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SERMON.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

TEXT.—“We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein.”—Acts xiv, 15.

God calls men to preach the Gospel. He might have chosen angels; but they could not have that sympathy with us that one of our number can. They do not know from experience our trials and temptations. So to man is committed the work of offering salvation to the lost.

As God would “have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth,” he takes men from all ranks and conditions in life to preach the Gospel. They are men of “like passions” with the rest of mankind. Wherein they differ, it is grace that makes them differ. They can enter into the feelings of sinners, for they are themselves sinners by nature; they can tell of the wretchedness that sin brings, for some of them have been rescued from its depths. When they speak of the victories which a sinner may, through grace, achieve, they speak of that of which they have knowledge.

I. Let us consider. The Being to whom we should turn. He is the *living*

God. To many who believe in Christ, he is the same as Washington or Buonaparte, a hero to be admired for what he has done, rather than a God to be trusted for what he can now do. They read with veneration the accounts given in the Bible of God’s wonderful interposition in behalf of his people in the past; but they reject as fanatical the idea that God will at the present do anything for his servants out of the ordinary course of nature. They worship an historical God. To secure temporal mercies; they rely implicitly upon temporal means; to secure spiritual blessing, they rely upon sacraments and ordinances—called means of grace. The latest fashion of science is to maintain that everything that exists sprang into existence by the mere operation of law, without the agency of God. It ignores his existence. Its one great dogma is the uniformity of the laws of nature. It closes its eyes to the fact that many of these laws are reversed just at the critical point where the welfare of man demands such reversal. It is a general law that cold contracts and heat expands material substances. To this law we owe the possibility of the steam-engine. Steam occupies sixteen hundred times the space that the water did from which it was formed. Cold

condenses steam to water and contracts the water up to the point where it is ready to assume the form of ice. It then expands about one-ninth of its volume. Did this law continue in force, instead of being on the top of streams, ice would sink to the bottom. In a cold winter the rivers would become solid. Our ordinary summers would hardly thaw them out. Their beds would change every year. The fish would die. Can any scientist tell us why there is a change in this law of nature just at the point where change is demanded?

The law of gravity is one of the most general laws of nature. It is in obedience to this law that the planets revolve in their spheres; that the vapor ascends and the rain descends. In accordance with this law, where bodies are free to move, the heaviest seeks the bottom.

To this general law, gases are an exception. If it applied to the gases of which our atmosphere is composed, the oxygen being the heaviest would settle at the bottom, then the nitrogen, then the watery vapor. Were this the case, the earth would speedily burn up. Oxygen is such a supporter of combustion that the hardest steel burns in it with great brilliancy. Can any give the reason why this law is overreached just when man's welfare requires it? We answer: It is because there is a LIVING GOD. *He made heaven and earth, and all things that are therein, and upholds them by his power.* He has not changed. He has not grown feeble with age, nor careless by long-continued prosperity. His power and skill are just the same as when he created the worlds and sent

them rejoicing in their orbits. He has the same care over his servants that he did in the days of Elisha and of Daniel. Prayer is not simply a devotional exercise which derives its chief benefit from its reactionary influence upon our own feelings. It is the presentation of our requests to the living God who answers prayer. In every affliction it is the consolation of the saints to know that God lives. In every emergency He is always at hand—a very present help in every time of need. This is the God to whom you are invited to turn. It is not to the church. It is not to mere doctrines, however important and true. It is not to sacraments, however solemn. It is to the living God.

II. HOW WE SHOULD TURN UNTO THE LORD.

1. *With the heart.* When your enemy professes to become your friend, if you have good reason to suspect that he does it from interested motives, that he may gain some farther advantage—you think worse of him than before. God knows the heart. No one imposes upon him. Words however eloquent or appropriate, are not on that account pleasing to Him. What He regards is the purpose of the heart, no matter what the language or form may be. *Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning: and rend your heart and not your garment, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil.*—Joel ii, 12, 13.

2. *We must turn to God, by turning from our vanities.* This is a point

upon which God insists. The first commandment reads, *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*—Exod. xx, 3. It is not sufficient to have Jehovah for our God: we must have no other. Christ does not say to men simply "Follow me." But his words are, *So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.*—Luke xiv, 33. In accordance with these plain passages, and with the whole tenor of Scripture, the Apostle insisted that they should, in turning to God, TURN FROM THEIR VANITIES.

It was this feature in his discourse that stirred up opposition. Prior to this, he was the most popular man that had ever visited the place. They offered him divine honors and called him the chief of their gods. "And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, the gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker. Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people."—Acts xiv, 11-13.

How soon was all this friendly feeling destroyed by the preaching of Paul! In trying to turn them from their vanities, he alienated them from himself. Their idols were touched. They were ready to listen to anything plausible that might be said against him. *And there came thither certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, who persuaded the people, and having stoned Paul, drew him out of the city, supposing he had*

been dead.—v, 19. Human nature is still the same. He who will persuade the people that they can come to Christ and still cling to their vanities, will provoke no opposition from carnal nature. In Germany, where it is no impeachment of one's Christian character to drink and smoke and break the Sabbath, and in short, live like the world, everybody belongs to the church. Mrs. Palmer records that, when in England, she insisted on temperance, it killed the revival. When Mr. Moody, in Chicago, in response to public inquiries, took issue in the mildest possible manner with secret societies, some zealous co-laborers were at once aroused to indignation. So let any person, no matter how deep his piety, how loving his spirit, preach that men should, in turning to God, TURN FROM THEIR VANITIES—from Freemasonry, and fashion, and pride, and tobacco, and covetousness, and he will encounter opposition in every form that the spirit of the age and the law of the land will allow. Those who cleave to the Lord will cleave to him; but the multitude, at the bidding of their priests, will be ready to stone him.

Still we must insist upon it; for it is the truth, that unless you turn from your vanities, you cannot turn acceptably to God. He will not have a divided allegiance. If you consider your voluntary oaths of greater force than your obligations to God, then He is not your God. You pay a greater homage to another power.

So if you obey fashion, when it comes in direct conflict with God's plain commands, then you are the servant of fashion, and so cannot be a servant of God.

Then turn from all your vanities to the living God. He alone can help you, and bless you, and save you. No matter how strong are the oaths that men take to stand by you, they cannot go with you *through the valley of the shadow of death*. They cannot help you at the judgment. They cannot keep you from hell, nor assuage your anguish in the dark land of deep despair.

No matter with what cost you may adorn your person, all these material ornaments lose their beauty in the grave. The cannot give you comfort in affliction, nor introduce you to the King of Glory. You cannot wear the ornaments of pride, and the *fine linen, white, and clean*, in which the armies of Heaven are clothed.

Then be half-hearted no longer. Turn to the Lord with purpose of heart. Renounce the vanities of the world at once and forever. *Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.*

A FORCIBLE TRUTH.—You might as well try to get blood out of a stone, as to get a Christian life out of an unchristian heart.

—Coals of fire cannot be concealed beneath the most sumptuous apparel, they will betray themselves with smoke and flame; nor can darling sins be long hidden beneath the most ostentatious profession; they will sooner or later discover themselves, and burn sad holes in the man's reputation. Sin needs quenching in the Saviour's blood, not concealing under the garb of religion.

WHAT IS YOUR HOPE?

Reader, what is your hope about your soul? Have you any, or have you none? Can you tell me in what way you expect to be accounted righteous before God?

Depend upon it, these are very serious questions. You and I are dying men. After death comes the judgment. What is our hope of acquittal in that awful day? What are we going to plead on our behalf before God?

Shall we say that we have done our duty to God? Shall we say that we have done our duty to our neighbor? Shall we bring forward our prayers, our regularity, our morality, our amendments, our church-going? Shall we ask to be accepted by God because of any of these things?

Which of these things will stand God's eye? Which of them will actually justify you and me? Which of them will carry us clear through judgment, and land us safe in glory?

None, none, none. Take any commandment of the ten, and let us examine ourselves by it. We have broken it repeatedly. We cannot answer God one of a thousand. Take any of us, and look narrowly into our ways, and we are nothing but sinners. There is but one verdict. We are all guilty, all deserve hell, all ought to die. Wherewith can we come before God?

We must come in the name of Jesus, standing on no other ground, pleading no other plea than this, "*Christ died on the cross for the ungodly, and I trust in him.*"

Oh, believe me, Christ must be all the hope of every one who would be justified and saved. You must be content to go to heaven as a beggar—saved by free grace, simply as a believer in Jesus—OR YOU WILL NEVER BE SAVED AT ALL.—Rev. J. C. Ryle.

—Rocks intervene, which hide the Shepherd from the sheep; but never the sheep from the Shepherd.

UNITY.

The great central fact which makes the church one, is its common love for the Man Jesus Christ. How can an unbelieving man fail to perceive the rational argument—the conviction that this is the very Christ—when such an inexplicable influence is flowing out through Him, and from Him, throughout the world and the generations? The phenomenon of a church full of faith and the Holy Ghost cannot be accounted for except on the ground that God sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world. The mission of Christ must be admitted by reasonable men, just as they perceive you, and me, and the others who belong to the Lord, at unity in the Father and Son. There are no evasions of the critical difficulty that faces them.

Then this unity will be a sufficient motive for co-operation on the part of all of us. Nothing can, and nothing shall or should separate saints. There are plenty of prejudices in this world. Some people have prejudices against the cast of a Jew's features; others are separated by the form of the church's ceremonies about them, and they so aggravate and emphasize the diversities, that they altogether lose sight of the fact of a substantial unity. Dear friends, if we are one; if we are to manifest that oneness, and if the world is to be brought in confessing its folly as it beholds this oneness of true believers, then have we a great argument for all generous co-operation with all saints. For my own part I care little what be the name by which I am called on earth; it is of far more consequence to me what is the name that is written on the Lamb's Book of Life; for this world may cease in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye, when the Lord shall come and give me that name which I shall wear forever and ever. Be not so anxious to maintain your own separate and exclusive visible relationship, either social or ecclesiastical. Be more concerned, oh

believer—be more concerned that you are in Him, that you are in the Father, that you are a branch of the living vine; that the life of God flows through your life. The work that is to be done by this unity of believers is to complete the unity, to bring in others and make them partakers of this great fact, to summon the uncalled children of God.

But oh, the personal question, my dear friends, for you, is this, "Are you in unity with the Father and with his Son, or are you in rebellion against Him?" When you look up to the stars in their courses, and think of the hand that gave each its orbit and the wisdom that ruleth among the worlds, can you say, "My Father guides them all?" When you look out into life and the seas seem rough and the clouds lower, are you comforted with the thought, "My Father's at the helm?" And when the judgment rises before you, and you know that you must answer for the deeds done in the body, can you say, "Amidst the clouds which are round about I see the face of the Son of Man; in Him I am accepted, in Him I have been crucified, through Him I have been saved; I shall not be before that throne, I shall sit with Him on his throne."

Dear friend, are you thus in the Father and in the Son? Then, wherever there is a believer, he is one with you in heaven or on earth. Wherever there is work for the Master to be done, it is your responsibility, however it may be extended or limited.

May the Master lead us to appreciate and enjoy our oneness in the Father and the Son, and to manifest it in submissive, god-like, consecrated living. Amen.—*Union in Christ.*

—Those who are living the simple life of faith, and each day take a little sentence from the precious Word, as their guide and comfort for that day, will find the rough pathway of life full of sweetness and ripples of warm sunshine.

CONDITIONS OF SALVATION.

BY FRANK SMITH.

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts xvi, 30.

This question asked by the Philippiian jailor was answered by the Apostle Paul in the words so often used at the present time: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

There is no salvation without faith. No one can read the Bible carefully without seeing what infinite pains God has taken to give men confidence in Him—in his power, his wisdom, and his love. When we are told in his word that Jesus is the Son of God—that "upon Him our iniquities were laid," that by "his stripes we are healed," and that through his death we have life—we should believe it. And when we read in the word that, "Who-soever cometh to him, he will in no wise cast out;" "And that in the day we seek Him with all our heart, he will be found of us;" we can have no reasonable doubt that, if we come in accordance with his word, he will save us. But we ask, What is implied in this faith or belief? Let us look at the facts as we know them in this and in other instances left upon record.

There are many in the present day who seem to think that, if they believe that Jesus is the Christ, and that he died for them, they are saved. They mingle with God's people; unite with the church—perhaps leave off some outbreking sins, and there rest, believing that nothing remains for them to do.

When, as Saul journeyed toward Damascus, and the Lord appeared to him in the way, he immediately asks, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" When it was shown him "How great things he must suffer for his name's sake," he conferred not with flesh and blood; neither counted he his life dear unto himself, but at once set about the work God had called him to. When the Phillipian jailor was

told to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and he should be saved, it meant more to him than merely assenting to the truth. The faith he embraced would bring him in direct conflict with his former life, with his duties as jailor, with his former associates. He was uniting with a sect everywhere spoken against—a people that were persecuted, tormented, and many of whom were slain for their faith. It was forsaking all for Christ. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple."—Luke xiv, 33.

When our forefathers would sever their allegiance to the British Crown, they met in convention, and declared themselves independent of the foreign power. They said, "We will be in bondage no more." But was that all they had to do? Full well we know the sacrifices, the sufferings, and the cost of that declaration. So a sinner may come to Jesus, as he is—a sinner! nothing to pay; not waiting to make himself good enough to come; he may sever his connection with Satan, and the Lord will receive him. But he finds something to do, to resist the devil. "Strive to enter in; for many I say unto you, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able," is the counsel of the Saviour.

There may be sacrifices to make. Instance the young ruler who came running to Jesus. Such was his earnestness. He had kept the commandments from his youth. Yet when his idol was touched, he turned and went away sorrowful, and that is the last we hear of him. When a man exercises the faith that brings salvation, he becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus. "Old things pass away, behold all things become new"—new motives. "No man can serve two masters." Whatsoever he does is to the glory of God.

New loves. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

New associations. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?"

There is no fellowship between Christ and Belial. "If any man will be a friend of the world, he is the enemy of God; for whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

Man is naturally proud, and very selfish, full of all manner of evil. We are taught in the word that we are to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God; to keep our body under; bring it into subjection; crucify the flesh. In short, when we became Christians, we entered upon a warfare that enlists all our powers of mind and body, if we are to succeed in making good soldiers; if we expect to say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."—Rev. iii, 21.

—There is a difference between the man of God who walks with God, and the man who has, in the judgment of charity, been born of God, but who is in love with the things of time, and is imbued with the spirit and devoted to the pursuits of this world. There is a difference likewise between a steamboat ploughing upstream ten miles an hour, and a steamboat stuck fast on a snag and sinking to the bottom.

WAITING FOR GOD TO SAVE.—Wait? Must you wait? No: God has been waiting for you for years. The waiting is all the other way: it is all on God's side. Are you ready for a patient, waiting God? That is the question.

—God's aim in afflicting His children is either to keep them from sin, or, when they have sinned, to bring them to repentance for it, or to bring them nearer to him.

HOW TO USE FAITH.

It is a strange thing that a sort of mystery seems to wrap itself around faith to some minds, and makes it seem more as a clouded theory, than a practical, simple, heart-grasp of Jesus the Lord.

Perhaps it may be that we have been so intent on finding out what it is, that we have failed to look beyond, to what it links us on to. To dwell on faith as a thing by itself is a profitless exercise; but to dwell on Christ, and on those things which are ours in Him, if we will but appropriate them, carries us beyond mere desire into possession.

There is a verse (Heb. ii, 14) which says, "Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil."

Perhaps the reason that faith seems vague and misty may be that you have not used and exercised even the small amount that you doubt not you possess.

You have faith to believe that Jesus is the Son of God, that He has died for your sins, and pardoned them; and now you desire to realize something more of the deeper meaning of these words of St. Paul's, "The just shall live by faith."

Again and again, after failure and disappointment, you are ready to say, "Ah, if only I had faith, as I see others have!"

You are quite sure that you have some faith; you could not believe on God at all, otherwise. And what is the answer of Jesus to the prayer, "Lord, increase our faith?" If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye should say, and nothing shall be impossible unto you.—Matt. xvii, 20. And in a former chapter of the same Gospel He speaks of the mustard-seed as "indeed the least of all seeds."

Does not this teach us that this little seed only needs exercise and it will grow—only needs something on which to expend itself, and it will spring up,

"the greatest among herbs and become a tree, so that the birds of the air may come and lodge in the branches thereof?"—Mat. xiii, 32. Like all things in the moral world, it must expend itself, if it would increase; it must lose itself in something else if it would become "rich and increased;" always growing, because always giving—always expending, in order always to receive. Faith must cast itself forth by a living impulse and lose sight of itself in its object.

How is this to be?

We hear a great deal about evil thoughts, skeptical doubts, fearful temptations, and so on, in a vague and indefinite way; but surely one of the great needs of Christ's church is that those who, for the most part, are not tried in any terrible way, but are living quiet, ordinary, unremarkable lives, should more fully rise to the dignity of the high and holy calling whereby we are called, and live outwardly unremarkable lives in a remarkable manner, to the praise and glory of God.

In one sense, we are not, for the most part, called upon to lead great lives; to bear great extremes of poverty or riches; perfect health or continuous illness; great suffering and no joy, or great joy and no suffering. For the most part, life is wonderfully wrought and tempered together; as we might say, "the cup is well mixed."

To those who have these great burdens laid on them, I suppose our Father has a secret message unheard by others, a message so still and deep, that it ever sounds above the melody of joy, or the jar and strife of evil.

But there is also another sense in which every one who subscribes himself by the name of Christ must, if he loves his Lord, lead a great life; there is the word, which has lost none of its power or beauty, none of the force of its wondrous call, though it has traveled centuries to reach us, since first spoken by Isaiah the prophet: "Every one that is called by my name: I have created

him for my glory."—Isa. xliii, 7. In this sense must these ordinary, everyday lives of ours be great, and so they will be, if we lose them in Him. "He that loseth his life for my sake and the Gospel's, shall find it." It needs that our aim be set true for this; it leaves no room for self-seeking; is it not defined for us in these two lines—

"Content to fill a little space
If thou be glorified?"

Not too proud, not too peevish to take a hidden lot; not too shrinking, not too careful about self, to take a prominent one; but in either, as it comes to us, recognizing a call from God the Holy Spirit, and meekly and gladly following where He shall lead.

It does not matter where our lives are, or what they are; are they God's? are they given up to Him? Then shall we be led of the Spirit; then shall we live in Him and walk in Him (Gal. v, 25); then will He show us the things of Jesus; then will He guide us in the truth, and we shall keep the words of Jesus, whose promise is, "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and make our abode with him."—John xiv. 23.

This is our great provision, "our never-failing treasury," for leading lives of praise and glory, and it is faith which links us to our provision, to "Jesus, our heart's dear refuge."

This faith which sometimes seems so difficult, is simply believing that God is able to help us in everything, and about everything, and that He is willing to do it; to believe this is to make these small lives of ours worthy.

Perhaps the difficulty to some may be thus: you see God's supply, and you believe He is willing to give it; but how are you to take and use it?

Let us try to leave all that is vague, all that will suit others but not ourselves, and let us look upon our individual lives. What do we find? What is our lot? Tiring business, long hours in the office or shop, homes full of children needing patience and love,

trying house-keeping duties, teaching one another, a time spent in preparation for the Sunday or week day class, a few hours given to the sick and lonely, a few more to regular district visiting? Oh, do we not need to have God with us to take the littleness out of them which our ignorance has put upon them, and to ennoble them with the thought, "They are His?"

"Thou camest not into thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee."

They are not insignificant lives; each act is of importance; "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. . . . If any man's work be burned, he shall suffer loss."—1 Cor. iii, 13-15.

In the place where we are, there is our work, till God makes it very plain that we are to move to another. Perhaps when we have learned these present lessons well, He may bid us move higher; till then, let us believe that "we serve the Lord Christ;" let us do all "as unto Him, and not unto men."

We are constantly meeting cases in which we do not exactly know what to do; we do not feel quite sure what course to pursue. How vain and foolish it is to keep wondering to ourselves, or complaining to our friend, about such things! Let us turn and ask our Lord and Master. He can tell us, He can teach us as none other can, even though it may be but the simple need of knowing what to say to a servant—how to find fault, how to be pleasant, how to speak in a right tone of voice, how to be courteous without being untruthful.

There is no little matter in which He will not guide us, and there is nothing so small but that in it we need His guidance. We cannot do these things of ourselves. In a worldly point of view, we have very lowly lives to lead; in a heavenly point of view, we are a spectacle unto men and unto angels.

It just needs that in every matter we ask God to make us do His will, and then go straight forward, being

sure that, as we go, the way will open to us. Oh how well it would be to leave the greater part of questioning, and to become as little children, believing that if we do wrong, our Father will show it to us, and that, while He does not condemn us, we need not be in bondage, either to the suggestions of Satan or the natural discontent of one's own heart.

To use faith well is just to be sure, and to act as if it were sure, that God, having given His Son for us, loves us well enough to care how we walk in this life. It is to pray to Him, "Lord, I have so and so to say; give me the right words, and Thy spirit of love for saying it," and then to feel sure, however different it is to what we expected, that He has caused us to do His will in the matter. In the exercise of faith we know that we are working with God; we look to Him when our message has been refused, when one who seemed hopeful has disappointed us, when there is no apparent success in answer to our labors, and still we faint not, for we know assuredly in our heart that it is His work. We have no cause for discouragement, only a great need to trust Him, and to be sure that we are not neglecting to obey the promptings of His Holy Spirit.

Using faith well is holding to the Lord Jesus with our whole heart; it is the being sure that He can always attend to us, that we can never weary Him, that He will not count it impertinence when we come to Him again and again, with the same tale of our desires, and difficulties, and joys; it is simply asking Him to abide with us, to live and rule in our very heart, and then to give all into His hands, asking Him to choose for us, to decide for us, to lead us by a plain path.

He is so willing to do this. He says, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. xi, 29. He has given us the rest that flows from sins forgiven and blotted out; now He wants us to find

rest, the daily rest of following His blessed way and will.—*Times of Refreshing.*

A LOST MAN.—Mr. Whitefield, a brother of the Rev. George Whitefield, after living some time in a back-sliding, careless state, was roused to a perception of his danger, but shortly after sunk into melancholy and despondency. He was drinking tea with the Countess of Huntingdon one afternoon, while her ladyship was endeavoring to raise his hopes by conversing on the infinite mercy of God through Jesus Christ. For a while it was all in vain.

"My lady," he replied, "I know what you say is true. The mercy of God is infinite. I see it clearly. But, ah! my lady, there is no mercy for me! I am a wretch, entirely lost!"

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Whitefield," said Lady Huntingdon. "I am glad at my heart that you are a lost man."

He looked at her with great surprise.

"What! my lady, glad!—glad at your heart that I am a lost man?"

"Yes Mr. Whitefield, truly glad; for Jesus Christ came into the world to save the lost."

He laid his cup of tea on the table, and exclaimed, "Blessed be God for that. Glory to God for that word! Oh! what unusual power is this which I feel attending it! Jesus Christ came to save the lost! then I have a ray of hope;" and so he proceeded. As he finished his last cup of tea, his hand trembled, and he complained of illness. He went out of the house for air, staggered, was brought in, and shortly after expired.

HOLDING ON.—There is a great deal of the holding-on religion to-day. You may hold on 'all you please; but you will get tired some time, or you may go to sleep. You had better throw yourself on God. Let Him hold you on, and then you will have underneath you everlasting arms.

GREAT MEN.

It is remarked of writers of the present time that, notwithstanding the general diffusion of literature and intelligence, this age produces but few great men. Other periods are pointed to, in which men, springing from the lowest ranks, have risen to the highest positions; or bursting full-orbed upon an unthinking world, have dazzled it with the splendor of their genius, and won themselves immortal fame.

It is possible that these conclusions are well grounded; yet coming days may reverse them; the world does not always know its greatest men.

The greatest man among the children of Israel, was him from whose commands they turned to dance in shameless revelry around the golden calf. The greatest poet of Greece begged his bread in blindness and poverty through the very cities which afterwards contended for the honor of his birth. Who were the greatest men in the days of the Jewish commonwealth? Were they not the men who were stoned and sawn asunder, or who languished in dungeons, or were plunged in filthy pits; who wandered in sheepskins and goatskins, and dwelt in dens and caves of the earth? Who were the great men of eighteen hundred years ago? The Cæsars are buried beneath an avalanche of infamy, and the name of him who stood foremost in Judea, might have been forgotten long ago, were it not made memorable by that crime of the ages, committed against Him who was "crucified under Pontius Pilate."

Gamaliel was a wise man; but only a few sentences of all the wise words which he spoke remain.—Acts v, 35, 39. Saul of Tarsus gave promise of greatness, till he turned to follow the Nazarene, and then everything that appeared to be his gain he counted but loss. Who were the great men of those days, whose names stand out, crowning the ages and marking the horizon by their presence? Carpen-

ters, fishermen, tax-gatherers; strolling preachers, poor, despised wanderers; the filth of the world, the offscouring of all things; preachers of an unwelcome gospel; heralds of a rejected faith; followers of a crucified Leader.

Who was the greatest man in Rome when Nero reigned, and all the wealth and pomp and learning of the empire was at his beck? Was it not a poor Jewish tent-maker who sat in his own hired house, chained by the hand to the soldier that guarded him;—so poor that he was glad to send to Troas for his old cloak to shield him from the winter's cold;—who nevertheless by his writings, his plannings, and his conversations, mined and sapped the idolatries of the imperial city, and left his record chiseled so deeply on the ages that it shall never be effaced?

Who were the great men of Germany a few generations since? A poor miner's boy, a humble student singing in the streets for bread to satiate his hunger; a lowly monk, tearful, sin-burdened, and seeking for rest; a humble preacher of the Gospel, who, while bigots cursed and princes honored him, was glad to earn his daily bread by turning wooden bowls!

Who where the great men of England two hundred years ago? Were they not those who fled from the tyranny and priestly dominion and came to a western world to lay the foundations of a vast and magnificent republic, and who brought with them freedom to worship God? And who was the greater man among them? Was it not that lonely exile, who taking his way through the untrodden forests, founded a new state with liberty of conscience as its corner stone? Who were the greatest preachers of a century ago? Were they not the men who, like Wesley and Whitefield, were scoffed at round the world, and who bore the testimony for God which rings through the ages, and which has stirred a slumbering church as a clarion-blast wakes a sleeping army?

The world does not know her great

men. To-day she stones them and persecutes them with bitter hate, and to-morrow she sends around the world for marble white enough to build their costly tombs. Even to-day there may stand among us those the latchets of whose shoes we are not worthy to stoop down and unloose; but they may be unknown to us and to others, and even to themselves. A Moses may be saying, "I am slow of speech;" an Isaiah may be crying, "Woe to me, for I am a man of unclean lips;" a Jeremiah may be exclaiming, "Ah, Lord God, I cannot speak for I am a child;" while a Jonah may be fleeing from the presence of the Lord, and from the path of duty which would lead him to such victories as he has never known.

Where are the great men of to-day? The greatest poet may be starving in some garret, begging like blind Homer, or seeking, like Milton, to sell his immortal creation for a paltry price. The greatest orator may be driving the plow, and wasting the music of his voice upon the stupid oxen; while empty headed blatherskites are pouring their platitudes into the public ear. The greatest statesman may be hoeing potatoes on his little farm, while in his stead some drunken politician or crafty office-seeker is called to the highest honors and the gravest responsibilities. The greatest financier may be toiling in obscurity for his daily bread, while speculators wreck a nation's finances, and plunge governments into ruin. The greatest patriots may pine in a dungeon, or in exile, or die upon the scaffold; while some unprincipled schemer wears the laurels that should crown his brow. The greatest soldier of the age may be cleaning an old musket, under the command of a drunken captain, and subjected to indignities almost too great for flesh to bear. The greatest ruler may be splitting rails in the depths of the forest, while exquisite statesmen are busy planning for their own advancement and the nation's ruin. The greatest physician may be forgot-

ten and despised, while quacks flaunt their names at every corner, and roll in wealth along the streets. The greatest mechanic may be too poor to build a model or obtain a patent, while another man without a tithe of his ability, grows rich from the profits of the ideas which he has stolen from him. The greatest astronomer may be calculating the motion of the heavenly orbs upon a bit of shingle, and working out in obscurity the problems of the universe; while others, with all the appliances of art and science are plodding along in the dull routine of second-hand ideas. The greatest preacher of the age may be seeking to gain admission to some church too intelligent or respectable to accept him; or to some pulpit where dullness holds perpetual sway; or he may be listening to the counsel of those who warn him that his silence is more eloquent than his speech; or he may be chasing street Arabs to bring them into the Sunday-school; or preaching in some out of the way chapel, and weeping in secret over sinners that he longs to save; while the greatest fool may be ever crowding into positions which he dishonors, and the greatest impostor may have his name paraded far and near.

The world does not know its friends. Its great men must be seen through the perspective of ages, and amid the shadows of the tomb, before their stature is perceived. A man in his life-time may toil and suffer in poverty and obscurity, may be scorned and slandered and starved and stoned, yet when he is dead the very men who have neglected him, are ready to unite in the "customary resolutions," and he comes to be known as "that eminent servant of God who has gone from our midst."

There is one consolation for those who find themselves among men of low estate: be of good cheer, if you have within you the elements of power and genius, you will no doubt be respectable after you are dead and buried; but in this world you must let others wear

the honors which men bestow, and you yourself be content with the gifts which God imparts. We see what God thinks of earthly fame and earthly wealth, when we see the men on whom he bestows them; and we may give thanks to God that we are spared from the fate of some who become too famous, and presently have to be dragged in the mud, and smeared and blackened until they are glad to hide their faces, and wish that their names had never been known.

He that is down need fear no fall; and God can lift us up if he will. We shall best accomplish our work when we come to the settled conclusion that God never intended us to be great men; and if we feel anything in us that revolts at such a conclusion, we may have the comfort that, in escaping greatness we escape much trouble and danger.

The real explanation of the prominence to which many men have arrived, is frequently found in those revolutions and overturns and plowings up of society, which throw to the surface those who otherwise would have remained unknown. The gold is buried beneath the soil; the earthquake that rends the rock, or the torrent which floods the valley, may bring it to light. God can give honor to the lowliest when he sees fit; but the greatest honor that man can have, is to faithfully do God's lowliest work. Recognition will come, perhaps in time, perhaps in eternity; but if the grain of wheat lies in the sunshine and is exposed to view, it ever abides alone, it must "fall into the ground and die" and then out of its low estate it springs forth in beauty and fruitfulness.

—There may be many doors to shut; close them all, for it is in closet prayer the voice of the Beloved is heard.

—The will must be offered up, not only as to place, but as to manner of service; and this is often the Isaac last laid on the altar.

EXPERIENCE.

BY W. H. BARNARD.

It is about a year and a half since I found peace with my blessed Redeemer. For several years previous I had felt the convicting Spirit of God. At last I consented to unbolt the door of my heart and let Him—whom I supposed to be a hard master—come in. Oh! what a feast! He told me it was necessary for Him to set up his kingdom in my heart in order to lead me through this wicked world, for I could not go alone, as there were so many by-ways and forbidden paths branching off from the highway, that I could not detect, and unless he led me I would go astray.

About a year ago—just before or soon after I received the blessing of holiness, I am not certain which—I was about to get up in the morning, when a terrible feeling seized me. I thought I should lose my breath entirely. It lasted about ten minutes. The Lord seemed to say, "Will you obey me?" The enemy of my soul seemed to say, "You never can—you never can!" It seemed as though I could not live if I did not decide at once. I simply told the Lord, I would obey, by his grace assisting me. Then the burden rolled off, and I knelt down by the bed-side to praise my God for giving me the victory in my soul. Never since have I prayed such a prayer. My very soul was in heaven among the angels. Oh! glory to Jesus, who gives us the victory! I did not know just where God wanted me till last fall; then I understood that my work was not done here. I said amen to it. When He wanted more of me, He would have to fit me up himself, and I was willing to obey. Since then I have not felt the cross bearing me down so heavily as before.

"My rest is in heaven,
My home is not here,
Then why should I murmur
At trials severe."

We have been here about a year,

"God has been moving in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," We give God the glory for it all. The power of God, through the weakest saint, can make the sinner tremble. Glory to God forever!

I am working on my father's farm. He is a very peculiar man; has a good heart, when you can reach it. Oh, how powerfully the enemy does use the natural man! Many times it seemed as though I had ten thousand devils clinging to my clothes, with nothing but the grace of God to sustain me. As far as I can recollect, I do not remember one person who has worked for father, or lived on the farm, that could agree with him, for any length of time. Neither could any of his children. My two brothers and myself all left home before we were of age. I wandered round the world, and became one of the most wretched and degraded sinners that God could look upon. Still God's goodness and mercy continued to follow me, and kept me from among that number who fill up our State prisons and lunatic asylums. Glory to Jesus, who died for even me. Yes, even me! About four years and a half ago I married and settled down. As time wore away, I began to resume my old position in life; but the good Lord finally saved me gloriously, and cleansed me from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. I was living then at Wellsville, Mich. As soon as I was saved, the Lord told me I must go down on my father's farm and live. I did not want to go; but the good Lord said, "Go." Oh! how earnestly I plead with God to give me strength and his loving Spirit to keep me from falling, and that I might glorify Him in my daily walk. He inclined his ear and hearkened unto my cry. The house was a log one. A frame house had been built against it some fifteen years ago. Since then they have been trying to build an upright some distance away, and move the frame part to it. Unless the team pull together, the load will not move.

Since God sent us here, the house has been moved out where they had intended to build, and has a good cellar under it. The good Lord has permitted me to live in peace over a year, living in the same house with father, and using his teams and tools for about eight months. I say this to God's glory. It is something that was never known before. But there is more to be done. There are precious souls to be saved, who will, in a little while, have to render an account to God. It is terrible to contemplate—to go to the judgment unprepared. They must be saved! They must be saved! Jesus, I will not let thee go! I expect it, Jesus! Just read thy promises. They are blessed and they are directed to me.

GOD MY PEACE.—It is not one and the same thing, my friends, to say "God gives me peace," and to say, "God is my peace." If God gives me peace, the proud waves of my soul subside, the storm is allayed, the conflagration is extinguished, a still small voice breathes through my spirit, and the spices diffuse their precious odors in my garden. But if the tempest should rage in the firmament of my animal soul; if it should thunder and lighten in all directions; if conscience accuse, the flesh be rebellious, my thoughts reproach me, and the fiery darts of the wicked one be hurled through my spirit; if I am troubled on every side yet not distressed, perplexed, but not in despair; if lifted in the chariot of faith above the tumult, I hold fast by the glorious sufferings of my Lord; if I save myself by the recollection that He is the God, yea, and amen, keeping covenant with a thousand generations; and if I lay up the weather-worn and shattered bark of my mind in that haven of faith, the free grace of God, casting anchor under the rocky shelter of the unchangeable promises—then, yes, then, Jehovah is my peace!—*Krummacher*.

— My faith never asks questions.

LOVE YOUR WIVES.

If all husbands loved their wives with that sacred devotion, which characterized the late Mr. Bliss, there would have been less need of this sweeping injunction of Scripture, which is as high as heaven, broad as earth, and should be heeded and practiced by all who have entered the matrimonial state. There is a striking analogy between the heavens and the spirits of mortals. What married life does not experience its clouds and sunshine, its dark and stormy days? The causes are varied and sometimes unavoidable. Many times it is found that the taste of the husband widely differs from that of his wife. Their early training has been quite different, while nature, perhaps, has widely diversified herself in the pair. As the wife is the most precious gift of heaven to man, though she may be the weaker of the two, is it not the more necessary that her tastes be indulged, and she be fondly, dearly loved? But alas, how many forget their solemn obligations. To wives whose husbands are desperately inclined to find fault, I would suggest that the wife visit a few weeks among her friends and let her husband enjoy himself by taking care of the children, and keeping house to his own fancy. I think that when the wife returns, he will love and appreciate her services better than ever before. How many unhappy homes would be happy ones, if the husband loved the wife as he should. How many wives there are all over this broad earth who are constantly pining and pining away with blighted hopes of future joys, because their husbands have plighted their vows and proved false. Oh, husbands! do you ever recall to mind those happy hours when you were wooing the fair lady of your choice? Do you not remember how you fondly pressed her to your heart and whispered in her ears those tender words of love, and what fair promises you made, how you would love and care for her if she

would become your wife? Do you remember those solemn vows you made when you held her trembling hand in yours at the hymeneal altar? Husband, have those vows been kept? If not, why? Why has that love so soon ceased to glow in your countenance and in your words? Have you found that she had faults, that she was not an angel? If she has faults, have you not as many?—aye more. If she is not perfect, are you perfect? Oh, husband! once more overlook her faults and forgive her, as she does you; again place around her your strong arm of love; bring back the color to those faded cheeks; bring back her merry laugh, her bird like song, bring back the sparkle in her eye. Let her feel that she is loved by you as in by-gone days. Let your hearts and lives be cemented by God's Holy love, that you may walk, hand in hand, over life's rough journey, in happiness and peace. Let your love flow out in every word and act, and society will assume a milder type and the world be eminently blessed.

—Probably nothing comparatively of the power of Christ, as a gift to the world, has ever yet been seen or realized in it. A painful part of the difficulty is, that Christ is a grace too big for man's thoughts, and of course too big for their faith,—the eternal word of God robed in flesh, the humanly manifested love and feeling of God, a free justification for the greatest of sinners, and for all sin, a power of victory in the soul that raises it above temptation, supports it in peace, and makes obedience itself liberty. Such a Christ of salvation fully received, embraced in the plenitude of his gifts—what fires would he kindle, what tongues of eloquence loosen, what heroic witnessings inspire! But, as yet, the disciples are commonly only men of little faith, and think it a part of their Christian modesty to believe that Christ will do for them only according to what they miss, or really do not undertake for themselves.—*Bushnell.*

PREACHING THE LAW.

BY REV. LEVI KELLY.

The Law, like the Gospel, has God for its Author. God thundered from Sinai the Ten Commandments; and He also preached the Gospel to Abraham when he said, "In thee shall all the nations be blessed." The Law condemns the guilty; but the Gospel promises pardon to repentant rebels. Awakening is by the law; as Paul says, "I had not known sin, but by the law; for I had not known lust except the law had said, thou shalt not covet."—Rom. vii, 7.

The Law and Gospel are blended in the person of Jesus Christ. The curse of the Law fell upon Him, "for it is written, cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." So it is impossible to make the Gospel effectual unless the Law is preached in connection with the promises. The model preacher of righteousness is Jesus, whose example we may safely follow. His Sermon on the Mount abounds with law, not only as it relates to the acts itself, but even to the motives of the heart. He clearly says that a person may commit sin, and be guilty in the sight of the Law, who even wishes to sin. Though He was an example of mildness, He rebuked sin with the severity of a God. Let us refer the reader to some of His utterances. Mat. xxiii, 27. "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness." 33d verse: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" No Gospel preacher ever excelled Jesus Christ in preaching what is popularly denounced *hell fire doctrine*; and none knew so well the awful reality of it.

John the Baptist, also preached the Law faithfully. He was exactly fitted as a second Elijah, to hurl against the pretenders of an Abraham's righteous-

ness the awful threatenings of God's Law. Hear him, Mat. iii, 7: "But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees coming to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come." Again, verse 12: "He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." This same devoted servant of God, who counted not his life dear unto himself, told the wicked Herod, that it was not lawful for him to live with his brother's wife. He did not fear the wrath of the king. It did not cost him a first-class appointment; but his head. Many a so-called Gospel preacher would have flattered the king in his debauchery, and obtained from him a large subscription to build a fashionable church.

Again, Stephen, who was called to answer for himself before a really learned and reputable body of men, the Jewish National Council, who pretended to be the defenders of the religion of Abraham and Moses, did not deny the faith. At first he recounted the splendid and wonderful history of the Jewish Church, to which they gave profound attention, till he struck with the hammer of God's Law against their hollow profession. If he had used human prudence, and satisfied his conscience with a merely simple narration of cherished dogmas of the Church, he could have avoided a martyr's death. But obedience to God, and fidelity to the new faith raised him above human sympathy, and from his lips flashed, as if the fires of old Sinai were rekindling indeed the insulted law of his God: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do *always* resist the Holy Ghost, as your *Fathers* did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the just one; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers. Who have received the law by the dispensation of angels and have not kept it."—Acts vii, 51, 52, 53. For many so-called, modern,

Gospel preachers, this would have been a splendid opportunity to "win golden opinions" and secure an appointment as a chaplain under the government. Men who prefer death to human applause, and a shower of stones to "golden opinions," make good preachers. Such are God's preachers now, *every one* of them. He that does not measure up to this height, is a deceiver, a hireling, and an intruder, and will find to his eternal regret that God's Law knows no one after the flesh.

Much of modern, Gospel preaching ignores the law and furnishes the hearer with a religion without a cross. Bible conviction, which always follows the preaching of the law, is despised, and pleasant feelings are insisted on as an evidence of genuine repentance. John Wesley, in his journal, says he went six miles out of his usual route to visit a woman, who, he heard, had been convicted under simply preaching the Gospel, and he found it true; but adds that she was the only one he ever knew in England. In vol. i, page 317, of Wesley's Sermons, we read: "Their grand plea is this: That preaching the Gospel, that is, according to their judgment, the speaking of nothing but the sufferings and merits of Christ, answers all the ends of the law. But this we utterly deny. It does not answer the very first end of the law, viz.: the convincing men of sin; the awakening those who are still asleep on the brink of hell. There may have been here and there an exempt case. One in a thousand may have been awakened by the Gospel, but this is no general rule; the ordinary method of God, is to convict sinners by the law, and that *only*. The Gospel is not the means which God hath ordained; or which our Lord Himself used, for this end. We have no authority in Scripture for applying it thus, nor any ground to think it will prove effectual." In respect to Paul's treatment at Lystra, (Acts xiv, 15.) he puts these questions: "Do not you think, if you had been there, you could have preached much

better than he? I should not wonder if you thought too, that his preaching *so ill*, occasioned his being *so ill-treated*; and that his being *stoned* was a just judgment upon him for not *preaching Christ*."

It is a common objection that if you preach the Law, you drive people away from you. This may be so, but because Jesus preached very sharply, many of His disciples followed no more with him. The hated truth will drive them from His left hand to hell. To tone down on one issue is a virtual compromise with all. It is this class of Gospel-Law preachers who receive the least patronage. The love of money and ease has betrayed the Son of God into the hands of sinners a thousand times since the days of Judas. That preaching which consults tastes and prejudices, and flatters the rich, and communes with the dishonest, and fellowships Masonry, and with display of pride in any form, does emphatically deny, wound, and crucify Jesus Christ. Wherever you find this kind of religion, no difference under what ism or profession it may sail, it is the old leaven of Phariseism which nailed Jesus to the cross. It will still rob widows houses, and for pretense make long prayers.

—Oh, what a wonderful thing the eye of faith is; it sees beyond the stars, it pierces to the throne of God, and there it looks on the face of Jesus making intercession for us, whom having not seen we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Oh, if you would live thus, what sweet peace would fill your bosom. And how many droppings of the Spirit would come down on you in answer to the Saviour's prayer. Oh, how your face would shine like Stephen's; and the poor blind world would see that there is a joy which the world cannot give, and the world cannot take away—a heaven upon earth.

—After one is in God, the thoughts depend on the condition of the heart.

ONE DOMINANT AIM.

Dr. H. W. Warren gives us, through the *Christian Advocate*, occasionally one of his clean-cut, Grecian styled articles. In a recent article he pens the following red-hot paragraph:

"Every one should feel that he has some idea the world cannot get along without, and then burn like a bigot, and be fierce as a fanatic, till he has made all the world adopt it. Only let him take care that it shall be something large enough for him to serve it as a humble worshiper, and vital enough to live and grow wherever it is well planted."

They are grand words. And they have a magnificent application to that theme which is the broadest, brightest, warmest, most essential and most divine in the universe—positive, personal holiness.

It is to be feared that multitudes, even of the readers of the *Advocate*, will read that article with an intellectual zest, and then, in all their plenitude of consistency, turn right around and denounce the warm-hearted advocates of holiness for doing just what the article tells them to do.

There are maxims which all people think musical, and orators are fond of quoting them to grace their periods, and they are very pretty, until some practical man pins these glittering maxims down to their divinest applications, and then instantly these oratorical maxims lose their shining feathers, and become birds of evil omen. Have one dominant aim! Concentrate the army of your thoughts upon the centre of the foe! Fence all your fires into one volcanic blast, and you will burn a hole through history. Let a divine frenzy mass you round till your one specific task is done!

Well, I could say just such sentences all day long; my brain is full of them; they are as cheap as dirt. But how about the stern, unflinching application of this fine talk to the serious heart-work of to-day, and of eternity? If

you make a fine speech on invention, the crowd will applaud you, but you begin right there and then to invent something, and the same crowd will in ten minutes hiss or pelt you from the stand. You stand up before slave-masters and despots and talk beautifully of freedom, and they will smile upon you; but begin there and then to apply your oration to the freeing of their slaves, and they will shoot you dead on the spot. Stand in the Vatican at Rome, before the Pope and cardinals, and read a high-wrought essay on the grandeur and power of faith, and they will feel like rewarding you with a red-cap; but incarnate your essay into practical faith-salvation before their eyes, and instantly the tortures of hell are too soft for you. Go into the average pulpit and describe the splendors and fruits of holiness and all is well; but begin there and then to apply the "splendid generalities" and you are denounced as a fanatic by so-called Christian people. Read Dr. Warren's article, referred to, in some of our Preachers' Meetings, they will all say "well said;" but let some sanctified heart, which throbs with the genius of eternity, begin to apply the words by "burning like a bigot," for the purifying of the Church, and the very men who admired the article will pour their bitterest criticisms on the man who dares to give it an application. There are thousands of fine maxims and religious truths, which look as beautiful as angels' feathers dipped in gold, so long as they are afloat away up there in the blue-tinted atmosphere of the intellect; but as these words on the wing begin to pitch on positive applications, then they are targets for every envenomed arrow. Everybody admires God, provided you push Him far enough back in the closet of space. He must not intrude on the present circumstance. The Jews worshiped the Logos until He came down to the realities of flesh and blood.

The Church of England had a prayer-book in which was printed a perpetual

prayer for purity and holiness; but when the answer to that prayer blazed in confession from the mouths and lives of the Wesleys, then the very people who hugged the prayer-book, denounced and denied the practical answer to their own prayers. A theological professor exhorts the student to have one dominant aim, and make everything bend to it, and when one of those students gives a glowing testimony of full salvation, then the professor quietly cautions the student not to make a hobby of holiness. And so it turns out that the professor's fine lecture was only glittering, moon-beam words, and never meant for the rumbling thunder of downright application. People love the truth, only they despise the present tense application of it. Most anybody, even the heathen, will admire a sanctified man, if he has been dead long enough, and is snugly folded away in some poetical grave, where he can no longer be a "thorn to the church." Many ministers and church-members praise and magnify the holiness of the dear sainted dead, and in the very next breath bitterly criticise and deny the holiness of the sainted living. I met a man recently who is fond of preaching on the omnipotence of Christ; and yet when I told him of a man who was cleansed from the taste for alcohol, and told him how Christ had cleansed me from certain tendencies, he disputed the testimony; and after all his preaching about omnipotence, he did not believe in a present tense application; and so his Christ had only a dream-land omnipotence after all.

Lightning is a pretty thing as long as it dances on the ebony floor of heaven; but when it comes down to application and strikes, people object to it. And so the blood of the Lamb is a pretty, orthodox phrase as long as it serves only to color a sermonic peroration; but when it strikes and actually cleanses from all sin, then it is an offense.

"Every one should feel that he has some idea the world cannot get along without." Surely that "idea" is holi-

ness, for that is the dominant thought of God, and the universe could not survive without it. "Then let him burn like a bigot, and be fierce as a fanatic. Well, whoever dares to take that advice, and reduce that algebra to the equation of practice, must consent to step out from the rank and file of the nominal church and ministry, and walk comparatively alone with the martyr's God. It is the application that makes the truth perfect.—*Christian Standard and Home Journal*.

SIN IN KIND AND ACT.—But what then is there which is contrary to God, and hateful to Him? Nothing but sin. But what is sin? Mark this; sin is that the creature willesh otherwise than God willesh, and contrary to Him. Each of us may see this in himself; for he who willesh otherwise than I, or whose will is contrary to mine, is my foe; but he who willesh the same as I, is my friend, and I love him. It is ever so with God; and that is sin and contrary to God, and hateful and grievous to him. And he who willesh, speaketh or is silent, doeth or leaveth undone, otherwise than as I will is contrary to me, and an offence unto me. So it also is with God; when a man willesh otherwise than God, or contrary to God, whatever he doeth or leaveth undone, in short all that proceedeth from him, is contrary to God, and is sin. Whatsoever will, willesh otherwise than God, is against God's will. As Christ said, "He who is not with me is against me." Hereby may each man see plainly whether he be without sin and whether or not he be committing sin, and what sin is, and how sin ought to be atoned for, and whether it may be healed. And this contradiction to God's will is what we call, and is, disobedience. And therefore, the I, the self-will, sin or the old man, the turning aside or departing from God, do all mean one and the same thing.

—There is sin in a rebellious desire for what is denied.

THE COMMAND TO REPENT.

" . . . But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."—Acts xvii, 35.

When John the Baptist, that prince of preachers, burst upon the Jewish nation, his cry was, "Repent! repent! repent!" But after he saw Christ, he cried, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

When Christ commenced his ministry he said, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He sent out the seventy, two by two. He told them to preach repentance. On the day of Pentecost, Peter took up the wilderness cry and preached repentance. It is very clearly put in Scripture, that if people do not repent they cannot see the kingdom of God. If I should ask what repentance means, many would say it is feeling sorry when they have done anything very bad. It is something more than feeling bad. It is *turning right about face*, and forsaking sin.

"Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." That is repentance. Feeling sorry, and yet continuing in sin, is not repentance. If a man continues in sin, he cannot be accepted of God. God hates sin with a perfect hatred, and will punish it wherever He finds it; but at the same time He loves the sinner. Now, if a man has felt sorry because his sin has injured him, and is only sorry on that account, it is not true repentance. There is no turning to God in it. It is turning to remorse and despair. Look at King Saul, who fell from the highest pinnacle of greatness even lower than Cain. Look at King David who confessed his sin and God forgave him. So you will find all through the Scriptures, while men repented and turned to God they were forgiven. When the publican went up into the temple to pray and struck his breast and cried, "I am a sinner," God was merciful to him. Look at that prodigal. The father could not forgive him as long as he was leading the life

he was, but the *moment he changed his mind* and came back, the father received him gladly. The son would have despised his forgiveness if he had forgiven him while he was away in that far country. The fact was the boy was mad, and that is what the world is, and will not ask for mercy. We read in Scripture that God dealeth with us as with sons. Now, let me ask you fathers and mothers who have children at home, suppose you go home and find your boy has gone to your private drawer and stolen five dollars, and you say: "John, have you taken that money?" and he says: "Yes, I have, father." You talk to him, but do not want to forgive him except he is sorry and promises not to do it again. Suppose he continues doing it—you cannot forgive him. That is just the trouble with sinners today, they do not want God's forgiveness. God says, "Only acknowledge your iniquity, and I will heal your backsliding." A person told me the other day that only sin was between him and Christ. "It is your will" I said; "Christ has put away your sin, but your will will not let you acknowledge that you have sinned." Why, if we went to heaven unforgiven, there would be war there in twenty four hours. Look at King David with his son Absalom. His friends in Jerusalem wanted to get him back, and finally the King brought him back, but refused to see him. He tried to get Joab to intercede with the King to admit him to the palace, and sent a message to the King, saying, "If he find any iniquity in me, let him kill me." *The most foolish thing* King David ever did was to forgive that young man and bring him into the palace. What was the result? He drove him from the throne, and that is what every sinner would do with God if he could. Some men say: "I believe all men will get to heaven, whether they get forgiven or not." Look at those antediluvians. According to your theory they were so wicked that God would not let them

live on the earth, but swept them up into heaven, and left Noah, the only good man there was down here. The word of God is very plain on this subject. "Except a man repent he cannot see the kingdom of God." Suppose the Governor should be so tender towards murderers that he should let them go, and suppose he liberated all other prisoners, and said, "I cannot bear to have any men in prison," the very men who are now saying God is very merciful would say that that Governor should be impeached, as their lives would not be safe. I tell you the word of God is true. Except a man repent and turn to God, there is not one ray of hope. Let me say another thing: *Repentance is not fear*. We cannot scare men into the kingdom of God, and if we could, they would return to sin the moment their fright was over. Look at that vessel in a storm; the sailors were swearing and cursing; but the moment she threatens to go down, they are on their knees, like saints, until they safely reach the shore, and then they are as bad as ever. They are just like the man who said that, if the Lord got him out of a certain difficulty he would never call on Him again. How many sick men have promised ministers they would live a different life, yet as soon as they recovered from their illness, they were the same as before?

Can you say you have nothing to ask God's forgiveness for? Bear in mind the Scripture says, "He who breaks the law in one point is guilty of all. If I steal five dollars and another steals one hundred dollars, I am a thief as much as he is. My friends, if you do not repent and ask God's forgiveness, there is not one ray of hope for you from Genesis to Revelation. I get a dispatch to go to New York tonight, and go down to the depot and get on a train. My friend sees me, and asks, "Where are you going?" I tell him, and he at once tells me I am on the wrong train. I tell him I asked the railroad man. He tells me

the railroad man has told me wrong. At last he convinces me that I am on the wrong train, and I get down and take the right one. My friends, you are on the wrong train, should change trains at once. If you stay where you now are it will take you down to death and ruin. The moment you get your face turned towards God, you will get life and joy and peace, and everything good will follow in its train.—*Moody.*

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CLOSE QUESTIONS.—Your tempers. How are they? Do you become impatient under trial; fretful, when chided or crossed; angry, revengeful, when injured; vain, when flattered; proud, when prospered; complaining, when chastened; unbelieving, when seemingly forsaken; unkind, when neglected? Are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly? Covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indulgences, of honor, of ease? Are you unfeeling, contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasters, proud, lovers of your own selves? Beware! These are the sediments of the old nature! Nay, if they exist in you, in however small a degree, they demonstrate that the old man of sin is not dead. It will be a sad mistake if you detect these evils within and yet close your eyes to them and continue to make professions of holiness. These are not infirmities; they are indications of want of grace.—*Foster.*

—The hand of faith must be stretched forth to receive.

—The greatest and best men in the world must not think themselves above their Bibles. Daniel, though himself a great prophet, and one that was well acquainted with the visions of God, yet was a diligent student in the Scriptures. He was a great politician, and prime-minister of state to one of the greatest monarchs on earth, and yet could find both time and heart to converse with the word of God.

WORLDLY CONFORMITY.

The longing desire on the part of many professing Christians to conform to the ways of the world in these times is strikingly apparent. How such things could be, to Paul was not only an absurdity, but a flat contradiction. "How can we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" "For the law of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin." It seems to me that if we would spend half as much time in ascertaining how much of the grace of God we are heir to; as we do in trying to discover how much like the world we may be and yet be Christians; how much of the weight of sin we may take upon ourselves without being crushed; the result would be a grand victory for the cause. How about Church theatricals? Where is the Scripture for such service? How much can a Church be like a theatre, and yet not be a theatre? How many Christless performances in the house of the Lord Almighty are admissible, and yet the church sustain no loss? Imagine Paul making up a programme for a public entertainment, taking pattern after the world, seeking the favor of the ungodly, getting on the financial side of some wealthy backslider, and then hear him contradict himself. "For I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

A Christian is one who has the Spirit of Christ. His whole nature is reversed. He is a new creature, old things have passed away and all things have become new. He can no more enjoy a present salvation and live in sin than he can be omnipotent.

When the train stops, and the engine is reversed we travel in an entirely different direction; and he who is traveling to heaven is going in an entirely different direction from what he was, before he started.

If the religion of Christ does not effect a moral reformation in us it does nothing. The same God that said,

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord," said also that "he that would not forsake father, mother for me, is not worthy of me."

The young lawyer who ran to Christ would have been a Christian if he had the making of the standard of Christianity, and could have reserved the right of retaining a few acres of sinful treasures, and the privilege of taking a high rate of interest on his money.

Did Christ say, come back, young man, let us compromise; you can keep some of your "stuff," you can have a church theatrical once a year, teach, or allow your children to dance, and play games of chance, read novels and sensational newspapers, and pay fashionable visits on the Sabbath day? "I trow not." There was no compromise. "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven." I have noticed those Methodists who are so fond of contending for worldly amusements, are seldom or never found in the class-room. They do not sing

"I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

You seldom hear them tell of their fellowship with the Father; how the Spirit bears witness with their spirits that they are the children of God.

Fifty years ago the Methodists could be recognized by the clothes they wore. It was contrary to Scripture to "put on gold and costly apparel." Fifty years ago it was sinful to take drives, and go boat-riding on the Lord's day; now you may see them from the class-room window, dashing along in a fashionable turn-out, following the inclination of their carnal desires, searching in the muck-heaps for something to fill the void in the heart.

And when asked about their enjoyments—the first thing they will say is, that they do not believe in class-meetings; and the second is, that they do not believe in this instantaneous holiness; they believe it is a gradual work, and they are getting it in that way. Our hearts are often pained

when we are told by members of other churches that we take more diversions than any other church in the land.

Where is the remedy? What the church needed when the Wesleys entered the arena, it needs to-day, viz.: a *reformation!* The holiness movement is discarded by many as being the God-ordained agency to sift the church of its worldliness, and ungodliness. If this be so, where is it to come from? What unholy man or woman ever set on foot any great reformation? Look what a great fire has been kindled in the temperance reform. Deep down in the hearts of a few holy, consecrated women in Ohio, the spark was found, and behold what a mighty reformation has taken place. If the quickening of the church into new life, and spirituality is not to start at the foot of the cross, where will it start from? If John Knox would shake Scotland, he must wrestle, and lay hold on Christ. If John Wesley would revive the Church of England, he must be wholly the Lord's. If Moody would have power with the masses, he must make no compromise with sin. O for the good time to come when church members shall have enough of the love of God in their hearts to support the Gospel without their having to make God's house, a house of merchandise.

TEMPTATION.—It is easier for the bird to go by the net than to break the net; so it is easier for a man to avoid temptations than to overcome temptations.

—The mirth of heaven is thankfulness and praise. The mirth of heaven upon earth—that is, of the converted mind—is the same, even praise to our God. If, then, cheerfulness and thankfulness of mind, which will endure even amid all the gloominess of the death-bed, and the dark valley, and the awful insignia of judgment—if these be desirable gifts of mind, these form parts of the desirableness of conversion.

A WORLD ON FIRE.

The solar system is in the mighty hand of its great Master; nevertheless the world of men are in frequent, serious alarms for its safety. Skilled science shares in this alarm. The idea of a permanent, stable system is abandoned by scientists. Indeed it is only from scientific sources that this alarm originates. Never were the heavens scanned so closely, and all changes therein so carefully noted as now. The penetrating eye of the telescope, and the searching power of the spectro-scope are incessantly fastened on the stars. Away in the blue depths, stars are seen to vary, to come, and go; anon new stars flash out with startling brilliancy, and then mysteriously grow dim. Some that are just visible, suddenly blaze forth in an extraordinary manner, exhibiting every appearance of a fierce conflagration, and then presently resume their former dimness. Perhaps no changes in the wide firmament so puzzle and perturb science, as do these changeable and temporary stars. Of variable stars, there are said to be no less than one hundred and forty-six instances. From a speck in size, they will increase fifty and a hundred-fold; then diminish, or entirely go out; some of them very periodically and systematically, others seemingly without law. Astronomers look on them as huge bonfires,—the funeral piles of dead worlds. All is mystery!

But the temporary stars—where do they come from? What are they? The first ever catalogued was B.C. 134. Then in A. D. 389, in 945, 1264, 1572, 1604, 1670, 1848, 1866 others were seen. On November 24, 1876, the tenth of these strange stars was discovered. When first seen it was of the third magnitude, growing brighter every hour. In January, 1877, it was but a star of the eighth magnitude. The variable star of 1572 assumed such brilliancy that it could be seen by the naked eye in broad daylight. That of

1848 is now only one three-thousandth part as bright as in May of that year. That star of May 12, 1866, suddenly in two days flamed out from a star of the eighth magnitude to one of the second, having in that short time grown eight hundred fold brighter. It never changed its position; in a few weeks it took on its former dimness. What alarming and terrific changes must occur in these distant bodies! The spectro-scope showed "white hot hydrogen" in the face of this last-mentioned star. Hence all such stars are proved to be burning worlds.

But the fuel for such a quick and awful bonfire—what is it? Here is one of the darkest mysteries of the starry gulf. Men know not even what fuel feeds the ceaseless fires of our sun. But it is conjectured to be meteoric and cometary matter flung violently into it. Enormous quantities of hydrogen would be required to cause a star on fire to blaze up six hundred fold in forty-eight hours. One theory of variable stars is that some huge wandering comet is drawn in upon a central sun and swallowed up, causing it to blaze in gigantic flames. The thought is tremendous. What if a comet should, with electric speed, some day flash into our sun! It never yet has occurred to our knowledge. But the monster comet of February, 1843, grazed the solar surface, so near did it come. Its haste was fearful, its brilliancy great, its tail the longest on record. In a little less than two hours it went half way around the sun, moving at the awful velocity of 366 miles a second! Carbon, vapor and hydrogen are in the composition of comets, and the colliding of some one of these "wandering stars" with a distant sun, is the most probable cause of such blazing stars as the ten we have mentioned. The tremendous collision of a comet and sun would wrap the latter all in intenser flame. Says Professor Lewis Swift in a recent letter: "May not the same fate befall our sun? Increase its heat and light but twofold

and every creature on the earth would die; increase it eight hundredfold like the star of 1866, and a fulfillment of Peter's prophecy would be realized: 'The elements shall melt with fervent heat.' Thus do men's hearts fail them with fear, looking after these things sure to come on the earth. The predicted conflagration of our globe will come. Not to be in constant readiness is madness. In Christ only is there safety.—*D. T. Taylor.*

—Give me the eye which can see God in all; the hand which can serve God with all; and the heart which can bless him for all.

—The will must be offered up, not only as to place, but as to manner of service; and this is often the Isaac last laid on the altar.

—Do not fear the frown of the world. When a blind man comes against you in the street, you are not angry at him; you say, "He is blind, poor man, or he would not have hurt me." So you may say of the poor world, when they speak evil of Christians. They are blind.

—The pride of nature is wonderful. A natural man is proud of any thing. Proud of his person, although he did not make it; yet he prides himself upon his looks. Proud of his dress, although a block of wood might have the same cause for pride, if you would put the clothes on it. Proud of riches, as if there were some merit in having more gold than others. Proud of rank, as if there were some merit in having noble blood. Alas, pride flows in the veins; yet there is a pride more wonderful than that of nature—pride of grace. You would think a man never could be proud who had once seen himself lost; yet, alas, Scripture and experience show that a man may be proud of his measure of grace; proud of forgiveness; proud of humility; proud of knowing more of God than others. It was this that was springing up in Paul's heart when God sent him the thorn in the flesh.

"I CANNOT DO IT."

Frank Edwards, a young married man, employed in an English manufactory, was converted. His conversion was deep and genuine; it reached both to heart and life. The change was complete, and from being notoriously trifling and thoughtless, he became a proverb for cheerful gravity and serious deportment.

Very delightful was the first experience of that young man. A good workman, he enjoyed constant employment, with wages sufficient to procure the comforts of life. He had a thrifty wife, who was led to Jesus by his own influence. Their cottage was the house of prayer. Religion, plenty, health and contentment dwelt with them. Probably there was not another home in England more pleasant than that of the young, pious mechanic.

But piety is not an effectual shield to defend from trouble. It supports, gloriously supports, the sufferer; but his path to heaven is appointed to lead through "much tribulation."

It was thus with Frank Edwards and his happy family. In the midst of their prosperity, adversity looked in at their cottage door—poverty sat down at their table. Let us trace the cause of their trouble. One day a lucrative order came, and all hands were set to execute it with the utmost haste. The week was closing and the work was unfinished. On Saturday evening the overseer entered and said to the men:

"You must work all day to-morrow."

Frank instantly remembered the Fourth Commandment. He resolved to keep it, because he felt that his duty required him, under all circumstances, to refrain from labor on the Lord's Day. Offering an inward prayer to God, he respectfully addressed the overseer:

"Sir, to-morrow is Sunday."

"I know it, but our order must be executed."

"Will you excuse me, sir, from working on the Lord's Day?"

"No, Frank, I can't excuse any one. The company will give you double wages and you must work."

"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot work to-morrow."

"Why not, Mr. Edwards? You know our necessities, and we offer you a fair remuneration."

"Sir, it will be a sin against God, and no necessity is strong enough, no price high enough, to induce me to offend my Maker."

"I am not here to argue the morality of the question, Frank; you must either work to-morrow or be discharged."

"I cannot hesitate, sir, a moment; I have resolved to please God. Cost what earthly price it may, I will keep his commandments."

"Then, Mr. Edwards, if you will please step in the counting-room I will pay you what the company owes you, and you will then leave the establishment."

To say that Frank's heart did not shrink from this trial would be to deny his humanity; but his faith came to his help. Casting himself on God, he gathered up his tools and entered the counting-room.

The overseer was extremely unwilling to part with Frank, for he was a superior workman, and since his conversion had been the most trusty man in the employment of the company. He therefore addressed him very kindly while handing him his wages. "Mr. Edwards, had you not better reconsider your resolution? Remember, work is scarce; we pay you high wages, and it is not often we require you to labor on Sunday."

"Sir," replied Frank, "my mind is fixed; I will not work on the Sabbath if I have to starve."

"Very well, sir," was the cool reply of the overseer, who not being a Christian, could not appreciate the noble heroism of Frank's reply.

On reaching his humble cottage, the mechanic could not forbear a sigh, as the thought flitted across his mind that possibly he might soon lose his home

comforts. But the sigh was momentary. He remembered the promise of God, and grew calmly peaceful. Entering the house, he said to his wife: "Mary, I am discharged."

"Discharged, Frank! What has happened? O! what will become of us? Tell me why you are discharged?"

"Be calm, Mary! God will provide! I left the shop because I would not break the Lord's Day. They wanted me to work to-morrow, and because I refused, they discharged me."

Mary was silent. Her faith was not so strong as Frank's, nor was her character so decided. In her heart she thought, as thousands of fearful disciples would under similar circumstances, that her husband had gone too far. Though she said nothing, Frank read her thoughts and grieved over her want of faith.

Sweet was the hour of family prayer to Frank that evening; sweeter still was the secret devotion of the closet, and he never closed his eyes with more heavenly calmness of spirit than when he sank to sleep on that eventful evening.

The following week brought Frank's character to a severe test. All his friends condemned him; even some members of the church, said they thought he had gone beyond the strict requirements of duty. "It was well," they said, "to honor the Lord's Day; but then a man like Frank Edwards ought to look at the wants of his family, and not strain at a gnat, and perhaps be compelled to go to the poor-house."

This was dastardly language for professors; but there are always too many of this class of irresolute sight-walking disciples. Frank met them on all sides, and felt himself without sympathy. A few noble, enlightened Christians, however, admired and encouraged him. Frank held to his purpose with the spirit of a martyr.

The cloud grew darker. Through the influence of his former employers, who were vexed because he left them, the other companies refused to employ

him. Winter came on with its frosts and storms. His little stock of savings gradually disappeared. Poverty stared them in the face. Frank's watch, Mary's silver spoons, their best furniture, went to the auction-shop. They had to leave their pleasant cottage, and a small garret held the little afflicted family, and the slender remains of their cottage furniture.

Frank did not forget his devotion to God, but rejoiced in it. He had obeyed God, he said, and God would take care of him. Light would break out of darkness. All would yet be well. His fixed heart doubted not. The blacker the cloud, the more piercing grew the eye of his triumphant faith. With his Mary the case was different. Her faith was weak, and pressing her baby to her bosom she often wept and bent before the sweeping storm.

Winter passed away and Frank was still in the fiery furnace, rejoicing, however amidst the flames. Some friends offered him the means of emigrating to the United States. Here was a gleam of light. He rejoiced in it, and prepared to quit a place which refused him bread because he feared God.

Behold him, that martyr-mechanic, on board the emigrant ship. Her white sails catch the favoring breeze, and with a soul full of hope Frank looked toward this western world. A short, pleasant passage brought them to one of the Atlantic cities.

Here he soon found that his faith had not been misplaced. The first week of his arrival found him not merely employed, but filling the station of foreman in the establishment of some extensive machinists.

Prosperity now smiled on Frank, and Mary once more rejoiced in the possession of home comforts. They lived in a style far better and more comfortable than when in the English cottage. "Mary," Frank would often ask, pointing to their charming little parlor, "is it not best to obey God?"

Mary would only reply to this ques-

tion with smiles and tears; for everything around them said, "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud. Surely he shall not be moved forever."

But Frank's trials were not over. A similar claim for labor on the Lord's Day was made upon him in his new situation. An engine for a railroad or steamboat was broken and must be repaired.

"You must keep your men employed through to-morrow, Mr. Edwards, so that the engine may be finished by Monday morning," said the chief overseer.

"I cannot do it, sir; I cannot break the Lord's Day. I will work until midnight on Saturday and begin directly after midnight on Monday morning. God's holy time I will not touch."

"That won't do, Mr. Edwards. You must work your men through the Sabbath or the owners will dismiss you."

"Be it so," replied Frank. "I crossed the Atlantic because I would not work on Sunday. I will not do it here."

Monday came and the work was unfinished. Frank expected his discharge. While at work a gentleman inquired of him, "I wish you to go with me to —, to take charge of my establishment. Will you go?"

"I don't know," replied Frank. "If, as I expect, my present employers dismiss me, I will be glad to go. If they do not, I have no wish to leave."

"This is settled. They intend to dismiss you, and I know the reason. I honor you for it, and wish you to enter my establishment."

Here again our young mechanic saw the hand of God. His decision had again brought him into trial, and God had come to his aid. The new situation for which he had engaged was worth much more than the one he was to leave. God had kept his promise.

Frank removed to his new home with a character for decision which henceforth placed him above temptation of that nature. "It will be of

no use to ask him," was the reply of his employer, when desired to have Frank and his men do some repairs to a broken engine on the Sabbath. Frank's heart was fixed. He would "not be moved away," by any inducements, from "the hope of the Gospel."

Christian reader! what is your opinion of Frank Edwards? Was not his decision admirable? I wish we had many more such Christians in the church to-day.—*Rev. D. Wise.*

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.—Honesty in business is the best policy. The man who tricks and prevaricates, and drives sharp bargains, keeping within the line of the law, but going up often to the very edge of its permissions; taking advantage of the mistake and ignorance of others; commending his wares beyond their value as much by his manner as by any thing he says of them, and decoying men into purchases or into business engagements that they afterwards regret—is not at all a politic man. He plumes himself on his smartness, and men marvel at his luck; but a more thoroughly self-deceived and self-destroying knave does not exist. Men get to be as shy of him after a little, as a singed dog is of the grate. They will buy every where else before they buy of him. His business acquaintances cannot act with him in confidence; they are always, even unconsciously, apprehensive that the next spring of the steel-trap will catch their fingers. A general impression by and by gets into circulation, nobody knows how, that the man is not honest. It is an impression that he can no more grasp and overcome than he can expel the miasma from the air. It hovers about and attends him; goes with him when he goes abroad; breaks down his self-respect when he is at home, or meets his children at the school and the social circle; makes him look tricky when he is walking the streets. He had better give all his wealth, if that could buy out of men's minds this one impression.

TRIALS AND AFFLICTIONS.

Every one that gets to the throne must put his foot upon the thorn. The way to the crown is by the cross. We must taste the gall, if we are to taste the glory. If justified by faith, we must suffer tribulations also. When God brought Israel through the Red sea, he led them into the wilderness; so when God saves a soul he tries it. He never gives faith without trying it. The way to Zion is through the valley of Baca. You must go through the wilderness of Jordan, if you are to come to the Land of Promise. Some believers are much surprised when they are called to suffer. They thought they would do some great thing for God; but all that God permits them to do is to suffer. Go round to every one in glory; every one has a different story; yet every one has a tale of suffering. One was persecuted in his family, by his friends and companions; another was visited by sore pains and humbling disease, or neglected by the world; another was bereaved of children; another had all these afflictions meeting in one—deep called unto deep. But mark, all are brought out of them. It was a dark cloud, but it passed away; the water was deep, but they have reached the other side. Not one of them blames God for the road he led them; "Salvation" is their only cry. Is there any one of you, dear children of God, murmuring at your lot? Do not sin against God. This is the way God leads all his redeemed ones. You must have a palm as well as a white robe. No pain, no palm; no cross, no crown; no thorn, no throne; no gall, no glory. Learn to glory in tribulations also. "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

—*M^r Cheyne.*

—Sin is the most useless thing in the universe. God will destroy it.

FREEDOM FROM SIN.

It may be said, "The Gospel covenant does not promise entire freedom from sin." What do you mean by the word sin? those numberless weaknesses and follies sometimes (improperly) termed sins of infirmity? If you mean only this, we shall not put off these but with our bodies. But if you mean, "It does not promise entire freedom from sin, in its proper sense, or from committing sin," that is by no means true, unless the Scripture be false; for thus it is written: "Who-soever is born of God doth not commit sin;" (unless he lose the Spirit of adoption, if not finally, yet for a while, as did this child of God;) "for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." He cannot sin so long as "he keepeth himself;" for then "that wicked one toucheth him not."—1 Jno. iii, 9; v, 18.

We see, then, how to judge of that other assertion, [often made] "that the mercy of God to His sons in Christ Jesus extends to all infirmities, follies, and sins; multiplied relapses not excepted." We grant, many of the children of God find mercy, notwithstanding multiplied relapses; but though it is possible a man may be a child of God who is not fully freed from sin, it does not follow that freedom from sin is impossible; or, that it is not to be expected by all; for it is promised. It is described by the Holy Ghost as the common privilege of all; and "God will be mindful" (O let us be so!) "of his covenant and promise which he hath made to a thousand generations."

This caution is necessary to be remembered, that ye who are weak be not offended. Neither be ye offended, when ye hear the wisdom of the world pronounce all this mere enthusiasm; a hard word, which most of those who are fondest of it, no more understand than they do Arabic. Ask, in the spirit of meekness, him who calls it so, "Is the kingdom of God set up in your soul? Do you feel that peace of God

which passeth all understanding? Do you rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? Is the love of God shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in you? If not, you are no judge of these matters. You cannot discern the things of the Spirit of God. They are enthusiasm, madness, foolishness to you; for they are spiritually discerned."

Ask such a one, (but with meekness and love), "Are you taught of God? Do you know that He abideth in you? Have you the revelation of the Holy Ghost?" (they are the words of our own Church) "inspiring into you the true meaning of Scripture? If you have not, with all your human science and worldly wisdom, you know nothing yet as you ought to know. Whatever you are in other respects, as to the things of God, you are an unlearned and ignorant man. And if you are unstable too, you will wrest these, as you do also the other Scriptures to your own destruction."

Be not then surprised, ye that wait for peace, and joy, and love, through faith in the blood of Jesus, that such judges as these are continually crying out, "Enthusiasm!" if you speak of the inward operations of the Holy Spirit. And as to you who have already peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who now feel His love shed abroad in your hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto you; with whose spirit the Spirit of God beareth witness that ye are the sons of God; it is your part to confirm your love toward them, in all lowliness and meekness; (for who is it that maketh thee to differ? Or what hast thou, which thou hast not received?) and to plead earnestly for them at the throne of grace, that the day star may appear in their hearts also, and the Sun of Righteousness at length arise upon them, with healing in his wings!—*John Wesley.*

—There is in sin a rebellious desire for what is denied.

CROSSING THE SEA.

BY HATTIE A. W. REQUA.

"Twas a sea of sorrow he led me o'er,
Lone and weird, and wildered, and
strange;
Far, far over from shore to shore,
With many a shadow and change.

The storm beat wild on the troubled sea,
And clouds were black as the night;
And, in the darkness, I scarce could see
The ship with its pinnons white.

But safe and calm in the heart of the ship
I waited the dawning of day;
For I knew when light in the east should
break,
The storm-clouds would pass away.

And I trusted the pilot, so true and strong,
And so wonderful his skill;
I knew that the waves would not beat too
long,
He could calm them all at his will.

The storm beat wilder, the mad waves
sprung
Far over the vessel's side;
Then anguish and terror about me hung;
For I heard not the voice of my Guide.

Thrilled with a wildering grief I flew
Where he stood at the helm, and cried:
"And carest thou not that I perish now?
For the ship fills fast with the tide."

Strongly I felt the arms of his might
Folded o'er my trembling form.
"Peace!" he said, to my troubled heart;
But he said it not to the storm.

The terror, the fear, the dread were gone—
The heart-ache had passed away—
And calm as a babe on its mother's arm,
In his nail-pierced hands I lay.

The storm still beat o'er the plunging
ship;
I heard its thunder and saw its foam;
But no cry of terror rose now to my lip,
For I knew we could not go down.

At last came a glimmer of light o'er head—
A pearly and peaceful ray;
But I know not now if joy or dread
Woke first to welcome the day.

So deep was the peace on my spirit laid
The night was more fair than the morn;
And in the darkness no longer afraid,
I had learned to love the storm.

But the morn had broken, its radiant light
Lay over our track before,
And the tried, true ship with its pennons
white,
Reefed sail at the emerald shore.

FOR ONE IN DOUBT.

Still, O Lord, for Thee I tarry,
Full of sorrows, sins, and wants:
Thee and all Thy saints I weary
With my sad but vain complaints:
Sawn asunder by temptation,
Tortured by distracting care,
Killed by doubt's severe vexation,
Sorer evil than despair.

Will the fight be never over?
Will the balance never turn?
Still 'twixt life and death I hover,
Bear what is not to be borne.
Who can bear a wounded spirit?
Whither must my spirit go?
Shall I heaven or hell inherit?
Let me die my doom to know.

All in vain for death I languish;
Death from his pursuer flies:
Still I feel the gnawing anguish,
Feel the worm that never dies.
Still in horrid expectation
Like the damned in hell I groan,
Envy them their swift damnation,
Fearful to enhance my own.

Jesus, see Thy fallen creature!
Fallen at Thy feet I lie!
Act according to Thy nature,
Bid the sinner live or die.
Of my pain fill up the measure,
If Thou canst no more forgive:
If Thou in my life hast pleasure,
Speak, and now my soul shall live.

EDITORIAL.

DESPAIR NOT.

We have received letters from different persons who have backslidden from God, and now feel that there is no mercy for them. They pray, but the heavens seem as brass over their heads.

The better way is not to backslide. It is an easy thing to get away from God. The boys sliding down hill have no difficulty in reaching the bottom. It requires weary steps to get back to the top.

Your condition is even more deplorable than you think. But it is not hopeless. If it were, you would be indifferent. But the despair that you feel shows that there is hope in your case. Where there is pain there is a prospect of recovery; but the loss of sensibility is the precursor of death. Those for whom there is no mercy, want no mercy. They are hardened. They belong to the class which the Apostle describes as those, *Who being past feeling have given themselves over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness.*—Eph. iv, 19. *They give heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron.*—1 Tim. iv, 1, 2.

Dr. Alexander expresses the same sentiment:

"There is a line by us unseen
That crosses every path—
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man, as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

Indeed the doomed one's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.

He feels, perchance, that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell—
Not only doomed, but damned."

This is not your case, for you desire to be a Christian. Cherish that desire. Act promptly up to your convictions. The passages to which Satan refers you so often—for he can quote Scripture to you as well as he did to the Saviour—do not apply to your case. We will give you their true meaning. "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."—Heb. vi, 4-6.

1. Stronger terms are nowhere used in the New Testament to denote those who have been truly converted to God. This passage refers then to those who once enjoyed saving grace.

2. The word *παραπεσοντας*—would be more correctly rendered—and have fallen away, or apostatized. That it does not refer to those who have simply backslidden in the ordinary sense—that is, have committed sin, however grievous, is evident from the words, *Seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh*. That is, they claim that Christ was an impostor—that the Jews did right in crucifying him. As Dr. Adam Clarke forcibly says, "No man believing in the Lord Jesus as the great sacrifice for sin, and acknowledging Christianity as the divine revelation is here intended; though he may have unfortunately backslidden from any degree of the salvation of God. They belong to apostates from Christianity—to such as reject the whole Christian system, and its author, the Lord Jesus."

Again, For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation which

shall devour the adversaries."—Heb. x, 26, 27. That this refers to the same class is evident from the 29th verse, in which the person referred to is said to have trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing. The expression, *there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins*, implies that they rejected Christ entirely as the sacrifice for their sins. Having done this, they have no sacrifice. They must be punished without mercy.

So then, beloveds, these terrible passages are not for you. Notwithstanding all your wanderings, you still believe in Jesus. You long for his salvation. Then come to Him freely. He will receive you. These drawings that you feel are from the Father. These aspirations for a better life are from above. *And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*—Rev. xxii, 17.

All that stands in the way is your will. Then be irresolute no longer. Come to Christ now. Come just as you are. Make a humble, specific confession to Him of all your wanderings. Where you have, in any way, wronged your fellow-men, confess to them and make all the restitution in your power. Be decided. Be in earnest. WILL to take of the water of life and you will find a way.

WORK GETS WORK.

We once knew a young physician who went into a country place to establish himself in business. He was no sooner settled than he started out at once to ride over the territory in which he wished to practice. Every day found him in his saddle riding fast, as if sent for in haste. The people seeing the young doctor continually going, concluded he must be popular and, as they had occasion, they employed him. As he was a young man of real ability and devoted to his profession he soon had a lucrative practice. A man who is doing a job of work is much more

likely to get a job than he who is standing idle. So let one whose heart is given to God go to work for God as he has opportunity and opportunities will increase. Money gets money and work gets work. Spurgeon, the great English preacher, says:

"I was about sixteen years old when I was baptized, and the very night I was converted I prayed at the prayer-meeting. It was the first time I opened my mouth in any way for Christ. Then I sought out a district where I could go and distribute tracts, and very soon I got a very nice diocese. There was nobody looked after it except me, and I was about sixteen years old. They used to tell me all their troubles and I very soon found my hands full. I had to do all sorts of things. As soon as you begin your work, you have to work more. I was asked to go and teach in the Sunday-school; then I had to address the children. They then arranged that I should constantly address them, every Sunday. By-and-by the adults came in and I had more people to hear me in the afternoon than the minister had in the morning. So it kept on growing, on, and on, and on from one thing to another. There are some of our young fellows who want to put their legs on the top of the ladder at once. But, believe me step by step is the only way to climb."

DEDICATION.

AT RANSOMVILLE, Niagara Co., N. Y., we assisted at dedication services the 29th of July. The house is 32 by 48—with a room for social meetings in the rear. It is ceiled over head—under the roof. It is in all respects the most pleasant, convenient, well-arranged, substantially-built church edifice of the size we ever saw. It cost \$2,300. Sheds cost \$300. The balance needed to complete payment for the whole—\$800, was pledged at the dedication. Much is due to the good taste and indefatigable labors of the pastor, Rev. Wm. Jackson. The services were largely attended, and much of God's presence was realized among the people.

AFFLICTED.—Our beloved brother and sister Stoutenberg, of Binghamton, are in deep affliction. We never saw a more healthy, vigorous family of children than theirs. A few years since, the oldest son, a fine young man of uncommon vigor, took sick and died. Now two other promising sons have sickened and died. Willie E. died the 7th of July, aged fourteen years and one month. The 13th of July another—Irvine C., aged seven years and three months—was called away. We know how to sympathize with the afflicted, and we know that in such sad hours none but God can comfort. May His grace in all its fullness rest upon our brother and sister.

UNION.—There is a union that is of God; there is also a union that is not of God. We should sacrifice much for unity; but we may sacrifice too much. We should be united with the holy; but God's word forbids us to be united with the wicked. When, in order to maintain union, we are obliged to suppress important truths of the Gospel; or to bear no testimony against plain violations of God's commands, we pay too great a price for unity. It is not worth the cost. Besides such union is wrong. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?"

We notice that at a large camp-meeting recently held, two preachers were appointed to conduct special services for the promotion of the highest degree of Christian experience. One of these preachers is a strong believer in the Holy Ghost to save both soul and body. The other denies the existence of the Holy Ghost, and is a materialist of the strongest kind!

DOING GOOD.—Are you trying to do good? Do you aim at it? Christ has gone to Heaven to represent you before the throne. He keeps you on Earth to represent Him among men. He does all He can for you; are you doing all you can for Him? When here on earth he scattered blessings wherever he went. Are you doing the same? Does your religion

change your object of living, your plans of life, your spirit, your conversation. Do you live to do good? If so you must do all for the sake of Christ.

It makes a great difference in the appearance of actions whether they are seen through friendly or envious eyes. Some very harmless objects look like hideous monsters under the microscope.

CHILI SEMINARY.—The next term is to commence on Tuesday, the 4th of September next. The faculty is substantially the same as last year. If you wish your children to enjoy a thorough training, under a strong religious influence, where they are not exposed to the contagion of pride and extravagance, send them here. The terms are as low as they can be made. For particulars address the principal, B. H. Roberts, North Chili, Monroe Co., N.Y.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LOVE FEAST.

W. R. WILLIAMS.—The Lord is all and in all to me. All I have is on the altar for God. I like the old paths—the plain way to glory. I was taught when young that those who put on the fashion of the world and neglected to kneel in church, had backslid from the Lord.

J. P. SHATTUCK.—I want to say to the glory of God, that he is giving us souls and blessing his people. I baptized seven last Sabbath, and organized a class of five—all heads of families. Souls are being saved this summer. Bless the Lord. My soul is filled with love to God and his cause. I enjoy the blessing of a clean heart.

ARTHUR MILLINGTON.—I well remember when God filled my soul with the Holy Ghost and power. Glory! It was during the camp-meeting in 1865, when I received the holy ordinance of baptism. Glory! It was joy unspeakable and full of glory. To-day I am in the narrow way.