

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. XXXI.

MARCH, 1876.

No. 3.

MAN WICKED.

BY B. T. ROBERTS.

We have seen that the Bible teaches that man is a sinful being.

The actual state of mankind, in all ages and in all countries, confirms the statements of the Holy Scriptures.

What is history? For the most part a record of the wickedness of mankind. Go where you will, you find that selfishness is a predominant trait in the human species. There is no favored spot where wickedness is not found. No nation is so exalted in virtue that it forms an exception to the general depravity. Everywhere are laws and magistrates, and prisons, to keep within bounds the wickedness which, if not restrained, would render society impossible. That this outward wickedness springs from inward depravity is evident.

1. From man's great susceptibility to bad examples. This susceptibility to wrong influences is manifested in early childhood. Take a child brought up under the most favorable circumstances. It has been accustomed to see and to hear that which is good. Much of the good that it has witnessed it fails to imitate, but not a single vice has it become familiar with that it does not faithfully copy, according to its ability.

Place it in the midst of new surroundings. It sees attractive virtues—but these fail to excite the attention. But every new form of vice is learned with avidity. Let people from different nations come together. The first they learn from each other is their respective vices. Within the last fifty years there has been a large immigration of Germans to this country. They have not taught us to be either more industrious or more frugal. But we have learned to drink beer, to smoke the meerschaum, and to turn the Sabbath into a day of recreation. For a hundred and fifty years the Indian has been in contact with the whites upon this continent. But, except in instances where he has been Christianized, he has been degraded by the contact. He has not parted with a single vice, but has acquired many vices of which his fathers were ignorant. Because a plant drinks in carbon from the air, we say it has an affinity for carbon. So man has an affinity for sin. He drinks it in from all with whom he comes in contact. He lets go unappropriated the virtues he may see in others and takes up with eagerness the faults and makes them readily his own. This tendency is so strong that missionaries in heathen lands, no matter how great their learning and piety, undergo the pangs of separation from their children

Bible type of justification. She grew in grace for about a year and a half, when the Free Methodists held a Camp Meeting at Pittsford. They both attended, and with others, there found the blessing of holiness. Never from that time, did Sister Kennedy lose the pearl of great price. She gloried in the Cross of Christ, and in bearing testimony that Jesus saves to the uttermost. All who knew her, will join us when we say her light shone exceedingly bright. Her testimony was always clear and weighty, making a deep impression on all, that it was something more than human influence. She suffered much for a few months before her death, the enemy trying hard to get the advantage of her weakness of body. But Jesus came to her *rescue*, delivering her out of his cruel power, giving her triumphant victory, released her from all her suffering, and peacefully took her across the river of death. She leaves a companion and two children to mourn their loss, the Church has lost a faithful and true member, and the world a bright star. May the blessing of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, rest on our dear bereft brother and the two children.

J. OLNEY.

LOVE FEAST

MRS. S. B. PENFIELD.—The past few years of my life have been a blessed school to my soul. The Lord has led me in ways I knew not of. Oh how safe I have found it all the way along! Just to lay aside my own will, resting in the divine, and O how the dear Saviour teaches me to live the present day, doing *its* work for eternity without the human planning that stretches out into the future. My soul rests, oh so sweetly, "*knowing* that all things work together for good to them that love God."

He does permit me, yes, even unworthy me, to see God in all things; to see an unbroken chain of Providence all the way along. How I wish I could find language to express the blessedness, the satisfaction, the inward joy, of a life hid with Christ in God; yes, even the joy of the dear

Saviour, as he says, "My joy is to do the will of Him that sent me." How satisfied to feel and know that "he leadeth me." But we must be entirely divested of self in all its forms, to distinguish the whispers of the Spirit voice, and obediently follow, without any chafing of spirit, willing to be or not to be, to do or not to do, to be the worm he can thrash mountains with, because of our pliability. My dear brother, my dear sister in Jesus, let us follow on to know the Lord in all the heights and depths, and lengths and breadths of the perfect love of God.

Dundee, Monroe Co., Mich.

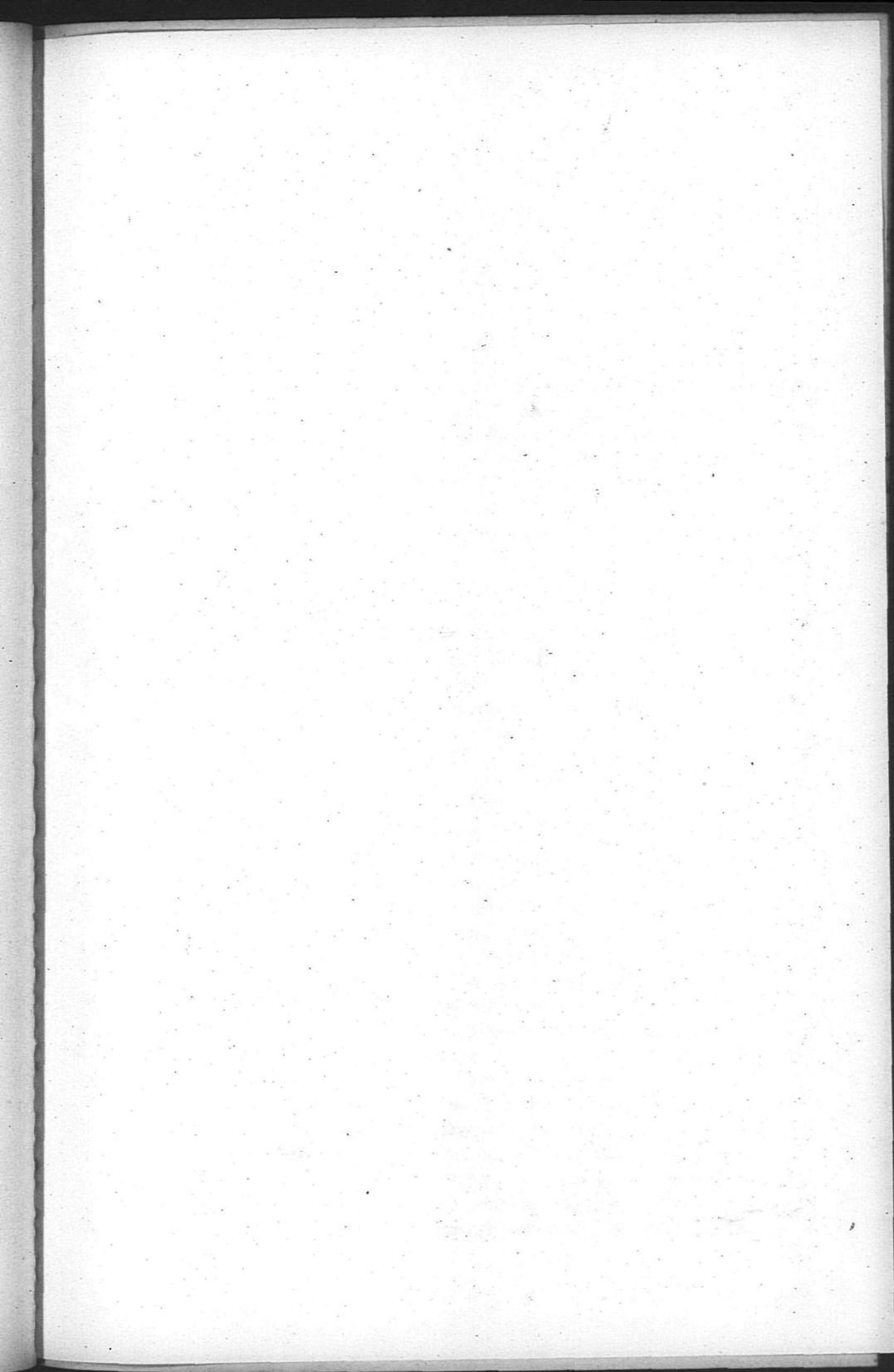
FRED WURSTER.—I can say "*to the Glory of God*," that I am saved from sin, and united with Christ, as the branch to the vine. I love to have religion every day of the week, and I find out to have that, I must keep united to the vine. I find also, that there are many *fountains* in the *world*, where we sometimes draw water, but it leaves death behind. Every other fountain must be given up, except Christ the living fountain, and we shall bring forth the fruit the Bible speaks of. Some people try to manufacture the heavenly fruit, but it is bitter, and the real Christian does n't like it. May God help you to labor. Amen.

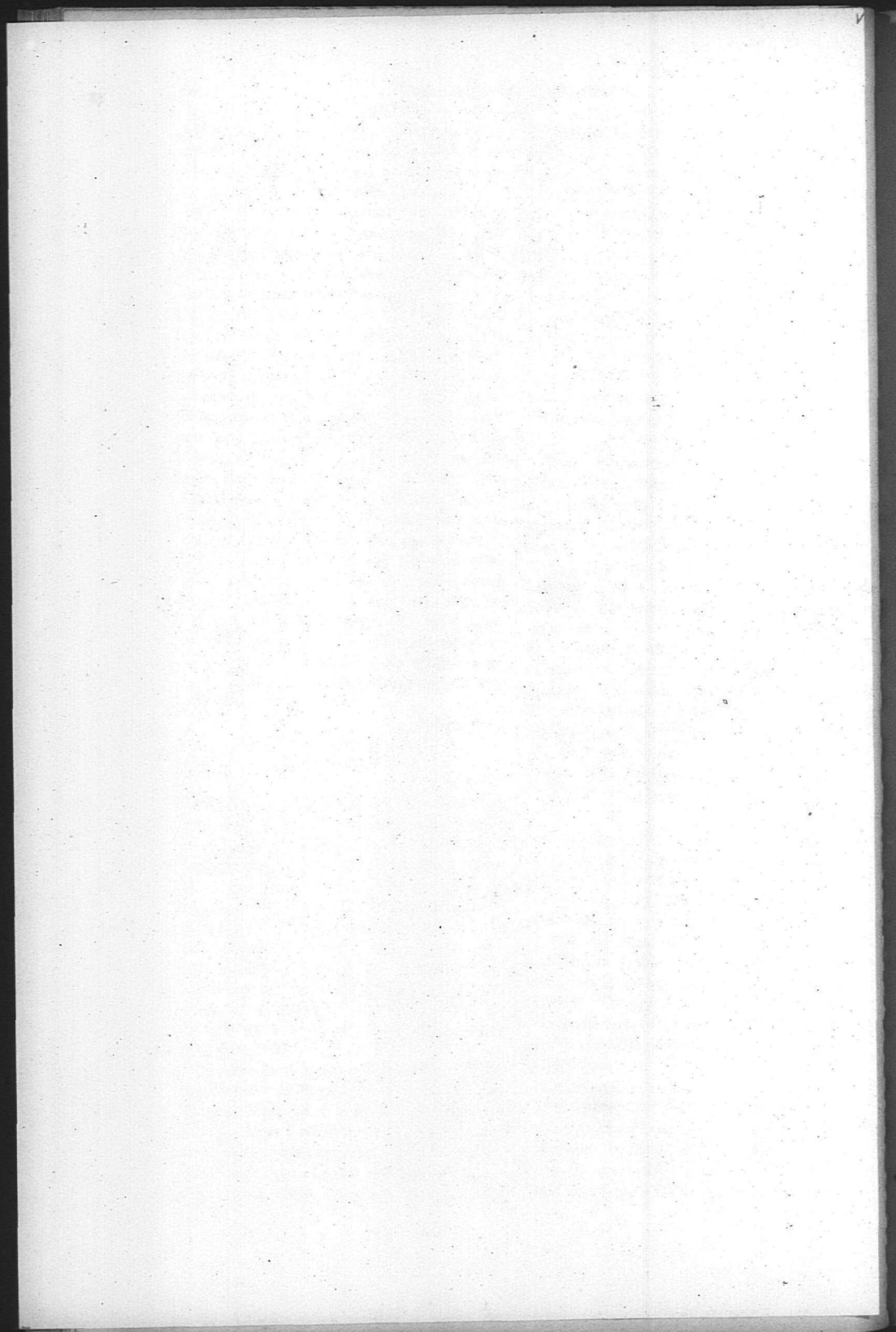
Centre Valley, Lehigh Co., Dec. 28, '75.

S. J. MUSPRATT.—I feel that the blood of Jesus through faith alone applied, is the sure foundation of my hope. The mysteries of God's providential dealings with me, do not discourage me. I am fully saved from all sin. Jesus to know, is life and peace; and pleasure without end; this is all my happiness on Jesus to depend. Though I have not attended the public means of grace for three years, good is the will of the Lord. He doeth all for the best.

"Afflictions may daunt me, they cannot destroy,
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy."

Now in the strength of grace with a glad heart that is free, myself, my residue of days, I consecrate to thee. From this time, live or die, I will serve my God alone.





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and send them home to be educated. The influence of the family circle is counteracted by surrounding influences. Instead of learning at home to be Christians, they learn abroad to be heathens, at least in their morals.

So everywhere we see godly parents mourning over ungodly children. The piety is sought as a personal attainment; the wickedness comes in the order of nature, as a matter of course. Talents may be inherited, but learning must be acquired by personal application. Though you might have an ancestry of Oxford graduates from the days of Alfred, this would not give you a knowledge of Latin. It is so with our moral natures. Tendencies may be inherited—but these may be strengthened, or they may be overcome, by the decisions of our own wills. We have known a minister of great piety and learning who filled the highest position in the church, whose father and mother were both drunkards, living in a cabin upon the frontier. He could not read till after he was converted, at the age of eighteen. So, on the other hand, Manasseh, the son of the devout Hezekiah, surpassed all of his age in wickedness. The lessons of piety in which he had been instructed went for nothing, and he became a proficient in sin.

2. *The natural depravity of the human heart is seen from the actual wickedness which generally prevails.* Without the grace of God all men are wicked. There never has been but one exception—the Man of Galilee. Art may change the channel of a river, but it cannot stop its running. Culture may alter the form in which human depravity manifests itself, but it cannot remove it. The old disease breaks out with new manifesta-

tions but its cause is the same—corruption at the heart. Modern Spiritualism takes the place of ancient Witchcraft, but who can say it is any more reasonable, or any more harmless? The advantage which men formerly sought of each other by force, they now seek by fraud, or by iniquitous laws. Education does not change man's moral nature. The greater his talents and the more complete his education, the greater is the mischief he is capable of doing. Some of the greatest frauds of the age have been perpetrated by the chosen representatives of the people. Those whose special duty it is to guard the interests of the people join with the plunderers. Says the New York Daily Tribune, of Jan. 27th: "In every great scandal, in which official rascality is exposed, it appears that some journal was more or less connected with it, and yet so peculiar is the part which corrupt journalists are called upon to play in such transactions, that they are hardly ever brought within range of law by indictment."

The description of Isaiah, made over twenty-five hundred years ago, fits our own land and age as perfectly as it did the Jews of old. *The whole head is sick; and the whole heart faint.* Isa. i., 5.

We see, then, that the radical change which the Gospel requires, is no greater than the circumstances demand. *Ye must be born again.* Jno. iii, 7. It is not a little polishing that we need, but a complete renovation of our moral natures. Resolutions to do better will avail but little unless they lead to a thorough conversion of the heart to God.

The moral condition of the country will not be essentially improved until we have revivals that go to the bottom

of corrupt nature, and are attended with repentance, confession, restitution, and reformation. The walls of the fortifications which many throw up around their souls are built of *untempered mortar*, and Satan's artillery easily makes a breach. A profession of religion based upon the goodness of human nature is sure to end in eternal ruin. He who builds upon the sand, no matter how high or how strong he builds, will see the storms of the last day sweep his towering edifice to destruction.

It is the fashion to ridicule the strong doctrines of the Puritans. But a firm belief in those doctrines—in man's depravity, in God's sovereignty—in the necessity of saving grace, made men strong in integrity—strong in fidelity to God and man. We need such men today—in the pulpit, in the editorial chair, in the seat of the magistrate and of the legislator.

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY SAMUEL M'NALLY.

My father was a professor of religion; my mother enjoyed religion and lived it. I was early taught the wickedness of sin and my need of a Saviour; that by nature I was lost, and through Christ alone I could be saved. My youthful days were spent in awful wickedness, and I never failed to realize the fact that I was living in obstinate rebellion against God. In 1850 I became alarmed at my own wickedness and was really convicted for sin. I prayed for converting grace, and at the expiration of two weeks I was forcibly impressed with the idea that I must tell my young companions that I was sick of sin and was going to start in the narrow way. The cross was very heavy, but God gave me strength to say a few words for my master. I was really in earnest, and I experienced a degree of

happiness; I was light hearted. The old pastor saw the change in my deportment. "What," said he, "do you think you have experienced religion?" I said I do not know. At that moment the thought flashed upon my mind, can this happiness be religion; can this pleasant state of mind be the evidence that God has forgiven my sins? It must be. Otherwise the pastor would not have asked that question. So here I rested my case on the probability that I was converted. Here is the first weak point, and here is where so many poor, weak souls distort the 7th of Romans, perhaps for a lifetime. They possibly exist, not live. May God make instructors more careful to do their work thoroughly! I certainly felt rather happy, and was encouraged to believe that the work of regeneration was done, when in reality it was but begun. Of course here was a second weak point. It is true I strove for a growth in grace, but the misunderstanding that the work was done had a pernicious effect on my mind, because it seemed to curtail my faith that there was anything further to be obtained. The difficulty was that I looked upon one little act of obedience as having merited a great reward. Of course I was more or less happy in God's restraining grace. There was a great reform, and this was a great satisfaction. Here is a third weak point. Oh, how sad the mistake, and how many thousands are now laboring under it, crushed by this Juggernaut of deception, taking a mere *feeling of satisfaction* for real joy—for the witness of the Spirit. Glory to the Lamb, we may know that our "Redeemer lives;" praise him forever, amen. For more than twenty years I grew, not in grace, but was it in knowledge? Well, it was a knowledge that "the soul that sinneth it shall die," but not the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. It was a mere glimpse of the truth. I was not cleansed from the love of the world, but I somewhat enjoyed the means of grace. I had a kind of affinity toward those who loved the Lord; but did I love them as Jesus loved me? No. I thought I m de

some sacrifice for the cause of God. I was at a little pains to rebuke sin. I prayed much, and sometimes thought I was happy in so doing. I was, in fact, a pretty fair average church member. Did I love my enemies? No! Those that despitely used me? No! I prayed for them, but did I pray in faith? No! And if I tell those with whom I then associated in religious exercises that I knew nothing in those days of pure and undefiled religion, as Jesus taught it, they say I am fanatical. Well, if to love my enemies, if to hate the world, the flesh, the devil and hell, if to make everything in and about me, as far as I can, conform substantially to the will of God; if to love the service of my Jesus better than anything, or everything else in the world, is fanaticism, I pray God so to deluge me, and my neighbors and the poor formal churches, and the world without, that we may all become just as crazy as our blessed Master was when He prayed that we all might be one, as the Father was in Him, and He in the Father; that we also might be one in them. Glory to our God forever. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; I will be His God and he shall be my son: and again they said amen, Hallelujah!"

Here is the fourth weak point. About four years since I backslid. Well, was it not a phenomenon? A corrupt, lifeless corpse, dying! A falling from an elevation to which I had never attained! Backslid four years ago, when I had not been in the narrow way for twenty years! God save us from such fallacies! I distinctly remember occurrences all along the route which prove conclusively that the old carnal nature had never been crucified. Would to God I could burn this thought into the heart of every professed child of God. "Keep the old man crucified; amen!" What a miserable fallacy, this building on old professions! Or depending on Calvin instead of Christ! Once in grace, always in grace? The Lord save us from all such heresies. They are dwarfing and ruining thousands.

About three years since I saw myself lost! Lost! That is the word, lost! Praise God that I saw it. I honestly sought the Lord. I started in the path of repentance. But what is repentance without faith? How can we exercise faith without a thorough forsaking of sin? Certainly if we do not fully believe, we will not forsake. Here I again stumbled. The old man was not subdued. I had not gone back to the gate. The old hope was taken as a basis of future work, and faith; and so I strove to stagger on, groaning under the chains of carnality and almost constantly crying, "Oh, wretched man that I am." Still hoping, yet hoping in the dark; building on works without faith; dissatisfied with myself and everybody else. So when I heard of the camp-meeting at Abington, last August, I determined to attend it. My object was to obtain a deeper work of grace. In plain words I began to believe in entire sanctification, and I wanted it, and thought I was ready to get it. Was not that a dreadful weak point? So when the invitation was given for all who desired the blessing of holiness to kneel at the altar, of course I went forward for prayers. While kneeling there, Brother Gould questioned me as to where I stood, and it did not require an extraordinary amount of discernment to discover that I was in the fog among breakers, unable to take an observation; lost my reckonings, blind as a bat. He told me if a person yielded to a hasty temper, or any other temptation, he had lost even justification. It was, therefore, very plain to me that it was not sanctification nor justification, but conviction, that I wanted. What? A Christian, a member of the church twenty-five years need conviction? Ah! here was the first strong point; here was the cross, here was the way to light. All other ways led to darkness. Oh, what a cross, what a conflict! I think I had rather have died than acknowledge myself a sinner who needed to be convicted of sin, after so much and so long a profession. The misery I endured during all

that camp-meeting, language fails to describe. I went forward nearly every night for prayers, but you see the sacrifice was not on the proper altar, and availed me nothing; so I left the camp-meeting without having done my duty, consequently, in utter darkness and real misery. After striving at my home I endeavored to put all on the altar.

I saw the wrong I had done the blessed Spirit, and bitterly repented of my crime. So far as I could, I endeavored to right the wrong I had done at camp-meeting by confessing here, that which I ought to have confessed there. God accepted the offering, so far as to remove the dreadful burden that had crushed me. My obligations as to a fuller confession than I could have made then are yet to be fulfilled, before the same people, when opportunity shall present itself. God giving me strength I shall heard the lion in his den. But ever since I believed my sins forgiven, I have learned what it is to be really tempted. Oh how the Devil has tried to sift me. He has had me down several times, but to God be the glory, he has not had power to hold me. God has given me light, and I have partially walked in it, and when I could say from my honest heart, "my all to Christ I've given," time, talents, property, family all things.

When I put self behind the cross, when I sought humility, when I saw my righteousness was filthy rags, my wisdom foolishness, and my own way was the way to destruction, oh, how sweetly did Jesus say thy sins are *all*, yes *all*, forgiven. Glory, glory, glory, blessed Jesus.

Since the first of the present year I have renewed my consecration, and I am glad to do so daily. I realize I am running up the shining way very fast. All the way 'long it is Jesus. The men of grace have found glory begun below. Heaven comes down my soul to greet. Now to God be all the glory. Jesus is mine and I am His. Nothing satisfies me but Jesus living in me. While writing these lines my soul is filled with inexpressible joy. Oh, how I love the

company I march with! Their faces are always toward the foe. I shall never desert them. I shall fight with them till we all join in the song of final victory to the Lamb forever. Continue to hew to the line, my dear brother, amen. God bless, and prosper you, in your works of faith and love, amen.

“HOLD ON, SAM.”

In the life of Samuel Hick, one of John Wesley's preachers, is an incident which may sometimes be of use to those who solicit funds for the cause of Christian benevolence. Hick was a blacksmith by trade; but he was constrained by the love of Christ to preach the Gospel, and he continued in the work forty two years, until his death. He was a most active propagator of the doctrines of Wesley, and a man of unconquerable faith. So bold and mighty was his spirit of prayer that he often did almost incredible things, and received almost incredible answers. He once, in company with his brother, visited the place of his birth, to collect money for a chapel. He proposed to call on a man who was well known to be very wealthy, but penurious. The brother thought it would be of no use. But Hick went and begged for a contribution, and received in return an absolute refusal. At once he was upon his knees, praying for the stingy sinner. "Hold on, Sam," exclaimed he; "I will give you half a crown." But Sam continued, saying to the Lord that that was far too little for such a rich man. Suddenly he exclaimed again, "Hold on, I will give you two crowns." Sam now rose from his knees, and bore away the answer to his prayer.

A desperate case demands a desperate remedy. When men beg for Christ, sometimes a bold stroke is the wisest stroke. Conscience is arrayed against avarice; and when conscience and Christ both plead against an avaricious spirit, the avaricious spirit has the worst of it. No man can serve two masters. He who serves God cannot serve mammon.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. ROBERT IBBOTSON.

The blessed doctrine has by some been doubted, by others disputed, and by others flatly and positively denied; and now, amid the noonday splendor of the Gospel light there are ordained ministers of Christ pleading for sin, and explaining away the promises and injunctions of the Bible that teach entire holiness.

But there is one part of holy writ that sets it forth so plainly that no candid and unprejudiced mind can resist it; we refer to 2 Thess. v, 23-25. Here the great Apostle of the Gentiles teaches it first negatively: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Now if the appearance of evil can be avoided, how much actual evil is necessarily avoidable? Next, he teaches it positively: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly;" and, lest they should not understand what he meant by whole or entire sanctification, he proceeds to details and says: "I pray God that your whole spirit and soul and body"—does not this embrace the man? if the spirit, soul, and body be sanctified what part of the man will be left out? Not satisfied with this, he next shows its extent—"be preserved blameless till the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Now observe, this is not for a day, nor a week, nor a year, but till Christ comes. How much sin is compatible with a state of blamelessness before God? We know it has been urged that this is only a prayer, not a doctrinal teaching; and, while the apostle prayed for it, he did not expect God would answer his prayer and enable the people to attain to this high state of grace; but the next verse shows the folly of this view for, as if the apostle feared his correspondents would be startled at the magnitude of the blessing which he proposed to their acceptance, he says: "Faithful is he who calleth you, who also will do it;" in other words, faithful is he who calleth you to this higher state of salvation,

who also will bring you into it. Yes! "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." His name was called Jesus because he should save his people (not in their sins but) *from their sins*. For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, not to injure, damage and cripple, *but to destroy the works of the devil, root and branch*. Sin shall not have the dominion over us, and we are privileged to reckon ourselves dead, indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Therefore let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. Christ is a Saviour not in part, *but to the uttermost*. This great blessing of entire sanctification, or perfect love, is to be attained and retained by simple faith in Christ, and is consistent with errors in judgment which may lead to errors in practice, and yet, "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." That St. Paul taught the doctrine is plain, and that he enjoyed its blessedness and professed to do so is equally plain, for he says: "Be ye followers of me even as I also am of Christ, and, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content," and, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" and again, "Ye are our witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably we have behaved ourselves among you that believe." It is not absolute perfection; *God alone is absolutely perfect*. It is not angelic perfection, *for they fall into no mistakes*. It is not Adamic perfection; *Adam in his paradisiacal state was free from infirmity: but it is evangelical perfection*, and may be attained by all who will renounce sin and consecrate themselves wholly to the service of God. It is offered without money and without price, on the simple condition of faith in Christ. But no right hand or right eye must be spared; no Isaac must be kept back; like Abraham we must be strong in faith, giving glory to

God. We shall then learn by happy experience what a glorious liberty is consistent with entire captivity to the will of Christ; we shall then prove that the service of God is perfect freedom.

When God's will and God's pleasure becomes our will and pleasure, our days on earth will be like days in heaven.

EXPERIENCE.

The following is by the Rev. S Roberts, a part of the remarkable experience of Polly Skidmore, now in her 97th year:

I continued to reside in New Durham until the death of my first husband, in 1810. I then removed to Connecticut, where I was married to my second husband, Gardis Skidmore. We then returned to Patterson, Putnam County, N. Y. A very singular circumstance transpired here with me. One Sabbath I went to a Presbyterian meeting in the village of Patterson, I think in 1816. The meeting-house was large, and crowded above and below. The text on that occasion was, "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice." The house was divided off in pews, and a young man by the name of James Crosby sat in one of them; when, as the preacher had got about half through his sermon, the young man sprang over the pew into the aisle, and screamed out with a loud voice: "Lord have mercy on my soul, for I am going to hell." In an instant there was the greatest alarm and consternation throughout the congregation. The cries of those who were wounded by the Spirit resounded from every part of the building, and the slain of the Lord were many all over the house. The minister could proceed no further in his discourse. I heard such an outcry in the gallery I thought I would go up there. On my way I met an old Presbyterian man who had been a great persecutor of the Methodists. I said: "Well, Mr. Hoyt, can you lay this to the Methodists?" "O, no," said he, "the Lord is

here." When I reached the ladies side of the gallery they were laying prostrate, in every direction, in their silks and finery, and screaming with all their might for mercy. The sight rejoiced my heart, and I stood and laughed and shouted for very joy. It was then 12 o'clock, and I had to go home to see after my little children. On my way home I had to pass the house of a good Baptist Deacon, by the name of Yale. I went in to tell him the joyful news, and he cried and shouted as I told him of the wonderful works of God in the Presbyterian meeting-house. Like Simeon he exclaimed, "Now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." In about a month after, he died, happy in Jesus. As I stood over his dying bed, his last words were: "Don't you see the angels. The room is filled with them!"

The meeting went on in glorious power. I attended about a week, day and night. There were no Methodists or Presbyterians there. We were all one. There were about fifty souls converted during the meeting. There were about forty men and women formed themselves into a band and marched through the streets, and went into every house and prayed with the inmates. Some of the converts afterwards joined the Methodists, and others became Presbyterians. A few years after this, in 1824, the Methodists held a great camp-meeting at Haverstraw, near Sing Sing. My sister wrote me they had chartered a vessel at Newburg for the camp-meeting, and I must come. I then went to the Lord day and night, to have my children go, for I thought if they went they would get religion, and the Lord gave me the witness they would be converted. We accordingly started for my sister's with teams, and there took the vessel for the camp-meeting. The meeting was about one mile from the river. It was thought there were were about 15,000 people on the ground. We had a very large tent, and there were fourteen happily converted to God in it, and my children were among the

number. Glory to God! Some of them are now in heaven, and others have lived their religion for fifty years. My oldest son died a Free Methodist preacher last winter. His name was Sherman S. Parker. The colored people had all one side of the camp-ground. They held their meetings between the white people's meetings. About one hundred of us went down to one of their meetings to hear a colored man preach. His text was: "I will make you fishers of men." The power of the Lord rested on the people in a most remarkable manner. The horn blew for the white people's meeting, but such was the shouting, and so high had the tide of salvation risen that it had overflowed its banks, and no attention was paid to the sounding of the horn. This meeting lasted eight days, and very many souls were converted to Jesus. Eternity alone can reveal the good accomplished.

I here became acquainted with Sister Smith, who invited me to stop with her on our way home. When they took down our tent I felt it was holy ground. The very trees appeared to bow their leafy tops in praise to Jesus, and the clouds appeared to send forth shouts of praise to our glorious king. My soul leaped for heavenly joy. "Glory to God, praise the Lord."

We again took our teams where we had left them. We had not proceeded far when it began to rain. It soon came down in torrents. There were ten in our company, and we all stopped at Sister Smith's.

I feel unworthy to tell you what I am about to say. I am unworthy to take his holy name in my polluted lips. We were all invited into the parlor and were all happy in talking about the meeting. All at once the room was filled with the Holy Ghost, and a beautiful and gloriously golden light filled every part, and the room began to shake like the rocking of a cradle. All in the room saw the light, and all felt the shaking of the room, and all of us knew it was the Holy Ghost. At the same time the power of God fell on me, and

I was prostrated under a weight of heavenly glory. The eternal world was opened to my view, both heaven and hell. I saw the souls in perdition. They appeared to suffer indescribable woe amidst the torments of the lost. I could not bear to look upon them. I turned and beheld the glories of heaven. Again I stood upon the sea of glass. I here saw vast multitudes of happy beings, and Jesus in their midst. I saw the great white throne, and God sat upon it. I saw God take a blessing and send it into the hearts of the people that were in the room, and as they received the blessing they would fall to the floor, or become helpless. Our class-leader, a very quiet, still man, could not move from the floor where he was sitting, filled with the Holy Ghost, and laughing with all his might. He continued to laugh for three or four hours together. I saw many things in heaven during the time I lay there, but I am not permitted to speak of them. When my vision closed I could not stand, but I crawled on my knees among the people. My heart was filled with glory, and my mouth with praises. They got supper for us but we could not eat, save only of the heavenly bread. Many persons gathered around the house, but were afraid to come in. It was a glorious day to our souls.

"Exceedingly divine as well as infinite glories unite in the Son of God: The lion and lamb; power and meekness; riches and poverty; authority and subjection; majesty and humility; dignity and condescension; justice and mercy; holiness and grace."

"Religion is not merely the worship of God, or the exercise of obedience: it is the union of the soul with God: the conformity of the will with His will, the enjoyment of communion with Him and the transformation of every faculty of the soul to his image and likeness."

"God always metes out his mercies to the exigencies of the case." — Roy.

PRAYER.

The following is from a recent work by Dr. Patton, late editor of *The Advance*, entitled "Prayer and its remarkable answers:

John Knox was famous for his earnest prayers, and Queen Mary said that she feared them more than she did all the armies of Europe. And this seemed a curious presentiment; for one night, in the bloody time of persecution, as he and several friends were praying together, Knox spoke out and declared that deliverance had come, though he could not tell how. The next news was that "Bloody Mary" was dead.

President Jonathan Edwards, and the devoted Brainerd, were given to much secret prayer and meditation. James B. Taylor, "was remarkably a man of prayer." Of Harlan Page and Norman Smith, Jr., it is recorded that they "were eminent for prayer."

About three months before the death of Rev. Charles G. Finney, he gave a reminiscence which Prof. Cowles has kindly furnished for use in this volume. Oberlin lies about ten miles south of Lake Erie, the lake referred to in the incident:

"Somewhat more than twenty years ago, the village of Oberlin and its adjacent country along the lake shore, suffered severely through the hot season from a total failure of rain, for nearly three months. Clouds, that seemed to promise rain, were repelled from the dry, heated atmosphere over the land, and attracted by the more moist atmosphere over the lake, to pour out their waters there. On one such occasion, the clouds had gathered dark, low and heavy over the lake, and lay there with no particular indication of rising. President Finney walked out with his eye on these clouds. I give the sequel in his own words, as they fell from his lips, less than three months since: 'In this walk I met Ralph, who turned sharply upon me. 'Mr. Finney, I should like to

know what you mean in preaching that God is always wise and always good, when you see him pouring out that great rain upon the lake, where it can do no good, and leaving us to suffer so terribly for the want of that wasted water?' His words cut me to the heart. I turned and ran home to my closet, fell on my knees, and told the Lord what Ralph had been saying about him; and besought him, for the honor of his great name to confound this cavalier, and show forth the glory of his power and the greatness of his love. I pleaded with him that he had encouraged his people to pray for rain, and that now the time seemed to have come for him to show his power in this thing, and his faithfulness as a hearer of prayer. Before I rose from my knees, there was a sound of a rushing, mighty wind. I looked out, and lo! the heavens were black; that cloud was rolling up, and soon the rain fell in torrents, two or three full hours.'"

BILLY BRAY'S PULPIT.

Billy Bray was a Cornish miner, very poor, but very zealous and prayerful, and full of faith. He built several chapels, where he ministered as opportunity offered. One of these was at Kerley Downs, and it lacked a pulpit. Billy saw, at an auction of old furniture, a three-cornered cupboard, which he thought he could alter into a pulpit. He asked a man near him what it would go for, as he wanted it for a pulpit, and the man recognizing him, said it would bring about six shillings, and handed him the money as a gift for the object. When it was put up, Billy immediately bid six shillings, but, to his surprise and chagrin, a man behind him bid seven, and took it, as Billy had not a penny to add. "Well, Father do know best," said he, falling back on his faith; and down he went to his chapel to pray about it. Gaining fresh assurance there that all was right, he came out and saw the cupboard going along on a cart. He followed it, and it was carried to a house, where they tried in vain to get it through

the door; it was just too large! "Here's a mess," said the purchaser; "I've given seven shillings for it, and now shall have to chop it for firewood." Now was Billy's opportunity, and with twinkling eyes he stepped up and said, "I'll give you six shillings for it if you will carry it down to my little chapel." "That I will," cried the man, glad of the chance. "Bless the Lord!" ejaculated Billy, "'tis just like him. He knew I could not carry it myself, so he got this man to carry it for me!" And was it not so?

A DEAFNESS OF TWENTY YEARS CURED.

Rev. Franklin Fisk, who has been forty years in the Methodist ministry, and now resides at Wilbraham, Mass., says: "I find in my diary, under date of April 17, 1837, that I called on Father Harding, in the town of Wellfleet, Mass. He was a venerable octogenarian, had long been a member of the Methodist church, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him, as a man of great purity of character. He told me, that when past forty years of age, he was deaf, so that he could hear no human voice. He had been in this condition twenty years. One morning while contemplating the miracles of Christ,—his restoring sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, etc., that he is 'the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever,' and the promises that he will 'withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly,' he was impressed with a strong conviction that if he should ask for it, his hearing would be restored. He said he immediately began to pray, and continued with increasing earnestness and faith all the forenoon. Soon after noon, he began to realize a strange rumbling in his ears, which continued until evening, which so worried and wearied him, that he retired earlier than usual, and immediately went to sleep. In the night he awoke, hearing the wind blow violently, as he thought. He awoke his wife, and asked her if she ever knew the wind to blow so hard before. She was surprised at his idea, and assured him there was no unusual gale.

He again went to sleep and did not awake until the sun had arisen, and was shining into his room. He said it seemed to have a charm and a glory in it, as did all other objects, such as he had never known before. He arose and dressed himself, and going out at his front door, ascended a wooded hill, directly opposite his house. He heard the birds sing, and leaves rustle as they were moved by the gentle breeze. He said he came down, and entering the house, told his wife he could hear now as well as any of them. And he added: 'I have continued to hear to the present time a period of more than forty years.'

THE EXPERIENCE OF MISS LUCY DRAKE,

who for several years has been assistant of Dr. Cullis, at the Consumptives' Home, and now on her way to India, as an independent missionary, is so interesting that, although it will make this article quite lengthy, I give it—somewhat abbreviated,—believing it will greatly encourage others to trust in the Lord. Of her healing twice (once of a tumor, and once of consumption) in answer to prayer, I will not give particulars, but come directly to her narrative:

"Many years ago, I wished to go as a missionary to India, but I thought that I could not obtain a certificate from any physician that I was in health, and therefore it would be useless to offer myself to any Board of Missions. It had never entered my mind, that I might go as an independent missionary, and trust God to support me, instead of leaning upon a pledged salary; or, in other words, I had never seen the great practical power in the words, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these shall be added unto you.'

Upon entering a work where the manager and laborers were having faith in God to care for their temporal wants, while they obeyed his call (the Consumptives' Home, Boston) I began to have some of the same faith in God, and relinquished my salary, which in

this way would go into the Lord's treasury. But still I clung to the annual interest of a few hundred dollars I had saved, thinking if I should come into great straits, I should have something to which I could turn. This implied a fear, a lack of trust, and I had according to my faith; for while that fear continued, I was obliged to live almost wholly upon this interest. I had held the three hundred dollars for some time as the Lord's; finally he called for it to be put into the same treasury where my salary went. I simply asked that I might know his will, and be convinced that he did call upon me to give up all my dependence. I did so; without any eye but his beholding it, and he richly poured his blessing into my soul. I never have regretted it.

Full trust in him for temporal wants and money, began now to work. The first launch of faith was in reference to giving. One evening my heart had been wrung with deep anguish for my heathen sisters, and I wished I had money to give toward their enlightenment. The thought came, why not ask God for it, and I believed I might. In two hours, no person knowing of my prayer, a stranger came to me at the close of the meeting and said: 'I know nothing of your circumstances, but I cannot help giving you five dollars.' At once I knew that my Father had fulfilled the desire of them that fear him, and I told the stranger where and how the money was designated. Similar instances have occurred since.

As to temporal wants for myself, I soon came where I must ask, or go without actual necessities. . . While seriously thinking what was I to do in my then present need, the following passed in my mind: 'What do you want?' I want money. 'Then ask for it.' And I did, and I went home that night with the firm assurance that I should find much money; which I did in a letter sent by a friend, who knew nothing of what I was passing through. In less than six months the Lord gave me more than half of the three hundred dollars. I look to the

indwelling Spirit to lead me how to pray for temporal things as well as spiritual, and I must say to his praise, that I never prayed for one, two, ten, thirty, or fifty dollars, without obtaining *exactly the sum I asked.*

I have been engaged in evangelistic work in different parts of our country for years, and never once have I been permitted to know a real necessity nor want, though sometimes placed in a strange city, not knowing how I was to have the means to return home. Yet it always came.

Having been thus educated by the Lord, it need be no matter of surprise, that when the Lord commissioned me last February to go to India, to point those who 'sit in darkness' to the blessed Lamb of God, while no support was pledged by man, yet I could have no fear that he who cares for the sparrow, would for me. I have only looked to the Lord, and he has abundantly supplied, so that even every thought and wish has been met by a tender Father, into whose ear alone my wants have been breathed. . . If my eyes had been opened years ago, to see my privilege as a 'child' or 'heir,' eight years more might have been given to work in India. Every soul that shall find Christ through my instrumentality there, shall praise God that he gave me faith to trust him for care of the body while engaged in his work. This life of trust has become so delightful, that I rejoice in the prospect of going to India without any pledged support from man, to teach them there what a Father they have in heaven, who will freely give them all things with his Son."

"The happiness of a genuine Christian lies beyond the rock of earthly disturbances, and is not affected by the changes and chances to which mortal things are exposed."—Clark.

"Happiness arises from a frame of mind harmonizing with the objects which surround us."

GOODNESS.

BY L. B. DENNIS.

Goodness is a term of great significance. The combination of goodness, mercy, and love, are beautiful to the eye, melodious to the ear, and comforting to the heart. Goodness is as strong in its expression, as it is beautiful in appearance.

None but God is all goodness. His goodness is eternal. Moses says: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."—Ex. xxxiv. 6.

Goodness may be termed kindness, benevolence, Christian excellence, moral virtue. Goodness produces gratitude and joy. "Jethro rejoiced for all the goodness which the Lord had done to Israel."—Ex. xviii. 9. Goodness attracts attention from all, high and low; it has had its effects even on beasts. While it may be the admiration of the wicked, it is a fountain of gratitude to the good.

David seemed to realize that fact, when he used this expression: "O how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee."—Ps. xxxi. 19. Massinger, gave us an excellent expression, when he said, "The soul is strong that trusts in goodness, and shows clearly that it may be trusted."

With all the peculiarities of Shakspeare, he gives goodness a prominent place, classing it with virtue.

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

Goodness, crops out of the honest heart, at almost every point, and is seen by the observer in almost every direction. Tupper tells us—"Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of his prayers."

Goodness is witnessed, both by men and angels. Marlowe says—"Goodness is beauty in its best estate." And Bailey said, "Good—only, is great, and generous and fruitful." The apostle commended the goodness of his

brethren at Rome, when he said, "I myself also am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness."—Rom. xv. 14. He refers to these excellent traits in his brethren at Ephesus: "Ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light; for the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth."—Eph. v. 8-9. Dr. Hamilton says that goodness is the spirit or essence of love. Such love as bears the burden of the weak, ministers medicine to the sick, feeds the famishing, and reads the Bible to the blind, thus following His footsteps, who went about continually doing good.

When we are properly under the influence of goodness, it wells up in the grateful emotions of the heart; in the performance of the daily duties devolving upon us; constantly seasoning our conversation, with the riches of grace; and enabling us to say "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."—Matt. v. 10.

LIFE A FAILURE.

Few sadder sentences fall from the lips than these: "My life has been a failure." And the saddest part is, that the failure can rarely, if ever be retrieved, because the conviction, to most people, comes too late—comes in the feebleness of old age, when the brain is weak, and habit strong; comes after strength for true work and self discipline is gone. Says Rev. W. H. Murray:

"Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat and sleep and sip, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weakness. The world is full, I say of such people; full of men, in every trade and profession, who do not amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without due

charity, without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his father; every girl grow into a nobler, gentler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not where the millennium is, as measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any, as shall stand on the earth in that age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it."

Young men!—young women! Don't let your lives be failures. Make the best of what God has given you. Let your gratitude to Him for life and its noble endowments, be expended in a full devotion of will, and thought, and strength, to whatever work he brings in his wise providence to your hands. And remember that it is only good and useful work that he provides. Shun evil work—work that harms your neighbor in any way, as you would shun the deadliest thing. No true success ever comes from evil work. It may bring a harvest of golden apples, and purple grapes; but the apples will be like those of Sodom, full of bitter ashes, and the grapes sour.

"TO THE UTTERMOST."

BY E. P. M.

Rowland Hill was right when he said that Jesus would take the devil's cast-aways. He is able to save to the uttermost, the castaways of the world and of the devil. As great sinners have been saved as ever were lost. Many that were the greatest sinners on earth will be the greatest singers in Heaven. What a quartette Rahab, Manasseh, Mary of Magdala and the Thief would make! What praises "to the uttermost" can they

sing, for redeeming grace and dying love!

The four Roman soldiers who nailed Jesus to the cross are saved, because Jesus prayed for them, and all are saved for whom he prays. I expect to hear those four cruel soldiers swell the new song in glory and

"Vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine."

Yes, Jesus is able to save and he has saved to the uttermost. If any one is lost it is not because he is too great a sinner, but because he will not come to Jesus for salvation.

Jesu's words to the Jews were, "I would," but "ye would not." "I will in no wise cast out," but "ye will not come unto me." Rake the purlieus of vice in all our cities. Gather all the abandoned outcasts of society—all the abandoned of man, of themselves and of the devil, if there be any such, and blessed be God, there is no obstacle on their part nor limitation on the part of Jesus Christ to the full, free, and instant salvation of every one of them, if they will come to him. No wonder that Jesus before his ascension commanded his disciples to "begin at Jerusalem." He knew that they would be likely to despair of Jerusalem sinners and shake the dust of the city from their feet. Jerusalem was the last place on earth where they would have been likely to begin preaching an untried gospel, but Jesus knew that it was the best place in the world to show that he was able to save to the uttermost.

We sometimes witness strange conversations and confessions in revivals of religion, but how must it have been on the day of Pentecost?

The apostles preach salvation through the blood of Jesus to the very men whose hands were red with that blood. One conscience-stricken Jew cries out, "I was one who mocked and buffeted Him, and cried out crucify Him," and another cries, "yes, and I helped to scourge Him and crown Him with thorns." "No matter," say they, "repent and believe on Him and he

will pardon you and crown you with immortal glory." "But," says another, "it is vain to preach to such a guilty wretch as I am! Why, I helped to nail Jesus, our King, to the cross! And, surely says another, there can be no hope for me, who pierced Him with my spear."

Hope? Yes, hope for you all—full and free salvation for all through faith in the blood of this Lord of Glory whom you have crucified! And what a wonderful beginning was made at Jerusalem! Three thousand Jews, many of whom doubtless had a voice or a hand in the crucifixion, were converted and saved! O what a matchless Saviour is Jesus! He has saved the chiefest of sinners. Proclaim it everywhere that he is able to save to the uttermost!—to the uttermost!

SATAN FIGHTS neither with small nor great, save only with the spirit of prayer.

An effort made in aridity, in wandering of thought, under a strong tendency to some other occupation, is more pleasing to God, and helps the soul forward in grace more than a long prayer without temptation.

Whatever others do, let my life be a life of prayer.

Get the King's daughter, and you get all. The grace of devotion is the daughter of God.

1. Self-denial.
2. Do nothing from your own will, but all from the will of God.
3. The Holy Spirit is the soul of the ransomed soul.—*Fenelon*.
4. Keep turning the soul to God until it habitually rests in God.—*Guion*.
5. Strive after the spirit of prayer, rather than to pray.—*Kempis*.
6. Keep the cross of Christ in view.
7. Listen to the voice within.—*Fletcher*.

Pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks.

A TALK WITH GOOD PEOPLE.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

I know you are honest. I know you are good. I know, as far as your outward life is concerned, you are, as you say, just as good as those around you; as blameless as many who profess religion.

And this is your hope of eternal life!

But when I ask you if you have ever been born again, you tell me candidly that you know nothing, experimentally, about the new birth.

Listen to the words of Jesus: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, *Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.*" There must be *life*; the life of God imparted to us.

You rejoice in your natural life. You know you exist: just so, to one who is born of God, there is a blessed consciousness of existence—of soul life; so that the child of God can say exultingly, "*I live!*"

Though you deal justly and honorably; though you are kind and benevolent, giving all your goods to feed the poor; though you are amiable, and sweet in your temper; though you are courageous and daring to stand by your country, or by truth, giving your body to be burned rather than to deal dishonorably in any way; without the *life of God*, it will profit you nothing, so far as being finally saved is concerned. You have a form, but there is no life: a perfect semblance of a body—it may be, but the Spirit of God is not there.

The outward form without the life will avail you nothing. Pass down the street of your city, and in the show case of the milliner and mantua-maker you will see a figure. It is now perfect in form, more beautiful in feature than hundreds of the living who pass by and gaze upon it: but there is no life there. That is your state. O for a new *creation*! O for the bounding life blood, like a *well of water springing up*! O for the eye opened on a new

world it never saw before;—the ear hearing the voice of God walking in the garden! the whole heart reaching after God! the whole being blissfully borne on the bosom of love.

There is so much of imagination and exaggeration in poetry and in song; that you think what I have written is also over drawn. But can pen tell it, or tongue describe it! Ask a thousand *living witnesses*.

Do not rest satisfied with mere morality. Do not settle down contented in self-righteousness. The day is near at hand, when the living, whether alive upon the earth or buried, will be "caught up" to meet their living Lord; and all others will perish in the general conflagration, to awake in the second resurrection to shame and everlasting contempt.

This need not be your portion. Christ is the way, the truth, and the LIFE; and he is *yours*,—if you will receive him.

Precious Gift of God to man!

REV. JOHN JANEWAY.

Being evidently in a decline, he could have but little hope of life; yet he was so far from being alarmed, that he received the sentence of death in himself with great joy. In order to wean his friends from him, and his affections from them, "he was ashamed to desire and pray for life." "O," said he, "is there anything here more desirable than the enjoyment of Christ? Can I expect anything below comparable to that blessed vision? O that crown! that rest which remains for the people of God; and, blessed be God, I can say I know it is mine. I know that when this tabernacle of clay shall be dissolved, I have a house not made with hands; to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And when he perceived one of his nearest relations greatly troubled at the thoughts of his death, he charged him not to pray for his life, except it were purely for the glory of God. "I beg you," said he, "to keep your minds in a submissive

name to the will of God concerning me. The Lord take you nearer to himself; that you may walk with him; to whom if I go before, I hope you will follow after."

He was much concerned about ministers, that they should be careful not to be engaged in low and sordid designs. He judged that to take up the ministry as a secular employment, and to aggrandize self, was absolutely inconsistent with the spirit of a true gospel minister. He thought it necessary that they who were devoted to the ministry should have first given themselves and their all to God, and be filled with a real disinterested affection to precious and immortal souls, that they might more ardently promote his glory.

He was full of compassion to souls, and would greatly lament the barrenness of Christians in their converse with each other. He once sat down silent, and took out his pen and ink, and wrote the conversation that passed between some friends, even some who professed more than the common understanding in the things of God; and after a while he took his paper and read it to them, and asked them whether such talk was that which they would be willing God should record. "O," says he, "to spend an hour or two together, and to hear scarce a word for Christ, or that speaks people's hearts in love with holiness! Where is our love to God and souls all this while? Where is our sense to the preciousness of time?—of the greatness of our account? Should we talk thus if we believed we should hear of it again at the day of judgment? Doth not this speak aloud our hearts to be very empty of grace, and that we have little sense of spiritual and eternal concern?"

When he felt his body ready to faint he called to his mother and said, "Dear mother, I am dying, but I beseech you be not troubled for I am, through mercy, quite above the fears of earth. It is no great matter: I have nothing to trouble me but the apprehension of your

"grief. I am going to him whom I love above life."

It pleased the Lord to raise him again out of this fainting, having yet something more for him to do. His graces were never more active; his soul was almost filled with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. How would he cry out: "O that I could but let you know what I now feel! O that I could but show you what I now see! O that I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness which I now find in Christ! You would all think it well worth the while to make it your business to be religious. O my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for a world, nay, for a million of worlds, be now without Christ and pardon. I would not for a world be required to live any longer. The very thought of a possibility of recovery makes me even tremble.

"O," says he, "how sweet is Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Death, do thy worst. Death has lost its terribleness. Death is nothing, I say death is nothing, through grace to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep. I long to be with Christ, I long to die!"

His mother and his brethren standing by him, he said: "Dear mother, I beseech you earnestly, as I ever desired anything of you in all my life, that you would cheerfully give me up to Christ. I beseech you do not hinder me, now I am going to rest and glory. I am afraid of your prayers, lest they pull one way and mine another." And then, turning to his brethren, he said: "I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more. You do me wrong if you do. O that glory, that unspeakable glory which I behold! My heart is full, heart is full. Christ smiles, and I cannot but smile. Can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to complete and everlasting enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me. The angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. O did you but see

what I see, you would all cry out with me, how long, dear Lord how long! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! O, why are his chariot wheels so long a coming?"

A minister came to visit him, and discoursed with him of the excellency of Christ, and the glory of the invisible world. "Sir," said he, "I feel something of it. My heart is as full as it can hold in this lower state. I can hold no more here. O that I could but let you know what I feel!"

Though he was, towards his end, usually in a triumphant frame, yet he had some small intermissions. He would cry out, "Hold out, faith and patience, yet a little while, and your work is done;" and when he found not his heart raised up to the highest pitch of thankfulness, admiration and love, he would bemoan himself, and cry out in this language: "And what is the matter now, O my soul? What! wilt thou, canst thou, thus slight the admirable and astonishing condescension of God to thee? Seems it a small matter that the great Jehovah should deal familiarly with this worm?"

And then he breaks out again into another ecstasy of joy and praise: "Stand astonished, O ye heavens, and wonder, O ye angels, at this infinite grace! Was ever any under heaven more beholden to free grace than I? O, bless the Lord with me! Come, let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation. O, help me to praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever."

Another of his brethren praying with him, seeing him near his dissolution, desired that the Lord would be pleased to continue those extraordinary comforts to him. At the end of the prayer, he burst out into a wonderful ecstasy of joy, crying out, "Amen, Amen, Amen. Hallelujah!"

An aged minister repeatedly said that he never saw, nor read, nor heard the like. He talked as if he had been in the third heavens, and breaks out into such words as these:

"O, he is come! He is come! O

how sweet, how glorious is the blessed Jesus! What shall I do to speak the thousandth part of his praises! O for words to set forth a little of that excellency! But it is inexpressible! O how excellent, glorious and lovely is this precious Jesus! He is sweet. He is altogether lovely."

"O my friends, stand and wonder; come, look upon a dying man and wonder. I cannot myself but wonder. Was there ever a greater kindness? Was there ever more sensible manifestations of rich grace? O, why me, Lord? Why me? Sure this is akin to heaven; and if I were never to enjoy more than this, it were well worth all the torments men and devils could invent, to come through even a hell to such transcendent joys as these. If this be dying, dying is sweet. Let no Christian ever be afraid of dying. O, death is sweet to me; this bed is soft. Christ's arms, his smiles and visits, sure they would turn hell into heaven! O that you did but see and feel as I do! Come and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O sinners, worldly pleasures are painful things compared with one glimpse of his glory, which shines so strongly into my soul. O, why should any of you be so sad, while I am so glad! This, this is the hour I have waited for."

About forty-eight hours before his death his eyes were dim, his sight failed, and every part had the symptoms of death upon it. Yet even then, if possible, his joys were greater still. He spake like one entering into the gates of the New Jerusalem; not a word dropped from his mouth but it breathed of Christ and heaven; most of his work was praise; a hundred times admiring the boundless love of God to him. "O, why me, Lord? why me?"

He took leave of his friends every evening, expecting to see them no more until the morning of the resurrection. "Now," said the dying saint, "I want but one thing, and that is a speedy lift to heaven. O, help me, help me to

praise and admire him: that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul! Come, help me with praise; all is too little. Come, help me, all ye glorious and mighty angels, who are skillful in this heavenly work of praise. Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment forever. Come, let us lift up our voices in praise; I with you, as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none I shall do it better."

According to his desire, most of the time was spent in praise, and he would still be crying out, "More praise still! O help me to praise him! I have nothing else to do, I have nothing else to do. I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances. I have almost done with conversing with mortals. I shall presently be beholding Christ himself, that died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood. I shall in a few hours be in eternity, singing the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus the mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst them which say: Hallelujah, salvation, glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God! And again, we say, Hallelujah! Methinks I stand, as it were, one foot in heaven and the other on earth: Methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be forever with the Lord in glory. And who can choose but rejoice in all this?"

The day before his death he looked earnestly upon his brother James and said: "I thank thee, dear brother, for thy love; thou art praying for me, and I know thou lovest me dearly; but Christ loveth me ten thousand times more than thou dost. Come and kiss me, dear brother, before I die." And then, with his cold, dying lips, he kissed him and said: "I shall go before, and I hope thou shalt follow after to glory."

A few hours before his death he called his relations and brethren together, that he might bless them and pray for them, which he did with much affection, authority and spirituality. Then the godly minister who used to visit him, came to pay his last visit. When he spake to him his heart was in a flame of love and joy, which drew tears from the holy man, being amazed to hear a dying man talk as if he had been with Jesus, and come from the immediate presence of God. O the smiles that were then upon his face, and the unspeakable joy that was in his heart! One might have read grace and glory in his countenance. O the praises, the triumphant praises that he put up! A little before he died in prayer, or rather praise, he was so full of admiration that he could scarce forbear shouting for joy; and at length, with abundance of faith and fervency, he said aloud: "Amen, amen."

And now his desires were soon satisfied. Death was coming apace to do his last office. And after a few moments he turned himself on one side, and immediately fell asleep in Jesus, June, 1857, aged twenty-four.

HISTORY OF A BACKSLIDER.

BY MATILDA J. HULSE.

Rev. B. H. Chase appointed a prayer meeting at his boarding place, and asked all to come that desired to be prayed for. I went, determined to find Jesus. I there knelt and cried aloud for mercy, and made up my mind never to leave until Jesus blessed me. He did bless me powerfully. As I left the place to go to my home it was snowing. Oh, how beautiful the snow looked! Why, everything around me seemed to be praising God. I seemed to walk without exerting myself scarcely at all; for I was happy in the Lord. The next morning the devil told me that I had no religion and I was mistaken. So I said if I have not got religion I will have it here and now. So down I got on my knees and began to pray with

all my heart. I then received such a blessing I could never doubt again but that I really experienced religion. How happy I felt! I loved everybody and everything. Sometimes I was on the mountain top and sometimes in the valley. I continued thus about one year; then, one night I knelt by the bedside to pray, and I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning I felt condemned. I knelt down and asked the Lord to forgive me, and I promised him if he would I would try to do better for the future. He did forgive me, and I was happy, until I again knelt to pray before retiring. Then the same sleep fell upon me. I then made up my mind that I had not got much religion, or I would not go to sleep on my knees. So I again asked the Lord to forgive me in the morning, and to give me an evidence of my acceptance, and I made another promise that I would not go to sleep again while at prayer. But alas! I again went to sleep! When I awoke I crawled into bed a very wretched person. In the morning the devil told me I was committing a sin in trying to pray, for I was not in earnest or I would not go to sleep. So I believed he was right—that I was mocking God when I tried to pray—I did not want to sin, so I stopped praying. Oh, how wretched I felt! I did not tell any one how I felt. It seemed it was a just punishment for me for not being more in earnest to do the will of God. Once in that year I went to one prayer-meeting, and I felt it my duty to get down and pray aloud, but I did not obey. I began to excuse myself by saying I was too young, and would break down and some one would laugh at me. Is it any wonder I felt so?

I lived a long time before I tried to return to God; but when I did try, it seemed that God had turned his back upon me. In 1865 I was married. Nearly fourteen months after God, took my darling babe from me, (he was my idol). Oh, how angry I felt at God! Thus I lived year after year being worse than the year before. In the year 1872 God again visited me, and took another

babe from me. I felt it was pretty hard with me. Within the last two or three years I have tried many times to return to God, but failed.

Two years ago, at the Grove meeting, I went forward for the prayers of God's children, but did not find Jesus. I was in earnest about my soul's salvation. I began to doubt if there was any mercy for me; I thought nobody cared for my soul; so I gave up trying to find Jesus. For the past six months God's Spirit has followed me almost continually, night and day. A more wretched creature than I have been I do not think lives. Often, within the past year, I have been tempted to commit suicide. January, 1876, I was told that Rev. Alfred Blewitt would preach in the M. E. Church. So I made up my mind I would go and hear him; hoping he would say something that would help me, and give me some hope of forgiveness by God.

I went, and while I was there, conviction took a pretty good hold of me. I tried hard to keep the tears back, but could not—the invitation was given for those that wanted to find Jesus to come and kneel around the altar. The devil told me it would not do me any good, but I said it will not hurt me. So I went—but did not get blessed. I went home and prayed earnestly for mercy night and day, for four days, then despair darker than ever seemed to come upon me. While wishing I was dead the Lord sent me a promise: "Who-soever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Oh, how I thanked God for sending me that promise. I took the promise for that day but the next day the same despair seized me, but God sent me another promise: "Ye shall reap if ye sown." Oh how I wished I could see Mr. Blewitt again. I thought perhaps he could point me to Jesus, for he had encouraged me to seek again. Sometimes the desire to end my life took possession of me with great force. On the eighth day God sent Brother Blewitt to see me. The same day I thought of taking a large dose of laudanum to end my life,

but Brother Blewitt came in and said the Lord had sent him to talk to me about Jesus. He prayed and sang with me for more than two hours. I got back to my father's house once more. Oh, how I thank God for sending him here to point me to Jesus.

THE SOUL'S PRAYER.

BY REV. B. POMEROY.

We want help to penetrate the outward forms and ceremonies of our religion, and go down into their deep significance, or the spirit will be lost in the letter, the substance in the shade.

We want an earnestness in prayer that dates back of the mouth.

We know so many great and precious words that there may be danger of the tongue playing a fraud on our faith, merely saying our prayers as we used to say our multiplication table, the soul holding no commerce with words in the transaction.

We want an earnestness, at times at least, that comes from the distress of love—from bowels of compassion for souls all about us.

Then it is the distinction of great holiness when the powers of darkness get heavy, to go to the ground with Christ, and come into fellowship with his sufferings, who being in agony prayed more earnestly.

O for more soul-talk to God, for this is the only language which reaches the ear of heaven.

TWO MIRACLES ABREAST.—The Lord saves me yet, soul and body! What a miracle! Yea, more—two miracles running abreast in one poor thing. What close living it is, so to walk in the light as to know the mind of the Spirit—be so familiar with the great Supreme that He can guide us with His eye, and not be compelled to thunder at us, and half kill us before we mind. B. P.

RELIGION IS TRUE.—Christ is in His office transacting business with faith.

DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY O. A. PRATT.

Times change, fashions change, but the religion of the Bible does *not* change. Did my salvation depend on man's idea of right and wrong I well might despair of ever gaining heaven. The conditions of salvation would materially differ. There would be some, perhaps, impossible to comply with. There is but *one* road marked out leading from death to life, from earth to heaven—and he is a thief and robber who would attempt to climb up some other way. That road is by the way of the cross, by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Many of the holy men and women of the Bible times furnish striking examples of the outward demonstrations of the Spirit, shouting, laughing, leaping, etc., demonstrations which for a moment could not be tolerated in our modern, fashionable churches. Latent heat may exist, though the volcano at times sends not forth burning lava; but if the burning lava *does* burst forth it is a sure sign that there is heat within. So with the soul; it may have a heat within, though not at all times exhibiting outward demonstrations of the Spirit; but if these demonstrations are witnessed it proves that there *must be life and power within the soul*.

We give a few quotations from the Bible which show that there is good authority for outward manifestations of the Spirit of God.

SHOUTING.

"God is gone up with a shout. *Psa. xlvii., 5.* For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout. *1 Thes., iv., 16.* Oh, clap your hands all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph. *Psa. xlvii., 1.* Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Zion. *Psa. xii., 6.* Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; let them shout from the top of the mountains. *Isa. xlii., 11.* Shout ye lower parts of the earth, break forth

into singing ye mountains. *Isa. xlv 23.* Sing, O ye daughter of Zion; shout O Israel, be glad; rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem. *Zep., iii., 14.* Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee. *Zec. ix., 9.* And all the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord. *Ezra, iii., 11.* Many shouted aloud for joy. *Ezra, iii., 12.* For the people shouted with a loud voice. *Ezra iii., 13.* The sons of God shouted for joy. *Job xxxviii., 7.* Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice and shout for joy. *Psa. v., 11.* Let them shout for joy, and be glad that favour My righteous cause. *Psa. xxxv., 27.* Be glad in the Lord and rejoice ye righteous, and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart. *Psa. xxxii., 11.* They shout for joy, they also sing. *Psa. vi., 13.* Let the saints shout for joy." *Psa. cxxxii., 9-16.*

LEAPING.

"Then shall the lame man leap as a hart. *Isa., xxxv., 6.* Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy. *Luke vi., 23.* Saul's daughters looked through a window and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord. *2 Sam., vi., 16.* Walking and leaping and praising God." *Acts iii., 8.*

WEEPING.

"Blessed are ye that weep. *Luke vi., 21.* Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. *Psa. xxx., 5.* Now when Ezra prayed, and when he had confessed, weeping," etc. *Ezra x., 1.*

LAUGHING.

"God hath made me to laugh. *Gen. xxi., 6.* Blessed are ye that weep now for ye shall laugh. *Luke vi., 21.* Behold God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evil doers; till he fill thy mouth with laughing, and thy lips with rejoicing. *Prov. viii., 20, 21.* Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." *Psa. cxxvi., 2.*

If Miriam, the prophetess, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out with her with timbrels and with dances, to celebrate their victory over our *earthly* adversary, shall we not, even with a loud shout if need be, celebrate our victory over the *grand adversary of our souls*? If three thousand on the day of Pentecost appeared to the astonished multitude as if *drunken with new wine*, shall we, saved by the same power, give no *outward manifestations* of the Spirit of God working within?

A celebrated revivalist being asked what kind of feeling he experienced when under these outward manifestations of the Spirit, satisfied the interrogator by saying: "*There, my dear brethren, is where I find the honey.*"

BESETTING SINS.

BY MRS. C. TERRY.

It seems strange that some think they must commit some sin. They say it is a besetting sin. We read in 1 John i. 9, that "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all," not a part, but "all unrighteousness." Now, what is unrighteousness but sin? If any have a besetting sin, it is because he has not confessed it. For how can God be unfaithful to his word? Faithful is he who has promised, who also will do it. If we are cleansed from all unrighteousness, we are holy. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. I know a man that appears to be a real, earnest Christian. The first impression made on hearing him talk, or pray, is that he ought to be a preacher—he is so earnest and faithful. Yet he says that the most corrupting, and soul-damning of all sins, is his besetting sin. O, how can such people read God's word, and dream of heaven! The soul that sinneth it shall die. I know that there is power in Jesus' blood to cleanse from the least and last remains of sin, for it has cleansed me, bless God. Blessed be his name for ever and ever.

"SURELY I COME QUICKLY."

BY WILLIAM FELL.

These words are full of meaning. They should be heeded. The churches are comparatively asleep. They are taking their "ease in Zion," and "crying peace and safety," and wondering why a few are so much in earnest. The world moves on as it always has. "Where is the promise of his coming?" is the language of many; they are slumbering in the arms of satan and flirting away their time in sin and folly.

These are terrible times. Every one who names the names of Christ needs the martyr spirit to face the fearful tide of corruption that sweeps through the land. Most, either profess religion or belong to some secret, oath-bound society. Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, is all the go. "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." This is the fearful state the world will be in when Christ shall make his appearance. "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the coming of the Son of man." "That day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God." 2 Thess. ii. 3-4. Pope Pius IX. is the only pope that ever proclaimed himself infallible. In the vatican of Rome, it is said, there remains only one more niche in the wall of the picture gallery to receive the bust of one more pope, all the rest are filled with the busts of all the popes that have ever lived and died. What can we expect now, but the speedy coming of the Son of Man? See, the so-called evangelical churches, how they have fallen away; "The salt has lost its savour;" the light has gone out and the world is ripe for the judgment fires. Sooner than many of us expect, the cry will be heard through the sky: "Be-

hold," the bridegroom "cometh." Then heed the exhortation of the Apostle and exhort one another daily, and so much the more as you see the day approaching. Heb. x., 25. "Surely I come quickly." And again: "Behold, I come quickly; blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book." Happy is the man who is watching and regulating his life by the word of God, and who takes pains to keep his garments clean in the blood of the Lamb. None but the "pure in heart" can stand the test of that great day.

THE WAY.

BY HANNAH PELTON.

"I am the way."—*Jesus.*

Way signifies a course, a direction, a pattern, a model. Jesus Christ has proved to be all of these to us and much more. He is our redeemer from sin. Not a ship traverses the trackless ocean but has a way, a certain course, or direction. So on land. Whatever of reason moves, or wills, has an aim or object to be attained. In our spiritual darkness of soul there is a voice that emphatically says: "*I am the way.*" O, what a great mistake to take the eye off from the Saviour, and look at poor, erring humanity. Many, by so doing, lose sight altogether of the *way of life*, and they wander about not knowing whither they go.

We who desire to get ready for the place prepared, let us take careful note of the way there. It is so plain that no one need err. Great happiness have those in the way.

First—It is through the Saviour. "I am the way." Throw away all self-righteousness, good works, and self. Humble yourself. O how crossing to poor human nature, but this is the way surely. What humility it was to leave the glories of heaven, lay aside the power that created worlds, to be clothed in humanity, reared in obscurity and poverty, that he might show us the way

to eternal life. Is the servant above his master? How many at the present time are denying themselves the wonderful bliss found in the love of Christ! The reason is they are too proud to humble themselves. It may be a *confession*, or restitution, or a coming out from the world, and the *leaving all* that God requires of them. Many try to make themselves very good, doing many good works, but this will not suffice. The way to Christ, and the abiding in him, is in *humility*. It is also a way of *meekness*. *Blessed are the meek*; no exaltation, nothing consequential is found in the life of Christ—nor in the *Way*. It is a way of *self-denial*. To dream of heaven, and fondly imagine your life is hid in Christ, while enjoying the world with its amusements, and its fashions, is an idle dream, and if persisted in against the light of Scripture, will surely bring one to the regions of darkness and despair. "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world," says Christ.

It is the way of the cross. Not my will, but thine, be done, is the language of the true disciple. It is the way of death to our carnal nature. Paul said I die daily. Count yourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive in Christ.

It is a way of glorification. "Glorify God in your bodies, and in your spirits, which are God's." I Cor., vi, 20. To glorify is to honor, *exalt*, praise Him. The Saviour says, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. No one can let light shine unless he has it himself.

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." How much it does imply to so walk that the Saviour is glorified in us.

Those that have the harp of God and sing the song of Moses, and of the Lamb, say: "Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? For thou alone art holy."

It is here on earth that the soul is fashioned, and harmonized, and so attuned to the glorious melody of redeeming love, that it can join in with the

voice of that multitude of harpers. Help us, O Lord, to glorify Thee.

I am in the way. It is the way of righteousness and holiness, all other ways are those of sin.

PRACTICAL PIETY.

In a discourse on the Piety Demanded by the Age, we have these words: "In our relations with men the commandment is, 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' It is the law of simple-minded, honorable, disinterested reciprocity. It forbids not only stealing, or the appropriation to ourselves of anything which belongs to our neighbor, but coveting, or the secret desire to appropriate it. It commands us to love not only our neighbor's rights, but also, his means of happiness, as we love our own. Such is the commandment. But when we urge obedience to it as a practical, every-day duty, we are told of overwhelming competition, of the customs of trade, of the present modes of doing business, and the utter impossibility of obeying such a rule if we hope to be rich. The plain English of such statements is this: We cannot become rich without breaking the commandment; but we must be rich whether we break the commandment or not. Thus, when Christ and Mammon claim authority over man's life, he yields to the authority of Mammon, and yet flatters himself that he is a disciple of Christ. The love of wealth thus gains the victory over him, and his power to resist evil is fatally impaired. Temptations to wider and wider deviations are palliated by more and more skillful methods of self-deception. At last, the disciple of Christ is known of all men to be rapacious and unscrupulous, and nothing but his religious professions rescue him from the imputation of being a sharper. His life among men is a topic of common conversation, and scoffers point at him as an example of morality taught by the blessed Redeemer."—*Dr. Wayland.*

He that is wise is wise for himself.

HOW TO GET HOLINESS.

Thomas Walsh was a holy man of God, who lived in Ireland about one hundred years ago. He was a man of remarkable depth of experience. The following letter, written by him, points out so clearly the way to obtain the blessing of holiness, that we give it to our readers:

"Blessed be the author of every good and perfect gift, that he has inspired your soul with a fervent desire to be made holy and without blame before him in love. May the Holy Ghost, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect and entire, lacking nothing! You ask weighty questions in your letter. As far as I have learned by Scripture, conversation and experience, the general method is this:

First—The soul, by the Spirit of God, applying the commandments, is deeply convinced of its darkness, guilt, misery and helplessness. The man is poor in spirit, and has nothing to pay! but being weary and heavy laden seeks and groans to be delivered.

Secondly—The same spirit works faith in the broken heart, giving divine light, whereby the soul sees God gracious in Christ; and divine power, whereby the soul can trust God. Then is given the spirit of adoption; and the heaven-born soul rejoices in God through Christ—loves and delights in the Lord Jesus—has free access to the throne of grace. The man thus translated out of darkness into marvellous light, thinks all is right within him, and that he shall learn war no more. But in some weeks or months, by some external object or temptation, or by the direct light and power of the blessed Spirit, the roots of bitterness in the heart are made manifest; as anger, pride, foolish and hurtful desires; unbelief and spiritual indolence rise in the affections, the man is amazed and ready to conclude he has deceived himself, and Satan takes all the advantage he can to

bringing him into doubt and condemnation. Yet, if the man cries to God he soon answers, and bears witness that, notwithstanding all this vileness, he has redemption in the blood of Jesus! Then,

Thirdly—Arises a cry in the soul for the perfect image of God and the mind of Christ, and there follow great tenderness of conscience, deeper hatred to sin, and a vehement love to holiness. Likewise, the soul examines and proves itself to see if it loves, or desires, or does anything that the Lord hates or forbids, or whether it neglects any known duty it may and ought to perform, then begins more resolutely and constantly than ever, the true self-denial, and taking up the cross. Right hands are cut off, right eyes are plucked out—all forsaken in heart and affection. In this state there is a growth in grace, and the destruction of the old man; oftentimes joy, hope and liberty in prayer; yet quickly follow fears, sorrows, temptation and impatience. After these strong desires and strenuous endeavors, at length the soul comprehends the nature of the thing more perfectly, and believes the promise of God, that he will do it. Now the tempter rages more than ever, but he has not his former power to enter or grieve the soul by his fiery darts. The mind labors with great freedom, finds a sensible increase of faith, hope and love, with all the fruits that naturally grow on them, yet sin is in the heart; unbelief, pride, or some evil affection may yet stir. But the man, being set upon the work, never gives over until the Spirit of burning totally extirpates sin—until the blood of the Lamb has cleansed from all sin. The final stroke is as instantaneous as justification, and then the soul is made innocent, has no evil tempter, is strictly united to God in Christ, and finds all its affections centre in God. The Spirit of God shortly reveals to the mind what is wrought in it, upon which it triumphs, and is filled with gratitude to God, good will to mankind, and a perfect desire to do and

suffer all the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

Fourthly—After all this is accomplished the soul sees and feels, in an inexpressible manner how little it knows, loves, or enjoys God; and although no fear that hath torment—no darkness does now arise, there is great humiliation before God. The soul dilates and expands itself, and daily receives more light, love, power, meekness, rest, life and liberty. This is growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Finally, when the corn is fully ripe the sickle is thrust in, and the spirit returns to God who gave it.

You will observe, that I say this is the general method of God's working in the souls He brings to glory. But particular incidents may happen to different persons; and there are many things in the work of God (even in our own souls) that we cannot account for, much less speak clearly concerning. Souls may be differently awakened as to the means and measure; so, also, they may have clear or faint manifestations as to the time of justification; some again may abide months or years in a state of peace and joy, others only days or hours. Moreover, some may be more deeply awakened after justification than others, their sense of sin may be more deep and piercing, and this, likewise, may continue longer or shorter, according to various circumstances. Solomon "could not tell the way of the Spirit." Christ inculcates the same truth. (John 3, 8.) Our duty and interest then is to search our heart, and commune with the Spirit, and see if we are willing to give up all, and be saved in God's own way. Let us never rest until every evil temper is destroyed, and our souls truly united to Jesus Christ; let us seek to know for ourselves that the Lord has created a *clean heart* in us, and also a right spirit within us; and then will follow that divine affiance, that God will keep us from every evil work, and preserve us blameless to and for His heavenly kingdom.

THOMAS WALSH.

SHAM REVIVALS.

In former times, when the word of God was preached by the fearless men whom he had sent to proclaim it, there was always a stir among the people. A Stephen, a Paul, a Peter, could not preach the "acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God," without awakening opposition and bringing persecution on themselves and on all those who heard them. From that time to the present, every minister that the Lord has sent, if he has been faithful to God, has aroused a spirit of opposition from the world.

The later martyrs, the reformers, Melancthon, Luther, Wesley, Bramwell, the pioneers of Methodism in our own land, together with the true ministers of Christ of to day, have caused a great excitement when they have proclaimed the truth as it is in Jesus.

After years of observation, I find that the popular ministers of the day, and the so-called gospel workers, preach another gospel than Paul preached; for instead of awakening an opposing spirit in the world and in a dead Church, they are honored and applauded by the enemies of the Saviour. The modern religious stage is filled with troops of these religious dramatists, who by their zeal and eloquence, with the tricks of stage actors, awaken a religious enthusiasm, like Peter the hermit in the time of the crusades, while the conscience is not awakened, nor the heart corruptions of those out of Christ opened to their view. Those terrible truths proclaimed by John the Baptist, and Christ and his apostles, that opened to men their own hearts and convinced them of sin, righteousness, and of a judgment to come, are seldom if ever heard from the popular revival workers of to-day.

Those truths that made Felix tremble, and that will bring pungent conviction to the sinner's heart and lead him to repent before God, are not in the vocabulary of these modern workers; but smooth opiates are administered, to lull to sleep, and quiet the conscience into

carnal security, relying upon forms and ceremonies for salvation, instead of fleeing to Christ, the only refuge. The consequence of this is, that instead of the opposition and persecution which always attend the faithful preaching of the gospel, there is universal popularity and applause, with the co-operation of a Christless Church, and a sinful world, who hate and would crucify Jesus, as the Jews did of old.

But there are other sad effects arising from this fancy work in the Church of God. There are many honest souls that would seek God and his salvation, who use the prescriptions of these would be soul doctors. "The hurt is healed but slightly." They come into the church without conviction or conversion, they are deceived souls, deluded into the belief that they are all right with God, and in the way of heaven, when they are "in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity," a curse to the cause of God and have only to die to be damned.

Among these spurious converts are many persons of wealth and influence, who take a prominent position in the church. They seize the reins of government in the church, and being unconverted and destitute of the Spirit of God, they attempt to rule and sustain the church of Christ by worldly policy. As they were destitute of spiritual discernment, festivals, pic-nics, dances and lotteries, all appear in good keeping, and perfectly proper for the occasion.

Hence the standard of piety is lowered, the church of the living God has descended to the level of the world, her power over the impenitent is lost, all her efforts to have sinners saved are paralyzed, and thus she is drifting on, freighted with the eternal interest of millions to meet the judgment, and the awful retributions of eternity—*Southern Methodist.*

The fear of God begins with the heart, and purifies and rectifies it; and from the heart, thus rectified, grows a conformity in the life, the words, and the actions.

WHAT WE NEED.

BY V. A. DAKE.

We need real, Scriptural awakening among sinners. They come forward to our altars, night after night, appearing to desire salvation, but with no true sense of their condition. Not crying out with the publican, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner;" nor with the jailor, "what must I do to be saved?" nor yet "pricked to the heart," as the multitude on the day of Pentecost, and we wonder what the matter is. The Holy Ghost is a powerful awakener. It re-proves of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come; things of such awful weight and significance that, should the veil be drawn fully aside, and their realities blaze forth, the strongest intellect could not bear them. The trouble is not in the Holy Ghost, neither is it in the weight and significance of the re-proofs. It lies nearer home. Yes, it lies at our doors. We hope for a revival. We wish the Lord would save souls, and that is as far as we get. Mighty awakenings are not chance work. Revivals do not happen. The great reformation of sixteen hundred which shook Scotland to its very centre, did not happen. A man of God got hold on the arm that moves the world, and with strong cries, and an unyielding faith, held on, and while John Knox cried: "*Give me Scotland, or I die,*" God sent the answer down, and Scotland was saved. God works in answer to prayer.

"Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out let me alone."

Then, in order to see Pentecost re-enacted, and the fires of revivals, blazing in every direction; we need saved men. We need sanctified men. We need men who know what Jesus meant, when he said, I will "baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Not men spiritually dead; not men who have lost their first love; but men with a love stronger than death or hell. Men with a faith that removes mountains, that "laughs at impossibili-

ties, and cries it shall be done;" that subdues kingdoms, obtains promises, quenches the violence of fire, waxes valiant in fight and turns to flight the armies of the aliens. Do we need mightier awakenings? God will give them in answer to the prayers of his Elijahs. Do we need men like those of old, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost!" God can make such an one of every Christian. Will we let him?

Is not thy grace as mighty now,
As when Elijah felt its power,
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

QUERY.—What is meant when we are exhorted to kneel and pray earnestly?

Do they mean pray with life and zeal? They cannot mean this earnestness which is the expression of agony, for that does not come and go with knees. When will man have an experience of Christ in the Garden?

They are most highly descended who are born from above.

THE NEW SONG.

Beyond the hills where the suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go;
I see the land of far renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome; and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay;—
O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it, come away!

O song of light, and dawn and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies,
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies.

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing:
Praise for creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King!

EDITORIAL.

THE BURNING WORLD.

Science and revelation properly understood always agree.

The Bible tells us plainly that the Earth is to be burned up. Science says the same. A reporter of *The Sunday Mercury*, of New York, had a long conversation with a distinguished scientist who recently arrived in that city from Liverpool on his way to San Francisco, Japan, Sumatra, Borneo and the Phillippine islands:

"M. Victor Herault prior to the days of the commune was a member of several European scientific societies, and was distinguished alike for the daring originality of his views and his cold-blooded courage in expressing them. An indefatigable student, a pupil of Robert Mallet—the greatest living authority upon earthquakes—M. Herault took part in the coup d'etat of '48, and since then has resided principally in London. He has long held peculiar views respecting the future of the planet we inhabit, as well as the whole solar system—maintaining with M. Pillet and other members of the French academy of sciences that within a comparatively short time the sun, with all its planets, welded into one mass, will roll, a cold, black ball, through infinite space. Without stopping to arrange the rather long conversation which took place between the savant and the reporter, let us come at once to the grand upheaval predicted by the former. 'Prof. Winston of Richmond college,' he says, 'sagaciously connects the recent shocks at Richmond and Washington with the threatening disturbances in Vesuvius; and you will remember that the shock experienced all over New York in December, 1874, and which so startled your people, was attended by volcanic throes in Iceland. There can be no exaggerating the fact that Manhattan island owes its existence to some terrible, igneous upheaval; and if the forthcoming eruption of Vesuvius be the most terrible in its consequences ever known, as I predict it will, New York, by the laws of reciprocity and

correlation of forces, will be shaken to its foundations. The preceding phenomena will probably be terrible. Unquestionably humid, unhealthy weather will be followed by terrific thunder-storms, during which the sky will be literally on fire. Beneath, the ground will tremble, and a dreadful groaning will be heard, for it will in reality be a world in labor. During the fearful pulsating upheaval, gigantic fissures may be found in the gneiss into which the water surrounding the island will rush. Then will follow a conflict between water and internal fire; the marvelous horror of the scene will be indescribable. It would be as if the valves of a gigantic boiler were suddenly opened. The hissing of steam would rend the air. A sublime explosion would probably follow, and in a few seconds all that was left of Manhattan island would be under the madly-surg-ing waves. This is the local aspect of the catastrophe: but it is by no means certain that the portentous phenomena we have already spoken of may not foretell the crack of doom. It requires some courage to conjecture what may befall our poor old planet during the next four months. It is the duty and the privilege of science to mark the omens. We see in the heavens themselves traces of destructive elements, and many indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions of our own satellite—the appearance of new stars and the disappearance of others—are all eloquent foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world and the human race are doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is inevitably to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away, thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries and dwelling in the mausoleums of former worlds—let us learn the lesson of resignation to whatever fate the womb of the future has in store for us."

This is the language—not of one who looks reverently to the teachings of revelation—but of one who looks at things in

merely the light of science. Compare his words with those of St. Peter :

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night ; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.—2 Pet. iii. 10.

How much better the application which the apostle urges upon us in view of these tremendous events which are to transpire in our sin-cursed world.

Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat ?—2 Pet. 11-12.

DEMORALIZED.

A man who fails to live up to his conviction of right, gradually comes to lose his sense of right. An alarm frequently heard, but not heeded, at last is not heard though it sounds as vigorously as ever. Conscience, if not obeyed, ceases to command.

This accounts, in part at least, for the great demoralization so strikingly manifest in commercial and political circles. Many who have long passed for honest men, and even church members, turn out to have been stealing under some of the more respectable forms of theft. For this state of things the religious teaching of the day is largely responsible. Men are encouraged to think they are Christians when they fail to comply with the conditions of discipleship as laid down by Christ. A white color does not make an animal a sheep ; so the garb of piety does not make one a Christian. But even the garb of Christianity is not requisite to maintain a creditable standing in the Church. Those who give every evidence in their dress, and spirit, and conversation of being of the world, are welcomed to the Church, if they are able and willing to contribute liberally to its support. They take upon them vows which they have not the slightest intention to observe.

They promise, in the most solemn manner, to renounce "the vain pomp and glory of the world," when no renunciation is made in any particular; they are just as gay and fashionable as ever.

God says *Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and I will receive you;* yet ministers—some expressly, others by silence—say it is not necessary to come out even from a closely organized society which rejects Christ and places the Bible on a par with the Koran !

Of course where profession is so general of what is not even sincerely sought, demoralization can but ensue. The authority of conscience becomes weakened, and in time destroyed. The Bible, if read at all, is read only for its promises, and these are applied indiscriminately to all, whether they make any effort to comply with the conditions or not. Men forget that they are under any higher law than that of fashion, or that of civil enactment. So when it becomes the fashion to live beyond the means, they live beyond their means, and dishonesty, in some form, inevitably results.

We need throughout the land such revivals as took place under the labors of Edwards and Finney—revivals which make the WORD OF GOD of paramount authority in all matters affecting human conduct. We need revivals which take away from men the appetite for whisky and tobacco, the love of the world, and the ambition for distinction—revivals which do not leave women the slaves of fashion—the wretched victims of vanity and pride.

Shall we have them ? Sincerely ask the question, *Lord* what wilt thou have me to do ?

FASHIONABLE SIN.

As long as the Church encourages fashionable sins it will be scandalized by unfashionable sins. Set the kitchen on fire and quite likely the whole house will burn. The Gospel makes provision—not to refine sin—but to abolish it. Not to shut us up to a choice of sins, but to deliver us from all our sins.

What right has the Church, while it properly denounces theft, to encourage pride, to gratify which theft is committed? Why should the flower be cultivated, though it is beautiful, when its fruit is known to be a deadly poison? Pride is not only a sin in itself—it leads to many other sins.

God's word denounces it in the most explicit and fearful terms. *The rod hath blossomed, pride hath budded. Violence is risen up into a rod of wickedness.*—Ezek. vii. 10. *Lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil.*—1 Tim. iii. 6. In our popular church edifices—both in building them and in running them, there is more money expended for pride than for the legitimate purposes of worship. We have a church building in Buffalo which cost about ten thousand dollars. For all the purposes for which a church is intended, it is just as good as many which cost five or ten times that amount. It will hold as many people, and is every way just as convenient and comfortable. And the deed requires that the seats should be forever free. Well does President Finney say, "It is marvelous to see what a goddess fashion becomes. No heathen goddess was ever worshipped with costlier offerings, or more devout homage, or more implicit subjection."

It is a great wickedness to encourage people to think that they can enjoy the favor of God and yet be doing what He expressly forbids. A single forbidden indulgence is all that many call for. One will be very zealous, and very liberal, if he can be permitted to live unmolested in adultery. Another asks that his claims to be a Christian be recognized while he is forging notes or appropriating to his own use the funds of others intrusted to his care. Another is a zealous advocate of holiness while living in pride and self-indulgence. God's word is alike against all. If one is encouraged, by what authority is the other condemned? If the Bible is of authority in the one case, it is in the other. It is not for us to say that any of the revealed commands of God are of little importance. Well does President

Finney say "Until we can put away from the minds of men the common error, that the current Christianity of the Church is true Christianity, we can make but little progress in converting the world."

ENCOURAGING.

God never fails those who put their trust in Him. He comes to our help in time of need. It is sometimes disheartening to see how freely money is poured out to gratify pride, and how stintedly many who endorse the self-denying truths of the Gospel, give to help spread those truths. But just when the pressure is greatest God sends relief. We have been sorely pressed in trying to meet the bills for the much needed addition to our Seminary building. We could not stop the work till the building was inclosed without ruinous damage to what had been done. The subscriptions have not all been paid, and if they had, they would not meet the demands that are upon us. Men *must* be paid for their work. Material must be paid for.

Just as bills were crowding in upon us we received a letter from our Brother David Dexter, of which the following is an extract:

DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS.—"I inclose in this, a draft for seventy-five dollars for your school, hoping that it will relieve you some, and increase your confidence in God very much."

It did relieve us very much. It did increase our confidence greatly. It seemed like the voice of God to our soul, saying, 'I will never forsake thee.' The Lord reward our brother.

Fifty more such letters would enable us to finish the building. There are those who, if they felt for the cause of God as they should, would send them. "*Who will consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?*"

CHILI SEMINARY.

The religious interest is deep and general. On Sunday evening, the 20th ult., some eight, we trust, obtained pardon and

were made happy in God's love. It was a season of triumph. The meetings generally are like a camp-meeting. God is raising up a band of young men and women here who will make their mark for Him in the world. The work is spreading outside of the Seminary. Several of the neighbors have come in and been converted. We never saw anywhere a more thorough and genuine work of grace. There is a completeness of consecration that is attended with the most marked display of God's presence and approbation. It comes up more nearly to our idea of a salvation school than we had even dared to hope.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LOVE FEAST

MRS. ANN E. NICHOLS.—It will be three years in March since we came here. That season began the failure of crops, and we have not raised a crop since we came here. Yet my God has been sufficient, bless His name! Our religion is not one of circumstances, but of power. We have been enabled, through grace, to stand. We have proved God in adversity as well as prosperity. Mother Pinney, of Albion, N. Y., used to say: "Sister Nichols, you know nothing about trusting God, when your granaries are filled, and your pork barrel full." But I know now, praise the Lord! I know that all is on the altar, and the blood cleanseth, praise God. Husband and I have been holding up the light and praying for a people that we could worship God with in spirit and in truth. We would meet with men and women and ask them if they enjoyed religion. Why, I belong to the church, some would say. I joined the church and that is as far as I went. May God help us to keep the church pure, is my prayer. We would endeavor to show them the difference between Churchianity and Christianity. Husband often said, "It will take time to show them." And by our steadfastness we have come off victorious, praise God.

God has been graciously pouring out His Spirit here. Brother O. C. Wisner has

been holding meetings here for five weeks, and some thirty souls have professed conversion; some are ready to take the uncompromising track, praise God. A few have formed a class of seven. Six in full membership, one on probation. Others say they will come but want a victory over tobacco. We want them to have it, for we believe there is power in Jesus' blood to wash and keep us clean. The Grange is holding some back, but I believe they will give up. Pray for us.

Now, as to the EARNEST CHRISTIAN, I love it better and better, but I thought we would have to give it up, for times were so hard with us, and I was going to write to that effect, but husband would say not yet. I may get hold of the money yet. Last night at meeting, the mail was handed me, and with it the EARNEST CHRISTIAN, marked paid for 1876. Oh, how my soul cried out for joy. Now I take it from God. I shall prize it as never before, and let my neighbors read it, as I have done heretofore. God bless you, is my prayer, and every earnest worker, which he will do. I love this pure salvation, and am in the work as never before, all sold out to Jesus. Amen.

Vineland, Kan.

MRS. J. C. FOSTER.—Eight years ago this last summer I experienced the blessing of perfect love. In January after, I began taking the EARNEST CHRISTIAN. I soon found out that I was in sympathy with its teachings, and began making inquiry about the Free Methodists, and made the remark that if there were any near, I thought I should join them. One of our preachers thought I would be very much disappointed, if I did; and another said I had too much charity, for they were a very uncharitable set. I felt such a desire to know something of them that I wrote to the editor of the EARNEST CHRISTIAN, and he wrote me a short letter, the last of it was: "May the Lord lead you into all truth." And how wonderfully He has led me, bless His name forever. Two years ago this winter I attended the first Free Methodist meeting I was ever at, and felt a oneness of soul with them. After that I went to a number, and would have been

glad to have gone with them had there been any near.

This summer I, with a number of others from our place, went to the Pikeville Grove meeting. There I realized the force of that Scripture, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." I had long been separate from the world, but from tobacco chewing ministers, and worldly minded professors, was the command; and I, with three others from our place, obeyed the divine injunction. And to-day we have a class of seven members, and regular preaching once in two weeks. F. W. Sawyer, of Scio, is our pastor; and the best of all is, the Lord is with us. I thought I knew something of persecution before, but the furnace has been heated, seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated. I believe we shall come out without the smell of fire on our garments, for the form of the fourth is with us, O glory to God! I feel the glory fire burn as I write, and can say with the Apostle Paul, none of these things move me. I am getting to love the straight way better and better, bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; bless his holy name! My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, thanks to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Hallelujah.

Wellsville, Allegany County, N. Y.

C. S. SPAULDING.—I am fully saved in Jesus this morning, the 17th of Feb., 1876.

In the rifted rock I'm resting,
Sure and safe from all alarm.

When I look over my Christian life and see where Jesus found me; away in the depths of sin; how in his great love for my soul he reached down and picked me up; how wonderfully he saved me and has kept me saved; I am lost in wonder, love and praise. Oh the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom, and knowledge of God! Oh, it pays to be a Christian.

O, I'd rather be the least of them,
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
Or sit upon a throne.

What are the riches of this world when compared to being an heir of heaven? I am living by the moment; realizing that

the past is gone and the future is unknown. Jesus says: "If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow me. Here is the great secret of Christian living. May the Lord ever keep me humble, learning at the Master's feet.

SARAH P. SIMMONS.—I love Jesus this morning with all my heart. I am on the way to Heaven with the glory in my soul. O, how I love the narrow way—the king's highway of holiness; I have been in this good old way over two years, and have not got tired yet. No, Christians never tire, glory to Jesus. I feel like pressing my way through to the skies. The Lord has wonderfully blest me of late, bless His holy name. I expect, if I am faithful; I shall end this war down by the river, and cross over to shout the praises of God and the praises of the Lamb forever, with the redeemed that have gone up through great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. I expect to be one of that number, for I have been redeemed, and God has clothed me with the garment of salvation. He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, Glory to God for a free and full salvation.

Sherburne, N. Y.

ALMIRA OSBORN.—I praise the Lord for salvation. He keeps me free, for whom the Son makes free is free indeed. Glory to his name! He helps me to keep the world under my feet. Praise the Lord. Right here where almost every one seems to worship the god of this world, ministers and people, I find nothing so satisfying to my soul as God's free grace, and there is nothing that I see with my eyes that is so gratifying as God's dear children who shine with the glory of God. O, how the Lord does wonderfully help and strengthen me, to testify to the truth sometimes. All glory to his name.

Auburn, N. Y.

FRED WURSTER.—I can say this morning that Jesus saves me. I have the pearl of great price. I begin to know its value more and more. Jesus has manifested himself according to his promise. Praise his holy name.

MRS. SOHIA CHILDS.—I'm sure it will gladden the hearts of dear brethren and sisters, especially in Western New York, to hear from me through the Love Feast once more. It is my precious privilege to tell you that the last two years especially, have been a period of marked growth in grace and the knowledge of the truth. Oh this knowledge of the truth that makes us free indeed. This resting in Jesus; this anointing that abideth; this perfect love that casts out fear that hath torment; this being enabled to know that God is faithful and true in all things. These are among some of the blessings I've been learning more of the depth of. I want to tell one more blessing. The blessedness of studying the word. I am contending for all that the Prophet said we might have in the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Geneva, Kan.

A. E. GOODWIN.—I have got salvation this morning, down deep in my soul. I am trusting in the Lord Jesus, bless his holy name! I love my Saviour, and the cross, better than anything this world can afford. I find Him a satisfying portion in all conditions of life. The desire of my heart is that my whole life might be swallowed up in God. I, for one, can say that I have made progress in the divine life in the year that is past and gone.

My great aim is to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth continually. With a few Christian friends I watched the old year out and the new year in. It was a time long to be remembered by me.

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
While glory crowned the mercy seat."

I consecrated myself more fully to God. Made a full surrender of all, and I believe God accepted the offering. Praise the Lord.

E. OSBORN.—Since God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins, I have loved an earnest Christianity—one that saves me, and one that saves me now. If it does not do this for us, and save us from the love of the world, it does not do much for us. Glory to God. Jesus saves to the uttermost all that put their whole trust in him.

Burlington, Iowa.

WILLIAM A. GREENUP.—To-day finds me, through Christ, saved from all sin. My all is upon the altar, and I count myself indeed dead to the world and all its allurements, but alive unto God. I praise Him for a present salvation, and trust Him for all the future. My soul feasts to-day on the fat things which God has provided for those that love and serve Him, and I feel to say, "Unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood, unto Him be glory and honor, dominion and power forever and ever, Amen."

LEVI POWELL.—I was converted at fourteen. At twenty-two I knew that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I received that perfect love that casteth out all fear. I was filled soul, body and spirit with the Holy Ghost and the glory of Christ. I have a well grounded hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ. Abide in Christ the living head, and we shall bring forth the fruit the Bible speaks of. Some people try to manufacture the heavenly fruit, but it is bitter, and the real Christian does n't like it. May God help you to labor. Amen.

DYING TESTIMONY.

HANNAH KING BRIERLY was born Feb. 5th, 1799, near Manchester England. Her father was a devoted man, a Methodist. She was the youngest of eight children, four of whom lived to be over eighty years of age. She felt the drawing of the Spirit from very early years. Last November, in class, she said it was forty-five years that day since God spoke peace to her soul. One marked feature in her character was that at times of trial she was calm, apparently not easily moved, but she might be heard in her room telling the Lord and asking His help and guidance. It could be truly said of her she trusted not in the arm of the flesh, but in the Lord. She lived with her companion forty-eight years and has lived a widow twelve years. She enjoyed the consolations of grace in her long illness, and her last days were peaceful and triumphant.