

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 4.

ESTABLISHED.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

It is a bad way to live, sinning and repenting. It robs one of enjoyment, greatly curtails his usefulness, and puts his soul in imminent peril. He never travels in comfort, who stumbles at every unevenness he meets. Yet bad as is this way of living, there is a way that is much worse. It is the way of sinning without repenting. That professor of religion who can go on transgressing, from time to time, plain commands of God, without feeling such anguish of spirit as drives him to his knees in penitence until he has the assurance of sins forgiven, is in the most dangerous condition that a human being can be in. He becomes gradually blinded, until he puts darkness for light, and light for darkness. His conscience becomes seared as with a hot iron. It ceases to trouble him for wrong-doing. He may be upon the brink of ruin, but feels no alarm. He is like a ship in the vicinity of dangerous rocks, with the watch asleep. There is a feeling of security which the circumstances do not warrant.

Many who are living in plain violation of express commands of God, not only feel no concern on that account, but actually think that they are in a

higher state of grace than they were in when their consciences were tender, and they felt pained over the least omission of duty; and when a word, or act, or feeling that was wrong brought them in sorrow to the mercy-seat for pardon. They congratulate themselves that they have now no ups and downs in their experience. They never feel very much elated nor very much depressed. They go through the forms of devotion with the self-satisfied air of one who has performed a meritorious action, and deserved a blessing. They seem to regard the sacraments and the means of grace as possessing in themselves the power to impart grace to those who use them, without respect to their penitence or faith. They enter into the ordinary excitements of life with all the zest of men of the world, but their religion does not excite them. With great satisfaction, they say, *they are established*. Things that the word of God forbids, they indulge in freely, but they have trained their consciences so skillfully that they feel no condemnation for giving their countenance to fashionable vices, or for neglecting to perform unfashionable duties. It is to this class of people that our Saviour refers in these earnest, faithful words: *Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and*

miserable, and poor and blind and naked. Reader, without regard to the profession that thou dost make before the world, wilt thou ask thyself, honestly the question, Is this my state? Does God call that lukewarmness, which I call consistency? Am I blinded as to my real condition? Is my conscience less tender, and my devotions less fervent than they were when I was first converted to God? Have I lost my ardor, my love for souls? Is my uncompromising integrity gone, and do I consent, for the sake of peace, to give my countenance to that which is wrong? If so, you need not inquire any farther. Repentance is called for. To go on in this way will certainly end in spiritual death. Heed the Saviour's counsel, *Be zealous, therefore, and repent.* Pay no attention to the cry of those who would rather have you appear to be consistent than to be really right.

Greatly as is this course of life to be preferred to that of sinning without repenting, there is a much better way than either. The Psalmist refers to it when he says, *He hath established my goings.* One who is established in this way is safe. As long as he keeps going forward in the Divine life, growing in grace, becoming less selfish and more Heavenly minded, there is no danger of his settling down into a cold, heartless formalism; or going back to the world. But there is no stage of our religious experience where we can build our tabernacles and make a permanent location. Those who do so even after having received the blessing of holiness, soon become dry and powerless. They may hold fast the form of sound words—and it is well that they do—but these words, so full of meaning in themselves, fall powerless upon the ear from the

stereotyped manner in which they are used. So of those who are so greatly blessed that their physical powers are prostrated; or they are led to shout aloud for joy. If they rest in these manifestations and begin to prize them for themselves, and not as helps to bring them nearer to God, they will soon become a sort of habit and lose the convicting energy that once attended them. Of the two, a formal stillness is greatly to be preferred to a formal noise.

But every consideration urges us onward. We should constantly aim at losing sight of ourselves and living more and more entirely for God. To go back is death. To stand still is to be borne back by the powerful tide of worldliness that is sweeping through this land with tremendous force. We can successfully resist it only as we squarely face it. Turn your boat broadside to the current, and in spite of all your efforts it will bear you down the stream. Then do not be content with being the same this year that you were the last, but aim at being stronger in God, and more alive to Heavenly things. **SPEAK TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL THAT THEY GO FORWARD.**

Afflictions are governed by God, both as to time, number, nature and measure. In measure, when it shooteth forth, thou wilt debate with it: "*He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind.*" Our times, therefore, and our conditions at these times, are in the hand of God, yea, and so are our souls and bodies, to be kept and preserved from the evil while the rod of God is upon us.—*Bunyan.*

The righteous are apt to be like well-fed children, too wanton, if God should not appoint them some fasting days.

THE BROKEN ENGINE.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

BY REV. S. K. J. CHESBRO.

On Thursday, August 6th, in company with several of the members of our church, we took the cars for Brockport, to attend our General Quarterly Meeting at Clarkson.

Just as we started from the station at Spencerport our engine was "crippled" by the breaking of the "pitman rod," and the head of one of the cylinders.

We saw how all things work together for good: for had this occurred while we were running so rapidly a few moments previously, we would have undoubtedly been thrown from the track. The conductor immediately telegraphed to Rochester the fact, and asked for help. In a few moments the answer came, "An engine is already on its way to relieve you."

LESSON LEARNED.

The conductor saw no message go, but had faith in the "operator." When the answer came he heard no voice, saw no man, but steadfastly believed, and waited for the help promised. So we, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, making our requests known to God, through our mediator Jesus Christ, know that they will reach the ear of the Father.

The conductor knew there was a supply of engines at Rochester, and boldly made the request. So we know that infinite resources are at the disposal of our Heavenly Father, and we may with confidence claim the promise.—Rom. viii. 32.

When the conductor read the "telegram," he believed it true, and said to all confidently, "Help is coming, it will be here in so many minutes." In a little while the shrill whistle was heard. You could imagine it to sing:

"Reinforcements are now appearing."

Faith was new in lively exercise:—soon the engine was seen, and then our faith was lost in sight.

So we, having in our helpless, wretched and undone condition, sent our petitions to God through Jesus, may feel assured that help will come. And as we advance in Christian experience, we may ask for large blessings and receive.

There was no complaining on the part of the engineer; no putting the blame somewhere else. He "accepts the situation," acknowledges his crippled condition, and applied for help. How many who are "crippled" in their experience, if they would but confess, break down before God, own up their loss of power, and apply to Jesus for help, would to-day be a power in our churches! But they are complainers, finding fault, and crying about former days. They have no power to draw, but are unwilling to acknowledge it.

The engineer knew he was on the track, that his engine was headed towards the Falls. He had plenty of steam, for he occasionally blew off a good deal; he had coal and water, but he knew he was "crippled." How vain for him to attempt to draw his train! It must go back to Rochester for repairs.

REFLECTIONS.

We may be in the church; to most observers appear in order, have many gifts; we may sing, pray, preach and exhort, at times make much noise, blow off a good deal of vapor, lung-power enough to move, but what is the matter? Simply this, "we are established;" we do not draw; our "goings" are not established. Humiliating as it may be there is only one way, and that is to go back for the psalmist's experience.—"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." Many meetings are very materially injured by those who profess to "draw the train," without "the inward power."

EXHORTATION.

Let us keep "filled with the Spirit;" all the armor on, the fruit of the Spirit dwelling in our hearts; always ready to obey God, and we shall not cry out "O my leanness:" and though others may falter, we may at all times be ready to push on the battle.

VISION OF WILLIAM TENNENT.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

Men eminent for usefulness in the cause of God have generally commenced in his service young. Occasionally one who has lived for years in sin is powerfully converted, and sanctified, and presses on, growing in grace and doing good until the Master calls him home. Such cases, though rare, show what the grace of God can do. To be trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, free from the influences of bad habits and corrupt principles, is of incalculable advantage. Such persons, when converted, are quite likely to make devoted and stable Christians. They possess a power to resist temptation which those do not who have been under the dominion of sin. A broken limb, though healed, cannot resist pressure as it could before it was fractured.

William Tennant was an eminently pious and useful minister of the Gospel. He feared God from his youth. His father was originally a minister of the Episcopal church in Ireland. When terms were imposed upon the clergy of that Kingdom to which he could not conform, he removed in 1718, with his wife, four sons and one daughter, to America. He settled permanently as a Presbyterian minister, in Neshaminy, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He was a thoroughly educated man, able to speak and write the Latin language almost as well as his mother tongue. Seeing the need of affording young men opportunities for obtaining an education, he opened an academy, since known as the *log college*. Here, many who afterwards became prominent men, were educated. His four sons here received their education, and all of them became pious and useful ministers of the Gospel.

William Tennant, his second son, was born in Antrim, in Ireland, in 1705, and was thirteen years of age when he arrived in America. "He applied himself," says his friend and biographer, to whom we are indebted for the facts

in this article, "with much zeal and industry to his studies and made great proficiency in the languages, particularly the Latin." At an early age he was deeply impressed with divine things, and determined to devote himself to the work of the ministry. After completing his course in the languages he went to study divinity under his elder brother, already an eminent minister of the Gospel. At that time candidates for the ministry, instead of going to a theological school, went to study with some minister of piety and experience. The church has suffered greatly by a departure from this custom. Men who cannot themselves win souls to Christ are not the ones to instruct others how to promote the work of God.

Such was the intense application of William Tennant to study that he greatly impaired his health. He became emaciated and looked like a living skeleton. His life was considered in danger. He was attended by a young physician who was attached to him by the warmest friendship. He sank rapidly till little hope of life was left. He grew low spirited and began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing with his brother one morning in Latin, on the state of his soul, when, to all appearances, he died. He was laid out and the funeral appointed. In the evening his friend and physician returned. He was greatly afflicted at the news of his death, and could not be persuaded that he was in reality dead. "Being told," says the narrative, "that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought he observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water, to make it as susceptible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral should be requested not to attend. To this the brother ob-

jected as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. *What!* he exclaimed, *a man not dead who is cold and stiff as a stake!* However the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success but by the doctor, who never left him night or day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request for delay one hour, then to half an hour, and finally to a quarter of an hour. He had discovered that the tongue was much swollen and threatened to crack. He was endeavoring to soften it by some emollient ointment put upon it with a feather, when the brother came in at the expiration of the last period, and mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, manifested some resentment, and said, in a spirited tone, "It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse;" and insisted with earnestness, that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sank again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour, life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of the very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body.

Mr. Tennent continued in so weak and low a state for six weeks, that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery. However, after that period, he recovered much faster, but it was about twelve months before he was completely restored. After he was able to walk the room, and to take no-

tice of what passed around him, on a Sunday afternoon, his sister, who had stayed from church to attend him, was reading the Bible, when he took notice of it, and asked her what she had in her hand. She answered that she was reading the Bible. He replied, "What is the Bible? I know not what you mean." This affected the sister so much that she burst into tears, and informed him that he was once well acquainted with it. On her reporting this to the brother, when he returned, Mr. Tennent was found upon examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of his life previous to his sickness. He could not read a single word, neither did he seem to have an idea of what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention, he was taught to read and write, as children are usually taught, and afterward began to learn the Latin language, under the tuition of his brother. One day, as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clapped his hand to his head as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. His brother asked him what was the matter; he said he felt a sudden shock in his head, and it now seemed to him as if he had read that book before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived, that he gained perfect knowledge of the past transactions of his life, as if no difficulty had previously occurred.

He discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings while he thus lay apparently dead; but being importunately urged to do it, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described.

"While I was conversing with my brother," said he, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself in an instant in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld in the distance an in-

effable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings, surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'You must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to me to be not more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly." He added, "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world and the things of it, for some time afterward I was that person. The ravishing sounds of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention."

These facts, wonderful as they appear, cannot be questioned. That Mr. Tennent thus lay to all appearance dead, as above narrated, is established by testimony as strong as human testimony can be. His representations as to what he saw and heard while in this state are entitled to our belief. His character,

through life, proves him to have been incapable of deception. There is nothing in what he relates contrary to the Bible. St. Paul had a similar experience. The vision of J. B. Finley, published in this magazine in Feb., 1862, is like it in many particulars. Does not God occasionally permit such instances, to furnish living testimony of the soul's immortality and of the realities of the invisible world? They quicken the faith of his people, even if those are not convinced who will not be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

As soon as circumstances would permit, Mr. Tennent was licensed, and began to preach with great zeal and success. In October, 1733, he was ordained pastor of the Presbyterian church at Freehold, New Jersey. Here he labored with fidelity and success to the close of his life.

His salary and the farm belonging to the church were capable of maintaining a family in comfort. But he felt that he could not attend to secular affairs and so left the management of his worldly matters to a faithful servant in whom he had great confidence. He soon became embarrassed. Debts accumulated without the means of payment. Mr. Tennent made known the state of his affairs to an intimate friend of his, a merchant of New York, who was visiting at his house. His friend told him that this mode of life would not do, that he must get a wife to attend to his temporal affairs, and to make his home pleasant. He smiled at the idea, and assured him that he should never have a wife unless some friend would provide one for him, for he knew not how to go to work to procure one. His friend volunteered his services and recommended a sister-in-law of his own, as a lady every way suited to his character and circumstances. He returned to New York with him and next morning was introduced to Mrs. Noble. He was pleased with her appearance, and, when left alone with her, abruptly told her that he supposed that her brother had informed her of the object of his

visit, that he had neither time nor inclination for ceremony; but that, if she approved of the measure, he would attend to his charge the next Sabbath, return on Monday, be married and immediately take her home. With some hesitation she consented. The union was fortunate and happy. She proved a most excellent wife. She took the care of his temporal concerns upon her, extricated him from debt, and by prudence and economy so managed all his worldly business that in a few years he became easy in his circumstances. They had three fine sons who grew up to manhood.

Mr. Tennent's inattention to worldly things continued until his oldest son was about three years of age. Going into the fields one day for religious meditation, he took the child with him. Suddenly the thought came to him, "Should God in his providence take me hence, what would become of this child and its mother, for whom I have never taken any personal care to make provision? How can I answer this negligence to God and to them?" The impropriety of his inattention to the relative duties of life, which God had called him to, and the consideration of the sacred declaration, "that he who does not provide for his own household, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," had such an impressive effect on his mind, that it almost deprived him of his senses. He saw his conduct, which before he thought arose entirely from a deep sense of divine things, in a point of light in which he never before had viewed it. He immediately attempted to return home, but so great was his distress, that it was with difficulty he could get along; till, all at once, he was relieved by as suddenly recurring to that text of Scripture, which came into his mind with extraordinary force: "But unto the tribe of Levi, Moses gave not any inheritance." Such, however, was the effect of this unexpected scene on Mr. Tennent's mind and judgment, that ever afterwards he prudently attended to the temporal business of life, still, however, in perfect subor-

dination to the great things of eternity, and he became fully convinced that God was to be faithfully served, as well by discharging relative duties in his love and fear, as by more immediate acts of devotion. He clearly perceived that every duty had its proper time and place, as well as motive; that we had a right, and were called of God, to eat and drink, and to be properly clothed; and, of course, that care should be taken to procure those things, provided that all be done to the glory of God. In the duties of a gospel minister, however, especially as they relate to his pastoral charge, he still engaged with the utmost zeal and faithfulness; and was esteemed by all ranks and degrees, as far as his labors extended, as a fervent, useful, and successful preacher of the gospel.

In the great revival which took place at this period under the labors of Whitfield and others distinguished for their piety and zeal, Mr. Tennent took an active part. His labors were successful: but he was sometimes assailed with the most powerful temptations. One evening he selected a subject for a discourse the next day and made some progress in his preparations. The next morning he endeavored to take up the subject, and complete the arrangement of his thoughts, when he was, all of a sudden, powerfully assailed with the temptation that the Bible was not of divine authority, but the invention of man. He endeavored in vain to repel the temptation by prayer. It fastened upon him with increasing strength as the public service drew near. The thoughts of the preceding evening were irrecoverably gone. He had other subjects, but could get nothing for the people. The Book of God was sealed to him. He was shut up in prayer, and a cloud, dark as Egypt, hovered over his mind. In this agony of soul he went to the church. A large congregation was waiting to hear the word. He was distressed more than ever. He commenced the service. During the singing his agitation was increased to the highest degree. When the moment for prayer arrived, he arose

as one in the most perilous situation, and with arms extended to heaven cried out, "*Lord have mercy upon me!*" As he uttered this petition the clouds gave way, and an unspeakably joyful light broke in upon his soul. He seemed to be caught up to the third heavens, and felt as if he saw God face to face, and was carried forth to him with a degree of liberty that he had never before experienced. Upon every page of the Scriptures he saw the divinity of Jesus inscribed in the brightest colors. At the close of the prayer the congregation was bathed in tears. The sermon that followed was the means of the conversion of about thirty persons.

God manifested himself to his faithful servant at times in a wonderful manner. "At one time," says his biographer, "he was attending the duties of the Lord's day in his own congregation, as usual, where the custom was to have morning and evening service, with only half an hour's intermission to relieve the attention. He had preached in the morning, and in the intermission had walked into the woods for meditation, the weather being warm. He was reflecting on the infinite wisdom of God, as manifested in his works, and particularly in the wonderful method of salvation, through the death and suffering of his beloved son. This subject suddenly opened on his mind with such a flood of light, that his views of the glory, and the infinite majesty of Jehovah were so inexpressibly great, as to overwhelm him, and he fell, almost lifeless to the ground. When he had revived a little, all he could do was to raise a fervent prayer that God would withdraw himself from him, or he must perish under a view of his ineffable glory. When able to reflect on his situation, he could not but abhor himself as a weak and despicable worm, and seemed to be overcome with astonishment, that a creature so unworthy and insufficient, had ever dared to attempt the instruction of his fellow-men in the nature and attributes of so glorious a Being. Overstaying his usual time, some of his elders went in search of him, and found

him prostrate on the ground, unable to rise, and incapable of informing them of the cause. They raised him up, and, after some time brought him to the church, and supported him to the pulpit, which he ascended on his hands and knees, to the no small astonishment of the congregation. He remained silent a considerable time, earnestly supplicating Almighty God (as he told the writer) to hide himself from him, that he might be enabled to address his people, who were by this time lost in wonder to know what had produced this uncommon event. His prayers were heard, and he became able to stand up, by holding on to the desk. He now began the most affecting and pathetic address that the congregation had ever received from him. He gave a surprising account of the views he had of the infinite wisdom of God, and greatly deplored his own incapacity to speak to them concerning a Being so infinitely glorious beyond all his powers of description. He attempted to show something of what had been discovered to him of the astonishing wisdom of Jehovah, of which it was impossible for human nature to form adequate conceptions. He then broke out into so fervent and expressive a prayer, as greatly to surprise the congregation, and draw tears from every eye. A sermon followed, that continued the solemn scene, and made very lasting impressions on all the hearers."

What would be thought of an occurrence like this in the Presbyterian church at the present day?

Here is naught but open war, acts of hostility, and shameful rebellion on the sinner's side; and what delight can God take in that? Wherefore, if God will bend and buckle the spirit of such a one, he must shoot an arrow at him, a bearded arrow, such as may not be plucked out of the wound—an arrow that will stick fast, and cause the sinner fall down as dead at God's feet. Then will the sinner deliver up his arms, and surrender up himself as one conquered, into the hand of God, and beg for the Lord's pardon, and not till then sincerely.

A MIRACULOUS CONVERSION.

BY JAMES S. BRADBROOK.

We have attended two Camp-Meetings with the brother whose remarkable experience is here given. He is a miracle of grace. It is now over a year since he was converted, and he has held steadily on, growing in grace. Beloved, there is wonderful power in the grace of God. Our Jesus is MIGHTY to save. Let us push the battle on; not be discouraged at any hard cases, but go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.—*Editor E. C.*

"Whosoever believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live."

I have heard many say, if they could see in our day as strange a conversion as St. Paul's, they would no longer doubt the power of God and would accept the conditions of salvation forthwith. Listen, and be convinced.

I am thirty years of age—was born in New York city and have been a wanderer from childhood;—visiting nearly every state in the Union, in search of worldly pleasure. As is always the case, I did not run many years before I became vicious, and dissipated. Now, as I look back over the past, my mind crowds an active life of twenty years into a few moments. To prove the power of God to save the most extreme cases, I give you *some* of the true but painful pictures my memory brings before me.

In New York city—at first a welcome guest and acquaintance in the better circles of society;—afterwards, a reckless rowdy of the 4th ward, under the well-earned nickname of "Bourbon," given by hard drinking men on account of my acquired ability to walk under a greater weight of that accursed poison than even they could. In Philadelphia I was an associate of "gentlemen's sons" in one part of the city, and, at the same time, in another part, a bar-tender and rowdy. In Baltimore, Md., Washington D. C., in Pensacola, Fla., trampling on the rights of others, and seeking night and day to satisfy a

something within, by excitement and reckless adventure. In New Orleans, La., as usual, and ever ready and anxious to find occasion for a quarrel or disturbance with comrades or strangers. While in this city I was taken notice of by the authorities as a "hard case," and requested to leave the city. In Memphis, Tenn.—a ringleader of a band of reckless young men, the terror of saloon-keepers, theatre proprietors, quiet citizens, with whom we came in contact; always armed, (the custom of the country), and while there carrying in my pocket complimentary (?) tickets to some of the places of amusement—given on condition of my not disturbing their performances. In Brinkley, Ark., in a phrenzy of passion, making a desperate attempt to take the life of an acquaintance, by snapping a navy six-shooter, (which never, to my knowledge, missed fire before) several times in his face. Back to New York city again, and, tiring of everything else, joined a minstrel troupe; etc. etc. etc.

During my past life I have miraculously (I believed at the time that it was what I called "fate") escaped with my life, from accidents on land and water, and at the hands of my fellow-man, on numerous occasions;—being left for dead several times—being shot at, clubbed, stabbed, stamped upon and beaten. I have witnessed many violent deaths, have had ten cases of attempted suicide to take care of alone, having a doctor's help in but one instance. Some of these cases resulted in death. I have taken the pledge and joined secret temperance societies ten or twelve times—holding out at longest two weeks. Have endeavored to break off using tobacco, in its different forms, frequently, held out longest two days. Up to the time of my conversion, I had not, to the best of my knowledge, been in any religious meeting or gathering for seventeen years; and was completely ignorant of God and his ways and word. I had heard something of an "anxious seat," but imagined it was a place where "quiet Christian people put those who were suffering from anxiety of mind, in

regard to temporal troubles, until they became rested."

During the winter of 1872-'73 I came across a "peculiar people," who professed to live a different life from those around them: claiming "the life I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God," and *practicing what they professed*. I watched them some, making light to myself of the "oddities of this poor, simple, country people," but finding, before I went very far, that they had something I knew nothing about; that I was completely ignorant of, and a stranger to. While I was watching them, God was shivering, with the silent but powerful blows of His Spirit, one thickness after another of the adamant layers of ignorance and sin that surrounded my foul heart, until, at last, in a very strange manner, I was led to the Free Methodist church and then to the mourner's bench. While there the all-powerful blood of Jesus Christ touched my heart, and all my more than numerous sins were forgiven, and I arose a *new* creature. Glory to God! Satan's power was broken, and I was a free man. Hallelujah! There was no previous giving up—no gradual reformation—but it was done in an instant, "in the twinkling of an eye;" and from that day to the present I have not touched, tasted or desired tobacco, alcoholic drinks, antidotes or stimulants—using nothing but pure water; and I enjoy myself as never before, physically, mentally and spiritually. Glory to God.

"His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me. Hallelujah!"

It is written that "He to whom he forgave most will love him most;" and I find it verified. I am more zealous in the cause of God than I was in the work of Satan. I have a clear idea of what consecration means, and have devoted the remainder of my poor life—all I am, or have or can make myself, with the help of God and man combined—completely to the service of my blessed Master. All glory to his name forever and forever! I am happy, clear down to the depths of my being. Glory

to God! I love God and His people, and the Earnest Christian and its work. I have gathered up some hundred copies and have scattered them wherever I have gone. I hope to be permitted to relate what God has done for me since my conversion, for surely he has led me in strange ways. I have been active, and in many cases successful.

HOLINESS.

BY WILLIAM FELL.

"Be ye holy, for I am holy."

Without holiness no man can see God in peace. It is an absolute and eternal necessity. God is a holy being, and they that dwell with Him must of necessity be holy. He has declared "that there shall in no wise enter into His kingdom anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." Heaven is a pure place, prepared for a pure people; and holiness is heaven begun in the soul: it is the beginning of eternal life. A holy soul has perfect confidence that as soon as it leaves the body it will go and join the celestial host. Instinctively it wings its way to the God it loves. Onward and upward it moves in perfect ecstacy and bliss, singing with triumph the everlasting song of Moses and the Lamb. "Unto Him that loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood, be glory and dominion forever and ever." Heaven opens to receive such a soul. Why? Because he has the eternal qualification, which is holiness. He was an obedient child in the school of Christ on earth, and graduated with honors; he loved purity for the very sake of purity. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Every child of God loves this theme. He has tasted of the "powers of the world to come," and with the Psalmist he can say: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. And because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall

praise Thee." God's people love purity and they are not satisfied with anything else; a justified soul is on a stretch after it; he is walking in the light and obeying God, and comes up to the point where he needs this blessing, and receives it by faith, verifying the truth of the Scriptures: "If I walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Its by obeying God that we receive these blessings; for the Word says: "Seeing you have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." The question has been asked, if a soul merely justified should die, would he be saved? He does not have to wait till he dies to know that he is saved already. He is as innocent as a babe, and the same blood that atones for an infant atones for him. But should an infant stop growing it would certainly die; so would a justified soul cease breathing spiritual life if it refused to obey God and walk in the light. The same with regard to a sanctified soul also. A justified soul cannot live any cheaper than a sanctified soul; he must obey God just the same, and he is a live man every day in the week, and a new creature in Christ Jesus. Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new. Holiness implies freedom from sin, and a will that is in perfect harmony with the will of God. All controversy in the soul ceases as soon as the last remains of inbred corruption are cleansed out by the blood of Christ. All desire or disposition to commit sin is gone. A temptation to do this or that which is wrong, meets with no response in the soul. The Devil's relations are all gone, and consequently there is nothing for him to build upon. "Purity is power," and the Devil knows it; he is well aware that if a soul obtains this blessing his kingdom will suffer damage, and souls will desert his ranks and seek salvation.

A man must have the blessing of

perfect love in order to be useful, and to meet the abuse and insults of a wicked world with a smile. The devil will rage, but love triumphs over all and comes off victorious. "Love is not provoked," and wicked men feel it and are struck under conviction. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world."

We need this blessing in order to stand acquitted and approved of God at last. This and this alone is of real importance. It is the one thing needful. It will be a glorious friend in that day when every thing else fails, when kingdoms and empires fall and the eternal judgments of God burst upon this sin-cursed earth. The storm is coming, and we need perfect love to give us boldness. Nothing but holiness will stand the test then, and pass current at the bar of God. Earthly monarchs, great statesmen, dukes, generals, millionaires, men of science and renown, the nobility of earth, so called, and the highly educated and refined scholar, will have to stand in the back-ground, when the sanctified host of God make their appearance with Jesus Christ the King of glory at their head, "who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords, to whom be honor and power everlasting. Amen."

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Avoid Sin.—Be careful to cut off all occasions of sin, and keep at the greatest distance from temptation, if you would mortify the deeds of the body. The success of sin mainly depends upon the stratagems it uses to ensnare the soul; therefore the apostle bids us keep at the greatest distance. "Abstain from all appearance of evil."—1st Thess. v. 22. "Come not nigh the door of her house."—Prov. v. 8. He that dares venture to the brink of sin, has but little light in his understanding and less tenderness in his conscience; he neither knows sin, nor fears it as he ought.—*Flavel.*

COMMUNINGS WITH GOD.

I retired a few minutes after five, to wait for the coming of Jesus. My soul is all desire after Christ. I am resolved to love and serve him, as I have never yet done. Come, Holy Ghost, and kindle the fire within my breast.

From a quarter after four this morning till ten, spent in prayer, and reading the Scriptures, and such humiliation of soul, such a sense of my vileness I hardly ever felt. It was genuine, godly sorrow indeed, with a clear sight of the odiousness of sin. I believe the first time I ever sinned, was brought to my remembrance. My head was as waters, and my heart as wax before the fire. But all the time, I had a clear sense of the love of God; a witness that I was accepted in the Beloved, and all the day after, my soul delighted itself in the Lord.

I ought to esteem myself unworthy of any comfort; my sins having justly deserved damnation. The blood of Christ is of infinite value and efficacy; otherwise I should never be saved. Infirmities, so called, which once I passed over without much remorse, now appear heinous, black, and damnable; and if God did not bear witness with my spirit, that they are all forgiven, would sink me into misery. People are seldom sufficiently sensible of the odiousness of pride, anger, internal concupiscence, or an inordinate love of the creature; together with the neglect of self-denial, and bearing the daily cross. These are overlooked; yea, some even plead for, and attempt to justify them. Lord, let me never be an advocate for the devil. Give me grace heartily to love those who tell me of my faults. Search out my sin, till thou find none. My whole trust is in the blood of Jesus. I have no other plea; for this one is enough; it will, it doth prevail with God, and bring my soul to glory.

In my closet the former part of this day was made indeed a time of love. I felt such sweetness, and divine felicity in my soul, and by faith beheld the glory of God in such a manner as words

cannot describe. I saw and tasted God in all things. My Lord Jesus Christ appeared *wonderful* to me indeed.—Isa. ix. 6. Praise, blessing, honor, glory, and thanksgiving be ascribed to the holy and adorable Trinity. What could I have believed, what understood of thee, unless thou, my Lord, hadst revealed it to me? O love divine! O the wisdom, and power of God! Human tongue cannot express, nor angel minds conceive, how great and wonderful they are in the saints; by whom God is glorified, and in whom Christ is *justified* by the Spirit.—1 Tim. iii. 16. To whom heaven is, as it were, let down, and whom eternal glory momentarily awaits. They now drink of the rivers of pleasure; of the well of life; and are warmed with the beams of the divine Sun. They are delighted with praises, allured by pleasures, clothed with light, and filled with God. Hallelujah! Amen.

To rejoice evermore, is my portion under the sun. My heart dissolves with the goodness of God. Truly thou art unto me a *place of broad rivers*.—Isa. xxxiii. Blessed be the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! A stranger intermeddeth not with the happiness which I feel! The half cannot be told. O, it is heaven upon earth! After several exercises of faith, love and prayer, I lay down in peace. My heart is full; and yet

“A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, and pant for more.”

O, how sweet is it to retire from the world! yea, even from converse with the holiest Christians, to wait upon God alone, and to get closer acquaintance with the blessed Jesus. Happy the man that can go to God at any time, praying to him with faith and fervency. My God, all my soul cries aloud for more of thy light and love. Manifest thyself more fully within me!

I retired to fast; and poured out my heart for my own soul, for the church of God, and for mankind in general: that God would reform the whole world. Days of fasting become sweet to me. I find more and more delight in them.

But by grace I am saved. Jesus is my righteousness. Through faith in his blood, I offer myself, and all I do to him. The favor of God I obtained by his death; the image of God is stamped upon my heart by his Spirit; and thro' his intercession I obtain everlasting life. And yet will he reward every man according to his works.

I was this day sensibly convinced of the danger of following impulses of any kind, unless supported by the express authority of Scripture. Nature and Satan suggest a variety of things, which having a show of truth and goodness, often lead persons into extravagance. It seems however a sure rule, that whatsoever promotes or increases purity and meekness, love towards God, and our neighbor, must be from heaven.—And whatsoever does not tend to this ought to be rejected. But O what need is there here, of spiritual discernment, to distinguish between the real graces of the *Holy Ghost*, and the counterfeit appearances of the devil and self-love! God of truth, and of love, lead and establish my soul in the paths of justice, mercy, truth, and humanity. Make me of a quick understanding in thy fear; nor leave me a moment to my own wisdom or strength. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Praise the Lord, O my soul!

All day long my heart burned with the love of God. My desires were unutterable; but he who knows the mind of the Spirit, will grant me all my petitions.

I had close trials; but the consolations of God were so many and so strong, that I was borne above them. My body and soul were exceedingly strengthened by the divine grace. The *baptism of fire* I experienced more than ever. But still I am a poor creature.

O how soon will this dream of life be ended! Lord I long to see thee as thou art. Give me patience, gracious Lord!

For about two hours in my room, I found such communion with God, as my pen cannot write: no, it is beyond the power of words to describe the happiness which I felt. Alas, that men

should be so ungrateful to God, and such enemies to their own souls, as not to seek happiness in Jesus. O the delight of a soul fully united to God!

At his table, the Lord met me this day, in a wonderful manner. My whole frame was so affected and overpowered, that I was ready to resign my soul into his hands!

I was still more deeply sensible of God's presence. I cannot tell what I then felt. It was the work of God; but he knows in what manner, and degree. The fire spread: the light shone: and the power wrought: in short, *God within me lived!* Sing a new song, O my soul: sing with a mighty voice.—Proclaim to angels and men, the goodness of the Lord. Jesus, help me to praise thee yet more and more!

I met with several trials to-day, but it was given me to bear them cheerfully and to praise the Lord, who has given me integrity of heart, and simplicity of intention, in all my ways. Lord, I love thee. I will praise thy name yet more, even for ever and ever.

O how plain is it, that God reveals to babes, those gracious things which are hidden from the wise and prudent; so doth he magnify his mercy, and stain the pride of human glory. In my closet I wept much, that I might be more filled with God than ever.

I thirsted and prayed this day to be with him. My whole soul was in a flame for God. O for more faith to see him continually!

Lord, I am sorely tempted, but thou comfortest me. I am happy in thy love. Still open thy kingdom more fully and powerfully within me.—*Thomas Walsh.*

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"FOR A SEASON."

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BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

After a forty-days' unsuccessful siege in the wilderness, the devil left Jesus "for a season." Is not this written for our comfort and strengthening? That word, "for a season," seems to imply that the assault was afterward renewed,

from time to time. Christ was in all respects tempted *like* as we are, yet without sin.

The disciple cannot be above his Master. We also have seasons of sharp conflict, and then intervals of restful joy. The devil only leaves us for a season. The enemy of souls has an evil perseverance, and malignant persistence, which carry him forward in his work of harassing and tempting the believer. Knowing this, it behooves us to be at all times watchful and sober. And amid all these sieges and assaults, it is blessed to know that the Comforter *abides* with us. He does not fitfully comfort, and then leave us comfortless for a season, unless we ourselves turn away our hearts, and so grieve the Spirit. The Lord is faithful who has promised that the Comforter shall "abide with" us "forever."

And if the messengers of Satan buffet us, the angels of God are also ready to be sent forth as ministering spirits, to "minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation."—Heb. i. 14.

As the devil leaves us for a season, so he only tempts us for a time. This is implied in the words, "Though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations."—1 Pet. i. 6. Clouds and sunshine, joy and heaviness, sad temptation and exultant victory,—these seem to be the common conditions of our best growth and perfect ripening in Christian experience. If we are in heaviness, let us unflinchingly trust, and steadfastly endure—it is but for a season. If we are enjoying peace, and restful victory, let us be wary and circumspect, girded with truth, and keeping the whole armor securely on, for the respite is but for a season.

But the time is coming when the accuser of the brethren shall be cast down, and we shall be ever with the Lord, and shall see His face. Our triumphant joy shall then be not for a season, but forever and ever.

As worldly joy ends in sorrow, so godly sorrow ends in joy.

SAVED BY GRACE.

BY REV. G. W. HUMPHREY.

Ye are saved by *grace*, not will be, but are now. The favor of God always has been toward his creatures; for his mercy is over all his works. Under the dispensation in which we now live, the Scriptures plainly teach that God regards the spiritual advancement of men as the great thing to be accomplished in this life. Experience also teaches that only that is strong and enduring, which has moral excellence in it. There was a time when physical power governed the world; but now it is different. Virtue is the power. High morality in nations and men give preeminence. One of the English poets has said:

"A Christian is the highest style of man."

And *Christian* morality is attained only by the grace of God. From what does grace save us? We answer, from sin and its consequences. First, from sin. What! from sin? Yes, from all. A Calvinistic Doctor wrote, and we often sing it:

"The grace that saves the soul from hell,
Will save from present sin."

St. Paul says, "And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins." "Whosoever abideth in him, sinneth not." Again, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed (grace) remaineth in him and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." There is only one thing in the universe that can match sin, that is the grace of God; and wherever the two meet on equal terms, sin is conquered. Sin strikes its roots to the depths of the soul, but grace uproots it. Sin pervades, in all its parts, the heart of man; but grace not only gives dominion over sin, but, if allowed, will utterly exterminate it, and fill the heart with humble, gentle, patient love. Sin is the cause of all the misery on earth, and leads man to the most unnatural crimes. It causes him to deny God. I heard a man, a short time ago, in a hall in this city, (San Jose, Cal.) before a large audience, call on the God

of the Bible to kill him, if there was such a being. "And now," he said, "you see there is not such a God, or else why don't he do it. I defy him!"

Name me the evil that springs not from this root. Who digs man a grave, steals his virtue, destroys his life, brings gray hairs with sorrow to the tomb, breaks the hearts of parents, changes sweet children into vipers, tender mothers into monsters, and kind fathers into worse than Herods; lights the torch of war, throws discord among brethren, and rends Christ's seamless garment? The abominable thing that God and good men hate.

"Sin is the living worm, the lasting fire:
Hell soon would lose its heat could sin expire.
Fools make a mock of sin,
Will not believe it carries such a dagger in its sleeve.
How can it be, say they, that such a thing,
So full of sweetness, e'er should wear a sting;
They know not that it is of sin the very spell,
To make men laugh themselves to Hell."

The good of all ages and climes have desired the overthrow of sin. It has baffled all their designs. The Scriptures alone reveal a cure. Dimly the promise was made by God: "The seed of the woman shall crush the serpent's head." Clearer the promise shone along the line of Prophets, until the God-man came. In Christ's death was paid to divine justice satisfaction for man's sin. In his resurrection, God's seal was set upon him that it was accepted, and in his ascension he led captivity captive, and received gifts for men. The best, richest and sweetest gift he imparts is his grace. The question then, is, Am I now saved? "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men." Some complain of too little grace; but he assures us he will give us of the riches of his grace in glory, through Jesus Christ. God's grace is as boundless, and as infinite as himself. When a boy, in England, I used to go to Methodist meetings, and they sang:

Grace is flowing, like a river,
Millions here have been supplied;
Still it flows, as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side.

This doctrine of salvation by grace is very full of comfort to a poor, sin-sick soul. Twenty years ago, soul-sick I was:

- And tears ran down in such continuous course,
As if the very eyes themselves would melt.

I stood before my Maker a sin defiled man; and as I looked within my heart I saw nothing but pollution. I looked abroad on men, I saw them in the same condemnation. The blessed Spirit turned my faith's interior eye to Calvary. I saw Him on the cross, bleeding, groaning, dying. I can't tell how it was; but power came to my soul, and as I gazed, my chains fell off, my heart was free. I rose, went forth and followed Him. I was saved by grace; and while I write, "dances my glad heart for joy."

THE CHILD-HEART.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

Shake with a careless hand
Pearls from the rose,
Disturb in leafy bower
Wild birds' repose;

Drop on the lily's robe
Mildew to blight,
Shut from the growing plant,
Warm summer light.

Hush the "small voice" within
When it doth chide,
Turn thou the scale of right
Meanly for bribe;

Fill with the stones of sin
Life's hidden well,
Break in thy heart of hearts
Pity's sweet spell.

But dare not t' breathe upon
Child's holy trust:
Let that pure mirror be
Sacred from rust.

Let the heart image forth
Faces divine,—
Come but with reverent feet
Unto that shrine.

SPEAK FOR THE MASTER.

BY A. W. SMITH.

A young man of the bar came into my office, just after I had received the September number of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*, and knowing something of his views, or rather pretended views, of God and the Bible, I related to him the story of the infidel father, (contained in this No.) how the father caused the ruin of his own son—"How," said he, "did he cause his ruin?" I replied—by influencing him in some way, in a fearful hour's private interview, while the son was laboring under the convictions of the Holy Spirit, to abandon the idea of becoming a Christian. Said he, "If that is what you call ruin, I hope for just such ruin; I hope to die as he did." I replied, And this you most assuredly will do, unless you change your mind and present views. He then turned to me with sarcastic words, and imprecating oaths, ridiculing the idea of religion, and the idea of a professional man like me to be reading such trash as I held in my hand. He seemed very angry, and accompanied nearly every word with a fearful oath, that betokened a very uneasy conscience. And I said to him, Well, after all, Mr. S—, I see you have some conscience yet left; notwithstanding all the corroding mildews, and effects of sin, heaped upon it to crush its very life out; still it speaks, and would acknowledge the right—truth—if you would only let it. But as to having any compunctions of conscience, he laughingly denied, and left my room. I believe there are but few infidels in the depths of their heart.

At the close of one of my schools, in the State of Indiana, I sent a little tract of the American Tract Society, by the hand of one of my pupils, to his profane and drunken father. It portrayed the heinousness of swearing, and the swearer's doom. A few days afterward while walking home from the neighboring village, he overtook me on horseback, and at once made a fearful attack on me with horrible oaths, while with

blood-shot eyes and bloated face he waved a pitchfork over my head, as though he would strike me down; asking why I had thus insulted him, and meddled with his private business. I told him I did not mean it for an insult, but hoped it might be the means of doing him good. He said he would leave it to Mr. H— (who too was a drinking and swearing man) that I had done it for an insult. I told him no; but that I would leave it with Mr. A— (as they were both riding before us). To this he objected, saying, with an oath, that he, too, was a Methodist. Said I, Mr. L. suppose you were blind and I should see you swiftly running toward that mighty precipice, (pointing to one near by) and knowing that you did not realize your danger, would it not be cruel, yea, murder in the second degree, should I remain silent and let you plunge off into endless ruin? This question put him to silence; and I further said, Now, Mr. L., I have only carried out the design of the writer of that little tract in putting it into your hands; that is, it was intended for some one just like you; and, not knowing that any body had said anything to you about your soul, I thought this might set you to thinking and so reach your case and save you. At this he seemed to melt down to tenderness, and asked my pardon and took me by the hand and wished me well. Poor Jake! 'twas the last time I ever saw him.

Do not confound angelic with Christian perfection. Uninterrupted transports of praise, and ceaseless raptures of joy, do not belong to Christian, but to angelic perfection. If God indulges you with ecstasies and extraordinary revelations, be thankful for them; be not exalted above measure by them; and remember that your Christian perfection does not consist so much in building a tabernacle upon Mount Tabor, and enjoying rare sights there, as in resolutely taking the cross, and following Christ to the palace of a proud Caiaphas, to the judgment-hall of an unjust Pilate, and to the top of an ignominious Calvary.—*Fletcher.*

RELIGION AT HOME.

BY MRS. G. W. FRENCH.

It is comparatively easy for some of us to be pretty good Christians away from home. We go to church and the surroundings and influence work upon the devotional part of our nature, so that we feel like really worshipping in spirit and in truth; or, if it be in a social meeting, we feel at liberty to talk fluently, pray eloquently, and go home feeling very well satisfied with ourselves, sure that we are growing in grace.

There is a bit of mission work to be done. We do it cheerfully, and find a sweet reward in the approval from within; it may be in the gratitude of the object, or in the commendation of some other one. We become interested in some wanderer. Our heart yearns after him, we pray, we plead the promises, we work. By and by we have the satisfaction of seeing him pause in his mad career, turn back, get clothed again in the old, yet never worn-out garment of Christ's righteousness. Ah, how our hearts swell within us; how brightly burns the fire of our zeal; how strong our faith, and how sure we are that it pays to work for the Master!

But somehow when we get home the burdens, the cares of every-day life get tangled around the cross and it seems heavier. We see a great deal of work to be done and we get to fretting over it, forgetting that each hour, each moment has, or should have, only its own share. Some of this work may be unnecessary too, and have we any right to do what God don't want us to do, and then fret about it?

Winnow out all artificial wants, and you will be surprised by the amount of leisure at your disposal. Try it one month. It will do you more good than a trip to the mountains or sea shore.

There are some, however, whose lives are really crowded full of necessary work. To such let me say, do not try to do it alone. Jesus knows how to work better than you do. Just put yourself into His hands. Let him use

you as the carpenter uses his tools. Let His Spirit have perfect control of soul, mind and body; do what it teaches you; then let the result rest with Him. Do not worry about it. He will see to His own work if you are only willing to let Him.

So with your cares. Peter knew what he was talking about, and meant just what he said when he wrote, "Casting *all* your care upon him, for he careth for you." That bit of advice is for our especial benefit just as much as if the letter containing it was dated eighteen hundred and seventy-four, and addressed to you or me personally.

There is more or less friction about our intercourse with others. Our temperaments and the influence brought to bear upon us from infancy to maturity, are so diverse that it requires the patience only a thorough work of grace in the heart can give, to reconcile opposite qualities, even between those whose love for each other is deep, and pure, and strong.

The little ones, too, tempt us sorely at times. It is hard for us grown-up people to put ourselves down upon their level, to see with their eyes, to understand their feelings, to share their joys, to sympathize with their troubles.

Oh! Christian men and women, to whose care is intrusted these budding flowers for immortality, get down upon your knees every day and plead for grace to deal wisely, gently, lovingly with them. Do not rest satisfied without *knowing* that Christ accepts your petition and is working in and through you. You will be the first standard by which these little ones will judge Christianity. See to it, then, that the cause of Christ be not dishonored, yea, hindered by your impatience, injustice, lack of Christ like sympathy, gentleness, calmness. I tell you there is a higher plane upon which God would have us stand. It is our privilege, as well as duty, to give ourselves wholly to God, *to be kept*, so that up to the measure of each day's consciousness we may realize that our hearts are pure; that God reigns in and over us, at home or abroad.

GROWTH.

Life is feeblest at its beginning. This should be as true of Christian as of vegetable, or animal life. The sinner "must be born again"—"born of the Spirit." Without this he cannot be a child of God, or belong to the family of God. The young Christian is a "babe in Christ," and as such, needs milk, and not strong meat, until, "by reason of use, the senses are exercised to discern both good and evil." And as a healthy child, properly fed and cared for, grows till the full maturity of the powers is reached, so it ought to be with every child of God. None need backslide or remain dwarfed and sickly.

"Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection." As the student leaves the alphabet, not by discarding, but by adding to and combining it in all the advances of learning, or rather as the builder leaves the foundation, not by dispensing with it, but by rearing the structure on it, so let us, let all, leave the rudiments of Christian experience, and go on to completeness, or full maturity in Christ. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." Yes, your sanctification; for "Jesus Christ tasted death for every man." "He came to seek and to save that which was lost." "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the Devil." He "saves his people from their sins," not *in* them. All mankind are here included, and a thorough work contemplated. I pity whoever can doubt that it is the will of God, that every one may or should become pure in heart, cleansed "from all sin," or be "sanctified wholly." Yet the pure are not necessarily mature, the one does not include the other, but the latter usually follows the former. "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Perfecting holiness is to continue after entire cleansing, and the result is, "being rooted and grounded in love, till able to comprehend with all saints, what is

the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, until filled with all the fullness of God."

Not the privileged few, but *all saints* are thus addressed. Does this full view of Christian privilege and duty characterize the staple of teaching furnished by the pulpit and religious press? This question fully pondered and answered, can we marvel that after eighteen centuries of teaching and effort, Paul's description of the early Church, should still so strikingly apply? "When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again, which be the first principles of the oracles of God." There had been time to grow into men and women, but they were yet children, who needed milk, and could not be fed on meat; and instead of being able to teach others as they should have been themselves, had to be taught the rudiments of the gospel. But the case with the majority of our members stands even worse now. They are not only not grown beyond their infancy, but take many more liberties after a few years, than during their early religious childhood. They read books, go into society, conform to the fashions, seek worldly pleasures, adopt modes and motives, in business yield to ambitious promptings, neglect religious duties, are less firm and diligent, and in many ways are more inconsistent with a religious profession than at the beginning of their religious life. Nor is even this the worst phase of the case. There is a systematic and persistent effort to bring the world into the Church, and to reconcile a worldly life with a religious profession. Many things are justified and defended, which at first would have given a severe shock to the religious convictions. If our natural children grew no faster, and were no more healthy and vigorous than our spiritual children, we should regard them as so dwarfed and sickly, as to presage a speedy end of the present order of things.

Nor could this state of things exist, if every convert was made to feel that

religion implies, not only a radical change of heart, but also a life carefully adjusted to the requirements of the Bible, and that to "go on to perfection" at once, is a common duty and privilege.

The burning words of Rev. Dr. Crosby, of New York, add weight to this subject: "Is the Church free from collusion with this seething corruption? Is its testimony clear and faithful against the seductions of a base society? Does it stand forth boldly against the power of wealth and position, for purity of heart and life, no matter what it costs? We have no hesitation in saying emphatically, 'No,' to these interrogatories. Men who rob on a large scale are retained in our churches; women whose whole lives are given to the god of fashion, sit at our communion tables; folly flaunts its finery in the best pews; we allow a rogue to purchase impunity by endowing a church or hospital; we connive at late suppers, the midnight revelries, the waltzes and 'Germans,' the costly dressing, the hollow visiting, the social tipping, by which sons and daughters are demoralized; we stoop to wealth, and send our missionaries to the poor. 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing,' to which voice from heaven we respectfully reply, 'That would be exclusive and illiberal.'"—*Rev. G. R. Snyder.*

INTIMACY WITH GOD.

The knowledge of God is gained as the knowledge of man is gained, by living much with him. If we only come across a man occasionally, and in public, and see nothing of him in his private and domestic life, we can not be said to know him. All the knowledge of God which many professing Christians have, is derived from a formal salute which they make to him in their prayers, when they rise up in the morning and lie down at night. While this state of things lasts, no progress would be made if they were to offer stated prayers seven times a day instead of twice. But try to bring God into your

daily work; consult him about it; offer it to him as a contribution to his service; ask him to help you in it; ask him to bless it; do it as to the Lord and not to men; refer to him all your temptations; go back at once to his bosom; when you are conscious of a departure from him, not waiting till night to confess it, lest, meanwhile, the night of death overtake you, or at best you should lose time in your spiritual course. In short, walk hand in hand with God through life (as a little child walks hand in hand with its father over some dangerous and thorny road) dreading above all things to quit his side, assured that, as soon as you do so, you will fall into mischief and trouble. Seek not so much to pray as to live in an atmosphere of prayer, lifting up your heart momentarily to him in varied expressions of devotion, as the occasions of life may prompt, adoring him, thanking him, resigning your will to him many times a day, and more or less all day; and you shall thus as you advance in this practice, as it becomes more and more habitual to you, increase in that knowledge of God, which fully contents and satisfies the soul.—*The Living Epistle.*

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves; the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life.
Sins committed while conscience slept;
Promises made, but never kept;
Hatred, battle, and strife—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds.
We sow our seed—lo! tares and weeds
Go reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to sever the past;
As we return our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit:
We stand before Him, humbled, mute,
Waiting the word He breathes—
Nothing but leaves.

THE SOUL'S RESTING-PLACE.

The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him,
 And the Lord shall cover him all the day long,
 And he shall dwell between his shoulders.—Deut.
 xxxiii. 12.

Can it be possible that these words do really mean what is said, that amid all the busy activities of life, exposed to the many dangers, with certain responsibilities resting upon each one of us, that we may indeed dwell in safety in Him? So God has said, and if we believe His word we may dwell in safety in Him. Covered all the day long! At night we seek shelter within, and in retiring to rest we expect the covering to be over us while we lie unconsciously asleep. But in the day-time, while mixing with the busy throng; whilst attending to the little cares, and many calls, or whilst all is commotion around us, and hands, feet, and head employed, can it be that there is this covering? Is there *One* always caring for us, and covering us all the busy day long?

Then the shoulders, the place of safety and strength, can this be our dwelling at all times, under all circumstances? It is even so; let us rejoice in this fact.

It is said of one, that he walked the streets of the city of Mexico, where every kind of traffic was carried on, where was the greatest external confusion, sidewalks crowded with people rushing to and fro, the streets full of vehicles of every description, he moved on undisturbed, dead to all this battle and confusion, and continually alive to the presence of his God. What a glorious resting place he had, while covered all the day long, and carried between his shoulders!

Corresponding to this passage in the Old Testament are the precious words of Jesus in the New: "And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing."

A fully consecrated disciple of our Lord, who had on conversion given up his position in the fashionable world, and had opened his spacious drawing-rooms to entertain Jesus, and only such as would come to meet the Lord,—was

led, through thinking upon this verse, into the rest of faith. Having two years previous to this, seen his helplessness, as it regarded the pardon and forgiveness of his sins, he had accepted through the atonement, and after thus giving wholly to the Lord, had never doubted his acceptance.

Having heard of the power of Jesus to deliver and keep his own children from their sins, and of the rest, which is the privilege of all to enjoy, he, too, sought this perfect rest of soul, and deliverance from such sins as had dominion over him. In reading he was suddenly struck with the helplessness of the sheep, and the great care, tenderness, and love of the shepherd. It was a delightful contemplation to see how very carefully the good shepherd took up the stray sheep, and instead of whipping it it back into the fold, "He layeth it on his shoulder rejoicing."

"Ah," thought he, "I am really as helpless as that lost sheep. I can no more carry or cover myself, than can the sheep as it lies over the shoulder. I could not pardon my sins in the first instance, any more than I can keep from yielding to sins. And I need that resting-place! that spot of security!" At once it flashed upon him, that his strength lay in seeing the fact of his helplessness, and entire dependence upon God. And he said within himself, "I see now the meaning of the apostle's words, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' My weakness will enable me to let the Saviour carry me, and he may lay me on his shoulders; this shall henceforth be my dwelling place, where I shall be covered and carried all the day long."—*Times of Refreshing.*

Observe Paul: he died daily, he was always delivered unto death, he despaired of life. And this is the way to be prepared for any calamity. When a man thinks he has only to prepare for an assault by footmen, how shall he contend with horses; or if he looks no further than to horses, what will he do at the swellings of Jordan?—*Bunyan.*

HOLD FAST THE FORM OF
SOUND WORDS.

BY E. P. M.

"No matter what a man believes if he is only honest in it, or if his life is only right." This is the shallow creed of skeptics, and sinners who despise creeds. It is the cant of men and women who are little in philosophy,—less in morality,—and in religion nothing at all. It strikes directly at the foundation of all virtue and piety. God meets us in his word, and with all the solemnities of eternity, commands us to believe. He pours down all the benedictions of heaven upon the believer: and thunders eternal damnation along the path of the unbeliever. The common sense and common conviction of mankind, teach that a man's belief influences his life. We expect to find some degree of correspondence between the belief and the life. We are instinctively and reasonably inclined to trust men who believe strongly in truth and virtue; and to distrust those who "are tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine," or who view with indifference radically different systems of moral truth and moral obligation.

Suppose a horticulturist should say, "I care not what kind of a tree I plant—what kind of a root or stock it has—but only for the fruit." Would you not say, "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit?" Sound doctrine is the root and stock of a true Christian character and life.

Moral and religious truth binds upon the conscience the obligation to obedience. "The God within the mind" commands those who hear the law to be doers of it also; and this authority is not easily disregarded. When men tell us that right living is everything, we ask, "What basis has right living but right thinking?" The Christian lives right because he thinks right. The stoic, the epicurean, the mormon, the communist lives wrong because he thinks wrong. Wrong thinking caused the horrors of the French Revolution.

Men, indeed, are not usually so strong as their creed; but this fact bears strongest against errorists.

According to the laws of our being, and according to the common observation, loose thinking commonly leads to loose living. When men conclude that it does not matter what they believe, they will soon conclude, by a short step of true logic, that it does not matter what they do. God cares just as much for one as for the other, and he will punish a man for a damnable heresy just as soon and severely as for a damnable sin.

As a sound and positive belief in the fundamental and tremendous truths of revelation declines in any community or nation, all the most powerful incentives to virtue are weakened; the flood-gates of vice are lifted, man forgets God and God forsakes man, and the voice of religion is but faintly heard, like the echo of some divine footstep retiring from the world. The man who should openly advocate falsehood, dishonesty, impurity, profanity, etc., would scarcely be more guilty than the man who advocates fundamental moral error. The latter would probably be more dangerous to society than the former. Men give various accounts of the decay of morals in America, but those who look deep enough see a decay of faith in the fundamental truths of the Bible to be the great comprehensive cause.

Man is responsible for his belief, or rather for his candor, honesty and diligence in forming his belief. He is on probation for the use he makes of the facts and faculties which God gives him. Infidels themselves condemn Christians for believing this creed. There can be no honest and valid objection to expressing our belief in a creed or a catechism. Politicians adopt platforms, and ships hoist flags. A politician who objects to a platform is suspected. A ship without a flag is very likely a pirate. Paul indicates the wisdom of a formulated faith. "Hold fast the form of sound words." We should hold the common doctrines of Christianity intelligently, positively, strenuously, as for our im-

mortal life. The Bible enjoins steadfastness in the faith. God saves men for their faith, and blesses them in proportion to their faith. Strong faith is the backbone of a strong, influential and useful Christian character. It makes reformers and martyrs on earth, and shining saints in heaven. Sound doctrine is healthy for the soul.

Firmness of faith insures safety in "perilous times;" binds the church together with more than the bands of man, stimulates zeal in the work of converting souls, and carries conviction to the hearts of an unbelieving world. A revival of the faith of the Puritans would save multitudes who are drifting, dreaming and sinking on a sea of doubts, send armies of apostolic men through every pagan nation, and amaze the world by its divine achievements.

AM I NOT LEADING THEE?

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

Father, for guidance and love-care I pray;
Tears thro' the stillness are falling away.

Others walk joyfully, clasping thy hand:
Is it 'mid shadows that brood o'er the land?

Cometh the answer in Love's sweetest
tones,

"Am I not leading thee *ever*, my own?

Thou art tear-blinded, but reach up, for
near [thou fear?

The arm of my strength is—why should'st

Have I not drawn thee to shelter, and rest,
When at the noon-tide the heat hath oppressed?

What if the child trusting thee in the *light*,
Drew from thy side at the coming of night?

Am I not leading thee? do I not know
All of the paths where I call thee to go?

Once have I spoken, 'I will not forsake.'
The hand of my love-care trustingly take.

Thou art tear-blinded; my hand is above
Thou hast forgotten thy first child-like
love."

Father, for guidance I thank thee, and
light, [bright."

Led in the pathway that groweth "more

"THE LORD THINKETH FOR ME."

Few men have known how to make nature minister to faith, and thanksgiving and joy, better than Luther. Once, on a journey, says one of his biographers, while he was passing a fine, rich grain-field, he broke out into a kind of rapturous thanksgiving to God, saying, "Oh, how good Thou art to us, unthankful and evil!" etc. When seated at his table one day, he noticed the keen eager looks with which his children were eyeing a dish of sliced and sweetened peaches on the table, and said, "See now, I pray you, the assurance of hope set forth in the longing looks of those dear children!" Seeing one of his boys ordering about a powerful dog, and handling him as dogs will let nobody but boys handle them, Luther said, "That boy shows forth the law of God in his words and actions. God gave to man dominion over the creatures, and see him exercise it over an animal ten times as strong as himself. And how patiently the dog bears his little orders and buffetings!"

But the most beautiful incident of the kind related of this great-minded and simple-hearted man, (at least, so it seems to us,) is the following. Looking out of his window, one summer evening, he saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy disposition for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us, all! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him!"

It was, indeed, a beautiful, most beautiful thought. And how happy, beyond all riches and greatness, is the mind which receives such impressions from nature, which can see and hear the great God in so little a thing as a bird going to roost on the twig of a tree. How wonderful and blessed that talisman which can thus turn the material into the spiritual, the earthly into the heavenly, the little into the great, the sublime, the divine! "I have meat to eat," said the Saviour, "that ye know

not of." And he who has this "mind that was in Christ" can say, "I have teachers, preachers, counsellors, books, companions, that ye know not of." To such a mind the world is a great library, every leaf of which is fraught with delight and wisdom; a boundless vista of pictures, every glance at which reveals some matchless touch of the Divine Artist,—of Him who paints as man never painted.

It was a beautiful thought of Luther's. But it was not an original one. Some three thousand years before his time, a suffering soul had found comfort in the thought, "The Lord thinketh for me." "I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh upon me;" (Psalms xl. 17) or, as it may be rendered, "for me;" especially when the word is compared with the sense in Psalms cxiv. 1; lvi. 11; cxviii. 6, and Isaiah vi. 8, where, as in other instances, the Hebrew means "for, in behalf of." The word translated "thinketh" signifies also "to contrive, devise, plan, invent, to weave a curious texture, to compose a song or strain of music." "The Lord contrives, ponders, plans for me." The infinite Mind, the Almighty Hand, is at work "for me." The condescending goodness of God, the security of the believer, the certainty that "all things shall work together for good;" that through life's dark warp of "many sorrows," Divine skill will draw such bright threads of love and wisdom as to make the whole pattern at last an object for angels to gaze at, "an eternal excellency," a display forever of "the manifold wisdom of God,"—all this is included and assured in that "the Lord thinketh for me." All tormenting care, all doubt of a happy issue, vanish when faith can say, "The Lord thinketh for me!"—*Guide to Holiness.*

The truth is of that nature, that the more it is opposed, the more glory it appears in; and the more the adversary objects to it, the more it will clear itself.

The Lord useth his flail of tribulation to separate the chaff from the wheat.

BEGIN RIGHT AND END RIGHT.

BY MRS. C. TERRY.

It is an old saying that, "A poor beginning makes a good ending;" but I believe that if we begin to serve the Lord aright we shall end right. But if we fail in the beginning to separate ourselves wholly from the world; and fail to get the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon our souls, we will fail all the way through, and will utterly fail at the end of the race. More depends upon these two things, whether we gain heaven or not, than upon almost anything else. Conforming to the world is what kills religion in the churches of the day. If we obey God in separating ourselves from the world, we shall be likely to obey him in all things else.

When we pray, we must always ask God to bless us, and to lead us by His Spirit. But we surely ought not to expect that God is going to do this, unless we obey his commands. When we conform to the world, by putting on its forbidden things, we disobey God. He says plainly, "Be not conformed to this world." I have seen people get up in meeting and testify that they enjoy salvation, and that they love God; and yet their daily walk shows plainly that they are either deceived or they willfully disobey God. We are taught that the way to Heaven is narrow. It is too narrow to permit us to carry anything with us. We must lay aside self. We are taught to love God with all the heart, might, mind and soul. We cannot love God and the world at the same time. If we love the world enough to want to conform to it, we do not love God, and consequently do not obey him. He says, If we love him we will keep his commandments; and unless we keep his commandments, and do the whole will of God, our hope of Heaven is vain. "Not all that say, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."

Get thy heart warmed toward God.

PART OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY JOSEPH MCCOLELLAN.

I was what is called a "periodical spreer." I would go on a spree just as the appetite came on me; sometimes once a month—sometimes it would be three and even six months between my sprees. It was seldom that I ever escaped when once the appetite for intoxicating drink got hold of me. I would go on the spree for a week or ten days, or just as long as I could keep up. When no longer able to be about I would take my bed and would generally wind up with the *delirium tremens*. Twice I had what, among drinking men, is called the "double breasted *mania potia*." I suppose twenty times I was just at the point of death, and recovered. My experience has taught me that there is no relief in any temperance orders, leagues or societies, for a man possessed as I was. I have resolved and resolved—taken the pledge in every form—was as honest in my intentions as a man could be; but, like poor Dick Yates of Illinois, when the tempter came I could not stand the pressure, and gave way. What sufferings, what anguish I have gone through! It makes me shudder even now to think of it. O, what tales of horror, what scenes I have passed through! I would have given thousands, had I had it, could some one have assured me that I could have been saved from a drunkard's grave. I sought and obtained religion, at three different times—would run well for a season. I see now that there was no teaching Priest here; but I was led to believe by my teachers in the M. E. Church, that God would hide His face for weeks to try our faith. Alas for me! In those dark hours the enemy would come and take me captive at his will. The appetite would come back on me in all its force, and I would succumb to it. Nearly five years ago I got up from a sick bed, after one of those terrible times of *delirium tremens*, I said, My God, is there no help for me? Must I wrap my soul up in the combustible in-

gredients of alcohol and go down to hell? The Spirit whispered, Yes, Religion. I shook my head, No, I have tried that. Again it repeated, You never sought deep enough. Glory to God! I begun to study and ask God to teach me what this meant. I was led on by the Spirit. I began to inquire of those who I thought ought to know, if they did not think it was possible to be so close to God that we could escape those dark, dismal days and weeks. The answer was invariably, No. The Spirit all this time was teaching me better. God had, through faith and prayer, again restored me to the joys of His salvation. I think I had been going on in this way for about three months, praying and groaning for sanctification, when I happened in a friend's house, in the county, and there providentially found an old copy of the EARNEST CHRISTIAN. I began to read in it without even knowing the title of it. O glory to God! I read several pieces in it—O, what a comfort! I looked at the lady of the house, and speaking as I felt, in an excited manner, asked her where she got the book. She was astonished at the way I spoke. She said a preacher by the name of Chesbrough had been preaching at the Nicklin school house, and distributed some around. I took the directions and sent right off for the book. I had never heard of the Free Methodists up to this time. I had the privilege of attending the first Oil City Camp-Meeting. I have, for a long time, been in this narrow way. The best of all is, God has sanctified my soul, and for nearly five years there has been no desire in me to drink any intoxicating drink. That is what sanctification has done for me. God has completely—bless His name!—taken from me all appetite for liquor and tobacco. I am saved in the blood of the Lamb! Is it any wonder I love this narrow way? Surely I should be willing to take this way. O! it is such a delightful way, this way of holiness. What scenes of horror I could describe that I have witnessed in years that have gone by! None but those who have visited

and partaken in the misery, mixed with what they call pleasures, in the low houses of New Orleans, Vicksburg, St. Louis, Louisville, and other cities of the South and North, can even imagine the acts of sin and misery that is indulged in in those places. I pity them away down in my heart; as many would quit those haunts of vice, but the worm has coiled himself around them. There is only one safe remedy, and that is, full and free salvation and that continually. I had about forty years' experience in drinking, on and off. I could fill sheet after sheet of scenes I have passed through. For nearly five years I have had glory in my soul every day! It is really astonishing to me to think of what I have gone through. Three years and four months I was in the army, in the front all the time. I would slip out of camp and go to places to obtain liquor, that I would not have done for a hundred dollars in gold, on account of the danger that was to be encountered from the enemy. It really astonishes me to think that after spending thousands of dollars in degradation, and to fulfill the craving of an evil appetite, that God has saved me! O, glory! I do praise the Lord that ever I found a people like the Free Methodists; who preach present salvation and entire holiness. Glory! I have within my heart all the time that glowing love of God. All the day long I feel His presence. I can truthfully say that I enjoy religion every day.

O, what joy, what peace, what love, when we are freed from the horrors of hell, I have felt; and how God's kingdom in my heart is established!

A LIBERAL SPIRIT.

Richard Baxter has given this striking personal testimony to the blessing of a liberal spirit:

I never prospered more in my small estate than when I gave most and needed least. My own rule has been—First, to contrive to need as little myself as may be, and lay out none on neednots, to live frugally on a little. Second, to

serve God in my place upon that competency which He allowed me to myself; that what I had myself might be as good work for common good as that which I gave to others; and third, to do all the good I could with all the rest, preferring the most public and the most durable object, and the nearest. And the more I have practiced this, the more I have had to do it with; and when I gave almost all, more came in (without any's gift) I scarce knew how, at least unexpected; but when by improvidence I have cast myself into necessities of using more upon myself, or upon things in themselves of less importance, I have prospered much less than when I did otherwise. And when I had contented myself to devote that stock which I had gotten to charitable uses after my death, instead of laying out at present, that so I might secure somewhat for myself while I lived, in probability all that is like to be lost; whereas when I took that present opportunity, and trusted God for the time to come, I wanted nothing and lost nothing.—*The Living Epistle.*

The saints carry their glory with them, and diffuse it wherever they pass. The Christian—wherever he is seen, in the street, in the drawing-room, at table, in prison, or at the height of greatness—should always inspire others with the opinion that he is a man seeking God, intent upon advancing the great interests of humanity, and who thinks it is not worth living for anything but to glorify God, and make all his successes and all his reverses contribute to that end; who is ready to leave the world as soon as his work in this respect is accomplished, and, like his Master, goes about doing good. Oh! how holy, how happy would such a Christian be, free from covetousness, from envy, from anxiety, and all that can disturb the soul! Walking always with God, how would he make the Gospel honored! how victoriously would he put to silence gainsayers! And how many souls would he bring to his Saviour, by the humble influence of a holy life!—*Adolphe Monod.*

EDITORIAL.

PATIENCE.

We prize gold but we use iron. Iron does not glitter like gold, and has not its market value; but it enters into a thousand articles of utility and comfort where gold does into one. Gold does not enter into the composition of railroads, or ships, of houses, or furniture; but examine the articles which our civilization pronounce necessary, and see how essential iron appears to be for their construction.

What iron is in the material articles with which we surround us, patience is among the graces of the soul. Other gifts are more showy, but none are more useful. We lend a listening ear to him who has the gift of utterance; but we give our life-long friendship to him who bears in patience our imperfections and our mistakes. Faith may bring to our aid a marvelous power, and seem to open up the future to our enraptured vision; but patience enables us to plod through the lessons which Jesus gives us, from day to day, until we become strong in the knowledge of the ways of God.

Blessings that fill us with ecstasy, lift us up, for the time being, to the very verge of Heaven; but it is unobtrusive patience that keeps the ever-recurring trials of life from fretting our spirits, robbing us of peace and filling our lives with discomfort and unhappiness. Patience keeps the machinery well oiled, and so avoids the friction that wears; it sees that everything is in place before a start is made, and goes gently over rough places, and so escapes the heavy jolts that break us down and bring us to a sudden halt. It is well to *lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us*;—we cannot gain Heaven without it—but all this will not bring us through to glory unless we *run with patience the race that is set before us*.

A good start is very desirable. It is a great help to one who is endeavoring to lead a Christian life, to be enabled to point definitely to the time when he was clearly converted, and the time when he was wholly sanctified to God; but this does

not of itself render our final salvation certain; for it is *by patient continuance in well-doing* that we gain eternal life.

How, then, may we grow in this particular grace, so necessary to our comfort and final salvation?

1. We must use all the patience we have. Never yield to an impatient feeling so long as you can possibly help it. Under provocation be unusually deliberate. An aged counselor was about to retire from the court of an absolute monarch of antiquity. For his parting advice he told his king, "never to speak when he was angry, until he had first repeated the alphabet." The king, struck with admiration at the wisdom of the advice, exclaimed to the sage of four-score years, "Stay on; I cannot spare you yet." When trials press upon you, when unjust, and cruel and tantalizing words are poured out upon you, then, especially, is the time to heed the divine injunction, *Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath*.

2. Do not complain of the trials you are called upon to encounter in the daily affairs of life. They are a necessary part of our discipline. The winds that shake the oak while it is growing, give it strength and stability. It is by resisting the irritations we meet that true composure of spirit is gained. *My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations,—in the original, trials,—knowing that the trial of your faith worketh patience.*

3. Come to God directly for patience, as you came to Him at first for pardon. Ask directly for it. Do not give up anything God has done for you. Some seem to think that they can never make additions to their spiritual house unless they tear all down and begin again at the foundation. This is a great mistake. Add to your faith, patience—not throw away your faith because you need more patience.—Hold on to every grace you have, and ask in confidence for strength when you specially need it. You are separated from the world—but if in one place the fence is too low, put on an additional rail there, but do not tear the rest of the fence down. *Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.*

CAUSING DIVISIONS.

Christ has done all that He can to secure the unity of His disciples. He commands it. *This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.*—John xv. 12. He prays for it. *Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.*—John xvii. 21. He gives the spirit of unity to all His disciples. Whoever is born of God, feels instinctively drawn towards all who are born of God. "There is something strange in this religion," said Moh-men-loh, the first heathen convert in India under the labors of Dr. Judson; "it makes one love the disciples of Christ more than one's dearest, natural relations." This accords with the apostle's saying, *For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles.*—1 Cor. xii. 13.

The success of Christianity depends largely upon this actual unity of the disciples of Christ. This does not rest mainly on the fact that in union there is strength. But the Divine origin of Christianity is demonstrated by the unity of believers. This our Saviour asserts. **THAT THE WORLD MAY BELIEVE THAT THOU HAST SENT ME.**

Hence the great pains that we are commanded to take to preserve this unity.—Hence the entreaty of the apostle: *Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them.*—Rom. xvi. 17. Let us notice this passage. It is the brethren that the apostle addresses—the real, faithful believers. It must be a matter of great moment to which he calls their attention. Divisions among God's children have an origin.—They can be traced to the influence of one or more persons. Instead of drinking in this dividing spirit, you must avoid those who manifest it. You cannot be in the company of some persons long without feeling an alienation springing up towards some with whom you have enjoyed the

fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Distrust and suspicion begin to take the place of brotherly love. You are almost tempted to withdraw confidence from every one, and to stand out alone. Your peace is gone. You are disturbed and uneasy, and know not what is the matter. Now instead of yielding to this feeling of alienation, see who caused it. Do not go to them for explanation. That will only make the matter worse. But avoid them. Keep away from them entirely. Give them no access to your ears. They will only inject the poison deeper. There are some classes of persons who always cause divisions.

Chief among these are the ambitious.—They must have the lead. It matters little how things go so their leadership is acknowledged. But if they cannot lead all, they must some. A party they must have, and no matter how disastrous the consequences, they draw off all they can, by all the arts of which they are master, to become their followers. *Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not.*—3 John 9.

The envious cause divisions. The services and successes of others, may be ever so great, but they cannot bear to hear them well-spoken of: so what they cannot emulate, they criticise and condemn. By their personal attentions and their insinuating arts of address, they will inspire others with their own spirit, and so dissensions will arise. The primitive church was as pure as we may reasonably expect to see a church, yet Paul says to his own converts, *Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them.*—Acts xx. 30.

Give good heed to this admonition of the apostle. Look out how you allow the thin edge of the wedge to enter between you and your brethren. If it once sticks, it is next to impossible to get it out until the severance takes place. Keep the seeds of dissension out of your heart, and the terrible harvest which is certain to follow will be avoided. So the apostle directs you to avoid those who sow dissensions. If you allow them to come near you, some of their pernicious seed will be scattered upon your heart. Among the seven things

which are an abomination to the Lord, is *He that soweth discord among brethren.*—Prov. vi. 19.

MODERATE DRINKING.

It cannot be indulged in with impunity. Every drunkard reeling in the streets, or dying in prison, was first a moderate drinker. Our poor-houses and jails are filled with the victims of moderate drinking. It is true that all who drink moderately do not become drunkards; but it is equally true that all drunkards were once moderate drinkers. *Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.* In illustration of this, read the following from Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*:

"A glass of beer can't hurt anybody! Why, I know a person—yonder he is now—a specimen of manly beauty, a portly six-footer; he is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of youth; and now at the age of fifty odd he has the quick, elastic step of our young men of twenty-five, and none more full of wit and mirth than he; and I know he never dines without brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, with plenty of champagne; and more than that, he was never known to be drunk.—So here is a living exemplar and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of an occasional glass, and the destructive effects of a temperate use of good liquors."

Now it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy-drinking was a relation of ours. He died in a year or two after that with chronic diarrhœa, a common end of those who are never drunk and never out of liquor. He left his widow a splendid mansion up town, and a clear five thousand a year, and a large fortune to each of his children—for he had ships on every sea, and credit at every counter, but which he never had occasion to use. For months before he died—he was a year dying—he could eat nothing without distress; in the midst of his million he died of inanition. This is not the half, reader. He had been a steady drinker, a daily drinker, for twenty-eight years. He left a legacy to his children which he did not mention. Scrofula has been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the mad-house; the third and fourth were of unearthly

beauty, but they blighted, and paled, and faded—into heaven, we trust—in their sweetest 'teens; another is tottering on the verge of the grave, and only one of them is left all the senses, and each of them is weak as water. The doctor who talks about guzzling liquor every day as being "healthy," is a perfect disgrace to the medical name, and ought to be turned out to break rock on the turnpike for the term of his natural life, at a shilling a day, and find himself.

CONFERENCES.

THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE of the Free Methodist Church held its first session in the city of Brooklyn, from the second to the sixth of September. There was much of the presence of God felt from the beginning, all through. The business was conducted in a spirit of harmony and love. The brethren were full of faith and courage. There was a strong determination manifested, by preachers and people, to do all in their power to push on the work. Everything looks encouraging.

THE SUSQUEHANNA CONFERENCE held its fourteenth session the week after, in the city of Utica. A spirit of devotion prevailed in the business as well as in the religious meetings. There was a general quickening among the saints, and deep conviction rested upon the unsaved. The preachers and people went out from the Conference stronger in the purpose to do all in their power to spread the work far and wide. It was a good Conference. All felt that God was with us of a truth.

This Conference gives promise of soon gaining in strength all that it has lost by the formation from its limits of the New York Conference. The brethren have a mind to work.

THE GENESEE CONFERENCE was held at Albion, N. Y. It opened in harmony and love. The first day's session was remarkable for the presence of God and the out pouring of His Spirit in all the meetings—business and religious. The second day a spirit of division came in, and the Holy Spirit was sensibly withdrawn. Still the Conference is in a hopeful condition, and we expect to see the work of God go

on in that region with all its former power.

MICHIGAN CONFERENCE. We write these lines from the seat of this new and vigorous Conference. It is unsurpassed in the spirit of self-denial and zeal that prevail among them; in the thoroughness with which they do their work; and, as a consequence, in the success with which their labors are crowned.

CORRECTION.—The article in the September number headed "Experience," "By A. W. Smith," should have been "Experience of S. A. Hannum," "by A. W. Smith." The mistake was made by a misapprehension of ours.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP MEETINGS.

THE ILLINOIS STATE CAMP MEETING, for the promotion of Holiness, was under the charge of "The Western Holiness Association." There were scores on the ground the 4th of August, and the meeting was not to commence till the 5th.

The tents were large, convenient and numerous—probably from 150 to 175, well arranged, and neatly regulated. It was estimated that not less than ten thousand were present on the Sabbath.

The congregation was immense all the time, from beginning to close. The order as good as I ever saw anywhere. The preaching was plain, pointed, personal, and powerful. Holiness characterized every sermon. In fact, some seemed almost or quite superhuman. Rarely was there a meeting held, without more or less making a profession of religion, or the blessing of sanctification. The people seemed to come together in the name of the Lord, and in the spirit of their Master. And it was good, yea, more than good to be there.

The singing sometimes seemed unearthly—almost as if angels commingled with them. To some of us, who like the good old days of past years, it appeared like dropping back a third of a century or

more, and then listening to those men of God, *as in those good old days.*

Another fact: They could kneel, sing, pray, say Amen, shout, and act like men and women of God, who had the life and power of religion. There was nothing that could have been termed extravagant. But there seemed to be a divine awe upon the people. They spake as God gave them utterance.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were present, and talked in plain, simple, and easy power.

The only unholy, or seeming restless influence, seemed to emanate from some members of the church, some professors of religion—shall I say, even the professed ministers of Jesus. O, tell it not in Gath! The number converted, and sanctified, I could not give; but they were many.—May the Lord grant us many such meetings, is the prayer, and sincere desire of

L. B. DENNIS.

Henry, Ills.

FROM FORT DODGE, IOWA.

DEAR BRO. ROBERTS:

At this time, when crime is so prevalent—when the papers are teeming with descriptions of all of those fearful things that the Master said was in the unregenerated heart; when a dark cloud hangs over a once great but now erring preacher, who has taught people that the story of the garden in Eden is only a fable,—who has taught the error that "*none* will be lost, except those who have committed the 'unpardonable sin,'"—and that when asked, by weak-kneed Christians, "May I dance? May I play cards? May I go to theatres? May I drive fast horses, and ride out Sundays for pleasure, and still be a Christian?" says, "Yes; you may dance in a proper place; you may play cards, if there are no stakes; you may go to a *good* theatre; you may drive fast horses, so that you don't bet on them; and you may ride out on Sunday for pleasure, provided you do not stay away from church." At such a time as this, I certainly believe that the re-publication of the labors and life of Wm. Tennant, will do an incalculable

amount of *good*. We want to return to the old-fashioned, and only true faith, that thunders of a Judgment and a Hell.

How often must we tell people that no *human* theory can save the soul, and that the only safe way is through the blood of the Lamb!

When will we stop worshiping men, and worship God only!

How easy it is for a great divine to drift away into a so-called liberal Christianity that soon drifts into license! and how easy it seems to be for such preachers to make Heaven easy, and Hell almost impossible! and how extremely hard it is for a divine with a salary of \$20,000 a year, to tell his stock-jobbing communicants that God is displeased with their ill-gotten gains.

Oh! for men who will tell us the truth; that will tell us about Jesus; that will tell us about the *justice* of God, as well as His mercy and love.

R. P. BELL.

AN ECHO.

"In Heaven, Earth and Hell!"

This is the echo that I hear, as answer to the question, "Where is the Earnest Christian Band?" This echo from the mountains of western Arkansas, thrills my soul, and vividly flashes into it the scene in the "Pine grove" referred to in the August number of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*, where the Holy Ghost so wonderfully fell upon each of us. Eleven was the number, with J. W. as leader, and not one that carried *parchments*, but anxious hearts, hungering and thirsting for God, vowed to live and work for Jesus. How singularly originated!

How signally blest! The elements were brought to our aid. God's precepts were written on the blank leaf and let fly in wind; bleaching bones spoke of His promises; marble slabs thundered His judgments; His commandments were inscribed on boards and set afloat on the great stream. The breeze from the adjacent hills bore on its wings earnest, fervent prayers, welling up from burning hearts all aglow with fire from off Heaven's own altar!

And how the walls of that old church in

the city, echoed the cries of a hundred stalwart soldiers who plead for mercy during our meetings! "To him that hath shall be given." Working, we grew strong. The "*EARNEST CHRISTIAN*" adopted our child, and espoused our cause. "Thoughts that breathed, and words that burned," were embalmed on its pages. It was circulated through camp and garrison, city and country. Especially the "Love Feast" was our great favorite.

The "Band" now represents three worlds. Astounding thought!

But it was particularly for those who still survive, that the question was meant. Why so silent? As has been said, "the members of the Band have a peculiar power; blessed results follow their labors." Since 1863, the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN* has been my fireside companion; and how little have I seen of the Band! Though we cannot write much, we can say, "Jesus saves me to-day." Brethren of the Band: let thoughts full of life, glowing with salvation, be occasionally dropped into the Love Feast corner of the *E. C.*

Cling to the cross. Seek not the "friendship of the world, it is enmity against God." Press the battle to the gates. Oppose "spiritual wickedness in high places." Hallelujah to God! I will stand up for Jesus!

Though in the "western wilds" of Kansas, Jesus is here. He is wonderfully saving my poor soul. I will not compromise with sin. *Present, free and full* salvation, is my motto.

B. FRANK SMITH.

Peru, Ks.

THE TERRIBLE END OF A BREWER.

God is still calling men to give up their fearful work. He bears patiently with them, and is not willing that any should be lost. He gives them all the chance that a God of infinite mercy and love can possibly give. But, "because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the children of men are set in them to do evil." If men will persist in fighting against God, they must suffer the awful consequence. God has

declared in His word, that He "is not mocked, and whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Men who are engaged in this damnable work of manufacturing liquor, are "treasuring up wrath against a day of wrath, and the revelation of the righteous judgment of God." They are fitting themselves as vessels of wrath for destruction; and like a magazine that is stored with dangerous and explosive material, so these poor creatures are storing up a material that is attracting the lightnings of God's judgments. What can men, who are measuring arms, expect from Him, "but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation that shall devour the adversaries."

A poor, wealthy brewer, suddenly came to his end on the evening of the 29th of August. As he was driving out beyond Cold Springs to visit a place that he owned, he little realized how he was nearing his end. On his return home, he was no doubt laying plans and looking forward to a long and prosperous life. But suddenly and unexpectedly, as he was crossing the railroad track on Main street, the engine of the Grand Trunk Railroad ran into his buggy, dashing it all to pieces, and throwing him upwards of thirty feet in the air. He came down a dead man, and his spirit was ushered into the presence of his God. What a fearful change! A few moments before, in the land of the living, but now in the land of spirits—his doom eternally sealed.

God only knows the misery that this brewery has caused for the last twenty or thirty years. The fearful curse is upon this establishment, and all others of the same kind. A few months ago, one of the men who drove the team for this firm, met with a similar fate to that of his employer. The wagon upset and killed him. How true it is, "The way of the transgressor is hard." Some time ago, one of the men working in this establishment fell into one of the beer vats and was drowned. The former owner of this brewery died in fearful agony. A man who was about to purchase the establishment, and who was also interested in a distillery, died before he

took possession. The brother of this same man died a slave to drink. He was a prominent merchant on Main street, but liquor was his ruin. Oh, how terrible must the end be of all who are engaged in this hellish work! They are the faithful servants of the devil, and will certainly receive their wages after their work is done. The black curse of hell is hanging over every brewery, distillery, and every place where this liquid damnation is disposed of. They may run for a while, but wrath! wrath! eternal wrath is awaiting them, and will burst with terrible fury upon them! It seems as if the judgments of God were restless and anxious to burst upon the heads of the energetic and faithful servants of the devil; but Mercy cries out, Spare them for a while.

May God help us to do our duty and warn these men of their fearful doom! It will not do for us to lay down the "weapons of this warfare," while this fearful curse is in the land. Let us go to them in love and pity, and warn them faithfully; they have hearts, and they can be reached. The devil has these men in his clutches, and they feel sorry—a great many of them do, and a word spoken to them in love by you, might be the means of their giving up their terrible business, and seeking the salvation of their souls. Nothing will conquer them but love, and you must have that love that casts out fear, and makes you as bold as a lion and as harmless as a dove. Time is short, and God wants us to make the very best use of it while we have it. We are in God's great harvest-field, and if we have to go among the briars and thorns to gather up some golden grains, in the name of Christ, our Saviour, let us do it. May wicked men understand that we are bent on their salvation, and are determined by the grace of God to try and save them. What if they do abuse us? Amen; glory to God! the love of Jesus Christ can conquer them every time. We can afford it all, and more too, for Jesus' sake, because we are the children of a King and heirs to eternal glory.

WILLIAM FELL.

Buffalo, N. Y.

DYING TESTIMONY.

WILLIAM SMITH died in the town of Westmoreland, Oneida Co. N. Y., July 20th, 1873, aged eighty years, two months and seventeen days, leaving a devoted companion in great loneliness, and six children to mourn his loss.

He was born May 3d, 1793, at Beeston, Cheshire, England, and was married to Miss Sarah Green of Ridley, Cheshire, April 20th, 1817, and with her lived near Hammer, Flintshire, upwards of twenty years.

He emigrated to America in 1842, and purchased a farm near the city of Rome, N. Y., on which, with his devoted wife, he lived up to the time of his death.

Brother Smith was brought up in strict attendance upon the established Church, and early in his married life embraced religion among the Primitive Methodists. His first Church-relation in this country was with the Episcopal Methodists; but, being a man of liberal impulses, and a lover of true progress and religious freedom, he united with the Free Methodist Church, in the communion of which he died. With him religion was a controlling power, interwoven with all of his domestic, social, political, and business relations. His children do not remember when their father did not have family prayer. A strict attendance upon Church, and liberal contributions to the same, has been his practice from the first of his Christian life. We have often, when his pastor, known him to come four miles to prayer-meeting, and return home at its close, singing and praising God as he went. In meeting he was always ready, cheerfully and promptly to do his duty. His songs of praise and earnest appeals in prayer, are held in sweet remembrance by those who with him so often held precious communion together at the sanctuary.

Brother Smith possessed a clear, strong, and very active mind. The study of mental philosophy occupied all the time he could spare from his extensive agricultural pursuits, and now with the surviving family may be found the best published works upon the science of Phrenology, and other kindred subjects, constituting a most val-

uable library. His whole life was made up of honest, honorable industry; in the church, on his beautiful farm, or in the earnest pursuits of valuable knowledge; a perpetual scene of great activities and success, in temporal, mental, and spiritual things. His house was the minister's home, where weary itinerants were often refreshed and sent on their way with prayers and kindly encouragements.

He lived long in his town, saw his children and grand-children grown up around him; and when we laid him quietly down to his rest in the rural cemetery, a large concourse of people, with tearful eyes, turned thoughtfully away from the good man's grave, with clear conceptions of the value of true religion.

His death was peaceful,—a glorious exchange of the cross for a crown, which he now wears where tears never fall, and hearts are never sad.

A. S. WIGHTMAN.

Syracuse, Aug. 25th, 1873.

LOVE FEAST.

JOHN W. BANTA.—I am walking in the light. I have fellowship with the saints in light. The blood cleanseth now—just now. Blessed be God! I do not fellowship the works or workers of darkness, but do yield myself entirely, with all the parts of my being, a servant of righteousness unto holiness. What choice company have I found in this shining path! O my soul doth magnify the Lord: my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour! I hope to get through; I expect to. I am on the way, with faith in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Hallelujah!

ARTHUR MILLINGTON.—I bless God for a free and full salvation. The blood of Christ cleanses me from all sin. Glory! The more I devote myself to the service of God the more he blesses me. I am growing in grace. I do not know what the good Lord will do with me if I stop walking in the light. I find it means a great deal to be a child of God, and be favored with his peculiar smile. Glory!