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SIMPLICITY.

Extremes meet. The same word, in the course of time, sometimes comes around with a meaning exactly contrary to that which it had when it first started. Thus the word "prevent," which now means "to hinder," once meant "to assist." The word simplicity, sometimes used as akin to folly, in its better sense implies sincerity, singleness of character, probity, frankness, freedom from all guile, and from all artifice and dissimulation. Thus the Apostle says, *For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not in worldly wisdom, but by the grace of God we have had our conversation in the world.*—2 Cor. i. 12.

There should be simplicity in our purposes and motives. He who aims at the same time, at two objects in opposite directions, will hit neither. *Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.* If God is our master we shall not seek to please the world. If the world is our master we shall make no honest efforts to please God. There is no harmony between them. No reconciliation has ever been effected between Christ and Belial. Whoever adheres to the one will oppose the other. The effort to secure the glories of Heaven, and at the same time enjoy the riches and honors of this

world, can but result in a disastrous failure. *Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.*—Jas. iv. 4. Never was a saint a millionaire. Never was a millionaire a saint. Men who get rich aim at getting rich. They live for that. To this one purpose their thoughts and their energies are directed. They make their tastes, their friendships, their pleasures, all yield to this one engrossing object of pursuit. Men who get to Heaven aim at getting to Heaven. To this great object they deliberately consecrate their lives. The highest earthly interests must yield to this. To this, when necessary, the dearest friendships are sacrificed. Every thing is made to contribute to the securing of this, the great end of existence. Nothing is allowed to divert their attention from the work to which they have consecrated their lives. Every one who gets through to Heaven is a man of one pursuit. With Paul he can say, *This one thing I do.*

This simplicity of purpose begets simplicity of life. This is manifested not in one way merely, but in every way. There is no double dealing in business. There is no praying for the salvation of souls, and then, for the sake of making money, helping them down to hell in the ordinary avocations

of life. No business is engaged in, no matter how profitable, that is naturally demoralizing in its tendency. God never compels his servants to work for the devil. The business selected is not only proper in itself, but it is carried on upon Christian principles. Crooks and turns, artifices and misrepresentations are avoided. Everything is done in a straight-forward manner. No cunning devices are employed. All is conducted upon principles of the strictest integrity.

Where there is simplicity of spirit, there will be simplicity in the dress and in the manners. It cannot be otherwise.

The inward disposition manifests itself in the outward conduct. Nature is true to herself. He who has no guile, seeks no disguises. If the desire to please God predominates in the heart, the dress will not proclaim that its wearer is making a strenuous effort to gain the admiration of men. It will be plain and unostentatious. The manners will be simple and unaffected. There will be no putting on of airs—no affected tones, no aping of gentility. There will be a naturalness that will make others feel at home in their society.—Nothing will be assumed, to produce the impression that one is rich, or cultivated, or refined, or of high social position.

This simplicity is essential to our stability. Double-mindedness is opposed to simplicity. But, *a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways.*—Jas. i. 8. Sometimes he is devout, and again he is worldly. He cannot depend upon himself, and others cannot depend upon him. His position is uncertain. Such will never be cured, until they deliberately and firmly, and forever settle it

that they will be men of one business. They must give up the effort to serve God and Mammon. He who would be true to Christ, must not seek to be on good terms with His enemies. He who would withstand the fury of the waves, must plant both feet firmly on the rock.

It is essential to our usefulness.—Complicated machines are liable to get out of order. Those professed Christians who are wanting in simplicity, will seldom be found ready for work. When they attempt it, there is quite likely to be friction. Pride in the speaker has a tendency to throw the hearer upon his dignity. Notice it where you will, those who exert a controlling influence over their auditors speak with simplicity.

Without this, but little progress can be made in the divine life. If there is any growth in grace it will be slow indeed. If we would grow in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, we must sit constantly at his feet. Men who attain perfection in the sciences, devote themselves to some special branch, to which they give their energies. The learned astronomer is not skilled in the law. The lawyer is not familiar with the details of surgical science. He who would excel, has his specialty to which he consecrates his strength.

If you would attain to perfection in the Christian character, you must give to this your study and your time.—There must be a simplicity of intention manifest to all, and which enters into all the transactions of life. You must seek *first*—that is, chiefly—the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in doing good.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY WM. FELL.

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. xx. 11-15.

"These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must shortly be done. Behold I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book."—Rev. xxii. 6-7.

God cannot lie. His words are immutable, and must certainly be fulfilled. At that day, all who are not saved will discover, to their eternal sorrow, that God was true, and the devil a liar. Every curse that God has pronounced upon the wicked will surely be poured out upon them with fearful fury. "Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous about him. He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people. And the heavens shall declare his righteousness: for God is judge himself."—Psalms, l, 3-6. Oh! what a terrible sight will this be. To the saved it will be fearfully grand, and glorious beyond description; but to the wicked it will be tribulation and anguish. The cup of their misery will be full. No indifferent spectator looking on and wondering what it means. Ah no, all will be intensely concerned. "The great white throne," august and formidable, is erected. How beautiful! Man never beheld such a sight before. Ah, this is the throne of the "King of kings and Lord of lords," and before which all earthly monarchs and potentates must stand. The beauty and sublimity of this sight will so terrify the wicked, that they will try and hide their faces for shame. The very earth and heavens flee away at the presence of the "King of glory." What a sight! He

who was cradled in a manger is now the "Judge of the quick and the dead:" from a state of extreme poverty He is exalted to the highest position in the universe, and is "crowned with glory and honor." Angels and archangels stand before him, and ten thousand times ten thousand of these celestial spirits minister unto Him, saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."—Rev. v. 13. See the countless millions of beings as they stand before His terrible presence; people of every kindred and tongue under heaven, those who have slept for ages in their graves come forth at the sound of the trumpet, "they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." All are intensely concerned now: for this is the day that is to determine the eternal destiny of all mankind. What terror and anguish seize their guilty souls as the past looms up before them. Conscience leaps to her throne, and mercy returns again. Every act that was committed contrary to the law of God was registered in heaven, and also by the finger of conscience, so that every human being kept a complete index of his own life. Oh! the horrible sight; little did they think that such fearful deeds would come to light again, and that, too, in the presence of the whole universe. O no!—conscience slumbered for years, but when the "voice of the archangel and the trumpet of God" sounded, she awoke again, and every act, every idle word, and every deed that was ever committed comes before them as fresh as ever. Gladly would they break away from the fearful sight, and especially from the dreadful presence of the Judge; but it is impossible. Eternal justice holds them fast, and the sword of vengeance glitters in the sunbeams of God's eternal wrath. They slighted his mercy, but now they have to face His justice; they refused to come to Him when He invited them, and now they have to receive their terrible sentence. All be-

lieve there is a God now, they cannot doubt the existence of a Supreme Being any longer, the great question is settled forever; and "every knee must bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

All doubts with regard to the existence of a Devil vanish forever, for there he stands, "the Prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." See the crested monster, as he stands trembling before the Judge he fought against, the King of glory, and tried to frustrate His beneficent designs. And though he succeeded in persuading many to follow him, yet he is led forth by a mighty archangel, with all his followers, to receive the awful sentence of the Judge. "And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, He hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."—Jude 6. See the dreadful host as they are led forth by the mighty angels of God, they know the fearful doom that awaits them, and are trembling under the awful wrath of an offended God. "Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.—Ps. xc. 11. Men scoffed and made light of these things, but now they see, to their eternal horror and surprise, that it is a fearful reality. See the false prophets and priests as they stand trembling before God. What a sight! "They stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," and "put light for darkness and darkness for light:" there they stand with hands dripping with the blood of souls. They made merchandise of precious souls, and used the Saviour as a capital. Shame and confusion seize them, and eternal vengeance awaits them. No one recommends them to mercy now. The Virgin Mary and the Saints are of no avail. All their hypocrisy and deceit are exposed to the public gaze of an assembled universe. The mother of harlots, the whore of Babylon, the mystery of iniquity, is to 'drink of the wine of the wrath of God

which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation."—Rev. xiv. 10. Oh! fearful doom; surely our "God is a consuming fire." There stands the minister who claimed to be called of God, but who loved the praise of men more than the honor that cometh from God. Trembling and pale he sees his flock gazing at him with horror and dismay, wondering why he did not deal faithfully with their souls. He preached for filthy lucre, and not for the love of souls, and branded those who were in earnest to save their souls as fanatics. Carnal professors watched with eager eyes the earnest follower of Christ, and predicted his downfall, but God was able to keep him even unto the end. The soft, delicate, silk-gloved preacher found out, that to play up religion would not stand the test of the judgment fires, and that God and heaven were in earnest, and that Christ did not suffer and die to be mocked by hirelings. This is the day of all days. All other days are merged in this one great and terrible day. The affairs of all mankind are to be determined forever. There stand the lawyer, the quack, the merchant, the judge, the farmer, the brewer, the distiller, skeptic, infidel and atheist. All their dishonest deeds and acts are dragged to the blazing light of God's eternal justice. Ah, they discover now, "that custom was no excuse for sin," that to defraud, to cheat, to lie and steal was no trifling matter. Great men, mighty men, and noble men stand there, the same as the servant and the serf. All have the same chance; the poor slave that was flogged at the post faces his master; the hard working man that was ground down by the rich, and his wages kept back, stands on an equal footing with him. On the right stands the faithful man of God, with the heavenly smile of triumph on his face, and a glorified body most magnificent to behold, an image of the lovely body of our Saviour. Oh! what grandeur and glory shine forth on every side. Men loved excitement, and here it is. Music! The sublimest strains that ever struck upon the ear of mortal are heard.

Ah, man has had his day, and now God is having his; what a change! Truly the apostle understood it when he said, "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory:" and again, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

Christ, the King of glory, acknowledges His followers before His Father and the holy angels, and will bring forth the dazzling crowns of life, and put them on the heads of His children. Here is honor worth having, and it is as lasting as eternity. All praise and glory to the Lamb forever! Oh! how sweet it is to have a friend now that can help you in the midst of such terrible times, while nature is being convulsed, and the world wrapped in a winding-sheet of fire. O, what a sight! Cities, kingdoms and continents are deluged in the fiery flame. Here is a sight that God's dear children can behold, and not be alarmed. They are safe. Yes, eternally safe! Glory to God in the highest! Their hearts swell with increased love and admiration for God, when they see what He has saved them from. Christ the King of glory turns to them with a smile of heavenly sweetness, and says, "Come to me, ye blessed of my Father, and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."—Matt. xxv. 34-41. Oh! what shrieks and groans pierce the air as these words drop upon their ears. Mercy has forever gone, and fear and consternation seize them as the vestige of hope leaves. Oh God, how terrible are thy judgments; see them, as they are driven far away to the left. Behind them the terrible thunders of God's red-hot wrath bursts upon them. Before them is the awful gulf of everlasting despair. They see the horrible abyss as they approach the edge, and oh! what a sight! A real lake of fire bla-

zing up, and lashing its angry waves with fury against the walls of black damnation. They are driven headlong into this bottomless pit of everlasting misery, "where there shall be weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Dear reader, these awful scenes will be witnessed by thine eyes, and the day is not far distant, according to God's own word. Take warning in time and be wise, seek Jesus Christ at once and settle this great matter between God and your soul. Attend to this above every thing else, there is nothing of importance but this. Life is short, time flies and the Judge is near at hand. Therefore, "prepare to meet thy God." Amen.

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.

SINS OF TRADE.

"But so did not I, because of the fear of God."—Neh. v. 15.

That the Christian religion has to do with trade and business, and ought to control all its proceedings, many freely acknowledge; but this does not seem to be always acknowledged in the world. There is a common proverb which, if it is understood in its first and most obvious sense, might seem to directly deny the possibility, or at least desirableness, of such direct connection of religion with business,—I mean the proverb, "Business is business, and charity is charity." No doubt, a sense may be given to these words in which they would be true. In some respects, it may be said that business and charity must be governed by distinct laws, and have in view distinct objects. But if the proverb is taken, as I fear it sometimes is, to justify the deliberate keeping out of view, during the practice of business, of all considerations but those of trade and self-interest, the suppression for the time of the instincts of generosity and self-sacrifice, and the placing of the ruler of life in the hands of naked selfishness as the ruling power, it does then come into conflict with the elementary principles of the Christian religion.

The subject of which I now wish to speak is, Sins of trade and commerce.

Now the great and principal spring and fountain-head of such sins is covetousness. And the strength and vehemence of the expressions used by our Lord, and by all the inspired writers against this sin, are as great as against any sin whatever. Thus our Lord, speaking of the things which, "coming out of a man, defile him" in the sight of God, enumerates some of them as follows:—"From within, out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceits, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these things come from within, and defile the man."—Mark vii. 21-23. Here we find covetousness

associated with some of the greatest of all sins—with murder, adultery, and the like.

Again, St. Paul, in Colossians iii. 5, says, "Mortify your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry; for which things' sake the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience."

In another place (1 Tim. vi. 9, 10), specifying more closely the dangers of this sin, he says, "They that will be rich"—(it may be noticed that it is to the *mind*, the *will* to be rich, not the *possession* of riches, that he attaches his warnings)—"fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money"—(here again it is the *love* of it that is condemned)—"is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

One of the psalms speaks of "the covetous whom the Lord abhorreth."—Ps. x. 3. And St. Paul warns the Corinthian Christians, "If any that is called a brother"—a Christian—"be covetous, or an extortioner, with such an one, no, not to eat."—1 Cor. v. 11.

Other equally severe passages might be gathered out of the Word of God, affixing to the sin of covetousness the brand of God's greatest anger.

Are there not numbers who honor men just in proportion as they are rich? who speak of a man with serious wonder and admiration, simply and only because he has so many thousands a year, with scarcely any reference to the manner in which that wealth was acquired?

The state of mind which thus idolizes mere wealth for its own sake is, it cannot be denied, precisely that against which our Lord warns us when He says, "Take heed and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."—Luke xii. 15.

And it is certainly one of the strangest of all instances of that great power of self-deception and unconscious hypocrisy which exists in our nature that such a habit of mind should be possible in one who calls himself and believes himself to be a Christian—a follower of Him who on earth was pleased to be one of the poorest of the poor; who, while “foxes had holes and the birds of the air nests, had not himself where to lay his head.” They call themselves by His name: they sing, it may be day by day, in Church the words, “Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ,” and yet out of the Church, and in common life, they will despise a brother-man, however good and noble in character, simply because he is poor and has been unsuccessful in the competitions of trade; and bow down in sincere admiration and envy before a successful Herod or Barabbas, a Nimrod or Napoleon.

This, doubtless, is one principal way in which covetousness is idolatry, and makes of money its god.

Secondly, the love of money is manifestly idolatry whenever men are willing for its sake in any way deliberately to sin.

The subject is enormous. I can but take a few of the commonest and most glaring instances.

Take first the sin of *falsehood* in trade. Consider the words of inspired men on deceit in general in the pursuits of business and commerce. For instance, take these words of one of the greatest of those noble witnesses for God and justice, the ancient Hebrew prophets—the prophet Jeremiah:—“Among my people,” says the voice of God by him, “are found wicked men; they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap; they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit; therefore they are become great and warren rich.”—Jer. v. 26, 27.

Or this from the shepherd Amos:—“Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, When will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn?

or the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat? making the ephah small, the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit, that we may buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes; yea, and sell refuse for wheat? The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob, Surely, I will never forget any of their works. Shall not the land tremble for this, and every one mourn that dwelleth therein?”—Amos viii. 4-8.

How like is human nature in all time! How many clever contrivances are there still in all trades and in all professions for “making the ephah small and the shekel great”—the measure with which men *sell* as small, and that with which they *receive payment* as large as possible, so “falsifying the balances by deceit!”

And how many ways are there still, in all trades and in all professions,—I am far, indeed, from excepting my own,—of “selling refuse for wheat,” adulterating whatever is sold, calling things good which are known to be worthless, even consciously doing work ill, and yet taking the full pay for it, in hope that it may not be detected; so indeed “laying wait, as he that setteth snares, setting a trap and catching men!”

In saying these things, I am very far from charging such guilt upon men of any one class or kind of occupation.—In every occupation in life, there are innumerable ways of incurring it.

We can all easily contrive methods by which to receive large “shekels” of salary, and yet give very poor “ephahs” of labor in return—poor in amount, poor in quality too.

Doubtless many of us of the clergy give but a shabby ephah of effort in return for our salaries, and sell very poor “refuse” in the place of that “wheat” of God, which we are commissioned to distribute.

So then, having thus placed myself before you as a fellow-sinner—to what degree let God judge—I proceed to lay before you specifically some of these sins of trade and money-making; specially falsehood and deceit.

“Such falsehoods,” as a Nonconform-

ist minister, the author of a good book called "Religion and Business," has said, "are all these arts by which one thing is exhibited in the window and another sold in the shop, and a false appearance given to things. Such also," he continues, "are all pretences when known to be false, or at least not altogether true, of 'special bargains,' 'amazing sacrifices,' 'cheapest houses,' and the like."

No man can use any such practices without leaving stains upon his conscience, and lowering slowly and gradually, it may be, but steadily and surely, the standard of his honor, the moral tone of his whole life.

But besides sins of deceit in trade, there are also innumerable sins of unkindness, selfishness, thoughtlessness of others' good.

There is a singular and terrible passage in Revelation xviii. 12, 13, in which the condition of the mystical Babylon, as it is in the sight of God, is described. After it has been said, that "her sins have reached unto heaven," and that "God hath remembered her iniquities," the divine voice goes on to speak of her commercial life and commercial dealings. Mention is made of the many kinds of merchandise in which she dealt, as "the merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones," and other similar things; and then it concludes, "and of beasts and sheep and horses, and chariots and slaves and souls of men"—or, as it is in the margin, "bodies and souls of men."

O my brethren and friends, is it not, I ask you, too true that oftentimes in the midst of the restless, eager activities of our own commerce, among the things that are truly "made merchandise of" are "the bodies and souls of men"? are not their best and highest interests sacrificed, trodden under foot, for the sake of money-making?

Such sins are those—and their name is legion—by which the strong and the rich take advantage of the weakness of the poor; or clever men of the world, well acquainted with the law, and with the weaknesses of men, overreach the

ignorant and short-sighted, so as to make money by them unfairly, "grinding the faces of the poor," as it has been expressed, carrying on transactions with them in buying and selling, in letting and hiring, on principles totally different from those which would guide them in dealing with the rich and powerful, the discerning and instructed.

Have the courage and manliness to be poor—contented with, and even proud of, poverty, if it is necessary for noble purposes, or for keeping clean hands. After all, consider, if you lost even *all* earthly property, would you have lost everything? Let miserable worldlings and mammon-worshippers think so, if they will; we are Christians, and have learnt a different philosophy of life, a heart set upon better objects. Are not the old words true, true for ever, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith?"—Prov. xv. 17.—yes, or than a stalled ox and the sense of dishonor, of having meddled with base things and sinned against God and man, against our own sense of honor and of justice.

How many wretched beings find that out, who, for instance, marry for money or pride, and without affection, "God gives them their desire, but sends leanness withal into their souls!"—Ps. cvi.

It is a great saying of a great man, St. Augustine, that "God created man for himself, and only in Him can he *rest*,"—the rest of true and eternal life giving satisfaction. Or, as a Christian poet of our own expresses the same truth in noble verse,—and may God give us grace and nobleness of heart to believe him—

"O Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art, of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown!
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

—Rev. W. H. Lyttleton.

If I were not penetrated with a conviction of the truth of the Bible, and the reality of my own experience, I should be confounded on all sides, from within and from without, in the world and in the church.—*Cecil*.

MY EXPERIENCE BEFORE MY CONVERSION.

BY F. W. ARNDT, STUDENT OF CHILI SEMINARY.

When I think over my past condition, and bring to my mind that dark and miserable world, out of which the good Lord has brought me, and then consider my present state of existence, I am constrained to exclaim, "Oh, wonder! that I ever was saved.

In the year 1871, I left my home in Wisconsin and went to Iowa. I stopped in a place named Osage, where I hired out to a man, H. K., a member of the M. E. Church. There I was persuaded to join the church on probation, which I did.

I was a professor of religion, and knew the doctrines of faith in my head—that is, so far as pertains to the mere letter, and because their doctrine as well as the outward practices of their members differed but little with those of my church; therefore, having no inward knowledge in regard to a living faith, regeneration and holy living, I thought it but little consequence whether I belonged to one church or to the other, if I would only hold to the doctrines of *my* church. Although I broke my vow which I had made—namely, that I would be true to the Lutheran Church; but for the sake of having peace, I gave Bro. Norton my right hand, and thus became a Methodist in name.

Let me say right here, that I was then convinced, that any person with whatever doctrine *concealed* in his heart, could join them if such was his desire; because Bro. Norton knew not my opinions concerning salvation, for he had never conversed with me personally. I was often ashamed for the step that I had taken; and when I heard the testimony of a few that had actually experienced the new birth, I felt myself deceived, because I would swear, get angry, in fact I did all that was wicked—Satan being in my heart—while I was called "brother," so of course "a Chris-

tian;" and at the same time I knew that I was breaking the laws of morality—for swearing is certainly unbecoming to a moralist. I did not know at this time what conviction was; and if I had any convictions at all, they were drowned by going to the circus, Fourth of July, and the like, while my Christian guides were setting my example. This too, all agreed with my own doctrine, held by the Lutherans, in which I honestly believed—namely, I will be saved *with* my sins, for God is gracious. Thus I choked all my serious thoughts, if I had any, and covered myself with the cloak of carnal security. Let not, therefore, knowledge of the Bible or right judgment concerning the true or only way by which we may come to Christ, satisfy you; for I know that although you may place a train of cars on the track, with an engine in front, and give the signal to move, unless you put the fire in the right place to heat the water and raise the steam by which the engine is propelled, you will not accomplish your intended design.

Do you know the way of salvation? I could quote passages directly from the Bible that tell you plainly what to do. Have you studied theology? I studied from the time I was able to read up to this time. Have you been educated aright? I diligently attended the common schools of Prussia for eight years. In arguing on religion, I found but few equals. I had the confidence of my friends, that I was a good scholar; and the praise of the people, (after having made my confession and vow before a congregation of about two thousand people, because I answered every question, and the boldness in which I was trained to use myself,) that I would some day be a great orator, for I naturally have the gift of speech in my own language, and should undoubtedly have become such, had not my parents compelled me to hard labor on account of poverty. My teacher, Herr Mildebrat, wept bitter tears when I ended my education in that country.—He expressed himself in this manner: "Often when I have been discouraged,

so that hopes failed me in trying to teach you any more, (addressing the school,) Mr. Arndt would show the fruit of my labor, and thus cheer my fainting heart." The following words I shall never forget: "As you wander through the dark scenes of life, remember that His eye is watching you; in the dark days, as well as in the happy days, rely on God." In short, I had every encouragement to think that I was right.

I did not, during all this time, lift up one hearty prayer to God, but simply said the prayers that were taught me in my childhood, and often, till at last I forgot to say them. That I was justified I never doubted, though I often felt greatly condemned; but I did not know it at that time. I often feared—yea, I suffered—thinking that I might lose heaven at last. I say I did not doubt my acceptance with God, for the reason I held the doctrine that in the baptism, I had received the washing of regeneration or the new birth, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; and that I could, plainly speaking, not be a child of God, cleansed from *all* sin, but that I would remain a sinner—but not a servant of sin or a child of the devil—and that therefore I must partake of the Lord's Supper, to have my sins forgiven, and the minister to pronounce me pardoned. Such passages as insist on the necessity of holy living—that is, on the possibility of freedom from sin—I have always passed by unnoticed; so that I often wonder why I did not understand them, or realize the importance of them, as much as of those passages with which my belief was established.

The reader will forgive me for speaking so largely on this head. I do it to let the world know that I was deceived, and to let them know this as a warning, persuading them to be deceived no longer. I should like to speak more largely on this head; but may do so as God directs in some future time, for time and space do not allow me now.

When I joined the M. E. Church, I did indeed fall into a horrible pit, into the claws of hypocrisy, and into the clutches of Satan. I joined a church

that professes better things than at this time possessed; and because they did, I looked to them as examples. I shall not now describe all the details that occurred. Enough to say, I knew that they were my ruin temporally, and awfully deceived spiritually. Without boasting, I was in a good many respects better than they,—although I could not pray so eloquently, yet I did learn to qualify myself in learning prayers during the day, so as to say them at the time when they were called for. One night, I heard the remark made, "He can pray like a preacher." This, of course, encouraged me in my ignorance and hellish purposes, into which my soul had been led so deceitfully.

Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch? But the all-wise and good Lord found me out, and I was willing to be taught of Him. I can now burst out on account of the joy I feel: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! Thou hast lifted me out of an horrible pit, and hast placed my feet upon the Rock of Ages." Glory to God!

In the fall of the same year I was wonderfully converted to God, of which I shall speak hereafter.

HOLD ON, HOLD IN, HOLD OUT.

Hold on, my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only wins the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all,
Shall stand, though heaven and earth shall fall.

Hold in thy murmurs, heaven arraigning!
The patient see God's loving face:
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'Tis they that win the Father's grace;
He wounds himself who bears the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold out! There comes an end to sorrow!
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;

The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The Cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!

—Schmacks.

"HOLINESS AND CONVERSIONS."

Ten years ago, after the Lord had given my colleague and myself the blessing of perfect love, the following incident occurred. As is always the case when the preachers lead the way, quite a number of the members of the Church at the different appointments on the circuit, sought and found the same experience. Among the rest was a brother whose wife was somewhat skeptical in reference to the doctrine, and who, as she afterward stated, resolved to watch her husband and see how long it would last with him. After watching him a year, she came to the conclusion that he enjoyed something she did not, but needed, and, like a sensible and good woman as she was, she sought and found the same experience. She now began to feel a deeper interest in the conversion of her friends, and especially for her two brothers. As she prayed from day to day, her faith grew strong, until she declared they would come out in religion that winter, before going away in the spring, to engage in their summer employment as boatmen. She expressed herself very confidently, saying she "knew they would."

The winter had nearly passed away, and although many others on the circuit were brought in, these two men evinced no disposition to flee the wrath to come, notwithstanding special prayers and efforts were made in their behalf.

One Sunday morning I went to the appointment intending to preach a missionary sermon and take the annual missionary collection. As I rode along, I found my missionary sermon had left me, at which I wondered, as I had preached it not long before at another appointment, and had, as I thought, the outlines well in my mind, but not in my pocket, (where perhaps it would have been well to have had it also). After the opening hymn and prayer by a local preacher, in which God's presence was manifested, I announced the number of a missionary hymn, and then read the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah and the

second chapter of Acts. As I took the hymn-book to read the hymn, I was impressed to sing a different one, which we did. After singing, we kneeled again in prayer, and all were feeling to an unusual degree the presence of God, and yet everything quiet and solemn, the sister referred to, whose presence I had not before noticed, began in low and solemn, yet audible, tones to praise the Lord, and soon from praise proceeded to prayer. As soon as she commenced to pray, I felt as if a gentle finger had been placed upon my lips, and I ceased.

After a few moments' earnest prayer, she arose, and, going across the church, threw her arms about the neck of her elder brother and besought him with tears to come to Christ. By this time, all had risen from their knees and most of the congregation were in tears. The Holy Spirit, as I believe, said to me, "Go into the altar and give an invitation to come forward." For a moment I hesitated, as I thought that the people had come expecting preaching, and might not be pleased to have the meeting turned into a prayer meeting, and especially the principal leader and steward, as I knew him to be quite a stickler for propriety. And besides, there was the missionary collection, and it was nearly Conference time. But remembering that the meeting, and the missionary cause, and all the rest belonged to God, and calling to mind a truth he had burned into my soul months before, that "God understands his own business," I went into the altar and said, "Are there any here that want religion? if so, let them hold up their hand." The man with whom his sister was still pleading held up his hand.—Pointing to the altar, I said, "Captain, here's the place for you." He shook his head, declining to come. Turning to the members of the Church, I said, "Let us kneel down and ask God to help Captain H—— to come to this altar." And such praying, for about two minutes, I have seldom heard, when the Captain came trembling to the altar. Others desiring to seek pardon or purity were invited forward, and in a mo-

ment or two the spaces in or around it were filled; and such a meeting as we had I have never seen before or since, lasting from half past ten in the forenoon till after three in the afternoon, and continued again at night. Such displays of divine power as were manifested that day were glorious to witness and experience, and the recollection of which has cheered my heart hundreds of times in the ten years past. The results were, the conversion of the two brothers, and others, and the sanctification of a number of souls, and an impulse to the work of God in that region which is felt to this day.

One fact needs yet to be told. The day before this never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath, this sister was at her home alone, engaged in her domestic affairs. Opening the Bible she read a verse, which impressed her mind, and thinking it would afford subject for profitable meditation while about her work, she read it over several times for the purpose of committing it to memory.—While thus engaged, the Spirit of God came upon her in great power, and for some time, perhaps an hour or more, so absorbed and overwhelmed was she with the Divine presence as to be almost, if not quite, unconscious of every thing around, and entirely unable to continue the work in which she was engaged. So great was her joy that, having none of her own family at home to whom she could tell what great things God had done for her soul, she went to her neighbors and told them of the wonderful baptism she had received. The next morning—Sabbath—it was necessary for her to walk to meeting, if she went, and as the walking was unpleasant and the distance some two miles, it was suggested to her mind that she had better remain at home. Besides, it was suggested, “with this baptism upon your soul, you will do or say something foolish and extravagant.” But feeling that she must go, go she did, and the result was as has been stated.

Now for the explanation. The next day (Monday) the two brothers were going away to engage in their summer’s

work on the water, as they did. God had given (as I believe) his promise to this woman that the thing she had asked should be granted, namely, the salvation of her brothers before they went away. He had said to her, as He did eighteen hundred years before, to a suppliant woman who came to him in behalf of her child, “O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.” The last day had come, and he who has said, though the heavens and earth pass away, not one jot or tittle of his word should fail, to prepare her for her part of the work, sent the special baptism upon her on Saturday, and as my missionary sermon was a little in the way—speaking after the manner of men—he took that away from me, honored her faith, and glorified his own blessed name.

The missionary collection was not neglected, for about 3 p. m., as I was leaving, I requested two young sisters to act as collectors during the week, and the result was considerably more than we should have received in the church. Once more I said to myself, “I see God understands his own business,” and concluded to keep on preaching entire sanctification, after the Wesleyan style, as one way, and a very good one, too, of bringing about the conversion of sinners.—*Wm. Bramwell Osborn.*

LET US PRAY.

BY E. W. PETTYS.

I want to say to all, “Have a place to pray.” All will who enjoy religion. As a fish cannot live long out of the water, neither can a man or a woman enjoy religion without a secret place of prayer. When we get so that we do not love to be alone with God, we are in danger. To the real Christian, the closet is his breathing-place, the place where he gets pure air, fresh manna, directly down from God out of heaven. Can you stop a Christian from having secret prayer? Never while he enjoys religion. Will he say he has not got

time to pray? "I've got so much to do on the farm, or in the shop"? No, no; I trow not. God bless you, dear friend, I say the truth and lie not when I tell you that, after getting blest, you can do more work by far than if you had not got blest. Do you think a man knows less after having a talk with the Father, Son and Holy Ghost? Nay, verily. Why, bless your dear soul, everything goes well—you get more work done than you had planned to do. Don't you see the good Lord is in it? and "whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper." I knew a brother who got so blest, that one day as he went out into the field to cradle grain, the men wanted to know if he was crazy. He would commence when they did, then overtake them again, and they tried to keep up, but it was all in vain. He told them to pay no attention to him, for he was so blest he did not know what to do with himself. He did about three big days' work with ease.

Farmers, if you want to do big days' work, get blest of God. Please try this receipt. In haying time, the devil is after some farmers. He gets them in a great hurry—now it looks like rain—"I would get in that hay"—omit praying, of course. Away they go, just as fast as they ought to, and a little faster; smash goes down one of the wheels; soon it commences to rain, and they are very cross; they whip the horses—everything goes wrong; everybody is to blame but themselves. They go to the house—dinner is not ready, and they look cross enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two. Oh, if he had got blest at the family altar, he would not have been in such a hurry. He would not have drove so fast, and would have saved his wagon and hay. The best of all, he would have felt just as sweet as heaven all day long in his soul; yes, he would have praised God for the rain.

Another man gets up very early.—The sun is clear and bright. What a splendid hay-day we are to have to-day! He begins to get in a hurry. The devil says, "You had better go to mowing with your team right away; don't stop

to pray now,—you can get so much more hay down if you go right off to work now, you don't have such a hay-day very often now-a-days." He listens, and finally believes the devil is telling him the truth, and says, "Yes, I'll go right to work." For a while everything goes off nice; but after a while he gets in a fret. Away he goes, and in his haste he forgets a stump until he runs on to it and breaks his mowing machine. Then he has to go to town, and it takes him all day to get it mended. He has lost one of the best hay-days of the season, just because he forgets God, or would rather have the things of earth than the things of heaven. If he had prayed and got blest of God, he would not have been in such a hurry; and although the grass was high, he would have thought of the stump, and got down more hay, and have got it into the barn.

This is true. I knew a man to do just what I have written. Farmers, what if it is nice hay weather? "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." Give God the first chance and the first fruits, "So shall thy barns be full." It pays well to obey God and to keep his commandments. I once worked for a Methodist class-leader during haying. He used to always pray in his family. After a while he got in a hurry, and while he was praying and reading he would send his son and myself to grind the scythes—they mowed by hand in those days. I want to ask you. Do you think his children ever got religion? I tell you nay, verily. I bless God it is possible to have a summer religion—or to live religion in the summer time—gloriously possible.

True religion does not summer-kill—glory to God! It runs twenty four hours in the day, seven days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year.

What I say unto one, I say unto all, Pray, not say prayers, but pray.

The trials of the tempted Christian are often sent for the use of others, and are made the riches of all around him.

ABOUT WORK.

BY EMMA J. SELLEW.

There are no idlers among the real children of God. All who come under the authority of King Emanuel become directly earnest workers. This King is such a King of love, and so wins the hearts of His subjects, that their only desire is to make for their Lord a great and glorious name. Never, in any earthly kingdom, are the hearts of the ruled so bound up in that of the ruler; for love here prevails, and has predominance over every passion of the human soul, rendering each a willing and obedient servant. Here each has a work that no other can do, and so the work of no two are exactly alike. This all-wise King understands full well the capabilities of every one of His people, and appoints them their daily tasks.—All can not be foreign ambassadors, for then the vacated country would be the spoil of the enemy. Messengers are needed in their own land to make known to the people the commands and wishes of their Sovereign. But all can not be heralds, for the King hath need of stewards, and butlers, and some must till the land and sow the seed. The work necessary to be done is various, and so the occupations of most must be diverse.

When we become Christians, and promise to follow the meek and lowly Saviour, we should take up the cross He gives and not seek to find a lighter one. If we do not do our work, it will probably be left undone; and so we should cheerfully and heartily do the bidding of our Master, keeping in mind that the yoke is easy and the burden is light when borne in Jesus' strength.

No deed performed for the Saviour, however little talent is required for its accomplishment, is to be despised. We are told, if one but give a drink of cold water in Christ's name, he shall receive his reward. Though your labor for the salvation of souls is hidden from human eyes and known alone to God, toil on, if thus the Spirit leads, and you will, even in this life, be recompensed, and

in heaven will wear bright jewels, proportioned in number to your work.

God hears the earnest prayers you offer. He knows of your constant love, and the words of warning whispered in the ears of dying sinners, and all is recorded above. God created you and knows best how through you He may be glorified; and so be content to fill well your station, be it ever so lowly, and use every opportunity afforded in scattering seed, for you will at last reap a golden harvest.

Yet should you hear God's voice speaking to you as He did to Samuel of old, calling you in an especial manner to devote your whole time and energies to the work of soul-saving, in God's name go at it. Fear not to go bravely forward, leaning on your Saviour, and say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Delay not to consider what this one, or that one, may think of you. If you hear God's voice, it does not concern you if perhaps some do think that you are engaged in a work somewhat out of your sphere. There may be many to warn you lest you go too fast and take too active and too public a part in the work; but God knows best, and if you are humbly submissive to His will, He will lead you aright by His Spirit. Walk in the light as it shines on you, and do what God commands, even at the risk of your all. It is far better to lose friends, and all that the world calls good, than to fail of doing God's will. Let each and all do their work, and all will be well.

The Bible says, "Judge not," and "By their fruits ye shall know them." If we see souls saved to God, is it for us to complain of the manner or the means employed? Because conviction did not come as we expected, is it any the less conviction? If God blesses the labors of a brother or a sister, in any direction, dare we say that they are not called to do that work? Many are ready to find fault with the instrument used, but it would be much better to leave it with God to appoint, to the old and the young, to the man and the

woman, the work He sees they are fitted to perform. Let it not be said by any one to a harvester of souls, Thou shalt go so far, and no farther.

HIS SECRET.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

When Cary, the pioneer of Christianity in India, proposed his plans to his father, the reply was, "William, are you mad?" This discouraging response did not move him from his purpose. He kept on.

And when he at length reached his field of mission work, his obstacles were many and exceedingly great. When he found himself with no roof to shelter him, and without food for his invalid wife and his four children, he determined to go into the wilderness, build a hut, and live as did the natives. He did not weakly yield to discouragements.

He translated, or assisted in translating, twenty-seven versions of the Holy Scriptures, a task which required a practical knowledge of as many languages, or dialects.

Does any one marvel at these manifold labors, and ask the secret of their accomplishment by a shoemaker's apprentice? He tells us the secret in brief phrase. Disclaiming brilliant talents or unusual gifts, he said, "I can plod, I can persevere." With a heart firmly settled in the love of Christ, and cleaving to Him by faith, he had the patience which is the rare genius of the Christian worker.

Do we all understand this secret?—Are we all willing to work steadfastly and plod on patiently in the way which the Lord shows us? Are we fitful and unstable in our duties? Do we *abide* in Christ and persevere in keeping His commandments? Day by day we must let patience have her perfect work.—Thus we may be "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not."

RELIGION A WARFARE AND A WORK.

Religion is a service. It involves the double idea of love for God and love for man. "The true divine idea of religion is a life begotten of grace in the depths of the human soul, subduing to Christ all the powers of the soul, and incarnating itself in a patient, steady, sturdy service." And hence our Saviour has said, "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." It was in service such as this that Christ spent his days in this world. His motto was, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh in which no man can work." The same employment is to engage the hearts and hands of his disciples. Deeds, earnest deeds, for the glory of God and the good of man, are the only legitimate outgrowths of the renewed nature.

The man who supposes that religion means rest, in the sense of exemption from toil, has no conception of the nature of genuine religion. It is rest from the accusations of conscience, from the fear of wrath. It is rest in Christ as an all sufficient Saviour, in God as a gracious Father, rejoicing over the reclaimed prodigal, and in the assurance that the interests of the soul are forever secured. But it is work, constant, earnest, agonizing service. It is a battle that closes only with death—a race that has no end on this side of the grave—a warfare against sin and a work for God. "Go, work in my vineyard," is the command addressed by our Lord to every one who has been rescued from ruin by his grace. And every Christian should regard himself as permitted to live in this world for no other purpose than to do good among men; and thus push forward the gracious designs of God respecting our race.

For the consummation of these purposes of mercy, Christianity invokes the agency of every disciple of Christ. And while we should keep in view that

great truth, that the efficient cause of all our success is divine, we must ever remember that human instrumentality, according to the divine plan, is essential to securing these grand ends. This blending of the divine and human is a central thought in the plan of salvation. It is not through an angelical, but a human ministry that the word of salvation is to be borne to men, and yet, that word, thus conveyed, is powerless for good unless God infuses into it a convincing and saving power. It is not by introducing an innumerable company of angels into our world, but by employing redeemed men and women, that God proposes to establish and extend his kingdom, and yet, these toils of the discipleship accomplish nothing unless the increase comes from God. And hence the Scriptures constantly teach us, that while God works in us to will and to do, he also works through us, directing our toils, crowning our efforts with his blessing, and thus securing the enlargement of his kingdom. We are workers together with God. How important that we be up and doing! Calls for labor are borne to us upon the winds. Our duty is to heed them. May we have grace to do our work with fidelity!

—*South Western Presbyterian.*

HOW A CLERGYMAN WAS RUINED BY RUM.

The Rev. J. J. Talbott, once an Episcopal clergyman, then a victim of intemperance, and expelled from his diocese, but now reformed, lectured at Terre Haute, Ind., a few days since. We extract the following from the Journal's report of his address:

Though the words choke me, I am here to-night to say that every experiment of my life is that wine is a mocker, and that nothing is proof against the seductive siren. The mightiest and greatest intellects of the world are blasted by her stratagems. It found me in the ranks of those who press to battle for the right. I stood up nobly and freely, and my soul knew no burden. But the destroyer came, clothed

in the splendor of the sunlight,—in beauty that bewildered my senses, polluted my soul.

But you ask me how this ruin was wrought. First, by prescribed stimulants. Then, in that infernal delusion that moderate drinking was beneficial, came the habit of drinking wine at joyous occasions. I kept on; I fell; I laid aside the habiliments of Him who did only good, and wandered forth at the bidding of my own spell-bound will. I tell you, once put on the chains of strong drink, and you may flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, as I did, and the anger of God will follow you. I came home after years of wandering. At last the demon of delirium seized me, and the serpent of the still feasted on my quivering flesh.

For five days and nights I lay at the gates of hell. But He was pleased to drag me forth from the presence of the ghosts with whom I held such awful converse. I can now survey the field and measure the losses. The prime of my life was wasted. I had a high office and an unspotted character. This demon of wine dragged me down, and the drunkard's life was mine. I had means, but my riches fled. I had a beautiful home, but the demon entered, and the light faded from its halls. I had beautiful children, but this monster took their dimpled hands in his, and led them to the grave.

I had a wife, whom to know was to love. To-night she sits in misery, while I wander restless over the earth. I had a mother, whose chief pride was my life; but the thunder-bolt struck her too.—Years of work in the cause of the right may give back to these arms my loving wife. But O! what joy when I clasp in another world the hand of my mother. And thus I stood, and thus I stand to day, a husband without a wife, a father without a child—all swallowed up in the fearful maelstrom of drink!

I stand with scarce a friend on earth. O, drink of that bitter cup, and then ask me if I can paint in too high colors the picture of my despair—ask me if I hate the agent of my ruin. Hate it! I hate

the whole damning traffic. I would to God that every distillery in this nation were in flames! I would write on the glowing sky in letters black as their smoke: Woe, woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips!

CAREFULNESS.

BY MRS. JANETTE OSMUN.

Nothing is more important in a Christian's life than carefulness. In the first place, we must be careful to be perfectly obedient to all the requirements of God. If we fail at this point, whatever else we may do, we shall fail of receiving the blessing of the Lord.

We must be careful not to grieve the Holy Spirit; but we must be quick to listen to its admonitions, to bear its reproofs, and obey its teachings. To refuse to do this, is to shut out heaven's light from the soul.

We must be careful of our associations. We should not go anywhere, or mingle in any society, or engage in any business, that we cannot ask the blessing of the Lord upon.

We should be careful of our reading. We would not knowingly take poison into our system; and we should be as careful of our morals—not to poison our minds—as we are of our physical natures.

We must be careful to improve all of our talents to the glory of God, whether they are personal gifts, or worldly substance, for we shall soon be called to give an account of our stewardship.

We must be careful of our words, to speak to the glory of God, and not offend in word; but be an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

We should be careful of our thoughts. The psalmist prayed to be cleansed from secret faults. If the secret springs of our being are right, our lives will be right. How important, then, that we guard well the secret chambers of the soul, and allow no unholy thought to enter there!

We should be careful to improve all of our time to the glory of God: How precious time is to us all! A short season of probation, in which we seal our destiny for an unending future. A few days of seed-time, but an eternity of reaping. A moment misspent cannot be bought back to us for the price of worlds.

We should be careful of our influence, to stand aloof from everything that is evil, and to be identified with everything that is right.

We should be much in prayer. We believe that the nearer souls live to God, and the more they are in communion with Him, the greater carefulness will be manifested in their lives. And is not this the secret of the power that has characterized Christians in all ages? If we have primitive power, and holiness, we must walk thus carefully with the Lord. We are exhorted by Paul to give heed to the things we have heard, lest at any time we let them slip; and to take heed lest there be in any of us an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. And we are told to examine ourselves, and prove ourselves, whether we be in the faith, and let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall; and all through the Scriptures, we are exhorted to a life of close Christian carefulness.

Let us heed these admonitions, and be careful to have our lamps trimmed and burning, and oil in all our vessels, that we may glorify God in this life, and be ready to go to our reward, at any hour of the day, or any watch of the night.

THE VICTORY OF PATIENCE.

In the Elberfield "Sower," a friend of poor erring ones relates how patient toiling won a wanderer's heart.

A farmer was induced by his pastor to take into his service a young lad of seventeen, who had already got into habits of drinking, theft, etc., in the hope of saving him. But all labor seemed lost on him. He continually got drunk, and at last one night ran

away to the house of a very bad family in the neighborhood.

The farmer learned where he was, followed, caught him, and brought him back, but decided that it would be necessary to send him away, despairing of ever reforming him.

"I spoke of this to my brother William," so the farmer relates the story. "He shook his head. 'Brother,' he said, 'think on last summer's harvest-feast, think of our good pastor, think of the old tailoress (his mother), how she knelt by the drunkard, weeping till there were tears in his eyes too!' He said no more. I went disquieted into the fields, and entered the turnip-field.—There I met the pastor. He had seen me from a distance, and when we met began: 'Dear neighbor, what sort of step is this you are walking with to-day? You are not walking like a farmer. A farmer never goes through his fields like that.' I laid the whole matter before him, and also my determination to send Gottfried away that day. In his calm manner, which never was disturbed, he replied, 'No; give up that idea! God's word says, 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.' You have not labored long enough yet to say that he is past reclaiming, and that there is no hope of improvement for him. If you and William cannot manage him, there is no one who can. If you drive him away, then, he will go; but if he goes, then, though it be at mid day, you may call after him what St. John says when Judas went forth from the Lord and his disciples, 'And it was night.'"

"He made no more talk about it, but gave me his hand, and went away across the fields. I had got my portion. I went homewards. My soul was much moved. As I came into the farm-yard I met Richter, the carpenter.

"Well, Richter, what job are you after?" I said. "I am not after any job now; I have finished. William sent for me. I have been putting up a third servant's bed above the stable, over the door there on the rafters."

"I was silent; I knew nothing about this. I found William in the sitting-room.

"What is the meaning of the third bed in the stable, William?" "Brother," he replied, "that is for me; I will sleep there. Thus you will not need to send Gottfried away. But that such things may not happen again as have already happened, I will have an eye on him at night. By day you will have him more under your eye; at night I will be his guardian. I sleep lightly enough, many a time scarcely at all."

And so it was; the Lord blessed the faithfulness, and Gottfried was saved from destruction, and it is believed, truly converted.—*British Messenger*.

SYMMETRY OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I am afraid that many of us are defective in moral symmetry. Some men are great Christians upon one point, and some upon another. One man is a great Christian upon the matter of Sabbath-school teaching, and another a stupendous Christian in the matter of total abstinence from all strong drink. We may be too much in the habit of singling out special virtues, to feed them up to high pitch in order to carry off the prize at the ecclesiastical show. This would give but a poor idea of the roundness, the completeness and the exclusiveness of Christian life. Suppose that next summer should grow little but sunflowers, and the following abound mainly in roses, and the third be chiefly distinguished for violets; however rich might be the product of each, the summer, as a whole, would be accounted poor and ill-clad. Summer develops the growing power of the soil, and so moral summer does not bring forth an isolated excellency, but clothes the human tree with "all manner of fruit."—*Jos. Parker*.

In imitating examples, there are two rules to be regarded: We must not stretch ours beyond our measure; nor must we despise that in another which is unsuitable to ourselves.—*Cecil*.

BIBLE TRUTH.

SELECTED BY BETSEY BEARDSLEY.

1 John ii. 15: Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

16: For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father but is of the world.

17: And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

1 Pet. i. 23: Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever.

24: For all flesh is as grass, and the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away.

25: But the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.

ii. 11: Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul.

I can say as Paul, in 2 Cor. iv. 18: While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal.

1 Pet. i. 13: Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

14: As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance.

15: But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.

16: Because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy.

18: Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers.

19: But with the precious blood of

Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.

ii. 9: But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.

2 Cor. v. 17: Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

ii. 3: But I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve by his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.

Gal. vi. 7: Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

v. 24: And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

16: This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.

TEACHING OTHERS.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

In teaching morals, a man must himself be what he advises others to be, else his words avail little. We must translate the commandments of Christ into the plain, living language of actions, if we would teach the world the way of Christ. Little use for worldly-minded, inconsistent professors of religion to ask "sinners" to come to the cross, when they themselves are not daily bearing the cross. Such would-be teachers ought to confess their errors and bring forth fruit meet for repentance. Then they can "teach sinners in the way" with right good effect. A clownish boor might as fitly lecture on good manners, a slattern talk about neatness, a miser preach benevolence, as for those wearing the showy marks of outward adorning, or showing the tempers of the flesh, or driving sharp, covetous bargains, to try to teach "sinners" the truth of Christ and urge them to walk in the narrow way.

ENTHUSIASM.—FANATICISM.

Mr. Wesley was freely denounced as an enthusiast and fanatic; as was Whitfield, Luther and St. Paul; and indeed, most ministers, who have spoken or acted as though they believed the Bible, when it affirms that men are in great danger of going to hell, have fallen under this convenient charge.

He says, "I could not well understand, for many years, how it was that, on the mentioning any of these great truths, even among men of education, the cry immediately arose, 'an enthusiast, an enthusiast.' But I now plainly perceive this is only an old fallacy in a new shape. To object 'Enthusiasm' to any person or doctrine, is but a decent method of begging the question. It generally spares the objector the trouble of reasoning, and is a shorter and easier way of carrying his cause. For instance, I assert that 'till a man receives the Holy Ghost he is without God in the world; that he cannot know the things of God, unless God reveal them to him by the Spirit; no, nor have even one holy or heavenly temper, without the inspiration of the Holy One.' Now, should one who is conscious to himself that he has experienced none of these things, attempt to confute these propositions, either from Scripture or antiquity, it might prove a difficult task. What then shall he do? Why, cry out 'Enthusiasm! Enthusiasm!' and the work is done.

"But what does he mean by enthusiasm? Perhaps nothing at all; few have any distinct idea of its meaning. Perhaps 'something very bad,' or 'something I never experienced and do not understand.' Shall I tell you, then, what that terrible 'something' is? I believe thinking men, mean by *enthusiasm* a sort of religious madness; a false imagination of being inspired by God; and by an enthusiast, one that fancies himself under the influence of the Holy Spirit, when, in fact, he is not." Vol. V., p. 76.

"Enthusiasm in general may then be described in some such manner as this:

a religious madness arising from some falsely imagined influence or inspiration of God; at least, from imputing something to God which ought not to be imputed to him, or expecting something from God which ought not to be expected from him." Vol. I., 331.

"But the most common of all the enthusiasts of that kind, are those who imagine themselves Christians, and are not. These abound not only in all parts of our land, but in most parts of the habitable earth. That they are not Christians, is clear and undeniable, if we believe the oracles of God. For Christians are holy; these are unholy. Christians love God; these love the world. Christians are humble; these are proud. Christians are gentle; these are passionate. Christians have the mind which was in Christ; these are at the utmost distance from it. Consequently, they are no more Christians than they are arch-angels." Vol. I., 332. How uncharitable!

Wesley gives examples of enthusiasm. "I was with two persons, who I doubt are properly enthusiasts. For, first, they think to attain the end without the means; which is enthusiasm, properly so called. Again, they think themselves inspired by God, and are not." But false, imaginary inspiration is enthusiasm. That their's is only imaginary inspiration appears; hence it contradicts the law and the testimony."

Geo. Bell was an enthusiast. "Now he neither reads the Bible, nor anything else. This is rank enthusiasm." Vol. V., p. 223. "In 1762, Geo. Bell and a few other persons, began to speak great words. In the latter part of the year, they foretold that the world would be at an end on the 28th of February." Vol. V., p. 248. "George Bell often said he should never die." Vol. VI., p. 169. It was for these reasons that Mr. Wesley did not permit Geo. Bell to pray at the Foundry, and not because he "screamed in so strange a manner," as set forth.

"Upon inquiry, I found these wild enthusiasts were six in all—four men and two women. The chief was Sarah

B., with whom I talked at large. She said, 'I am in heaven, in the spirit: but I can speak in the flesh. I am not that which appears, but that which disappears. I always pray, and yet I never pray; for what can I pray for; I have all.' I asked, 'Do not you pray for sinners?' She said, 'I know no sinners but one; I know but two in the world. God is the one, and the devil is the other.' I asked, 'Did not Adam sin of old, and do not adulterers and murderers sin now?' She replied, 'No, Adam never sinned; and no man sins now; it is only the devil.' 'And will no man ever be damned?' 'No man ever will.' 'Nor the devil?' 'I am not sure, but I believe not.' 'Do you receive the sacrament?' 'No, I do not want it.' 'Is the word of God your rule?' 'Yes; the word made flesh; but not the letter. I am in the spirit.'" Vol. III., p. 548. When you hear any talking in this way, you may call them enthusiasts.

"Some in London were led astray. They taught 1st, That those who sometimes felt doubt or fear, had no faith at all. 2d, That they ought to be still; not to go to church, not to communicate, not to search the Scriptures."—This, with the course of Geo. Bell and his adherents, was the "wildness" complained of by Mr. Wesley. The "wildness" did not consist in praising the Lord.

We know no better course to commend to those who have opposed, (ignorantly we trust,) the work of the Lord, by calling it delusion, fanaticism and enthusiasm, than that which Mr. Wesley describes. Vol. III., p. 140: "We met at Fetterlane, to humble ourselves before God, and own he had justly withdrawn his Spirit from us, for our manifold unfaithfulness. We acknowledged our having grieved him by our divisions; one saying 'I am of Paul;' another, 'I am of Apollos;' by our leaning again to our own works, and in trusting in them, instead of Christ; by 'our resting in these little beginnings of sanctification,' which it had pleased him to work in our souls; and, *above all, by*

blaspheming his work among us, imputing it either to nature, to the force of imagination and animal spirits, or even to the delusion of the devil. In that hour we found God with us as at the first. Some fell prostrate upon the ground. Others burst out, as with one consent, into loud praise and thanksgiving. And many openly testified, there had been no such day as this since January the first preceding."

Reader, be all in earnest to get to Heaven! Remember the words of our Lord: "Agonize to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able."

DR. TYNG'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

I awoke in the early morning of the 19th of July, 1819, with a voice that seemed to sound in my ear with the solemn appeal, "What a wasteful life you are leading!" I answered in my silent conscience and heart, "I will live so no longer." I immediately arose from my bed, and without dressing knelt upon the floor, and gave myself in my poor way to a Lord whom I did not know, but by whose voice I fully believed I was called. I went down as usual to my business, but my whole mind and purposes and plans were changed. The world of wealth had passed out of my view; a load of sin pressed upon my heart, but I knew no outward instructor who could comprehend my wants or guide my way. Thus I groped without one earthly comforter.

Nearly opposite the head of the street in which we are assembled, adjoining the Tremont House, you may see a small quadrant spot of grass inclosed. It is all that remains of a large and beautiful yard, in which was then the residence of Mr. Adam Babcock, one of the leading men of Boston in that day. The whole residue of the property has been incorporated in the site of the hotel. In that court-yard dwelt a retired nurse, long in the family, in rooms prepared for her. She was a venerated Christian woman, who was familiarly

called, by all the branches of the family, Aunt Minot. Some of my young female connections told her the strange news that "Stephen Tyng was out of his head in thinking and talking about religion." The old lady sent a message desiring to see me. She was a Methodist. The family, like myself, had always been in the congregation of the Trinity Church. Her Christian home was "Bromfield Lane Methodist Chapel." That lady was the first Christian friend I found who knew a Saviour's love, understood a Saviour's gospel, and could enter into my heart, having received this gospel neither by man nor from man. With her I could talk of Jesus, and not be deemed insane.

A single month passed, before, under the pressure and guidance of that Spirit by whom I had been called, I left all the business of earth and gave myself simply and wholly to my Saviour's work. I was considered insane by many in a world which looked only to its own things. I have no doubt that many of my friends really lamented over me as insane. But whether I was beside myself it was to God. I gave up all the prospect of wealth before me, and determined to preach my Saviour's gospel. My dear father, with whom I lived, replied to my proposal of this change: "Are you crazy? You are throwing away the most brilliant prospects of any young man in Boston." I answered: "I was never more sane in my life, sir. I cannot help it. I know that I am called to preach the gospel. I know that there is some place between here and the Rocky Mountains for me to preach my Saviour's love. I am going until I find it." The venerated man was overwhelmed. "Well," said he, "you will spoil a first rate merchant to make a very poor parson." "It may be, sir, but I must go." He was spared to me for ten years after that interview, to value most highly my poor attempts, to encourage with the utmost affection my efforts in the Saviour's cause, and gain a part of his consolation in death from my grateful ministry.—*Lecture before the Boston University.*

SALVATION IS FREE.

BY JOHN W. CROTCHETT.

Salvation is just as free as it ever was—just as easy to obtain, without money and without price. It only requires a will to seek earnestly. "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy." There is something for every one to do. Dear sinner, you need not expect to be saved sitting still. Jesus could as easily do it as not; but that is not the way he does. He could as easily have removed the stone that lay over Lazarus' grave by speaking to it, as to tell them that were with him to do it; but there was something they could do.

Jesus required Martha to believe that he could raise her brother. "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believeth thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord."—John xi. 26, 27.

And all have a work to do, or they cannot be saved. Jesus never did and never will save any one without he is willing to be saved.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that will, come and take of the water of life freely." Yes, there must be a will. "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

My friends, if you will be saved, you must make an effort. You must come to Jesus, humbly and penitently, and ask him to save you; for he will not come to you unless you are willing.

True religion, as revealed in the Scriptures, may be compared to a plum on the tree, covered with its bloom. Men gather the plum, and handle it, and turn and twist it about, till it is deprived of all its native bloom and beauty; the fairest hand would as much rob the plum of its bloom as any other. Now all that little party-spirit, which so much prevails among men, and which leads them to say, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos," is but handling the plum till it loses its bloom.—*Cecil.*

A LEAF OF EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. C. TERRY.

I was born and brought up in the state of Ohio, Lorain County. My parents were Mormons. I was brought up to believe in that doctrine. I remember when I was a small child my father took me to meeting and Joseph Smith laid his hands on me and blessed me. When I was eighteen years old my father moved to this state. When I was twenty years old, my parents were both dead, and I was left with the burden and care of a large family; my youngest brother being but a baby. I married when I was twenty-one, and soon found, to my sorrow, that I had married a man that was an infidel, and that I was going to be opposed in every thing that belongs to religion. When I began to raise up a family of my own, oh, how I felt my duty impressed upon me at times. I knew my duty was to bring up my children in the love and fear of God, and to instill into their young minds a principle of religion, and to teach them to love the blessed Saviour. Oh! how I wanted religion, and how I felt my need of religion. All the excuse I had was that my husband would not let me get it. Poor excuse! When our family had increased to five children I fell in with the Advent doctrine. I was under such conviction all the time I thought I would try and live religion any way, if my husband did oppose. I did not know anything about being converted, or a changed heart. So for one summer I tried to live what I thought was religion, and supposed I enjoyed all there was of religion. I seemed to feel so much better for *trying* to serve God, and to do what I felt to be right, that I really thought I enjoyed all there was for me. But even this one little ray of comfort was not to last long. The devil was bound to have that. Oh, how I did struggle and strive to hold on to that which I knew to be right, but all my strivings proved in vain; for under the terrible oppression of persecution I yielded at last and

gave up. But oh! it seemed as though I should die, in the agony of my soul. Such was the darkness that came over my mind that I could not see. I seemed like one that was blind, groping his way along on his hands and knees; and when this passed away I knew that I had sold myself to the devil. For about eight years I served him faithfully, doing everything that was sinful in the sight of God. Oh, how I do wonder that God in His just anger did not cut me off and cast me into hell, for that was all I deserved. But no, in His mercy and long suffering with me He brought me again under conviction; I was brought to feel my need of religion. The Almighty in His mercy caused me to know His loving kindness and His long suffering with me. So deep was my conviction that I made up my mind that I would give my heart to God the first opportunity I had. We had no preaching in our neighborhood, but, it seemed in answer to the earnest desires of my heart, God sent Brother Town here to hold a protracted meeting. That was a year ago last winter. Oh, how good and merciful God is! I yielded to my convictions, sought and obtained forgiveness of my sins. To-day I rejoice in God the Rock of my salvation. My persecutions are just as great, if not more so than they were when I tried to live religion before. But my life is hid away by faith in God. I feel like standing the storm. The winds blow, and the rain descends, and the floods come; but bless God I am built on the rock this time! Oh, how the wasted and misspent part of my life looms up before me, with all its sins and wickedness; and how small the excuse that I had for not getting religion now seems. I am thirty-eight years old, and this year so far has been the best part of all my life. I know that I am growing in grace and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that I am living nearer to God than ever before. I have felt better since I was baptized, two weeks ago, than I have before since I have enjoyed religion. I have had some of the greatest

trials and temptations of all my life, but have rejoiced greatly in the Lord through them all. I cannot begin to tell how much better than this world I love my God. I love Him with all the undivided affections of my heart. Why should I not love God when He has done so much for me? All eternity will not be long enough to tell the story. Since I have got salvation my religion strives just as hard against sin when I am asleep as it does when I am awake. It gives me victory over the devil in my dreams. I care not for this world. It has no charms for me. I shall only use it, while I stay, to prepare for heaven. I had rather have a heart to praise my God, than have all the riches of this world and not love God.

—♦♦♦—
 "THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT."

Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweet heart,
 That thy brow is burdened and sad?
 The Master's work may make weary feet,
 But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
 Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
 Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
 That thy face is so full of care?

"No pleasant garden toils were mine!—
 I have sate on the judgment-seat,
 Where the Master sits at eve and calls
 The children around His feet."

How cam'st thou on the judgment-seat,
 Sweet-heart? Who set thee there?
 'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
 And well might fill thee with care.

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
 I have sate there alone all day,
 For it grieved me to see the children around
 Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
 They wasted the precious hours;
 They trained not the vines, nor gathered
 the fruits,
 And they trampled the sweet, meek
 flowers."

And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat,
 Sweet-heart? What didst thou there?

Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
 Did the garden mend by thy care?

"Nay, that grieved me more! I called and
 I cried,
 But they left me there forlorn;
 My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
 Or they laughed my words to scorn."

Ah! the judgment-seat was not for thee!
 The servants were not thine!
 And the eyes which adjudge the praise
 and the blame,
 See further than thine or mine.

The voice that shall sound there at eve,
 sweet-heart,
 Will not raise its tones to be heard;
 It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
 And none will resist its word.

"Should I see the Master's treasure lost,
 The stores that should feed His poor,
 And not lift my voice, be it weak as it may,
 And not be grieved sore?"

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,
 Wait till the evening falls;
 The Master is near, and knoweth all,
 Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden plot, sweet-heart,
 While thou sat'st on the judgment-seat?
 Who watered thy roses, and trained thy
 vines,
 And kept them from careless feet?

"Nay, that is saddest of all to me,
 That is saddest of all!
 My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
 My lilies droop and fall."

Go back to thy garden plot, sweet-heart!
 Go back till the evening falls!
 And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
 Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden as fair as thou canst,
 Thou workest never alone;
 Perchance he whose plot is next to thine,
 Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweet-heart,
 Till all grows fair and sweet,
 And when the Master comes at eve,
 Happy faces His coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet-heart,
 In the garden so fair to see,
 In the Master's words of praise for all,
 In a look of His own for thee!

—Author of "The Three Wakings."

WORTH OF THE SOUL.

BY A. J. MESENGER.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul."

Can we estimate the value of a single immortal soul? By what standard, dear fellow man, can you calculate it. Conceive every atom in the composition of the universe a gem,—could you make the calculation as many times as there are atoms, and tell us the mighty sum? It would fail to convey to us any adequate idea of the value of a single soul. Were all this wealth expended in the pursuit of happiness, the spirit would still be panting for felicity it could not purchase. Will you then attempt the calculation, and tell us the amount? Before you pronounce the mighty sum—pause. Have you considered the duration of eternity? If you have not, I pray you ponder it well ere you form your estimate of the work. The abyss, at whose brink we shudder, and the ocean, in whose immensity we are confounded, may be fathomed:—but eternity: what adventurer ever stretched his pinions abroad on that abyss and returned to the opposite coasts? 'Tis a gulf that has no bottom, an ocean whose rude billows ever roll and never find a stand. Myriads of ages heaped up till fancy fails and numbers are exhausted, leave the boundless waste of duration unexplored. They have not deducted an atom from eternity. Yes, that spirit whose worth you are to calculate, must live, whilst each myriad of ages, as it rolls, adds to its capacity of happiness or woe; till its sense of felicity, or pain, is exquisite as the periods of its duration are eternal. Before you form your estimate, look up to heaven, see the mighty preparation making there for the reception of the soul. What realms of bliss for the immortal spirit to explore and possess! What golden streets through which to walk, palaces in which to dwell! What streams of celestial pleasure of which to drink: and with what crowns of costly gems to be adorned! Hark! it is the song of the redeemed to "Him that loved

us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and has made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever!" Before you form your estimate, look down into hell, look through its dungeons of despair, behold its magazines of wrath, and see its instruments of vengeance work. Single out a solitary victim and listen to its agonized cry—listen for the cry for water. Hear its cry—these chains forever—these fiends forever:—this gnawing worm forever;—and then hear him shriek and wail forever, whilst a thousand demons starting from their caves reply, forever, forever. God himself says, forever.

SOME MEN are blood-red sinners, crimson sinners, sinners of a double dye; dipped and dipped again before they come to Jesus Christ. Art thou that readeest these lines such a one? Speak out, man. Art thou such a one? and art thou now coming to Jesus Christ for the mercy of justification, that thou mightest be made white in his blood and be covered with righteousness? Fear not; forasmuch as this thy coming betokeneth that thou art of them that the Father hath given to Christ; for he will in no wise cast thee out. "Come now," saith Christ, "and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—*Bunyan*.

GET TO the root of things. The gold mines of Scripture are not in the topsoil; you must open a shaft; the precious diamonds of experience are not picked up in the roadway; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the word of God, and seek to possess all the inward work of the blessed Spirit.

We never read that Jesus Christ was more cheerful in all his life on earth, than when he was going to lay down his life for his enemies; now he thanked God, now he sang.

EDITORIAL.

FAITH.

Is faith the gift of God?

In an important sense, it is. But it is not a gift bestowed arbitrarily, as a man would give to another a book or a horse. If so, it would not be our fault if we did not have it. Why am I to blame, if another does not give me that which is not within my reach, and in the securing of which my own conduct has not the slightest influence?

But unbelief is the one damning sin.—*He that believeth not shall be damned.*—Mark xvi. 16.

In what sense, then, is faith the gift of God?

1. God gives the power to believe. He has so constituted us that a certain amount and kind of evidence compel belief. Still the will very much influences the belief. Lady Franklin would not believe that her husband was dead, long after every body else was satisfied of the fact. We may refuse to look at evidence that we do not like, and we may give undue importance to that which favors our inclination; and so we may, to a great degree, control our belief. Many do not believe the Bible because they do not want to believe it. The purity of its requirements is too great for their desires. It condemns them, and so they reject it without examining its claims to their belief.

2. God gives a tenderness of heart, a sorrow and contrition for sin, which beget that repentance without which *saving faith* is impossible. *Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation.*—2 Cor. vii. 10. Men are commanded to repent. This is their work. They must do it. *God now commandeth all men every where to repent.*—Acts xvii. 30. This is indispensable to their salvation. *Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*—Luke xiii. 3. But even this, men cannot do of themselves. They cannot repent whenever they please, independent of God's assistance. *In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves: if God peradventure will give them repentance*

to the acknowledging of the truth.—2 Tim. ii. 25. *Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.*—Acts xi. 18. These passages prove conclusively that, in a very important sense, repentance is the gift of God. Men cannot go on in sin as long as they please, and then at will turn and repent. *Esau found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.*—Heb. xii. 17.

Men may have presumption, but they cannot have saving faith unless they repent. That many do take up with this presumption, and call it faith, there is no doubt. Faith leads to obedience to all of God's commandments. But presumption disregards the plain commands of God.—It talks of trusting in His mercy, and at the same time tramples that mercy under foot. It sets up its own inclination and tastes and the fashions of the times, as a rule of conduct in the place of the word of God. *Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law.*—Rom. iii. 31.

When we thus repent, turn from every sin, renounce the honors and the friendship of the world—

3. GOD GIVES, BY HIS SPIRIT WORKING IN US, POWER TO ACCEPT CHRIST AS OUR SAVIOUR. We trust in Him as our Redeemer. There is wrought in us a divine conviction that the death and intercession of Christ avail for us. We accept the sacrifice, and are enabled to rely entirely upon Him as our Mediator and Intercessor. Our inmost soul cries out, Christ died for me! All sense of guilt is gone. No condemnation rests upon the soul. The power of sin is broken. The soul is free.—He can look up and cry, Abba, Father. He rejoices in God. Hence, genuine faith is attended with feeling—joyous, triumphant feeling. All this results from the Spirit of God working in us. *The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.*—Gal. v. 22.

4. The faith by which the sick are healed, extraordinary gifts received, or temporal blessings secured, is DIRECTLY the gift of God. The Apostles had not the faith which enabled them to work mira-

cles whenever they pleased. It was bestowed upon them upon each particular occasion. Sometimes they had no more power than other saints equally devoted to God. Hence they suffered bodily privations, persecutions, and finally death.

Paul, after enumerating several spiritual gifts, says, "*But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.*"—1 Cor. xii. 11. That is, as the Spirit wills. These supernatural endowments referred to, do not depend upon our piety or our prayers. Job was a holy man; but we have no account that he ever wrought a single miracle. He had, however, the faith which saved him in prosperity and adversity.

Is our meaning apprehended? Do we write sufficiently plain? Faith is the gift of God, but not in any such sense as shuts out our free agency in its exercise. If we do not believe to the saving of our souls, it is not God's fault, but our own.

HE THAT BELIEVETH ON HIM IS NOT CONDEMNED: BUT HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT IS CONDEMNED ALREADY, BECAUSE HE HATH NOT BELIEVED IN THE NAME OF THE ONLY BEGOTTEN SON OF GOD.—John iii. 18.

ADAPTATION.

There are many good people who aim at doing good, but they utterly fail because the means which they employ are not adapted to secure the end. The medicine they give is powerful enough, but it is not the right kind. The blow they strike is sufficiently heavy to do execution, but it is badly aimed. They beat the air. They truly work hard enough: but they do not use the right kind of tools. They shave with a hatchet, and split wood with a razor.

This want of adaptation is often painfully manifested by preachers. They will select to be sung on a campground, at night, when the light is dim, hymns that nobody ever heard before. To a congregation of sinners, they will preach about difficulties in the Church; and to a congregation of believers, they will preach a sermon to sinners. They are always good, and always out of place, and free to blame others because they have no success in their work.

Members, as well as preachers, manifest this want of adaptation in many ways.—When there is an opportunity to exhort sinners, they are silent; but when sinners come forward to be prayed for, instead of joining in fervent prayer for the Spirit to melt and change their hearts, they will distract and bewilder them with their questions and exhortations. In Love Feast they are long and tedious; and when there is an opportunity to give their experience in full, they have nothing to say.

For this waste of spiritual power, this tendency to lose golden opportunities, there is an effectual remedy. James says, *My brethren, if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.*—Jas. i. 4. Wisdom implies the use of the best means to accomplish the best ends. It is precisely such cases as those referred to that the promise covers. The end proposed is all right, but the right means to secure it are not chosen. You need, then, this wisdom that is promised. "Can I have it?" do you say? You can if you belong to Christ. Does not the promise say, *IF ANY OF YOU?* Then it is made to you. It is not addressed to the educated or talented as such—though they need it as much as others. This promise belongs to every believer—to him who has one talent as well as to him who has ten. Small resources can be as wisely employed as large. A pistol can be aimed as accurately as a cannon. It is, then, our own fault if we fail to do good for want of adaptation. Let us all acknowledge it, then let us use the remedy. Want of adaptation is want of grace.

NOT RAILING.

No matter what may be the provocation, do not use railing language toward others. They may reproach you; call you names, in a coarse, abusive manner; but do not answer them back in their chosen style.

Imitate Him, who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He was threatened, He answered not. You will thus, by keeping the Spirit of Jesus, feel a thousand times better, while suffering in silence, than you would to gain a victory in a war of words. You will have inward peace and comfort.

Besides, you will conquer by silence.—Your adversary, the devil, who, as a roaring lion, was waiting to devour you, will go away without his coveted prey. You have kept him out of your heart. Jesus still reigns in you, and your peace is like a river.

Your meekness under provocation will be much more likely to get your opposer under conviction than any energetic language you could employ. He will feel your spirit. He will see that you have something which he does not possess. If he does not exhibit any change at present, he will think of it afterwards. The heaven will work. You may have lost a victory, but gained a friend and a convert to Christ.

Then be careful, and do not use reproachful, irritating language. Be gentle. Be patient. When others oppose the truth, instruct them in meekness. Your words may show them the outside of the house of Heavenly Wisdom, but your meek, quiet, unruffled spirit will introduce them to one of its happy inmates. *Grievous words stir up anger, but a soft answer turneth away wrath.*

RETRENCHMENT.

When fodder threatens to run short on the farm, the farmer diminishes the supply to those cattle that he cares the least for. The horses that do his work and the cows that give him milk must be well fed as long as possible.

It is a difficult thing to know our own hearts. But a little examination in this matter of retrenchment, will enable us to see our state with a good degree of correctness. When money grows scarce, where does retrenchment begin? The slave to his appetites begins with his family: or, if he has none, with his clothes and his

food; for he cares more for whiskey and tobacco than for any or all of these. The worldly professor begins with his preacher, his religious periodicals—with the food for his soul—because he cares less for this than he does for his body. The real Christian will retrench everywhere else if necessary, but he must have his religious privileges to the last. He can dispense with helps for making money easier than he can with anything that helps him to Heaven. Reader, where do you begin to retrench? Do you put pride, or humility upon short allowance? Do you nourish and cherish unnatural appetites and starve the soul? *Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.*

CAMP MEETINGS.

AT FRANKLIN, PA., in the oil regions, there was a large attendance. It was held in a pleasant grove, about half a mile from the city. Franklin is the county-seat of Venango county, and was a large town before the oil excitement began. The intelligent and refined citizens gave to the meeting their moral support, and, as a consequence, the best of order prevailed. No committee of order was appointed or needed. The immense congregations on the Sabbath and Sabbath evening, left the ground as quietly as they would a church. The Gospel was preached with plainness, and was listened to with marked attention. Light was shed on many hearts. The results of the meeting, eternity alone can reveal. A goodly number professed to be justified, some entered into the rest of perfect love, and the saints generally were quickened. All the camp meetings held in the oil regions have been good, but we heard many express the opinion that this was the best.

AT LIBERTY FALLS, N. Y., the attendance was small, except on the Sabbath—there being only seven tents on the ground. But the meeting resulted in much good,

in the quickening of believers, in the salvation of sinners, and in shedding light upon the minds of the people. The order was excellent.

PUSH ON THE CANVASS.

New subscribers are coming in, but not as rapidly as they should. Beloved, will you not make a special effort to get us one or two more new subscribers? We urge you to this because we know wherever *THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN* goes, it carries light, and conviction, and comfort. Then we need, to push on the work, all the help in this direction, we can receive. Will you not, beloveds, give a little determined, faithful effort to enlarge our circulation?

Be particular and give names and Post Office address correct.

THE METHODIST HOME JOURNAL has been purchased by the National Holiness Association, and its name changed to the *Christian Standard and Home Journal*,—Rev. Asbury Lowrey, D. D., editor; Rev. Geo. Hughes, associate editor.

Bro. Wallace made an excellent paper, and we do not expect that the paper will suffer any by the change. It says many goods things, and we should be glad to see it open its batteries against those powerful opponents of holiness—pewed churches, worldly conformity, and secret societies. Terms, \$2.00 a year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "EARNEST CHRISTIAN BAND."

Where is the "Earnest Christian Band"? Such was the inquiry made by some one in the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN* some time ago. Where are they—that little band, so useful and blessed of God in time of the late war? In Heaven, Earth and Hell! Yes; that little band, organized a few years ago in a pine grove near Little Rock, Ark., is now represented in three worlds. Bros. Green B. McCulloch, Upchurch, Col. Anderson, and others, have finished their course in peace, and passed triumphantly over the river to their home in heaven.

Their voices, to us now hushed in death' are loosed in glory, singing praises to Him who has washed them in His own blood. Others have deserted the Master's cause, died in their sins, and gone to reap their reward: Others are faithfully and nobly doing battle for Jesus. As near as I know their whereabouts, they are as follows:—Bro. Sprouse, Lynchburg, Ill., a preacher in the F. M. Church; Bro. A. W. Wright, Rockwood, Ill., P. C., O. S. Church; Bro. R. F. Smith, Peru, Howard Co., Kas., an itinerant in M. E. Church,—living, and preaching holiness to his people; Bro. Kelly, preacher in F. M. Church, in Illinois or Iowa, living for God; Bro. W. W. Anderson, located at Perryville, Ark., a S. M. preacher; Bro. Eichenberger, German M. preacher, somewhere in Missouri; J. Whiteker, the humble writer, preaching Jesus on the mountains of western Arkansas.—Oh, how precious is this salvation to me, away here in this strange land!

In the providence of God, we are scattered broadcast all over the land. God has a purpose in it. Let the *leaven* work.—The band was a child of Providence, and He is ordering our course; like the dispersion that arose about Stephen—they "went everywhere preaching Jesus." So do we. I can tell whenever I cross the path of one of the band: there is a peculiar power, a sameness; a blessed result follows their labors. "Behold, what a great matter a little fire kindleth!" God fan it into a great flame all over the land! Though we are scattered everywhere, let us *stand straight for Jesus*. God will bless us, and give us precious souls. Though we may never meet on earth again, by and by there will be a glorious re-union of the "Earnest Christian Band." Yes, the faithful will meet together in that morning. Won't it be a happy time? It is enough—it will pay—stand straight—go through with Jesus, if you go alone; I can do no other way—God help me. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many will seek to enter in and shall not be able," because they have not walked in the strait way.

Oh, how many!

J. WHITEKER,
Leader E. C. B.

Danville, Ark.

A CHAPTER IN MY EXPERIENCE.

I was soundly and truly converted to God June 21st, 1856, at East Pike, Wyoming Co., N. Y. I never think of that time, and place, except with thankfulness to God for his goodness. One year after that event found me on my way to the Bergen camp-meeting, Genesee Co., N. Y. I stayed over night on my way at Bro. Alfred Kendall's, at Attica, where he was stationed that year. He gave me a letter of introduction to his brother, Rev. Wm. C. Kendall. I found him on the ground, the first man I met. I went to work and helped put up the tent. It was Bro. Joshua Annis's tent, of Albion. I boarded with him during the meeting. In the evening, Bro. Kendall asked us personally what we had come to the camp-meeting for, and if we enjoyed religion. Some said they had come to do good, and to get good, and they enjoyed religion; others that they wanted religion, and had come to the camp-meeting to get it. He gave them all a word of advice and encouragement. He then asked me if I had religion. I told him I had. He asked me if I ever got mad. I told him, No. He asked, Do you ever feel mad? I told him I sometimes felt anger rise in my heart, but it did not get out,—I had religion. He then said, You can have all the mad taken out, so you will not feel mad. I told him that would be very desirable, but I hardly thought it could be done. He asked me if I would read prayerfully the first Epistle General of John, and then tell him what I thought. I told him I would. Next day I went out into the woods, found a shady retreat, knelt down and began to read. I read to the seventh verse. I asked God the Holy Ghost to let me understand it. I knew I was forgiven. The Word said I could be cleansed,—“cleanseth,” a verb in the present tense. There on my knees the Spirit showed me Bro. Kendall was right. I could not get the thought out of my mind. In a prayer-meeting next evening, I went forward for the blessing of a clean heart. I prayed, believed, and obtained. I had no doubt; I never felt so near God. I did not shout or praise God.

“I felt the awe that dare not move,
And all the silent heaven of Love.”

Bro. Kendall asked me how I felt. I told him I felt so smooth—the mad was surely washed away. I had never felt such bliss. I could sing,

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.”

This was on Saturday evening, at about seven o'clock. On Monday, after preaching in the morning, Bro. Kendall held a ring prayer-meeting behind the tents.—Some who are now living within the bounds of Genesee Conference, will remember that prayer-meeting. I shall to all eternity.—Numbers went forward for religion—some for the blessing of a clean heart. Bro. Kendall said, “If there are any here who believe they have received the blessing of Perfect Love, and want the direct testimony of the Holy Ghost, let them come forward.” I thought if there was anything more for me, I would have it. I knelt down. Bro. Kendall asked me to pray. I remember the words I used. I prayed, O Lord, as thou didst baptize thy disciples at Jerusalem, baptize us with the Holy Ghost. I saw the heavens open. I saw the glory of God—a light above the brightness of the sun—and I fell to the ground as one dead. How long I lay there I know not. I rose to my feet and praised God with heart and mind and voice.

I was cautioned by several preachers not to go, for they warned me against Bro. Kendall as a dangerous man. But I know this experience is of God. It has kept me these years, amidst trials of various kinds. To-day it gives me victory over the world.

Brethren, I am doing the best I can to live for Heaven. I know it is written, “Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” I pray,

“Wash out the stains, refine the dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.”

Amen.

G. W. HUMPHREY.

San Jose, Cal.

BRO. B. T. ROBERTS :

Your glorious book, the **EARNEST CHRISTIAN**, is a source of comfort to me, which none but the true word of God can bring. As I read its pages, it causes me to rejoice in the glorious hope of heaven. I feel to exclaim, "Praise God, from whom such blessings flow." Oh, how precious in these days is the plain word of God,—truly like springs of water in a desert land.

I must tell you who was so kind a brother in Christ as to bring to me, a stranger, your **GOLDEN RULE**, about one and a half years ago. It was Bro. Bassitt, of Adrian, Mich. Oh, how much good the reading of the **EARNEST CHRISTIAN** has done to me! I do say, truly there is joy and peace in believing on the Lord Jesus, and I will trust Him all my days. Glory to God and the Lamb!

I want my friends to be led in the light, so I will give you the names of a few that I will pay the subscription for them the rest of the year unasked, and also my own subscription for the year 1874.

RICHARD F. AUSTIN.

Mich.

DYING TESTIMONY.

ELLEN H. EBEL, wife of L. C. Ebel, of Jacksonville, Ills., fell asleep in Jesus, on Friday evening, May 29th, 1874, having spent 45 years, 8 months and 16 days on earth.

She was born of the Spirit in 1844, in Adams Co., Ills., and united with the **M. E.** Church. Her father was a prominent Methodist, and two sisters married Methodist preachers—in fact, nearly all of her relatives were Methodists.

Sister Ebel was one of those thoughtful, serious-minded, far seeing Christian women, who look not at the "things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen."

When the first meetings for the promotion of holiness were held in Jacksonville, some nine years since, she became an earnest seeker for purity, and a few months later, testified positively that the "blood of Christ" did cleanse her from all sin.

She soon became very much dissatisfied

with the pride, formalism, and sins practiced by the members of the Church, and strove to correct the evil, but to no purpose.

The *Free Methodist* paper, in the meantime, found its way into her hands, and received a welcome from her heart; and soon after she was permitted to hear Bro. Terrill, and then Bro. Travis, preach the word of life and salvation; and as the light shone into her heart, she saw clearly the necessity of coming out from among them, and being separate, and touching not the unclean thing," although by so doing she had to go contrary to the wishes of nearly all her relatives and associates.

She told me a number of times that she was convicted of the Spirit to leave the **M. E. Church**, and take the plain, narrow, self-denying way; and had to do so, to save her soul.

She and four others were organized into a Free Methodist class, on the 12th day of February, 1872, although there was no other society within a hundred miles.—While conversing with her at different times, I could not help thinking of the noble Christian women who were co-laborers with Mr. Wesley. Her life was pure.

During her last illness, which lasted for months, she was not known to murmur the least.

Her greatest desire was that the Free Methodist class here might so live as to be a light to the other Churches; and that professors here would obey their convictions, and live for God and heaven. At times she expressed a desire, if it was the will of God, to live, and help build a church where the whole truth would be preached. She was heartily in sympathy with this straight, thorough work of God, and longed to do something for its advancement.

In speaking of pride and formalism, she used no harshness, but often said, "How can they do so, and profess religion?"

She seemed to hold continual communion with God, and her life proved it.

Shortly before her departure, while a sister referred to the promise of abundance of fruit this year, she replied, "Before the fruit is ripe, I will be eating the fruit from the tree of life."

The Sabbath before her dissolution, two sisters were singing the hymn, "Sweeping through the gates," and she exclaimed, "Yes, I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

She leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss, the youngest being ten years of age.

W. F. MANLEY.

LOVE FEAST.

J. WHITEKER.—Say to all the pilgrims,
The blood of Jesus sashes here in the moun-
tains of western Arkansas.

Danville, Ark.

IDA M. HULING.—My trust is in the all-sufficient Saviour. Jesus helps me every day, and I am growing in grace. He does not suffer me to be tempted above what I am able to bear. Bless his name forever and ever. If the way looks dark at times, I look to Jesus, and lean more heavily on his protecting arm, assured that he will guide me safely home. I know that Jesus can and does save to the uttermost, in the midst of most trying circumstances. All glory be to him who hath loved us, and died that we might live. I am determined through Christ, which strengthens me, to keep in this narrow way while I live; and when I hear the summons, "'Tis enough," I expect my Father will take me home to dwell with him forever.

Saratoga Springs.

A. N. BOARDMAN.—The love of God constrains me to say, it is now three days since the close of the Free Methodist camp meeting at Waterloo, Iowa. The Holy One of Israel was in the midst. He made foreigners and strangers nigh by his grace and love. The presence of God fills my soul. Glory to God, for a free and full salvation!

Plainfield, Iowa.

EMMA C. HILL.—This summer I became crucified to the world. Through the blood of the Lamb I am washed. I became so anxious to be saved from all unholy temper, from all sinful feelings, that in my trouble I said, I will taste no food until I

find peace to my mind and freedom from sin; and when I laid all upon the altar, He kindly whispered to my soul, "Trust in me." I did trust, and then came a calm, a peaceful joy and sweetness in my soul that I never experienced before. Now I am ready to obey every command and work for him all the time. I am His, and He is mine. All I have is His. Time and talents are not mine, but God's. I have no right to use them, but for His glory. God help me to do so. If these lines ever fall under the eye of any I have wronged, in word or deed, I beg of you to forgive me, even as I hope Jesus Christ will forgive all who come to him. I have told the faults of others many times, thinking in the time that I had good intentions; though now I see in the light of the Spirit, that it is not for the glory of God to tell the faults of one to another, but as Jesus told his disciples, go to the erring one himself, and tell it to him alone. I find that in telling the faults of those who have done wrong, it tends to a hatred of that one; whereas, if ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen?

M. J. SMULLIN.—I can say to the glory of God, I have got salvation—a salvation that keeps me. I can say, Glory to God! and feel it. I belong to God, soul and body. He has brought me through the fire, and I am His child, and He is my God. Oh, I am so glad I have got the right kind of leaven, and that it leavened the whole lump. Praise the Lord! I can never praise Him enough. I am praying, Lord, use me in whatsoever way thou wilt to thy glory, and for the good of my soul. He has led me in ways I knew not of, and I can still say, Glory to God! I feel saved every day, praise His name! I do praise God for faithful teaching. I want to be an earnest, faithful worker for God.

Salina, Pa.

He that hath not seen his lost condition, hath not seen a safe condition; he that did never see himself in the devil's snare, did never see himself in the bosom of our blessed Jesus Christ.—*Bunyan.*