

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. XXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

No. 5.

THE PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

BY B. T. ROBERTS.

On the 20th of Jan., 1805, near the city of Hull, England, a drinking, fighting man—whose oaths were so terrific as to frighten his wicked associates, became happily converted to God. He was a potter by trade, a skilled workman, received large wages, but such were his habits of dissipation that he not only spent all his wages, but incurred debts, at the various drinking houses wherever he went. He immediately commenced a new life, and soon had his wife to go with him in the narrow way. He began at once to pay his old debts, and make restitution, both at home and abroad. When he paid a debt he told the reason, and exhorted his creditors to seek the same great salvation which had wrought so wonderful a change in him. His religious life was one of joy and triumph. He formed a system of discipline to which he proposed rigidly to adhere. He resolved,

1. To labor in his calling from six in the morning till six in the evening, that he might have sufficient time for devotional exercises.

2. That his house should be opened for different religious meetings.

3. To pray for God's blessing at meals.

4. On leaving home, or returning to it, to retire for a short period to pray.

5. That all beggars, before being relieved, should first be invited into the house to be prayed with.

6. To reprove sin, and warn his neighbors of the wrath to come, exercising prudence and caution in all his movements.

In carrying out these regulations he soon found plenty to do. He soon had at his house two public prayer-meetings, two class-meetings and a band meeting. In these meetings souls were saved. "They were," he says, "mighty meetings, times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

He says that he was once tempted to omit the duty of praying when he came home, as he was wet through with rain. But he resisted the temptation, and, while kneeling on the stairs, he says, "the flame of Heaven burst so mightily into my soul, that I rose and shouted glory for about two hours." The neighborhood was stirred, and the people crowded around the door. They concluded he was deranged, and sent some of the most knowing ones in to ascertain if this was the case. He desired them to kneel; and then cried to God to arrest them, and they became so terrified that they jumped up and ran for life. One of these men was converted, and became a leader and lo-

cal preacher among them. Thus William Clowes went on, and soon obtained the blessing of entire sanctification—"a blessing," he says, "in the glorious experience of which I lived and constantly rejoiced."

He formed the acquaintance of Hugh and James Bourne, James Nixon, and other devoted servants of the Lord. Occasionally he would go out to fill the appointment of a Local preacher, when he would exhort with great liberty and power.

On the 31st of May, 1807, he and his associates held an out-door meeting on Mow Hill, near Burslem, commencing at 6 o'clock Sabbath morning, and continuing till eight in the evening. During the middle of the day, when the crowd was greatest, they had preaching services at four different places at the same time. Many were converted.

But his shoutings, and his labors at the out-door, or camp meetings, excited the displeasure of the circuit preacher, and his name was left off of the plan after he had been a local preacher about three years. Soon after this, his quarterly ticket was withheld, and, on inquiring the cause, he was told it was because he attended camp-meetings. One of the circuit preachers also complained that he had insulted him. Upon inquiring how, he was told it was by his shouts of praise and glory to God. "But that," he says, "I could not help. Shouting and praising God I did from a principle of duty. God had done great things for me, and I was constrained to give him glory." He was told that unless he would promise not to attend any more Camp-meetings he could have no more place among the Wesleyan Methodists. Thus was he virtually

excommunicated, and driven from the bosom of the church.

But an aged pilgrim, John Smith of Trustall, opened his kitchen for William Clowes to preach and hold meetings. Some of his old class came and begged him still to instruct and lead them on in the way to Heaven. He soon had two classes, numbering between thirty and forty. They went on opening new places, and preaching Christ and him crucified.

James Nixon and Thomas Woodnorth soon after this, proposed to him that if he would leave his employment and devote his whole time to the work of God, they would divide their wages with him for the support of his family.

After praying over the matter, and consulting with his wife, he concluded that God was in it, and, giving his master notice of his intention, he went out in the name of God, in December, 1810, to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. God worked mightily with him, and souls were saved wherever he went.

The next year James Steele was expelled from the Wesleyan body, for a cause similar to that for which Clowes was excluded. His two classes stood by him, and he continued to lead them.

William Clowes, Hugh and James Bourne, and a missionary named James Crawfoot, supported by the Bournes, assisted each other in their meetings, without the thought that they would ever become a distinct denomination. But the converts multiplied so rapidly, that May 30th, 1811, Quarterly tickets were printed and given to their members. The 2d of June they had a regular preachers plan. The statistics were; two traveling ministers: 15 Local preachers: 200 members and 17 preach-

ing places. This was the beginning of the PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONNEXION.

Of all the Methodist bodies in England, this had the least auspicious beginning. They were persecuted and ridiculed. They were generally known by the name of "Ranters." But they heartily believed in the Holy Ghost, and they allowed Him to work as he pleased, and through whom He pleased. They not only allowed women, who were called of God, to preach, but put them on the plan of the circuit, and gave them regular appointments. As a consequence of relying upon the Holy Ghost, they have increased more rapidly than any Methodist denomination that has sprung up in England—not even excepting the body raised up by Wesley.

This year, THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST Conference was held at Hull, a town of 131,000 inhabitants. They have in this city ten places of worship, capable of seating over nine thousand persons. The opening prayer meeting was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The Rev. W. Harland, who has been in the ministry fifty-three years, maintained that the secret of the success of the connexion, was the doctrine and life of purity. There was reported an increase of over four thousand members; and, better still, a greater advancement in spiritual life.

Two gentlemen contributed one hundred pounds, or about six hundred dollars, each, to support two ministers, whose time should be devoted to going through the connexion, and preaching the doctrine of holiness.

The Primitive Methodist, in speaking of the closing exercises, says:—

"Sabbath was a great field day. It was thought that not fewer than five thousand sang in procession to the Camp

Ground, and that at one time there could not be fewer than twenty thousand in the field. From five preaching stands, between forty and fifty sermons and addresses were delivered, all of which, with more or less clearness and power, enforced the doctrine of a present, free and full salvation. Love feasts were held at eight of the chapels in the evening, and at the one we attended the doctrine of Entire Sanctification was spoken of as a blessing in possession. A superannuated minister intimated that he had "trembled for the ark of the Lord," but now that Holiness was leading the van, he had no doubt of success in soul saving. He had talked of the "good old times," but this was one of the best days in his life. He had lived in the enjoyment of this grace for forty-two years, and those who had lived and preached it were very dear to his heart. Another said he was never able to take hold for full salvation till Wednesday night, when he heard Brother Warner preach on Pentecost. Others spoke of earnest longings, strong pleadings, burning desires for the blessing; while the leader of the meeting insisted that to all such hungry souls all that was necessary was to receive Christ as our Sanctification—that He had pledged Himself to see that all the fruits should follow. It is evident that many at this service were raised into the "Higher Life," and it was reported that at the different chapels about thirty sinners found pardoning mercy.

Monday morning was devoted largely to a "conversation on the work of God;" a delegate from each district speaking in the line of present condition, future prospects, surrounding circumstances, and suggestions for progress. The Rev. G. Warner came last, and a report says:—

The Rev. G. Warner (Home Missions' District) rejoiced that the doctrine of Holiness was advancing. Holiness in profession and practice, life and lip, was the need of our times, and the Connexion was beginning to feel it. Some said the preaching of this doctrine was his "hobby," and he was happy to say he

had ridden it to a successful issue. He had felt it grand to talk to two men yesterday, who for forty years had lived in the enjoyment of this great blessing. In one Baptist Church, in London, two hundred members had recently professed to enjoy this great blessing. It was the mission of Methodism to spread it, and shall we be unfaithful to our trust? "Never! Never!" responded the audience.

The "Consecration" hymn was then sung, two brothers engaged in prayer, and old men said they had not had such a baptism at Conference for more than twenty years.

The last public meeting in connection with the religious services of the Conference, was one for the promotion of "Scriptural Holiness." It was intended to hold this in the Conference Chapel, but the business was not finished, and that night the Conference held an evening sitting. A well-attended service was held in West Street Chapel, and was conducted by the Rev. G. Warner. From the "exceeding great and precious promises" the believer's privilege was clearly demonstrated. The Rev. W. Dent spoke from experience of this blessed enjoyment, and of its power in action for Christ. The meeting was thrown open, and several brethren and sisters spoke clearly of the attainment and retainment of this grace. The influence of heaven fell as the rain and distilled as the dew, and those present cannot forget this meeting."

STEPPINGS HEAVENWARD.

BY HANNAH PELTON.

A few years ago a novel was written bearing this title. It has been read by its many admirers, and probably will be for years to come. The story is told in a pleasing way; how one, the heroine, gradually through many long years, overcame the besetting sins common to all, and the sequel of the narrative develops a "good Christian woman," as the common phrase would express it.

Whether this story so elaborately

written has, or ever will influence one to break away from sin's thralldom, is very doubtful—hardly possible. The reader is entertained for a short time, and then the same every day life is acted. The heart of sin remains unchanged. The good resolution is soon forgotten.

There is a large class of professed Christians who are ready very zealous in their own way (not God's way), of trying to help humanity, as they may fondly imagine to act and live for heaven. It is a way very pleasing to the carnal mind, but O! what vanity—what pride of heart is seen. It is *self* that is gratified, not only in the writer, but reader as well; not only in the speaker, but hearer also. God does not recognize such teachings—his Spirit is not in it.

Steppings Heavenward! glorious *steppings* they are. Let us go right to God and his word. He will instruct and guide us into all truth.

It is admitted that all are born in sin, destitute of holiness.

The great human family find themselves planted on a great moral stepping stone. It is that of restraining grace. But few realize or appreciate the goodness and mercy of God in surrounding the sinner with this God-given principle. Take this away and you have hell. Not a person lives but enjoys this wonderful emanation of God's spirit. A good and very eminent man, whenever he saw a degraded soul would say, "What prompted that man to sin is implanted in my own nature; to God I owe what I am." Some seem to be under this influence of restraining grace more than others, so much so that they flatter themselves that they enjoy religion. They have a great appreciation of all God's works, of his goodness and mercy. They have hearts of gratitude, especially when everything progresses smoothly. They are affable, kind, polite, and generally strict moralists. This is all good, but it is not religion. There is a great work to be done to be sealed as God's child. O, this love of God! Surely his mercies are over all his works.

There is one thing that God hates, and only one, and that is *Sin*. It cannot enter heaven.

The first step that helps one away from this inborn element, is conviction; to know and realize that the soul's purity is stained; to feel the depravity of the human heart, its aversion to God, its great need of the new Life implied in the words of the Saviour, "Ye must be born again."

As long as the heart congratulates itself, that I am as good as others, being lifted up with pride, arrogancy and self-conceit, it need not dream of heaven, as this state is a barrier to any progress towards the kingdom.

The next step is repentance. Turn away from sin, leave it; "do works meet for repentance;" strive for the new Life. Ask for and seek for the Light, which is God's Spirit, and then be careful to walk in it. Follow the teachings of God's word and not the customs and examples of those professing the Christian life, "but *denying the power thereof*."

To be born into the kingdom involves a great change, a wonderful uplifting and uprising towards things heavenly and divine. But why stop here? Dangerous resting place. The world with its pleasures, honors, maxims and customs is too near. Its voice is enticing, its influence blinding. Darkness for the soul is there. The Scriptures show the Christian life as a progressive one.

Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, Heb. vi. 1.

Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.

Some professed Christians reject the idea of becoming a perfect Christian; others regard this life in a speculative way, look at it, and talk about it as they would a piece of merchandize, but fail to take it for themselves. God has ever had perfect Christians. Noah was a just man, and perfect in his genera-

tions, and Noah *walked with God*. Gen. vi. 9. The Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, "I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect." Gen. xvii. 1. "There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil."

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt. vi. 48. To the young man Jesus said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me." There was the *great sacrifice*, the denial of self the cross involved in *follow me*. All this was needed to perfect his Christian life. And no one attains this life without these steps, though the *leaving* and *forsaking* all, may differ from that of the young man, who earnestly felt the *lack* of his spiritual life. God knows our every idol. The Holy Spirit dwells not in the heart where they are enshrined, be they considered ever so harmless.

A *perfect* surrender of all to God is what constitutes a perfect Christian. A family relationship is felt; this is the highway cast up for the redeemed to walk in, and over which no unclean thing passes—the highway of *holiness*.

Exult, praise, rejoice, O Christian, for this delightful—this glorious way. It is a wonderful *reality*. We feel the uplifting; we breathe the mountain air; the cleansing from sin is felt. There is a lightness—a freedom. Free from what? From sin.

Do we stop now? O no; there is the boundless love of God—the Divine nature. Every step of vanquished ground upward stamps on humanity more of the divine impress. O what a world of wealth, of beauty, of love, of praise.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." Rev. iii. 6.

DUNCAN MATHESON, THE SCOTTISH EVANGELIST.

BRO. ROBERTS :—The following account of a faithful man of God, extracted from the complete work by Rev. J. Mackpherson, will, I believe, prove both interesting and profitable to the readers of the *Earnest Christian*. GEO. W. JOHNSTON.

Duncan Matheson was born at Huntley, in Aberdeenshire, Nov. 22d, 1824. His parents belonged to that class of the common people whose intelligence, industry, and God-fearing uprightness, have contributed so much to the prosperity and glory of their country.

The lad was sent early to school, where he made rapid progress. The master, who was an earnest Christian, did his duty faithfully and well. The pains taken by the teacher to polish that rough but genuine Cuirgorn were not thrown away.

From infancy up through boyhood, the good angel of conviction never ceased to follow Duncan Matheson. A special interest was taken in his spiritual welfare by James Maitland. The heart of the aged Christian was much drawn to the boy, who strove hard to keep out of the old man's way; but sent on an errand one day to Maitland's house he was fairly caught. James shut the door on himself and the lad, and began asking him about his soul's case. Then followed homely tender words about "God's wonderfu' love to sinners, and the warm hert o' Jesus yirnin' to save, and the kind spirit strivin' wi' a' his might." The faithful words, and tender dealings, of the man of God, made a deep impression upon him. Speaking of this period he says: "My conscience often pricked me, and if the thunder rolled I went to prayer. I knew only the Lord's prayer, and used it as an incantation to ward off evil. If I saw a funeral I trembled and thoughts of judgment pressed hard upon me."

When sixteen years of age he decided as to his future calling, the occupation of a stone cutter; accordingly he was apprenticed to a master at Keldrummie. Whilst hewing stones the

Divine Worker was rough hewing his proud spirit, and training him to be a sculptor of souls, and a builder of God's temple.

On Thursday, Oct. 25th, 1846, he heard Mr. Bonar preach on the portion of the wicked. He says; "I felt, as the preacher proceeded, as if it all were to myself, and dreaded the portion I was about to receive. A mountain of wrath seemed to crush me down; and hell was opened beneath me. At last I rose, reeled to my lodgings, and falling on my knees, I uttered my first real prayer, God be merciful to me a sinner."

On the 10th of Dec. following, when meditating on one of the promises, he says: "I was enabled to take God at His word. My burden fell from my back. I could not contain myself for joy. The very heavens seemed covered with glory. I went everywhere, telling my story. Some professed Christians looked incredulous. Others, like the elder brother in the parable, did not like the music and the dancing. These warned me against enthusiasm; but I went on my way rejoicing."

Immediately on his conversion he began to labor for the salvation of souls. For twenty years the flame of zeal was never suffered to expire; no, not for a single day. In season and out of season, he strove with all his might to win souls. His efforts were not confined to his native town. Everywhere in the neighboring parishes he sought his way with more or less success.

Hitherto he had confined his evangelistic services to prayer, reading the word, and conversation; but the time arrived when he must take a step in advance. One day Miss Macpherson, a devoted Christian, requested him to address a company of aged women whom she had gathered together. Matheson declined. He said he could not preach. Miss M. reasoned, urged, and entreated; but all in vain. Finally, demanding what he would answer at the great tribunal for a neglected talent, she charges him not to refuse lest souls should perish in consequence. He went to the meeting though with the greatest

hesitancy and fear. Opening the Bible at Isaiah 32, 2—"Tremble, ye women that are at ease; he troubled ye careless ones." He spoke with great freedom and power; such were the results he felt assured the Lord was calling him to His work. From this time he found at once his greatest labor, and his chief joy in preaching Christ. In a short space of time he established a great many cottage meetings, which he carried on with uncommon vigor and success. His strength was great, and he often worked sixteen hours a day. Sinners were converted, and he was filled with joy.

Not satisfied with the efforts of his voice, he devised means for the circulation of tracts on the widest scale. Means failing him, for he had spent his last penny in the work, he began to cry to God for aid. One night in prayer the thought came into his mind. "If I could get a printing press I could make as many tracts as I could use." On this he began to pray for a printing press, and for several months continued to supplicate this gift from his God. The prayer was unexpectedly answered. Accidentally discovering that an old printing press was for sale, he purchased it with a set of old, worn types at a merely nominal price. On reaching home he wrote upon it "for God and eternity." His first attempts at printing ended in failure and chagrin; but he cried to God for help, and persevered till at length success came to him. "I went on," he says, "till I managed to print two thousand four-page tracts a day." In addition to original matter he took extracts from favorite authors, and went on printing till he had by his own unaided efforts, thrown off and put into circulation a hundred thousand little gospel messengers, the voice of whose quiet but powerful testimony cannot have been in vain.

By constant and prayerful study of the Scriptures and the best divines, he had greatly increased his spiritual and intellectual stores; his mind was braced by severe discipline; his faith like his

person was sturdy, stalwart, and full of robust health; his assurance was also calm and clear as a summer morning, and his consecration to God was entire. In his consuming zeal for the salvation of men, he was willing to go anywhere or do anything at the Master's call. Born a soldier, every inch of him a man of war, he was not the less fitted for camps and the rougher scenes of life, now that he stood clad in the whole armour of God a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

While witnessing the departure of troops for the Crimea in 1854, he was deeply moved, and he longed to go as a herald of mercy to the camp, the field, and the hospital in that distant East. He laid the matter before the Lord, and was engaged by the British and Foreign Soldiers Friend Society to go to the East as a Scripture reader. The following scrap was found in his room after his departure: "I surrender myself and all that concerns me, into thy hands, O my God. I am thine, O Lord, wholly thine." Relating to his work in the Crimea, a person writing home gave this testimony. "I never knew one so entirely devoted to the good of others. The amount of mental and physical labor he went through was truly marvelous, and was enough to break down the most robust constitution. However wet or cold, or however violent the storm, he was always on the move, and always with a special and important purpose." Another writes: "As he passes through the camp he hails everybody. Under cover of a cool, easy, off hand exterior, he conceals an intense desire to say something bearing on eternity. Sometimes he is repulsed. Sometimes he is answered with a smile and "ah, sir, that is all very well, but it wont do here." "But death is here and how are you going to meet God?" is the reply. Occasionally he is met with a raking fire of profanity. Perhaps the man was once at the Sabbath School; perhaps he has a mother. He finds an opening at length, and the man who met him with swearing and laughter goes away in tears." Onward

among the tents the missionary holds his way, a strong sower, scattering bread upon the waters, the folly of reason, and the wisdom of faith. During the time he was engaged in his missionary labors in the Crimea, he distributed 112,000 tracts and 18,024 copies of the Scriptures in different languages. The desire for the Bible by the soldiers of the Sardinian army was intense; he says "it was perfectly agonizing to have to send away hundreds without them. Had I had ten times the number, they could have been distributed as ever, and over again; when all all were gone, many I heard offered all they had for a copy."

In the Spring of 1857 he returned to his native land, and not one day was spent in needless rest. In the Autumn of the following year he held his first open air meeting, and felt he received a special call to this kind of work in the blessing that attended the service. Henceforth he gave himself up to preaching in the open air. By day, by night, beneath the summer sun, out in the drenching rain or piercing cold of winter; in the remote glen, at the sea side, on the crowded street, in the noisy fair, beneath the shadow of the scaffold, in the face of the raging mob,—everywhere in short, he strove to preach Christ to perishing men.

In the winter of 1858 he visited England, where his preaching excited no ordinary interest. Crowds flocked to hear him, and not a few were saved.

On Feb. 2, 1859, he was married to Miss Mary Milne, a Christian lady, whom he ever regarded as an invaluable gift bestowed upon him in answer to prayer. Not one day was withdrawn from labor. Exuberantly social and tenderly affectionate though he was, the winning of souls was to him infinitely more than the most endearing relationship or the most hallowed earthly joy. "We'll get settled up yonder in the Father's house," he said; "meanwhile let us work and win souls."

In the Spring of 1859, Mr. Matheson took up his residence in the town of Alerdsen. The great religious awaken-

ing of that period was just beginning. Subsequently he writes: "At eight o'clock Mr. Campbell and I preached to thousands in the open air. What a night! We had over and over again to preach. The crowds had to be divided for they were too large. We could not 'till nearly eleven o'clock, get away from the awakened. I believe almost every time one speaks, souls are brought to Christ." Toward the close of the year he extended his evangelistic itineracy to Bamffshire, preaching for the most part in towns and villages along the coast. Soon the whole region was moved as by an earthquake. Fear took hold on the sinners in Zion; trembling seized the hypocrites. Careless ones whose shadow had not darkened the door of God's house for many years, found their way to Church; and even worldly men talked to one another about the great question upon the streets. His circuit extended until it embraced the whole country, from John O'Groat's to the English border; to follow him into every town and parish is impossible: we can only seize on a few points.

In the Summer of 1860, he said to a friend: "I feel as if I were breaking down. I have been putting up blood, and feel very ill. Sometimes Satan tempts me to take it easier, and do less for souls; he whispers when I am speaking in the open air, you'll hurt a blood vessel. But I just reply, never mind if I do; I could not die in a better cause."

The Rev. Mr. Williamson who was at one time the fellow evangelist of Mr. Matheson, gives the following sketch of his labors in the North of Scotland: "He used to map out a district, and arrange for an evangelistic tour, extending over six or eight days. We were accustomed to preach twice each day, holding meetings in all conceivable places. We had arranged to hold a meeting in the streets of a certain village. The place was drowned in drink and consequently spiritually dead above most places. At the appointed hour, having made our way to the square of

the village, and having borrowed a chair for a pulpit, we were prepared to proceed; but audience, there was none, save two or three ragged children, who stared at us as a curiosity. Matheson by the grace of God was equal to the occasion. He said to me in his broadest Doric: 'Haud on; haud on Mr. Williamson, for a wee bit as weel as ye can, an' I'll fetch out the folk wi' the help o' God.' He started off leaving me on the chair. Beginning at the extreme end of the village, he knocked at every door and cried as loud as he could cry, 'Come awa' out; the gospel is come to the town;' and using at the same time the children he met as his agents, he said: 'Rin, laddie, rin; and tell yer mither to come away to the square and hear the preaching.' We had a successful meeting—we adjourned in the evening to a church; and I have good reason to believe that redeemed souls in eternity will bless God for that meeting."

Scenes of violence were not infrequent on the street, and the preacher received many a blow. At Forfar the roughs began one night to throw stones at the evangelist and his friends. "The Devil is got weak now," said Matheson, "when he's throwin' gravel." Turning to his companions he said, "Cheer on! the enemy is at his worst and Christ will soon triumph." When shown a calumnious statement made against him in a newspaper, he said joyfully: "Man, I do like a little dirt cast upon me for the dear Master's sake. I think Gabriel would shake hands with me and say I never had such an honor."

An important part of his mission was the preaching of the Gospel in village fairs. The feeing market is a long established institution in the north of Scotland. It is usually held in the street of some town or village, and there, at such times, the animal spirits of half a score of parishes are crowded into one place. It was a bold idea to introduce the gospel here. For a man of fine feeling to stand upon a box or barrel, occupying as it were the same platform with all that is coarse,

sordid and villainous, and amidst the bawling and laughing, the rage of the ungodly, and in the very atmosphere of blackguardism, to sound the gospel trumpet, and speak to men heated with every passion, of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," was a work of the most trying kind. Often was he threatened, often assailed, and sometimes well nigh put to silence; but he trusted in Him who has all power in heaven and in earth: and sometimes when he thought the word was only like water spilt upon the ground, he was overjoyed to find rough burly men breaking down under the truth, and asking what they must do to be saved. All over the north eastern counties you come upon strong, hard-headed, tender-hearted, God-fearing men, who tell you that they were "brocht tae the Lord" at such and such a market, giving you place and date of their second birth.

During the last years of his active life our evangelist prosecuted his work with unflagging zeal. He never rested save when he slept. Every minute was an opportunity, and every opportunity was seized with an almost stern promptitude. Through the grace given him he could say, I do not know that ten minutes of my life ever pass without thinking of the salvation of souls.

In the month of November, 1866, he went to the feeing markets in Aberdeenshire. Here, drenched with ceaseless showers, and shivering in fierce hail blasts, he stood all day in the mud, and delivered his testimony for Christ amidst the din and strife of the fair. "We must not lower the standard," said he. Nor did he lower the standard, for the standard bearer fell in the very front of the battle. About the middle of January he set out for Orkney; but was only enabled to reach Aberdeen, for the disease, diabetes, which ultimately carried him to the grave, had fastened itself upon him. The summer of 1869 found him in a dying state. The disease, obedient to the Master's will, went on in its stern course, till at length every pin was unfastened, and the tabernacle lay in

ruins. Although in a condition of extreme prostration, he employed much of his time in preparing matter for the press. He also prepared a little book entitled "Things Worth Knowing," and papers called "Good Tidings," and "New Years Gift," hundreds of thousands of which were printed and put into circulation. Near his end he triumphed in those words, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." He abounded in thanksgiving, and often asked others to assist him in giving praise. To his wife and children he spoke of "Jesus and of the chariot coming to take him to glory."

On the 16th day of September, 1869, the spirit of Duncan Matheson disappeared from earth to shine in another sphere. Thus departed a right brave and great hearted man,—the man who above millions had lived for God; the man who above most men had labored for souls and for eternity. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them."

TO THE OVERCOMERS.

BY NEWMAN CHAMBERLAIN.

Oh what mercy God has shown in our behalf in making us vessels unto honor. While we were like clay in the hands of the potter, he could just as easily have made us vessels of dishonor. Praise ye the Lord; let everything that hath breath praise the Lord, for his goodness and mercy unto us. I trust we count all things but loss and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. Why did the Apostle Paul come out and consecrate himself a living sacrifice to God, and suffer so many perils from robbers, and from false brethren, by land and by sea? Why was he determined not to know anything save Jesus Christ and him crucified, and call them *light afflictions*? I say, why all this? It was to attain unto the resurrection

of the dead, the righteous dead. You know there are to be two resurrections, one of the just, another of the unjust,—*the one to eternal life, and happiness, and glory, the other to shame and everlasting contempt.* The one will say, *So this is our God, we waited for him; the other will cry for the rocks and the mountains to fall on them, to hide them from the face of God, and from the wrath of the Lamb.* You see the danger of lingering. All Christians should say with Caleb and Joshua, "Let us go up at once and possess the goodly land." We should get the victory over the world, the flesh, and the Devil at once and keep it, so we can say with John the Revelator, "Even so, Lord Jesus come quickly." And with Stephen, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," and with Simeon, "Now Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Now, Brethren: Let us see to it that we are all on the line, asking God to help us to draw nigh unto Him, before we ask God to draw nigh unto us. You know it is better to be on the Lord's side, than to have the Lord on our side. When we are living lives of victory, our peace is as a river, yea it is perfect. Perfect love casteth out all fear. Our fellowship is with the Father and with the Son, and the Blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin. We ask God to forgive us our short comings—not our sins—because the seed of God is in our hearts and we cannot sin. The work of the devil is destroyed in us. Oh what a glorious state for us to go to Heaven in! Now, brethren; let us go for God our whole size. We have only this short life to live, before we get to Heaven. The more like God we are, the nearer we shall be to him in glory. May we, like David, seek the Lord with our whole heart, and praise God with our whole heart, and keep our eyes ever toward the Lord. In looking back is danger, but in looking forward the Lord will keep our feet from the net spread underneath us.

May our joy increase in the Lord. You know there are two kinds of joy.

The wicked have animal joy; we have the joy of God for our strength. What a promise, this is "The meek shall increase their joy." Brethren let us watch against pride. They that lose this life shall find life eternal. I would not say "Go on," but "Come on," Brethren. Oh the charming anthems of Glory, Oh the high strokes of the harpers round the throne; the song of the re deemed is the song of songs.

I have the seed of God in my heart and the mark of God in my forehead, so you see by the grace of God I am conqueror, through Him that hath loved me and given himself for me.

REPROVE SIN.

BY WILLIAM FELL.

It is the duty of every Christian to reprove sin. In fact they cannot neglect this important duty and retain the love of God in their hearts. "Sin is the abominable thing that God hates," and he cannot look upon it with the least degree of allowance. All the children of God wage an aggressive warfare against sin; not against the sinner, no—but against the dreadful leprosy of sin, that is clinging to his soul. When it breaks out in the form of oaths, drunkenness, Sabbath breaking and other sins, it is our duty as Christians to reprove them, otherwise we hate our brother in our heart. So says the Word of God: for the command is, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart: thou shalt in anywise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him."—Lev. xix. 17. Says one, why, I never feel like re proving sin. Well then, you must get the "love of God shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost," and then you will feel it very keenly. The more love a man has, the more he hates sin and loves the sinner, he sees the dreadful danger he is exposed to, and is anxious to lead him to Christ. Reproving sin is an office of love, and is a duty we owe to mankind. It is one of those daily crosses we have to bear in order to be the genuine followers of our Lord

and Saviour Jesus Christ. Love is the great motive power of a Christian, and is the controlling principle of his life; it is fearless, and looks at things in the light of eternity. It sees men going to the awful judgment, and does not "seek to save its own life," but is ambitious and in earnest to win souls.

There is probably no cross that we naturally shrink from more, than from reproving sin. It is a genuine test of our love, and loyalty to Jesus. He says "If ye love me keep my commandments." Reproving sin begets love in the heart for the poor sinner, and it would be an act of unkindness to brush by him, and leave him to his fate without warning him of his terrible danger. Many saved souls will thank God through all eternity that they were reprov ed for their sins by some faithful child of God. It is one great means of bringing sinners to feel their lost condition out of Christ. The early Methodists were all reprovers of sin; and the result was, the power of God rested on them, and souls were converted by scores and hundreds. All who have ever attained to eminence in piety were reprovers of sin. It was said of the sainted John Fletcher, a man of love, that "he had the most firm and resolute courage. In reproving sin, he was a 'son of thunder,' and regarded neither fear nor favor when he had a message from God to deliver." John the Baptist was a reprover of sin, and the result was, he lost his head, but saved his soul in glory. His head they could carry around in a charger, while his soul was resting sweetly in the bosom of his God. Nathan reproved the King and he was struck under conviction at once, and acknowledged that he had sinned. Lot kept his soul alive by reproving sin in Sodom, and the result was a glorious deliverance. Reproving sin is a weapon that is not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds. Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. G. W. FRENCH.

It is only the old, old story; yet while one soul is still groping in darkness, it can not be told too often.

Ten years I have been trying to be a Christian; sometimes rejoicing, sometimes sorrowing, sometimes taking up the cross,—too often going around it, sometimes following the Master closely, again “afar off.”

During the past few months I have grown so weary of all this, so tired of the ups and downs. I knew, or thought there was a better way, and I calmly made up my mind to seek it.

I read the opinions and experience of others until my *mind* understood the doctrine of Holiness well enough to accept it, but my *heart* was not ready. Then the real struggle began. What had before been trifles now grew to strong temptations. I was easily provoked; unkind thoughts of even my best friends would intrude; the Bible seemed uninteresting, prayer a formality.

The last day of the struggle came, a day worthy of its predecessor. My cares, my work, even the innocent prattling of my child wearied, annoyed, almost beyond endurance. At night I cried like a child, simply because I was so miserably unhappy, I did not know what else to do. Next morning these words suggested themselves: “It is good to both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.”

I said to myself, I will wait. I will try to perform every known duty and leave the result with God.

With this, the power of temptation seemed broken. All day I felt weak and tired as after a long illness,—longing, oh so earnestly, for the rest I knew could only be found in Jesus.

When evening came, I attended class-meeting, spoke merely from a sense of duty, came home still under the cloud. I told Jesus then, I had done all I could. I asked Him to accept me then, if it could be consistent

with his will, if not, to give me grace to wait. There I tried to rest, to give up all, to lay my burden down; after a few moments a sweet sense of pardon, acceptance, peace, came stealing over me. Gradually my heart seemed filling, until I felt it was enough. I was satisfied, freed from inward as well as outward sin; at rest, happy, oh so happy.

Since then I have felt that Jesus keeps me perfectly. Of course, I do not mean by this that I am perfect. Ah, no. I am only a poor, sinful, human woman, but Jesus is in my heart, watching, guarding its portals against sin. To-morrow I expect to be a little wiser, better, and to live by a higher standard than to day, so through all time, each day becoming a little more like Him, whom I now acknowledge as my Saviour in the fullest sense of the word.

You may call this sanctification, perfect love, or whatever name you like, even delusion, or excitement if you will, I care not. I only know that the blessing is mine, that the “Peace which passeth all understanding,” is in my heart.

After the conflict, it is sweet to rest, and I offer this testimony as a token of my gratitude to the Giver of this great gift.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

BY J. E. BRISTOL.

“Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?” is the all important question to the justified believer. Without it you are unqualified for efficient labor. Your mighty conflicts with the carnal mind yet remaining chained, but not dead—*detract from your usefulness.* The great work of salvation demands all your powers of soul, body and spirit. God’s design towards you as a co-worker with Him, is to give you perfect freedom to act, amenable only to his perfect law of liberty, by which you are to be judged. Jesus Christ seeks the perfect will of his Father in the kingdom already set up in your heart. He proposes to make it Holy

Ghost and angel territory on which, He and all the heavenly powers may co-operate with you in an aggressive warfare against sin and Satan. His work will be hindered if you choke the channel, now cut through your soul, by your neglect, or disobedience. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" There is no safety outside of a perfect submission, in a perfect obedience, to all that God wills for you to be, and do. Why quarrel or complain against such easy terms, when you deserve only wrath? It should be a cause of eternal thanksgiving that you may have the favor of God, and get to heaven on any terms. Surely, as obedient children, you only need to hear the voice divine, to hasten to know, and do its bidding. May God help you for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"It is His will. Even your sanctification."

And the command, "Tarry ye at Jerusalem till ye be endowed with power from on high," is all the authority you need to act independently of all carnal pleas, and Satan's insinuations. Your growth depends on your obedience. Your consecration to God demands your life, your all. While a swelling and turbulent Jordan flows between you and the land of

Corn and wine and oil
Favored with Gods' peculiar smile,

Satan will use all his art and power to fill your soul with doubt and fear. Yea, more, he will, if possible, have you believe that death only can pilot you through these waters. But believe him not. Joshua and the ark, and all the host of Israel, went through dry shod, in the face of their enemies, and death fled, a phantom, before the mighty power of God. Jesus, our leader, our ark of a new and better covenant, in whom the law and testimony are sealed, has gone through and made it a living way. You can go up and possess the land. Yes, justified believer, trembling as you are, with the "pearl of great price" committed to your keeping, while foes are madly gathering around

you to rob and spoil—there is a way through. The footprints of the great consecrator are sealed in blood, and as you take the cross, and walk in the bloody path he trod for you, you will find there is life and power in that blood to take you through dry shod, into a "land flowing with milk and honey." Get all upon the altar and wait patiently. The Lord will suddenly come to his temple. "And ye shall be endowed with power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Sing

"O, that it now from Heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume.

I venture Lord; I now believe. Oh glory; my soul is filled with love. The blood is applied; I am cleansed from all my sins. Amen and amen.

THE NEW LIFE.

BY HANNAH PELTON.

For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.—Col. iii. 3.

In the words, "Ye must be born again," is involved the idea of a new life, a new creature, a transformation, a change. This new creation introduces a person into a new light. This light is the Spirit of God shed upon the soul of man, inclining, influencing, prompting, and leading him on. We have the Scripture: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God,"—his children.

This light, carefully heeded and walked in, will bring one where he finds himself—hid in Christ—dead to sin.

To be hid, is to be concealed; placed in mystery, difficult to be known; and it might be added, past finding out by worldly ones, as they are blind to spiritual things, they cannot look into, or see their spiritual hiding-place. To God be all the praise, who gives to mortal man, if he will have it, this wonderful, this glorious life, which words cannot express. No wonder the Psalmist repeatedly calls upon all animate and inanimate nature to praise the Lord. It does most truly show it forth. The

deep silence has a voice, heard by none but those hid in Christ,—dead to sin. The Scripture abounds in terms regarding this strange, peculiar, hidden life. "He shall hide me in his pavilion," covered and shielded by God's goodness. God represents himself as a high tower,—a good place for concealment,—strong, invincible. Sin and Satan cannot prevail against it. "He shall cover thee with his feathers." Thou shalt be protected, cared for. The saints are seldom fully known. The world cannot possibly understand them, none but those likewise hid, their life is a mysterious one. The luke-warm professor, or the unconverted, regard them as *very peculiar*, perhaps fanatical; their *notions* or ideas, and views, to them seem absurd, and ridiculous. The Saviour said, "I am not of this world." So it is with those whose lives are hid in Christ. Their countenance, their acts, their words, their dress, their life, all show a strange, in dwelling principle. God has a great regard for them. He calls them his peculiar treasure. "He preserveth the way of his saints.—Prov. ii. 8. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." God has given these rich promises all through his word. They have no desire or anxiety to get policies in Life Insurance companies, or to enter into any business, or do any act not strictly Christian. God says he feeds the fowls of the air, are ye not much better than they? He clothes the lilies of the field. "shall he not much more clothe you? O ye of little faith!" Seek the righteousness of God, "and all these things shall be added unto you." Hid in Christ! What a happiness and pleasure spring from every event! Sweet hiding-place!

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

O, when a God of grace is upon a throne of grace, and a poor sinner stands by and begs for grace, and that in the name of a gracious Christ, in and by the help of the Spirit of grace, can it be otherwise but such a sinner must obtain mercy and grace to help in time of need?

FOOLISH DICK: AN EXAMPLE FOR THE MEN OF ONE TALENT.

In our Lord's parable it is the man of one talent who is represented as hiding his Lord's money in the earth. This does not teach us that persons of larger ability are always free from this sin, but we may safely infer from it that those of lowest degree in gift are peculiarly in danger of it. The temptation to think themselves too unimportant to be responsible has great influence over some minds: they cannot shine as stars, and therefore they excuse themselves from shining at all; they cannot hope to achieve a giant's marvels, and therefore they will not contribute an ounce of power. Under the convenient mask of modesty, idleness often conceals itself. They would not be too forward, they say, and therefore they avoid all service. If they were to try their hands at any Christian work, they fear they should blunder in it, and so they think it wise to save their own reputation, and spare themselves from doing nothing; thus providing for two evil propensities at one time, pandering both to pride and sloth. This kind of talk is wicked, very wicked, and is an aggravation of the sins which it tries to cover. The man of slender gift is as much bound to serve his Master as his neighbor with ten talents; his responsibility may not be so great, but it is just as real; the burial of the one talent in the earth ruined the slothful servant quite as effectually and as deservedly as if he had buried five. None of us will be called to account for abilities which we do not possess, but we shall surely have to answer for all we have.

In the important business of publishing abroad the gospel, the ignorant, the poor, and the obscure often think themselves excused. They cannot see that anything is in their power or can be required of them; and yet, if they judged aright, and were full of zeal for God's glory, they would soon find something to do, and would by-and-by achieve great things for the Lord's cause. No-

body knows what he can do till he has tried. Dormant faculties are in most men, and only an earnest attempt to do good will ever awaken their whole nature. As in the village churchyard there lie in the neglected graves,—

*"Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,"*

so in the vaults of timorous lukewarmness and despairing inactivity, there may be found, mouldering in their shrouds, singular capacities and rare originalities, which only need quickening, and they will stir the world.

Men quite simple in matters of common life have, nevertheless, been made by God wise to win souls; they have been ranked among fools, and yet have been taught of God to bless their fellow-men. Doing all that came in their way to do, they have been honored of the great Master, and though last in ability while here, they will at the last day be first in reward, because they were faithful in their stewardship. Such persons, it must be confessed, labor under great disadvantages at this period; for the church is, in this highly enlightened nineteenth century, far too fine and grand to encourage their labors if they become at all public. Taste is now in the ascendant, grammar is essential, and grace of deportment far more needful than grace in the heart: in fact, there are more professors who will tolerate false theology and uninspired preaching, but be altogether savage if the preacher offend against Lindley Murray. If the original fishermen of the Galilean lake should come among us again, they would be hard put to it to find a pulpit which would lower itself by allowing such uncultivated persons to preach in it: they were never at college, and were quite countryfied in their dialect: the poor men might be sent out as evangelists among the poor, and they might be useful as city missionaries, but they would never do for the splendid new church with the sky-piercing spire, its delightful stained glass, and magnificent organ. In many quarters vulgarity is the sin of sins, and

gentility the queen of virtues. Whether souls are lost or saved, matters little to some people, so long as the service is attractively conducted, and is suitable for persons of cultivated taste. The preacher must be popular, the choir expensive, and the church magnificent;—these are the three things needful, but soundness in faith, fervor of heart, and holiness of life are secondary matters with a large portion of this generation. Hence the idea of employing the rough and uneducated in preaching the gospel may scarcely be mentioned, unless it be with the assurance that they shall not come nearer to our gentility than "The Five Points," or the slums of our great cities. Great talent is worshipped, and little ability is so despised as to be thrust aside with contempt. In all such cases the sin of burying the one talent is not confined to the individual, but is shared in by those who surround him, and drive him into a corner. The cold contempt which chills a man's soul is as guilty a thing as the weakness which allows itself to be so chilled; perhaps it is far more evil in the sight of God.

Thoughts like these, and many of like tenor, have passed through our mind while reading a queer little book entitled "Foolish Dick: an autobiography of Richard Hampton, the Cornish pilgrim preacher." Foolish Dick was certainly well named from the ordinary point of view, for in many matters he was scarcely half-witted. "One of his masters conceived that he might be capable of orderly thought in manual labor, so far, at least, as to distribute manure over the surface of the field. He was put to work in the morning and fairly instructed how to wheel out the manure from the heap in the corner of the field, and drop the several barrow-fuls in smaller heaps at certain distances, so that when the whole field was thus laid out, the manure might be scattered from the smaller heaps over the space. Dick was left to his work. But in the evening, the manure was still found in a large heap in the corner, as it had been in the morning.

" 'Why, Dick,' said the master, 'you have done nothing all the day.' "

" 'Iss I have, master,' was the prompt reply, with a look of mingled humor and self-content; 'iss I have; I ded aall you towld me, and feneshed by denner time; but I thoft it wud'n do to taake a whoal day's waages for a haalf-day's work, so, arter denner, I wheeled ut aal back agen!'

"He had been put to weeding work in the garden, too, and particularly shown how to distinguish the young leeks, or onions, or radishes, from the weeds. The result was the dismay of the employer, when Dick, with a kind of triumphant look in his squinting eye, pointed to the entirely tenantless beds, emptied alike of weeds and crops, and said,—

" 'Theere now, I've done un butaful, and weeded un clain!'

The portrait of Dick, which is placed as a frontispiece to his life, leads the observer to put him down among those poor naturals, or half daft persons, of whom a specimen may generally be found in every village; his dress and form being grotesque to the last degree. Dick's account of his education is quaint enough; we hope our American friends will be able to make it out, it is given in as near an approximation to Cornish pronunciation, as could be effected in letter press:—

"My paarents sent me to a raiding school, kept by a poor ould man caaled Stephen Martin. My schoolin' cost three a'pence a week. I was kéept theere for seven months, and so my edication was wurth no less than three shillin' and six-pence,—theere's for ee! When my edication was fenished, as they do say, I was tuk hum, seven months larnin bein' aal that my poor parents cud affoord for me. At that dear ould man's school I larnt to raid a book they caaled a Psalter; an, havin' larnt so fur, when I got hum I gove myself to raiden, and kept on keepin' on tell I cud raid a chaapter in the Testament or Bible. Aw, my dear! what a blessin' thes heeae larning a'ben to the poor idyat!'

Despite his natural deficiencies and want of education, Richard Hampton showed great shrewdness and originality, especially in any matter which concerned religion. His Bible and hymn-book were all his library, but these he studied so well and worked them so thoroughly into his nature, that they were a part of his being, and for him to answer a seoffer with an appropriate and scriptural text was as natural as for a bird to sing. He was one day waiting in the office of an influential firm, having been sent on a business errand by his friend and employer.

" 'Richard,' said one of the gentlemen; 'they say you know a great deal about the Bible; go home and look, and you will find in the fourth chapter of Habakkuk a passage that will do for a text for you: the words are,—' Rise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!'

" 'No, maaster, I don't believe that they words are in the Bible,' he replied, 'and theere es no moare than three chapters in Habakuk, nuther; but I do know that in the eighteenth of the twenty second chapter of Revelation you will find thaise words: 'If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book!'

His mode of quieting a person who wished to pry into his master's business was also as clever as it was effectual. We have it in his own words:—

"When I cum into the counting-house the aagent was setting to brekfast, an' he begun to ax me about a mine that I knawed was poor at that time, and gave out melancholly prospic. I knawed what he wanted to find out, so says I to he, 'Do'ee know what the apostle says?', 'No,' says he; 'what es at?' 'Why,' says I, 'whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no questions for conscience sake.' That was 'nough for he; he went on faster than ever swallowing hes brekfast, and dedn't stop to ax me any moore questins 'pon that head."

While waiting in a house, where a roast shoulder of mutton was upon the table for dinner, but none had been of

ferred to him, he procured his portion of the meat in due season, by the remark,—

“‘Cap’n Tom, do ‘eo know what Samuel tould the cook to do for Saul?’

“‘No, Dick; what was it?’

“‘Why, Samuel said unto the cook, Bring the portion which I gave thee; and the cook took up the shoulder and that which was upon it and set it before Saul.’

Being early converted among the Methodists, Dick was always most devout and enthusiastic, regular at the class-meeting, and zealous for all the ordinances of his church. His remarkable gifts in prayer were not allowed to rust, but few thought that he had any degree of adaptation for the pulpit. His call to the ministry is one of the odd-est things we ever remember to have read, and we enjoyed a laugh at the Cornish orator pelted into fame, and finding a tongue amid the jests of his persecutors. His own words are more telling than ours can possibly be.

“Now, the way I was fust drawne out es like these heere. My cap’n sent me weth a letter to Redruth poast offis; the letter had a bill un with a hunderd poun’s. Cap’n tould me to be sure I gove un in aall saafe, an’ then so car’ a noate to maaster Joseph Andrew. I ded so, bnt while I was stannin’ at hes door tell had hes aanswer, a young wumman, as she was washin’ the wenders (windows,) stared at me, an, says she, ‘That theree young man can look ninety-nine ways at waance. Says I to she, ‘What man having an hundred sheep, If he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost, until he find it? and when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.’

“Some boyas stannin’ near, got in

‘round me, an’ at laast a mob gethered, and they foached (pushed) me down the strait. In the bustle I lost my hat, tell gittin’ cloase to a mait-stannin’ (meat-stall) to saave myself from being stamped under fut, I got up and set down ‘pon the stannin’; and then, aw, I felt my sawl all a-fire weth love for every body theree, an’ sprengeing to my feet, I begun to ex’ort, an’ then to pray. Soon as I spoke, they wore aall quiet; norra waun had a word to say, and they looked seeryus, an’ at laast tears begun to run: aw, what a plaace et was, —‘twas ‘the house of God,’ sure ‘nough. My sawl was so happy! every body wad cum forth simmin to show how kind they cud be. They got my hat for me agen, and some of ‘em wud gev me mony ef I wud taake ut, but no, ‘twasn’ silver or gold that I looked for. I was happy, and full of love, and in thut staate I went back hum.”

From that day forward Mr. Hampton was continually engaged in lifting up the Saviour among sinners, and many were the souls led to the cross by his entreaties and exhortations. He was frequently advertised as the “Cornish fool,” and this secured him congregations, but there was a weight and power about his utterances which soon proved to the audience that he was no fool in the things of God. At first his exhortations were confined to small meetings and out-door gatherings, but by degrees the large Methodist chapels were open to him in many circuits of Cornwall and Devon, and even these were not always able to hold the crowds which gathered to hear him.—*C. H. Spurgeon, in Evangelical Repository.*

What greater argument to holiness, than to see the Scriptures so furnished with promises of grace and salvation by Christ, that a man can hardly cast his eye into the Bible but he spies one or another of them? Who would not live in such a house, or be a servant to such a prince; who, besides his exceeding in good conditions, has gold and silver as common in his palace as stones are by the highway side?

WHY DIDN'T I BELIEVE IN GOD'S PROMISES?

BY R. T. BELL.

"According to your faith be it unto you."—Matt. 13. 23.

God has made faith the touchstone of the Christian religion. Unless we have taken the pains to look up the passages in the Bible that contain this word (Faith) in all its connections, we can form no adequate idea of the number of times that it is used, and the all-important use made of it by the Master in teaching us the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*.

Our whole lives are so interwoven with faith, that it is a part of our very being, and if we look at this word in a secular point of view, we shall find that we do not enter into any project in life, without exercising some of this much talked of *Christian Grace*.

We neither buy nor sell—sow nor reap—eat nor sleep—indeed we do not move, or step one step (with a motive) without exercising some degree of faith.

Why does the farmer sow? Because he has faith that he will gain money. But does he *know* that he will reap where he has sown? O no, the rains may not come, or the grasshoppers *may* come; or it may be too wet or too dry, or some other unforeseen thing may happen to prevent his reaping where he has sown. So we find that faith is not absolute knowledge.

If we knew all that God knows about our future, there would be no room for faith. When we *know* a thing, faith in that thing is lost in fruition.

Many years ago, when the country was unsettled, a party of men passed over one of our western states, to search out a feasible route for a railroad. They looked the ground over, and returned to their capitalists, reporting that there was an utter want of timber, and that it would be fifty years before the country would be settled up sufficiently to make a paying road. This was the majority report—they had no faith.

The minority, consisting of one man,

full of faith in the enterprise, reported that it *would* pay, and said that he *believed* there was coal on the route, and that the road if built would settle up the country. The company accepted the majority report and abandoned the enterprise.

But the one man in the minority went back over the route, and found large beds of coal in several places, and plenty of good stone for culverts; he also found that the soil was uniformly good. He went back, and secretly raised a new company, which investigated the matter and put the road through in great faith. The enterprise was a complete success, and was the beginning of a net of railroads that have since been built across these prairies. The old company which abandoned the enterprise, said, "*Why didn't we believe*" the minority? Faith does not depend upon the majority.

Just before the great Chicago fire, a country banker loaned a man one thousand dollars, and as the man was considered "good," and had always met his paper when due, the banker said, just give me your note of hand, I will risk you for that amount on your promise to pay.

Before the note falls due, the great fire comes and sweeps away his all. The news soon comes to the banker, who now looks upon the paper as useless. What is the matter with the paper? It bears the same appearance that it did before the fire; it promises just the same, but the banker does not lock it up so securely as he did, for the virtue has gone out of the paper, and now he says he will sell it for five cents on the dollar. He has lost his faith in the ability of his promiser.

The young man goes to the banker and says to him, you see how I am situated; I have lost all but my honor, but I am yet young, in good health, and as sure as God spares my life, I will pay you. But the banker turns away, saying, that's just what they all say, but that don't bring me back my money.

The broker's friends find out about the affair, and they gather around him

in mock sympathy, and one of his brother brokers says, "Why, I know that young man; he is honest, and a man of good habits, and I believe he will come up again." The banker looks at him a moment, and says, "Come, now, back up your opinion with your money; you may have the one thousand dollar note for five per cent.—give me fifty dollars and you may have it." But he declines to purchase—at that low figure—which showed plainly, that with all his talk he had little or no faith.

While they are yet laughing over the weak faith and strong talk of banker No. 2, banker No. 3 comes up and says to the owner of the note, "here is fifty dollars, give me the note; I believe he will come up again." This man has faith. He takes the note, and the whole transaction is soon forgotten. Several months afterward, the young man is notified that one of his buildings had been insured in a foreign company that did not go down in the great fire, and that a draft drawn on them would be honored for a sum much more than he needed to take up his note. He paid the note, and when the news got to the banker, he said, "*Why didn't I believe?*" So we find that faith in a promise depends upon our opinion of the ability and the willingness of the promiser.

God says you shall have all things needful if you only believe. But says one, I know that God is Good and Great, and has all Power, but what does He care for me? He has made all the worlds that we can see, and millions of worlds that we cannot see. He seems to have set this world in motion in all of its perfection, and then to have withdrawn all thought of this little planet, in the consideration of others more mighty and more important. I revere Him, and worship him, and look upon Him as the *First Great Cause* of all things—but what does he care for me? Does God ever think of me?

The world is teeming with life, from the great whale of the Arctics down to the millions of animalculæ in a bucket of pure water; and from the great elephant down to the myriads of insects,

so small that the human eye unaided, cannot see them at all. And yet, in all this multitude of life, He has provided ways and means for their existence, until they shall have worked out His Divine purpose, and die.

Take the bees, that toil from day to day that they may have food when winter comes. Who tells them that they must lay up food for winter? If we remove them to Florida they will not work, for they have only to go to the ever-blooming flowers for their daily food. Who now tells them to abandon the accumulative plan? But do bees have plans? A great architect once said, that he had never seen any public work, or building so well planned as is the bee hive—so well adapted for strength, beauty and utility. Who teaches them these plans? Who tells them when to lay up honey, and when not to accumulate?

Let us look down still lower in life. A Frenchman has lately made a microscopic glass so strong that it has developed the fact that every leaf has upon its surface hundreds of insects, so small that the human eye can see nothing. Yet, every one of these animals is perfect, and moves about; and he says they look through his glass, like a drove of cattle feeding upon a prairie. Does God care for these minute creatures? Does He ever think of them?

Some years since, a young man in central New York became an orphan, and was an only heir to a large estate. He was petted, and had every whim gratified to the fullest extent. He drank deep in the dissipations of fashionable society, and through infidel men and infidel books, he looked upon the Bible as of human origin, and of no more account than the Koran. Indeed he had scarcely ever looked into a Bible. He said, "I was out one Sunday, with my gun and dog hunting squirrels in a deep maple woods, and while waiting for a squirrel to come out of its hole in a tree, I noticed two birds fluttering in great agitation over their nest of little ones, and upon looking for the cause, I saw a large snake winding about the

limb and approaching the nest. At this point one of the birds left, and after a moment returned with a leaf in its mouth, which it dropped over the little birds, completely covering them. The birds now retired a little distance, and waited in faith. The snake approached the nest and gave one look at the leaf and then departed in great haste." He says, "I began to reflect, and asked myself these questions: how could the bird know that the leaf was a deadly poison to the snake? Who taught the bird to think of this leaf, just at the time that the danger was so impending?" He came to the conclusion that if God cared for the birds, and helped them when they most needed help, that he would care for him. This was the turning point in his life, and he is now a practical working Christian.

Then if God cares for the birds, the bees, and those minute insects, that are so very small that the unaided eye cannot see them at all, will He not care for us?—and does He not think of us?

Yes! there has been no time since we became a living, breathing soul, that he has not cared for and thought of us. He thinks of us when we are awake and when we are asleep; He thinks of us when we are at peace and when we are angry; He thinks of us when we debauch our manhood with oaths, alcoholic drinks, Sabbath breaking, patronizing places of sinful amusements, telling obscene stories, and defiling our bodies and souls in a thousand other ways. His Almighty Eye is upon us at all times, and He says, put away these foolish, sinful things, and I will more than fill their places. He says: "*According to your faith be it unto you.*" "Fear not, only believe."

EXPERIENCE.

BY A. W. SMITH.

Some months ago I found myself wading in the dark,—rather in the background, on my lees; or, as brother Chesbro would say, "badly crippled." I

still maintained the form without, but had little power. Just about this time, our beloved pastor delivered us a message from God on "Christian duty." It was a word in season to me. My heart took courage; for I thought I saw the way of escape, the flickering of light ahead.

With this word came some rays of light, which revealed to me the nearness of breakers all around; and that, by properly plying my oars of prayer and faith, I might sail out all right again. I had left undone half my duty in my family. And, consequently, that little done, was an irksome task. Very many of our Methodist people, in the west, have fallen into the habit of curtailing their family worship, by having it but once a day, and that without any singing whatever. I, too, had fallen in with this miserable, crippled, half-hearted way of offering worship to God in the family, scarcely expecting any good to come from it, but still doing it because we thought it right. But now I said to my wife, Let us get out of this old rut, back to the beaten paths of true Methodism. Let us make it the business of our lives to do our duty aright, in the family and everywhere. We commenced reading, singing and praying, morning and evening, around the family altar. I also betook myself to my secret closet again, to talk with God alone. I made it a special point to pray in secret, that God would manifest Himself to us around the family altar.

The irksomeness of the task was soon gone, and, in its stead, a pleasant duty and privilege came; and, need I add, that we are on the stretch afresh for the glory-land, with the buoyant hope in our souls that we shall outweather the gale, and land our little barks safe on the other shore? Pray for us, pilgrims, when you talk with God alone, that we, having done all, may stand.

If any are growing cold: O, brother, sister, try our experience. It is not an experiment, but 'tis a true and tried way to those who would live right. 'Tis good for the soul.

ENDUED WITH POWER.

As this subject is of Divine teaching, and set forth in Christ's injunction to His apostles, it claims at our hands deference and obedience. In the case of the first apostles, the blessing was requisite to give effect and success to their labors; and their reception of it at the ushering in of the dispensation of the Spirit, is an example for all ages. Why are we in this age so feeble, so unsuccessful, so inadequate to the great requirements of our times, but because we lack the endowment of power? Peoples and kingdoms in the apostolic age exclaimed, "Those that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

Wisdom to win souls, the gift of the Holy Ghost, the endowment of power, are terms bearing on the same object, pointing to the same glorious end.

This gift of power is a distinct gift. Pardon and holiness are changes effected in a man's position and character; but the endowment of power is sent down from on high upon us, as an added element of spiritual force, that the Spirit's graces may be more potent, and employed in the conversion of the world. Justified by faith and made holy through the blood of Christ, the soul is made fit "for the Master's use."

Why are we so feeble in prayer? Why do we not grasp the promises, and take hold on God, but because we lack this endowment of power? Why are our intercessions for others so languid, our preaching pointless and powerless, but because we lack this? O ye followers of the apostles, have ye left Jerusalem before the descent of the Holy Ghost? Did ye indeed tarry until ye were endued with power from on high? If not, then hasten back, delay not, let not shame hinder, but press through all obstacles, exclaiming with ardency and faith,—

"Come Holy Ghost, for Thee we call,
Spirit of burning, come!"

This blessing was first bestowed upon the apostles at their call to the ministry, and immediately on entering upon their important mission. They tarried at Jerusalem till its glorious descent.

Christ had chosen them as heralds of salvation, and appointed them his ambassadors to the ends of the earth. This was a new era, a new dispensation. The old was now passing away. The old embraced a succession of patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings—of types, shadows, sacrifices, symbols, which were to pass away forever. The antitype has come, and the prefigured glory. At this epoch converge all the lines of past ages, and here meet the pointing prophecies of ancient seers. A new agency is ordained, simple and direct. Past symbols of salvation are succeeded by that which is immediate, effective. Sacrifices are to cease, altars to be demolished, fires extinguished, the priesthood ended, the temple closed forever. Christ has come, and by the glory of His appearing, the night of ages is dispelled. His shining forth is to extend and increase, down the long line of future ages, till it shall consummate in the millennium glory. For the carrying out of Christ's purposes a race of humble men are chosen,—chosen of God, and anointed,—men of clean hands, of inspired emotions, and of vital forces. Truly "the weak things of the world," but holy, bold, and of intrepid spirit! The field of the world is white for the harvest—a ruined race is hurrying on to death; but the fields must remain untouched, and the arm of help be stayed. Like the "silence in heaven for half an hour," and as the angels held back "the four winds of the earth until the sons of God were sealed in their foreheads," so all forces were held in check, were stayed, till the apostles were "endued with power from on high,"—till they had been clothed with every part of their mail, and had received within the fulness of the Spirit.

The day of Pentecost had now fully come. The apostles and others were "assembled with one accord, in one place." While in the upper room at Jerusalem, "the promise of the Father" came. The Holy Ghost fell upon them, not as the still small voice, but with sound as of a mighty rushing wind, and

with cloven tongues as of fire. *Now* they are to go forth to thrust in the sickle, by the newly-acquired power to pull sinners out of the fire. Peter is to preach. He is prompt, bold, earnest. It is his first sermon after the endowment of power has come upon him. How enlarged his heart! What fluency of speech! How simple, yet how forcible his words! The people quail before the truth. They are awed, affected, and weep. The cry of penitence breaks the solemn silence, and sobs and broken accents of unutterable prayers are heard in every direction. The inquiry becomes general, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The sermon is ended. The most wonderful day the world has seen closes. Angels tune their harps and praise God for a work glorious, unparalleled. Wearied and spent, the apostles gather up the spoil, write down the saved, and tell off the number. Men from "every nation under heaven" have been gathered in, and the numbers registered that day among the "saved of the Lord" were about three thousand souls. This glorious ingathering was Christ's signal mark on the gift of the Holy Spirit, and His Divine attestation of the efficacy of the endowment of power.

Need there be appeals to ministers of Christ or Bible readers as to the reality of this inspired doctrine of power? Christ has taught it; the Holy Ghost has put upon it His broadest seal. This was Christ's crowning gift to the apostles. They obeyed the injunction to "tarry" for it. Christ honored their obedience and sent the power. The tarrying and the gift are connected as cause and effect, obedience and blessing. May it not be inferred that those successors of the apostles who hasten into the field of labor without this blessing, run before they are sent, and go to a warfare at their own charge? May not this be the cause of much of our weakness, inefficiency, lack of success? It is not enough to say the Spirit prompted and the Church called: these are the first evidences of the call, but the baptism of power is equally indispensable.

The pupil is not at once a professor, nor the recruit a complete soldier. O how we ought to rejoice in the promise of this gift, because of its fitness to our need, and fulness! Let this power be on the ministry, and conquest and victory will follow. None shall then preach without unction, no sermon be barren of results. The magnetism of a ministry inspired with the Holy Ghost would be all powerful. Men would flock to the sanctuary "as doves to their windows," and thousands be saved. The universe would soon be filled with the glory of God, and angels shout, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ."

This power is distinct from all other forms of power. There is power in purity of character, in fervor, in learning, in eloquence; but this is another power, "power from on high." It is given expressly for service, for work. It is mighty, because Divine. It is designed to give effect to refined graces, to impart vigor to consecrated souls, to make the ministers of God as flames of fire, to endue them with unction, to inspire them with zeal, till, like their Master, they may say, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

The gift must be asked for, believed for, waited for. The Spirit is now showing His people the need for it. Some years since, the Rev. William Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" thrilled the Church, and brought out the necessity—the indispensable necessity—for this unction and power. The matter is becoming a topic of vital interest. Ministers and Churches are waking up to feel their need, to see their privilege. Ought not our spirits to be moved, our desires fervent, our prayers earnest, for the blessing? Our fathers possessed it, and we may have it. Let us come to Him who has given the promise, and pray and believe for its bestowment. Then will Pentecostal revivals spread and prevail, and from heart to heart, from town to town, and "from the river to the ends of the earth," the gospel shall spread, till the "earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God."—*King's Highway.*

A SHORT SERMON.

BY MRS. C. TERRY.

"But of the times and the seasons brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you; for yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night; for when they shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them."

Now dear fellow pilgrim in the Lord, this is to you, who are tarrying in a justified state. Are you not dreaming of peace and safety? Are you sure that you will escape while living in this state? What is it that you are keeping back? Why not give up all at once—pay the full price, and enter into the land of promise (of God's rest.) Do you not know that if you keep back a part of the price you will surely die? There is no price too great to pay; no sacrifice too great to make, in return for what God has done for us. We have no promise of escape while living in a justified state, for we are told not to stay there, but to go on to perfection. As long as we live in a justified state, we are continually being overcome with trials, and as the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night, it is possible that it may come upon us while being overcome, and in a state of condemnation. If so, how will we escape? We cannot. We are sure to be lost. Oh, how important it is that we live a wholly sanctified life before God; that we may be prepared at any moment for the coming of the Lord; that we may, when called to give an account of our stewardship, do it with joy, and not with grief. May God help us to see what part of the price we are keeping back, and to feel the importance of being sanctified; of giving up all for Jesus—even fathers, mothers, wife or children, house or land.

Dear pilgrims, are you ready to give up any of these things, or all of them if need be, for the sake of Jesus? If so, why do you not do it? Now it may not be any of these great things that the Lord wants of us, or that keeps us

from entering into his everlasting rest; but it may be some small thing, some acknowledgement or confession to make, or some habit—perhaps of smoking, to give up, or some other little thing that stands in the way. May the Lord help us, and search us, and see if there is any evil way in us, and help us to rightly divide and understand the word of God, that the gospel of Christ may be the power of God unto salvation to save our souls, and help us to see if we are the children of light; that that day should not overtake us as a thief in the night. For in such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man cometh. How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?

REST.

BY EDWARD RING.

O, birds that soar by Ocean's side,
The time shall dawn when you shall rest;
And waves that proudly onward ride,
Lie calm upon fair Ocean's breast.

White clouds, that ever wing their flight,
Shall sleep on heaven's arch of blue;
And stars, that beam with golden light,
Shall vanish, as the evening dew.

O, tempest wild and chainless wind,
That freely roam from shore to shore—
Thy restless feet a home shall find,
And hushed shall be thy deep-toned roar.

And thou, my weary soul, shalt rest,
When life's wild storms are known no more:

Where white-robed saints, and seraphs
blest,
Wake echoes on bright heaven's shore.

O, never let me cease to know,
Though sorrow's pangs may pierce my breast—

When death's dark mantle veils my brow,
There waits for me in Heaven, REST.

O they are a sweet couple, to wit,
a Christian conversation coupled with fear.—*Bunyan.*

LOVE QUICKENS MORE THAN DUTY.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

The following letter is gleaned from an excellent periodical, and as it nobly illustrates the truth that love has greater power than duty, (though duty is strong), it is given entire. A widowed lady's son, not quite eighteen years old, had fortunately obtained without purchase, a commission in a regiment which was shortly afterward ordered to the Crimea, in 1854. After a number of weeks he wrote to his mother as follows:

"DEAR MOTHER:—I must confess to you that when I first saw the Russian guns open fire, and beheld the smoke wreathing itself upon the heights, I felt disposed to run away as fast as my legs could carry me; I felt I was a born coward. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; my heart beat against my ribs like a sledge-hammer; my knees knocked together; I could not resist looking over my left shoulder to see how the land lay behind me, when suddenly I was conscious of a strong hand between my shoulder-blades, and of a kindly voice in good, broad Scotch, saying to me, 'come, laddie—forward, mon, forward! duty, aye, duty!' At that moment had I been twitted with what must have been plain to read in my ashen face and shrinking step, I fear I should have run away. But there was something so encouraging in the tone of the friendly words, coupled with the brave bearing of our old sergeant-major, that I felt as if I had had a fresh backbone put into me. On I went with redoubled courage for some little time, till, as I drew closer to the scene of action, and saw more of the hideous effects of shot and shell, I found myself once more looking over to the left; when again the same firm hand was at my back, and the same kind words repeated in my ears: 'Eh sir! come, come, laddie, ye've done vera weel; forward then, duty's the word—aye, duty; come then, I'm just proud o' ye.' Inspired with a fresh ambition

to deserve his good opinion, and the more so because of his generosity and forbearance, I put forth all the energy and resolution I could muster, until the man on my right and the other on my left were shot down by my side. This was too much for my coward heart; nature asserted itself, and I deliberately turned round to fly, when both my shoulders were seized, and in an iron grasp, and these words were hissed in my ears: 'Fie, fie, laddie! Think o' yer mither!' Then it was that stung with self-reproach, and wrought up to resolution by the magic power of that dear name, I remember springing forward, rushing into the very thick of the fray, and I hope, bearing myself as a soldier should."

Love quickens more than duty. Encouragement of the faltering is better than harsh, scolding rebuke. While the incitement of duty is strong; the incentive of love is far stronger in its availing power to nerve the heart. And since the soldier lad's thought of his mother was so quickening to his courage, what may not the thought of Christ Jesus, the Everlasting Father and Redeemer do for us? If we believe him fully, His name will rouse us more than all cold arguments, or thoughts of duty. The young soldier knew the wish of his mother's heart. But we may have the Spirit, and know the mind of Christ. Let us, accordingly, fight the good fight of faith, and endure hardness as good soldiers.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

BY MRS. EMILY S. MOORE.

The Christian warfare is the plan by which the King of Glory has arranged that his faithful subjects shall get through to the promised land. All the way along through this world of sin, temptation, and every kind of error, the Christian has to contend in order to overcome, and his life here is made up of hard fought battles and well earned victories over the world, with its evil influences; the flesh, with its natural

tendencies, and the devil with all his combined power. In order to this, the nature has to be subdued by grace, which is given to the redeemed soul from on high, received through deep and unfeigned repentance for sin, a firm reliance upon the great Eternal, an unwavering faith and trust in the great Redeemer of our fallen race for salvation, and an acceptance of the sanctifying graces of the Holy Spirit. Rom. xv. 16. Through the Spirit the saints are "endued with power from on high" in every conflict, by which they are enabled to hold an unyielding possession of the ground against all the combined forces of the enemy, which is often made up of the wicked and unregenerate, and nominal professors. For these two classes seem combined against the real work of salvation, and oppose in every possible way, those who claim to possess it. Salvation from sin is plainly taught in the word of God.

We read in I. John i. 9, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The first clause seems to imply justification by faith; and the latter, sanctification by power. When these graces are enjoyed in their fullness, they often result in outward manifestations of the Spirit's power, as taught in the Bible. I. Cor. xii. 6-7. These demonstrations are sometimes exhibited in shouts, and songs of praise, and various signals of victory and triumph. Psalm xlvi. 1; and in Psalm xcvii. 4, we find these words, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all the earth; make a loud noise and sing praise." Also Psalm c. 1. Several instances are recorded in the Scriptures where there was shouting and great rejoicing. At the Creation, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Job xxxviii. 7.

At the birth of our Saviour, when the wise men saw His star in the east, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Matt. ii. 10. And when that event was announced by the angel, suddenly there appeared a great multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest. Luke ii. 13-14. At Christ's entry into Jerusalem, those who attended Him cried, Hosanna in the Highest. Matt. xxi. 9. On the day of Pentecost, it seems the saints spake as the Spirit gave them utterance. Acts ii. 4. In Psalms xlvii. 5, it is said, "God is gone up with a shout." And at the Last Day, "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout." I. Thess. iv. 16. But these demonstrations, though sanctioned in the word of God, always meet with opposition from those who are not fully saved; they become offended, and frequently persecution follows. But though offences will come, a woe is pronounced unto him through whom they come, and it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea, than that he offend one of these little ones. Luke xvii. 1-2. Christ is a rock of offence to the unsaved, and they will be offended at his followers in like circumstances. I. Peter, ii. 8; Matt. xiii. 57, and xv. 12, and xxiv. 10. But Jesus said, Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me. Matt. xi. 6. And we are admonished "to mark them which cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine which we have learned, and avoid them." Rom. xvi. 17. Plain teaching, but Bible authority.

The weapons of this warfare are not carnal, but Spiritual, and mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan, and the building up of the glorious kingdom of our Redeemer. Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world, for then would my servants fight." John xviii. 36. Again, the Apostle says, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Eph. iii. 12. And those who fight with carnal weapons are not of God, "For the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Rom. viii. 7. And "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know

them, because they are spiritually discerned." I. Cor. ii. 14.

We need an earnest Christianity; firm, decided souls for God; active, faithful soldiers of the cross, in this day of formalism and delusion, and those who desire the light, and who adopt the spirit of reformation will stand together, a united power for our God. In all ages of the world this spirit of reformation has been requisite. In olden times, the people became so wicked that Noah was required to become "a preacher of righteousness" to them; and the Lord drowned them all in a general deluge, because they heeded not the warning." II. Peter, ii. 5. This was a great reformation; all the wicked destroyed, in order to reform the world! Moses led the Israelites out from among the Egyptians into Canaan, and thus another mighty reformation was effected; the unfaithful ones died in the wilderness, and the generation following, was established in the promised land! And when Christ appeared on the earth, the Jewish Church was in a backslidden state, and but few believed on Him, because they did not cherish the true light. The Apostles were reformers, and labored to promote the interests of the church, and to build it up.

In the days of Martin Luther another reformation was effected, and a candle was then lighted in Europe which shone with a lustre that will never be extinguished. Our Puritan fathers landed on our eastern shores, because they could not have the freedom to worship God in the mother country. They planted the Evangelical churches of America, and now, these have greatly retrograded from the track of Bible holiness, and a reformation is being effected by the blessing of God, in this our day.

Thus the Jewish church was once true, but it became greatly corrupted, and the Romish church was once correct, but where is the Roman Catholic Church to-day? Steeped in idolatry, licentiousness and pride—awfully backslidden from God; and the Evangelical churches of our day are fast following

in her footsteps. But thank God, a reformation has already spread from ocean to ocean. We expect this cause to flourish, because it is of God, though it meets with persecution. *March on, fight on, shout on, pray on, sing on, we are gaining ground. Hallelujah!* For these light afflictions shall work out for us a far more exceedingly and eternal glory." This is the promise to those who are faithful, and endure.

Persecution has always attended every reformation. In the preaching of Noah, he was unheeded; Moses was often derided; Christ was crucified; the Apostles were imprisoned and killed; the early Reformers met with much persecution and martyrdom. At the present day this work is meeting with much persecution and opposition, from those who do not endorse it, as some of us can attest, who have had the experience of having our names cast out as evil, and ourselves threatened of being "cast out of the synagogue." This work is much spoken against everywhere. Acts xxviii. 22. For when the artillery of heaven is heard from, in God's faithful witnesses, it makes a stir in the camp of the Philistines; but when God's standing army is fired into, though some shots may take effect upon the King's subjects, they are only wounded to be healed again; and if killed, to be made alive again; and that life is most glorious, and its results all victorious. The promise is, "He that overcometh, shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my son." Rev. xxi. 7. "And the Redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Isaiah xxxv. 10.

All the sorrow that is mixed with our Christianity proceeds, as the procuring cause, from ourselves, not from the throne of grace; for that is the place where our tears are wiped away, and also where we hang up our crutches: the streams thereof are pure and clear, not muddy nor frozen, but warm and delightful, and they make glad the city of God.

EDITORIAL.

CLEANSETH.

The salvation of the Gospel is present as well as prospective. To one who had always lived under ground, and never seen the sun, the promise of enjoying the sunshine in years to come would have but little meaning. His only idea of the splendor of the sun would be such as he could gather from multiplying the rays of his mining lamps. But we, who live above-ground, and enjoy the light and heat of the sun, expect to see it to-morrow, because we see it to-day. So we expect to be saved eternally, because we are saved in time. *Behold now is the day of salvation.* It was a devout Calvinist who wrote,

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

The idea runs all through the Gospel that salvation is a present reality. It is something that is experienced and enjoyed from day to day. Jesus says, *Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.* He does not say, "shall be," as though the day of deliverance was in the future. And Paul writes, *By grace are ye saved, through faith.* Thus the salvation provided in Christ is every where spoken of as something which has a positive existence in the heart of every believer.

It is a great mistake, which many professing Christians make, in throwing their salvation into the future. Ask them, if they are saved, and the answer is, "I hope I shall be." What is the ground of this hope? The assent of the mind to the truth, and perhaps membership in an orthodox Church. But *the devils believe and tremble.* Yet they are devils still. It is a great blessing to be able to see the truth, and to have the courage to stand by it. But unless you go farther than to even join the church, and attend its ordinances, you can never be saved. Judas went to perdition from the bosom of the Master and the company of the Apostles. The road to hell is just as direct from the Church as it is from the world. What you need, in order that you may be saved in Heaven at last,

is, to be saved *now*, from the guilt and from the power of sin, and to keep saved unto the end.

If you are in a state of salvation, you know it. You cannot have victory over impatience, over the world, over the trials of daily life, and be ignorant of the fact. If your appetites master your reason, and your conscience, you can but be aware, to some extent at least, that you are under bondage. So, when deliverance comes, you can but realize the greatness of the change. If, instead of a spirit of murmuring and fretfulness, the peace of God that passeth all understanding reigns in your heart, you must be conscious of it yourself, and it must be obvious to all around you. Then do not yield to the delusion, that, if you believe you are saved you will be saved. Take up with nothing short of present deliverance from pride and impatience, and all sinful inclinations and sinful desires. Recall the convictions you have had in other days. God has not changed. The self-denials, the separation from the world that he then required, he still requires. The cross that stood in your way then, stands in your way now. You have not gone around it. You have gone back. You must take it up before you can make any further progress. You do not feel as much disturbed now, as you did then, because your conscience is becoming seared. The peace which you profess to feel is delusive. It is insensibility, and not peace. You are in danger of becoming "past feeling." Welcome conviction. Take up the cross that lies before you. If it is laying aside ornamental attire, let it go at once. You can carry no garment beyond the grave, but the robe washed white in Jesus' blood. If you have taken a wrong position, in regard to the work of God, denouncing as fanaticism the operations of the Spirit, hesitate not to confess it. If you have wronged others, make all the confession and the restitution that the circumstances demand. Not only your usefulness, but your soul is at stake. *If we 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.* Resolve to be right.

"THE HIGHER LIFE."

The Apostle says, *Hold fast the form of sound words.*—2 Tim. i. 13. There is more importance in this than may be apparent at first. Words not only express our opinions; they help to form them. The habitual use of words tends to confirm belief in the ideas which they represent.

Scriptural words are *sound words*. In describing the things pertaining to any trade, we use the terms appropriate to that trade. Unless we do this, we are liable to be misunderstood. So, in describing the work of God, we should use the words of God. The terms which He has chosen to express an idea are the best terms for that purpose. We should not give them up under any pretense whatever. We should declare the things of God, *not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.*

We nowhere in the Scriptures find the expression, "The higher life." There is nothing approximating to it. The idea intended to be conveyed by the use of this phrase, is clearly Scriptural. But it is better expressed in the language of the Bible. This, of itself, is a sufficient reason why this phrase should not be used. Besides, it is calculated to mislead. Some may get from it too high notions of a grace of which humility constitutes a large and an essential part. They may find themselves leaning towards exclusiveness, in plain violation of the injunction, *Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.*

The object of using this and similar phrases, is to avoid the prejudice that many have to such Scriptural terms as, holiness, Christian perfection, and sanctification. But is it not idle to seek to remove prejudice to the work of God by avoiding the words of God? Is not, after all, the prejudice to the real work? Is not that which many are led to embrace under the guise of such words as "the higher life," manifestly wanting in some of the essential elements of *true holiness*, especially, a renunciation of pride, of worldly associations and worldly conformity, and the pos-

session of lowliness of spirit? Under the specious pretext of saving souls, are you not deceiving souls? Is not outward polish mistaken for inward grace?

The offence of the cross has not ceased. He who would stand high in the favor of God must be content to lose his standing in the world. If we would wear the crown at last, we must not shun the conflict.—The courtly language of diplomacy can never be adapted to the battle-field. There is no such thing as living to God without first dying to the world.

Then do not compromise the words of God. Stand by them as well as by the ideas they represent. Remember that the Master says, *If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.*

FOR CHRIST.

Fifty years ago, a young man came into this part of the State and settled down in what was then a dense wilderness. He had a brave heart and a strong arm. After years of toil and hardship, such as the settlers of such a country only know, he succeeded by the blessing of God in making himself a farm and a home. He not only professed but enjoyed religion. As old age stole upon him, he gave his only son his farm and all he possessed, stipulating only that he should support his father and mother during their lives. The young man took possession, gave his father and mother their living, but nothing more.—The old gentleman used to come regularly to the Church of which we were pastor, walking three miles to the house of God and three miles back, while the son went, in a fine covered carriage, to the church across the street. If the father wanted money to pay his preacher, or to go away to meeting, or to visit a friend, he had to go out to work and earn it, as a common laborer. Filial affection and personal gratitude were swallowed up in pride and ambition.

This is by no means an isolated case.—Ingratitude is a part of our fallen natures

The world cares for you in proportion to your ability to serve or please the world. When the orange is squeezed dry it is thrown aside. "Gratitude is a lively appreciation of favors to come." It seldom has a very warm manifestation when nothing more is expected. If you are laboring to do good to others, and look for your reward, or for any portion of it, in their appreciation and gratitude, you will certainly become weary in well-doing. It will be impossible for you to hold out. In the history of the world, there never was a hospital for the unfortunate maintained until the love of Christ constrained men to care for their fellow-men. *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me*, has furnished the inspiration for those who have bound up the wounds of bleeding humanity.

If in serving your fellow-men you seek first and mainly to serve the Lord Jesus, you will act from motives that will never fail. You will get encouragement from above. Like Moses, you will take joyfully the exchange of a palace for a tent in the wilderness; the applause of the noble for the murmurings of the poor whom you are endeavoring to serve. You will endure as seeing Him who is invisible, and your flagging hands will be nerved anew as you hear *Him* say, *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life*.

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The General Conference of the Free Methodist Church has just closed its third session at Albion, N. Y. It was a season of special interest. Delegates were present from six Annual Conferences. Several questions excited a lively interest, but no important changes were made, except the adopting of a provision of Discipline for licensing, as Evangelists, men and women who feel called of God to preach, to labor to promote revivals, but do not feel called to a pastoral charge or to government in the Church.

The religious services, which were held every evening, were largely attended, and with good results. The preaching was plain, practical, and in the Spirit.

The Love Feast and Sacrament the last evening of the Conference, was a season never to be forgotten. The Spirit came down in power upon the people. Many hearts were melted, and many were filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Some shouted, and some fell. Eleven were prostrated under the weight of glory that filled the place. After the meeting was dismissed, the people lingered for a long time, some unable to leave, some rejoicing, and others attracted to the spot by the wonderful manifestations of divine mercy. Many were brought out clear, who had been doubting,—many who had been timid were filled with courage. The impetus that the work of God there received, will be felt from New York to Minnesota.

POSTAGE.

After the first of January, postage on all periodicals must be prepaid where they are mailed. This will impose a heavy tax on us, if left to bear it alone. But if you will send the postage to us, it will cost you no more than heretofore, and relieve us of a heavy load. Please remember this in sending the pay for THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN. Add twelve cents for postage. *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.*

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Send them on now for next year. We will send November and December numbers gratis to all new subscribers which we receive, with the pay, this month. Let us have a large increase to our circulation. Do the best you can to help us in this way to promote the work of God.

CHILI SEMINARY.

The work of God is steadily progressing among the students in attendance. Every grown-up young man or woman, except one, in the building, has been converted. A number have experienced the blessing of perfect love. The meetings in the Seminary are seasons of great spiritual refreshing. The next term commences the first of December.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WHISKEY-FIEND AT WORK IN BUFFALO.

The liquor-fiend is still pursuing his work, scattering death and destruction wherever he goes. His whole aim is to drag souls down to the bottomless pit, and he is meeting with fearful success. The devil is a hard master. He pays his servants off with coin from the mint of hell, stamped with the seal of eternal damnation, and the image of its master, "the prince of darkness—the chief of the fallen angels." He shows his servants no mercy, but drives them headlong to destruction.

Thus it was in the case of a poor woman—the wife of a saloon-keeper in this city. She had been faithfully warned to give up the business, and seek the salvation of her soul. The writer visited the place; she was behind the counter at the time, her husband being out. Several were in the saloon, including her children. He told her of the fearful consequences of a life of sin, and the dreadful example before her little children. He left them tracts to read, and hoped she would take warning in time. But, instead of heeding the admonition, she went from bad to worse,—the devil drove her to desperation. She took a dose of poison, and thus ended her life. Previous to this, another dreadful tragedy occurred on Forest avenue. Two brothers were quarreling and one of them picked up a stone and killed the other. Liquor was the cause of it. The poor man that was killed was frequently an inmate of the watch-house, and also work-house. The saloon was his favorite place of resort, and he was a terror to the neighborhood. His brother that killed him, seemed to be just the opposite to him; working daily in the rolling mill, and helping to support the family. He claims that he did it accidentally—in self defense; not intending to take his life.

A short distance from where this occurred, a man was found dead in his bed. It was said that whiskey had completely destroyed his stomach, and left him a mere wreck. This is just what whiskey propo-

ses, to do for every one that has anything to do with it. He has slain his thousands, and may well be called the "man-slayer." Within a short time God has called another man to his account. He was the proprietor of the place called Spring Abbey, at Cold Springs, Buffalo. This was a place of resort for those who indulged in the liquid poison of hell. This poor man had erected a large brick building, for the purpose of carrying on his business as heretofore, but death, that unwelcome visitor, came to him in the morning, just as he arose from his bed, and called him to the spirit world. What a change! Snatched from the bosom of his family in a moment, to meet his eternal destiny. God is calling these men to give up this work, and if they do not heed His call He will send the destroying angel after them, and they must stop.

Buffalo, N. Y.

WILLIAM FELL.

DYING TESTIMONY.

CHARLES H. LEE was born in Venango County, Pa., May 1st, 1837, and died at Oil City, June 5th, 1874.

He was converted early in life, and united with the M. E. Church. As the Church declined in spirituality, he suffered loss in his experience; but was again awakened by reading a copy of THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN. From that time he began to follow the Lord more fully. Among other things, he was convicted about the use of tobacco. After repeatedly failing to overcome the appetite, he promised that, if the Lord would give him victory over it, he would devote the amount annually spent for that purpose to the missionary cause. An increase of \$40 to its treasury was the result in a short time.

He saw the increasing worldliness in the Church, and opposed it with all his might. This finally led him to unite with the Free Methodists. He was the first and only member in Oil City for many months. During that time one of his enemies said to him scornfully, "You—and Bro. Hawkins—and the Lord." These were words spoken in derision, and intended to wound; but they were sweet to his soul in the thought that the Lord was on his side.

His house was always open to the pilgrims, his grove furnished camp-meeting grounds, his hall was devoted to church service for a long time free of charge, and his money was liberally given to the cause. Free Methodism in Oil City owes much to Bro. Lee as the instrument in God's hands for its establishment. He was zealous for the cause of God, and jealous over the little society with godly jealousy, that it might be as the salt of the earth, and as a city which is set upon a hill.

His sickness was very severe, and his death so sudden and unexpected, even to himself, that there were only a few of his immediate relatives present at the time. About fifteen minutes before he died, when his mother told him she thought he was dying, he said "What shall I do?" Then added, "Send for Jerry and Jimmy,"—referring to Bro. Barnhart and Bro. Williams, to whom, it is thought, he had something special to say concerning himself. Seeing he was sinking so rapidly that they could not arrive in time, his mother urged him to cast all his burdens upon the Lord. As he turned his eyes earnestly toward his wife, she remembered a request he had frequently made, that, when called to die, he wished them to sing, "The home of the Soul." God gave her grace in that hour to sing one of the songs of Zion, and as she sang the glory of the Lord filled the room. When she came to the words,

"For no death ever enters that city, you know," he exclaimed, "That's victory," and a few minutes after, while they continued to sing, with the words, "Praise the Lord, amen!" on his lips, he passed away.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

R. W. HAWKINS.

LOVE FEAST.

MRS. MARTHA J. CARL.—I am so anxious to tell, to earth's remotest bounds, what Jesus has done for my soul, that I thought I could do no better than to send my testi-

mony for the *Earnest Christian*. On Sabbath morning, September 20th, 1874, I felt the all-cleansing blood of Jesus on my soul. Glory be to His name forever! He purifies and washes my heart. His blood can make the foulest clean. His blood avails for me: The healing streams are flowing. Oh, hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Our Jesus is a conquering King. He has subdued my proud heart, and conquered my rebellious will. None but a God could do this work. I can say with the poet:

"From sin—the guilt, the power, the pain,

He has redeemed my soul;

Lord, I believe—and not in vain,

My faith has made me whole.

I, too, with Thee, shall walk in white,

With all thy saints shall prove,

The length and depth, and breadth and height,

Of everlasting love."

Lockport, N. Y.

GUSTAVUS A. MILLER.—I feel to-day that I am standing on the "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and for all who will give up the world and all its vanities. Without giving up all, we cannot be followers of Christ. O, Jesus has been doing great wonders for me! He has helped me to see my lost and ruined condition. I believe it is about four years since I have been convicted of sin, and I have been trying to live as a Christian should; but I still refused to give up all for Jesus, until this past summer, when I was led by the Holy Spirit to make a full surrender, to Jesus who has done so much for me. He died that I might live: praise his name for ever more! I would say to those who are trying to serve their Master, and are still clinging to the world, that it is better to give up everything that is a hindrance, in keeping us away from Christ; even dress, in all its various forms and fashions, is one of the greatest obstacles that we meet with. We cannot please God and the world; and we, as Christians, profess to be like Jesus,—our bright example here on earth. Is there any one that is not willing to confess that Jesus was plain? Then let us be plain also. Glory to God in the highest! I feel safe in the arms of Jesus.

H. E. NEEDHAM.—I feel to day that the Lord is mine, and that I am his. The eye of faith is leading me in the narrow way, steadily on day by day. Yes, it is by simple faith in Christ Jesus, and the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost, that keeps me in the narrow way. I do praise the Lord for this great salvation that saves to the uttermost. I feel that it saves me just now. Bless his name forever.

Lincoln, Neb.

ELIZABETH T. HAND.—I thank God that I am alive,—have been very feeble in body since last January. But Jesus reigns in my soul, which keeps me alive spiritually. Glory to his name! I can do but little, except pray. I find many new things to pray about each day, both for myself and others; and I know that prayer moves the arm that moves the world. I will keep at this work, until prayer shall be lost in endless praise.

J. M. HOBBS.—

"Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song.
O, that all who profess it could say:
In my heart doth abide
The once crucified,
And I walk in the light day by day."

It is sweet to obey God and be led by the Spirit; for as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God. Glory to Jesus! I love the narrow way, and oh, how my heart burns within me as he talks with me in the way, and as he opens to me the Scriptures. I am all the Lord's, for I am bought with a price, and I have the evidence that I glorify him in my body and in my Spirit which are his. I have a strong will, but it is in perfect subjection to the divine will; and I expect to work for God and resist the mighty tide of evil, if everybody else tones down and compromises with it.

MABEL L. FREELAND.—In these days I am praising God from whom all blessings flow, for the priceless blessing of freedom through His Son.

I have been out of bondage a good while,

but I never before appreciated my liberty as I do now. When in bondage under Satan, the society of God's free people was undesirable, because of an unwillingness to have them inquire after my spiritual health. It was not then a pleasure to study *The Word*. The searching truth was everywhere dodged, if possible. The articles of deep spirituality, found in our periodicals, were seldom, if ever, read. The narrow way, with the pilgrim garb, was very distasteful. There was a desire to be a little like the world, and not so severely plain. To deny self of worldly associations was a task. Indeed, every duty was irksome, myself unhappy; desiring to be free and yet without sufficient determination to have the bands broken. But, blessed be God, when I did make the required effort they were snapped asunder by Almighty power, and my soul was free. I love the will of my Father to-day better than life. He is continually teaching and leading me in this more excellent way. A way of losses, crosses, contests and victories, which make me constantly blest. I expect to go through to glory on this route Hallelujah!

Allegany, N. Y.

GEORGE R. STAMP.—I can say, to the glory of God, to-day, that Jesus saves me; and I feel that I stand on the solid Rock—Christ Jesus. Oh! I am so glad, that when the Lord let the light on my heart, I was willing to walk in the light, and give up all and get to the blood. To-day the blood of Christ cleanses me. Glory to God! Sometimes I cannot think of anything but

"The cleansing stream I see, I see:
I plunge, and Oh! it cleanses me.

I feel that I am growing in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth. I am walking in the light of God the best I know how, and I feel it pays. Glory to God forever. I expect to go clear through with the glory in my soul. I am consecrated to God, soul and body, to do His will. I love the works and the fare we get by the way. Praise the Lord!

Coopersville, Mich.