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THE BURIED TALENT.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

If there is anything which this age especially needs it is a general religious awakening among professing Christians. Faith, instead of being used to obtain strength to obey God, is often considered a substitute for obedience to God. But where is the passage of Scripture which teaches that a faith will take a man to Heaven which leaves him upon the earth as proud and worldly, and covetous as ever? There is not a text in the Bible that teaches any such thing. To gain Heaven, we must strive for Heaven. To win the prize, we must run for the prize. Read our Lord's parable of the talents—Mat. xxv, 14–30. Notice what the unprofitable servant did. He never betrayed his trust by squandering the money intrusted to his care. He did not come out in style and make a great display of wealth with other people's money. He was not dishonest, as men estimate dishonesty. He took it easy. He was discouraged. He thought he had a hard master to please, and so he would do nothing. Of those who bury their talents must be classed—

1. Those who do not improve upon

their grace. They were the strongest when first converted. They had a faith and zeal which now appear to them almost fanatical. Instead of going forward, they have gone back. There is no talent equal in value to the grace of God. There is none more easily improved. *For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance.*—Mat. xviii, 12. He who goes to work as God directs, will find his grace increasing as it is used. The bread which the disciples divided among the multitude, multiplied as fast as it was divided. As you share your spiritual blessings with others, the part remaining to you will be greater than what you had before your distribution. The axioms of grace are the opposite of the axioms of mathematics. A part is greater than the whole. It was so with the widow's meal as she shared it with the prophet. It is so with every one converted to God who urges his joyous experience upon the acceptance of his friends. *There is that which scattereth and yet increaseth,* is as true of grace as it is of gold.

God never intended that any one should stop with conversion. As this grace is used, the necessity for more grace is felt. He who walks in the light will be led by the light on to full salvation. He who habitually con-

quers sin will want deliverance from it. Anything which we really hate we will not keep with us longer than is necessary. He that *loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity*, will be extremely desirous to be delivered from the one, and to be filled with the other.

If you are cleansed from all sin, you should still press on, *perfecting holiness in the fear of God*. Grace but increases our capacity for grace. The most learned learn the most easily. The greatest saints are the greatest pleaders at the throne of grace. Grace is a talent then, which must be improved. The talent which this idle man had was just as genuine as that which was given to the industrious. So he who backslides may have received the grace of God just as truly as he who becomes a saint. In the kingdom of grace, as in worldly matters, there is everything in holding on. If you allow worldly cares or indulgence of the appetites, or pride, or indolence to keep you from growing in grace, then are you burying your talent.

2. Those who do not use their physical and their intellectual strength in doing good, to God's glory.

Physical strength is a talent. To build up the kingdom of Christ, there is much rough work to be done. The Gospel must be carried to those who are too indifferent to come to hear the Gospel. Garrets and cellars must be visited; the poor and the vicious sought out, and the offers of mercy be affectionately pressed home to them. Heathen lands must be explored; and the battle with idolatry fought out upon its native soil. Some must go, and others who remain at home must provide these with food and raiment and

books and every needed assistance as they engage in this conflict. So all the physical strength that God gives to his people can be used to advantage. If you cannot carry the Gospel to those who do not have it, you can earn money and send those who can. If you work for others, you can, for Christ's sake, be so diligent and so faithful that you will bring glory to Christ.

Intellectual strength is a talent. There is a difference in men by nature. But study and effort lessens this difference. There are but few who use their intellectual strength for Christ as they should. How many, who if baptized with heavenly fire, could wield, by pen and tongue, a mighty influence for God, are doing nothing, except perhaps complaining of those who, without their ability, are doing the best they can. These are burying their talent. Such are to be found in almost every church in the land. It is utterly astonishing what talent is developed by a baptism of God's love that sets the heart all in a flame. "Where," said a minister to us at a camp-meeting we were holding in a region where the churches were very cold, "where did you get so many talented women? I never saw so many talented women together before in my life." The fact was they were simply waked up so that their talents were used for God. Every where are those who, because they have not received five or ten talents, are burying the talent which God gave them.

3. Those who do not use their money for God. Money is a talent. How little of it is used where it is needed. Probably full two-thirds of all the money paid out for church edifices is worse

than thrown away. It answers no purpose; but to gratify pride. Yet how difficult it is to get rich men to give their money for a plain church, where every dollar is put to good purpose! To get one dollar for God, you must take two others with it to be used to draw souls away from God!

Many professing Christians not only neglect to use their money for God while they live, but make provision so that when they die it shall go to those who do not need it, and to whom it will prove a positive injury. Thus talent which might do much good in various ways, is buried. This is as true too of those who have but one talent of gold as of those who have ten.

You who are burying your talent look at the consequences in the light of Scripture. In these days of effeminacy, it is regarded as a trivial offense. For what little you do—and that perhaps what any well-disposed person could do without religion, you are highly commended. You pay your pew rent, and listen to your preacher, but what are you actually doing for the salvation of souls? You sing—

"Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas."

Yet how you resent it if a faithful man of God endeavors to get you to leave, for the field of battle, your bed of ease! If you would belong to God you must espouse His cause with unflinching courage. Simple neglect exposes to His wrath. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord

against the mighty."—Judges v, 23. Yet they had done nothing, only staid at home. It is on this point that the eyes of professed Christians need to be opened, and their consciences aroused. Do you not know that doing nothing will land the soul in hell? The men in a boat in Niagara needed not to ply an oar; all they had to do was to sit still and the current bore them with increasing speed to destruction. The current of wordliness is swifter than Niagara and ends in eternal destruction. You must shake off this indolent spirit or you will be undone forever. How can you bury your talent, and yet escape the fate of the unprofitable servant? You cannot. Escape will be impossible. Then arouse and go to work if you would not hear the dreadful words: *And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.*—Mat. xxv, 30.

—Be thankful for past mercies, before you plead for new favors; this is the way to plead successfully; he that offereth praise glorifieth God.

—When Christ rises from his throne and pours the Spirit down, then the weakest means are infinitely mighty. The word does not come "in word only." The jawbone of an ass was a very weak sword to kill men with; and yet, in the hand of Samson, it was mighty. He slew a thousand men with it. A sling and a stone was a very weak weapon to oppose an armed giant; and yet when David slung the stone, it sank into the forehead of the giant, and he fell upon his face to the earth. Oh, pray that the sling and the stone may be in the hand of our glorious David—that the word may sink into the hard hearts of the people—that even giants in sin may be brought down to the very dust.—*McCheyne.*

GOD'S WAYS.

BY REV. S. K. J. CHESBRO.

"As for God, his way is perfect."—Ps. xviii, 30.

The Psalmist, not only had a rich, but a varied experience in the things of God. Called, while yet a youth, "from the sheepcote, from following the sheep to be ruler over God's people, over Israel," he soon had to meet opposition, and that kind that arises from jealousy and envy. King by right, and by divine appointment, yet seven years alternating between war and peace—between kingly favor and kingly hate and malice; invitations to the royal board, then "hunted as a partridge upon the mountains, and chased as a flea or a dog"—elapsed before he was crowned King of Judah. Seven years more passed amid wars with those who contested his right to the government before we behold him the only accredited ruler of God's people. The forty years that David reigned were crowned with an experience unlike anything the world had ever seen before, or perhaps since. Loved and honored by his subjects; blessed of God in all his undertakings; then suddenly a dark pall is thrown over this wonderful character, and he stands condemned by God and man as an adulterer and murderer.

Then follows in quick succession the death of the child; the family feud, in which a daughter is ruined, a son murdered, and another son becomes a fugitive from justice; the recall, the rebellion, the flight from the throne, the death of Absalom, all forming a grand and awful climax of judgment and punishment, tempered with mercy.

"By mercy and truth iniquity is purged." David comes forth from all these reverses, as silver from the furnace—purified, chastened, and humbled. God smiles upon him, the glory of his latter days exceed the former. He dies beloved by his subjects, and with the promise of the covenant-keeping God that he should never want a

man to sit upon his throne. How appropriate then, in view of the facts, the language quoted, "As for God, his way is perfect." "God's ways are unsearchable, past finding out." We cannot, by searching, find out the Almighty to perfection. As the heavens are high above the earth, so are his ways. Because we cannot comprehend them, they are none the less perfect. To finite minds, his purposes toward man are slowly developed. We see dimly. We know but in-part. "He giveth not account of any of his matters," yet are they none the less perfect because we do not see the end from the beginning, nor clearly apprehend the reason why.

"God's train of providences move slowly but always on schedule time." He is not slack concerning his promises as some men count slackness. With him one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Over four thousand years intervened between the promise in the garden and the time when Jesus said, "Father, the hour is come." God's promises include all that intervenes between the making and the fulfilment. Fifteen years of the trial of faith were passed by Abraham before Isaac was born. God's way was perfect. Centuries were to come and go; years of trial, affliction, cruel bondage, from the time it was said, "Unto thy seed will I give the land;" and the day when the "schedule time" arrived, when it was said, "Even the selfsame day it came to pass that all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt." Abraham saw what befell Lot. Isaac spent years of sorrow on account of Jacob's conduct. Jacob saw the wickedness of his sons, mourned for his Joseph and received him as from the dead. Joseph dies in the midst of prosperity. A king arises that knew not Joseph or his brethren. Cruel bondage ensues; and for two hundred years they sigh and weep on account of their hardships. God's purposes were ripening. Men murmured, complained, and cursed

God; but in his own time and in his own way deliverance came. Not by flight, but by his mighty hand and outstretched arm, he delivered his people. Glory to God!

Years of trial and deep affliction may intervene between the day when God imparts to us the gift of eternal life and the hour when the waters shall be divided; but rest assured he will lead us in a right way, and we shall see clearly that, as for God, his way is perfect. God's ancient people prayed for the destruction of the fiery serpents. He answered prayer; but in his own way. The serpents were permitted to bite; but an effectual remedy was provided without money and without price. Paul after being caught up into the third heaven, had a thorn in the flesh given him. He prayed for deliverance. His prayer was heard, and answered; the thorn remained, but grace sufficient was promised. Hear him exclaim, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Just as he was about to die, he writes to Timothy, "I have kept the faith." His testimony is also, "As for God, his way is perfect." No matter by what routes God may see fit to lead his children, the train of deliverance and needed help will always move on schedule time.

Behold Job, apparently deserted by both God and man, sitting in the ashes, a spectacle both to angels and men, a mystery to Satan; yet not forgotten by Him whose ways are perfect.

The train arrives. His latter glory is greater than the former; for a small moment he was forsaken, but with great mercies did God gather him.

Elijah goes from his retreat to find the widow who was commanded to feed him. At the gate of Zarephath a widow comes out to gather sticks to kindle her last fire, and to cook her last meal; just then the "train arrives." As he reaches the city, the widow was there. Not "a widow," but THE widow God had spoken of. To both,

this was a deliverance. Elijah finds a home; the widow, a supply to her needs until God sends plenty to all around.

To send a minister to board with a widow whose "wood-pile" consisted of two sticks, and her pantry with just enough for two meals and two to feed, may seem strange to man; but *God's way is perfect*. O! ye who are troubled at the dealings of God with you, and are often led to say, why hath God dealt so with me? Do not judge the Lord by feeble sense. God is faithful to his promises. We have our part to do, viz.: keep in the path of duty. Turn neither to the right hand; nor to the left. Submit unconditionally to God and then we can claim his promises as ours. Like the negro—"Fall flat upon them and look up." "In the day of the east wind he will stay his rough wind." They will not come together to destroy. Somewhere on the route of duty God will meet us. All our *needs* will be supplied through riches in Christ Jesus.

O Lord, down deep in our hearts may the everlasting doxology of heaven be so firmly implanted, that our lips shall ever say, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty: just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

—God judges by the disposition, more than by the acts: "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted."

—His word shall not return to him void. But you say, Alas, I see no marks of grace. Go to the dough when the leaven has been thrust in, and it is covered up. Do you see any marks of leavening? No, not one. Still the work is going on beneath. So it may be in your child. Go to the field when the seed has been covered in. Do you see any marks of growing? No, not a green speck. Still the work is going on. Turn up the clod, and you will see the seed sprouting. Have patience; weary not in well doing. Be constant in prayer.—*McCheyne*.

NEITHER COLD NOR HOT.

It may be useful, in dependence on the Holy Spirit, to say a few earnest words to a class of persons who are not, perhaps, addressed so distinctly or so frequently as others; namely, those who rank themselves among the people of God, but whose aim, whose tone of piety, and whose spiritual attainments are so low, that it is difficult to distinguish their right to this holy title.

With a humble desire to lead them to self-examination, to an elevation of their sentiments, and an ennobling of their minds, we wish to endeavor, *first*, to show what God requires of us, by a consideration of the language and tenor of his word; *secondly*, to discover the reason why so many seem unobservant of these requirements: and then, *thirdly*, to find the remedy.

I. *What does the word of God require of Christians?* In the book of God the Christian's course is described in the strongest terms; as a race, a conflict, a wrestling, a fight, a conquest, a "following fully," a "giving all diligence," a "more earnest heed," a "building up," a "going on unto perfection," a "praying in the Spirit, living in the Spirit, walking in the Spirit;" a "being dead to sin," a life "hid with Christ in God;" "affections set on things above," a "flesh crucified," a "world crucified," a glorying only "in the cross." There is no excuse for spiritual poverty, for "God is able to make all grace abound toward you," and to "give all sufficiency always in all things." The "all" of God's written word is very remarkable. In Colossians, chap. 1, there are written thirteen "alls;" including "all wisdom," "all pleasing," "all might," "all patience," "all fullness;" and all these, if we are Christ's, shall be ours.

There is no sanction for lukewarmness in Scripture; it is written, "fervent in spirit;" and those who are neither cold nor hot God will spew out of his mouth. How awful!—because the Laodiceans were "neither cold nor

hot," but lukewarm! And because the inhabitants of Meroz came not to the help of the Lord, (Judges v, 23,) "curse ye them bitterly," saith the Lord, because they were lukewarm, negative, did not gather with him; therefore the Lord did curse them bitterly. O! we have need to shudder, if ours be this lukewarm, sluggard spirit, standing still, not coming up to the help of the Lord.

There is another main feature of the real believer portrayed in Scripture, which, it is to be feared, is grievously overlooked, and this is growth. Where there is life there should be growth. Every emblem and expression in Scripture referring to the life of God in the soul of man involves growth and progress as inseparable consequences. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear;" the "babe," the "child," the "young man," the "fathers and mothers in Israel;" the "little leaven" which spreads and leavens the whole lump; the "grain of mustard seed," smallest of all seeds, growing up and becoming a tree for birds to lodge in; smoke bursting into a flame, consuming the dross. The epistles teem with "growing," "increasing," "abounding," "fruits multiplying more and more," "faith that groweth exceedingly," "perfecting holiness, and being filled with the Spirit of God."

Must we not, then, stand in doubt whether there can be life at all in religious professors in whom there is no visible growth? Year after year the same pleasure in paltry, perishing things, the same preference of their temporal over their spiritual interests, or of the pursuits of science and taste to self-denying work in the Lord's vineyard! The same unprofitable conversation, the same inconsistencies of conduct, the same absence of unction in their tone and spirit, the same acknowledgement of coming short, with no hearty effort to get nearer, and the same insensibility to their danger! Where is the deep conviction of sin,

mourning for sin, groaning, being burdened by sin, the "O wretched man that I am!" the poignant sorrow, the cry of anguish, the godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto salvation? Where the "carefulness," wrought by painful experience, and shown by separation from an ungodly world, the "indignation" at themselves, "the vehement desire" after holiness, the "zeal," the "revenge?" Where is the deep humiliation of soul, accounting themselves "chief of sinners?" and where are the rivers of water running down their eyes because men keep not God's law, the sighing and crying for the abominations of iniquity, and the head of "waters" and "eyes and fountains of tears" to weep "day and night" for the sins of our land? O, do not all come fearfully short in these things?

It is not wise to measure ourselves by ourselves, or with those who, like ourselves, may be false to their principles and their professions, sluggard in soul and stunted in stature; but to compare ourselves with the holy precepts and examples given by the finger of God for our guidance, is wise; and we would therefore contemplate two of "the fruits of the Spirit," of which that Spirit treats, as a test of character.

Love, sweet, holy, happy love, comes first. See this grace in its constraining power: Mary at the feet of Jesus, sitteth there to hear his word, anointing his head with ointment, and so loving that she cannot leave him. Paul says, "the love of Christ constraineth us" to live henceforth not unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us. The disciples left all to follow Jesus: perhaps it may be thought they had not much to leave—a few boats and nets: but they went forth to suffer reproach, persecution, and death, and Paul left his scholastic lore, and his daily comforts, and counted "all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus."

Look, Christian professors, at this grace as it abounds to the children of God, and see if ye too abound in love.

Have you done all when you have let an annual gift to some society go from your purse? Is this the measure of a Christian's love to souls? Is it such a love as will very gladly spend and be spent—though the more abundantly ye love, the less ye be loved; that travails in birth for souls until Christ be formed in them; "affectionately desirous," and gentle, "even as a nurse cherisheth her children;" (1 Thess. ii, 7, 8:) willing, like the apostles and evangelists, to have imparted not the Gospel of God only, but also their own souls, because their converts were dear to them? Is it such a love as would lead the professor to yearn, and long, and weep, and pray day and night, and cease not? If such a spirit becomes the minister of Christ especially, it is not his sole prerogative; the women also labored with the apostle in the gospel; (Phil. iv, 3:) and Priscilla and Aquila laid down their own necks for his life; (Romans xvi, 4:) and the Macedonians—"in a great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy, and their deep poverty, abounded unto the riches of their liberality."—2 Cor. viii, 2.

Joy is another fruit. But if the signs of life are undeveloped, it is vain to look for the symptoms of health, which would be grace in exercise, the spiritual appetite, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, panting after God as the hart after the water-brooks, the soul breaking from the longing it hath to his commandments at all times. These are all characteristics of "men of like passions with ourselves;" for we have not attempted to set forth that example which is especially given for our imitation, that we should walk in his steps, even in those of our blessed Lord himself. We have not spoken of his love—his heights of holiness and depths of humility, the length of his forbearance and compassion, and the immeasurable breadth of his redeeming love. Here we should indeed be lost; but even if you compare the light in you with the bright glowing flame that burned in the hearts of God's people of

old, you will surely be ready to fear lest that light be darkness. Survey yourselves in the unerring mirror of God's word, and you will see yourselves grievously defective in the features of the family of which you call yourselves children.

II. *Why is this so?*

And in reply, we may say that it is because you do not consult the mirror as you should; you do not read your Bible with prayer, and therefore you do not read it with profit; you read to satisfy the conscience, and not to feed the soul. The root of the whole evil probably is that you do not love communion with God: your prayers are the offspring of fear rather than of affection, a duty more than a pleasure. You are, it may be, content, as you think, to avail yourselves of Christ's salvation, without studying how to show your gratitude for his saving grace; willing to appropriate the benefit of his work while wanting in love to his person. O! be sure that if you were in the habitual exercise of near and dear communion with Jesus, you could not live as you do; your laggard souls would get wings, and mount up as eagles; your faces would shine, like Moses's, at times, and your souls would become a sweet savor of Christ.

III. *What, then, is the remedy?*

It is true faith in Christ, and a living communion with the Father of your spirits through the Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ. O friends, be ashamed of such a selfish, sordid religion as you think will just save you; tremble lest it be just too little. "Faith worketh by love;" if you have no love at work, fear lest yours be not a living faith.

Seek, then, to have your hearts brought into close and blessed fellowship with Christ by the Spirit; to have your happiest time that which is spent with him in secret, while the Spirit makes to your soul fresh discoveries of his grace and beauty, displaying his love to you, and drawing your love out after him.

When this is your happy experience,

when from the deepest self-abasement springs up the highest exultation in the Saviour, this is "an unction from the Holy One"—testifying, "He that believeth on the Son hath the witness in himself:" for then does the Spirit "witness with our spirit" that we are the children of God. O friends, follow after these great and gracious things! Be ashamed to creep when you might fly—to grovel in the mire when you might soar in a spiritual atmosphere; be ashamed of your spiritual poverty, when there are for you in Christ "unsearchable riches,"—to stint your soul to such meagre fare, when you are bidden to "let the word of Christ dwell in you richly," and the Spirit's royal mandate is, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" For the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, let your "love in the Spirit" be declared, (Col. i, 8;) for when there is more of this close walking in private, there will be less inconsistent walking before men. The people of God would not be found among the mixed multitude in such "strange places;" the "putting on of apparel" would come less in collision with "putting on the Lord Jesus Christ," and being "clothed with humility," and ornamented with "a meek and quiet spirit;" and "the fashion of this world" would in all things lose its baneful supremacy.

Whatever unfits the mind for close communion with God, must be given up, and will be given up from choice; for nothing can compensate for the realized presence of God in the soul when once it has been tasted there. Neither must we engage in anything on which we cannot distinctly ask and expect the blessing of God, fearing to do anything that we are not sure is for his glory. O beloveds, we would warn, we would entreat you, come close and live close to Christ; give yourselves to prayer and to feeding upon the word: pray in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit. Thus the love of the Spirit will be more and more made known to you; your Saviour

will be honored, your Father in heaven glorified, and neither angels above nor saints on earth will longer "stand in doubt of you;" but the eternal Spirit will bear record in you and of you, that you are children of God.

FAMILIARITY.—We must have charity toward all; but familiarity with all is not expedient. Sometimes it turns out, that a person unknown to us is much esteemed of, from the good report given him by others; whose presence, notwithstanding, is not grateful to the eyes of the beholders. We think sometimes to please others by our company, and we rather distaste them with those bad qualities which they discover in us.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—The Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander wrote to a friend: "As I grow older as a parent, my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons and even ministers. The door at which those influences enter, which counter-vail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is, yielding to the ways of good society. By dress, books and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone light house. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise a little, but decidedly above the par of the religious world around us. Surely the way in which we commonly go on is not the way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offence of the cross ceased. Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us.

Y GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

One day, in the year 1714, there was a considerable stir in "The Bell" inn at Gloucester. The women from the country, who, with their baskets of eggs and vegetables, turned into the Bell for a little refreshment, whispered together solemnly; the servant-girls ran about looking flushed and excited; the page-boy, having no one to look after him, played tricks at his leisure in the pantry.

Was some guest expected? Yes, a guest was expected, but a guest for whom neither the big bed in the best room nor the oak-wainscoted parlor were prepared; only a basket filled with trim little snowy garments, and a warm place in a mother's heart.

That day the cry of a newly born infant was heard in the Bell, but as there was nothing unusually eloquent or expressive in the sound, and as there was certainly nothing connected with the pulpit in the surroundings of the hostess-mother, not the most lively imagination in all the street ever dreamt that this child, whose voice was now for the first time audible upon earth, would be one of the greatest preachers that ever spoke to a Christian congregation.

There was not anything peculiarly thoughtful or studious about the childhood of George Whitefield; he was only a bright, intelligent little lad, who was always ready for activity of either mind or body.

It may, however, reasonably be supposed that the glorious Protestant memories connected with his native city worked quietly upon him, and had something to do with shaping his future opinions. These streets were trodden by the feet of Tyndal as he meditated on the English translation of the Bible. In this square, Hooper bore at the stake a good testimony to the Reformed Faith, turning his funeral pyre into a lamp that lights England still. At the door of that cathedral, good old Bishop Miles Smith stood and protested against the Romish practices of Laud, the dean, saying that he would never cross again

the sacred threshold unless the signs of popery were swept from the building. We may well believe that stories like these, hanging, as it were, in the very atmosphere of the town in which his early years were spent, often wove themselves into the fancies, and painted themselves in clear pictures before the thoughts, of a boy of lively intellect, such as was George Whitefield.

Whitefield was educated at the Gloucester grammar school, where he acquired a considerable degree of both classical and general knowledge. The chief way, however, in which he distinguished himself at school, was by his declamation. The most difficult piece of poetry on field days of display before parents and relatives, the address from the school to the head master on his birth day, the longest speech when the boys held a mimic parliament on any subject, were all entrusted to young Whitefield, and spoken by him with the applause and wonder both of his teachers and his companions. There was a grace in his action, a subtle power in his voice, which seemed as much born in him as song in a young nightingale. In after years, Whitefield often attributed his self-possession, when speaking before vast multitudes, to the practice which he had had in his school-days.

At fifteen, Whitefield left school. Things had gone badly with the hostess of "The Bell," and she could afford no money to give her son a fair start in life. There was nothing better for him to do than to become a general servant in the inn.

His duties were now common-place and uninteresting enough; but young Whitefield did them with his might. He had not, as the saying goes, an idle bone in his body; whatever his work might be, it was an absolute necessity of his nature that he should do, it with earnestness and energy.

Besides, his religious convictions were already beginning to be singularly clear and strong for a youth of his age, and already he was growing to understand that the only answer of peace

to the mystery of human existence, about which skeptics were writing and cynics were laughing so much in his day, was to be found in the Life and Death of which the Gospels told. He therefore took his humble position at the Bell cheerfully, as the sphere of action that God had appointed him for a season.

It was, however, only for a season. Perhaps through his school companions, perhaps through old frequenters of "The Bell," George Whitefield had made several rich, kindly friends, who saw that such a youth was being thrown away in his present situation. They resolved to enable him to go on with the cultivation of his mind, and before long, by their help, he found himself at Pembroke College, Oxford.

Here he made a friendship which deepened yet more the religious tone of his whole nature. John Wesley was then in Oxford, waking up the spiritual life of the old city; Whitefield heard, and was struck by his preaching, and made with him an acquaintance which soon ripened into an intimacy. Though in after years they differed in certain points of doctrine, Wesley and Whitefield never ceased to be friends, and to see each in the other a mighty soldier of Christ.

From this time forward, George Whitefield's vocation in life was fixed. One, and but one, should be his work—he would lead men and women to heaven.

The doctrine of the Atonement now became the whole joy and comfort of his spirit. All the time he could spare from study while at Oxford was spent in works of mercy. He visited the prison, and shook with his words the stronghold of sin in the heart of many a criminal. He knelt by sick-beds in dark garrets where this world's sunshine came seldom, and gospel light never. He took little children in his arms, and put them into the Saviour's arms.

When he left Oxford, the fame of his good deeds went before him to Gloucester, and Bishop Benson offered, in

consideration of his high character, to ordain him at twenty-two. At that age, therefore, he entered the ministry, and preached his first sermon in a Gloucester church, among his own townsmen. Even on this early occasion he is said to have charmed his congregation.

He now took the curacy of the little village of Dummer in Hampshire. He tried to do his duty well there, but an out-of-the-way country parish was not at all the place for George Whitefield. He wanted a larger sphere of action; the very energy of his nature required it. In a short time, therefore, he gave up Dummer.

Wesley now asked him to go with him to America, to visit a colony of his own followers who had settled in Georgia. To this Whitefield agreed, and crossed the Atlantic for the first time. In America he preached with considerable success, and helped to found near the town of Savannah an orphanage, on which, throughout his whole life of crowded work, he always kept a father's eye.

On his return to England, Whitefield was ordained priest. It was now that his real warfare with evil, a warfare that lasted as long as he breathed upon earth, began in good earnest.

One day, as he was taking a walk near Bristol, he saw a number of colliers standing idly about, probably in their dinner-hour. They were rough men, with coarse coats and coarser minds. It struck Whitefield that these were people who would never come into church or chapel to look for Gospel truth, but that, nevertheless, Gospel truth might be brought out into the fields to them. He therefore mounted a little green knoll near at hand, and began to preach.

The result exceeded his expectations. The colliers listened first wonderingly, but very soon attentively. Then tears began to flow down grimy cheeks, and the precious dew of prayer was on many a lip that had long been parched by the malignant breath of sin. Whitefield thanked God that night, and was

encouraged to make further efforts in the same direction.

Before long he went to London, and began there his ministry. But both the Church and the Dissenters, with the exception of the little band that followed Wesley, were sunk in a sleep which seems almost incredible to us, living as we do in the midst of the unwearying work, the active charity, which, to the glory of the nineteenth century be it spoken, now characterize the ministers of every denomination of English Christians. Whitefield, with his burning earnestness, which would not let him be for half an hour without doing something for his Master, seemed to his brethren a mischievous agitator, and scarcely a man among them would admit him to his pulpit.

Being thus driven from temples made with hands, Whitefield went out into the fields, and took the green earth and the blue sky for his church. Not a whole phalanx of divines could keep the population of London, from the lord to the street-beggar, from flocking to him. Out they all streamed to hear and see this great, new preacher who had risen up among them.

Let us try for a moment to sketch a picture of one of these vast open-air meetings. Though not far from the great city, it is a quiet country place enough in general, where leaves whisper and streams murmur; but to-day it is as full of human life as a town thoroughfare.

In that long line of ponderous coaches drawn up yonder sit the ladies of title. How proudly their jewels flash in the sunshine! With what languid dignity they throw themselves back on their cushions, and spread out their stiff brocade skirts, as though they were protesting against the injury done to their own greatness by coming here at all; and yet their ladyships cannot, any more than other daughters of Eve, resist the curiosity which drives them out to hear the famous preacher.

This carriage has a much lighter and more jaunty air than the heavy coaches

of the nobility. What a fluttering there is here of many-tinted feathers, what a sparkling of bright eyes, what a twirling of fans, what a brisk exchange of airy repartee between these pretty women and the gentlemen who crowd around their carriage door! These are the actresses from the great theatres, who are come to see if the preacher can outshine the stage hero of last night.

Here is a little knot of gentlemen who were but yesterday at King George's court. Some are still sitting gracefully on their glossy, highly groomed horses, some are leaning against the trees with an air of elegant indifference, as though they were come hither merely to comply with a whim of fashion.

A little apart from the rest of this group are two men, who are distinguished from the others by their haughty superiority of bearing. Their eyes flash with satiric fun, and keen sarcasms leap from their lips as they glance toward their less intellectually gifted companions: their delicate, jeweled hands, round which the lace ruffles fold so softly, play lightly with the gilded hilts of their rapiers; every now and then their heads bow in stately homage to some highly favored lady in the carriages.

We start as we hear these two men's names; they are Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. What! Bolingbroke, the fastidious free thinker, and Chesterfield, the man whose Bible is a book of rules of court etiquette, listening to the innkeeper's son! Yes, for that spell of the highest truth which sounds from Whitefield's lips has fallen even upon them, at least for a season. They have been to hear him before, and somehow they cannot choose but come to hear him again.

This man, who now saunters up to join the assembly, is of a different type from the gentlemen of the court. His brow is knit; at intervals he murmurs some word to himself as if he wished not to forget it; something like a proof-sheet is peeping out of his pocket.

People stare at him, half through curiosity, half with wonder, as though they were surprised to see him here. David Hume has, in truth, not much time to spare from his History, but he cannot deny himself such an intellectual treat as listening to Whitefield.

In and out among the well-dressed many, there moves a crowd of people who wear neither silk nor velvet. There is the artisan, with his wife and children, who have come out here chiefly for the sake of the fresh, sweet, country air; there are the city clerk and his sweet-heart, doing a little flirting to while away the time; there is the poor needle-woman, whose pale face has such a wistful look, that we fancy her heart must be beginning dimly to guess that if she could grasp the meaning of the great preacher's words, it might possibly bring into her life even more warmth and coloring than there is in the dresses she stitches for the grand ladies.

Suddenly the murmur of voices which has been running through the vast assembly is hushed. The duchesses and countesses incline their heads a quarter of an inch forward; the fans of the actresses flutter; the mass of the people make a little rush, all in the same direction. Every eye is fixed on a man who is ascending slowly a green bank near at hand.

At first sight, there is nothing very remarkable in his appearance. His figure is tall and spare, his dress is homely; when he turns towards the audience we see that he squints, and he has no especial beauty of feature.

But the moment he begins to speak his face is forgotten in his voice. How does it thrill with holy passion as he tells of his dear Lord; how does it ring with stern indignation against sin, and yet how does it melt with tenderness over the sinner! It is so clear that it is heard at the further end of the wide assembly; and yet so sweet that music is the only word that can give an idea of its tones. His face, too, and his figure have changed since we last

looked at him. Meaning has come into every movement of his hand; each feature answers to the theme upon his lips, as does the lake to the lights and shadows in the sky above; his form seems to have grown majestic, and to be like that of the desert preacher, or of him who cried against Nineveh.

When he speaks of heaven, we almost believe that he has been there; when he tells of the Saviour's love and suffering, it seems to us that he must have walked with Peter and John at His side; when he tells a story by way of illustration, as he often does, the description is so vivid that we listen breathlessly, as though we really saw the scene he paints with our bodily eyes.

For two hours the tide of eloquence flows on unceasingly, and still the listening crowd remains enthralled. Different signs of emotion appear among them. The daughters of the people stand with clasped hands, looking up at the preacher as though he were an angel bringing them the good tidings which are the especial birth-right of the toil-worn and weary; the actresses sob and faint; the great ladies actually sit upright to listen.

The sterner sex, too, are affected in their own way. The hard faces of the mechanics work with unwonted feeling; the brow of Hume grows smooth; even Chesterfield, who hitherto has stood like a statue of one of his own ancestors, so far forgets himself, when the preacher, in a lively parable, is describing a blind beggar on the edge of a precipice, as to start forward and murmur, "O save him, save him!"

No wonder they are thus moved, for the preacher himself sets them the example. Sometimes his voice trembles so much in his intense earnestness, that he can scarcely go on; sometimes he even weeps.

At length the sermon ends in a grand wave of heaven-aspiring prayer; then the crowd disperses: some to spend the night at a masquerade or at the gaming-table, some to criticise, some to for-

get, some to keep the good seed silently in their hearts.

In a short sketch like the present, it is impossible to follow, in detail, all the changes of Whitefield's varied career. Now he was riding along a muddy country road, bringing the Gospel to some remote Welsh town; now he was back again in London, preaching thirteen sermons a week; now he was tossing on the Atlantic on his way to America, where his ministry always met with especial success. Sometimes he was preaching in a green Devonshire meadow, and sometimes on a purple Scotch heath.

In one of his journeyings he stopped at Abergavenny, where he made acquaintance with, and married his wife, whose name was James. It may have been that this lady was dazzled by his fame, and so, in order that she might attain to being the great preacher's bride, simulated many graces of heart and mind that she did not really possess; it may have been that he was captivated by the mere outward charms of her person; but be this as it may, one thing is certain, and this is, that she was by no means worthy of the high position which it was for any woman to be George Whitefield's wife. She was no comfort to him, no helper. The marriage was a childless one, and death, after some years, dissolved the union.

Whitefield had many ladies, some of high rank, among his closest, personal friends. Indeed, wherever he went, women generally crowded around him; they felt that the cause he advocated has been, in all time, the cause of womanhood; they understood that those delicate sensibilities which Whitefield possessed in common with all men of genius, made him appreciate all that is best in woman's nature.

Like all God's most favored servants who have lived upon earth, George Whitefield had his faults. He was often too hasty in judgment; his language in controversy was often unwarrantably violent; his burning zeal often

led him into extremes. No one was more conscious of his own shortcomings than Whitefield himself; indeed, a simple and deep humility was one of the most marked points in his character.

We have no great book left us by Whitefield, in which we may now know and love him. His only printed remains are his letters, which are chiefly interesting as giving a glimpse into his inner nature, and a volume of his sermons, which are unsatisfactory from having been taken down as he preached them, by unpractised reporters, and having never been revised by himself.

Whitefield was the most disinterested of men. Money was often pressed upon him by his admirers, but he would never accept it. His habits were simple and inexpensive, and corresponded to his manners, which were very unassuming; he walked through the world no long-robed Pharisee.

George Whitefield stayed fifty-six years on earth before he was called from work to rest in Heaven. When we consider what an incessant exertion of every power of mind and body his life was, we are almost inclined to wonder that he lived so long.

His death was characteristic. One day, when in New Hampshire, in America, he was going to preach in Newburyport, some one met him and asked him to come and deliver a sermon at a place called Exeter. Though feeling ill at the time, he at once consented; for when did George Whitefield ever refuse to bring the Gospel message to those who asked for it? The sermon at Exeter lasted, as did most of his sermons, a good deal beyond an hour, and he arrived at Newburyport that evening almost worn out.

At the house where he was to sleep, he was met by a little band of his most intimate friends in the town. With these, though weary, he sat up late in loving converse, and is said even to have lingered on the stairs on his way to his room, exhorting them till the candle burned down in his hand.

It was the last time his voice was ever raised to cheer and to warn. That night he was seized by a fit of spasmodic asthma, and before the morning broke, George Whitefield heard the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Alice King.*

CARRYING THEIR OWN BRIMSTONE.—After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man, stepped up to me, and said in a canting voice:

"Bishop, do you belive in a hell?"

I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?"

"Yes," said he.

"Well," said I, "the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this wilful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room, and said:

"'Aunt, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more. Ef dar is any hell I jest wants to know where dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place; dat's 'zactly what I would like to know."

"The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and with a tear on her cheek, said:

"'Ah, honey darlin', you look out you don't go dare, for you'll find dey all takes dere own brimstone wid um."

I then said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?"

"No," said he.

And he went home, I hope with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone" even in this world.—*Bishop Whipple.*

MUSIC AND CHOIRS.

BY MRS. H. E. HAYDEN.

Ever since I commenced to preach the Gospel, it has been a source of great grief to me, that God's ministers do not agree on points of doctrine and modes of worship. Will the Lord hasten the day when the "Watchmen shall see eye to eye," on the walls of Zion?

The question arises in my mind, is instrumental music and choir singing taught in the New Testament? After searching closely, I find they are not mentioned at all; but singing by the whole church is. It is written, "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—Col. iii. 16. How can we *teach and admonish one another in spiritual songs* when a thundering organ prevents us from understanding each other?

Instrumental music drowns the words, so that not only the church, but sinners cannot understand the hymns sung. Paul, in writing to the Ephesians, says: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."—Eph. v. 19. Now I understand by this text, that I am to make melody with my tongue, and not with my fingers.

Again it is written, "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—1 Cor. xiv. 15. St. Paul does not say, "Let the choir sing;" but he says, "*I will sing*." Jesus gives the same testimony: "In the midst of the church will I sing praise unto thee."—Heb. ii. 12. Jesus and St. Paul praised God for themselves in song. So it should be in every church. Every member should sing God's praise for himself. If the singing is given up into the hands of a choir composed of sinners, there is no worship about it; it is mockery in the sight of God. "Is any merry? let

him sing psalms."—Jas. v. 13. Not let him joke and make fun as some of our modern Christians do; but let him manifest the joyousness of his heart by praising God in song.

I am told by those that are in favor of music in a church, that they have music in heaven. Yes, I know they do; and they have gold in heaven too—so plenty that the streets are paved with it. Yet I am forbidden to wear it while I dwell on the earth. Such an argument has no force whatever when brought to bear upon the things of time.

Again I am told that David and Solomon had their choirs and music. Yes; the old Jewish church had choirs and music: but that is no sign we should have them under the Gospel dispensation. I take it for granted, that Jesus, by precept and example, has told us how to worship God. If choirs and music are so necessary to the prosperity of the church, as some would have us suppose, Jesus or his Apostles would certainly have set us the example by introducing them into the primitive church. Jesus instituted water baptism and the Lord's Supper. He has taught us to preach, pray, and sing; but not a word or an example with regard to music or choirs.

Reader, do you know who introduced the first organ into the church? It was a Roman Catholic Pope. Jesus said, "Follow me;" that is, do as he did when on earth. Now the question for us to answer is, shall we follow the Jews and the Pope of Rome? or shall we follow Jesus in all the simplicity of spiritual worship, as he has set us an example?

When John Wesley was questioned in reference to music in his chapels, he replied: "I have no objections to organs in our chapels, providing they are neither seen nor heard." We that profess to be followers of John Wesley, ought to be careful to step in his tracks. It does not speak well for a church when they become wiser than their teachers.

Let it be forever remembered that the inspiration of music, is not the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Some Christians say we ought to have music in church to call the people in. If we are filled with the Spirit, and the mighty power of God rolls over us in our meetings, the people will come out to hear the Gospel, there is no danger about that. What we need is a Pentecost every little while. It might not be amiss for me to tell my experience in reference to choirs and music.

All my early education was in favor of them. Most of the time, for seven years, I sat in a Presbyterian choir, and sang with a costly organ. After I was converted, I was in favor of them until I was sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost. After I was filled with the Spirit and called to the ministry, I asked the Lord to give me a love for everything that he loved, and a hatred for everything that he disapproved of, so that I might understand how to order his work. Ever since that time, I have had an exceeding dislike for choirs and music in church. For many years past I have been almost invariably blessed when all the congregation join in singing; but I have never once been blessed in church when there was a choir or music. One thing I know; if God was pleased with music or choirs, he certainly would have blessed me as much as once in all these years past under such a performance. But this is the way he has taken to teach me his will concerning this matter. Sometimes brethren tell me that I am prejudiced; but that is impossible; for all my education and prejudices are on the other side. If God had not changed my mind, by the leadings of his Spirit, I should never have been opposed to the fashionable way of conducting church services on the Sabbath. An organ in church seems more like a great block in my way; but when all the congregation sing, the atmosphere seems so clear, so pure, so sweet, and so heavenly. It is too much like a

theatre for a few in the choir to do the singing, while the rest of the congregation listen and look on. Even if the choir are all Christians, they are strongly tempted to sing to please the ears of the people, instead of "Singing with grace, and making melody in their hearts to the Lord." We ought to desire to sing so as to impress the people with the solemn truths that are embodied in our hymns.

I once belonged to a church where all the members were sanctified. Of course we had congregational singing. Sister Hudson was an aged member of that church. She always sang in the Spirit. In other words, the Lord always blessed her while she sang. I often listened to the sound of her weak, broken voice; for, to me, there was such music in it. It is not the beautiful tones we want so much, as the Holy Ghost in the singing. Some say Mr. Moody has an organ in his meetings, and they consider that a finishing argument. But let me tell you, Mr. Moody has not obtained the blessing of holiness until within a few months past, so I am informed. His preaching has been mainly upon the point of justification. His great work has been to save sinners, and not to lead believers on to the "high way of holiness."

If I had been called to preach while in a justified state, I should have said, like many others, a church cannot be run without a choir and music; but I have learned that a church can run much faster without them than with them. They are clogs and weights always. I like music in its place; and if it is of any use to Christians, it should serve as a pastime at home.

One brother said to me, whatever is right at home is right in church. But that argument is altogether too weak. Our children may play at home, and we set tables and eat and drink, etc.; but these things could form no part of divine worship.

Many of our popular churches of our land appear to worship their music more than they worship their God.

Where is there a man that is more successful than John Wesley, and he depended upon the Holy Ghost instead of music.

♦♦♦

WORK FOR CHRIST.—There is no joy like that of winning souls for Christ. I thought when I was converted that that was great joy, but oh, the bliss of saving others! There is no joy in the world like that. The luxury of winning a soul to Christ, the luxury of being used by God in building up his kingdom, the luxury of hearing the young convert testify of what God has done for him! And to think that God condescends to use us. Why, what a condescension that he gives us the privilege of leading men out of darkness into light! Some one has said he does not believe that there is an angel in heaven that would not, if he could, leave his position and come into this world, that he might have the privilege of working for Christ. Suppose an angel could wing his way from this place to the infinite world, and make the statement to God the Father, that there is just one solitary child in Boston, shoeless and hatless, his mother, maybe, dead; and his father, perhaps, a drunkard; the poor boy wandering in the streets of Boston, with no kind friend to lead him to Christ, and God called from his great white throne in heaven, and God asked if there is an angel in heaven that would be willing to leave his home and come down into this city and live here fifty years to save that soul; do you believe there would be an angel left in heaven in three minutes? Even Gabriel, from his high place, would say: "Let me go; let me leave this lofty position, and have the privilege of leading this child to Christ." And yet the church is folding its arms, and Christians are saying, "Don't send me. Let the ministers do it, or the stewards, or the deacons; but don't send us." May God give you courage. Go forward and consecrate yourselves to his service and he will stand by you.—*Moody.*

A BIBLE STUDY.*

CHARACTERISTIC DIFFERENCES OF THE TWO DISPENSATIONS.

BY REV. E. P. M.

Much laborious study was formerly expended in constructing "Harmonies of the Gospels." More recently much study has been directed to the discovery of "Characteristic Differences" in the four biographies of Christ, which reveal the reason for four Gospels instead of one, and which display the "various characters" of Christ in a more real and interesting light.

Just so the essential sameness of the Mosaic and Christian Dispensations was the great theme of Bible scholars. Now we see the importance of discovering and understanding certain characteristic differences.

This is important in order that we may not apply to one dispensation, a precept, promise or prophecy, which belongs exclusively to the other.

We must not put new wine into old bottles, nor old wine into new bottles. 2 Tim. ii, 15.

It is not claimed that one dispensation does not bear in any degree the characteristics of the other. They overlap and interlace each other, but still the peculiar characteristics of each stand out conspicuously.

For example, the afflictions detailed in the eleventh of Hebrews, under the old dispensation, and the wealth and honor of Joseph and Nicodemus under the new, do not contradict the great principle that worldly wealth, honor and prosperity are promised to obedience under the old dispensation, and that exactly the reverse may be expected under the new.

"Clarke's Faithful Promises," in which are gathered all the most important promises of the Bible, makes no discrimination between the dispensations. Thus many a believer is led astray.

*Compiled in part from "The Truth," of St. Louis, edited by Rev. J. H. Brookes.

Although David in a long life, had "never seen the seed of the righteous begging bread," we all see it in a short life.

Although the Jew who "honored the Lord" by the most liberal offerings might expect the best crops and the most rapid accumulations, the effort of pastors to prove to their congregations now, that "the more they give away the faster they will get rich," generally proves a failure.

Let all who are patient and diligent study the following:

1. In general, the calling of the Jew was earthly; that of the Christian is heavenly. That of the Jew was material; that of the Christian, spiritual. One was of a national and the other of an individual character. The one dealt almost entirely with temporal motives, and the other deals chiefly with eternal. Bishop Warbuton, in his "Divine Legation," the great work of his life, even endeavors to prove that the Hebrews had no knowledge whatever of a future life.

The earthly and materialistic character of the old dispensation is manifest in the following passages:

Gen. xiii, 14-17; Ex. xxxii, 13; Deut. xi, 8-9; Deut. xxviii, 1-12; 1 Kings iii, 13; 1 Kings viii, 22-53; 1 Chron. xxxii, 27; Ps. cxii, 3.

Now turn to the New Testament and learn the heavenly and spiritual character of the new dispensation;

Eph. i, 3; Heb. iii, 1; Heb. x, 34; 1 Pet. i, 4; Luke vi, 20-22; Matt. xix, 23; Acts xix, 22; 2 Tim. iii, 12; Rom. viii, 17; Jno. xvii, 16; Mark x, 29.

2. The Jew was commanded to take the sword and destroy his enemies.

The Christian is commanded to put up his sword and love his enemies.

Num. x, 9; Num. xxiii, 51-54; Deut. vii, 2; Josh. vi, 21; 1 Sam. xv, 17-33; Ps. cxxxvii, 8-9.

Compare Matt. v, 44 and xxvi, 52; 2 Cor. x, 4; Eph. vi, 12; Col. iii, 12-13; 1 Pet. xi, 21-23.

3. The Jew might go to law with his

brother and avenge personal injuries. The Christian is forbidden to do either.

Ex. xxi, 24-34; Num. xxxi, 12; Dent xix, 12; Josh. x, 13.

See also the Imprecatory Psalms.

Compare Matt. v. 38-41 and vi, 15 and xviii, 21-22; Acts viii, 60; Rom. xii, 17-19; Eph. iv, 32; 1 Pet. iii, 9; 1 Cor. vi, 1-7.

4. The Jew was commanded to give one-tenth to the worship of God, but the Christian consecrates all and uses freely as much as he can with a free will.

Lev. xxvii, 30-32; Num. xviii, 26. Compare, Luke vii, 50; Luke xii, 33; Rom. xii, 1; 2 Cor. v, 14-15 and ix, 7; 1 Tim. vi, 17-18; Heb. xiii, 15-16.

5. Under the old dispensation men were frequently and universally admonished of death, and exhorted to prepare for it. Under the new, they are just as frequently and universally admonished of "The coming of the Lord," and exhorted to prepare for it.

The New Testament contains not more than two or three admonitions of death:

Gen. iii, 19; Ecc. viii, 8; Job, xvi, 5; Ecc. ix, 10; Job i, 21 and xiv, 1-2; 2 Kings xx, 1; Ps. xxxix 4, 13.

Compare Luke xix, 13 and xii, 35-40; Matt xxi, 26-27; Matt. xxiv, 46-51 and Matt. xxv; 1 Thess. ii, 10 and iv, 13-18 and v, 23; 1 Jno. iii, 2-3; 1 Pet. i, 7; Phil. iii, 20-21; 2 Pet. iii, 3-14; 2 Tim. iv, 7-8; Titus ii, 11-13; Rev. ii, 13 and xxii, 20.

6. The Jew had a particular place of worship and a laborious process of approaching God by an earthly priesthood. The Christian may meet God in any place, and have fellowship with Him like the Jewish priest in the Holy of Holies.

Ex. xxx, 22; Josh. xxii, 11-12; 2 Kings, xxiii, 22; 2 Chron. vi, 38.

Compare Matt. xxiii, 20; Jno. iv, 23-24; Acts x, 28; Rom. ii, 11; 1 Pet. ii, 4-9; Rev. i, 6.

7. The Jew was said to be "under law," and the Christian is fully "under grace."

Deut. xxi, 18-21; Deut. xxviii, 15-20.

Compare Luke xv, 20-23. Jno. i, 17; Jno. vii, 4-6; Rom. vi, 14; Gal. iv, 1-7; Heb. xi, 40; Heb. xii, 18-24.

8. Finally, riches and honors, power and glory in the world, were the portion of the obedient Jew, while the opposite is the common lot of the obedient Christian.

Gen. xii, 2; Deut. xxvi, 18-19; 2 Sam. v, 10; 2 Chron. i, 12; Prov. iii, 10; Ps. cxlii, 9.

Compare Matt. xvi, 24; xxiii, 8; x, *Passim*; Luke xxii, 24-26; xix, 33; John xiii, 14-16; xvi, 33; v, 44; Acts v, 41; ix, 16; 1 Cor. iv, 11-13; xv, 19; iv, 8; Phil. i, 29; Heb. xiii, 13; 1 Pet. iv, 12-14; Gal. vi, 14.

Thus we see that the true people of God have no earthly hope of riches, honors, power or glory. True Christians are not favorites with the world. They must expect rejection, and to a large extent, the lot of their Master. They must be willing to have fellowship with a suffering Saviour on earth. Our hymnology expresses the sentiments of the Scriptures in this matter, although it may often appear like a solemn farce in its fashionable use.

The true Church of Christ must abide in a state of humiliation until her Lord appears. She sits as a widowed bride; a discrowned and unmanifested queen, waiting for her Bridegroom and her King, who at His appearing shall lift her up from dust and ashes, and place a diadem of glory on her head, with his own royal hand.

Her calling and privileges are indeed far superior to those of the old dispensation, but they are spiritual and heavenly and not material and earthly. A profound conviction of these truths would separate the visible Church from the world, lift her heaven-high above it in spirit, and surcharge her with power unknown before.

—The glory of God is his grace; he glories in manifesting mercy to the unworthy and ill-deserving.

SKETCH FOR CREDITORS.

Samuel Vessie, an old East India merchant and ship-owner, left a large property to his wife and children. To his three sons he left his ships and his business, together with all the books and papers of his office, and having made this provision he went on in his will to say: "Among my debtors are many worthy men whom I have not pressed, and whom I would not consign to needless suffering. It is my desire that those who deserve forgiveness may be forgiven, even as I pray that my heavenly Father may forgive me."

When the sons came to take possession of the business, one of their first moves, after having provided for the management of more weighty matters, was to consider this injunction of their father's will.

"Our father has left us enough," said John, the eldest brother, "and we will not fail to honor his memory and his wishes."

"And lead others to hold that memory fresh and sacred," added Andrew, the second brother.

And says Peter, the youngest son, "We will not forget our father's oft-repeated prayer, 'Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors,' for I think he died with that prayer upon his lips—or in his heart at least. I would suggest that Mr. Witherspoon be requested to make out a list of those debtors whom he may judge to be worthy of forgiveness. He has been our father's confidential clerk and correspondent for almost thirty years, and probably knows the exact standing and character of every person indebted. Let him give us a list, with such marginal explanation as he may deem necessary, and we can then do as we deem proper in individual cases."

Peter's plan was adopted. The old clerk made out the list, and the amount of indebtedness thus put down, without reckoning interest, was over twenty thousand dollars.

"A big sum," said John, thoughtfully.

"And think of the interest," suggested Andrew.

"Yet not as large as was our father's, and bearing no such interest," says John, after more thoughtful consideration.

Time passed on. One cold, bleak day in late Autumn, a woman entered the counting-house. She was past the middle age, humbly clad, and her sad, pale face was marked with care. John and Peter were in the office.

"Is Mr. Vessie in?" the visitor asked timidly, and with much tremulousness.

"That is my name, madam," returned John, handing her a chair, "and this is my brother."

"Your father held an account, or a note against my husband, and I have come to settle it."

"What is your husband's name?"

"He is dead, sir. His name was Lawrence Patten."

"Do you know what was the nature of the indebtedness?"

"It was a debt of honor, sir; and my husband could only die content when I had promised him, upon my bended knees, that it should be paid. Your father was his bondsman for a large sum. He was collector of taxes, and a partner whom he had trusted ran away with a great deal of his money—so much that it crippled him, and would have been his ruin had not your father saved him. He was a poor man, but honest; and when he knew that he must die, he placed in my hands all his accounts and all his property, and he bade me rest not until I had gathered together enough to pay this indebtedness. He said Mr. Vessie had been a father to him—had put forth his hand and saved him when others had forsaken him—and he would rather his children should beg than that dishonor should attach to his memory."

"Did your husband owe much else?"

"No, sir. He contracted no debts

for his living. This was all, but it was a heavy debt for him to bear."

"You say you have raised the money?"

"Yes, sir. The original debt was three thousand five hundred dollars. The interest—he said he didn't think Mr. Vessie would take more than simple interest—brings it up to something over five thousand."

"I will find the account my good woman, and see how it stands."

Thus saying, John opened a drawer of his desk and drew forth the list which Witherspoon had prepared, and the very first name was that of Lawrence Patten, and against it, in the old clerk's hand, was the following: "An honest man, and poor. His indebtedness, entirely the result of the absconding of a business partner." Then John found the note, given nine years before, with the interest, to the time of the clerk's making the list, cast upon the back.

"The principal and interest I find to be five thousand three hundred and eighty-two dollars."

"I knew it must be not far from that," said the widow. She shuddered and her lips quivered as she spoke.

"You must find it hard to pay this, Mrs. Patten."

"In one sense it is very hard, sir, but in another it is very easy, because it is right, and because I know my—my husband—would—but—"

She wiped her eyes again, and opened her reticule.

Just then John Vessie tore the note into pieces, and gave those pieces to the widow—who took them mechanically, and as she clutched them in her hand, she drew from her reticule a large pocket-book.

"Don't take any money here, my good woman. You owe us nothing."

"But—sir—"

"It is all right. The debt is paid."

"Paid? the debt?"

"Yes. When our father, in his last hours, came to realize how much he needed God's grace, he, in his heart, forgave his worthy and unwilling debt-

ors; and he enjoined it upon us to honor his memory among his fellows. Your husband's debt he forgave on earth, as he hoped to be forgiven in heaven; and I have cancelled the obligation."

For a time the widow sat like one in a dream. Then she folded her hands and tried to speak; but tears and sobs choked her utterance. Finally she raised her streaming eyes toward heaven, and to God she found speech. She blessed the sons; and she prayed that all joy and peace might be theirs. She was happy—very happy; life now offered her hope of comfort. She would go to her home, and she would teach her children to bless the memory of Samuel Vessie, and to pray for the good of his sons. And with a face more radiant than she had worn for many months, she turned from the office, weeping still in the exuberance of her joy.

John wiped his eyes and looked up.

"Peter, what do you think of that?"

"I was thinking," replied the younger brother "what we ought to pay Andrew for his share of the heart-wealth of this scene. Surely, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

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DIVINITY OF CHRIST.—Two gentlemen were once disputing on the divinity of Christ. One of them, who argued against it, said:

"If it were true, it certainly would have been expressed in more clear, unequivocal terms."

"Well," said the other, "admitting that you believed it, were authorized to teach it, and were allowed to use your own language, how would you express the doctrine, to make it clear and indubitable?"

"I would say," replied the first, "that Jesus Christ is *the true God*."

"You are happy," rejoined the other, "in the choice of your words, for you have happened to hit upon the very words of inspiration. St. John, speaking of Christ, says, 'This is *the true God* and eternal life.'"

THE PRAYING SOLDIER.

During some unhappy commotions in Ireland, many years ago, a private soldier was daily observed to be absent from his quarters, and from the society of his fellow-soldiers. He began to be suspected of withdrawing himself for the purpose of holding intercourse with the rebels; and on this suspicion, probably increased by the malice of his wicked comrades, he was tried by a court-martial, and condemned. The case being brought under the notice of the commander-in-chief, he examined the minutes of the trial; and not being satisfied, he sent for the man to converse with him.

Upon being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, declared his sincere attachment to his sovereign, and his readiness to live and die in his service. He affirmed that the real cause of his frequent absence, when not on duty, was that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of private prayer, for which the general knew he had no opportunity among his comrades, who had become his enemies on account of his profession of religion. He said he had made this defence on his trial, but the officers thought it so improbable that they paid no attention to it.

The commander, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of this defense, observed, that if so, he must be able to pray well. The poor man replied, that as to ability he had nothing to boast of. The general then desired him to kneel down and pray before him; which the man did, and poured forth his soul before God with such copiousness, fluency, and ardor, that on rising the commander took him by the hand, and said he was satisfied that no man could pray in that manner who did not live in the habit of intercourse with God. He not only revoked the sentence, but received the man into his peculiar favor, placing him among his personal attendants, and in the way to promotion.

No serious mind can be otherwise than interested in this remarkable intervention of Providence on behalf of this man of prayer. Such he was, and thus exhibited a prominent feature of the Christian character. He could not live without prayer, though he thereby exposed himself to the suspicion and hatred of his associates, and even endangered his life; but that God whom, like Daniel, he served, knew how to deliver him in the hour of danger, and not only heard his prayers, but made the exercise of the duty itself the means of his deliverance.

This anecdote also does honor to the general, and to his nation, which can point to commanders warmly attached to the religion of God, and his Christ, which so many, alas! treat with indifference and contempt.

OBEDY THE GOSPEL.—Where, indeed, do they turn for consolation who know not Jesus? They seem like men who go out to the battle-field without surgeon, or hospital, bandages or balms. They may escape severe wounds, or they may live if they are wounded, but how many an hour of suffering might they avoid if they had healing appliances ever at hand! All around us are the afflicted, the bereaved, the sorrowing and the dying; and to go forth in such a world with only the miserable preparation of the worldling, is folly unspeakable; and we pity those who thus meet life's sorrows and life's close. O, what a thought it is, that our world might, in the process of a few years, be stripped of all that is truly sad and sorrowful, and live and clothe itself in the glories and blessings of the Regeneration, if all men would now receive and obey the Gospel.

—Disobedience to any known revelation of God's will is so unwise, so ruinous, so self-dishonoring, that it is almost unaccountable that any should be disobedient. What then shall be said of disobedient Christians?

INFLUENCE.

Every Christian makes an impression by his conduct, and witnesses either for one side or the other. His looks, dress, whole demeanor, make a constant impression on one side or the other. He cannot help testifying for or against religion. He is either gathering with Christ or scattering abroad. Every step you take, you tread on chords that will vibrate to all eternity. Every time you move, you touch keys whose sound will re-echo over all the hills and dales, in heaven and through all the dark caverns and vaults of hell. Every moment of your lives, you are exercising a tremendous influence, that will tell on the immortal interests of souls all around you. Are you asleep, while all your conduct is exerting such an influence?

Are you going to walk in the street? Take care how you dress. What is that on your head? What does that gaudy ribbon, and those ornaments upon your dress, say to every one that meets you? It makes the impression that you wish to be thought pretty. Take care! You might just as well write on your clothes, "*No truth in religion.*" It says, "*Give me dress, give me fashion, give me flattery, and I am happy.*" The world understands this testimony as you walk the streets. You are "living epistles, known and read of all men." If you show pride, levity, bad temper, and the like, it is like tearing open the wounds of the Saviour. How Christ might weep to see professors of religion going about hanging up his cause to contempt at the corners of the streets. Only "let the women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works;" only let them act consistently, and their conduct will tell on the world, heaven will rejoice, and hell groan at their influence. But oh! let them display vanity, try to be

pretty, bow down to the goddess of fashion, fill their ears with ornaments, and their fingers with rings; let them put feathers in their hats, and clasps upon their arms, lace themselves up till they can hardly breathe; let them put on their "round tires and walk mincing as they go," and their influence is reversed. Heaven puts on the robes of mourning, and hell may hold a jubilee!"—*Finney*.

FRUITLESS CHRISTIANS.—Reader, have you a name to live, and are you at ease? Do you ever yearn for the salvation of souls, and does the world love and approve of you by seeking your companionship and delighting in your "walk and conversation?" Then cry mightily unto God, for you are a fruitless Christian, and if not renewed in the spirit of your mind, naught remains for you but to be cast out as an unprofitable servant.

SECRET PRAYER.—The best treasure on earth is the most neglected. It is the open door to the secret place of prayer. There all riches fall from heaven into contrite and believing souls. There God crowns his princes who prevail with him through self-conquest. There life flows down a heavenly river, into the spiritual being of the worshipper. You feel poor in grace—try the closet. You are fainting in poverty—try the riches of grace in the sweet solitude of your closet.

WHAT THE GOSPEL DOES.—The Gospel does what was never effected by any other system. It dethrones sin from the heart—it restores the impress of deity upon the soul—it reconciles man with his maker—it bears up its possessor under a weight of afflictions—it converts a dungeon into a sanctuary—it makes martyrdom joyful—transforms death into a welcome friend—silences the thunder of Mt. Sinai—gives a title to heaven, and life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel.

"WRITE HIM A LETTER."

"How shall I reach W——? He is very sociable, and I can converse with him on any subject except religion. But when I attempt to say a word on this point he is unapproachable. He looks hurt, and I feel paralyzed. What shall I do?"

This is a sample of questions often put to the pastor. Many answers might be given. Let me offer just one.

Do not worry over this matter. It is very common. But these people can be reached. How? By the pen. Let the Christian who loves his Master have a *consecrated pen*. Impressed with a sense of his responsibility, let him kneel before God, and tell him who never wearies with such recitals, the particulars of the case. Then, having asked for courage and strength and wisdom, let him take up his pen and write a kind, affectionate letter to his friend, telling him how much he desires his salvation. If tears drop on the page as he writes they will do no harm, only do not call attention to them. Let the heart overflow, but make no parade of your feeling. This may destroy the good effect you desire to promote. Be brief and pointed, as well as tender and judicious. Having written your letter, and sealed and directed it, again bow before God in prayer and entreat him to accept your humble offering and make it fruitful. Then send your letter, and expect good results. If you fail in one effort, try it again. If you do not reach one person, you will another. Suppose you write to ten persons, and lead one to Christ, will you not be repaid for all your anxiety and trouble by the one?

Letter-writing has its advantages, and sometimes will accomplish what conversation will not. Your friend will know you are in earnest. He will be impressed with the idea that you think much of him, as well as that you feel the supreme importance of the subject you present for his consideration. He may read your letter fre-

quently, and if the truth does not at first take hold of his heart, it may on a second or third perusal prove effective.

A friend brought me, a short time ago, some letters which he had received, and told me the following story: He was careless and skeptical, and disposed to ridicule the Word of God, and to call in question the wisdom and kindness of divine providence. At the same time he was called to pass under the red. Trial after trial came to him, until he was so crushed that life became a burden to him, and he was meditating how he could put an end to his existence. Just then a dear Christian woman came to his relief. She poured sympathy into his poor heart. Not only did she speak comforting words to him, but she afforded him substantial aid. Then she wrote him motherly epistles, a number of them, and all breathing out tender, Christian love. She did not attempt to argue away his unbelief, but took it for granted that, as a reasonable being, he was desirous of knowing the truth. So she said, "Oh, do not fail, or be discouraged, for they that seek shall find. First, you must find Jesus and take him for your Friend and Saviour."

The result was most gratifying. Gradually, prejudices against the Christian religion vanished. The young man was led to see his sinful and lost condition, and to seek salvation only through Jesus. His heart was changed by divine grace. In process of time he made a profession of his faith. For over a year he has led a consistent and holy life, has been actively engaged in trying to win souls into the Redeemer's kingdom, and is now seriously considering whether he is not called to leave his business and prepare for the Gospel ministry.

Such instances could be indefinitely multiplied. The value of letter-writing as a means of saving souls cannot be over-estimated. The object of this little article is to persuade some warm-hearted Christian, who is naturally timid, and feels that he cannot in con-

versation persuade his relative or friend to be a follower of Jesus, to try his pen. What if it costs him an effort? God may make it instrumental in saving some precious soul from eternal death; and the individual thus saved may lead others to Jesus, and thus a chain may be begun which will contain a thousand golden links, and connect the humble worker with the throne of God.

ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS.—If any man can prove the following articles by any one plain sentence out of the Scriptures, or out of the works of the old fathers, or by a canon of any old general council, or by any practice of the primitive Church, then I promise to go over to his party: That there was any private mass in the world for the space of six hundred years after Christ; or that there was any communion ministered to the people under one kind; or that the people had their common prayer then in a strange tongue, that they understood not; or that the Bishop of Rome was then called a universal Bishop, or the head of the universal Church; or that the people were then taught to believe that Christ's body is really, substantially, carnally, or naturally in the sacrament; or that his body is, or may be, in a thousand places or more at one time; or that the priest did then hold up the sacrament over his head; or that the people did then fall down and worship it with godly honor; or that images were then set up in churches, to the intent that people might worship them; or that the lay people were then forbidden to read the word of God in their own tongue; or that the priest had then the authority to offer up Christ unto the Father. The conclusion is that I shall then be content to hold and subscribe.

—The Fountain of Joy became a man of sorrow: and the Lord of Glory was covered with shame. And why? Amazing mystery! that we might be raised to happiness and glory.

A FATAL CHOICE.

Rev. Lewis Green, D. D., was one of the most learned men and finished orators of the Presbyterian Church, in this country. He was a companion of Tom Marshall in his boyhood, and a friend of his later years, and related the following facts to the writer:

"Tom Marshall was going to school near Pisgah, in Central Kentucky, and at the school were several young men, who have since become noted. A revival of religion had occurred, at which several of the boys made a profession. A prayer-meeting was organized, conducted by the young converts. At one of these meetings Marshall was present. His thoughts were serious, and he had been deeply considering the salvation of his soul. Marshall was very ambitious. Fame, as an orator, was then the great desire of his soul, and he had deliberately concluded to adopt that profession which would give most scope to his powers of oratory. The orators of the state, nay of the nation, were then found not in the pulpit, but in the forum, and on the hustings, and the law and politics were selected by Marshall as his arena for success. But these religious thoughts disturbed his plans, and called him away from the paths of fame to an humble service of God. He went to the prayer-meeting deeply revolving the question whether to give up fame or religion. One of the young gentlemen led in prayer, and was more than usually fervent and moving in his petitions. Marshall, with the rest, was on his knees during the prayer. But in the midst of it Marshall got up and rushed out of the house. He was asked why he did so, and replied, 'I felt that if I remained in that house until that prayer was concluded, I must decide for religion and against fame, and then I must go into the pulpit; and I had determined for the law.'"

Such was Marshall's decision. He studied law; studied politics; was a famous orator. He did not enter public life until near thirty years of age.

At forty he was famous as an orator and a drunkard. He states himself that then he enjoyed all over the country, from Boston to New Orleans, the "detestable reputation of being a sot, with one foot in the grave and an understanding almost totally overthrown." He denied then the accusation, saying that he was one of "your spreeing gentry." "My sprees, however, began to crowd each other, and my best friends feared they would run together," and he signed the pledge, but did not remain long sober. "The feverish thirst, that horrible yearning after the distillations from the alembic of hell, which is sure to scorch in the throat and consume the vitals of the confirmed drunkard *with fires kindled for eternity*," soon became his. His sprees did "run together," and Marshall died without influence, and left a tale of a wasted life. Of his future—his lot in the land beyond the grave—he gave this account to Dr. L. W. Green. The conversation took place at the Phoenix Hotel, in Lexington, I believe, in 1856. Marshall said to Green that he knew that there was no mercy for him; that he was a doomed man, only awaiting death, to enter upon the career of the eternally lost.

GETTING RUSTY.—The trouble with much of the religious life of to-day is that it is allowed to rust and stiffen from disuse. If a Christian expects to have religion that is worth anything he must use it daily. A great many hang up religion as they do a coat in a closet six days in the week, then take it down and give it a nice airing and brushing, and wear it on Sunday. But such religion will not wear. An engine that is idle soon rusts; a house unoccupied and uncared for soon goes to ruin. The only thing that will keep religion bright is the friction of constant use.

—Not man's judgment of what the Lord requires of his weak ones; but God's own requirements, constitute our true service.

NO LICENSE.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, for the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then, hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. Drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them filling a drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor, as authority. "They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I

tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me. The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband, and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor house—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word!" And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon and physician, hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, "shall any license be granted for sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous response was, "No!"

—God, who is blessed forevermore, took our nature, and became a curse that we might enjoy his blessedness.

—Lay not thy heart open to every one; but treat of thy affairs with the wise and such as fear God. Keep company with the humble and plain ones; with the devout and virtuous; and confer with them of those things that may edify. Be not familiar with any woman; but in general commend all good women to God.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

His whole life is our rule; not his miraculous works—his footsteps walking on the sea, and such like; they are not for our following. But his obedience, holiness, meekness, and humility are our copy which we should continually study. This matchless example is the happiest way of teaching. "He that follows me" says he, "shall not walk in darkness." He that aims high shoots the higher for it, though he shoots not so high as he aims. This is that which ennobles the spirit of a Christian, the propounding of our high pattern, the example of Jesus Christ. The imitation of men in worthless things is low and servile, the imitation of their virtues is commendable, but if we aim no higher, it is both imperfect and unsafe.

The Apostle Paul will have no imitation but with regard to this supreme pattern: "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ." One Christian may take the example of Christ in many things; in others, he may take the example of another; but still he ought to examine all by the original primitive copy, the footsteps of Christ himself, following nothing but as it conforms with that, and looking chiefly on him both as the most perfect and most effectual example. There is a "cloud of witnesses," but look above them all to Him who is as high above them as the sun is above the clouds. As the way is better, so there is this advantage, that we are not left to our own skill for following of it, but taught by the Spirit.

In the delivery of the law, God showed his glory and his greatness by the manner of it; but whereas the law was written only in dead tables, Christ the living law, teaches by obeying it how to obey it; and this is the advantage of the Gospel, that the law is twice over written unto believers, first in the example of Christ, and then inwardly in their hearts by his Spirit.
—*Archbishop Leighton.*

THE TRUE AND ONLY HOPE.—If the soul be safe, if it live by faith in the Son of God, if it fight the good fight of faith and win the field, all other losses are not to be reckoned of; we are more than gainers, more than conquerors. But if the soul perish, (and it will perish except it be fed with the word of the gospel: and it will make shipwreck if Christ sit not at the stern; and it will be overcome in the day of battle if Christ be not its Captain, its Saviour, its Deliverer,) then all the world is gone with us; it had been better for us if we had never been born. Our sins do threaten God's vengeance upon us; our consciences do accuse us; the law contains matter of indictment against us; all the creatures of God which we have abused, all the callings of God which we have neglected, all the threatenings of God which we have despised, do witness against us. What is to be done in this case? What place of refuge shall we flee to? This only is our comfort, that the Son of God became the Son of Man to make us the sons of God; vile he became to exalt us; poor, to enrich us; a slave, to enfranchise us; dead, to quicken us; miserable, to bless us; lost in the eyes of the world, to save us; partaker of our nature, of our infirmity, of our habitation, to advance us to his kingdom and glory; that is to be unto us according to his name Immanuel, "God with us;" God to enlighten us; God to help us; God to deliver us; God to save us.—*Miles Smith.*

—Church edifices, however costly, will not insure religious prosperity; add the most attractive service, provide the most charming and entrancing music, put into the pulpit a minister of commanding culture, and matchless eloquence, fill the pews with the most learned, wealthy, and refined of society, and yet there may be no revival power. Such a church may be spiritually dead, like the church in Sardis, living only in name. There is no substitute for the Holy Ghost.—*Millen.*

EDITORIAL.

NOT POPULAR.

True holiness is not popular in a fallen world. It never was—it never can be. It must, from its very nature, bear testimony against sin. In doing this, it provokes the hostility of those who love sin. The nearer it approximates to perfection, the greater will be the opposition which it will excite. He who was absolutely holy and undefiled, was put to death by the instigation of the rulers of his own church. He tells us that *The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord.*—Mat. x, 24. While we should, therefore, be careful not to needlessly give offense, yet we must not expect to please God, and at the same time always please unsaved men.

Some twenty years since, the work of holiness broke out in power in the Genesee Conference of the M. E. Church, in Western New York. The men whom God used to carry it on were put out of the Church—some after mock trials—others without the form of trial. Many of the friends of holiness in other parts of the church were careful to abstain from all expressions of sympathy towards them, alleging that their persecutions arose from the want of prudence and love. They would show them a more excellent way. These prudent ones went on advocating holiness; but said but little against worldly conformity, and that little in a very general way—and nothing against secret, oath-bound societies, thus ignoring two of the greatest enemies of holiness in the church. But they preached a great deal of truth, and did a great deal of good. But they were careful not to excite prejudice by identifying themselves with us in any particular. We attended two National Camp-Meetings for the promotion of holiness, and were recognized only to the extent of being invited once to pronounce the benediction. Bishops were invited to preach, and efforts were made to commit them to the movement. Yet all this careful management seems to have

been of no avail. The opposition to them is much more marked than it ever was towards us.

The *Christian Standard and Home Journal*, one of the best papers published in the M. E. Church, says, in its issue for October 20th: "It is useless to disguise the matter any longer. There is deep-seated and bitter hostility toward the old Methodist doctrine of heart purity in our church. Our opponents had as well be informed, that their position and purposes are well known and fully comprehended. As a simple fact, in deciding which way the current of feeling tends, we give the following statement of matters which recently occurred at a District Conference presided over by one of the bishops: It seems the question of employing evangelists was up before the Conference, and the Bishop took pains to say, '*He had never known any good to come from them, except in the case of the National Association so-called.*' He thought they had been useful, '*but principally in the matter of relieving the appointing power of embarrassment in finding places for them where they would be acceptable.*'"

The editor shows that the Bishop referred to never had any trouble with his appointments, for he never made any for him, and that the other bishops could not have had, because, for the last twenty-five years of his itinerant labors. "The people where he labored made his appointments without any reference to the bishops; except to ratify their choice." He then adds:

"The words of a bishop are mighty and potential because of his office. Such things are exceedingly untimely and significantly abundant. One pronounces the interest in holiness a 'doomed movement'; another takes pains to intimate that those engaged in the work of endeavoring to 'spread scriptural holiness,' are useful mainly in relieving the appointing power of embarrassment, in finding places for them where they would be acceptable."

The *Banner of Holiness*, the organ of the "Western Holiness Association," the editor, publisher and patrons of which are

also members of the M. E. Church, in its issue for October 27th, says:

"A Bishop of the M. E. Church, not long ago, who was addressing a class of young preachers of the same church, who were seeking admission into an annual conference, is reported as saying: 'Some people ought to have an ice-chest in their heart to put their religion in as soon as they get it, so as to prevent it from souring. This was especially true in respect to some who had professed perfect love. They had at once said, "I am holier than thou," and had thus set themselves above their brethren.' Only another official fling at 'sanctification,' is all that. Bishops are like other men, in the main. The 'carnal' that is in them will out. Sometimes it comes out as above—sometimes in traveling in railroad trains on the holy Sabbath, and so on. But it is the same old carnality, however it shows itself. Bishops need to be prayed for, just as other people do. But, like other people, some bishops need to be prayed for more than others."

The Rev. J. A. Wood, author of "Perfect Love," "Purity and Maturity," also a member of the M. E. Church, says, in a recent number of the *Standard*: "We utter no slander; but state sober, solemn truth, when we assert that there are preachers among us whose teaching on this blessed doctrine and experience is little better than a shameful burlesque, and that too, in the light of a hundred years of plain, practical and experimental Methodism."

Beloveds, walk closely with God. Keep filled with love, and then do not condemn yourself because you meet with opposition.

But as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now.—Gal. iv, 29.

FRUITS OF PRIDE.

The pride and extravagance fostered by the churches are bringing forth their legitimate fruits. Some of the great criminals of the day are not only men of

education and standing, but prominent members of the church.

William C. Gilman was a New York banker. He was a member of a popular church, superintendent of a Sabbath-school, and connected with various public charities. His family is well connected, and his social position was the highest in that city, where social distinctions prevail the most. He maintained a magnificent office, rented a high priced pew, and was generally among the first and foremost.

His downward career began some years ago, where that of so many begins, by using as his own the funds of others intrusted to his care. He had not the slightest intention of being dishonest. He had not a thought, but that he could repay the money whenever it was needed. But times kept growing worse. Investments that promised well turned out badly. It became more and more necessary to have money and more and more difficult to get it.

At this critical time a vendor of criminal secrets came around and wished, for a consideration, to show him how to raise the amount named in a check or certificate so skilfully as to avoid detection. At first he refused this proposal; but the man was importunate—gave him a specimen of his skill, and at last he bought the guilty secret. To know how to commit a crime is a dangerous knowledge. The first certificate that he raised he kept by him for weeks before he dared use it. Then he used it as security for borrowed money. He kept on until the amount of forged paper which he had issued amounted to about a quarter of a million of dollars. Then came the exposure. He went into court, confessed his crime, and was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the State prison. His wife, overwhelmed with grief, became hopelessly insane.

For a state of things which renders such crimes but too common—not Christianity, but backslidden churches and time-serving preachers, are largely responsible. The plainness, the simplicity,

and the humility which God requires are ridiculed, and the church becomes a pattern of extravagance and pride. Church edifices every way suitable for all the demands of spiritual worshipers are torn down, and costly temples erected in their place; all the money is raised that can be got by appeals to the pride, the ambition, and the carnal appetites of the people, and a heavy debt is incurred. To pay interest and running expenses, large amounts are necessary from year to year. Everything must be made attractive to rich men, and the pulpit must be so guarded in its utterances that nothing will be said that can possibly offend them. Everything is sacrificed to money-getting. To obtain money, deception and gambling are practiced at the very altar of God. The first lessons in crime are taught by the church. We have before us an advertisement of an entertainment given by a popular church, in their own edifice which had been solemnly dedicated to the worship of God. It is entitled, "Art Gallery of Paintings, and New England Supper, etc., at the new M. E. Church basement." The list enumerated twenty-nine paintings on exhibition. One was "Paradise." The representation was a pair of gamblers' dice! This is a fair sample of the rest.

What wonder is it when the churches obtain money under false pretences, and glory in it as something smart, that men go from church to prison, not as of old for Christ's sake, but for criminal offences against common morality and just laws.

The time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God.

NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE.

The first annual session of the body calling itself by the above name, was held in this city, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 26th-28th ult. It was composed of Atheists, Infidels, Spiritualists, Jews, and Shakers. We judge from the newspaper reports that the attendance was not large, except on the Sabbath. The reported speeches were not wanting in assump-

tion, bigotry and blasphemy. The avowed object is what they call the total separation of church and state; by which they mean that our Government should abolish all Sabbath laws, and chaplaincies, and refuse all recognition of Christianity—the secularization of the public schools—by which they mean the abolition of the Bible from the public schools, and the expurgation of school-books, so that none of them shall inculcate any religious sentiment, or even mention the name of God.

How accurately does the Bible describe such persons. *Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.* Rom. i, 22 These people ought to know that a state founded on Atheism never stood. France tried it under the lead of philosophers and scientists. The result was "The reign of Terror," during which the streets of Paris flowed with the blood of her best citizens. Robespierre, one of the leading spirits of the revolution, at the beginning of his public career, when as a member of the criminal court it became his duty to condemn a malefactor to death, he resigned his office because of his conscientious objections to what he then termed, "The barbarity of capital punishment." On the 30th of May, 1791, he delivered an oration in the assembly against capital punishment, which he denounced as "base assassination." He and his fellow "liberals" "developed" so rapidly that in September following many of the best citizens were massacred in the name of liberty. In Dec. 1792, the king was beheaded, mainly through his agency. The queen, Marie Antoinette, after suffering every indignity, was put to death in October following. The Sabbath was abolished, all religious rites suppressed, God dethroned by decree of the National Assembly, and the Government "thoroughly secularized." The reign of terror followed. The guillotine, an invention to cut off human heads rapidly, became the instrument of governing the people. A look, or a gesture might excite suspicion, and suspicion was death. A decree was passed abrogating every delay or usage calculated to protect one who was accused. Thousands

of lives were sacrificed. The atrocities became so enormous, and life so insecure, that in the midst of the horrors, in the name of the Republic the existence of a Deity was decreed.

So, gentlemen and ladies of "the Liberal League," the world has had enough of a "purely secularized government." The experiment is a failure.

A NEW VOLUME of "THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN" commences with the January number. *We want five thousand new subscribers.* What this magazine is our readers well know. The truths which it advocates and enforces are of the utmost importance. We shall spare no pains to make it a necessity to every family. That it is doing great good we have the clearest testimonials. We feel thankful to our friends for the aid and encouragement which they have given us, and we hope they will continue their hearty co-operation. We trust you will not only renew your own subscriptions, but get us all the new subscribers you can. Each of you try and send us one or two at least. You need not wait till January, but send on new subscribers now, and we will send them the December number free. Let us have a large list of new subscribers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DYING TESTIMONY.

PHEBE A. TOMPKINS, wife of James C. Tompkins, deceased, died September 2d, 1877, at the residence of her son-in-law, Ira G. McMillan, near De Witt, Michigan, in the 64th year of her age.

She was born at Millbrook, New Jersey, September 19th, 1813. She sought and found the Saviour in her youthful days, and united with the M. E. church.

April 19th, 1834, she was married to James C. Tompkins. In the year 1837 they moved to Erie Co., N. Y., and united with the M. E. Church at Akron.

When the Free Methodists first started their class at Akron, she with her husband, were numbered with the first to

unite with them, under the labors of G.W. Humphrey.

She sought and obtained purity of heart. Their home was ever the home of the pilgrims. Although five miles from church, I have often heard father say that one year they only missed two Sabbaths.

As they had but three daughters, all married and settled in Michigan, they sold out, and moved to DeWitt, Michigan, in 1870.

They united with the Free church at St. John's, it being the nearest class at the time. In 1874, under the labors of Wm. Cusick, a class was formed in De Witt, of which they became members. From the time of their moving to De Witt they had maintained a Wednesday night prayer meeting, at which many souls had been saved.

They were made to rejoice that their youngest daughter and her husband had found the Saviour, and her earnest prayer was that the remainder of her family would give their hearts to God.

February 5th, 1875, she was called to part with her husband, whose last words were, "All is well."

She discharged her duty faithfully as a mother and neighbor. She was always ready to give in her testimony on the Lord's side, let her be in what meeting she would.

Though called suddenly, she was fully prepared. She was taken down to her bed on Wednesday, and died on Sunday following. Her last words were, "All is peace! Jesus is a 'Rock in a weary land.' Tell them a death-bed is no place for repentance."

MRS. SARAH E. McMILLAN.

ROSA A. CARR fell asleep in Jesus at her residence in Corrunna, Shiawassee Co., Mich., August 18th, 1877, in the thirty-first year of her age.

Sister Carr sought and found the Saviour about seven years previous to her death. She united with the Free Methodist church and remained a faithful member until death. The consumption seated itself upon her already frail constitution. She gradually sank under its power, all

hopes of recovery being abandoned. She often expressed regrets at the prospect of bidding farewell to an affectionate husband and the little ones; but through the prayers offered before the throne of grace, she was enabled to get a complete victory over death and her surroundings. The room resounded with the shouts of victory. After this she lingered for some time.

As she neared the waters of death, the shouts of triumph ascended from her couch. Her last words were, "Jesus says, 'Daughter, come up higher.'" This was repeated three times. The power of speech failing, with her eyes fixed heavenward, and pointing upward she passed away. Thus die the saints of God.

J. P. SOULE.

LOVE FEAST.

MRS. C. TERRY.—There are some things in connection with my family relations that are the reverse of my spiritual nature, that I cannot bear them in patience without the help of grace. Sometimes my heart does rebel. I had an experience of this kind the other evening, and though I knew that the Lord knew all about it, yet I went to Him with it in prayer, as I had done many times before, telling Him if it was His will that I should suffer these things, would He give me grace to bear them? All at once, while I was praying, I was conscious of His very presence. My spiritual eyes saw him just as plain as I ever saw anything in my life, only His face was hid from me. O! such a flood of glory, praise, and wonder, filled my soul. O! praise and bless His name! He said, "Bear these things a little longer. It is only for a moment here. It will all soon be over." In all my experience I have never felt so strengthened, encouraged, and comforted. Bless His name! I do feel it a privilege to suffer for His sake, and I mean to do it too! Glory be to His name forever! O! where shall I stop praising Him? Dear brothers and sisters, let us be willing to bear all things for Jesus' sake, and keep the word of His patience. Amen.

LIZZIE CONGER.—I can truly say that the past year has been the best of my life. I have been growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Although I have had the flesh and the devil to contend with, I find the grace of God sufficient. He is able to bring us off more than conquerors. Glory to His name! I can say, "If no greater joys are found in the upper regions, I am resolved to travel on in this pure religion."

MRS. E. J. BAXTER.—For several years I was a subscriber for the much-esteemed *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*. I received it each month with gladness. But through disobedience to God, I was left to myself and wandered in darkness. During this period my *EARNEST CHRISTIAN* was stopped, owing to the loss of my subscription, which, through some means you did not receive, and I neglected to inform you in regard to the matter. For years I have not seen a copy, except my old ones. I have a few of them still. I have given most of them away, and hope they may do some good. Since my wandering from God, I still held on to my profession with doubt, fears and darkness, hoping that the time would come when I should be restored to my former position in the blessed fold from which I had so wickedly wandered. That time has come at last! To-day I am striving, with the help of God, to keep His Commandments, to do His will, and to trust Him with all my heart. But, oh! what have I lost by neglect and disobedience? I should have grown to be a mother in Israel. Now I am but a babe in Christ. Oh! may the God of Israel keep me to the end.

PETER STINEMAN.—I praise God that the precious blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin. Oh! I do feel it all through my whole body. It pays me more than a thousand times to live in Jesus Christ our Saviour, and He in me. I cannot express His goodness. Glory be to God and the Lamb forever! By the grace of God, I will hold the wonderful Bible standard of holiness higher, as long as the good Lord will have me here in this sinful world.