

# THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

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REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

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The one essential to obtain a sound, Christian experience, and establish a solid, religious character, and lead a useful, religious life, is honesty of purpose. *If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine.* The most favorable circumstances will fail to make a saint of one who is vacillating in his determination. The greatest disadvantages will but add to the final triumph of one who has the honesty to welcome the light, and the courage to follow it.

Legh Richmond belonged to an old, respected family in England. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a diligent, conscientious student. He was designed for the law; but forming a dislike to the profession, he entered the ministry of the established church. In the summer of 1797, within a few weeks, he became, as he expressed it, "academically a Master of Arts, domestically a husband, parochially a deacon."

He was ordained curate of Brading and Yaverland—two secluded villages in the Isle of Wight. He knew but little of the things of God; but he aimed to do his duty and benefit his peo-

ple. His life was exemplary; his sermons interesting; but he was a stranger to vital godliness. The perusal of Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," was made a great blessing to his soul. He gave himself to God, that he might *do the work of an evangelist*. He not only preached with zeal, but he went around among his people, instructing them and seeking, in every possible way, to promote their spiritual welfare. He labored here seven years with marked success. Many interesting conversions took place, and a sensible reformation was effected in the community.

Going to London, where he preached for a short time, he was in 1804 made a rector of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, where he remained until his death. His labors here were greatly blessed. His sermons, almost always extemporary, were *in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power*. "Why," he would say, "why need I labor when our simple villagers are far more *usefully* instructed in my plain, easy, familiar manner? The only result would be that I should address them in a style beyond their comprehension."

His readiness of utterance, and his fervent style of address and aptness of illustration made him in great demand as a platform speaker. In his domes-

tic relations, Mr. Richmond was happy. But affliction came. In 1825, his second son, a promising youth of nineteen, died of consumption. He submitted as a Christian; but mourned as a father. In a few months, intelligence came that his eldest son had died on a voyage from India to England. These afflictions took hold of his body, worn by incessant labors. He took a violent cold in March, 1827, which brought on the pleurisy, from which he seemed to recover. But he felt that his work was nearly done. He knew the agony that separation would bring to his beloved family, so he scarcely hinted to them of his departure; but to a brother minister, he expressed his conviction that the end was near; and in striking words, professed his firm reliance on Christ, and his confidence of eternal life through the infinite merits of His atonement. On the 8th of May, he calmly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. His end was such as he had prayed for. In "The Young Cottager," after describing the useful course and pleasant termination of a gentle rivulet, he says: "Like this stream may I prove the poor man's friend by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the river of life wherever I meet them. And if it pleases Thee, O my God, let my latter end be like this brook! It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness, just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I not usefully tell to others of the goodness and mercy of my Saviour till I arrive at the vast ocean of eternity."

His prayer was fully answered. He

still preaches in his writings, and probably will to the end of time. His great work, "The Fathers of the English Church," presents in a small compass the most valuable of the remains of its early martyrs and confessors. It was received with favor and awakened a general interest in the reformers. But he is most widely known by his smaller works, "The Annals of the Poor," such as "The Dairyman's Daughter," and the "Young Cottager." There is in them such evident truthfulness, down to the smallest particulars; such genuine simplicity, such unaffected piety and deep pathos that they find their way to every heart. They have been translated into twenty different languages, and millions of copies have been sold. The Emperor Alexander of Russia sent the author a present, as a testimony of the high appreciation he had of these simple narratives. We know of nothing in the English language more affecting than "The Young Cottager." We wish to give our readers just enough extracts from it to induce them all—old and young—to procure and read it. It is one of the few unexceptionable books found in nearly every list of Sabbath-school publications.

We begin with his acquaintance with the girl:

June S.— was the daughter of poor parents in the village where it pleased God first to cast my lot in the ministry. My acquaintance with her commenced when she was twelve years of age, by her weekly attendance at my house amongst a number of children whom I invited, and regularly instructed every Saturday afternoon. They used to read, repeat catechisms, psalms, hymns, and portions of Scripture.

I accustomed them also to pass a kind of free conversational examination, according to their age and ability, in those subjects by which I hoped to see them made wise unto salvation.

In the summer evenings, I frequently used to assemble this little group out of doors in my garden, sitting under the shade of some trees, which protected us from the heat of the sun. From hence a scene appeared which rendered my occupation the more interesting; for adjoining the spot where we sat, and only separated from us by a fence, was the church-yard, surrounded with beautiful prospects in every direction.

I could point to the heaving sods that marked the different graves, and separated them from each other, and tell my pupils that, young as they were, none of them were too young to die; and that probably more than half the bodies which were buried there were those of little children. I hence took occasion to speak of the nature and value of a soul, and to ask them where they expected their souls to go when they departed hence, and were no more seen on earth.

He sometimes sent the children to learn instructive epitaphs which he had selected for the purpose.

Little Jane, on one occasion, after having completed her task, learned another which struck her fancy. We give the last stanza:

"Hail glorious Gospel! heavenly light whereby  
We live with comfort and with comfort die;  
And view beyond this gloomy scene, the tomb,  
A life of endless happiness to come."

The author says, "I afterwards discovered that the sentiment here expressed had much affected her. But at this period I knew nothing of her mind. I have often been sorry for it since. Conscience seemed to rebuke me, when I afterwards discovered what the Lord had been doing for her soul, as if I had neglected her. Yet it was not done designedly. She was un-

known to us all; except that, as I since found out, her regularity and abstinence from the sin and follies of her young equals in age and station, brought upon her many taunts and jeers from others, which she bore very meekly. But at that time I knew it not.

I was young myself in the ministry, and younger in Christian experience. My parochial plans had not as yet assumed such a principle of practical order and inquiry as to make me acquainted with the character and conduct of each family and individual in my flock.

I was then quite a learner, and had much to learn.

And what am I now? A learner still; and if I have learned anything, it is this, that I have every day more and more yet to learn. Of this I am certain; that my young scholar soon became my teacher. I first saw what true religion could accomplish, in witnessing her experience of it. The Lord once called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of his disciples as an emblem and illustration of his doctrine. But the Lord did more in the case of little Jane. He not only called her as a child to show by a similitude, what conversion means; but he also called her by his grace to be a vessel of mercy and a living witness of that Almighty power and love by which her own heart was turned to God.

At length little Jane was missed from his weekly gatherings.

A poor, old, pious woman of the village informed him that Jenny was seriously ill, and added:

"She wants to see you, sir; but is afraid you would not come to see such a poor young child as she is."

"Not go where poverty and sickness may call me! How can she imagine so? At which house does she live?"

"Sir, it is a poor place, and she is ashamed to ask you to come there."



Her near neighbors are noisy, wicked people, and her own father and mother are strange folks. They all make game at poor Jennie, because she reads her Bible so much."

"Do not tell me about poor places, and wicked people; that is the very situation where a minister of the Gospel is called to do the most good. I shall go to see her. You may let her know my intention."

"I will, sir. I go in most days to speak to her, and it does one's heart good to hear her talk."

"Indeed what does she talk about?"

"Talk about, poor thing! Why nothing but good things, such as the Bible, and Jesus Christ, and life, and death, and her soul, and heaven and hell, and your discourses, and the books you used to teach her, sir. Her father says he'll have no such godly doings in his house; and her own mother scoffs at her, and says she supposes Jenny counts herself better than other folks. But she does not mind all that. She will read her books, and then talk so pretty to her mother, and beg that she would think about her soul."

The next morning he went to see her.

I found no one in the house with her, except the woman who had brought in the message on the evening before. The instant I looked on the girl, I perceived a very marked change in her countenance; it had acquired the consumptive hue, both white and red. A delicacy unknown to it before, quite surprised me, owing to the alteration it produced in her look. She received me first with a very sweet smile, and then instantly burst into a flood of tears, just sobbing, and—

"I am so glad to see you, sir."

"I am very much concerned at your being so ill, my child, and grieved that I was not sooner aware of your state. But I hope the Lord designs it for your good." Her eyes, not her tongue, powerfully expressed, "I hope and think he does."

"Well, my poor child, since you can no longer come to see me, I will come and see you, and we will talk over the subjects which I have been used to explain to you."

"Indeed, sir; I shall be so glad."

"Are you really desirous, my dear child, to be a true Christian?"

"O yes, sir; I am sure I desire that above all things."

"I was astonished and delighted at the earnestness and simplicity with which she spoke these words."

"Sir," added she, "I have been thinking as I lay on my bed for many weeks past, how good you are to instruct us poor children. What must become of us without it?"

"Have you ever felt any uneasiness on account of your soul?"

"O! yes, sir; a great deal. When you used to talk to us children on Saturdays, I often felt as if I could hardly bear it, and wondered that others could seem so careless. I thought I was not fit to die. I thought of all the bad things I had ever done and said, and believed God must be very angry with me; for you often told us that God would not be mocked; and that Christ said, if we were not converted, we could not get to heaven. Indeed, sir, I used to feel very uneasy."

"And what effect did these thoughts produce in your mind?"

"Sir, I tried to live better, and did leave off many bad ways; but the more I strove, the more difficult I found it, my heart seemed so hard."

Her conviction for sin was deep and Scriptural.

"I had one day been thinking that I was neither fit to live nor die; for I could find no comfort in this world, and I was sure I deserved none in the other."

"My dear child, what is the meaning of the word *Gospel*?"

"Good news."

"Good news for whom?"

"For wicked sinners, sir."

"Who sends this good news for wicked sinners?"



"The Lord Almighty."

"And who brings this good news?"

"Sir, you brought it to me."

Here my soul melted in an instant, and I could not repress the tears which the emotion excited. The last answer was equally unexpected and affecting. I felt a father's tenderness and gratitude for a new and first born child.

Thus the narrative proceeds. The minister visited her daily, and led her on, and she, all unconscious to herself, was leading him on in the divine life. After visiting her one day, he went into a retired spot for meditation.

"I was," he adds, "led into a deep self-examination, and was severely exercised with fear and apprehension whether I was myself a real partaker of those divine influences which I could so evidently discover in her. Sin appeared to me just then to be more than ever "exceeding sinful." Inward and inbred corruption made me tremble. The danger of self-deception in so great a matter alarmed me. I was a teacher of others; but was I indeed spiritually taught myself?"

A spirit of anxious inquiry ran through every thought.

"Sin, sin, is the bane of mortality, and heaps confusion upon confusion, wherever it prevails."

"Yet," saith the voice of Promise. "Sin shall not have dominion over you." O! then, may I yield myself unto God, as one that is alive from the dead, and my members as instruments of righteousness unto God! And thus may I become an able and willing minister of the New Testament!

Thus did this poor, uneducated child become a teacher to others.

The account of the communion season was most affecting. But we must pass it over. If we inserted everything that is deeply interesting, we should copy the whole.

But we cannot omit her conversation

with her mother. It was toward the last. Mr. Richmond had entered the cottage unperceived; and as he heard Jane talking with her mother, he waited so as not to interrupt the conversation.

"Mother! mother! I have not long to live. My time will be very short. But I must indeed, say something for your sake before I die. O mother! you have a soul—you have a soul; and what will become of it when you die? O my mother! I am so uneasy about your soul."

"O dear! I shall lose my child; she will die, and what shall I do when you are gone, my Jenny?" she sobbed aloud.

"Mother, think about your soul. Have not you neglected that?"

"Yes I have been a wicked creature, and hated all that was good. What can I do?"

"Mother, you must pray to God to pardon you for Christ's sake. You must pray."

"Jenny, my child, I cannot pray; I never did pray in all my life. I am too wicked to pray."

"Mother, I have been wanting to speak to you for a long time, but I was afraid to do it. You did not like me to say anything about religion, and I did not know how to begin. But, indeed, mother I must speak now or it may be too late. I wish Mr. — was here, for he could talk to you better than I can. But, perhaps, you will think of what I say, poor as it is, when I am dead. I am but a young child and not fit to speak about such things to anybody. But, mother you belong to me and I cannot bear to think of your perishing forever. My Lord and Saviour has shown me my own sin and corruptions; He loved me and gave himself for me; He died and He rose again; I want to praise him for it forever and ever. I hope I shall see him in heaven; but I want to see you there too, mother. Do, pray do leave off swearing and other bad ways; go to church, hear our minister speak about Jesus

Christ, and what he has done for wicked sinners. He wishes well to souls. He taught me the way, and he will teach you, mother. Why did you always go out of the house when you knew he was coming? Do not be angry with me, mother; I only speak for your good. But I have seen my error. I was in the broad road leading to destruction, like many other children in the parish; and the Lord saw me and had mercy upon me."

But we must pass on to the end. As death approached, the minister was sent for. He says:

"I found no one below; I paused a few minutes, and heard the girl's voice very faintly saying:

"Do you think he will come? I should be glad—so very glad to see him before I die."

I ascended the stairs, her father, mother, and brother, together with the elderly woman before spoken of, were in the chamber. Jane's countenance bore the marks of speedy dissolution. Yet, although death was manifest in the languid features, there was something, more than ever interesting in the whole of her external aspect. The moment she saw me, a renewed vigor beamed in her eyes, grateful affection sparkled in her dying face.

Although she had spoken just before I entered, yet for some time afterwards she was silent, but never took her eyes off me. There was animation in her look, there was more, something like a foretaste of heaven seemed to be felt, and gave an irrepressible character of spiritual beauty even in death.

At length she said:

"This is very kind, sir: I am going fast. I was afraid I should never see you again in this world."

I said "My child are you resigned to die?"

"Quite."

"Where is your hope?"

She lifted her finger, pointing to heaven, and then directed the same downward to her own heart saying suc-

cessively as she did so, "Christ *there*, and Christ *here*."

These words accompanied by the action, spoke her meaning more solemnly than can easily be conceived.

A momentary spasm took place. Looking towards her weeping mother, she said, "I am very cold—but it is no matter—it will soon be over."

She closed her eyes for about a minute, and, on opening them again said, "I wish, sir, when I am gone, you would tell the other children of the parish, how good the Lord has been to me, a poor sinner; tell them that they who seek him early will find him; tell them, the ways of sin and ignorance are the ways to ruin; tell—and pray tell them, sir, from me that Christ is indeed the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He will in no wise cast out any that come. Tell them that I, a poor girl——"

She was quite exhausted, and sunk for awhile into a torpid state from which however she recovered gradually, uttering these expressions.

"Where am I. I thought I was going—Lord save me."

"My dear child, you will soon be forever in his arms, who is now guiding you by his rod and staff through the valley of the shadow of death."

"I believe so, indeed I do," said she "I long to be with him. O how good, how great, how merciful. Jesus save me, help me through this last trial."

She then gave one hand to her father, the other to her mother, and said, "God bless you, God bless you—seek the Lord—think of me when I am gone—it may be for your good—remember your souls. O, for Christ's sake remember your souls—then all may be well. You cannot think what I have felt for both of you. Lord pardon and save my dear father and mother."

She then took hold of her brother's hand saying, "Thomas I beg of you to leave off your bad ways—read the Bible—I give you mine—I have found it a precious book. Do you not remember your little brother, who died some

years since? He was praying to the last moment of his life. Learn to pray while you are in health, and you will find the comfort and power of it when you come to die; but, first of all, pray for a new heart—without it you will never see God in Heaven. Your present ways lead to misery and ruin. May the Lord turn your heart to love and follow Him."

"Christ's blood cleanseth from all sin," said the dying child.

She turned to me with a look of surprising earnestness and animation, saying:

"You, sir, have been my very best friend on earth. You have taught me the way to Heaven, and I love and thank you for it; you have borne with my weakness and my ignorance; you have spoken to me of the love of Christ, and He has made me to feel it in my heart. I shall see Him face to face. He will never leave me nor forsake me. He is the same, and changes not. Dear sir, God bless you!"

The child suddenly rose up, with an unexpected exertion, threw her livid, wasted arm around me, as I sat on the bed-side, laid her hand on my shoulder, and said distinctly:

"God bless and reward you; give thanks for me to Him; my soul is saved! Christ is everything to me. Sir, we shall meet in Heaven—shall we not? Then all will be peace—peace—peace!"

She sunk back on the bed, and spoke no more—heaved a deep sigh—smiled—and died!

Thus early died in holy triumph, one whose surroundings were anything but favorable to a life of piety and a happy death. We had intended to give only the merest outline of this deeply interesting and instructive book; but knew not where to stop. It will do you all—old and young—good to read this little book. It is adapted to ministers of the Gospel as much as to Sabbath-school scholars.

## PULPIT EARNESTNESS.

It is recorded of the devoted John Welch that he used to keep a plaid upon his bed, that he might wrap himself in it when he rose during the night for prayer. Sometimes his wife found him upon the ground, weeping. When she complained, he would say, "Oh, woman! I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, and I know not how it is with many of them." Possessed of such a sense of responsibility to God and to the people of his charge, how can any true minister of the cross withhold himself from an earnest devotion to his work of arousing souls, and pointing them to Christ? He feels his momentous responsibility during the week, while preparing the beaten oil for the sanctuary. It is ever with him. It haunts him in the silent watches of the night. It absorbs his thoughts; and speaks out in every fervent utterance of his closet.

But it is in the *pulpit* that the earnest ambassador for Christ feels the long suppressed solicitude break forth in an overflow of fervid and pathetic expositions. Whatever is most powerful in argument, or most winning in entreaty, or most thrilling in appeal, he seizes upon and appropriates to his mighty theme. He pleads; he warns; he invites; he points, now to the yawning pit, red with the fires of perdition, and now to the Cross, streaming with a Saviour's blood. The very grandeur of his theme possesses him. It leads him away from the influence of time and sense about him. For the time being he is no longer of this world. He is surrounded by other and mightier auditors. The light of eternity plays about him, and reveals the tremendous pomp of the Judgement-scene. To his eye the awful consummation has already appeared. The Judge is descending. The books are opening. The heavens are passing away with a great noise. The angels are separating the vast multitudes to the right hand and to the left hand of the Judge, and



among them he sees his own hearers! Some of them are crowned with the unfading crown; and some of them—appalling sight! are driven out wailing to the gates of despair!

With such a spectacle before him, with the shrieks of his perishing neighbors ringing in his very ears, can any appeal be too importunate, can any entreaty be too earnest? Is it any marvel that he is ready to throw himself across the pathway of the sinner, and entreat him not to commit the eternal suicide? Even if his overwhelming solicitude moves him to tears, he feels that it is better for him to weep here, than for his hearers to weep in hell.

It was with emotions akin to those which I have been attempting to describe, that the great Apostle set before the trembling Felix the realities of a coming Judgement, and startled the proud Agrippa on his marble throne. It was with such emotions that the fervid Whitefield was borne on in his impassioned oratory, until his auditors became as dead men under his feet. Such was the intense agony of Bunyan, when he "went to his people in chains to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in his conscience which he persuaded them to be aware of." So felt the holy Rutherford when he said to his flock, "My witness is above, that *your* heaven would be two heavens to me; and the salvation of each of you as *two* salvations to me." Radiant will be the crown of such a minister of Christ amid the glories of Paradise; it will be all on fire with blazing stars.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

—Never forget that the end of a sermon is the salvation of the people.

—As you love your souls, beware of the world; it has slain its thousands and tens of thousands. What ruined Lot's wife? The world. What ruined Judas? The world. What ruined Simon Magus? The world. And "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

## SPURGEON'S CONVERSION.

I had been about five years in the most fearful distress of mind, as a lad. If any human being ever felt more of the terrors of God's law, I can, indeed, pity and sympathize with him. Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" contains, in the main, my history. Some abysses he went into I never trod; but some into which I plunged he seems never to have known.

I thought the sun was blotted out of my sky—that I had so sinned against God that there was no help for me. I prayed—the Lord knoweth how I prayed; but I never had a glimpse of an answer that I knew of. I searched the word of God; the promises were more alarming than the threatenings. I read of the privileges of the people of God, but with the fullest persuasion that they were not for me. The secret of my distress was this: I did not know the Gospel. I was in a Christian land, I had Christian parents; but I did not fully understand the freeness and simplicity of the Gospel plan.

I attended all the places of worship in the town where I lived, but I honestly believe I did not hear the Gospel fully preached. I do not blame the men, however. One man preached the divine sovereignty. I could hear him with pleasure; but what use was that to a poor sinner who wished to know what he should do to be saved? There was another admirable man who always preached the law; but what was the use of plowing up ground that wanted to be sown? Another was a great practical preacher. I heard him, but it was very much like a commanding officer teaching the manœuvres of war to a set of men without feet. What could I do? All his exhortations were lost upon me. I knew it was said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" but I did not know what it was to believe on Christ.

I sometimes think I might have been in darkness and despair now, had it not

been for the goodness of God in sending a snow storm one Sunday morning, when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no further, I turned down a court, and came to a little Primitive Methodist chapel. The Primitive Methodists are a very useful body, taking the poorest of the poor and lifting them up from the dust-heap to sit among princes. In that chapel there might have been a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning; snowed up, I suppose. A poor man, a shoemaker, a tailor, or something of that sort, went up to the pulpit to preach.

Now, it is well that ministers should be instructed; but this man was really stupid, as you would say. If a man could have spoiled a sermon, he would have done it. He was obliged to stick to his text, for the simple reason that he had nothing else to say. The text was, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." He did not even pronounce the words rightly, but that did not matter.

There was, I thought, a glimpse of hope for me in the text. "My dear friends, this is a very simple text indeed. It says 'Look.' Now, that does not take a deal of effort. It ain't lifting your foot or your finger, it's just 'look.' Well, a man need not go to college to learn to look. You may be the biggest fool, and yet you can look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Any one can look; a child can look. But this is what the text says. Then it says, 'Look unto me.' Ay," said he, in broad Essex, "many on ye are looking to yourselves. No use looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves. Some look to God the Father. No; look to Him bye-and-by. Jesus Christ says, 'Look unto Me.' Some of you say, 'I must wait the Spirit's working.' You have no business with that just now. Look to Christ. It runs, 'Look unto Me.'"

Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "Look unto me; I am sweating great drops of blood.

Look unto Me; I am hanging on the cross. Look; I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; I rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. O, Look to Me! Look to Me!" When he had got about that length and managed to spin out ten minutes or so, he was at the length of his tether. Then he looked at me under the gallery, and, I dare say, with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. He then said, "Young man, you look very miserable." Well, I did; but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made on my personal appearance from the pulpit before. However, it was a good blow struck. He continued: "And you will always be miserable—miserable in life and in death—if you do not obey my text. But if you obey now, this moment, you will be saved."

Then he shouted as only a Primitive Methodist can, "Young man, look to Jesus Christ; look now." He made me start in my seat; but I did look to Jesus Christ, there and then. The cloud was gone, the darkness of five years rolled away, and that moment I saw the sun; and I could have risen that moment and sung with the most enthusiastic of them of the precious blood of Christ, and the simple faith which looks alone to Him. O, that somebody had told me that before! Trust Christ, and you shall be saved. It was no doubt, wisely ordered, and I must ever sing:

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

♦♦♦

—All ministers should be stewards; rightly dividing the word of life: giving to every one of the family his portion of meat in due season. Oh, it is a blessed work, to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood; to give milk to babes, and strong meat to grown men; to give convenient food to every one. Pray for your ministers, that they may be made stewards.—*McCheyne.*

## JESUS CHRIST.

Christ's intelligence was unequaled by that of any man who has ever lived; so that he was neither demented nor insane. Then, his heart was as tender as love itself, and his love was the very sanctuary of chasteness. There was no design about him that savoured of imposture. He was transparently sincere, even the essence of sincerity, so that he believed himself to be absolutely what he professed to be. Unselfishness, humility and measured words, show him to have been sincere. The very attempt to have imposed such an absurdity upon others, would have exhibited him as a vain, empty, shallow pretender, not only conceited but audacious; in a word, a wilful impostor, derogatory to Jehovah and abhorrent to men.

Skeptics say, that he might have been sincere but mistaken. Then I remind them, not only of his sublime knowledge and perfect guilelessness, but of his deep conviction. What did he believe himself to be? Clearly God. This he declared, privately and publicly, before friend and foe. "Thou, being man, makest thyself God." There was no mistaking this avowal. For this declaration he was tried by an ecclesiastical tribunal, and he died with this affirmation lodged against him. Then, he believed that he was God. Was he a madman, an impostor, or a mere simpleton? But if he were the wisest of all men, he was neither simpleton nor madman, and if the sincerest of all men then no impostor. Being the soul of sincerity, he attempted to deceive no one, being the wisest of all men, he could not himself be deceived in the matter, so that, he could not believe that he was God without being God. But, if he did not deceive others, and was not deceived himself, then, believing himself to be God, he was God. So then, either he was God, and his inner conviction thereof sprang from the depths of his veritable being; or if he were not God, then, he is the greatest

miracle in the annals of intelligence, and sincerity, and honesty; for he was the only person who ever believed himself to be God, without being either a cheat or a lunatic! Intelligence, sincerity and conviction, blend here with reality.

What say you to these things? Nothing, but what the introspections of Jesus compelled the great French skeptic to say, "If the life and death of Socrates be those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." Or perhaps, better yet, to say with the apostle Thomas, "My Lord, and my God." Or even better than all, to cast your eye of faith into Christ's inner bosom, and, trusting him for life everlasting, accept and rest upon that self-introspection which led him to exclaim, "*I and my Father are one. He in me and I in Him.*" Amen.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?—In faith, a believer in Christ. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."—Mark, xvi, 16.

In knowledge, a disciple. "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."—John viii, 31.

In character, a saint. "Beloved of God, called to be saints."—Rom. i, 7.

In influence, a light. "Ye are the light of the world."—Matt. v, 14.

In conflict, a soldier. "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. ii, 3.

In communion, a friend. "Henceforth I call you not servants, . . . but I have called you friends."—John xv, 15.

In progress, a pilgrim. These all "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. xi, 13.

In relationship, a child. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."—Rom. viii, 16.

In expectation, an heir. "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."—Rom. viii, 17.

*Reader, are you a Christian?*



## DOUBTS.

The true way to have our doubts solved is to take them to Jesus. John did not brood over his perplexities until they were hatched into living principles; but as soon as they shaped definitely into distinctness, he sent his followers with them to the Lord. Now here is an example for those who are in spiritual suspense. Take your difficulties to Christ. Make them the subjects of earnest prayer, saying, like Augustine, on a memorable occasion, "Give light, O Lord!" Turn to the Bible with them, and see what you can find in its pages that meets your need. Do not talk over them incessantly with other people. You will find that every time you speak with men regarding them, there is a tendency in you to magnify them. While, on the other hand, every time you take them to the Lord, and seek for their settlement in His Word, they become smaller, and seem to dwindle in importance before the great certainties which He reveals to you. Do not seek for justification of your doubts, for that will only aggravate your condition. Let your attitude be docile rather than defensive. Be more eager to welcome new light than to vindicate yourselves in the position you have taken up. Read and pray, not to get new reasons for staying where you are, but to know what is right and true. It is written, "If any man is willing to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." Be receptive, therefore, rather than dogmatic. Seek to be "of the truth;" in the sense of being willing to receive what shall be proved true, and to follow wherever that shall lead; for, as Whately has antithetically put it, "Every one wishes to have truth on his side, but it is not every one that sincerely wishes to be on the side of truth." Seek you to be on the side of truth, and then in you shall the Saviour's words be verified, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." This is the only outlet from doubt into faith; and if you go in this spirit to

the Lord in prayer, and to the Bible in study, it will not be long before you will come out into the clear light of conviction. But let your study of the Scriptures be made for yourself. Do not read them through the spectacles of other men's animadversions upon them. Take them at first hand. Let them speak for themselves, and if you fail to perceive a difference between them and other books, which is not merely one of degree, but of essential character, I shall be greatly disappointed.—*W. M. Taylor, D. D.*

—Apologies are generally founded in self-deception, or pride.

—It was the cry of a dying man, whose life had been, sad to say, poorly spent: "Oh that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!"

—We can only become great in faith through great tests. These we are never to invoke or manufacture for ourselves, but to receive them meekly and thankfully when our loving Father sends them. Happy is he who not seeing yet believes.—*Mrs. Hart.*

—When holiness is lovely and beautiful to the soul, and when the name of Christ is more precious than life, then will the soul sit down and be afflicted, because men keep not God's law. "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved," because they kept not thy word."

—O my friend, if you could die and say that Christ had never been offered to you, you would have an easier hell than you are likely to have. You must go your way either rejoicing in or rejecting Christ this day; either won, or more lost than ever.—*McCheyne.*

—The requisite qualifications for a minister come from God. The place for a minister to work is marked out in the end for which God calls him—to be a witness and a servant. God does not call men to make them "ecclesiastics of high rank," but to preach Christ and him crucified.

## REGENERATION.

John Wesley says: "Sanctification begins in the moment a man is justified. Yet sin remains in him, yea, the seed of all sin, till he is sanctified through-out."—Vol. vi, p. 496.

Again: "There does still remain, even in them that are justified, a mind which is in some measure carnal; (so the Apostle tells even the believers at Corinth, 'Ye are carnal;') a heart bent to back-sliding, still ever ready to depart from the living God; a propensity to pride, self-will, anger, revenge, love of the world, yea, and all evil; a root of bitterness, which, if the restraint were taken off for a moment, would instantly spring up; yea, such a depth of corruption as, without clear light from God, we cannot possibly conceive."—Vol. i, p. 119.

Further: "We may learn the mischievousness of that opinion, that we are wholly sanctified when we are justified; that our hearts are then cleansed from all sin. It is true, we are then delivered from the dominion of outward sin; and, at the same time, the power of inward sin is so broken that we need no longer follow, or be led by it; but it is by no means true that inward sin is then totally destroyed, that the root of pride, self-will, anger, love of the world, is then taken out of the heart. At the very moment of justification we are *born again*; in that instant we experience that inward change from darkness into marvelous light; from the image of the brute and the devil, into the image of God; from the earthly, sensual, devilish mind, to the mind which was in Christ Jesus. Are we then entirely changed? Are we wholly transformed into the image of him that created us? Far from it; we still retain a depth of sin, and it is the consciousness of this which constrains us to groan for a full deliverance to Him that is mighty to save. Hence it is that those believers who are not convinced of the deep corruption of their hearts, or but slightly, and,

as it were, notionally convinced, have little concern about entire sanctification."—Vol. i, p. 124. "The contrary doctrine is wholly new; never heard of in the Church of Christ, from the time of his coming into the world till the time of Count Zinzendorf; and it is attended with the most fatal consequences."—Vol. i, p. 115.

THE BIBLE.—Do you know what it is that you are willing to put under your head for a pillow when you are dying? Very well; that is the book you want to study while you are living. There is but one such book in the world. For one, I have not made up my mind to put under my head, when I lie dying, any thing written by Voltaire, or Strauss, or Parker. We are to be scientifically careful when we select a book for a dying pillow. If you can tell me what you want for a dying pillow, I will tell you what you want for a pillow of fire in life—that is, the Bible, spiritually and scientifically understood, by being transmuted into deeds. Sentiment is worth nothing until it becomes principle, and principle is worth nothing until it becomes action.—*Joseph Cook.*

—A saint is not a man who merely loves God alone; he is a man who is full of the force and light of heaven; and who, through his intense love to his Maker, loves mankind, with the tenderness and the strength of God.—*Roger Bede Vaughn.*

—Know that there is nothing better or more profitable for you at this present time, than an entire, hearty, humble, self-surrender in all things, whether sweet or bitter, painful or pleasant; so that you may be able to say with truth, "Ah, my Lord and my God, if it were thy will that I should remain till the Day of Judgement in this suffering and tribulation, yet would I not fall away from Thee; but would desire ever to be constant in Thy service."—*Tauler.*

## PRAYING OR SINNING.

## WHICH SHALL BE GIVEN UP?

It was a saying of an old author, that "either prayer will make a man give over sinning, or sin will make a man give over praying." Does any reader of these lines feel inclined to reply, "Yes, it is all very well to quote old sayings; but I know such a one, and such another, who go to church or to chapel as regularly, and say their prayers at home as devoutly, as you can wish; but for all that they are no better than their neighbors. They have not left off sinning yet, let old authors say what they may." Granted; but this is not all that you might have said. Not a few, it is to be feared, say many prayers in order that they may sin the more. Many, after having been savingly converted to God, have confessed that, though they said prayers time without number, and, it may be, with much apparent devotion, yet they never truly prayed!

As to one case of this kind there can be no mistake, for we read of it in the Bible. A man belonged to a particular sect, famous for this one thing—that they made long prayers. He was likewise one of the most devout of the sect, and so had always been in the habit of making these long prayers; yet when he was savingly converted to God, it is said of him, as a thing as new as it was strange, "Go, and inquire for Saul of Tarsus; for, *behold*, he prayeth!"

What, then, is prayer? We see what it is not; but what is it? When a person, in imminent danger of perishing from fire or from water, calls upon another for help he means what he says, and really wishes for the help he implores. When a person, in destitute circumstances and ready to perish, begs for relief from one able to afford it, or when any one has set his whole mind on the attainment of some particular object, and requests the assistance of a man of great influence, who

has the power of obtaining it for him, such persons are perfectly sincere in the petitions they present. This may serve to give us some notion of what prayer really is.

Now, if a person has such desires he must wish to be holy. Not that he will henceforth be free from the rising up in his mind of sinful desires; but they will be subdued. He must have a prevailing desire to be holy, for the plainest of all reasons. The salvation of which he now longs to partake is a deliverance from sin in every sense of the word, from all sinful feelings and inclinations as truly as from the punishment that sin deserves. The blessings God has to bestow are spiritual—*holy* blessings. The heaven in which they all end is a holy place. God himself is holy. Say, then, whether it is possible for a man to have directly opposite desires at the same moment. Can he supremely and prevailingly love the very thing which he hates, or hate what he loves? How plain, then, is the consequence! If a man *really* prays, he cannot willingly and habitually sin. If he willingly goes on in the ways of sin, he cannot *really* pray; he must give up prayer. The two cannot exist together. There is not, there cannot be, any argument in saying, "I know such a man who prays, but he has not given up sinning for all that." Hypocrites there have been in all ages who have professed to pray, without meaning a word they uttered. The prayer of all such is "abomination to the Lord."—Prov. xv, 8; xxviii, 9.

But we have said that real prayer is not only the sincere desire of the heart, but that it must be offered up with faith in the mediation and intercession of Jesus Christ; and this is a point of the greatest importance. By this is meant, not merely that we ought to end our prayers with a mention of the name of Christ, but that, in order to pray aright, we must have a steadfast faith in him, as our righteous Advocate with the Father, who has "entered into the holy place;" that is, into heaven itself,



as it is said, "by his own blood." We must have faith in him who, though he "knew no sin, was made sin for us," that we might be saved from the wrath of God, through him. Heb. ix, 12; 2 Cor. v, 21. Now this faith, we are told, "purifieth the heart," (Acts xv, 9;) is directly connected with, and produces, all the fruits of holiness—love to God, obedience to his will, a desire to please and glorify him—"fruits" which are directly the opposite of sin. Faith, too, is always connected with repentance, and cannot exist without it; and the meaning of repentance is a hearty sorrow for sin, and a desire to forsake it. So here again we are brought to the same conclusion, that praying will make a man give up sinning, or sinning will make him give up praying.

Which, then, will you choose, and which will you give up? This is the all important question which is now put to you. O, look for one moment at the consequences of each; for, be assured, they are as certain as cause and effect can be in any case whatever.

The consequences of prayer! These are stated by our blessed Saviour in a single sentence: "Every one that asketh receiveth."—Matt vii, 8. He, then, that, in the manner just spoken of, prays in the faith of Christ, "receives" the forgiveness of all sin, and with it "all things" which can bless or satisfy the soul in time and to eternity. "God is love."—1 John iv, 8. There is only one obstacle which can prevent all the needful blessings our heavenly Father has to bestow from being poured out upon us. Let sin be pardoned and removed forever; and as certainly as the sun will shine when the clouds are rolled away, so surely will the God of all grace lift up upon us the light of his countenance, and bestow all things needful here, and eternal glory hereafter. He who lives in the habit of constant, fervent, believing prayer, has a refuge in all trouble, a guide in all perplexity, a joy which no one who does not possess it can form any conception

of, and an antidote against the fear of death. He who could say, "It is good for me to draw near unto God," was also able to say, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Psa. lxxiii, 24.

But the consequences of sin—what are they? We tremble to think of them. It is true, we do read, even in the Bible, in one place, of the "pleasures of sin," but they are styled, "the pleasures of sin for a season;" (Heb. xi, 25;) and many other passages, and facts without number, might be brought to prove that they are as vain and hollow and deceitful as they are temporary. How forcibly does the Apostle say to his Roman converts, "What fruit had ye then in those things of which ye are now ashamed?" That is, however, but half the verse; what follows? "The end of those things is death."—Rom. vi, 21. We see the misery which sin brings in its train in the present world. We read in the inspired book of God such sentences as the following: "Be sure your sin will find you out!" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap!" "The wages of sin is death."

But now is the golden opportunity; now God waits to be gracious, invites you to pray, promises to hear; only delay not lest it be gone forever. Do you say you know not how to pray? It is God alone who by his Holy Spirit, can pour out upon you a "spirit of grace and supplication;" but ask him to do so, and thus to "assist the prayers that you make before him." "Take with you words, and turn to the Lord; say unto him, Take away all my iniquity, and receive me graciously."—Hos. xiv, 2.

—A peaceful man doeth more good than he that is well learned.

—Heavenly visions are not any more binding upon us than are the lessons of duty found in the word of God, yet many would obey them, who do not obey the word.—*Christian Advocate*.

## WESLEY ON DRESS.

"Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of—wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel.—1 Pet. iii, 3.

What harm can there be in the wearing of gold, or silver, or precious stones; or any other of those beautiful things, with which God has so amply provided us? May we not apply to this what Paul has observed on another occasion, that "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be rejected."

It is certain, that many who sincerely fear God have cordially embraced this opinion.

And their practice is suitable therefore: they make no scruple of conformity to the world; by putting on, as often as occasion offers, either gold, or pearls, or costly apparel. And indeed they are not well pleased with those that think it their duty to reject them; the using of which they apprehend to be one branch of Christian liberty. Yea, some have gone considerably farther; even so far, as to make it a point to bring those who had refrained from them for some time, to make use of them again; assuring them, that it was mere superstition to think there was harm in them. It is, therefore, certainly worth our while to consider this matter thoroughly; seriously to inquire, whether there is any harm in the putting on of gold, or jewels, or costly apparel?

You know in your hearts, it is with a view to be admired, that you thus adorn yourselves; and that you would not be at the pains, were none to see you but God and his holy angels.

Now the more you indulge in the foolish desire, the more it grows upon you. You have vanity enough by nature; but by thus indulging it, you increase it a hundred fold. Oh stop! Aim at pleasing God alone, and all these ornaments will drop off.

The wearing costly array is directly opposite to being adorned with good works.

Nothing can be more evident than this: for the more you lay out on your

own apparel, the less you have left to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to lodge the strangers, to relieve those that are sick and in prison, and to lessen the numberless afflictions to which we are exposed in this vale of tears. If you could be as humble, when you choose costly, as when you choose plain apparel; [which I flatly deny;] yet you could not be as beneficent,—as plenteous in good works. Every shilling which you save from your own apparel, you may expend in clothing the naked, and relieving the various necessities of the poor, whom "ye have always with you." Therefore every shilling which you needlessly spend on your apparel, is, in effect, stolen from God and the poor! And how many precious opportunities of doing good have you defrauded yourself of! How often have you disabled yourself from doing good, by purchasing what you did not want! For what end did you buy these ornaments? To please God?

No; but to please your own fancy, or to gain the admiration and applause of those that were no wiser than yourself. How much good might you have done with that money? And what an irreparable loss have you sustained by not doing it, if it be true that the day is at hand, when "every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor."

I pray consider this well. Perhaps you have not seen it in this light before. When you are laying out the money in costly apparel, which you could otherwise have spared for the poor, you thereby deprive them of what God, the proprietor of all, had lodged in your hands for their use. If so, what you put upon yourself, you are, in effect, tearing from the back of the naked; as the costly and delicate food which you eat, you are snatching from the mouth of the hungry. For mercy, for pity, for Christ's sake, for the honor of his Gospel, stay your hand! Do not throw this money away. Do not lay out on nothing, yea, worse than nothing, what

may clothe your poor, naked, shivering fellow creature!

Many years ago, when I was at Oxford, in a cold winter's day, a young maid (one of those we kept at school) called upon me.

I said, you seem half starved. Have you nothing to cover you but that thin linen gown? She said, "Sir, this is all I have."

I put my hand in my pocket; but found I had scarce any money left, having just paid away what I had. It immediately struck me, Will thy Master say, "Well done, good and faithful steward! Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold!" Oh justice! O mercy! Are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid! See thy expensive apparel in the same light: thy gown, hat, head-dress!

Every thing about thee, which cost more than Christian duty required thee to lay out, is the blood of the poor! Oh be wise for the time to come. Be more merciful. More faithful to God and man. More abundantly clad (like men and women professing godliness) with good works. I conjure you all who have any regard for me, show me before I go hence, that I have not labored, even in this respect, in vain, for near half a century.

Let me see, before I die, a Methodist congregation, full as plain dressed as a Quaker congregation. Only be more consistent with yourselves. Let your dress be cheap as well as plain. Otherwise you do but trifle with God and me, and your own souls. I pray, let there be no costly silks among you, how grave soever they may be. Let not any of you who are rich in this world, endeavor to excuse yourselves from this by talking nonsense.

It is stark, staring nonsense, to say, "Oh, I can afford this or that." If you have regard to common sense, let that silly word never come into your mouth. No man living can afford to waste any part of what God has committed to his

trust. None can afford to throw away any part of that food and raiment into the sea, which was lodged with him, on purpose to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked. And it is far worse than simple waste, to spend any part of it in gay or costly apparel.

For this is no less than to turn wholesome food into deadly poison. It is giving so much money to poison both yourself and others, as far as your example spreads, with pride, vanity, anger, lust, love of the world, and a thousand "foolish and hurtful desires," which tend to "pierce them through with many sorrows." Oh God, arise, and maintain thy own cause! Let not men and devils any longer put out our eyes, and lead us blind-fold into the pit of destruction!

—Often times the most bitter and obdurate hearts are overcome by the spirit and grace of God, and then such persons become the most earnest and zealous followers of Jesus. Saul was one extreme; Paul was the other.

—In primitive times God chose his own ministers. Even before their conversion they were marked out to be made ministers and witnesses for Jesus. Were all ministers now thus called and made, perhaps matters would soon assume a different aspect.

—Three things a Christian reflects upon: First, he looks back upon his wasted, sinful life; second, he looks to God, the source of redeeming love and mercy experienced by him in Christ; and third, he looks joyously forward to the happy issue of his life of faith.

—If Christ be freely offered to all men, then it is plain that all who live and die without accepting Christ shall meet with the doom of those who refuse the Son of God. "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate me love death." Ah, it is a sad thing that the very truth, which is life to every believing soul, is death to all others. "This is the condemnation."—*Mc Cheyne*.



## EXPERIENCE.

WM. BAINBRIDGE.

"But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Three years ago I was converted at a revival, (so-called) in a dead M. E. church. Some time before the meeting commenced, the Spirit of the Lord strove with me, convicting me of sin, righteousness and judgment to come.

I commenced to read the Bible by course, beginning at Matthew, and reading through to Revelation. I had read the New Testament through two or three times when the revival meetings commenced. I was almost persuaded to become a Christian.

Soon after the meeting commenced, I was visited by the preacher in charge, who asked me the following questions: "Did you ever enjoy religion? Do you feel it your duty to serve the Lord? Do not you feel as if you would like to commence now?" And other questions which I cannot call to mind.

I told him I was ready, if my wife would commence, to serve the Lord, and we would begin together. He turned to my wife and she consented. We then promised to go to meeting that evening, and go forward to the altar to commence seeking the Lord. I found no peace there, and had no desire to serve Jesus. When I got home, I kneeled down before the Lord, asking him to forgive me, and help me to serve him. I had commenced in earnest, and did believe the Lord would pardon me, but not then.

I labored and prayed on for eight days; I could say, Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me? The burden grew heavier every day, so it did seem as if the weight of sin would hold me down. I asked the Lord to change my heart of stone to a heart of flesh, to soften my hard heart, and give me the witness of the Spirit that I was a child of God. I believed that then

and there God did forgive and pardon my sins, and what a joy I received. I could sing, Jesus is mine; what a comfort Divine! I was filled with the Spirit, filled with joy, peace and love. I could comprehend what Paul meant when he said; "There is therefore now no condemnation for them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

After the meetings closed, we met on Thursday evenings for class and prayer. The leader was an elderly man, one that had been class-leader and steward (also a trustee of the church) for years, but was dead; the meetings had no life to them, and it was up-hill business trying to live in a church where minister and laymen were all dead.

I soon presented myself as a probationer, and at the end of my probation, united in full connection.

I continued but a short time in full connection, before I was cast out as evil. The charge brought against me was for neglecting the means of grace. Not that I neglected to go to church or to have family-prayer, and private prayer, and was fleeing from the city of destruction and had my face Zionward; not because I was not growing in grace, but because I did not choose to go and hear the M. E. minister, and sit under dry sermons, preached by a dead man, one professing godliness, but denying the power.

I continued in a justified state for two years after my conversion, sometimes enjoying much, sometimes very much cast down, feeling as if I had neither part nor lot in the matter. My mind was much exercised on the subject of entire sanctification or perfect love. I felt the need of a deeper work of grace in my heart, but did not think that state attainable for me, which the sanctified one has attained.

I purchased "Wesley on Perfection," and perused it with much interest, but still thought it could not be attainable for such small minds as mine. It would do for Wesley, Carvosso and

Bramwell, but God is no respecter of persons, he commands men every where to repent, and also commands all to be holy. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." This and other such passages showed me plainly that I was commanded to repent, and also, to be holy.

I commenced a self-examination, and found many inconsistencies and sins, such as an evil temper, foolish talking and jesting, "which is not convenient, which is not to be named once among you, as becometh saints."

About this time the Lord led me to see a man in Cleveland, whom I had never seen or heard of; as I was about to leave him after doing some business, he asked me how religion was out in Ridgeville. I told him the history of the church, and that I was not united to any church, but had been cast out with about ten other members, for neglecting the means of grace—that we met every Thursday evening at some private house, and Sundays at the school-house for class and prayer-meetings. After making some inquiry about the society and place of worship, he proposed to come to Ridgeville the following Sunday, to preach. I accepted the proposition, and he came at the appointed time.

He preached holiness as being attainable, and that all men were commanded to be holy.

Mr. Jones continued to come and preach. He held special meetings for the promotion of holiness. He pressed all to make a consecration to the Lord, and accept sanctification by faith. I was brought to the point where I had to claim the promise and accept Jesus as my Saviour and my sanctifier, or go back into the wilderness.

About this time a friend sent me some numbers of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*, which proved a great help, for I read testimonials from others—some that had been recently converted, and who had accepted the promises of Jesus, and been made pure in heart. Some

who had been professors for years had just entered into rest.

These testimonies strengthened my faith, the light shone on my pathway, and I made the consecration promising the Lord that by his help I would go and sin no more. At that moment I felt the blood applied, and could sing,

"The cleansing stream I see, I see!  
I plunge, and Lo! it cleanseth me!  
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me,  
It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me."

I felt that the blood cleansed me from all sin; all was joy and peace.

All through my religious life previous to this, I had doubts and fears. I was sinning and repenting. I was walking by sight, not by faith. When I was blessed I could trust Jesus for all things. If I had no feelings I had no faith. But thanks be unto God, I have the victory. I have learned to trust my Jesus every hour, in every trial, in every temptation. His word says, "Beloved, think it not strange, concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings."

It was then and not until then, that I commenced to walk by faith. I could claim the promise, but how to keep it? Others testified that they had to make public confession of what Jesus had done for them. But how could I? Almost all of the society were old pilgrims and had out-stripped me in the race. All were farther along in the Divine life; and if I should testify to the truth that I had a pure heart—that Jesus had cleansed me from all sin, no one would believe me.

So I thought I could enjoy the blessing without letting any one know it. But in a short time my faith grew weak. I took a glance at self, lost my hold, and everything looked dark. Oh what darkness came over my soul. I then promised the Lord that by his help I would tell what he had done for me. I would testify for Jesus. I tried to hold on by faith, but was often full of doubt.

About this time Brother J—, Brother L—, and Sister S—, came out from Cleveland. Brother J— preached at 10–30 a. m. and held a special meeting for the promotion of holiness, in the afternoon.

I went to the meeting, and found quite a number longing for full redemption. Brother L— exhorted all to cut loose from the world—make a full and complete surrender to Christ, consecrating all to God, and accept full salvation through the Atonement. Sister S— also labored much to get us looking away from self, to Jesus.

The Spirit moved upon the hearts of the people, and two or three others with myself, claimed the blessing, through the promises of Jesus. The next day I was tempted as before, I had no feeling; but, thank God, I had the promise, and I held on to the naked word—nothing but the promise for four days, and by fasting the fourth day, and praying much, the Lord came to my rescue, and I was filled with the Holy Ghost. Thanks be unto God who giveth us (me) the victory! Yes, victory over the world, over self, and the devil! "I have done with the world, I will serve Jesus."

"Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought or hoped or known!  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are all my own."

Many times since then I have been tempted to look ahead to the busy times on the farm, and led to ask how I can hold out through life with all its perplexities, with all its trials and temptations.

How can I be patient through all the family trials, and business cares of life. My heart has been cheered and my soul has been filled many times when I go to the truth and read, "My grace is sufficient for thee." "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

Thanks be unto God, I have learned to rely on his promises, trusting Jesus, moment by moment. I believe he will bring me off more than conqueror. "He having been tempted, knows how

to succor those that are tempted." "Therefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

I pray God's blessing on these few lines, that they may prove a blessing to all who may read them. May God give us all grace to conquer all sin; give us a pure heart, a heart in every thought renewed.

"For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness. But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation, because it is written: Be ye holy as I am holy."

—It is the manner of Scripture to begin with those things which are sad and dreadful and end with those things which are cheerful and comfortable. "I will kill and make alive;" not, "I will make alive and kill."—*Origen*.

—The unsound cleaveth by halves with Christ; but he is not for sanctification; he divides the offices and benefits of Christ. This is an error in the foundation. Whoso loveth life, let him beware here; 'tis an undoing mistake. Jesus is a sweet name; but men "love not the Lord Jesus in sincerity." They will not have him as God offers, "to be a Prince and a Saviour." They divide what God has joined, the King and the priest. Every man's vote is for salvation from suffering; but they desire not to be saved from sinning. They would have their lives saved, but withal would have their lusts. Many would be content to have some of their sins destroyed, but they cannot leave the lap of Delilah, or divorce the beloved Herodias. They cannot be cruel to their right eye or right hand; the Lord must pardon them in this thing. O, be carefully scrupulous here: your souls depend upon it. The sound convert takes a whole Christ, and takes him for all intents and purposes, without exceptions, without limitations, without reserve. He is willing to have Christ upon any terms.—*Alaine*.



## REV. ALEX. MATHER.

## EXPERIENCE.

Alexander Mather was one of the most successful of Wesley's preachers. At his request he wrote the following account of his experience of full salvation :

DEAR SIR: In reply to your request, I answer,

1. With regard to time and place, it was at Rotherham, in the year 1757, that I enjoyed it in a far larger degree than I ever did before or do now; and although my situation the next year laid many hindrances in the way, yet I both preached it plainly and strongly encouraged those that had before experienced it, and such as professed to receive it at that time, either at Sunderland or elsewhere. This I continued to do in 1759 and 1760, in which time many were made partakers of it in York, at and near Packlington, in Hull, and various other places. It was the enjoyment of this that supported me in the trials I met with at Wednesbury in the two following years, during which many were added to the witnesses of it at Birmingham, Dudley, Darlaston, Wolverhampton, and Wednesbury. It was my own experience that emboldened me to assert it, even where it was opposed by our chief members, partly because of the faults of some that professed it, but chiefly because of the natural enmity of their hearts to God.

What I had experienced in my own soul, was an instantaneous deliverance from all those wrong tempers and affections which I had long and sensibly groaned under, an entire disengagement from every creature, with an entire devotedness to God: and from that moment I found an unspeakable pleasure in doing the will of God in all things. I had also a power to do it, and the constant approbation both of my own conscience and of God. I had simplicity of heart, and a single eye to God at all times and in all places, with

such a fervent zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls as swallowed up every other care and consideration. Above all, I had uninterrupted communion with God, whether sleeping or waking. Oh! that it were with me as when the candle of the Lord thus shone upon my head! While I call it to mind my soul begins to wing its way toward that immediate enjoyment of God. May it never be retarded, but press into the glorious liberty which is equally free for all the sons of God.

2. As to the manner wherein this work was wrought. 1st. After I was clearly justified, I was soon made sensible of my want of it; for although I was enabled to be very circumspect, and had a continual power over outward and inward sin, yet I felt in me what I knew was contrary to the mind that was in Christ, and what hindered me from enjoying and glorifying him, as I saw it was the privilege of a child of God to do, and such I knew myself to be, both from the fruit and from the witness of his Spirit, which I felt in a strong degree supporting me in conflicts of a very close and particular nature. 2d. My conviction of the need of a further change was abundantly increased by the searching preaching of Mr. Walsh—of blessed memory! This kept my conscience very tender, even to a degree of scrupulosity, and helped me to be much in private prayer, and kept me watching thereunto. 3d. When I saw my call to preach, the difficulties attending that office showed me more and more the need of such a change that I might *bear all things*; and by searching the Scriptures I saw the possibility of it more clearly, and was stirred up to seek it more earnestly. 4th. When I began travelling I had no end, aim, or design but to spend and to be spent for God; not counting my life or anything dear, so I might finish my course with joy, which, indeed, I expected would be very short, as I dealt my life at every blow. I saw as clearly as I do now, that nothing furthers that end so much as a heart

and life wholly devoted to God. This made me neglect the advantage I had in my youth, of a tolerable acquaintance with Latin, which I could easily have recovered; but this and every other gain I counted but loss that I might win that intimacy with God which I still think to be the life of preaching. Therefore I husbanded all the time that I could save from company, eating, or sleeping, to lay out in wrestling with God for myself and the flock; so I devoted to God some part of every leisure hour, over and above the hour from eleven to twelve in the forenoon, and from four to five in the afternoon. Herein I was sweetly drawn after God, and had many and large views of that salvation which I wanted, and which he had provided in his Son. The exceeding great and precious promises were clearly opened to me; and having a full assurance of the power and faithfulness of the Promiser, my soul often tasted of their sweetness, and though unbelief prevented immediate possession, yet I had a blessed foretaste of them. This made me desire full enjoyment more and more. I abhorred whatever seemed to keep me from it, and sought out every obstruction. I was willing to offer up Isaac; and was inflamed with great ardor with wrestling with God, determined not to let him go till he emptied me of all sin and filled me with himself. This, I believe, when I ventured upon Jesus as sufficient to save to the uttermost. He wrought in me what I cannot express—what I judge it is impossible to utter. Yet I was not long without reasoning—not concerning the work—of this I was absolutely sure—but whether such things as I soon discovered in myself were consistent with it; and this had its use, as it qualified me to advise others who, though saved from sin, were tried in the same way. Upon this head I consulted Mr. Walsh, and his advice helped me in some degree; but God helped me much more in private prayer. Herein I was clearly satisfied: 1st.

That deliverance from sin does not imply deliverance from human infirmities: 2d. That neither is it inconsistent with feeling our natural appetites, or with the regular gratification of them; and 3d. That salvation from sin is not inconsistent with temptations of various kinds, and all this you have clearly and fully declared in the *Plain Account of Christian Perfection*.

I have only to observe that, while my soul was following hard after God, I had frequent temptations to resume my Latin, and learn the other languages, especially when I observed some of my brethren who had made some progress therein, though they had not the same advantages with me. But the comfort I found in spending all my time as above, and the thought that however this might recommend them to some hearers, yet they were not hereby more instrumental than before, either in *awakening, converting, or building up souls*, made me quite easy about it. This I have considered as the only business and peculiar glory of a Methodist preacher; not that I think that our brethren who have made this progress have not been useful in all these respects, but I think they are not more useful than they were when they were strangers to these things, and I doubt whether they are so useful as they might have been had they employed the same time, the same diligence, and the same intenseness of thought in the several branches of that work for which they willingly gave up all. For my own part, I want to feel the same principle ever actuating me which I felt the moment I set out.

Upon the whole, I find abundant cause to praise God for the support he has given me under various trials, and the wonderful deliverance from them. I praise him for so preserving me from impatience in them that the enemy had no room to speak reproachfully. In all, he has given me free access to the throne of grace, often with a strong confidence of deliverance. I bless God that the trials I have met with, even

from my brethren, have never given me an inclination to decline the work, nor for any time altogether to be less active in any branch of it. I always considered I had nothing which I had not received, and that the design of the Giver was that all should be used with singleness of heart to please God, and not man. I praise him that though some affairs I have been engaged in, being quite new to me, so deeply employed my thought as sometimes to divert me from that degree of communion with God in which is my only happiness, and without which my soul can never be at rest, yet he gives me always to see that the fulness of the promise is every Christian's privilege, and that this and every other branch of salvation is to be received *now*, by *faith* alone, and it can only be retained by the same means—by *believing every moment*. We cannot rest on anything that has been done, or that may be done hereafter. This would keep us from living a life of faith, which I conceive to be no other than the *now* deriving virtue from Jesus, by which we enjoy and live to God. My soul is often on the stretch for the full enjoyment of this, without interruption, nor can I discharge my conscience without urging it upon all believers *now* to come unto him who is “able to save unto the uttermost.”

Yours truly,

ALEX. MATHER.

To this John Wesley appends the following note :

“I earnestly desire that all our preachers would seriously consider the preceding account; and let them not be content never to speak against the great salvation, either in public or private and never to discourage, either by word or deed, any that think they have attained it. No! but prudently encourage them to hold fast whereunto they have attained, and strongly and explicitly exhort all believers to go on to perfection; yea, to expect full salvation from sin every moment, by mere grace, through simple faith.”

## ENVY.

Envy is one of the most despicable of passions. There is scarcely a crime to which it will not lead its victims. It was envy that robbed Naboth of his vineyard, and added murder to the theft. It was envy that led the guilty Absalom to desire the throne of his father, David. It destroys all that is best and noblest in character. So subtle is it in its workings that we learn on the highest testimony that “envy is rottenness of the bones;” it eats out all honor and manliness; it gives sleepless nights and restless days. Moreover, envy is utterly useless; it helps nobody, it effects no alteration, it wins no goal. As we read in Job, “it slayeth the silly one;” and all sensible people must feel that there is marvelous silliness in envy.

But if the indulgence of envy does us no good, it is calculated to do other people much harm. Every passion tends to incarnation in some way. Evil emotion turns to action, and becomes embodied in ignoble deeds! So deceitful is envy in its operation, and so successful in its harm, that the question is asked in Scripture, “Who can stand before envy?” It undermines the very ground you stand upon; it breathes insinuations against your character and reputation, which, light as air to utter, are strong as iron and sharp as steel, to do you damage. Yes; envy will depreciate the character it cannot publicly defame; it will explain virtues to be vices in disguise; it will sneer with the lip and stab with the suggestion of an evil hint in your absence; while in your presence it will admire and applaud.

That the envious pay the penalty in their own misery does not mitigate the wrong they do to others. It does help, indeed, to vindicate the ways of God to man, as it shows us the Divine hand dispensing, even in this world, to each man according to his sin! But the misery they feel does not atone for the misery they inflict.—*Quiver*.



## EDITORIAL.

## FORMALITY.

Many professed Christians have not the form of godliness. They do not have family prayers, except at intervals. They read their Bible and pray in secret but seldom. They attend public worship when convenient, but take no more part in it than other unconverted sinners.

Such persons—and there are many such—may have a great deal of bigotry, but of saving piety they have none. They may be flattered by churches that need their money, and encouraged to think that all is right, but they will wake up at last to find that they have made a great mistake.

True piety does not consist in outward things; but it does regulate and control them. A fire does not consist in the chimney or stove, but when there is a fire there must be some place in which it burns. If you have not this form of godliness, you need not inquire any farther; you cannot possibly be in a state of salvation.

Of those who have the form of godliness, how few have the power! In most of the churches there is not enough to get through the outward acts of public worship.

They feel obliged to hire the praises of God sung by professional singers! One of the most important parts of worship is an open mockery, performed by those whose sole object is to make a creditable display of their musical powers and attainments.

True godliness does not worship by proxy. It offers the simple adoration of the heart, as being more acceptable to God than the most skilful dissimulation.

In individual life the lack of the power of godliness is seen in the inability of professed Christians to overcome their besetting sins. It is well if they do not baptize their vices and parade them as Christian virtues; and call a compromising spirit charity; or parsimony, straightness; or lukewarmness, propriety.

He who has not the victory over everything which the Bible calls sin, is, whatever he may think of himself, or others may think of him, wanting in the power of godliness. To every Christian is the declaration made, *Sin shall not have dominion over you.*—Rom. vi, 14.

Merely formal Christians do not know what it is to have the blessing of God upon their souls. They go to their religion for safety, but to the world for happiness. They resort to the same places for pleasure that the world does, and are jovial companions of those that fear not God.

We would not say that mere formality does no good—it does in many ways. But it will not save the soul. More is wanting. There must be the power.

*To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me, saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts, and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear.*—Isa. i, 11, 15. Yet all these were proper in themselves. They were religious rites which God had commanded. But they did not answer in themselves. Reformation was called for.

To make prayers, however eloquent they may be, will not be accepted as a substitute for praying. To perform worship, however artistically it may be done, is not worship.

Beloveds, have you the power of godliness? Do you draw nigh to God with your hearts, and not with your lips only? Is there now simplicity in your devotions, a child-like trust in God; an expectation that your prayer will be answered? Is your whole heart in the work of serving God? Without care the best forms become formal—the most weighty words come to be used in a parrot-like way, without any appreciation of their meaning.

*The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.*—John iv, 23.

## REV. AMOS HARD.

Many of our readers who knew him personally will be surprised to hear of the sudden death of this man of God. He preached for us at Chili on Sabbath, the 11th of November, a sound, solemn, effective sermon, that will long be remembered. To one of his hearers at least, it occurred that he was preaching his last sermon. The next day he took the cars for his home at Painted Post, N. Y. He stopped to build a fire, and then started on foot on the railroad track to go to Corning, a mile distant. He crossed the bridge in safety, and soon after, doubtless supposing the danger passed, fell into the cattle-guard, bruising his head so severely as to render him unable to get out. His groans attracted attention. He was rescued and taken to his house, where he lingered until Thursday, when his spirit was released by death.

Brother Hard was one of the few preachers of the Genesee Conference of the M. E. Church who held to his convictions of religious truth with uncompromising tenacity. When stationed at a popular church, in which none knelt in public prayer, and no responses were ever heard, he used, when about to pray in the pulpit, to say, "Let me pray."

For a number of years past he has labored as an evangelist. The revivals that occurred under his ministry were characterized by more than ordinary depth and thoroughness. He identified himself with the Holiness movement in the M. E. Church, and also with the National Christian Association, opposed to secret societies, of which he was a member. He was strong in his opposition to Masonry, as a rival religion to the religion of Jesus Christ.

As a preacher of the Gospel he was clear, faithful and conscientious, aiming not to please the people by oratorical display, but to build them up in faith and holiness by clearly presenting, and strongly enforcing the great truths of the Word of God. He was a true friend, a faithful brother. He left a widow and two sons.

One, Rev. M. Hard, a member of the Central New York Conference; the other, Rev. C. P. Hard, a missionary in India.

## PERSECUTION.

If you are a true Christian you must expect to be slandered. Your sensitiveness on that point is altogether too great. It is impossible for any one to do harm to the devil's kingdom without having the devil for an enemy. He will, if possible stir up some weak, or formal professor of religion to say things to injure you. But do not be alarmed. If God gives you an influence, men cannot kill it. They may cripple you for a time, but if you hold on to God with faith and courage, you will come out all the stronger.

We had, since we published this magazine, an appointment to preach, miles away, in a Baptist church. A preacher in the place belonging to a denomination to which we had given years of earnest labor, went to the brother who had invited us, and told him that we had been turned out of the Church for a revolting crime. He knew he was telling a lie out of whole cloth. We did not feel in the least disturbed, but went on with the meeting just the same. Leaving the future out of the account, that preacher injured himself more than he did us.

Have you never noticed how, in our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, the only class upon which he pronounces a double blessing, is the persecuted? He first says, *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.* Then, to be more specific, he adds, *Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.*—Matt. v, 10-12.

It is expected of a soldier under fire, that he shall stand his ground and act as a soldier. If you are a Christian, you are a soldier; and when the fiery darts of persecution are aimed at you, do not run, nor yield, but use your shield and stand firm for God, and rejoice.

## A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

They are waiting the summons of their Master. They have lived together fifty years. Never for a single day have they failed to have family prayer. They have seven children—three on the other shore, four here. These were given a good education in industry; economy and piety, at home; in such knowledge as the schools impart, at Oberlin. Two of the sons are successfully engaged in an honorable business. The daughter is a teacher, and by her conscientious devotion to her duties, she commands good situations and a good salary. The other son is a practical farmer, and works the home farm on shares. It consists of sixty acres, and would sell, perhaps, for sixty dollars per acre; yet it yields enough to support both families in comfort.

We have had the privilege of spending several days with this interesting couple, who have so successfully fought the battle of life. They live in great comfort, peace and happiness. Their cottage consists of two rooms and a summer-kitchen down stairs, and two rooms, finished under the roof, above. The front room serves for their parlor and bed-room. The walls are ornamented with several pictures—such as "The descent of Christ from the Cross," paintings of rural scenery, and photographs of the family. It has also a piano, which the daughter uses when at home. The back room is both kitchen and dining-room; up stairs are two spare beds.

They do their own work, and make no doctor's bills. They do not owe a dollar, but live within their income. Last year the expenses of their living, above what their garden and chickens furnished, was one hundred and eight dollars. Their income, three hundred dollars. They pay forty dollars a year for the support of the Gospel, and have something left to help the poor.

Their sole business is to serve the Lord. They are regular in their attendance upon the meetings. For years he has held prayer-meetings, in which many have been

converted, and more encouraged to press on in the Divine life. If a soul becomes awakened, he tries to find it out, if possible, and tries to help that soul to Christ.

They have their enemies, for they bear an out-spoken testimony against the worldly-conformed, easy-going religion of the day. Yet nobody questions their piety. There is no probability that their children will become alienated from each other by quarreling over their property when they are gone.

Thus are they waiting,—happy in God, waiting joyously for the summons to come up higher.

Who can say that their life has not been a successful one?

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DEDICATION.—At Howard, Knox Co., Ohio, we dedicated a church to the worship of God, the 17th of November. The audience room is twenty-eight by forty-three, neat pleasant and commodious. The small society had done nobly in meeting the cost, so that we had only one hundred and fifty dollars to raise. This was readily contributed by the large congregation in attendance. There was a deep interest in the meetings, a few were converted, and conviction seemed to be general among the people.

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UNIVERSALISM is so contrary to all the teachings of the Bible, that we see not how any one who regards the Bible as an authoritative declaration of the will of God, can really embrace it or hold to it for any length of time. They generally either give up the Bible, or Universalism. The Rev. H. A. Hanaford has sensibly done the latter. He has publicly renounced "all fealty to, or connection with the Universalist Denomination." He says that he is "convinced of the essential truthfulness and adaptation to human needs, of those conceptions of Christian devotion which have distinguished the people commonly called evangelical." He intends to join the Congregationalists. He is a son of the Rev. Mrs. Phoebe Hanaford, a somewhat noted Universalist preacher.



THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR has, through the influence of the Gospel, set free all the slaves in her dominion, and has given to each family enough land to furnish them with the means of support.

Up to 1820 this island was wholly given to idolatry. In that year, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, a mission was established there, by Rev. D. Jones, with the sanction of the King. For fifteen years, during the life of the King, the mission flourished. The Queen, who succeeded him, fell under the influence of the party in favor of the old idolatry. A violent persecution broke out. Many of the native Christians were deprived of their property, and many were put to death. The persecution lasted fifteen years. Some were burned at the stake, others were thrown from a precipice and dashed to pieces upon the rocks beneath. Their sufferings were borne with Christian courage. The converts kept on multiplying.

At length the queen's son, a boy of seventeen, was converted. There was a struggle between the superstition of the woman and the instincts of the mother. But the mother prevailed. "He is my son, my only, my beloved son. Let him do what he pleases. If he wishes to become a Christian, let him, he is my beloved son."

The successor of the Queen was a Christian. She sent to the keeper of the royal idol, and inquired—

"To whom does this idol belong?"

"To the Queen."

By her command the idol was publicly burned. The example was generally followed. There was a great demand for the Bible, and six thousand copies were sold within two weeks. A wonderful religious revolution followed, and the nation has become thoroughly Christianized

**WRONGS**—We dislike to have any one treat us with injustice, because he is so apt to become a bitter, implacable enemy. He who has preying upon his mind the consciousness of having treated another with injustice, or ingratitude, inevitably

makes false representations, not only for the purpose of exciting prejudice against the one he has wronged, but more especially to try and satisfy his own conscience that he is not so much to blame. There is scarcely anything that a man will not forgive you for sooner, than for his having returned you evil for good.

#### ADULTERATED LIQUORS.

In its best state, *Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise.* What must it be when compounded of poisonous drugs? Men who engage in the liquor business do so to make money, with the full understanding that it is at the expense of the peace and happiness of their fellow-men. To expect that such men will be conscientious is the height of folly. The selling of liquor as a beverage, is a calling from which honor is, of necessity, excluded. There is no reason to suppose that the liquors generally sold are any better than those examined by a chemist in Lincoln, Nebraska. The citizens of that place purchased a quantity of liquor at twelve of the principal places of sale in that village, and submitted such liquors to the analysis of the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Nebraska. The specimens included whisky, port wine, brandy, gin, angelica wine, bourbon whisky and common whisky. The main ingredients of these were sugar of lead, strychnine, strontia, potash, benzine, logwood and alcohol. The Professor gave the different amounts of these ingredients and says, "In many of these liquors there is strychnine enough in each quart to kill a man, if it were taken separate from any other mixture, and at one dose; the same is true of sugar of lead." In no specimen of the whisky was there alcohol above twenty-five per cent; most specimens had only fifteen per cent, while in good whisky the amount should be fifty per cent. Most of the whisky could be manufactured for thirty cents a gallon. The port wine was a curiosity. It contained sugar of lead, potash and soda carbonates in large quantities, logwood and nine per cent of alcohol. The Angelica wine was made from sugar of lead, strontia, brazil-wood and alcohol twelve per cent.

## MEANS WASTED.

It is strange that men of means do not exercise the same good sense in making contributions to the cause of God that they do in business matters. In their business they endeavor to make every dollar useful. In the cause of God it is safe to say that more than half the money contributed goes for that which is purely ornamental. Church edifices every way as comfortable and convenient as those in which the rich put their money could be built often for one-tenth of the actual cost. The very gorgeousness of a costly church defeats the object for which churches should be built—helping souls to Heaven. They afford no help to the poor; for they shut them out. They do not help the rich; for they encourage them to take up with a religion in which humility—one of the prime essentials of Christianity is wanting. Thus they cater to pride and vanity which ruin the soul. So most of the money that is put in these costly churches is worse than thrown away.

It is so with schools. We applied to a wealthy professor of religion for help for our school, in which the means of obtaining a Christian education are put within the reach of those of but moderate means, and in which many are helped. We got nothing. The same party gave thousands—an amount that would have finished our building and paid our debts—to a school heavily endowed, for articles which answer no practical purpose whatever.

We know of an institution where professorships are endowed, which has costly buildings capable of accommodating five or six hundred students, which has an actual attendance of only about fifty.

There is need of a reform in the use that is made of money which is professedly consecrated to God. It should be put where it can do most good. We have no right to squander God's money in show and parade.

OPPOSING HOLINESS.—It is highly inconsistent for one who professes to be a Christian, to oppose holiness. The least

degree of saving grace makes one, as far as it is yielded to, holy. The object of the Bible, of the ministry, and of the Church, is to destroy sin and promote holiness. It would be as proper for a farmer to be opposed to abundant harvests, or a soldier to victory, as for a Christian to oppose holiness. To ridicule the doctrine, or make wholesale, disparaging remarks about it and its professors, such as are calculated to bring both into contempt, is so utterly at variance with the Spirit of Christ, that we are at a loss to imagine how one can do it who has the smallest spark of saving grace. Those who do it, will be almost certain to lose whatever degree of the Spirit's influence they may possess. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," that is holiness; and whatever opposes this, though it may prevail for a time, will be ultimately overthrown. Even where we cannot fully indorse the form of stating the doctrine, or the measures adopted by those who are honestly endeavoring to promote holiness, we should be careful, in expressing our dissent, lest it should appear as if we were opposing the doctrine itself. Remember our Saviour rebuked his disciples when they forbade others who cast out devils in the name of Christ, because they followed not them.

FAULT-FINDING.—DO NOT take it for granted that you are in a good religious state because you can see something to find fault with in those who give good evidence of being deeply devoted to God. A much better test is your ability to endure being found fault with. Do you consider one an enemy because he does not approve of all your actions? Do you turn upon one who tells you of your faults, and accuse him of still greater ones? If so, you are greatly lacking in patience, and in fidelity. If you see things in others that need to be corrected, you should tell them of it in love, and not in retaliation. If they try to make you better, you should see if there is not a chance for improvement in you, and not go at them. It is no work of grace to tempt others, but, *Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## LOVE FEAST.

M. POOR.—I love to testify to God's goodness. I feel that he is doing a wonderful work for me. I am going through in His own way. Bless His name! I am saved to the uttermost, and have that faith in God that claims all his promises. Even in the dark hours when Satan would tempt me to look at surroundings, I can look to God for help, and He does help. Bless His name! I am small and weak of myself; but while I let the Lord have his way, I have all the grace and strength I need to do His blessed will. I can trust Him to keep us out here in Kansas, or anywhere he sees fit to send us. I know that while we love Him and do His will we need not fear. He will take us through gloriously. The way seems narrower than ever; but there is more freedom in it and more blessed communion with God. I am in for the whole war, and am willing to take a soldier's fare. We find God has a people here who are holding up the standard and trying to keep it up to the Bible mark, knowing that a few truly saved of God are of more value than many who take the popular, world-pleasing way. God needs a tried army here, if any where; for the popularisms of the day are trying hard to gain the victory; but with God on our side, we will overcome. We are looking to Him to work for us and with us.

MRS. S. W. VANORMAN.—To-day finds me firmly settled on the Rock that was cleft to take me in. My face is set as a flint, Zionward. I find no consolation but in Jesus, and in obeying him. I am surrounded with every "ism" of the day. The enemy is all around me, trying in some means, if possible, to ensnare my feet. It seems as though I am often called upon to stand at the very cannon's mouth. But the Lord has wonderfully delivered me thus far. Bless his name. I am trusting the Lord in the shadow of Calvary.

MRS. E. J. SHARP.—I want to tell the pilgrims that Jesus saves me now. Praise his name! I love his blessed will.  
*Olivet, Dakota.*

REV. J. W. SHARP.—My testimony this morning is that Jesus saves me fully. I am living in the light of his countenance. I feel to cry, "Dakota for Jesus!"  
" 'Twas joyful once, 'tis glorious now, and better on before."  
*Olivet, Dakota.*

J. B. DANIELS.—I was in New York awhile ago, and went to the Palmer meeting; and I heard Isaac M. See say, "Victory!" The word thrilled me. As it comes to me here to-night, and I repeat it, it just thrills me again and again. Victory! It is victory now, and victory forever.

PERE E. COX.—I am so glad this morning that I am a child of the living God, that I hardly know how to begin to tell the story of redeeming love. My pen lingers while I try to tell the readers of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN* my actual condition before God, as I see it. The past few days have unfolded to me new views of the character of Christ, and the preciousness of his blood. And as I study the Word more, I find it is all of Christ and nothing of myself. Down in the depth of my soul I keep crying out:

"O to be nothing, nothing!  
Only to lie at His feet.  
A broken and emptied vessel,  
For the Master's use made meet."

I can safely say I am on ground I never occupied before, and as I go, I set stakes, that I may never go over the same ground again. Not to indulge in novel-reading is one of the stakes I have set, nor in foolish jesting, another. The sum and substance is, *I am saved*. Saved by the blood of the Lamb and *this* is the word of my testimony. Glory to God.

*McHenry Co., Ill.*





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