influence. There was a great deal of this spurious kind of holiness in this country in the palmy days of slavery. You may search volume after volume of its literature, designed for circulation in the South, without finding one bold, manly, outspoken denunciation of the sin of slave-holding. You might have attended the "holiness meeting," week after week, without hearing one prayer offered for the liberation of the slave, or one testimony borne against the "sum of all villainies." No farther south than the city of New York, at no later a date than soon after President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, you might have heard a brother called to order in the leading "holiness meeting" for thanking God for this proclamation which struck the fetters from three millions of bondmen.

The same kind of holiness is popular to-day. It valorously kicks the dead lion, but is very careful not to excite the anger of the living jackal. It hardly gives a passing notice to some of the greatest obstacles to the work of holiness in this country. If it mentions them, it is so faintly as scarcely to attract attention. If it objects to them, it is in such weak tones as not to displease their most ardent votaries. We have attended a holiness Camp-meeting without hearing one word said in condemnation of the practice, now so common among professed Christians, of adorning themselves in *gold and pearls and costly array*. Everything was said in commendation of the beauty of holiness and of its exalting influence upon human character, but nothing to show the incongruity with it, of that pride which the Bible so strongly condemns. It is no uncommon thing to see even advocates of holiness adorned in a style that would, fifty years ago, have excluded them from the Church whose interests they are now laboring so zealously to promote.

True holiness is not blind. It has eyes to see, and ears to hear. While not obtrusive, it is observing. If it does not act the part of a detective: it does not assume the ignorance of an accessory. While not skeptical, it is not credulous. It does not call every

such will renew promptly. We also urge all our friends to make a special effort to secure for us as many new subscribers as possible, to commence with this number. You will thus do good, scatter the light, and aid us in the work of spreading experimental and practical piety throughout the land.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DYING TESTIMONY.

MRS. LYDIA BROWN departed this life March 19th, 1873, at Kerrs Corners, N. Y., aged 77 years, 10 months and 17 days.

Sister Brown was born May 2d, 1795, in the town of Triviton, R. I. She was converted in early life among the Christians, and joined the M. E. Church.

At the organization of the F. M. Church, being in deep sympathy with the earnest work of salvation, she left the church of her early choice and came among us.

Many of our ministers will remember the hospitality and benevolence of Sister Brown,—always ready to welcome them to her home, and dispense liberally of her means for their support. She often expressed to others her sympathy for these self-sacrificing men of God.

Her last illness was brief—only of two weeks' duration. Her language was, "I want to be where Jesus is."

J. W. MCALPINE.

### • LOVE FEAST.

WILLIAM EAST.—I assure you the EARNEST CHRISTIAN is always welcomed to our home up here in the woods, and always will be while it keeps up its spirituality. I do love the truths it advocates, and I expect to be a life-member if it sticks to its principles. I am thankful to say that I do love Jesus with all my heart, and I am strong to do the will of my Heavenly Father. I can truly say, to the praise of God, that the way is transporting and no danger I fear from the tide. Although we are deprived of hearing the Gospel preached, yet the good Lord blesses us in our prayer-meetings. Bless his holy

name! I am determined to go through by the way of the cross. The pleasures and vanities of this world have no charms for me. I find in Christ a satisfying portion. Bless his name for ever and ever! Amen.

JOSEPH MCCLELLAN.—Happy is the man who watches and prays, so that he enters not into temptation. He alone knows what pure happiness is. I am not tempted and tried, as I hear some speak of having doleful times, etc. But such is not my experience. Continuing instant in prayer, always keeps the cloud of light by day and the pillar of fire by night—always in the light of God—always rejoicing in the Lord. Such is the life of any one who is full of the Spirit. This thing of Christians telling of the many conflicts, trials and troubles, is all their own fault. For me, I want none of it in mine. I want to rejoice always in God.

Franklin, Pa.

PETER ZELLER.—I still love Jesus with all my heart. I praise God for a salvation that saves me from all sin, and keeps me continually at the feet of Jesus. I find that I must fight if I would reign. My prayer constantly is, Increase my courage, Lord. I am trusting in Jesus.

Ind.

JOHN A. HOLLIDAY.—I am striving by the grace of God to walk in the narrow way that leads from earth to glory. I feel I am growing in grace and strength. Glory be to God for free and full salvation that cleanses us from all sin! I am free to do my Master's will—praise his name! I have given up everything for Christ, and am walking in all the light he gives me. Jesus saves me just now. Glory to his name!

SALLY A. MARIAR.—I am still holding on to Jesus, and walking in the narrow way with glory in my soul—hallelujah to the Lamb! We need not complain of trials here; they will only waft us onward, and soon we shall gain the port of glory, and exchange the cross for the crown.

N. Grancille, N. Y.

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thing gold that glitters. It tries those who say they are Apostles, and readily consents to be tried in turn. It does not accept professions merely because the manners are pleasing, and the words are faultless.

### BROTHER HARKLISS.

An aged negro, most of whose life had been spent in bondage, but who was now rejoicing in liberty, appeared one day at the study of an eminent minister and introduced himself as "Brother Harkliss Jones, from Sou' Caliny."

The good minister shivered at the thought of another clerical beggar for church money, to be spent, as so much of it usually is, in the traveling expenses of the applicant. "Well, Brother Harkliss," he asked with patient kindness, "what can I do for you?"

"You can *listen to me*, brudder," replied Harkliss, with a princely air.

"I'll do that if you'll be short; but my time is very precious, brother," answered the pastor.

"So is mine, brudder!" exclaimed the visitor with a dignity which almost startled the minister. "You and I's both sarvants of the King, and His business always 'quires haste."

"Yes; and your church wants a little help, I suppose, after the war. "Well, I'm glad they sent a sensible man for it."

"No, sir. My church is de Church 'Universal, and dat has got de Mighty One of Jacob for her help, and needn't go beggin' of nobody! I come to *give*, and not to *ax*, sir."

"Then you've got some money for my church, I suppose," said the minister, smiling.

"No, sir; what I've got to give will come closer home to you than to your church."

"Well, what have you to give me, then?"

"A little advice and a heap of comfort. I come up from my old home

'cause my chil'n and gran'chil'n was bound for to come. I was as near de Lord on de banks of de Great Pedee as I ever 'spects to be up here; and dere was as many souls for to save down dere, as dere is up here. But young folks, you know, is songunery\* in dere views, and mighty 'strob'lous in carryin' on 'em out. Dey got a notion—poor things—that every foot o' land up North was sanctified by Mr. Lincoln's sperit, and that the arth yielded like it did afore the cuss fell on it—widout labor or sweat! Dey thought de North was a little heaven whar no man had to say to his neighbor, 'Love ye de Lord,' kase dey all loved Him a'ready. I told 'em dere was work and poverty and sin up here, like dere was down home; for I've seen Northern folks plenty in my young days, and mighty hard ones dey was too! But my chil'n dey 'phoo'd' at me, ond said 'mong demsel's, 'Daddy, he's hind de times. If we goes he'll soon foller.' Now dey was right dere, for nex' to de Lord, I loves my chil'n and gran'chil'n. When I see dey was comin', I packed up my bundle and come too. It 'peared like I saw a great shinin' finger in de dark cloud one night pointin' due north. 'Den' says I, 'dat's my pillar o' fire, and where I'm sent I'll go, and de Lord will have my work all laid out ready for me.' So here I be, sir."

"And you want me to set you to work?"

"Not a bit of it, sir; on de contrary, I wants to set *you* to work! Dat's what I'm comed here for dis mornin'."

The cool composure of the sable guest fairly astonished the gentleman used to so much deference and respect; and he asked in a tone of surprise, "What do you mean, brother?"

"Well, I've been to hear you preach two Sundays, and I've made up my mind dat you're off de track! You talks like it was a chance anyhow, whether we saints get to heaven after all. Dere was too many 'ifs' in your sarmons. De Master hadn't no 'ifs' in

\* Sanguine.

His preachin'.\* His gospel is 'Him dat believes *shall* be saved.' 'Him dat comes *I will in no wise* cast out.' 'Come unto me, you dat is tired and heavy laden, and *I will* give you rest.' 'Dere is no condemnation to dem dat are in Christ Jesus.' 'Whar I am, dere *shall* My people be also.' 'I give eternal life unto as many as My Father give me, and *none shall* pluck dem out of My hands.' 'Isn't dat good gospel, sir?'

"Yes, and I believe every word of it," replied the minister.

"Is dere any chance, think you, for Satan to slip in by a trick and upset de great work of redemption?"

"No."

"Den why don't you tell people so? One sarmon o' your'n was tellin' all 'bout de doubts Satan pushes into de hearts of de Lord's people. Why dat sarmon was mor'n half 'devil' all through! If you believes dat Christ died and rose again, and dat 'kase He lives we shall live also, why don't you comfort God's people wid dese words? Let de devil alone for awhile in your preachin' (you'll get nuff o' him widout makin' so much on him), and just preach Christ, Christ, Christ! 'Pears like I don't want to hear nothin' else but just only dat dear name, while I stays here in de flesh. I rises every morning in Christ, and I walks and talks wid Him all day. When night comes I lies down and sleeps wid Him, like it was my last sleep, and I mought wake next morning wid him in glory!

"I'm black and poor and old to de eyes of de world; but I am fair and rich and fresh in his sight, kase *I'm in Him*. All dat He has got is mine, and dere aint a king on arth dat old Harkliss would change places wid. No, no, no!"

"But while you never doubt God's power to save, you sometimes have doubts of your acceptance with Him,

\* This does not mean that he had no conditions. In each of the texts quoted there is a condition. When we have met the conditions we have no right to put in an "if." But we must not leave out the "ifs" implying conditions which God puts in. *If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love.* John xv. 10 et al.—Ed.

haven't you?" asked the minister, who was, by this time, seated meekly, taking his lesson.

"No, never; why should I? Dere was a night once, long time ago, when my soul was 'ceeding sorrowful, like de Master's when He was in de garden. I felt like I was helpless for dis life, and I had no light on de world beyont. I hated my hard massa, and I most hated God, too, for not giving me a better lot. I was out in de cane-brake all alone, a mile from any livin' cretur. I felt like I wanted to kill myself 'kase my massa he done gone and sold my wife and baby! Dat ar night I got a hint in my soul what hell was; and as I sat dere a thought come into me and I spoke it out. 'Dere isn't no God,' says I. And dem words skeart me so't I sprung right off de ground whar I was lyin'. I was bewildered, I reckons; for all of a sudden I see a great white hand sweep back the dark night, and a light shined all 'roun 'bout me. I didn't see nobody, but I felt strong arms about me, and in a minute my poor, aching head was leanin' on somebody's breast; and oh, what a place dat was to rest on! Den a voice said, 'Come unto Me, poor, tired, and heavy-laden soul, and I will give you rest.' Den I knowed dere was a God, and dat it was de voice of His Son in my soul. I've been a new man since dat night; but half de time I been only a common sort of a Christian, *like you*, risin' and fallin', hopin' and doubtin'; such a Christian as puzzles de world to know whether dere is any good in 'ligion or not!

"I was a waiter in dem days, and was a good deal wid de white folks, and it was fash'nable 'mong dem for to doubt, and mourn, and whine, when dey talked 'ligion; and I used to forget dat night in de cane-brake, and fell into de fashion of de gran' folks. But it didn't work with me, and I got into darkness. Den I'd try to fight my own way out of de swamp; but de more I tried de faster I stuck. Den I would try to hire de Lord to lift me out of de horrible pit and de miry clay, by good works, helpin' de weak field hands, or givin' away my

pocket money. But we never made a bargain—de Lord and me! He always brung me low till I was glad to get peace free; and to take away all chance 'o bragging from me, He generally brought de peace when I was asleep and doin' no good works. Den I would wake wid glory in my soul, and I would run on mighty peart for a spell. I didn't know what Christ was den He was in me; but dere was plenty else in me besides Him."

"Come here and sit in this large chair, brother; it is more comfortable than that one," said the minister in a subdued voice, as if addressing a superior. "I want to hear how you got clear of the tempter, and filled with Christ at last."

"O well, it isn't no great story, but here it is:—Dere was an old col'd sister dey used to call Gimsey, a sort of a preacher like 'mong de field hands. Well, when she come down to her death-bed, she done call all massa's people and de neighborin' black folks 'round her, 'kase she said she'd been in heaven a whole hour, and come back to give us a word of comfort. We gathered 'bout her, and she lifted up her two hands and pray dis way:—'Lor' Jesus, answer this one pra'er of mine, for dy own name sake. It is old Gimsey's last pra'er: de next word wid me will be praise and hallelujahs. Bring dese poor chil'n into de light, like You bring me into de light fifty year ago. Don't let Bruder Harkliss cast contempt no longer on dy blessed name by doubtin' of dy word which is truth! Humble, proud Senny, and in massy\* punish drunk Dose, and comfort lone Polly, and cure sick Abe, and bring all the rest to dy feet here, and to dy house up dere by-an'-by!' Den she open her eyes and begun for to preach, and she give each one a separate little sarmon all to hisself. She den call me. 'Come here, Bruder Harkliss! Bruder Harkliss, and take my cold hand in yourn.' I went, and she said, 'Oh, Harkliss, you's worse den an onprofitable sarvant! You's half de time barin' false witness

agin de Lord dat bought you, and tellin' de world dat His Word ain't for to be trusted,—dat He don't always speak truth!"

"No, no," says I, auntie, I never done dat; I trust Him wid all my heart."

"Mebby you do, right here on de varge o' heaven; but quick's you gets out you'll say 'Dere's no tellin' whether I'll ever reach heaven or not.' Harkliss says she, 'do you believe de Lord has writ yer name on de palms of His hans, and His name on your forehead?'"

"I bowed down my head in shame, for I see my sin. And den de truth of God shone out like a great sun, as I never see it afore. My soul was full of glory, such like as de world never sees, and I says, 'Yes, auntie, He has told me time and again dat He is mine and dat I am His.' 'Do you believe He speak de truth, Harkliss?' says she. 'Yes, auntie,' says I, 'I know now He does. I sees his word like fire.' 'Den you quit a doubtin' afore de world,' says she. 'Harkliss, if you'd been as disrespectful to your owner as you've been to de great Master, and if you'd gone round saying, he's promised me such and such, but I doubt he'll not keep his word—he'd sold you into de rice swamps a hundred times in dese years! Better cut off yer right hand and pluck out yer right eye dan to doubt de truth of His Word. You is His, for He bought you with His own precious blood; and as sure as He's in Heaven you shall go dere too! I'm tired, chil'n, and must go to sleep. Good night."

"Dere, sir, dem was old Gimsey's last words on earth; de next one she spoke was 'Glory' fore de throne."

"Well, dere was a great light all through my soul den, dat has never gave out sence. 'Pears like de Lord is in de midst of it, where I can feel His presence, and when de 'ifs' and 'may-bes' comes round trying to break my peace, I shouts out, no matter who hears me, 'De Lord says dat I am His, and dat whar He am, dar shall I be also; and His Word endureth for ever.' Den de 'ifs' all fly off like they were

\* Mercy.

unclean birds, and leaves me in de light! Why, sir, I's got de world so under my feet dat nothin' in it can worry me, only de sin I sees; and dat will be cleared off some day. De Lord's children got a good right to glory; and nobody—no, not de devil, dat you make such 'count on—can't take it 'way from 'em! Now, my errant's done here. You stick to de gospel—Christ, Christ—and you'll see de glory come down on yer people, and soon see them a tramlin' on de world. Good bye, sir."

The minister rose and took the hand of his guest, kindly saying, "Let me write your name down brother; for I want to see you again and to know you better. How do you spell it Harkliss?"

"Her-c-less—I don't guess I can 'member it, for it's nigh unto forty years since I larnt how to spell it from my young master. He said I was named after one of dem heathen god dat dey use to make believe dey had in old times. He's 'mong dat nonsense dey teaches in college. He's de fellow dat killed lions and monsters and such-like wid his club. You's been to college, so you must know 'bout him, de strongest goddish of all—Harkliss."

"I know him," replied the minister. "Well, brother Hercules, come and see me again, very soon. Good bye."

When the old negro had closed the door behind him, the minister read over the few pages he had already written of his next Sunday's sermon. It was cold and lifeless—there was no Christ in it. He tore the sheets into atoms, and sat down before the fire to meditate on the words of his poor visitor. He never thought so little of himself before. Taking up his hat, he went out to visit some of the poor hidden ones of his flock whom he knew to be great in the kingdom of heaven.—*Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.*

A TENDER conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, put instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against a mote.

## THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

BY MRS. EMILY S. MOORE.

It is time a Temperance Reformation was effected. Millions of our fellow beings have already found a drunkard's grave; and thousands more are on the road to degradation and ruin. Thousands have been rendered homeless, and friendless and abject in poverty through the intoxicating cup; their influence, reputation, virtue all gone,—their time and talents wasted, their name reproached, and they have become a derision, a by-word, a blot upon humanity, miserable, wretched, debased, degraded, destroyed.

The fireside, the public house, and many other places of common resort, have become contaminated with their society, and the prison and the scaffold are familiar with their frequent appearance. Many positions of usefulness and honor have been lost, many noble energies blasted, many fine intellects ruined, many useful lives sacrificed, a vast amount of property squandered, and millions of money expended through the influence of this terrible foe to mankind. By it buoyancy and vigor of youth are vanquished, the bright prospects of early manhood blighted, the fond hopes of old age and mature years withered and blasted, the mind deranged, and every pure sensibility demoralized, the health impaired, the body degraded, the soul destroyed. Behold the revolting picture! The bloated face, the reddened eyes; the flushed countenance, the clenched fists, the terrible oaths, the man in rags, the inebriate, the drunkard! His wife broken-hearted, his children begging bread, his house a hovel, his credit gone, his God offended, his soul lost, an eternity of woe awaiting him, where others will meet him, to share his fate, because they followed his example. In consequence of the existence of this deplorable evil in our world, how many thousands have been committed to our courts of justice to await the action of the law for crime.

and misconduct, and been obliged eventually to meet their irretrievable doom of temporal and eternal death and ruin. Millions of precious souls have perished forever, passed beyond the reach of human aid, or divine mercy, irrecoverably lost, to take joy no more! O, what a multitude of evils have resulted from the terrible habit of a depraved and ungoverned appetite;—what untold remorse and anguish;—what sighings and relents;—what dreadful sufferings and misery;—what awful scenes of wretchedness and distress has rum occasioned. Let widows and orphans tell the sad story; let bereaved parents and friends relate the sorrowful history;—let the judgement reveal the awful facts in the case, let eternity disclose the tremendous consequences resulting from the fatal indulgence in the enormous vice of Intemperance. And shall not such scenes yet be revoked? Is there not a remedy, and is the day far distant when the work shall be effected, when the chains of intemperance shall be riven, and a new era burst upon our view in behalf of our rum-environed race?

Then let the waves of Temperance Reform roll, wave after wave, all over our land, and from one continent to the other, until all nations shall feel its hallowed effect, and realize its glorious, saving power. From earth's remotest bounds let the glad songs and shouts of this mighty reformation ring out, until the whole length and breadth of our earth shall resound with the glad hosannas of the redeemed and rescued from the terrible, enslaving, self-destroying power of alcohol. Let the noble standard be uplifted in every clime, the royal banner be unfurled to every breeze, and reform written so high that all the world may see what has been accomplished in this worthy cause.

Especially may England and America share largely in this great and glorious reformation, whilst other lands shall echo and re-echo with the victories so triumphantly achieved by this mighty revolution. Let Zion's soldiers hail, with expressions of joy, the glad era; let the heralds of salvation welcome the

triumphant day; let every standard-bearer of the truth rejoice, let every saint be glad. Let the ambassadors of the cross proclaim liberty to the captives, a triumph in a glorious cause, and victory in heaven's name, ascribing glory and honor to Him who sitteth on the throne, and ruleth over the children of men, and whose reward is with him, to give every man according to his work. Then let the great and eternal future reveal, as nothing else can do, what can be accomplished, by an unseen hand, through instruments that are mortal, in this great work which is sealed with the royal signet of heaven and ratified on earth.

Through prayers, mighty, prevailing prayer and the united heaven-inspired efforts of the christian church, this most desirable, and most glorious result may be effected. God is able, through instruments that are willing, though they may seem to be weak, to bring about great and mighty purposes and designs, which shall redound to his everlasting name and glory, and the good of all mankind. Then let the church arise, and put her armor on; let the saints be clothed with salvation power, and through the help of the Holy Spirit, get baptized with an influence that will be salutary to the erring, a benevolence that will win them to the paths of virtue, and temperance. Let our children be trained to reject the paths of vice, and form habits of temperance and virtue; let our laws be kindly, but firmly enforced to carry out these principles which tend to a virtuous course. Let every church member labor to advance this good work, setting first the example and faithfully holding forth the precept; let the watchman on the walls of Zion give the trumpet a certain sound, and how soon would there be a reduction in the number of distilleries, dram-shops, saloons and the like,—a lessening in the long list of those who linger around the social glass, who partake of the flowing bowl, "who look upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup," a thinning in the ranks of those who are pressing their way

down to a drunkard's awful doom. How soon would man begin to cease to "give his neighbor drink, putting the bottle to him, and making him drunken also." How soon would a reformation be effected, and the land that now mourneth on account of rum's doings, be turned into rejoicing. Then let the church arise to her proper position in this effort, and let the happy day of freedom hasten on, let the auspicious morn soon arise, when the great work of Temperance Reform shall gloriously manifest itself to our world with unmistakable evidences of great and lasting good to all mankind, and let all the people say Amen.

### HAVE YOU PERFECT PEACE?

I do not mean stagnation. It is possible to be so insensible to your responsibilities and duties in life as never to be disturbed—mind and heart stagnant from want of consideration and thought. That would be peace of a sort I hope my readers will never have it. The deep-flowing river is in peace as well as the stagnant pool, but there is life, and health, and beauty in the one, and nothing but disease or death in the other. Have you a deep, pure, settled, constant peace in the midst of a life consciously directed by God? If full salvation is yours, this peace is ever enjoyed by you, and no storm is fierce enough to disturb it, and no enemy is strong enough to wrest it from you. Nothing but abandonment to holiest influences will bring it to you, and nothing but the abandonment of those influences will take it from you. No disturbing element is found in the heart from which all sin has been purged away by the blood of Jesus. When that great spoiler of our peace—sin—is gone, everything is brought under the control of Jesus. Nothing then opposes His will. He is the Prince of peace. Peace must reign where his government is fully established. Every passion, every desire, every action of the body, and every thought of the mind is brought into willing captivity

to our redeeming Lord. Who can rob that soul of its peace? "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, height, nor depth, nor any other creature" is able to do it. Have you this perfect peace?

They who have it are not insensible to the enormity of their past transgressions, nor are they insensible to the magnitude of the Lord's mercy which completely covers those transgressions. They are not forgetful of the fact which the apostle puts so strongly, "Such were some of you; but neither do they forget the fact that God has taken all their sins away, and that by His Almighty grace He keeps all sin away; for it is every succeeding moment true. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" and they are kept in perfect peace, because their minds are stayed on God. Have you this perfect peace?

When a builder has erected a solid, firm, honest piece of masonry, he is not afraid of any legitimate test that can be brought to bear on it. If your peace is solid, perfect, you need not fear any strain or test that may be applied to you; indeed you may be thankful for any help that will promote the thoroughness and efficiency of your self-examination. The most timid need have no fear, for he is only the more called on to cling to the Mighty One; and when His searching glance can have an honest look to meet it, and His testing question can have an honest reply, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee," you need have no fear.

Then let me bring this plain question home to you. Do no passions disturb your peace? Is it perfect? Are you never angry without cause? Do you never indulge in envy? Have you no hatred, no malice, no revenge? Is pride slain? Are you proud of nothing—social position, attainment, your Christian graces, your usefulness?—Have you love of the world? Have you no love of self? Any such passions will disturb the peace of the be-

liever in Jesus. But when the love of God fills the heart, there is no room for such passions, and perfect peace will reign in his heart undisturbed.

Do no temptations disturb your perfect peace? You have, I trust, learned to distinguish between temptation and sin. Our Lord was tempted, but "did no sin." You will never be free from liability to temptation whilst you remain on earth, you may be free from sin throughout life. Jesus said, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." Can you imitate the Master, and humbly say the same? Is there nothing in you on which temptations fasten? Is there no yielding response to old temptations which once led you astray? Are you dead to solicitations to sin? Have you yielded to temptation to-day, this week, this month? If you can honestly say, "In the strength of grace I have been enabled to keep mine integrity," then assuredly you have perfect peace.

Let me lead you where you may obtain this peace. Its fountain is Jesus. From Him it flows a broad, deep, perennial stream. The strength by which you will be enabled to receive it is the strength of the Holy Ghost, who is pledged to lead you unto all truth; and the warrant which you have to seek is the exceeding great and precious promises of God's word. Claim full salvation—live full salvation—then your life shall be—"PEACE, PEACE, NOTHING BUT PEACE."—*By Rev. Wm. G. Pascoe in King's Highway.*

\* True and Christian patience is not vain glorious: is not void of faith; is associate with humility; is powdered and salted with obedience to all God's commandments; is garnished with hope of the life to come; with modesty, with soberness, with gravity, with wisdom, with love, not only of our friends and lovers, but also of our slanderers, of our backbiters, of our mockers, and scorners, of our oppressors and robbers, and most cruel enemies,

Let your lives, be hid in God.

## ONE TRUE RELIGION.

The sky whether studded with radiant stars or hung in gold or purple, or one azure field over which the sun wheels his glowing course, presents always a glorious, occasionally a very extraordinary appearance. Not one, but two suns are there; and in the Arctic regions, as if to compensate for the long period when their skies are left to perpetual night, there are sometimes three blazing away in brilliant rivalry, and shedding increase of light on sparkling icebergs amid the dreary wastes of snow. Yet though there were three hundred suns, only one of them could be a true sun. The others, which are produced by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, being, though bright, yet mere images, are analogous, to borrow a familiar illustration, to the multiplied candles that shine on the silvered faces of a reflector. As with these suns, so it is with the various religions systems of the world. They are many; numbered not by units but by hundreds. Almost every new country that voyagers have discovered, has, with new trees, new flowers, and new animals, presented a new form of faith. The world has no building large enough to hold all the gods that men do worship. Yet, though greater in number, and much greater in essential differences than the race of mankind—for, differing in color and contour as the negro and the white man do, they meet in Adam; God having made of one blood all the families of the earth—among these many religions there is but one true; all others are false—false as the mock of an Arctic sky. For as God is one, truth is one; and though the true may be separated from the false by a line as sharp as the edge of a razor, still they stand as irreconcilable as if they were parted by the whole distance of the poles. They are "lords many, and gods many," yet but one true God; even so there are many faiths and forms of religion, and yet put one "pure and undefiled before God." James 2: 27.—*Cr. Guthrie.*

## THE TEMPERING PROCESS.

Christians are led through the waters of tribulation, shut up in the furnace of affliction, and tried in a variety of ways, in order that they may gain strength and breadth of experience for usefulness. Tough trees grow in exposed situations, where the mightiest winds of heaven sweep and whirl from year to year. An experienced shipbuilder would not think of using, for the mainmast of a ship, a tree that had grown in a hot-house, where the whirlwind had never come.

The best steel is subjected to the alternatives of extreme heat and extreme cold. Were you ever in a cutlery? If you were, you noticed that the knife-blades were heated, and beaten, and then heated again, and plunged into the coldest water, in order to give them the right shape and temper.

And perhaps you also noticed that there was a large heap of rejected blades—rejected because they would not bear the tempering process. They cracked and warped; when put upon the grindstone, little flaws appeared in some that, up to that point, had seemed fair and perfect. Hence they were thrown aside as unfit for market.

So souls, in order to insure the right temper, are heated in the furnace of affliction, plunged into the cold waters of tribulation, and ground between the upper and nether stones of adversity and disaster. Some come out of the trial pure, elastic, and bright, ready for the highest service; others come out brittle, with ill-temper, full of flaws and spots of rust, and are thrown into the rubbish-room of the Church as unfit for any but the lowest uses. The rubbish-room of the Church is quite full now. The Spiritualists, and other dealers in delusions and lies, carry off large quantities of this rubbish every year; but still the Church has on her hands about as much of this flawy ware as she can stow away on the shelves and in the vaults assigned to dead professors. Class-leaders mark each individual of this brand with an "A," to be laid away in the rubbish-room. Satan, I opine, looks into

the rubbish-room occasionally, and keeps an account of its contents.

Now if you would be of any account among the forces that are working out the salvation of this world, be still in the hands of God until He tempers you. Listen to that knife-blade in the hands of the cutler.

"Stop, now! I have been in the fire often enough. Would you burn the life out of me?"

But it goes again into the glowing furnace, and is heated to a white heat.

"Stop hammering me! I have been pounded enough now."

But down comes the sledge.

"Keep me out of this cold water. One moment in the fiery furnace and the next in cold water. It is enough to kill one!"

But in it goes.

"Keep me off the grindstone. You'll chafe the life out of me."

But it is made to kiss the stone until the cutler is satisfied.

But now see! When all the heating and cooling and pounding and grinding is done, you may bend it double, and yet it springs back straight as an arrow; it is as bright as polished silver, hard as a diamond, and will cut like a Damascus blade. It has been shaped, tempered, and polished, and is worth something.

Be still now, and let God temper and polish you, and you will be worth something too. Allow yourself to be prepared for usefulness. If you are so ill-tempered that your character is marred by the flaws of impatience, petulance, and anger, you will be thrown into the room assigned for the useless, to be stolen away by the Spiritualists, or somebody else as godless, and finally consigned to hell—the rubbish-room of the universe. Lie still in faith in the hands of God, and let him make something of you. He will give you a post of holy renown, if you will let Him fit you for it. He will cover you with glory immortal, if you will be still in the furnace fire while the Holy Ghost moulds and polishes your soul.—*Rev. R. V. Lawrence, in The Home Journal.*

## BAPTISM.

BY RHODA CLAPSADDLE.

We do not design to dwell much upon water baptism at the present, nor its different modes; but upon the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Notwithstanding water baptism is an ordinance appointed by God, and Jesus Himself came "from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptised of him," such sinful creatures as we are need a Spiritual renovation; that will change our Adamic nature, and make us new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Nearly all the Churches in the land are willing to receive water baptism. But try and persuade them to separate themselves from the world, and follow Jesus, and they will very quickly tell you "He eateth with publicans and sinners." You will hear them boasting of their self-respect, and standing upon their dignity, they cry,—*"away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live."*

Others dare not obey God, and risk the consequences with Him for fear of fanaticism. They go on in open rebellion year in and year out. Poor deluded souls. Afraid to obey God; is not this the very height of fanaticism? Just as long as you persist in disobeying God, you are obeying the devil, and "his servants ye are whom ye obey."

Urge upon them the necessity of coming out from Egypt, and invite them to go up and tarry at Jerusalem until they are baptised with the Holy Ghost, and indued with power from on high, and you will very quickly understand all about their self-sufficiency: they will tell you all about their leeks and onions, and how delicious they are; and perhaps invite you to stay and sup with them, but O! beware; "if sinners entice thee consent thou not."

There are many who have had the baptism of the Holy Ghost: many who once "esteemed the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," that have been mindful of the country from whence they came, and

have gone back to their native land.

See those willows yonder whose branches are bowing down to the earth! What means all this? These are being borne down with the harps of professors of religion; who were but a short time ago "sweet singers of Israel."

Look away back in the distance' and see the multitude that are sitting idle by the "cold stream of Babylon." They are the indifferent ones;—there they sit, they never get out to the weekly prayer meetings, and meetings for Holiness. They are without a care, whether the cause of Christ prospers or not. They are without a care whether sinners are saved or not; they have arrived at a state of indifference, which God abhors in religion as much as he does open infidelity. God encourages action, not idleness—the discharge of duty, not the neglect of it.

O careless, indifferent ones, awake! awake! and Christ will give you light. Already the death dew is fast falling upon your Soul. It is no wonder some who live, and labor for God day and night, summer and winter, are at times almost driven from the Church because of these dead weights.

It is no wonder some are earnestly praying "O Lord breathe on these dry bones that they may live." We would not speak reproachfully of such, for God gives us hearts of sympathy and love, to feel, to pray for them.

Readers of the "Earnest Christian." "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" O what a miserable excuse some are framing! "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." Then it is high time you repented of your sins, and sought for the Holy Spirit to enlighten your minds, and purify your hearts.

These are days of Gospel light. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Many are trying to reverse this order, and are seeking for the power before having sought and obtained the Spirit;—this produces con-

fusion.

Such had better stop and make a right beginning. God has been at too great an expense to redeem your soul for you to allow yourself to go on unconcerned about the salvation of your immortal soul, and sink into hell at last.

Repent of your sins of omission and commission, and lay a good Scriptural foundation that will stand the test of the great Judgment day, for that great and terrible day of God's wrath is coming, and who shall be able to stand?

"Ye shall be baptised with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." O look for it now, precious soul! Throw away all your doubts and fears, lay your all upon God's altar and wait until God comes.

One boastingly said, speaking of his Roman citizenship, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom:" while another declares, "I was free born."

Let me say, dear reader, you have not to toil and labor until a certain amount of money is accumulated to obtain this freedom. You cannot buy yourself from the devil, for he desires your soul more than he does your money. Neither can you sell yourself to God, for he has paid the debt long ago.

You have nothing but sin to give; for by the fall man became bankrupt: he lost all, and nothing but the boundless grace of God can emancipate your soul from this service of the devil.

O, there is an unseen power in the religion of the cross that moves the depths of hell; and it is for every one who will have it. We dare not say, as a great many are saying, "believe that you have it, and you have it:" but we say, give yourself to God, the very best you know how, and begin now to believe, and as the light shines keep believing, and obeying, and giving.

Obedience will bring faith, faith victory, and victory joy. Now you have it on the easy terms of the Gospel. "There is peace in believing; and joy in the Holy Ghost." "Glory to God whom the Son makes free is free indeed!" The true child of God loves this *indeed freedom*, more than home or

friends, honor or wealth. Yea we no longer count our lives dear unto ourselves!

### SLOW TO SPEAK.

Hasty words are often wrong words, harsh words, inaccurate words, false words. Rightspeaking requires deliberation. Questions constantly arise which demand careful answers, and words spoken in haste may need to be recalled at leisure. An off-hand answer is far from being the truest or the safest one to give; a more considerate way of speech leaves less to correct and less to regret.

Moses' complaint when called by the Lord to deliver Israel, was that he was "slow of speech," but he found before he got through the wilderness, that he talked plenty fast enough,—yes, altogether too fast for his own good. And it is curious that this very man who declined to act as the Lord's messenger because he was so slow of speech, by his rashness and haste in speaking "unadvisedly" with his lips, lost his portion of the inheritance in Canaan, and died outside the borders of the promised land.

Probably no Christian lives who is conscious of the inward guiding of the Holy Ghost, but has often felt the reproving of the Spirit in the midst of hasty conversation, and has thought, "There, I have said too much." Happy those who learn to heed this gentle monitor, and utter only sound speech that cannot be contemned.

Babblers have shallow minds—little dishes soon boil over. Wise men can wait, and consider, and weigh matters, and when they do speak, their words have power and win regard. Many a person fails to command respect because "he talks too much with his mouth." In a position of trust or responsibility he fails, because all there is in him drizzles out in empty words, and becomes the property of both friend and foe. Persons who let themselves down and empty their minds to every hearer, need not be surprised if persons see

their weakness and ignore their worth.

When Napoleon was asked in his earlier years, how he secured the respect and confidence of so many older officers who were under him, he answered, "By reserve." A little more reserve in leaders, in heads of families, in persons who have care and responsibility, would save them many of their troubles. It need not be moroseness, nor gruffness; it need not be a lack of kindness; let it be rather the quiet of self-control; the silence of a man who *uses his tongue*, rather than the babble of a man whose *tongue uses him*, and uses him up;—the reserve of a man who knows there is a time to speak and also a time to be silent, and who bides his time, and cannot be vexed nor coaxed to speak till the time has come. Many a battle has been lost by raw soldiers firing wildly before the fire was in range. "Wait till you can see the whites of their eyes," was the word of command to a patriot host, and the assailants found that it was no idle task to attack such a band of waiting, determined men.

Reserve your words. Many a preacher of the Gospel has ruined his influence by story-telling, and vain and hasty talk. Silence prepares one to speak with power. Some of the mightiest preachers of the Word of God, have been so silent and reserved they have been deemed unsocial. People who talk most out of meeting, have very little to say when they get in there. Men who hold their tongues and use their brains, can come before the assembly with hearts inditing good matter, and pour forth the words of salvation like clouds filled with rain. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath; for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." James i. 19, 20.

To obey the law as a covenant, is a work of sad and fruitless misery. It is like a clock undertaking to keep time without a main-spring. The main-spring is a new hart, and this the law cannot give.

## HEAR YE THE ROD.

Micah vi. 9.

God speaks to man, and he will be heard. Our eyes may be heavy, our ears dull of hearing; our hearts may be hard, and our feet wayward; our necks may be stiff, and our wills stubborn; but God has many ways to command our attention and control our course.

He speaks in the voice of conscience, warning us of the evils of sin, and the dangers of an unholy course. He speaks in "a still, small voice," by the secret whisperings of the Holy Ghost, and reproves us and convinces us of our disobedience, and shows us the vileness of our darling sins. He speaks in his providences which thwart our ill-considered plans, and blast our schemes of worldly hope and self-confident ambition. He sweeps away our wealth, and scatters our treasures to the winds. He lets fall his judgments on every side of us, on the right hand and on the left. He casts the shadow of death over our nearest, and dearest, and best beloved ones. And finally he lays his hand and his rod upon us, weakens our strength, shortens our days, brings us low, as in the very dust before him, and teaches us by the sternness of his chastenings, the lessons which otherwise we might never have yielded to learn.

"The Lord's voice crieth unto the city." First in gentle whispers, then in stern reproofs, and finally in loud and terrible warnings, we hear the voice of the Lord. The plague, the pestilence, the famine, the earthquake, the calamity, the conflagration,—all these are but "the Lord's voice," which "crieth unto the city" to warn men of their duty, their danger, and their doom.

And when the Lord's voice thus crieth in the city. "The man of wisdom shall see thy name." The simple may pass on and be punished; the careless and obstinate may hate knowledge and despise reproof, but the "man of wisdom," who has learned the fear of God,

will know the name of God, and see the uplifted hand of Him who speaks not only in the gentle tones of love and pity, but also in the solemn voice of judgment and of wrath.

"Hear ye the Rod, and Who hath appointed it?" The world will neither hear nor heed. If trouble comes, they do not believe that God has anything to do with it. If judgments fall, they see no divine purpose or providence directing the awful stroke. But they cannot thus evade the reckoning that awaits them. God follows them up. He speaks, he "crieth unto the city," and he will have us lend attention to his words. If we will not heed the loving whisper, we must hear the stern rebuke; if we turn from that, still "the Lord's voice crieth unto the city," and with increasing power warns us of the evil of our ways. And if this is not enough, then the Rod will fall, the stroke of chastisement will come, and he who knew his Lord's will and did it not "shall be beaten with many stripes."

"Hear ye the Rod!" It is God's rod, and it carries with it his authority. He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men without a cause. But he knows our way and sees the end of it all. He chastens us while there is yet hope. He pleads with the disobedient, "Why should ye be stricken any more?" Isa. i. 5. He expostulates with the wayward, saying, "Turn ye! turn ye! for why will ye die?" And when all other means are unavailing, then he chastens us for our faults, that we may not be condemned with the world. And shall all this love and mercy be in vain? Shall we refuse the instruction so faithfully conveyed? Shall we cast the counsels of our God behind our backs? Shall we despise the chastenings of the Lord, or faint when we are corrected of him? Shall we not rather give ear to the heavenly voice, and attend to the divine admonitions?

"The Lord's voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name: Hear ye the Rod and Who hath appointed it."

"I love to see my Father's hand,  
Though oft it bears a rod;  
'Twill lead me to the Promised Land,  
The city of my God."

"FELIX TREMBLED."

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

Paul and Felix stood face to face. There was a wide difference in their state. Paul was a prisoner, in bonds; his bodily presence was weak, his speech (or "speaking voice") contemptible. Felix was a man having authority, the "most excellent governor." Judged, as the world judges, by the outward appearance, which of the two would one think most likely to tremble? Ought not the prisoner quake rather than the governor? Yet the grand Felix shivered like an abject criminal before the convincing words of Paul. The Roman ruler had sent for the converted Jew, and heard him concerning faith in the crucified Jesus. "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come Felix trembled." There was no weak flunkeyism about Paul. He was a manly Christian, not rude on the one hand, or effeminately timid on the other. He did not trim his message of all point and meaning to please the royal ears of his auditor. But sometimes, now-a-days, ministers of the gospel do not always successfully resist the temptation to indulge in a weak respect for fine, rich, tilted, polished sinners.

Oh that more of Christ's ambassadors would reason fearlessly of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come! There would be more trembling Felixes, even though with vascillating, undecided heart, they should say, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

If the works are so perfect, how glorious must be the Maker of them. If the beauty of that which he has created is inexpressibly great, infinitely greater must be that Being who surveys all creation at a single glance.—*Sturm.*

## REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

A foreign correspondent of *The Associate Reformed Presbyterian*, describes in the following extract the manner in which divine service is conducted by this popular preacher.

It is just fifteen minutes to eleven. Down the steps of a narrow aisle, there come some six or seven men in single file, a little rotund man almost as broad as high, leading the way, from a door about twenty feet in rear of the pulpit. And that's Mr. Spurgeon in front.—I would not have recognized him by his pictures. His hair is black, and looks as if it had not been combed for a week. It is surely not artificially dishevelled. His skin looks as dark as if he had been working in a machine shop. His pants are too long, and his frock coat, threatening his toes, ill-made and loose, might readily induce the belief that it had been thrown on with a pitchfork. He is very low in stature and insignificant-looking. He cannot be more than five-feet-five. He wears the full beard,—does not shave at all, though no part of his beard is long. His forehead is neither broad nor high;—indeed, there is nothing marked or attractive in his appearance. Were I to meet him on the street, if I should notice him at all, it would be for his seeming insignificance. He is all one thickness,—no taper, no waist, with short neck. But he walks forward to the sofa, while his retinue of what turn out to be six deacons, take their seats in stalls, neatly cushioned, some ten feet behind him. Reverently he rests his head on the table for a moment, then walks forward to the railing and in an easy tone says, Let us pray! He offers a good prayer of about one minute in length. This done, he reads the 214th hymn, (in *Our Own Hymn Book*, a work compiled by himself,) beginning, "When all thy mercies, O my God."

The precentor then stepped forward and raised the tune. There was no musical instrument, no operatic choir, no solos or duets, such as I have heard elsewhere, but every thing in the house,

—man, woman and child,—poured forth the high praises of God in such a torrent of melody as I can hardly expect to hear on earth again, bearing on its mellifluous waves the very soul to the gates of heaven. Compared with this, Italian trills, ay, and all that I had ever heard before, are tame. Singing over, he reads the 71st Psalm. Unlike Dr. Cumming, he comments on each verse as he reads. His first word of exposition was uttered with uplifted arm and clenched fist. His remarks, though in a familiar style, were very pointed and pertinent. Comment over, he reads the 175th hymn, beginning, "Stand up, and bless the Lord." Sing to the tune St. Michael, said he. Singing over, he prays again. And oh, such a prayer! He seemed to talk with God face to face, as a man familiar with his friend. The pious spirit ascends with him on wings of hope, and luxuriates for a time among angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. Nor did he forget to pray for the churches of our own dear land,—that land, as he called it, beyond the Atlantic, whose churches were so much like his own. O, there were in that prayer such unction, simplicity, fervor, freedom, and appropriateness as I never heard before. It was twenty-one minutes long, and far superior to the other parts of the service. Prayer ended, he reads out the hymn beginning, "Blest be the Father and his love." He did not name the tune this time, as he had done before. The tunes were not marked in the book. While all are standing singing, he sits as at other times. Singing over, he rises at the table and reads for his text the 14th verse of the 71st Psalm. He then steps forward, and resting his hands carelessly on the railing, casting his eye over that interminable sea of faces, calmly commences his discourse.

It is just now fifty-five minutes since the service began. The point elaborated was the duty of praising God more and more. He argued that we should do so because we have praised him so little yet. Because, when we have praised him, we have always found the

service not a weariness, but a delight. We ought to praise him more than ever before, because we are more indebted to him than at any previous period of our existence. God, like Joseph, is always putting the cup in the sack's mouth. In part second of his discourse, he pointed out the obstacles in our way to praising God more and more, such as dreaminess, amassing wealth, resting on the past. As helps to this duty, he urged, in conclusion, the necessity of closer communion with God in secret prayer, of talking more about Christ in the house and by the way, and of laboring more diligently in every good work. 'As Hippocrites,' said he, could tell the man by his arm,—meaning, he could tell how the heart beat by feeling his pulse,—so we can usually tell a man's character by his labors for Christ.' He says, 'I have always liked the experience of the servant girl, when asked for her evidences of being a Christian, who said, Well, I don't hardly know; but somehow now I always sweep *under* the mats.' Yes, that religion has the true ring that will sweep under the mats. Some of you will do mean things, if you can only conceal them. You had better sweep under the mats.'

"He closed a sermon of fifty-five minutes with a pungent appeal to sinners, assuring them that among the things God could not do, was to make a heaven for the wicked, or a sinful spirit happy. Sermon over, without either singing or prayer, he dismissed the assembly by pronouncing the benediction.

"There is one thing in the above to which the attention of the reader is called, and that is, the manner of conducting the singing. The precentor or reader steps forward to the railing and raises the tune. 'There was no musical instrument, no operatic choir, no solos nor duets, such as I had heard elsewhere, but every one in the house poured forth the high praises of God in such a torrent of melody as I can hardly expect to hear on earth again.' The choir consisted of the whole assembly. How different is this from the manner

in which singing is conducted in the fashionable churches! A few individuals are stowed away in some part of the church, and generally grind off the praise for the people. Any thing that has a tendency to do away with congregational singing should be discountenanced. It is frequently advocated, that as the congregation is large, therefore a choir and instrument seem necessary. How is it in Rev. Spurgeon's church, where there are 5,400 sittings, and which is densely packed in all kinds of weather. Let us have congregational singing, and not a set of hirelings, who go in and out and conduct the singing as *they* may think proper,—for many of the choirs in the city churches are composed of those who are not connected with the church."—R. B. in *Asso. Pres.*

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### PATIENCE.

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If the mind be disturbed by the loss of property, it is warned in almost every place in the Scriptures of the Lord to despise the world; nor is there added any more powerful exhortation to despise money, than the fact that the Lord himself had no riches: He ever justifieth the poor and condemneth the rich beforehand. Thus did contempt of riches foreminister unto patience of losses, showing by the rejection of wealth that the damage of it also ought not to be regarded. That these for which we have no manner of need to seek after, because the Lord also sought *not* after it, we ought to bear the diminution of, or even its privation, without disquiet. The spirit of the Lord hath declared by the Apostle, that *covetousness is the root of all evil*. This let us understand as consisting not in the desire for that only which is another's, for even that which seemeth to be our own is another's; for nothing is our own, since all things are God's: whose also are we ourselves. Wherefore if when we suffer for loss we take it impatiently, we shall be found, in grieving for a loss in that which is not ours, to border upon covetousness. We covet that which is another's. He that is disturbed by impatience under

loss, by preferring earthly to heavenly things sinneth immediately against God: for he disturbeth that spirit which he hath received from God for the sake of a thing of this world. Let us therefore willingly lose the things of this earth, and keep the things of Heaven. Let the whole world perish so that I gain patience. Now I know not whether the man who hath not determined to bear with furnaces the loss of any of his goods either by theft, or by violence, or even by slothfulness, could easily or with his whole heart, himself lay hands on his goods for the sake of alms-giving. For who that cannot at all bear to be cut by another, applieth the steel himself to his own body? Patience under losses is an exercise in the act of giving and communicating. He is not unwilling to give who feareth not to lose. Besides how shall he that hath two coats impart one of them to him that hath none, unless he be also one, who if a man take away his coat, can offer unto him his cloak also? How shall we make to ourselves friends of Mammon, if we love him so much that we cannot bear to lose him? With the loss of him we shall be lost also. Why in this world do we find where we ought to lose? To exercise impatience under all losses is the part of heathens, who perchance prefer money to the soul: for indeed they do so when from the lust of lucre they engage in the gainful perils of merchandise by sea; when for the sake of money, they hesitate not even in the forum to attempt what condemnation itself must dread; finally when they hire themselves out for the games and for the camp; when, after the manner of brute beasts, they plunder in the highway. But is it meet, that we, according to the difference which is betwixt us and them, lay down not our souls for money, but money for our soul's sake, either willingly in giving or patiently in losing.

*Tertullian, A. D. 160.*

The good are not too good to need the Gospel; nor are the bad so bad as to have no hope, if they will accept it.

## TOBACCO POISON.

A case of death, from the use of Tobacco, in my own intimate acquaintance, has this very week appalled a large circle of friends in this place. The victim was exactly of my own years, and a companion from early boyhood. For thirty years at least, he had been a daily smoker of the choicest cigars, but in all his other habits temperate and regular, and of an excellent constitution—one who of all men would have laughed at the suggestion that tobacco was injuring him. A week ago last Sunday night he was stricken with the progressive paralysis, characteristic of nicotine, and on Sunday night he died. His death was most pitiful. First, sight was lost, then speech, then motion of the neck, then motion of the arms, and so on throughout the body, and he lay for a fortnight, unable to move or make a sign, save a pitiful, tongueless, intarticulate sound, which sometimes rose to almost frantic effort, all in vain, to make known what he wished to say to his family or friends—for his consciousness and mental faculties were left unimpaired till within two hours of the last, to aggravate to the utmost the horror of his situation—a living soul in a dead body. The sense of hearing was left unimpaired, so that he was conscious of all around him, while as incapable of communication with them as if dead, save by a slight sign of assent or dissent to a question. The doctors were fully assured that tobacco was the cause of the stroke.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

WESLEY ON CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.—“Pure love reigning alone in the heart and life—this is the whole of Christian perfection. . . . Scripture perfection is pure love filling the heart and governing all the words and actions. . . . In one view, it is purity of intention dedicating all the life to God. Both my brother (Charles Wesley) and I maintain that Christian perfection is that love of God and our neighbor which implies deliverance from all sin.”

"VERY UNWORTHY."

"I am very unworthy." Of course you are. So is the holiest saint upon earth. So is the great archangel. A conviction of unworthiness is essential to true religion; and he who has it not is no child of God. But while the expression just quoted is in many instances a sign of perfect spiritual health, there are some cases in which it is a symptom of disease; and the object of this short sermon is to show when the confession or complaint of great unworthiness is an indication of a wrong state of heart.

It is so—

I. WHEN IT BETRAYS A "SPIRIT OF BONDAGE UNTO FEAR."

Anyone who has associated much with Christian people knows that the oppressive sense of unworthiness under which so many of them labor is the result of unbelief—unbelief in one of its most insidious forms. "No," said a friend to whom I was once speaking on this subject; "I do not lack faith in God. I believe He loves me. I believe that Christ died for me. All my doubts have reference, not to God, but to myself, and my fitness to receive and enjoy the great blessing of adoption." And I am not sure that he did not consider all this an evidence of great humility. Let us, however, put this answer in another form, and see how it looks,—*"I could believe that the price which Christ has paid for my immortal soul was sufficient for its redemption if I could add to it something of my own, some penitence, some tears, some holy feeling. I could trust in Him for present salvation if I were able to comfort myself with the thought that since I joined His Church, and began to seek His face, I had been more faithful, more diligent, more earnest; but in the absence of such consoling reflections I cannot trust. I am so very unworthy."* Is this humility? No; it is pride. It is an unwillingness to receive forgiveness as a poor debtor who has nothing to pay. To true humility, a sense of

unworthiness is never a hindrance to faith. How can it be? Nothing is easier to it than to say—

"In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

In some persons this tendency to study frames and feelings, and to look within for a warrant to trust in Christ, is morbid; and it is not uncommon to see them falling into the snare, after having been delivered from it a thousand times. To those who are thus afflicted it is very unsafe to spend much time in self-analysis. They need the advice which the Rev. M. McCheyne once gave to his people—"For one look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ."

II. WHEN IT IS EMPLOYED AS A REASON FOR NOT SEEKING HIGHER ATTAINMENTS.

Too often in cases of this kind there is an effort at self-deception. A Christian would be ashamed to say, "I am afraid of the self-denial—I am unwilling to bear the cross—I am unprepared to make the sacrifice which would be entailed upon me by an earnest search for entire holiness." He therefore exclaims, "I am very unworthy!" It sounds so much better.

There are many, however, whose complaint of unworthiness is no mere excuse for worldliness, but is sincere; and being sincere, is a real obstacle to progress. It destroys their hopes, and paralyses their energies. But it could not do so if it were not for the mistakes they make respecting the nature of holiness, and the conditions of its attainment; they do not know, or they forget, that holiness is a free gift, bestowed for Christ's sake to a believing heart, just as pardon is. "God is no respecter of persons." There is in Christ's fulness an equal provision for every man. The measure in which we receive from the fulness is in proportion to the measure, not of our merit, but of our faith. Christ often said, "Be it unto thee according to thy faith." But to whom did he ever say, "Be it unto thee according to thy merit"? He gives just as much as we dare believe for. How

little to the purpose, therefore, is the cry, "I am very unworthy."

Suppose a man in great distress and extremity. A friend affords him relief by giving him a cheque upon the bank for twenty pounds. His clothes are worn and shabby; his entire appearance betokens great poverty. But what cares the cashier of the bank for the meanness of his appearance. What he looks at is the signature upon the check; and if that be genuine, the poor man will receive precisely the same amount for it as would a prince. The poverty or wealth of the bearer does not affect its value in the least. And so it is with regard to God's "riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The poorest and most unworthy of His saints may, if he dare only ask in faith, obtain from Christ an order for the supply of all his need, a supply that will make him as rich as the richest and worthiest of them all.

### III. WHEN IT FORMS AN EXCUSE FOR IDLENESS IN CHRIST'S VINEYARD.

Almost everywhere we find that those who are most fitted to occupy responsible positions in the Church are unwilling to occupy them. The men who are best adapted for public work refuse to engage in it. In this mournful fact, we have one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of Christ's cause. And how is it to be accounted for? It may be that in some cases there is unwillingness or inability to devote to the Church the *time* that the faithful discharge of these duties would require. But in too many instances the chief deterrent is a fear of failure. An unduly strong regard is paid to the *creditable* performance of duty, and there is too much anxiety respecting personal reputation. All this is easily mistaken for modesty. When a man tells you how highly he estimates the importance and responsibility of the work in which you wish him to engage, and concludes by, saying, "I am very unworthy to undertake it," you can scarcely find it in your heart to tell him that if he were more humble he would think less of his unworthiness; and

that full consecration to Christ would be the most perfect cure for that timidity which seals his lips and renders him comparatively useless to the Church. Dr. Adam Clark once said to a young preacher, "Always set yourself down at nothing, then everything above that will be clear gain." None, however, can do this until they are "made perfect in love." The fear of man, which bringeth a snare, and tormenting anxiety respecting others' opinions, cannot be overcome by a mere act of will, or by a course of self discipline. It must be "cast out" by soul-absorbing love to Christ. Then you will find your happiness in the knowledge that you have the Master's approval. All considerations of self will be swallowed up in "an even strong desire" and "a calmly fervent zeal" to save souls from death, and to make the world better. You will be as free from contempt as from servility. The failures of yesterday will be forgotten in the efforts of to-day. While talking less about your unworthiness, every word and action will show that you "set yourself down at nothing."

"LET THIS MIND BE IN YOU WHICH WAS ALSO IN CHRIST JESUS: WHO, BEING IN THE FORM OF GOD, THOUGHT IT NOT ROBBERY TO BE EQUAL WITH GOD, BUT MADE HIMSELF OF NO REPUTATION."

*Rev. John Brash in King's Highway.*

SCATTERING AND INCREASING.—Serving God with our little, whether in the way of time, talents, property or influence, is the way to make it more. Nothing is wasted by which God is honored, or man blessed. It is but seed sown, to be gathered again a hundred-fold in the harvest.

WARNING.—If the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up. Therefore, be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.

## THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT.

Remember again, that that poor sinner whose soul you are going to seek this afternoon is where the best and brightest of the saints were. Peter was there, Paul was there; they were all in the same condemnation. By nature they were all heirs of wrath such as that sinner is. In all the glorious company of the apostles, the noble army of the martyrs, and the goodly fellowship of the prophets, there is never one that was not born in sin, as that sinner was, and prone to break God's laws, and all alike needed the eternal power and Godhead of Christ to put forth all his strength, or else none of them would have been saved.

And, recollect, that that sinner you are going to speak with this afternoon, perhaps a child in your class, perhaps a drunkard in the street, is, to-day, where those that are in heaven once were. Their robes are white, but they washed them in the blood of the Lamb; they are without fault, but they were once under condemnation. There is nothing to prevent the Lord taking the drunkard, the blasphemer, the adulterer, aye, and the murderer, and washing such in the fountain that is open for sin and uncleanness, and robing them in the immaculate garment, and making them to take their place amongst the host of the blessed at the right hand of the eternal throne. Be of good comfort, and if you ever do despair of any, look to the rock whence ye were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence ye were digged.

Of all the saints that ever were saved there was nothing in their human nature, physical or mental, that aided their salvation—nothing. Some of them were more moral than others, but their whole head was sick and their whole heart faint; they were all lost, utterly lost, utterly undone. It was the work of the Spirit in every case and the Spirit alone. But, on the other hand, in the case of no soul has there ever been found any evil power which has absolutely been able to defeat the Spirit of

God when he has put forth his omnipotence. It is impossible to conceive of anything that can resist the Spirit of God when he operates on the heart with purpose and with power. His ordinary ministrations are resisted, and effectually too; but when he puts forth his might to quicken the dead, in that regenerating operation he works like a God, and what is there that can stand against him? In the case of every soul that was saved, God's alone revealed motive was his grace; he saved the man not because he deserved it, not because it would be any advantage to God to save him, but simply because he delighteth in mercy, and he hath put it on record, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." Now, in bad cases, there is the same room for divine grace, and when the man is deeply sunk in sin, it will glorify the mercy of God all the more to save him; and, therefore, I would rather expect that man to be saved than gather from his sin that he was unlikely to be blessed of God. I would go with confidence to the chief of sinners if I knew him, preach to him the Saviour, Christ the Lord, and bid him look to him, and I would hope that God would bless that word to him none the less because he had become so sodden in sin and so rank in corruption.

Brethren and sisters, I am sure it will be a great help to you in working for God at any time, if you keep in recollection what the Lord has done for you. Have it fresh on your mind. Oh, we never teach so well as when we teach from the heart; we never preach so well as when we preach about what we ourselves have experienced, dipping every word in gratitude to God for what we have known and received from him. I have heard of a lady who on one occasion was out in the street walking. The frost was severe, the snow was deep, and she felt so keenly for the poor that she resolved that when she got home she would write a check and have the money distributed to provide them with food and fuel. After a short time she

reached her home and sat down by the fireside, and she felt so extremely warm and comfortable, that she thought after all it would be a pity to waste money on the poor, for she had no doubt whatever if they kept by the fire the cold was not so severe as she had imagined. Now, there are some of us who have got to be very comfortable in our religion; we sit down in it; it would be a great mercy for us, and probably a mercy for thousands of others, if we were made to go out and feel the old discomfort, and to know once again what we were and where we were before the Lord brought us into the house of his mercy, and sat us down before the fire of his love. Oh, it is a dreadful thing because one feels happy himself to have no care for the souls of others. I earnestly pray you to live to-day as if you were only saved to-day, to go and try to bring others to Christ, as if your own conversion had only been accomplished five minutes before, with the blood fresh upon you, just fallen warm from those dear wounds, with the sin just gone, and your soul astonished at the miraculous change wrought in you, with the love of God just newly shed abroad in your soul, in all the freshness of new-found love, and all the recollection of the sorrow and sin from which you have just escaped. Oh, if you went so, God would bless you, and many souls would be saved to the praise of the glory of his grace. Amen.

#### BURDEN BEARING.

Some years since, a gentleman was invited by a friend to make a speech at the anniversary of one of our great benevolent societies. When the time arrived, the speaker looked around the platform for the face of his friend, whom he had regarded as the leader in the enterprise; but he was nowhere to be seen. During the exercises, however, he cast his eyes up to the multitude which thronged the gallery of the largest building in the great city, and there, in an obscure corner, sat his noble friend. When the meeting was over,

the hidden man came forth with joy in his face, thanking one and another for their efforts, and expressing great pleasure in the prosperity exhibited by the report and attendance.

"But," asked the speaker already alluded to, "I thought you were the president of this society."

"O, no, I am not," replied the modest man.

"Then you are one of the vice presidents, surely," returned the gentleman.

"No, I am not."

"Are you the secretary, then, or the treasurer?"

"No, neither of these."

"Then what are you? What office do you fill in the board?"

"None, sir; I have no office, and never had, unless, if you choose, you may call me the packhorse of the enterprise."

That was just the worthy man's office, the pack or burden-bearer.

Now, this eccentric, but godly man was one of a very valuable class of laborers in God's work on earth. His whole soul was absorbed in doing the work which his Father had given him to do. He cared not what post he filled; he never sought, and could rarely be induced to accept, an office; but that part of the work which was too humble for any one else to perform, he considered and assumed as specially his. Now the cause of God on earth requires laborers of many grades and names—prophets, apostles, writers, exhorters, and last, but by no means least,—GIVERS.

In all ages of the church, God has had, besides his more public servants, a strong relay of these hidden ones, the burden-bearers of his precious cause; and wherever, in our own day, we see any enterprise for the good of man and the glory of God advancing prosperously, we may be sure that he has appointed there a band of burden-bearers, although they may be at times so far under the load as to be out of sight.

Nothing but what is God's dishonor, should be our shame.

## BE NOT DECEIVED.

BY HANNAH PELTON.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

"Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

"And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity."—20, 21, 22 verses of 7th chap. Matt.

It is very evident from this saying of our Saviour that there are many who walk with the Christian church and talk the religion of Christ, and do in their estimation many good works, who will find themselves sadly deceived, and who will not be admitted into that heavenly kingdom. The reason is, they did not do the *will of God*.

The foundation of all Christian experience, as well as growth in grace through life, consists in simply doing the will of our Father. This implies *obedience*. As long as the Christian obeys God just so long will he enjoy His favor—he will have peace and joy in believing. He will be decided, known and read by all, for it will be impossible to hide his light. As well attempt to hide the city on a hill. But as soon as he is disobedient, just so soon he falls—his light goes out. He may talk religion, but he does not feel it; his works are dead. If disobedience is persisted in his light becomes darkness, and how great is that *darkness*.—Adam and Eve, though pure, fell through disobedience, so will every Christian who disobeys God. How many will be filled with surprise and consternation as they say, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name! What anguish will they feel as they hear the word *Depart*. From the fact that they make the assertion, "Have we not prophesied in thy name?" it would seem that it would include those known

as church members—those in a measure active in word and work, all through life, hopeful of their acceptance with God. Death finds them still deceived as to their actual condition, and not till they hear the word *depart*, do they realize their true situation. God will hold professing Christians accountable for their perilous indifference in the great work of life—their own salvation—as well as their influence on others.

All through the Bible it is plainly seen that God means there should be a decided difference between his followers and those who serve Mammon.

Christians should be kind and affable toward those who know not God; but to encourage their folly by joining in and being as one of them is a great sin in the eye of an holy God. To so live that were it not that they are known to observe some church ordinances, the fact that they profess Christianity would surprise all that have known them. To do the will of God means much—much more than many professing Christians realize—and this is why so many that hope to inherit eternal life will be disappointed.

To seek for worldly enjoyments is not doing the will of God, for He tells us not to love the world, neither the things that are in the world.—1st John ii. 15. Again he says, How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?—St. John v. 44.

We are here shown the impossibility of believing, which we must do to inherit eternal life, as long as we choose the emulations of the world before God.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."—Rev. ii. 7.

To overcome all sin, the most prominent of which are pride and deception, means very much, and to those and those only will the honor be given of dwelling with the King of kings and Lord of lords.

—◆◆◆—  
We must not walk by example, but by rule.

## WORKING HEARTILY.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

Every accountable act must have its motive. This motive may be either a good or a bad one. But the motive may be right, and yet the action be feeble, languid, reluctant. This is chiefly because there is not a whole-hearted yielding of our consent, or a concentration of our energies to do the work set before us. There is usually division and scattering, or mixing, of motives when we move doubtfully and languidly toward any labor, save when we are weary or ill in body.

Bad men often follow their plans with a vigorous energy and hearty persistence that carry them to vast results. They do their work heartily, not as to the Lord, but as unto self, or the devil. The Pharisees were assiduous in certain forms of worship which must have taken much of their time. But the motive was to be "seen of men."

The disciples of Jesus have daily duties to perform—duties toward God and toward man. Some of these are not light, or always agreeable to the flesh. The spirit may be in a measure willing, while the flesh is weak. Yet there is strength promised according to our day. Only let us be sure of our motive. If the secret, impelling power be good, we shall do well, if we moreover, pray for the Holy Spirit to supply the power from above, rightly to wield and patiently to do.

We must have a high motive, far above self, or our work will be unequal, dull, sluggish. We shall find ourselves looking at our "moods" and working according to our "feelings." But when we keep always before our eyes the mighty, overmastering motive of doing this or that deed, however small, *for the Lord*, then we are lifted above fluctuating earthly motives, and may go steadily and surely to the end.

How it girds the careless ones, steadies the inconstant, energizes the weak, and spurs the slothful, to continually bear in mind, and faithfully

obey the inspired precept: "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." That "*whatsoever*" is very comprehensive and that "*heartily*" very strong.

Surely we can labor heartily when we rightly realize that we are working for the Ruler of the universe, the everlasting Father, the God of love, who "hath loved us." He knows all our toil and weariness and temptations. And He is faithful to remember every work of faith, and all labor of love done by those who serve the Lord Christ, who through His death redeemed us from eternal death, made us sons of God, and gave us "right to the tree of life."

And through all the labor of earth, and after it all, "*His REST shall be glorious.*"

## CHRISTIAN LIFE.

God is the source of all life—vegetable, animal and spiritual. Art can paint a flower, but it cannot infuse the sweet and delicate vegetable life, cause it to breathe the invigorating air, and to rejoice in the sunlight. Art can paint the human form on canvass; nay it can, with the chisel, *almost* make the marble breathe; but, in truth, it cannot create the very lowest grade of animal life. It is unable to breathe breath into the nostrils, to fill the veins and arteries with the vital current, and to put a beating heart into the bosom. To create, impart and sustain life, vegetable and animal, is God's peculiar work. And not less is it his peculiar work to originate, impart and sustain that higher, purer and more enduring life, denominated spiritual life.

Spiritual life! What is it? Who can analyze the life which animates the fresh rose,—or the higher life which throbs in the human heart? No one. Its subtle elements elude our grasp.—Man is conscious of life, however; he *feels* its electric fire. So with spiritual life. No one can explain it upon philosophical principles. But, blessed be God, every sincere believer is conscious

that he possesses a higher life,—its strong pulsations, the rapid flow of its vital currents, vivify his whole soul—he knows that he does live. He—

"Feels new life, and hope, and vigor,  
Run through every nerve and fibre."

Mysterious are the sensations, holy the aspirations, rich and substantial the joys, which accompany the inflowing of this life. Thousands have experienced it—the simple-hearted child, the strong man, the veteran of fourscore, the illiterate and the educated; and they all find no language adequate to the expression of their bliss. Tears of gratitude fill their eyes; praise sits upon their tongues; they are surprised that all people do not immediately seek this life. Their language to all is, "O, taste and see that the Lord is good."—"Come, and I will tell you what the Lord hath done for my soul." "The half has never been told."

Although unable to analyze this life, we can trace its origin directly to the Lord of life. "I am," said Jesus, "the way, the truth, and the LIFE." John declares him to be the "word of LIFE." "In him was life, and the LIFE was the light of men." "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of LIFE." "This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life." Blessed truth. Whosoever, therefore, by an humble, bold faith, receives the Lord Jesus Christ, becomes the immediate possessor of life—life spiritual—life eternal. And thus man, separated from his Maker by sin, becomes reunited to the source of all Life, Wisdom and Love,—a glorious union.

Now this life of God in the soul is vital religion—nothing less—nothing more. Physical excitement is not religion. The indwelling life divine is *religion experimental*, and it is the proper basis of all practical religion. Do you, dear reader, possess this life?

## INFIRMITIES.

All men have them. Perfect men are scarce; most men have defects which will ruin them unless restrained. Where they are not visible, they often cause pain and fear. Though under cover, they work mischief. Men who have achieved success, have frequently almost failed; and those who have failed have often come near success. One faulty bolt plunges the best of machinery into disorder. It is surprising how many almost great men there are around us. But one defect makes them failures. A wheel is no stronger than its weakest part. Men are subject to the same general law. Giants become pigmies by having "one soft spot in their heads." If they do a strong thing, they at once destroy it by their folly. Men are like rivers abounding in deep water with shallow places. The tonnage is limited by the bars and shallowest water, yet large ships may pass the bars by engineering. Much depends on skill and pluck. Defects do not necessarily work one's ruin. If one knows his weak points, and watchfully guards them, he may escape. But he must build a lighthouse near the breakers and set a guard. It is half the battle to know where the danger lies, and to have the sense and courage to set and maintain the watch. The trouble is that men generally tax the weakest point of their machinery most. An egotist is the last one to suspect danger from too much self-reliance. The arrogant man usually glories in his imperial, dictatorial, bluff demeanor. Unruly appetites and passions are often indulged and excused when they should be curbed and brought into subjection. The weak in logic frequently pride themselves on feats of reason; the most dogmatical of men are usually those who should conceal their ignorance with care; those who scarcely have wisdom enough to follow are frequently ambitious to lead, and those who can ruin are often anxious to be allowed to rule.

A careful and truthful estimate of both our strong and weak points is most

essential to security and to success. Then we can avoid temptations which are likely to conquer, avoid responsibilities for which we are not adapted, avoid enterprises for which we are incompetent, and devote our energies to pursuits in which we are likely to succeed. The failures of the past should teach us where our danger lies and how to correct our errors. It is a sad experience to be almost successful in being generous, useful, happy, prosperous, respected, loved, and yet fail from one single fault, one controllable defect of character. At the foot of the cross we should study our faults and dangers, and implore help to overcome. The Spirit will help our infirmities, the power of Christ will make us victors, grace will set the heart right, and that will regulate the life. Then we may glory in our infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us.—*Selected.*

#### NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

It is said of Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, that he had ordered certain ships to be ready for service on a particular day. A messenger was sent to tell him that it was utterly impossible for them to be ready on the appointed day. He was afflicted with the gout at the time; yet he leaped out of bed, and said, "Don't talk to me of impossibilities at present; they must be ready by the day I proposed." You have impossibilities to fight and contend with every day; but you enter the contest in the strength of the Lord of hosts, who will fight your battles for you, if you place your trust in him. Though cast down and trampled by the devil, yet, if you look up to your Father in heaven, he will give you new supplies of strength, and enable you to conquer him who hath trampled over you, like the giant in the fable, who, though beaten frequently by his adversary, yet received new strength as oft as he touched his mother earth.

Honesty is the best policy, and innocence the best wisdom.

#### MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. FANNY R. G. KITTELL.

I feel I have much to praise the Lord for to day. Three weeks ago I denied my Saviour. I was serving Satan the best I knew how. I called myself a Spiritualist; but God had not forgotten me, neither did he intend my soul should go to utter ruin, for he in his goodness and mercy sent a camp meeting, held by the Free Methodists. It was the first I had ever attended, and glorious was the work God caused to be done. Praise his name. I went two nights with ungodly people—sat and made sport of those who were serving the Lord. The third night I was touched by the exhortation of Bro. Matthews, and went home with serious thoughts. The next night I went with Sister Clark—God bless her. That was a night ever to be remembered. We got there early and went round to view the tents. We first met Brother Sawyer, God bless him and keep him. He talked to me about my soul. I answered him I didn't want religion; there were more hypocrites than Christians; that I was more willing to risk my soul on Spiritualism than the religion of the day. God forbid that any poor soul should resort to such a damnable theory as Spiritualism; for I now see that it will ruin soul and body. We next met Bro. Olmstead. I thank God that he opened the mouth of his good servant to speak to sinners. He talked long and earnest; every word was like an arrow piercing my soul. But the devil had full control of me, and helped me plead my case and told me I had gained the victory. But not so. God had another servant that would finish his work. Bro. Stringham passed by with the remark, We shall have a converted Spiritualist here to-night. I thought he meant me and it melted me. Although they were all strangers to me their kind words were killing me. I tried to offend them; they only showed kindness in return. I turned away; I could listen no longer; I nearly fainted as Sister Clark led me to hear the word of

God poured forth by Bro. Hart, but I could not sit long; every word seemed for me. I drew Sister Clark to one of the tents; fell on my knees, entreating her to pray for me. Now God again was kind to me. He sent Sisters Haynes, Bills, and Windust to pray for me, and oh how their prayers went up in my behalf, and God did hear and answer, praise his name. I went home rejoicing, for I saw I was saved from the hellish pit I was about to step in. I praise God for Camp Meetings and for his Ministering servants. May God help them in their good works till every soul is saved, is my prayer. I have no words to express my thanks to God for what he has done for me. Now I can bear every trial, and come off victorious with the grace of God in my heart. He bears up my bark o'er every storm, and I know that no one can be happy without the love and grace of God in the heart. I love the strait and narrow way.

#### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"Some time since," says Dr. Payson, in a letter to a young clergyman, "I took up a little work purporting to be the lives of sundry characters as related by themselves. Two of these characters agreed in remarking that they were never happy until they ceased striving to be great men. This remark struck me, as you know the most simple remarks will strike us when heaven pleases. It occurred to me at once that the most of my sufferings and sorrows were occasioned by an unwillingness to be nothing, which I am, and by consequent struggles to be something. I saw if I would but cease struggling, and consent to be anything or nothing, just as God pleases, I might be happy. You will think it strange that I mention this as a new discovery. In one sense it was not new; I had known it for years. But I now saw it in a new light. My heart saw it and consented to it; and I am comparatively happy. My dear brother, if you can give up all desire to be great, and feel heartily willing to be nothing, you will be happy too."

#### ON THE THRESHOLD.

I'm returning, not departing;  
My steps are homeward bound.  
I quit the land of strangers  
For a home on native ground.

I am rising, and not setting;  
This is not night but day.  
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,  
Like a star, I fade away.

All is well with me for ever,  
I do not fear to go.  
My tide is but beginning  
Its bright eternal flow.

I am leaving only shadows,  
For the true and fair and good—  
I must not, cannot linger;  
I would not, though I could.

This is not death's dark portal,  
'Tis life's golden gate to me.  
Link after link is broken,  
And I at last am free.

I am going to the angels,  
I am going to my God;  
I know the hand that beckons,  
I see the holy road.

Why grieve me with your weeping,  
Your tears are all in vain;  
An hour's farewell, beloved,  
And we shall meet again.

Jesus, thou wilt receive me,  
And welcome me above;  
This sunshine, which now fills me,  
Is thine own smile of love.—*Bonar.*

HOME PIETY.—Enjoyment in religion depends on observing little home duties—or fireside piety. An occasional effort to do some great thing may ease the conscience for a while; but it is only the spirit of Christ carried into the family, and into every day life, softening the temper, and rendering the heart affectionate, which can impart an habitual elevation and serenity of mind.

"Be much with God, and your face will shine; let all men see the new creation."—*Bramwell.*

## PRAYER.

When we are praying, dearest brethren, we ought to be alive and intent towards our prayers, with the whole heart. Let all carnal and secular thinking be put away from us; let the mind dwell on no thought, save the prayer it is offering. Let the breast be shut against the adversary, and opened to God alone, not suffering the enemy of God to approach it in time of prayer. For he oftentimes creeps nigh and enters in, and by subtle artifice, calls away our prayers from God, so that we have one thing in our hearts, and another in the voice; whereas it is not the sound of the voice, but the mind and thoughts that ought in sincerity of purpose to be addressing God. What insensibility is it, to be snatched wandering off by light and profane imaginings, when you are presenting your entreaty to the Lord, as if there were aught else which you ought to consider, than that your converse is with God! How can you claim of God to attend to you when you do not attend to yourself? Shall God remember you in your supplications when you are forgetful of yourself? This is altogether to make no provision against the enemy; this is, when praying to God, to offend God's majesty by the neglectfulness of your prayer. This is, to wake with the eyes, and sleep with the heart; whereas the Christian, even when his eyes sleep, ought to have his heart waking, as it is written in the character of the church, speaking in the Song of Songs, *I sleep but my heart waketh*. Wherefore the Apostle anxiously and cautiously warns us, saying, *Continue in prayer, and watch in the same*; teaching, that is, and showing, that they may procure what they ask of God, whom God sees watching in prayer.

Those who pray ought to come to God, not with unfruitful or naked prayers. Vainly we ask, when it is a barren petition that is given to God. For since *every tree, not bringing forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire*, surely words also, which bring no fruit,

must fail of favor with God, seeing they are joined with no productiveness in righteous deeds. Hence Divine Scripture instructs us, saying, *prayer is good, with parting and alms*. For He who, in the day of judgment, will render to us a reward for our good works and alms, is now also a gracious listener to any that approaches Him in prayer, with the company of good works. Thus was it that the centurian Cornelius, when he prayed, found a title to be heard. For he was one *that did many alms-deeds toward the people, and prayed ever to God*. To him, when he was praying about the ninth hour, an angel came nigh, rendering testimony to his deeds, and saying, *Cornelius, thy prayers and thine alms are gone up in remembrance before God*. Quickly do prayers go up to God, when the claims of our good works introduce them before Him.

Cyprian A. D. 200.

## EXCHANGING SINS.

Growth in grace is not a state wherein a man exchanges one sin for another which is more decent or conducive to self interest, but renounces every sin, and becomes a "fellow worker with God, to root out all evil from his heart," allowing himself no reserve of carnal pleasure, no clancular lust, no private oppression, no secret covetousness, no love to this world, that may discompose his duty. "For if a man prays all day," says Jeremy Taylor, "and at night is intemperate, if he spends his time in reading, and his recreation be sinful, if he studies religion and practices self-interest, if he leaves his swearing, and yet retain his pride, if he becomes chaste and yet remains peevish and imperious, this man is not changed from the state of sin into the first stage of grace; he does not at no hand belong to God; he hath suffered himself to be scared from one sin, and tempted from another by interest, and left a third by reason of his inclination, and a fourth for shame or want of opportunity; but the Spirit of God hath not one plant there."

## NEW YORK MORALS.

The Secretary of the New-York Tract Society, the Rev. Lewis R. Jackson, publishes each year what may be termed the moral statistics of our city.—Those of 1873 have just appeared, and tell a story which may well excite thinking. The population of New-York is 942,242, divided into 175,400 families, and living in 64,029 houses. This makes an average of more than two families and a half, or fourteen persons, to each dwelling. Of the whole number of inhabitants, 523,198 are natives of the United States, and 419,094 are from foreign countries. Of the natives, a considerable proportion are children of foreigners. The valuation of city property is \$1,104,098,087, and the city taxes are \$30,000,000 a year. We spend \$3,000,000 per year on public education, and the same sum on our police, and \$7,000,000 (estimated) on amusements. This latter sum must be charged very largely to the strangers who fill the city in the fall and winter. Upward of 200,000 immigrants land at Castle Garden every year.

For the moral culture of this mixed population, we have 470 churches and chapels of all kinds, with accommodations for 350,000 persons, or over one third of the total population. There are 250 Protestant churches, with accommodations for a quarter of a million of worshippers. The Catholic churches, it must be remembered, have each several congregations on the Sabbath-day. The number of children in the city between the ages of five and fifteen is estimated at 200,000. We wish the number could be ascertained by an exact census. In the schools under the control of the Board of Education, there is an average attendance of 103,481 pupils; in the schools of all other kinds, there are supposed to be 35,000 more. This gives 138,481 school-going children for the city. Mr. Brace estimates the number of children in the city who go to no school at 40,000. Mr. Jackson at 10,000, which shows a very considerable disagreement between

these two gentlemen. Not until we have compulsory education can we have an exact census of the children of the city capable of going to school. We think it will be found that the number who either do not go to school, or go so irregularly as to derive no benefit from attendance, is far beyond the estimate of Mr. Jackson.

There are 7670 drinking-places in the city. The money spent in these is variously estimated. It is probably over \$30,000,000, or ten times the sum expended for public education. The number of crimes of violence is a little more than one for each drinking-place yearly, or, altogether, 7860. As to church-membership, the total of Protestant communicants in the city is 72,000. Catholics are church-members by baptism. When it is considered that New York is more a foreign than an American city, the odds against which earnest Protestant Christians contend are tremendous. Yet in no city in the world are there to be found more laborious and devoted Christians. With its magnificent resources, New York ought to be one of the most attractive of the great centres of the world. But drink and ignorance and overcrowding make it a city of sharp contrasts and most startling contradictions.—*The Methodist.*

## THE ANSWER OF A MARTYR.

"Do you not love your life, and your wife and your children, and will you not recant for all these?" said an inquisitor, in the times of the Netherland persecution to a poor schoolmaster, who had been arrested for Bible reading.

"God knows," answered the poor schoolmaster, "that were the earth a globe of gold, and the stars all pearls, and they my own, I would give them all to have my wife and children with me, though I must live on bread and water and in bondage; yet neither for life, nor children, nor earth, nor stars, can I renounce Jesus, my Redeemer."

Was the heart of the inquisitor moved. He only racked his victim until he died."

## WAITING FOR POWER.

"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."—LUKE xxiv. 49.

How strange that command must have seemed at first to the disciples! The world perishing, the only message effectual to stay sinners from destruction—the Gospel; the Divinely-commissioned agents to preach the Gospel to the world—these men; and yet they were to tarry. Yes, and one of the most important duties, both for them and for the world, was their tarrying in the city of Jerusalem. They were not yet baptized with the Spirit of power; they were not yet prepared to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Persecutions would have frightened them, fatigue would have disheartened them. Their first duty was to "tarry" for "power."

How useful is it to tarry, that we may by waiting upon God be prepared for work! If it were always daylight we should soon become blind. The ceaseless glare would dim our vision, and would waste the strength of our bodies. We should quickly droop and die. God mercifully sends the night, and the darkness wraps us in its reviving embrace; so that when, with a trumpet-call, the light flashes in at our windows in the morning, we are prepared to go forth with new courage and strength to the duties of the day. We must wait and rest through the night, or we shall not have power for work in the morning. Even so we must very often wait in prayer, and meditation, and heart-searching exercises, in order to receive power to work for Jesus. We must "tarry until" the power comes. The reason why so much work for God is done with so little success, is often to be found in the fact that the worker has not first tarried for power. When Jacob tarried, and got the power as the morning broke upon his wrestling form, he went forth with calm assurance to meet that incensed and warlike brother. He who had power with God had no need to fear man. And when we receive power, we may go forth and work

with much success. How instructive to remember the record given by Barnabas, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord." Acts xi. 24.

Said a beloved brother in the Lord to me some time ago, "I sometimes know before I begin a service that good will be done at that particular time. I obtain the answer first, and then I go with confidence as to the result."

"Have you never been disappointed when such an impression has been made on your mind?"

"Never! The Holy Ghost could not create such an impression, and then fail to fulfil the expectation thus excited."

O! for more waiting upon God until the power comes. Unlike the warfare of earth, in our warfare under Jesus' command we may ever have the victory before we go into the conflict. Then why not? A soldier had better go into the battle without preparatory drill, than that a Christian should go to work for God without first tarrying for power. The consequences would not be so momentous.

"Lord, we believe to us and ours  
The apostolic promise given;  
We wait the Pentecostal showers,  
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven."

*King's Highway.*

The Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do while he remains it, but the world living in him.—*Baxter.*

Chastisement is not in heaven, because there there is no amendment. It is a companion of those that in the way and of them only. Divine love and chastening are inseparable.—*Dr. Owen.*

When you cannot see how you are "to get along," visit a few of your sick or poorer neighbors, and then come back and try again. If it does not seem to work well, repeat the presentation, taking with you some little delicacy or comfort.

## EDITORIAL.

### BUY THE TRUTH.

That is a remarkable exhortation of the wise man, *Buy the truth, and sell it not*. At first view it may look as if truth is not to be sold; that it is not a marketable commodity. But the more we look into this command, the more we shall see its appropriateness and importance.

Truth is not to be bought directly with money. There is no mart where it is sold, as merchandise is sold. It is not to be had in packages like cloth, nor in covers like books. It cannot be stored in our purse, like gold, nor in our heads, like learning. Truth is never ours until it has been transferred from the intellect to the conscience, the affections, and the will. It is the crown-jewel of the soul.

Though not obtained by money, it is not secured without an equivalent. It does not come unsought. Weeds will grow without cultivation. Let them alone, they thrive. It is so with error. It requires no pains to have the mind overrun with it. But truth, like the good seed sown in your garden, must not only be planted, but cared for. Thus *truth is bought at the expense of indolence*. Sluggards, like driftwood, float with the current. Look at the long list of reformers through whose advocacy of the truth the world has been blessed in all ages! Not one indolent man is to be found among them! They differ in many respects, but they all agree in this—they were working men. They sacrificed ease and self-indulgence for truth. The same price must be paid for truth to-day. He who would find it must search for it with diligence.

*Truth is bought at the expense of present reputation*. He who courts popularity will never win the truth. She is jealous of her suitors and ever demands an undivided homage. Her votaries are few; but select. The number who appreciate devotion to the truth is exceedingly small. In their natural state, *men love darkness rather than light: because their deeds are evil*. They hate those who bring the light to bear upon their actions. Prophets are men who

stand upon the mountain-tops and catch the first beams of the coming light. The question is as appropriate now, as when first asked, *Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?* Christ was truth incarnate. *I am the way, the truth, and the life*. Yet he was crucified by the professed lovers of truth. If you follow HIM, you, too, will be crucified to the world. Men who admire your sincerity will pity your lack of worldly wisdom, and express the greatest regret that you should throw away your influence. They will heap opprobrious epithets upon you, until your friends will forsake you, and help in increasing the clamor against you. Yet do not despair. Truth will ultimately prevail, because *God is its author, and He has undertaken to secure its final triumph*.

*"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are his."*

If you stand by her you shall share in its final triumph. But if you are weak and vacillating, and *sell the truth*, as so many do, for peace and popularity, you shall have your reward, but it will not be that which truth bestows upon her votaries. It will be unsatisfactory in its nature, and temporary in its duration.

You had better be right and be alone, than be wrong and have the whole world with you. You will enjoy more happiness as you go along, and will come out infinitely better in the end.

Sincerity is no substitute for the truth. God does not accept it as such, either in nature or in grace. The Captain who supposes himself safe out at sea, when he is, in reality, approaching unseen rocks, just as surely wrecks his vessel as though he did it on purpose. But men *are not sincere*, who will not examine the truth, which is commended to their consciences in the sight of God; or who, when it is seen, will not embrace it because their adherence to it would occasion them the loss of money or friends. They lack the very first element of sincerity—*honesty before God*. They love a gilded lie more than they do the rugged truths. They deceive themselves to their eternal undoing. Remember that among those who have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone is, *Whosoever loveth or maketh a lie*.

## POPULAR CAMP MEETINGS.

That the popular Camp-meetings, got up for the three-fold purpose of making money, ministering to the love of pleasure, and promoting religion, must soon die out, does not need a prophets' vision to foresee. Christ has said, *Ye cannot serve God and Mammon*. The attempt has often been made: but the result is unvarying. Mammon always wins the day. God withdraws from any concern when it divides its allegiance. Where He cannot reign, He will not dwell. Those meetings, abandoned of God, will become so demoralizing in their tendency, that public indignation will be aroused against them and they will be abandoned altogether. We believe in Camp-meetings. They are, when got up from right motives, and when properly conducted, the means of doing a great amount of good. Many hear the Gospel preached at these meetings, who seldom or never hear it elsewhere. We are sorry to see them perverted to worldly purposes. Let men go elsewhere to make money. Let the truth of God be proclaimed so boldly and plainly, that the "lovers of pleasure more than the lovers of God" will either repent and be converted, or leave the ground in dismay. We clip the following from a recent number of the "New York Sun."

## WHAT SEA CLIFF IS.

Sea Cliff is not a bona fide camp meeting. The first idea is cottages and improvements, selling lots of land, and carrying on a hotel, and driving a business in the grocery and cookery store of the "Long Island Improvement Company." The second idea, or third or fourth, is camp meeting; camp meeting as auxiliary to the enterprise; as a nucleus to draw cottagers. "Sea Cliff" is an energetic attempt to blend the worship of God and Mammon, the principal energy being on the part of Mammon. Still, notwithstanding the dearth of sinners, in fact absolutely none who desire the pardon of their sins, Brother Coles said that in none of the national camp meetings had he been brought so near to Jesus as at this one. The brethren and sisters having been warmed up, much enjoyed the fellowship of saints.

After walking over the grounds repeatedly one finds one written order of exercises posted under the piazza of a cottage. The hotel or tabernacle affords no information of this kind to the stranger. Worldly notices are plentifully posted. "Pleasure boats to let; yachts, sail, row boats, by the hour, day or week." "Clam bake and fishing party, Friday, July 11; good fishing tackle and bait, \$1." "Rooms to let." "Lots for sale."

It is a pleasant spot, and if in the course of history the camp meeting is destined to death, it could not have a pleasanter place to die in than in the cottages of Sea Cliff.

## CAMP MEETINGS.

AT OIL CITY, PA.—The attendance was large, order excellent, and the meeting was, in every respect a success. The ease with which the expenses—necessarily large from the high price of everything in that locality—were met, was a surprise to every body. There were some very clear and marked conversions. Some obtained the blessing of either pardon or purity, at nearly every service. The work there is of a thorough, radical character. There is no effort to multiply converts by healing slightly. The conditions of salvation as found in the Gospel are laid down plainly, and insisted upon firmly. The Saints went home from this meeting girded anew for the conflict for truth.

## REJOICING IN HOPE.

The saints are a happy people. They are commanded to *rejoice always*. Things may go wrong:—there is no promise that they will not sometimes,—but the child of God must not cast away his confidence, nor be discouraged. When he cannot see anything in his present circumstances to make him happy, he is commanded to *rejoice in hope*. To anticipate the victory, aids materially to gain the victory. When the Israelites gave one general shout, the walls of Jericho fell. To smile at Satan's rage, disarms it of its terror and often puts him to flight. So keep the rejoicing spirit. Bless the Lord at all times. When you seem to have nothing at all to rejoice in, you may still *rejoice in hope*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## DYING TESTIMONY.

JOHN MCNEES, aged 70 years, died on the morning of the 14th of Feb., 1875, at his residence near Holland, Lucas Co., Ohio.

This aged brother experienced religion thirty-five years ago among the Methodists. The favor of God came with power, and the people knew what salvation accomplished. He remained a member of the church of his youth until five years ago he joined the Free Methodist Church, and remained firm until summoned home in a fairer world.

One peculiarity marked his departure from the shores of time. It is said by some that by observing closely until death, you can, by word or expression, determine the destiny of the dying. This brother's disease was of such a nature that he was in a stupor until the close of life. When just upon the verge of eternity, too far away to converse with earthly friends, he awoke to a sense of his departure, when instantly his countenance was lit up with joy, and a pleasing and delightful emotion played upon his every feature as he looked about the room, indicating the presence of a welcomed convoy which was to bear his spirit to its future residence.

C. S. GITCHELL.

## LOVE FEAST.

MRS. JULIETTE HILL.—My soul exults in God my Saviour. He is giving me glorious victories. Bless his name. He is causing me to triumph through his precious grace. The storm is raging. Oh how thankful I feel to God for his great condescension in letting me have his Christ for a sure foundation whereon I may build and feel assured that this rock nothing can undermine. Oh, sure foundation!—I find a calm, a sure retreat, beneath thy blood-bought mercy-seat. My soul is kept in perfect peace. No strength of my own or goodness I claim; my strength is made perfect in weakness. I reach forth by faith and draw around me the robe of Christ's righteousness. His blood avails

for me. It washes, it cleanses, and makes me whiter than snow. Oh, what love hath my Saviour bestowed upon me! My unworthy soul cries out, What am I that thou art mindful of me, or that thou shouldest visit me? Oh, that all would taste and see how good the Lord is and be saved with the power of an endless life!

Gibson, N. Y.

MARY S. BILLS.—My testimony is, I enjoy real Bible salvation,—am living to please God; feel shut up in Him,—covered up—safely kept,—hid away. O, how sweet to enjoy God! O, the vanities of this world, they are all under my feet. I'm running, yes, running for a crown. Such joy,—O, such glory! I'm blessed,—I'm in the furnace, but I shall come forth as gold. Yes, yes, O, I love the cross! I'll bear it for Jesus' sake, although envy, and jealousy, and evil eyes, and unruly tongues seem to be doing their best. I am so kept by the power of God from all these outward foes, and expect to be so kept, that their ghastly forms will shrink back in astonishment; while I stand forth a monument of the amazing mercy of God, kept by His power. How unsearchable are his riches. This world is left behind, far in the rear. O the unutterable joy that bursts into my soul while I write! I seem to run with wings. Why, just a glimpse of the things I left back in Egypt, sets me moving more earnestly for God, and when I see others reaching out, just a little, desiring to have just a little of this world, I feel they need another application of the blood to work a perfect cure. O, I love the idea of being thoroughly saved. It pays. I believe my Father will keep my feet from sliding for I shall do his commandments through the strength which God supplies. Pilgrims pray for me.

J. C. NORTON.—I reckon myself to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Have undergone the death throes, and have been resurrected to newness of life, to walk in white. "Being made free from sin, I have become the servant of righteousness."

S. A. BROWN.—Your book has done me a great deal of good. Three years ago I received clearly the blessing of justification, although I have been trying since a child to live religious. A short time after I was convinced that it was wrong to wear jewelry, flowers, or any foolish dress. I tried to reason the case, but the more I reasoned, the deeper my convictions were. I praise God to-day that I have no taste for foolish dress. After reading your book I found there was more for me, but I never got so earnest about seeking till last winter, while engaged in attending a protracted meeting which lasted three months. During this time I became much interested in seeking the blessing of holiness. I had been seeking about a month, when at a prayer meeting at a private house, on the evening of the 10th of February, God for Christ's sake, cleansed me from all sin. I never shall forget the day, place and hour I received that blessing. O how God is blessing me while I write. I wish I could tell the flow of love and peace that runs through my soul. Praise God, O my soul, for he is precious to me. I am sinking deeper in his love all the time. The more I talk and think about what God has done for my poor soul, the happier I get. I praise God for this hungering and thirsting after righteousness. I praise God that I am drinking from the fountain. Praise the Lord, O my soul. I never close my eyes to rest at night but I close them thanking God for his kindness to me. The Lord is my Shepherd.

*Bowen, Ill.*

MRS. HELEN P. CLARK.—I belong to God, soul and body, to do his will. I have enjoyed religion for eight years. It was eight years ago last January since I gave my heart to God. At the very first meetings held by brother Bishop and Jones, in the town of Exeter, God for Christ's sake, gave me a new heart. I have been serving Him ever since, and have tried by His assisting grace to walk in all the light. I do not say that I have never been tempted or tried. I have waded through some sore trials, but praise the name of Jesus, they worked together for my good. I shall do

my Master's will, praise His name forever. I feel more encouraged than ever since the Camp-meeting that was held here the 11th of June, for the good Lord saved some souls here in this little village of Waltz, some who are really in earnest to get to heaven, and do all they can to persuade others to go there too. It was only two months ago that I moved here, and Oh! how my heart was pained, to see souls after this world and its goods, but it seemed none wanted Jesus. Now we have a prayer meeting twice a week, and I think the work has not stopped, but will go on.—Bless the Lord, I am all the Lord's,—have all on the altar,—am going through on the narrow track. Amen.

M. C. HARPER.—I am in the narrow way and doing the very best I can. Jesus is precious to my soul, glory to His name. His blood cleanses me from all sin. I started in this good way last winter; I have not regretted it yet. I am going through. I have persecutions and trials to contend with. By the help of God I shall come off conqueror and wear the crown at last. I am walking in all the light that the Lord lets shine. I thank God, my way grows brighter and brighter. I am putting my trust in the Lord daily and hourly,—bless his name forever. I know the Lord is blessing me now while I am writing. Praise the Lord! Pray for me pilgrims that I may hold out to the end.

*Montcalm Co., Mich.*

MRS. SOPHIA CHILDS.—It has occurred to me that some of the pilgrims in my former home.—Western New York, would be very glad to know how I am getting along spiritually. Never in my experience has the light shone right along more clearly, than since the first of last October. And, dear pilgrims, I know now, as I did when among you, that it requires all, all on the altar in order to be in the clear light. Still I'm dissatisfied with myself. I seek a closer walk with God. I'm working for the Master as He opens up my way. Followers of Jesus, bear me to the throne of grace.

*Geneva, Kansas.*