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COVETOUSNESS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

"Take care and beware of covetousness."—Luke xii, 15.

Covetousness is the inordinate desire of earthly things. I have listened to many sermons, but do not remember ever to have heard one on this subject.

It certainly cannot be because this sin has passed away and grown out of fashion.

It is a very common one. It holds almost unlimited sway over the civilized world. It is the secret spring of action which is impelling the multitude on in their eager pursuit after the things that perish. Under its influence they act like madmen. They toil harder than the overtasked slave.

Health is thrown away, the constitution broken down, premature old age comes running on, and they who robbed themselves of rest here, are laid away to rest in the grave. The bowels of the earth are ransacked; the dangers of the deep are defied; the tropical heat and polar cold are endured; death in every frightful form, is hazarded in obedience to the imperious dictates of covetousness. It enters the church and the Church is at once shorn of its power. Its vitality is gone. Her services become cold, formal, and un-

meaning. Her treasures are locked up, and no key in her possession can open them. She has lost her aggressive character. She makes no new conquests. It requires the constant exertion of all her strength not to lose ground. She is like Sampson shorn of his locks,—an object of derision to those who ought to tremble before her.

1. We should beware of covetousness, for it is a damning sin. It is not a venial fault, that hardly needs a pardon. You may be surprised to hear it called a sin. But I have good authority for declaring it a sin which will drown those guilty of it in the depths of perdition. God has said, amid the thunder and lightnings of Mount Sinai, *Thou shalt not covet*. Among the Ten Commandments this found a place.

The Apostle Paul writes to the Ephesians. "This ye know that no covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God."

He here gives the character, and danger of the covetous man. He is an idolater. He makes a god of gain. He builds his hopes of happiness, not so much on the favor of God, as on the possession of wealth. He had rather stretch the truth a little than take a dollar less for a piece of property. He does not mean to break the Sabbath;

but he will sooner work on Sunday than suffer the loss of a few handfuls of grain. *He has no inheritance in the kingdom of Christ.*

Again, writing to Timothy, he says: "They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition."

Do you not see then, that this is a dangerous sin?—one by all means to be avoided, if we would not go to perdition? It is classed by the sacred writers among the worst sins. "Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."—1 Cor. vi, 9-10. "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry: for which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience."—Col. iii, 5. You may know what God thinks of this sin from the class in which he places it.

2. Beware of covetousness, for it is a sin that insinuates itself unawares into the heart.

The most fatal diseases come on by degrees. The victim of consumption did not know when she was coming home in the chill dews or keen frosts of night from the merry dance or gay party, that she was exposing herself to the shafts of her ghastly destroyer. She was not alarmed when, with unerring aim, he sent arrow after arrow to her vitals. So covetousness insinuates itself into the affections. It grows rapidly, and yet insensibly. It acquires such a hold, that nothing but

grace can dislodge it. It ends in death.

3. Beware of covetousness, for it is deceptive. The covetous man is deceived. He does not know, and he does not wish to know, that he loves the world too well. The god of this world has blinded his eyes, and he loves to have them stay blinded. If he is a professor of religion, he justifies his course by an appeal to the Bible. He is familiar with such passages as these: "But if any man provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

—1 Tim. v, 8. So under the vain pretext of providing for the necessities of his family, he goes on adding farm to farm, limiting his possessions only by his ability to acquire. If he is called upon to do anything for the cause of God and humanity, he has read, "Owe no man anything."—Rom. xiii, 8. He must, therefore, get out of debt, before he can do anything for his fellow men. He imagines that he is getting rich when God sees that riches are getting him.

4. Beware of covetousness, for it always fails of securing its object.

(1) The covetous man really thinks that he shall be looked up to—shall be respected when he becomes wealthy. Vain delusion! None but fools or knaves will think more of a man because he is rich. Sycophants may fawn around him like hungry dogs; but he soon learns to despise them.

Take an illustration of the little respect that is paid to rich men as such. I once knew a man who settled in the town when the country was new, as Indian agent. He became very rich,

owning mills, and many most valuable farms. He had gold and silver in abundance laid up in store. I can remember, often seeing him in my native village peddling apples by the dozen, and plums by the quart to get a few groceries. At length he died in his own house; but no one was by his bedside, to weep over him. The day of his burial came. No one cared enough for him to send for a minister to attend his funeral; and none came. Not a woman was at the funeral. He had no family. A few men came, and put him in his coffin, and with his sled and oxen, drew him to his grave! No tear was shed, no prayer was uttered, over his last remains. He made no will, and as soon as he was gone, distant relatives began to litigate about his property. The lawyers got their share, and the rest was divided among the claimants.

(2) Another object which covetousness proposes, is to make the possessor of wealth happy in its enjoyment. Dr. Johnson tells a story of a tallow-chandler in London who sighed for the repose which wealth might purchase. By patient industry and economy he amassed a fortune. He retired from the business to a delightful country seat near the metropolis; but he soon grew tired of the ease for which he had sighed.

At length it became so intolerable that he went back to his old shop, and begged of his successor the privilege of coming into town every week and melting tallow for him for nothing. So true are the words of the wise man: "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer

him to sleep."—Ecc. v, 12.

(3) Another object which it proposes, is the benefit of children. Parents naturally and strongly desire the welfare of their children. The covetous man seeks wealth that he may make his family happy. But riches most generally prove the ruin of children—soul and body.

The men who make their mark for God, are, for the most part, those who have struggled with difficulties. Those who wield the destinies, and control the wealth, and give direction to the mind and morals of our country, were not born to fortunes.

The history of the great and good demonstrate "that it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Let our children encounter obstacles as we had to; if they have energy, it will develop it; if they have it not, it will help them to acquire it.

5. Beware of covetousness, for it is difficult to get rid of.

It becomes strongest when there is the least excuse for it. The old miser, just ready to drop into the grave without a friend on earth for whom he cares, or who cares for him, grows more covetous up to the last. He loves gold for its own sake.

6. Mark the double caution. *Take heed, and beware of covetousness.* It was given by one who knew the danger. With a perfect knowledge of what was in man, he exclaimed: *How, hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.*

7. How, do you ask shall we avoid this fatal disposition?

(1) Shall we retire from business as soon as we have gained a competency? Shall we say, "Soul thou hast much

goods laid up in store for many years? This will never do. The Christian will starve upon the bread of idleness.

(2) Shall we expend our means in riotous living? This will not answer. "Be ye not conformed to this world."

Adorn yourselves, not with gold or pearls, but with good works.

(3) I see no better way than to follow Mr. Wesley's rule: "Get all you can," by proper industry, "save all you can," by Scriptural self-denial and economy, and "give all you can" to the wants of humanity. The man who acts upon this rule, is laying up his treasures where moth and rust do not corrupt. He understands what is meant by the direction: *Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.*

APPLICATION.

1. I have endeavored to give you some reasons, why you should beware of covetousness. Are they not good reasons? I have presented to you a way to avoid it. Is it not a good way? Is it not the best way? It sets before you an object worth living for. It invests life with some importance, not only to yourself and family, but to the world. Were you to act up to this rule, what might you not do for the cause of God? The Lord would bless you and your family. Your children would see that you think more of religion than you do of property.

You would enjoy religion. The Bible would be much better understood by you. Many very important passages that you now try to explain away would possess a force that would surprise and delight you. You would not be so apt to backslide as you are now.

You would have a religion of some value, and you would be careful about

parting with it.

2. Beloveds, we need to examine our hearts in reference to this matter. Let us close our eyes to the world besides, and look at ourselves. Let us not enquire whether others love the world too well, but let us see if we as individuals do not.

If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.—1 Jno. ii, 15.

3. Our own hearts condemn us, and God is greater in justice than our hearts, and he will condemn us too! His word is decisive. Who will this day consecrate himself to the Lord? Who will commence from to-day to work for God? Who will make it a business to lay up for himself treasures in Heaven?

GROWING OLD.—It is a solemn thought connected with middle life, that life's long business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive, autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that Nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for a man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not back.—*F. W. Robertson.*

THE SICK HEALED.

The following account, written by Rev. W. H. Rice, a Presbyterian minister, was sent us by Sister Fairchilds, of Washington. She is acquainted with Mrs. Lamb and says that her health still continues good.—EDITOR.

One day in the month of May, 1875, two ladies came to my house in Washington, D. C., endeavoring to engage rooms for the accommodation of an invalid lady, a Mrs. Lamb. They said that she had been a great sufferer for many years, and had borne her affliction with unquestioning submission and patience.

Deeply interested in the account given, I said to them, "We ought to have faith enough to secure the restoration of Christian friends who are in such a condition."

A few days after this, the lady was moved into the house adjoining my own, and presently I called upon her. I found her to be a most intelligent and fervent Christian, evidently a constant sufferer, utterly helpless upon her bed, and without the least hope of recovery, but resting in the Lord's will most sweetly and lovingly. The facts which I now give concerning her condition, I ascertained in subsequent conversations.

She was forty-four years of age, and had been an invalid for twenty years. For fourteen years she had not been able to kneel or to reach to the floor. For ten years she had been completely bed-ridden, except at two brief intervals, when she was able to sit up for a little while, to ride out a few times, and to take a few, painful steps.

She had been successively treated by eight of the leading physicians of the District of Columbia, all of whom had abandoned her case as hopeless. The physicians judged that she had Bright's disease of the kidneys, and partial paralysis of the left side, with rheumatic affection of the heart.

The left arm was stiff and bent upon the breast, emaciated to the last degree,

and often excruciatingly painful, rheumatic pains passing up the arm to the heart and causing terrible spasms. The left hand was closed and distorted, and the nails being inaccessible and too sensitive to be trimmed, sometimes grew an inch long and penetrated the flesh. The hand was cold and white, resembling that of a corpse, and was constantly in intense pain. The spine was diseased, and the whole back weak and painful. The lower limbs were emaciated, and frequently became rigid and immovable, with violent shooting and aching pains. The back would sometimes become arched like a bow, and had to be sustained by a round stick wrapped in a towel.

For five years there had been upon her back, just over the kidneys, two lumps, each as large as her fist, as she described them. At times they were so painful that she had to lie upon a stick of wood placed between them.

Renal calculi were formed in immense numbers, in size from a grain of sand to a small pea, and every few weeks caused indescribable torture for from two to three hours, accompanied with spasms and vomiting, and often extorting screams from the intense agony.

During all these years she was so sensitive that a sudden jarring or loud noise would throw her into convulsions.

At the time I first saw her, her nervous condition was somewhat improved, but was substantially as described. She could not turn herself in the bed nor raise her head from the pillow. The second time I called upon her, I inquired if she had ever thought that she might be restored to health by divine power, in answer to believing prayer on the part of herself and her friends. She replied that she knew that God could raise her up, but that she did not expect ever to be permanently better. I recited to her a number of the published cases of apparent cure in answer to faith and prayer; the case of Mrs. Miller, of Oberlin, O., of Nettie Connet, the minister's daughter in Kansas, and a case related by

Rev. W. E. Boardman. I also spoke of Dorothea Trudel's establishment in Switzerland, and of Dr. Cullis's in Boston. She was interested, but expressed little or no hope for herself.

A few days after, however, I found her much more hopeful, and beginning to take hold of the promises of God on her own behalf.

I said to her that while we know the love and power of God, we did not know that it was his will to raise up every sick one, and that we had no ground as yet for absolute faith in her case, for we could not with certainty know his will; but that we were at liberty to ask him, and I believed that if we asked him in simplicity, and waited in humility and trust, he would assure us whether it might be His will.

This was on a certain Monday in June. We then agreed that the following Wednesday should be set apart for special prayer to God, that he would reveal his will to us. Several Christian friends were invited to unite in prayer on that day, and a request for prayer was sent to Revs. Messrs. Inskip and McDonald who were holding meetings in the city.

Assured that our position was scriptural, I went to prayer on the day assigned, with the deepest solemnity and earnestness, asking one thing—Lord, may it be thy will to heal this child of thine? There was a wonderful sense of the presence of God, deepening and increasing, but for a long time nothing that I could understand as an indication of the will of God, until, after some three hours of "waiting upon the Lord," there came a clear, unquestioned conviction that it was God's will, and that the prayer was heard and answered. At the same instant there was present to my mind an impression as if a bright stream of life-giving power were coming from above, poured upon her. This continued for a few seconds, and I arose without the least doubt that she would be raised up from her sickness.

A few hours after, I stepped into her

room, and was instantly struck with a remarkable change in her appearance. There was a look of new life and vigor, specially noticeable in the eyes, and in the expression of the face. I found, too, that the same conviction that she was about to be healed had come to her; but as yet she had received no new strength.

On the following Friday, *i. e.*, two days after, Miss Ewin, an intimate friend of Mrs. Lamb's, came to my door and said, "Mrs. Lamb wishes me to tell you that for the first time in ten years she has risen and walked without any assistance." I went in to see her, and found it even so. The following statement she gave me subsequently. She was listening to Miss Ewin, who was entertaining her with some incident in her life, and was not thinking of herself in any wise, when suddenly it seemed to her that her back, shoulders and chest were being strengthened by supernatural power. She interrupted her friend by saying "I have been strengthened, and I believe I can raise myself;" and she immediately drew herself into a sitting posture. As she did so she felt the same strengthening influence flowing into the trunk of the body and the lower limbs. She then said, "I believe I can walk." She turned the clothes aside, stepped out upon the floor, and took four or five steps to the door, which she opened. But as she stood there her faith began to waver. "I felt as Peter did when he saw that the waves were rough; I was afraid." Immediately she felt that she was sinking, but she walked back and fell upon the bed.

The next day I saw her again, when she said, "I have done to-day what I have not done before for fourteen years. I was here alone, and I felt so grateful to God that I longed once more to kneel and thank him. Satan whispered that even if I were able to kneel I never could raise myself; but I did. I got out of bed, knelt and prayed, and got into bed again."

From that time her strength gradually increased, sometimes rapidly,

sometimes slowly; sometimes improvement seemed checked for a time, but was renewed after renewed prayer and faith, until she had nearly the full strength of a well person; could walk several squares, could ascend and descend stairs readily, and take considerable journeys upon the cars. The huge swelling upon her back suddenly disappeared a few days after she first walked. Life has come to the dead hand. The color and warmth are natural, and the fingers have so far straightened that she can use the hand in sewing, and can put a glove upon it. The arm can now be raised as far as necessary.

She still suffers at times from the calculi, but when she feels the spasm approaching, she resorts to prayer with confidence, and usually falls into a deep sleep, from which she awakes relieved. The spasms around the heart have ceased.

This is her condition eighteen months after the day when, as she believes, and as her friends believe, the Spirit of the Lord rested upon her for the healing of her diseases.

This account of her case is given with frankness, but with scrupulous care, for the encouragement of those who are like afflicted in any way, and to the praise of the King.

—The oil of the lamp in the temple burnt away in giving light; so shall we.

—Strive to recommend religion by the courtesy, civility, and condescending character of your conduct.

—The droppings of the Spirit into the soul—ah, it is this which comforts the soul. This is the oil of gladness that makes the face shine. This makes the cup run over. This is the full well rising within the soul, at once comforting and purifying. Dear friends, be not filled with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit. These are the flagons that stay the soul. May you be in the Spirit on the Lord's day.

STANDARD OF HOLINESS.

Whatever degree of personal holiness, or inward perfection, was required of the first followers of Christ, it is still the same degree and for the same reason required of all Christians to the end of the world.

Humility, meekness, heavenly affection, devotion, charity, and a contempt of the world, are all internal qualities of personal holiness. They constitute that spirit and temper of religion which is required for its own excellence, and is therefore of constant and eternal obligation. There is always the same fitness and reasonableness in them, the same perfection in practicing of them, and the same rewards always due to them.

We must look carefully into the nature of the things which we find were required of the first Christians. If we find that they were called to sufferings from other people, this may, perhaps, not be our case; but if we see they are called to sufferings from themselves, to voluntary self-denials, and renouncing their own rights, we may judge amiss if we think this was their particular duty as the first disciples of Christ.

If, therefore, Christians will show that they are not obliged to those renunciations of the world which Christ required of His first followers, they must show that such renunciations, such voluntary self-denials, were not instances of personal holiness and devotion, did not enter into the spirit of Christianity, or constitute that death to the world, new birth in Christ, which the Gospel requireth. But this is as absurd to imagine as to suppose that praying for our enemies is no part of charity.

Let us, therefore, not deceive ourselves. The Gospel preaches the same doctrines to us that our Saviour taught His first disciples, and though it may not call us to the same external state of the Church, yet it infallibly calls us to the same inward state of holiness and newness of life—*William Law, M. A.*

A BRAND.

BY THOMAS PARKER.

I was born in Ireland, county of Cavin in the year 1816. Moved to Kingston, Canada in 1841, and that same year moved to Navy Island, Niagara River, the distance of about three miles above the Falls; the place where the rebels quartered under Wm. Lyon McKenzie during the patriot war. I resided on this island thirty-two years, and lived a life of sin and wickedness. I had an excellent opportunity of doing well on this fertile island; but no, I was a faithful, hard-working servant of the devil, and was "led captive by him at his will." I was blind to my own best interests, temporal and spiritual, and lost to everything that was good. Sin had hardened me and made me reckless, so that I became a terror both to the good and bad. I "feared neither God nor regarded man," and thought but little about my future and eternal welfare. It is truly wonderful how God has borne with me all these years, and spared my more than useless life. I have met with all kinds of danger, especially on the water, and death would seem to stare me in the face; but an unseen, and an overruling providence has preserved me. To God be all the praise! The height of my ambition seemed to be, how I could best gratify my depraved passions. I knew no bounds; sin had perfect dominion over me. Night after night would be spent in drinking and carousing with my wicked associates, and while under the influence of the accursed liquor, I would cross the river to the island, and then in a fit of rage and passion, upset the table and break all the dishes, and carry on just as bad as the devil could make me. My nature was more like a tiger than anything else. (With shame I confess it.) This was characteristic of my every-day life; for I was always ready to resent an insult and take it out in fighting. My Sabbaths would be spent in hunting, fishing and

drunken sprints. This was the order of the day. The island was a resort for the very worst kind of characters, such as smugglers, and raftsmen; and when we all assembled together, there would be trouble in the devil's camp. The fighting, cursing and Sabbath desecration made a hell upon earth. When I look back upon my past life, it sends a thrill of horror through my very being, and I am ready to exclaim, "O, God," is it possible, I am rescued from the very jaws of hell? God only knows the very narrow escapes I have met with time and again. One Sabbath a bloody fight occurred on the island, and one man received a blow on the head with a stone which afterward resulted in his death. I clinched this same man who had committed the deed, and had a fearful struggle with him, but he drew his knife and stabbed me two or three times, I held on until I was taken away more dead than alive. For several weeks I laid at the point of death, and had I not possessed a strong constitution, death would have been the result. But "God who is rich in mercy; for his great love wherewith he loved me," had compassion on my soul, and spared me a little longer. Bless his holy name! Strange to say after I was restored to soundness of body again, I was the same wicked, reckless man, possessing the same ugly, vicious nature. This loud call seemed to have but little effect on my heart; my appetite for whisky was just as strong as ever; and instead of its decreasing, it was constantly on the increase. God only knows the passion I had for the liquor: for over thirty years I have been an habitual drunkard, and I could much easier go without my meals than be deprived of my whisky. I can truly say that "goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." During these years my wife lived a life of martyrdom; sorrow and suffering being her portion. Night after night would she run down to the river side, and there wait for me to return from a drunken carousal. O, how patiently God has

borne with me; surely it was the "goodness of God that led me to repentance." Nothing else could have conquered this stubborn, rebellious heart of mine; but God has done it. Bless his dear name! For years I carried on smuggling between the States and Canada, running risks, and facing danger of all kinds. More than once I narrowly escaped going over the fearful Falls of Niagara; but God has had a watch-care over me. Once on a certain occasion, while in pursuit of a deer, I followed it near the rapids, and hit it a blow with my oar over the head and killed it. After a severe struggle and hard pulling, I succeeded in reaching the shore with my game. I have been caught in the ice, so that it seemed impossible for me to escape, and death seemed inevitable, but to my happy surprise, the ice would give way and I would escape. I might mention other instances of this kind, but time and space will not permit.

Some three years ago a party of wealthy men purchased Navy Island from the Canadian Government for the purpose of raising fruit. After selling out my claim, we moved to the village of Chippawa, Canada, a short distance from the island. I shall have occasion to thank God forever for this move; for here is the place where I first had the opportunity of hearing the Gospel preached in its purity. Just a year ago this month, March, 1878, Brother Fell providentially returned to his native town to hold a series of meetings, and God was with him and the whole community was stirred for miles around. Wife and I attended the meetings; and the first night we were struck under conviction, and went home under a sense of guilt and condemnation. I could not rest, but felt miserable and wretched, and we promised that the first opportunity that was given to come to the altar, we would go. A couple of nights after, we went forward, wife taking the lead. The church was full; but O, we did not care for anything around us, but commenced to cry for mercy, and we did not need any urg-

ing. Mercy was our plea. A life-time of sin loomed up before me, and O, what a load! The heaviest load I ever carried in my life. But wife and I cried, and held on to God for deliverance. This being the first opportunity of the kind we ever had in our lives, we were determined to improve it; and glory be to God in the highest, Christ came and rolled away the fearful load of guilt, and we both went free in God. Yes, praise God I am a free man in Christ Jesus. All my sins are washed away in his precious blood. All appetite for drink, tobacco and fighting is gone. Wife and I were both inveterate users of tobacco, but we are saved completely from it. Praise God forever! We cultivated this noxious weed for our own use; but thank God, we want nothing more to do with the poisonous stuff. What a glorious change has taken place in our family. Truly it is like life from the dead. One of our daughters is converted, and we are holding on to God for the rest of the family. My business now is—

"To tell to all around
What a dear Saviour I have found,"

And this is my delight O Glory to God forever. O, how precious Jesus Christ is to my soul. He gives me love for every one, for the very ones I used to hate the most—Roman Catholics. Once I was an Orangeman, but now I am a freeman in Christ Jesus. My prayer is that this slight sketch of my experience may prove a blessing to thousands. I am now sixty-two years of age; and I am anxious that the remainder of my days may be spent to the honor and glory of God. Beloved friends, remember the Navy Islander in your prayers. Amen.

Ontario.

—Everlasting despair! O how you will wish you had never been. How you will wish to tear out your memory, and these tender affections, and this accusing conscience. You will seek death, and it will flee from you. This, this is to be lost. This is everlasting destruction. This is to be a castaway.

NEAR TO JESUS.

There are men who seem to be so full of divine influence that wherever they go they carry blessings. There is a strange power in their simplest words which thrills every heart. There is a warm glow in their faces which seems like the out-shining of a great altar fire or a hot furnace of love in their bosoms. There is an unction in their prayers which takes hold of men's souls and lifts them up into the very presence of God. Their lives have a holy fragrance. And if you ask for the secret you shall find it to be this: they have been with Jesus. They live with him, and wherever they go, they go right from communing with him.

These are the mighty ones of the earth. They live hard by the gates of heaven, and when they come to us they bring their hands and hearts full of rich blessings, fresh from God. When a man comes in from outside on a cold, wintry day, he brings winter's chill on his garments. But when one comes from a flower garden into your chamber, he brings fragrance with him. And when a man comes from the presence of Jesus "all his garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces." He has been walking the garden of God, and comes with garments perfumed. Like the men who bore the Eshcol grapes from the vine clad hills of Canaan back into the wilderness, he comes, laden with ripe clusters of fruits which with his own hands, he has gathered upon the heavenly fields. He comes as a vessel, only of wood or clay it may be, but a vessel, fresh from the fountain, and full to the brim, and dripping over with the sweet waters of grace.

When such men sit by the bed-side of the sick they have something to offer besides the common courtesies of friendship, or even the tender words of human sympathy and love. They bring a message from the King. They bear healing waters drawn from the deep well of life. When they sit down by the mourner they have something

better than the world's cold comfort to present. They bring promises which shine like lamps in the gloom and cast their beam far into sorrow's depths. When they sit down beside the tempted, almost fainting one, they have something better than stones to give. They have come from Christ, and bear in their hands "hidden manna." When they go out among the great needs and wants of human hearts they go laden with spiritual gifts. They live so near the gates of heaven that they catch the accents of the angel's songs, and then come and sing them in men's homes to cheer the sad and weary of earth. They are on such intimate terms with Jesus that he whispers to them many a precious secret of his love, which they can tell again to others who are burdened.

There is no power to be compared for a moment with spiritual power. A celebrated conqueror boasted that with one stamp of his foot he could rouse all Italy to arms. But with all his power he could not have comforted a mourner, nor dried a tear, nor lifted up a fainting spirit. The achievements of physical power will perish, but the things wrought by anointed men will endure forever.

This power can be gotten. God will give it to his lowliest. But it can be obtained only in one way. Wealth will not give it. The universities cannot confer it. Genius hath it not among her treasures. It is not one of the jewels in the king's crown. It can only be gotten by living with Jesus.

THE RIGHT ROAD.—"It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth," said Lord Erskine, "always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I have always followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point out the same path to my children."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The battle was over! All day long it had raged, but now the conflict had ceased, for the victory was won.

A dearly-won victory! The life-blood of many a gallant heart stained the turf, and upon countless homes had fallen the darkness of the shadow of death. Throughout the length and breadth of the land was heard the wail of mourning, and the sobs of the widowed and fatherless mingled with the triumphant swell of the martial music. Sorrow and gladness walked hand in hand; the sound of the requiem ascended with the glad *Venite exultemus*, and the flag of victory waved over the open grave.

Upon the solemn battle-field among the wounded, the dying, and the dead, lay one who had fought bravely and well through the battle's wild alarm. The dimness of death was upon his eyes; its icy hand was stopping the slow beating of his heart, and checking the current of his blood.

He was dying, and he knew it! The cries of victory had fallen upon unheeding ears; and now, in the quiet evening, he lay, silent and still, waiting for the end.

Searching for the living among the dead, two of his comrades found him there, and with gentle hands lifted him, to carry him to the camp. All tender as they were, the movement was more than he could bear, and stifling the moan upon his lips, he bade them lay him down and let him die in peace.

They laid him down, and stood beside him with uncertain will. It seemed so cruel to leave him there, untended and alone.

"Besides," they said, "to leave him there means death."

So once more they raised him in their arms, and with slow and steady step proceeded on their way.

But the cold sweat broke out upon his brow, and the dim eyes looked the entreaty that his lips refused to speak. To carry him further was but to hasten his death; there was no mistaking now

the impress of the great destroyer's hand, and again they laid him down upon the blood stained turf, and left him there to die.

And now he was alone. Around him lay the silent forms of grey old veterans; of fair-haired boys, upon whose blue-veined foreheads no loving hands would ever more be placed; of stalwart men, whose cold lips wore the curve of stern determination. No comrade was there to wipe the death-dews from his brow, or raise his dying head. He was alone, and what visions rose before him none can tell.

It may be he went back to the careless, happy days of childhood, and dreamed of the dear old home. It may be he heard, in fancy, voices long silent, and saw around him faces once dear and cherished. It may be he saw the heavens opened, and radiant, white-winged messengers waiting to take him home.

An officer passing, with careful step and watchful eye, saw him, and stopped.

"Shall I get you a drink of water, my poor fellow?" he asked gently.

"No, thank you, Sir."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank you, Sir."

"Have you any relative or friend to whom you would like to send a message? I will gladly take it."

"I have not—a friend—in the world."

The officer was silent: he had stood by many a dying man, but never yet by any one who had not some loved name upon his lips. Kneeling down, he wiped the death-damp from the bronzed forehead with pitying hand.

"Is there nothing at all I can do for you, my poor fellow? Do you wish for nothing?"

Slowly the dying man opened his eyes and looked up into the kindly, sympathizing, young face.

"There is one thing, Sir—I should like," he murmured. "In my knapsack—my Bible."

Opening the knapsack, the young

officer took out a little, well-worn Bible.

"Is there any particular part you wish to hear?" he asked.

"The fourteenth chapter of St. John—near the end—you will find something—about *peace*."

He turned over the leaves and found the place.

"Is this it?—Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Fitting words for that solemn battlefield!

The world was waiting to lavish its applause and honors upon the victorious living; the song of triumph, and their country's love and praise, were theirs; glad hearts and open arms awaited their coming to fatherland and home.

But for the lonely, friendless soldier, unknown, un-named, the *peace* "which passeth all understanding!"

The dim eyes opened, and a look of radiant happiness fell upon the soldier's face. All was forgotten! the pain and suffering, the feverish thirst and aching wound! the heart-sick longing for the touch of a loving hand, the weary strife and life's long toil!—all gone forever!

The cold lips moved with broken, murmured words, and the officer bowed his head to listen.

"That peace—is mine!—that Saviour—is mine!—heaven—is—mine!"

The night closed round, drawing its pall of darkness over the dying and the dead. Motionless and still, with upturned face and folded hands, lay the dead body of the friendless man, with his little worn old Bible lying on his breast.

With careless glance and step they passed him by; he was only a dead soldier of the ranks! Only an unknown soldier of the ranks, one among the many slain! only one less to swell the victor's song of triumph, to claim his meed of England's praise! And they laid him in a nameless grave in a strange and far-off land.

A WORD TO PASTORS.—Make up your minds you must work, but if you consider yourself a fellow-member don't work alone. Help your church but don't carry it! If you find meddlesome busy-bodies, give them plenty to do; they hate real work as a mosquito does smoke.

Your main business is to preach; but to do this you must know your people and ascertain their wants. Don't visit just to please, but to help on your work. Some families will need six visits to another's one. Go where you can hurt the devil most. Be governed by men's wants; not their complaints.

Preach not as others do, but as you and God can best arrange it. Fill your hearers with sound reason, then cork them tightly with sound application, bind them with a "Thus saith the Lord." Be sparing, if not a little stingy, in using old sermons. Remember, when the stream of study stops flowing, the pulpit pond lowers. Give no censures unless there is love enough to prevent their drowning in hatred. It requires much love to praise, more to reprove. Attack measures; "hit" people only when they stand between you and the evil.

You must begin in time, and not be too long in uttering what you have to say—if you would have this busy age stop and listen. If you would preach the best sermons, practice them faithfully beforehand.

Endeavor to be the greatest man in the parish, and that by being the servant of all.

Be childish enough to think you never can be left away from Christ. Run to show him all you have, and ask Him for all you want.

Work when you can, retire when you must, and you shall have favor with God when you will.—*Congregationalist*.

—Dear anxious soul, why do you keep away from Christ? You say Christ is far from you; alas, he has been at your door all day.

OUR FAULTS.

BY HANNAH PELTON.

A fault considered morally, "is an error or mistake; a blunder; a defect; an imperfection; any deviation from propriety, resulting from inattention or want of prudence, rather than from design to injure or offend, but liable to censure or objection."

There are but few, if any Christians, who are at all times without fault, and there is no one, however spiritually minded, but is liable to be in fault. The Apostle says: "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."—Gal. vi, 1.

There is, it may be no place where the gift of charity should be so exercised, as on this one point, the faults of our co-workers in the vineyard of God. He designed members of his church to be helpers to one another. "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed."—Jas. v, 16. This will invariably produce a feeling of sympathy, of love, of kindly affection, (be ye kindly affectionate one to another,) of unity, which is the strength of the church, and the power of godliness; such a people will be "knit together in love;" their bands will be strong.

Faults may be as various, and as many as there are individuals to manifest them, but we notice a few. One may be mistaken with regard to the views, incentives or good intentions of another. He ascribes to him motives, that do not exist. How necessary he should know his fault, and when convinced of it, confess it. Another makes a sad blunder by speaking unadvisedly, without due exercise of judgment. He may be soon aware of this, and regret it. Confess the fault, then is the mind at ease. Another is defective in judgment, memory, or understanding. If the fault is confessed no one will censure, and the senses will be on their watchful guard to pre-

vent a repetition of the same. In an unguarded moment, some may deviate from propriety, because of inattention or want of prudence. They had no design to injure or offend, but bring upon themselves censure, or objection. There is a way to the restoration of confidence. It is to confess the fault.

A true Christian is only too glad to know his faults; and such are even anxious to confess them, even if very trivial. To bring reproach on the cause of righteousness, is to them a grief they cannot endure. They will honestly say, let me be humbled; but let no words, or conduct of mine bring dishonour, or cast reflection for evil, on the purity of the religion of Christ.

The Psalmist exclaims: "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults."—Psa. xix, 12. It often requires a power beyond our own perceptions to know ourselves. Hence God often enlightens his children by his Holy Spirit, which convicts and impresses the understanding, or he may choose some faithful co-worker to admonish or reprove. Thus we see how very essential it is to have a teachable spirit, "if we would work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." In Matt. xviii, 15-17, we have given to us explicitly the way of procedure with one who is in fault. St. John tells us the character of those who were redeemed from among men. "And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God."—Rev. xiv, 5. The Saviour desires to heal us from whatever fault we may have, or be tempted to fall into. Hence he inspired the Apostle to write: "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. Thus may you be found without fault, and blameless."

—An awakened soul is not a saved soul. You are not saved till God shut you into Christ. It is not enough that you flee, you must flee into Christ. Oh, do not look behind you. Remember Lot's wife.

EXPERIENCE.

MARIA F. STEARNS.

In the year 1868, after some months of earnest searching after God, the light shone upon the way to him, and I was enabled to trust Jesus to save me. I relied on him in perfect confidence, knowing by faith that he was my Advocate with the Father.

One year later, on profession of my faith, I was immersed, and united with the First Baptist Church.

Every truth taught was accepted; but after two or three years I began to be sensible of a lack of progress in my experience. I seemed to be always treading the same steps over and over, "always learning," indeed, "but not able to come to the knowledge of the truth." I had started in the Christian course with the resolve to attain all that was for believers, but was disappointed in my slow progress and unsatisfying experience. In the summer of 1876 the blessing of purity or holiness was brought to my notice, as an attainment required of believers. I had never heard of it in the form in which it was then presented, and had no idea of the manner of obtaining it, but as it was explained, I felt that it was exactly what I needed and had desired. "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me," had been my sincere prayer since I was justified. The work called "Sanctification made Practicable" was read, and as each step in consecration was pointed out, I was enabled to take it, and believing God accepted the sacrifice—my soul, body, will, mind, influence, reputation—all I had and was, was laid on His altar. I felt no particular joy, but great peace and silence filled and seemed to surround me. I had the testimony faith brings, that I was then wholly the Lord's; but that was not enough; the Holy Spirit must add His witness, and for that I waited in faith. In about three weeks this witness was given, and I experienced some of the joy of the Lord. The love of

Jesus which was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Spirit gave me a feeling of fellowship for all who loved God, and a freedom to which I had before been a stranger, and soon I confessed to myself that I could no longer believe in or practice close communion. In Jesus' strength, and in obedience to his direct command on this subject, I have broken the rules of the church of which I was a member, and in so doing, have forfeited my standing and every interest there, but all the consequences of this obedience I have trusted with the Lord, and amidst all opposition his promised grace is sufficient, and his peace keeps my heart and mind.

Now my feet are in the great King's highway—the way of life; and by his grace, I am determined to continue in it.

I feel a new life within, even the life of Christ. I am often tried and tempted, but Jesus keeps me and gives complete victory. My desire is for more of his all-victorious love in my heart.

WILL YOU SUPPORT INTEMPERANCE?

—Joseph Cook says: "Now will you vote for a law in Massachusetts, providing that every man who is habitually and persistently intemperate shall have every nerve tracked by pain, shall find the very holy of holies of the physical organism invaded by hot pin-cers, shall be put upon the rack and tortured, as if demons had him, and shall go hence in delirium tremens? Very few men would vote for such a law as that. It is a terrible thing to injure a man's health. His family depends on him; children depend on him; orphans are to be regarded. We must be liberal. There cannot possibly be passed any such regulation unless we forget the interests of wives, and of these little ones who are not responsible for coming into the world. Surely liberalism will have no support to give to a law by which habitual intemperance incapacitates a man for the supporting of his family. There is, however, a power yonder that seems not

to be governed by a sentiment like this, and which has made a law that every habitually intemperate man shall have his veins tortured, and shall have every nerve seized in red hot pincers. That government is terribly in earnest. That is what it does. It does that every time. You know that. There is not a particle of doubt on this subject. There is not a scintilla of unrest in men's minds on this whole subject. What do you suppose this government means?"

SURRENDERED TO GOD.—By an authority as gentle as efficacious, God accomplishes His will in us when we have surrendered our souls to Him. The consent we give to His operations, and our relish of them, is sweet and sustaining in proportion to the perfection of our abandonment. God does not arrest the soul with violence. He adjusts all things in such a manner, that we follow Him happily, even across dangerous precipices. So good is this Divine Master, so well does He understand the methods of conducting the soul, that it runs after Him, and makes haste to walk in the path He orders.

Suppleness of soul is, therefore, of vital consequence to its progress. It is the work of God to effect this. Happy are the souls who yield to His discipline. God renders the soul, in the commencement, supple to follow illuminated reason; afterwards to follow the way of faith. He then conducts the soul by unknown steps, causing it to enter into the wisdom of Jesus Christ, which is so different from all its former experience, that without the testimony of Divine filiation, which remains in the soul in a manner hidden, and the ease and liberty the soul finds in this unknown way, it would consider itself as being separated continually from God, being left as it were to act of itself. Human wisdom being here lost, and the powers of the soul controlled by the wisdom of Jesus Christ, born in the soul, it increases in its proportions, even unto the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus.

PRIDE.

And now abideth pride, fashion, extravagance, these three; but the greatest of these is pride—simply because it is the root of the whole matter. Destroy the root, and the tree will die.

It is hardly worth while to waste ammunition in shooting at fashion and extravagance as long as the root is alive. Most persons say it does not matter how people dress, pride is in the heart. Very true, but straws show which way the wind blows. Plain exterior may cover up a proud heart; but depend upon it, a fashionable exterior seldom, if ever, covers up a plain heart. Some rules work two ways, but some will not. A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud? He replied, "When you see the fox's tail peeping out of the hole you may be sure the fox is within." Jewelry, and costly and fashionable clothing, may all be innocent things in their places, but when hung upon a human form they give most conclusive evidence of a proud heart.

"But is it possible that a man can be found at this advanced age of refinement that dares to write or speak a word against pride and its consequences? The large majority of that class of men died and were handsomely buried some time ago. Now, the pulpits have nearly all shut down on that style of preaching. The fact is we have passed that age, and are living in better times. Our fathers and mothers were far behind the times. They were good enough in their way; but, dear me, they would not do now. They wore plain clothes, worshipped in plain churches, and sung old-fashioned hymns. They talked and acted like some old pilgrims that were looking for a better country; and when they left the world they stuck to it, to the very last, that they were going to a city where there is no night." It is my deliberate opinion that the vast major-

ity of them went just where they said they were going.

But they are nearly all out of the way now, and the people have a mind to try a different route. "We can be Christians now and do as we like. Yes indeed. We can have fine churches, cushioned seats, costly carpets, a fashionable preacher, and have all our fiddling and singing done to order. Why in some of our modern churches the majority of the choir are not even members of the church; and they do sing so sweetly; perfectly delightful. The music rolls over the heads of the congregation like the sound of many waters. Not a word can be heard; but the sound is glorious. Sometimes one sings all alone for a little while, then two, and pretty soon the whole choir will chime in until the whole house is filled with most transporting sound. Now, if this is not singing with the spirit, and with the understanding also, then what is it? that's the question." I know it is a little risky to speak out against pride at this day, because the church is full of it. It is of no use to deny it. And hundreds who occupy the pulpit, whose duty it is to point out these evils plainly, are like dumb dogs; they don't even bark at it. They just let it go; and go it does, with a vengeance. And in proportion as pride gains in a church, spiritual power dies out. They will not, cannot, dwell together, for they are eternal opposites. It is a sin and a shame for men and woman professing Christianity to spend money the way they do to gratify a proud heart, when ten out of every twelve of the human race are yet unsaved, and eight out of every twelve have not so much as heard the Gospel of Christ. There are many evils in the land and in the church, but I doubt if any one evil is doing more harm than pride. It has stolen into the church by degrees, and now rules with a rod of iron. Churches that were once noted for plainness, and whose law still stands against pride and fashion, are practically powerless on the subject. It seems that near-

ly all creation is kept busy in furnishing fashions enough to satisfy the cravings of the depraved heart. An old Scotch preacher is reported to have said in a sermon at Aberdeen, "Ye people of Aberdeen get your fashions from Glasgow, and Glasgow from Edinburgh, and Edinburgh from London, and London from Paris, and Paris from the devil." Now I cannot say that we get our fashions by that route, but I am tolerably certain that they originate at the same head-quarters.

The religion of Christ is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, and full of mercy. All Christians are baptized with one Spirit, into one body. They mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Their highest ambition is to honor God, with all they have and are. They are not puffed up, not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of their minds. There is no such thing in heaven or earth as a proud Christian; there never was, nor never can be. Pride is of the devil—it originated with him; and he is managing it most successfully in destroying souls. But who is to blame for this state of things in the church? First, and mostly, the pulpit is to blame. Men who profess to be called of God to lead people to heaven, have ceased to rebuke this soul-destroying, heaven-provoking spirit. But why? First, for a living, then for a popularity. Esau sold his birth-right for a dinner of greens.

This was a costly morsel for him. But now, men sell out "cheap for cash or produce." Churches that were once powerful for good are now well-nigh lost in forms and fashions. We may shut our eyes, and cry old foggy, and all that, but the fact is before us—pride, fashion, and extravagance are eating the very life out of many of the heretofore best congregations in the land. The world is running crazy. The rich lead the way, because they can; while the poor strain every nerve to keep in sight; and the devil laughs to see them rush on. Pride, "thrust Nebuchadnezzar out of men's society, Paul out

of his kingdom, Adam out of paradise, and Lucifer out of heaven." And it will shut many more out of heaven, who are now prominent in the church. Neither death nor the grave will change the moral character of any one. The same spirit that controlled in life will cling to the soul in death, and enter with it into eternity. The angels of God would shrink from the society of many a fashionable Christian of this day. A few such souls in heaven would ruin everything. Among the first things they would propose would be a change of fashion. Those pure white robes that the saints wear would not suit their tastes at all. In life they care but little about Christ and spiritual things, and they would care no more for them in heaven than they do on earth. If there were two heavens, one where Jesus is all and in all, and the other with a Paris in it, I presume the road to the Paris heaven would be crowded with fashionable Christians.

"Ma," said a little girl, "If I die and go to heaven, should I wear my *moire antique* dress?"

"No, my love, we can scarcely suppose we shall wear the attire of this world in the next."

"Then tell me, ma, how the angels would know I belonged to the best society?"

In the views of that little girl we have illustrated the spirit of many a would-be Christian of this day. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God"—*Bishop J. Weaver, D. D.*

—You are like the manslayer running towards the city of refuge, rather than when he sits down within the gates. Since you feel condemned in yourself, and know that God has provided a free Surety for sinners, why will you not rest your soul upon his finished work? Why will you go round and round the city of refuge, and not enter in?

JOY OF OBEDIENCE.

I remember reading once somewhere this sentence, "Perfect obedience would be perfect happiness, if only we had perfect confidence in the power we were obeying." I remember being struck with the saying, as the revelation of a possible, although hitherto undreamed-of, way of happiness; and often afterwards, through all the lawlessness and wilfulness of my life, did that saying recur to me as the vision of a rest, and yet of a possible development, that would soothe, and at the same time, satisfy all my yearnings.

Need I say that this rest has been revealed to me now, not as a vision, but as a reality; and that I have seen in the Lord Jesus, the Master to whom we may all yield up our implicit obedience, and, taking His yoke upon us, may find our perfect rest.

You know little, dear hesitating soul, of the joy you are missing. The Master has revealed Himself to you, and is calling for your complete surrender, and you shrink and hesitate. A measure of surrender you are willing to make, and you think it is fit and proper you should: But an utter abandonment, without any reserves, seems to you too much to be asked for. You are afraid of it. It involves too much, you think, and is too great a risk. To be measurably obedient you desire; to be perfectly obedient, appals you.

And then, too, you see other souls who seem able to walk with easy consciences, in a far wider path than that which appears to be marked out for you, and you ask yourself why this need be. It seems strange, and perhaps hard to you, that you must not do what they have liberty to do.

Ah! dear Christian, this very difference between you, is your privilege, though you do not yet know it. Your Lord says, "He that *hath* my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." You have His command

ments; those you envy, have them not. You know the mind of your Lord about many things, in which, as yet, *they* are walking in darkness. Is not this a privilege? Is it a cause for regret that your soul is brought into such near and intimate relations with your Master, that He is able to tell you things which those who are further off may not know? Do you not realize what a tender degree of intimacy is implied in this?

There are many relations in life which require from the different parties only very moderate degrees of devotion. We may have really pleasant friendships with one another, and yet spend a large part of our lives in separate interests, and widely different pursuits. When together, we may greatly enjoy one another's society, and find many congenial points; but separation is not any especial distress to us, and other and more intimate friendships do not interfere. There is not enough love between us to give us either the right or the desire to enter into and share one another's most private affairs. A certain degree of reserve and distance is the suitable thing we feel. But there are other relations in life where all this is changed. The friendship becomes love. The two hearts give themselves to one another, to be no longer two but one. A union of souls takes place, which makes all that belongs to one the property of the other. Separate interests and separate paths in life are no longer possible. Things which were lawful before, become unlawful now, because of the nearness of the tie that binds. The reserve and distance suitable to mere friendship, become fatal in love. Love gives all, and must have all in return. The wishes of one become binding obligations to the other, and the deepest desire of each heart is that it may know every secret wish or longing of the other, in order that it may fly on the wings of the wind to gratify it.

Do such as these chafe under this yoke which love imposes? Do they envy the cool, calm, reasonable friend-

ships they see around them, and regret the nearness into which their souls are brought to their beloved one, because of the obligations it creates? Do they not rather glory in these very obligations, and inwardly pity, with a tender yet exulting joy, the poor, far-off ones who dare not come so near? Is not every fresh revelation of the mind of one another a fresh delight and privilege, and is any path found hard which their love compels them to travel?

Ah! dear souls, if you have ever known this even for a few hours in any earthly relation; if you have ever loved a fellow human being enough to find sacrifice and service on their behalf a joy; if a whole souled abandonment of your will to the will of another, has ever gleamed across you as a blessed and longed-for privilege, or as a sweet and precious reality, then by all the tender longing love of your heavenly Lover, would I entreat you to let it be so towards Christ!

He loves you with more than the love of friendship. As a bridegroom rejoices over his bride, so does He rejoice over you, and nothing but the bride's surrender will satisfy Him. He has given you all, and He asks for all in return. The slightest reserve will grieve Him to the heart. He spared not Himself, and how can you spare yourself? For your sake He poured out in a lavish abandonment all that He had, and for His sake you must pour out all that you have without stint or measure.

Oh, be generous in your self-surrender! Meet His measureless devotion for you, with a measureless devotion to Him. Be glad and eager to throw yourself head-long into His dear arms, and hand over the reins of government to Him. Whatever there is of you, let Him have it all. Give up everything that is separate from Him. Consent to resign from this time forward all liberty of choice; and glory in the blessed nearness of union which makes this enthusiasm of devotedness not only possible but necessary. Have you never longed to lavish your love and atten-

tions upon some one far off from you in position or circumstances, with whom you were not intimate enough to dare to approach them? Have you not felt a capacity for self-surrender and devotedness that has seemed to burn within you like a fire, and yet had no object upon which it dared to lavish itself? Have not your hands been full of alabaster boxes of ointment, very precious, which you have never been near enough to any heart to pour out? If, then, you are hearing the sweet voice of your Lord calling you into a place of nearness to Himself, which will require a separation from all else, and which will make an enthusiasm of devotedness not only possible, but necessary, will you shrink or hesitate? Will you think it hard that he reveals to you more of His mind than he does to others, and that He will not allow you to be happy in anything which separates you from Himself? Do you want to go where He cannot go with you, or have pursuits in which he cannot share?

No! no, a thousand times no! You will spring out to meet His dear will with an eager joy. Even His slightest wish will become a binding law to you, which it would fairly break your heart to disobey. You will glory in the very narrowness of the path He marks out for you, and will pity with an infinite pity the poor, far-off ones who have missed this precious joy. The obligations of love will be to you its sweetest privileges; and the right you have acquired to lavish the uttermost abandonment of all that you have upon your Lord, will seem to lift you into a region of unspeakable glory. The perfect happiness of perfect obedience will dawn upon your soul, and you will begin to know something of what Jesus meant when he said, "*I delight to do Thy will, O my God.*"

And do you think the joy in this will be all on your side? Has the Lord no joy in those who have surrendered themselves to Him, and who love to obey Him? Ah, my friends, we are not fit to speak of this; but surely the

Scriptures reveal to us glimpses of the delight, the satisfaction, the joy the Lord has in us, that ravish the soul with their marvellous suggestions of blessedness. That we should need Him, is easy to comprehend! that *He* should need us, seems incomprehensible. That our desire should be towards Him, is a matter of course; but that His desire should be toward us, passes the bounds of human belief. And yet—and yet He says it, and what can we do but believe Him? He has made our hearts capable of this supreme, over-mastering affection, and has offered Himself as the object of it. It is infinitely precious to Him. It ravishes His heart, it "overcomes" Him. It causes Him to cry out, "How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse." He longs for it, and seeks it from His people. Continually at every heart He is knocking, asking to be taken in as the supreme object of love. "Wilt thou have Me," He says to the believer, "to be thy beloved? Wilt thou follow Me into suffering and loneliness, and endure hardness for my sake, and ask no reward but my smile of approval, and my word of praise? Wilt thou throw thyself with a passion of abandonment into my will? Wilt thou give up to me the absolute control of thyself and all that thou art? Wilt thou be content with pleasing me and me only? may I have my way with thee in all things? Wilt thou come into so close a union with me as to make a separation from the world necessary? Wilt thou accept me for thy Bridegroom, and leave all others, to cleave only unto ME?"

In a thousand ways He makes this offer of union with himself to every believer. But all do not say "Yes" to Him. Other love and other interests seem to them too precious to be cast aside. They may not miss of heaven because of this. But they miss an unspeakable joy.

You, however, are not one of these. From the very first your soul has cried out eagerly and gladly to all His offers,

"Yes, Lord; yes!" You are more than ready to pour out upon Him all your richest treasures of love and devotedness. You have brought to Him an enthusiasm of self-surrender that perhaps may disturb and distress the more prudent and moderate Christians around you. Your love makes necessary a separation from the world, which a lower love cannot even conceive of. Sacrifices and services are possible and sweet to you, which could not come into the grasp of a more half-hearted devotedness. The love life upon which you have entered gives you the right to a lavish out-pouring of your all upon your beloved One. Freedoms, which more distant souls dare not take, become now not only your privilege, but your duty. Your Lord claims from you, because of your union with Him, far more than He claims of them. What to them is lawful, love has made unlawful for you. To you He can make known His secrets, and to you He looks for an instant response to every requirement of His love.

Oh, it is wonderful! the glorious unspeakable privilege upon which you have entered! How little will it matter to you if men shall hate you, or shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil for His dear sake! You may well rejoice in that day, and leap for joy; for behold, your reward is great in heaven; and if you are a partaker of His suffering, you shall be also a partaker of His glory.

In you He is seeing of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied. Your love and devotedness are His precious reward for all He has done for you. It is unspeakably sweet to Him. Do not be afraid then to let yourself go in a heart-whole devotedness to your Lord than can brook no reserves. Others may not approve, but He will, and that is enough. Do not stint or measure your obedience or your service. Let your heart and your hand be as free to serve Him, as His heart and hand were to serve you. Let Him have all there

is of you—body, soul, and spirit, time, talents, voice—everything. Lay your whole life open before Him, that He may control it. Say to him each day, "Lord, how shall I regulate this day so as to please Thee? Where shall I go? what shall I do? whom shall I visit? what shall I say?" Give your dress up into his control and say, "Lord, tell me how to dress so as to please Thee?" Give him your reading, your pursuits, your friendships, and say, "Lord, speak to me about all these, and tell me just what Thy mind is about them." Do not let there be a day nor an hour in which you are not consciously doing his will, and following him wholly. And this personal service to him will give a halo to your life, and gild the most monotonous existence with a heavenly glow. Have you ever grieved that the romance of youth is so soon lost in the hard realities of the world? Bring Christ thus into your life and into all its details, and a far grander romance will thrill your soul, than the brightest days of youth could ever know, and nothing will seem hard or stern again. The meanest life will be glorified by this. Often, as I have watched a poor woman at her washtub, and have thought of all the disheartening accessories of such a life, and have been tempted to wonder why such lives need to be, there has come over me, with a thrill of joy, the recollection of this possible glorification of it, and I have said to myself; even this life, lived in Christ, and with Christ, following him whithersoever he may lead, would be filled with a spiritual romance that would make every hour of it glorious. And I have gone on my way comforted to know that God's most wondrous blessings thus lie in the way of the poorest and the meanest lives. "For," says our Lord himself, "whosoever," whether they be rich or poor, old or young, bond or free, "whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother."

Pause a moment over these simple, yet amazing words. His brother, and

sister, and mother! What would we not have given to have been one of these! Oh, let me entreat of you, beloved Christian, to come, taste and see for yourself how good the Lord is, and what wonderful things he has in store for those who "keep His commandments, and who do those things that are pleasing in his sight."

WHY IT WAS.

Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand still at a little Massachusetts village where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along on the platform and said:

"The conductor tells me the train at the Junction in P., leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night—that is the last train. I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance a long, long way into the country. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you."

"Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, fearful mother.

"No, madam, I have the time-table, and rules, so I must run by them."

She sorrowfully turned away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said:

"Are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that God may in some way delay the train at the Junction?"

"Why, yes, I will pray with you; but I have not much faith."

Just then the conductor cried, "all aboard." The poor woman went back to her deformed and sick child—away went the train climbing the grade.

"Somehow," said the engineer, "everything worked like a charm. As I prayed, I couldn't help letting my engine out just a little. We hardly stopped at the first station; people got on and off with wonderful alacrity;

the conductor's lantern was in the air in half a minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road; and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the other train, and the conductor with the lantern on his arm.

"Well," said he, "will you tell me what I am waiting for. Somehow I felt I must await your coming to-night; but I don't know why."

"I guess," said the brother conductor, "it is for this poor woman, with her sick, deformed child, who is anxious to get home this Saturday night."

But the man on the engine, and the grateful mother think they can tell why the train waited.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The late Hon. Thos. H. Benton, who was so long in public life and surrounded by temptations, paid the following tribute to his mother:

"My mother asked me never to use any tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I have not, and I cannot tell who is winning or who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever capacity for endurance I may have to present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute it to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all the time, I owe to my mother."

—The less we expect from this world, or men in it, the better it will be for us.

—Men may fall by sin, but cannot raise themselves up without the help of grace.

PATIENCE.

What most concerns thee, O re-deemed soul, is patience, not to desist from the prayer thou art about, though thou canst not enlarge in discourse. Walk with firm faith, and holy silence, dying in thyself, with all thy natural industry, trusting that God who is the same and changes not, neither can err, intends nothing but thy good. It is clear that he who is dying must needs feel it; but how well is time employed, when the soul is deaf, dumb, and resigned in the presence of God, there without any clutter or distraction, to receive the divine influences.

The senses are not capable of divine blessings; hence if thou wouldst be happy and wise, be silent and believe: suffer and have patience; be confident and walk on. It concerns thee far more to hold thy peace, and to let thyself be guided by the hand of God, than to enjoy all the goods of this world; and though it seemed to thee that thou dost nothing at all, and art idle, being so dumb and resigned, yet it is of infinite fruit.

Consider the blinded beast that turns the wheel of the mill, which though it see not, neither knows what it does, yet does a great work in grinding out the corn; and although it tastes not of it, yet its master receives the fruit, and tastes the same. Who would not think, during so long a time that the seed lies in the earth, but that it were lost? Yet afterwards it is seen to spring up, grow and multiply. God does the same with the soul, when he deprives it of consideration and the power to reason. Whilst it thinks it does nothing, and is in a manner undone, in time it comes to itself again improved, and perfect, having never hoped for so much favor.

Take care then, that thou afflict not thyself, nor draw back, though thou canst not enlarge thyself, and discourse in prayer. Suffer, hold thy peace, and appear in the presence of God. Persevere constantly, and trust to His infinite bounty, who can give unto thee

constant faith, true light, and divine grace. Walk as if thou wert blindfolded, without thinking or reasoning; put thyself into His kind and paternal hands, resolving to do nothing but what His divine will and pleasure is.

VERY RICH.—The true Christian life is a fuller, freer life, brighter, more welcome, more joyous than any other life whatever. The one principle which pervades all the Gospel is, that every man may have for his own what he personally acquires for Christ.

Every grace we acquire, every truth we search out, glorifies God; but in the same instance becomes a precious stone in our crown of rejoicing. The more any one learns of God, the more he knows of God thereafter. And what he has gained is by no means taken from him in this life or in that to come; God is glorified, and the believer is enriched.

Now when the resources of any true Christian are thus augmented, he is quite master of the position; he is sufficient for any hour of need. Thrown back upon himself he has no alarm; he makes no failure even in his own behalf. He cannot be alone. He cannot be lonely. He has joys that the world knows nothing of. He has immediate communication with heaven. Men may leave him, friends may forsake him, wealth and popularity abide with him no longer; misjudgment may forge an accusation, prejudice may bring him to trial, malignity may condemn him, violence may at last cast him into prison; yet all the time, he just smiles to remember how perfectly he is enough for himself. In the moment of his desolation, he feels the wealthiest. Like an astronomer in a dungeon, he carries the concealed glass of faith with him, and the power to use it; and in an instant, as the door swings harshly on its hinges, and the bolts fly into the lock, having thrust his instrument through the grating he forgets the bed of straw, and the manacles of iron, and is at home as usual amid the circling stars!

A STRANGE THING.

Is it not strange that the easiest thing in the world is the hardest, and yet it is literally true in the matter of our salvation. Nothing is easier. The invitation is to all. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely," or for nothing. "Come for all things are now ready." No one need fear refusal. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." If God should ask from Heaven what can I do that I have not done to assure you that I am able and willing to save you, now, just as you are, what could you answer?

And yet how hard! Self, must be given up, that self in which we have taken such delight, of which we have been so proud, it must all go for nothing and less than nothing; its best righteousnesses are as filthy rags. We must go empty to Christ, that He may fill us, naked that He may clothe us, with all our sins upon us, that He may wash them all away. We must accept eternal life as a free gift, an undeserved gift, a gift for which we can make no return. Oh, *that is hard to flesh and blood!* If we could only be partners with Christ! If we could only *earn* part of our salvation and He would do the rest! If we could bear part of the penalty of our sins, and Christ could bear the rest. If our prayers, or tears, or groans, or desires would only pay part of the price! If we could have self and Christ too, the world and Christ too, it would no longer be true that there were few who found the strait and narrow way, but to have all that we can offer, pass for nothing, that is so hard, that the most who hear the Gospel, reject it, to their own undoing.

Do these words meet the eyes of any who are halting between two opinions? Let me say, that, hard as the terms are, they will never be easier; this is the only offer of the King against whom you are in rebellion; immediate, unconditional surrender of everything you have and are, then the past shall be forgiven, you shall be taken into the

King's household, fed at the King's table, maintained at the King's cost, and share the throne of the King forever. Would that all who read these lines would listen to the King's invitation: "*Come for all things are now ready!*" BE BUT WILLING AND HE WILL MAKE THE WAY EASY.

INGERSOLL'S EDUCATION.

The *Evangelist** has a very suggestive paper, from a contributor, upon the early life of Robert G. Ingersoll, the blatant and blasphemous atheist, who is seeking to secure a fortune out of his platform facility of holding up to ridicule all the sacred facts of the Christian faith and profession.

Learning from this source of the examples and influences that impressed themselves upon his boyhood, we are not so much surprised at the almost natural results that have followed, and feel a form of pity for the unhappy victim of an unfortunate home education.

His mother, an amiable and patient woman, died early. His father was a Presbyterian minister of a pure outward life, not unsuccessful as a revival preacher, but coarse, rough, overbearing and sour, thus creating at home a peculiarly forbidding atmosphere, as connected with his family and religious discipline.

The elder Ingersoll, after the death of Robert's mother, married a second wife—a lady of culture and excellent character; but she only lived with him about a year. As soon after the birth of a child as she could bear the fatigue, her brother came for her, and carried the mother, child, and her properties to her native home. She never returned.

Two years after, the father removed to the West, where he married a third wife—a lady of marked religious deportment—a widow. In less than a year she also left and found refuge with her married children.

These cases were all examined by church committees, and though, in the last instance, Mr. Ingersoll was sus-

pended from the ministry awhile, the sentence was revoked, and he continued to preach for a time. In such a home, under such an exhibition of sour, morose, gloomy, and unlovely characteristics, this now utterly infidel man passed his most impressible years. Example and character are infinitely more powerful than profession and precept. This writer well says, "The tree was planted in a poisoned soil, and its fruit is bitter indeed." How many, not as extreme, indeed, but still unlovely and blighted lives have been nurtured in professedly Christian homes! All external endeavors have been made abortive by the perverse and forbidding influences of the home.

LAI^D ASIDE.—Many of God's dear children are laid aside—shut up from active work to which love so strongly prompts, who, failing to recognize in all this the gentle hand of the Master, are *seemingly* bound with fetters of iron which tug at their very life strings. Oh, Christian, remember—

" . . . They also serve,
Who only stand and wait."

Oft times perfect silence, means perfect obedience to God. Our being hid away from human hearts and human faces may mean to us, lost in God. Surely what a blessed privilege this, for an heir of Heaven—lost in God, while hid from the world. Dear, fainting soul, take courage,—wait on the Lord, "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him."—*M. P. Silcher.*

—Though the world had ten thousand times more temptation than it has; though your heart were ten thousand times more full of lusts; though Satan and his angels had ten million times their power, they cannot cast down the soul that leans upon Jehovah. Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart. The same hand that holds the sun in his journey holds up the soul of his people. Sing then, weak, trembling, tempted disciple—sing aloud, "I will trust, and not be afraid."

NOT DESTROYED.

The soul *wholly* given to God in the performance of every known duty, is also given to temptations entirely unknown to former states. Satan uses his most subtle measures, his keenest weapons, and this even when he knows it to be all for naught. When he cannot destroy, he worries and perplexes. His power, however, is over the *mind*, not the *heart*. God only, has the power to play on heart's delicate strings, tuning it to sweetest, and most harmonious melodies. And often when the Holy Spirit has touched some most exquisite chord of love, Satan insinuates, through the mind a jarring discord; and so for the time being changes the song of joy, and peace, into a wail of bitterness.

Have we yielded up all, and are we willing to follow the meek and lowly Jesus, even to ignominy and death? How rich the reward, how great the recompense, and yet how few are the souls, able to accept this. Many are called, but ah! how few chosen: because the many are unwilling to accept the conditions; are unwilling to lose their earthly lives of enjoyments, which they feel within their grasp; to let go their hold, and take Christ, and Christ alone.

But the few brave, loyal ones—what do they lose? Nothing of this life, for it is only in him that we have life! What do they gain? Ear hath not heard, nor heart conceived the things prepared for them.

Press on, toiling one, faint not, though sorely tried by Satan's wiles. Thine enemy hath no power at all against thee, except it be given him from on high. The Almighty is thy defence; and the honor of thy King and Saviour is at stake if aught of harm befall thee.

"Behold I give thee power to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt thee."

None shall be able to pluck thee out of his hand.—*Lida J. Clarkson.*

IS THY HEART PURE?

BY JULIA M. WHITNEY.

Oh! the necessity of searching our hearts to see if we are ready to receive the Holy Ghost! Reader, is your heart emptied of self in every form? How do you receive injuries? Is it with silence before God, and with a heart going out in love and pity for thy enemy, praying: "Father forgive him, he knows not what he does?" Or do you reply, justifying yourself and feeling it is hard to bear such treatment? It is seldom advisable to reply under circumstances of provocation, certainly never without much prayer and a heart filled with love. Jesus was silent when falsely accused and abused. When you see you have spoken unadvisedly, or have not manifested just the spirit of the Master, do you at once make humble confession, willing to take shame and reproach if need be, sorrowing most of all that you have grieved God's blessed Spirit?

Is the heart pure before God? Thy greatest trouble is when His cause suffers, and not when you receive ill-treatment?

Do you feel inclined to repeat the failings and mistakes of your brethren and sisters to others; or do you find in your heart the charity spoken of in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth and endureth all things." Instead of talking to this one about what appears to you to be wrongs among us, do you take it right to God and leave it there, knowing he is at the helm, and will manage his own cause just right? Oh! how much care and trouble it would save you thus to trust in God and wait his time of deliverance. How much time it would give you to pray and labor for perishing souls, which work is impossible for you to attend to while troubled, and especially talking about the wrong doings of others.

Is thy heart pure before God? Then look up, dear soul, you are ready to

receive the promise of the Father. The Holy Ghost will come, filling you with divine power and energy that shall make you successful in winning souls to Christ. O for—

"A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine."

REACHING SINNERS.

Mr. Moody, telling his hearers, one day, how to draw people to church, said:

I don't believe there is a minister in this congregation but would have a full house if he would just work for it. A few years ago, before I thought I could preach, we built a hall in Chicago for the Young Men's Christian Association, and our plan was to get the different ministers to go there every Sunday night and preach, but we failed in that; we couldn't get many to come, and the ministers didn't like to go there to preach, and so one night they came to me, and wanted me to, go down there and preach. It was pretty hard to preach to empty chairs. But I got a few interested in the meeting, and then we got out some handbills that cost about sixty cents a thousand, and then took some of the young men and had them come together every night in the hall, and we gave them some tea and they prayed together; and they took these handbills and went out on the street and every man had a district, and they visited every saloon, and billiard hall, and bowling alley; and there was not a man who came within a mile of the building but got from one to half a dozen of these invitations to come to that meeting, and we have always had an audience ever since. The church makes a woeeful mistake in not setting the young converts to work. The men who have been drunkards, let them just set out and work among their old friends. No man can reach a drunkard better than

one who has been a drunkard himself. I don't know any work so blessed in Chicago as the going out into the billiard saloons and preaching the Gospel there. If you say, "Oh, they will put us out," I say, "No, I have never been turned out of a saloon in my life." We used to go down in a saloon where there were thirty or forty men playing, and asked them if they did not want a little singing. "Yes, we don't mind your singing."

"Well, what will you have?" And perhaps they would ask us to sing a comic song. "But we don't know any. Wouldn't you like to have us sing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' or 'My Country, 'tis of thee?'" and they stop playing cards. "Now boys, wouldn't you like to have us sing a hymn our mothers taught us when we were boys?" And then we sing, "There is a fountain filled with blood," or give out "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," and it won't be long before the hats will come off, and they remember how their mothers sung that to them once when they were in bed, and the tears will begin to run down their cheeks. It won't be long before they want us to read a few verses out of the Bible, and then they will ask us to pray with them, and then they will be having a prayer-meeting there before you know it. We took sixteen out of a saloon in that way one night, and nine of them went into the inquiry room. If men will not come out to hear the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, let us take and carry it into these attic homes and saloons. The churches can be crowded full and the masses reached if we go about it in the spirit of the Master.

—You have your work to do for Christ *where you are*. Are you on a sick bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the midday sun. Only live for Christ where you are.

AN OLD HYMN.

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh:
Then said the God to God;
"Peace! It is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
When saith Light to Light,
"Peace! It is I."

Jesus, deliverer!
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth to Truth,
"Peace! It is I."

Anatolius—Translated by Dr. Neale.

St. IGNATIUS.—Receive, O Lord, my entire liberty, my memory, my understanding, and my whole will.

Whatever I have, and all that I possess, Thou hast bestowed upon me. To thee I return all, and I surrender all to be governed entirely by thy will.

Grant me only thy Grace and thy love, and I am rich enough, nor do I desire anything more. Amen.—*St. Ignatius.*

—The disciples of the Lord Jesus should labor with all their might in the work of God, as if everything depended upon their own exertions; and yet, having done so, they should not in the least trust in their labor and efforts, and in the means which they use for the spread of the truth, but in God; and they should with all earnestness seek the blessing of God, in persevering, patient and believing prayer.

EDITORIAL.

THE SPIRIT.

Many persons who pass for good Christians have no correct idea of what constitutes a Christian. They were never born of the Spirit. To them the Saviour's words have no meaning. "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."—Jno. iii, 5. They take it for granted that this requirement is fully met by water baptism. Still less have they any idea of what is meant by "being sanctified by the Holy Ghost."—Rom xv, 16. They have struggles with sin. They seek even at times to control their thoughts. They put themselves under a course of discipline. Our churches are being rapidly filled up with those who are utterly ignorant of what it is to be saved "by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."—Titus iii, 5.

Many who once had the Spirit have lost it; some in one way, and some in another. It has left them to their natural dispositions—jesting and trifling, or censorious and fault-finding. The light that was in them has become darkness. They profess more religion than they did when they had the Spirit. They are utterly deluded. They glory in their shame. They boast of their uniformity. But it is not stability of principle—it is the uniformity of spiritual death.

Beloveds, does the Spirit of God dwell in you? Are you led by it? "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? Or have you not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost?"—Acts xix, 2. Or, if you have heard of it, is it to you an unmeaning word? If this is the case, you are at best a formalist. You are a stranger to the grace that saves. You need to come to God in penitence, and in persevering prayer plead with him to create you anew in Christ Jesus. Do not take up with feeling better until you have, unmistakably the witness of the Spirit that you are a child of God.

Have you lost the Spirit? If you will be honest you can readily answer. No one

can sustain so great a loss and not be conscious of the change. If the settled peace, if the keen sensibility to everything wrong; if the joy, and at times, holy raptures which you formerly experienced are gone: have the courage to attribute their absence to the true cause—the loss of THE COMFORTER. Do not lay it to your circumstances. Above all do not lay it to your superior wisdom. Such wisdom is foolishness with God. He who is too wise to get blessed in his soul, by the direct operation of the Spirit of God, is too wise to enter into the kingdom of God. He does not receive it as a little child. If he is ever saved his loftiness must be laid aside. His boasted stability is the stability of pride.

Beloveds, if this is your case own it, And get out of it the right way. Do not try to escape your convictions by joining those who are as dry and proud as yourself. This will only increase the probability of your damnation. Because you are not quite so dead as the rest, you will think you are better off than you are. Persons are sometimes flattered, and sometimes even persecuted for their religion, when they have not enough religion to save them.

If you have not the Spirit, seek the Spirit. Make any confession that God would have you make. If you have taken a wrong position in reference to the work of God, confess it. If you have been talking about others, confess it. If you have been withholding from others, or from God, confess it. Ask for the Spirit, and believe that every one that asketh receiveth.

HOLINESS REGAINED.—If you have lost the blessing of holiness, you cannot grow up into it again. You must seek it as you did in the first place, by repentance confession, consecration and faith. If you failed to confess it because of reproach, and now when it has become somewhat popular, you expect to enjoy it by simply professing it, you make a mistake. The cloak of selfishness smothers the light of holiness. If kindled again, it must be by

the fires from above. Brother preacher, if you have lost the blessing, no amount of preaching on holiness, no professions you can make, will enable you to grow up into it. You must humble yourself. You are too big—too tall; you think too much of your reputation. Your profession of holiness is entirely powerless; no one obtains the blessing through your instrumentality. Do, for your own sake, and for the sake of souls, get fully saved. Be thorough! Do thy first works speedily. Be honest with thyself. Take up the cross that you have laid aside—put back upon the altar of God the sacrifice that you have taken from it. Then your joy and your usefulness will be multiplied. God will again use you to his glory. None stand more in the way of the work of holiness than those who profess it and yet appear to be destitute of spiritual power.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

There is not one redeeming trait to this nefarious business. It does harm and only harm. There is not a single reason why it should be licensed by law. It is a business which increases taxation, pauperism, crime and death. Can you, as a Christian man, conscientiously vote to authorize, by law, any man to engage in this ruinous business?

Is is a hopeful sign that this horrible trade in the bodies and souls of men is carried on mostly by foreigners. Many of them are the convicts of the old world, to whom the liberality of Americans gives a monopoly of dealing out for their benefit, distilled poisons.

The *Christian at Work* states that there are 33,991,142 native born citizens in this country, and 5,567,229 foreigners. Of these 3,003,674 are Irish and Germans; and although constituting about one-thirteenth of the population, yet more than one-half of the entire liquor business is in their hands. Of the 61,265 wine and liquor dealers in this country, 27,312 are Irish and Germans; the other 25,899 liquor shops (1,423 less than one-half) are in the hands of Americans and foreigners of other nationalities.

REFORM NEEDED.

At one of our camp meetings a year or two since, a godly minister of the M. E. Church, said from the stand that he had come over fifty miles to thank us for the privilege he enjoyed of preaching holiness in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was allowed to preach the truth for fear that if he was persecuted, it would make a Free Methodist of him.

When a young man, James Floy was suspended from the ministry, for daring to speak against slavery. But when Orange Scott and others were driven out and compelled to organize the Wesleyan Church, the lips of every anti-slavery man in the M. E. Church were unlocked, and he was allowed to bear the most unequivocal testimony against what Wesley styled the "Sum of all villainies."

So the formation of the Free Methodist Church gives the friends of holiness in the M. E. Church liberty to speak out against popular sins, as they could not otherwise do without losing their ecclesiastical standing. We are glad that so many use their liberty, and speak boldly. And the number is increasing. In a recent issue of the *Christian Standard and Home Journal*, Brother Inskip says:

"We are fully persuaded there must be a reform. We mention a few facts which lead us to this conclusion. A responsible brother, a pastor well known in our denomination, says that a prominent official in his church, a Sunday-school superintendent, a steward and a trustee, publishes a Sunday paper, and the boys in the school are out until 8 A. M. on Sunday selling the same. Another is a politician, and plays cards in saloons for beer, but don't attend prayer-meeting or class-meeting. The most wealthy and aristocratic member of the same church, whose house is the home of bishops when they visit the place, plays cards; but for fifteen years has not been in a class or prayer-meeting. These three men are stewards and trustees, and using a common mode of expression, "run the church." We are informed of another person who is known to have more to do with fixing the appointments in a promi-

nent city than any other one man in it, that is largely interested in the rum-selling interest. In the same city the wife of a leading member of the church was sick, and the sickness it was feared would be "unto death." But God in mercy restored her, and the first place she went to, after her restoration, was the theatre.

The reason for this was the daughter was to take part in some private parlor readings, and it was deemed desirable she should have an opportunity of hearing some distinguished performer on the stage. This of course is the result of parlor readings, etc.

Another case in the same locality is that of a local preacher, who accompanies his sons to the theatre, they having contracted a taste for theatrical performances by "parlor readings," and Sunday-school exhibitions. The father says he can't restrain them from going, and goes to watch over them, and keep them from being harmed. Two Superintendents of Sunday-schools in the neighborhood can say nothing to the boys in their schools against the use of tobacco and rum, because they, themselves, are addicted thereto. The cases we refer include the "better class," as they are designated. They are the men who serve on church committees, and select pastors whom the bishops are expected to appoint.

We do not pretend that such matters are general or common. But we aver they are by no means rare or uncommon. We here quote a declaration made by one of our chief pastors, Bishop Peck. In a recent discourse, published over his own signature in *Zion's Herald*, he says: "There is, for instance, a general impression that many members are not useful, not holy in life, not worthy representatives of practical Christianity, *really a burden*, and not a help to the church. But the extent of this sad fact is not seen, that the cold, worldly or indifferent in our midst are *really a large majority*, and that the church is compelled to bear the reproach of a vast multitude of sinful men. Nor is the peril of these brethren fully ap-

preciated. It comes to be considered so much a matter of course, that the evil is looked upon as irremediable; and the few go on to bear the burdens, and do the work which belongs to the many, and charity becomes indifference. Discipline is hence rare, and finally impossible. An attempt to expel even the incorrigible, awakens surprise, and even bitter opposition. Crimes 'sufficient to exclude a man from the kingdom of grace and glory,' come to be considered venial, and the pastors and members who attempt a godly discipline, become the accused, persecuted criminals. Let me distinctly, but with tender concern, say that this represents a fact so large as to explain, to a great extent, our failures in church reforms and Christian power, and call for the most rousing, pathetic and persistent appeals from the pulpit and the press."

The reader will please remember, this sad picture is drawn by a bishop of our church. To us, if true, it would be no more significant than if uttered by the humblest individual connected with the body. But most of people deem Bishop Peck of much greater importance than Jesse T. Peck, and for their consideration, we wish to emphasize the fact that it is BISHOP PECK who makes these fearful declarations. It is not the extreme and enthusiastic individual who happens to be the editor of this journal, that says these strong things; but a man sufficiently conservative to be called to the office of a bishop in a church. Doubtless, the words were well considered, and the facts were thoroughly canvassed, before they were made public. The good bishop certainly knows what he affirms. Of the correctness of his representation, no candid and intelligent person will have the slightest doubt. In this state of things, we repeat the inquiry with which we started, "WHAT IS TO BE DONE?"

The good bishop says much harder things of the church than those for which we were excommunicated and the right of appeal denied us. We simply said that the teaching of less than a third of

one Annual Conference "was very different from that of the fathers of Methodism." The bishop boldly declares that "*the cold, worldly or indifferent in our midst are really a large majority.*" The evil as was to be expected has spread rapidly.

But we laid the blame where it rightly belonged, upon the ministry. If we had simply reproved the church, we should probably have been commended. But the ministry having all the power in their own hands, would not suffer anything to be said—no matter how true or how necessary to be said—which implied that they were going wrong. We hope these good brethren will succeed in effecting the much needed reformation.

ASLEEP.

Much of the religious literature as well as a good deal of revival preaching, proceeds upon the assumption that church members are in the way of salvation, only they need waking up. One who had confessedly long been living in neglect of known duty, said in a meeting, of which we had charge:

I am like an old clock that needs winding up.

We replied: "But old clocks often need something more than winding up; they have to be taken to pieces and cleaned, and oiled, before they will keep time."

The direction so often given to those who have laid down their cross, "begin where you left off," is good as far as it goes. It by no means fully meets the case. Carry it out ever so faithfully, and you will not find peace with God. You will simply have the satisfaction which one always feels, when trying to do his duty. Persevere and you will become a formalist. Our Saviour's direction to such is to repent. When applied to the soul the term *sleep* denotes a state of inactivity and insensibility. *Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.*—Eph. v, 14. This exhortation is not addressed to the saints. To the saints he

said: *For ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord. Walk as children of light.*—v. 8. But it is to those that do the unfruitful works of darkness, things that it is a shame even to speak of, that the command is given: *Awake.*

And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.—Rom. xiii, 11, 12. Dr. Taylor gives the following paraphrase of the above passage: "And all the duties of a virtuous and holy life, we should the more carefully and zealously perform, considering the nature and shortness of the present season of life; which will convince us that it is now *high time to rouse and shake off sleep*; and apply with vigilance and vigor to the duties of our Christian life; for that eternal *salvation* which is the object of our Christian faith and hope, and the great motive of our religion, is every day *nearer* to us, than when we first entered into the profession of Christianity."

For a sentinel to sleep in face of the enemy, the pilot at the wheel, or a Christian at his post is dangerous. As to the Songs of Solomon, no thoughtful person will risk his salvation upon any fanciful interpretation that may be made of this book. Duties to be performed, enemies to be conquered, demand of us that we be wide awake.

Men talk in their sleep, dream in their sleep; and to them, while asleep, all is reality. So with many in the church of God. They are dreaming of Heaven, while they are hurrying on to hell. They are of the world. They love the world. They cry, Lord, Lord; go to the communion, but never give one thought to obeying the commands of God. Whenever pride, or fashion, or interest come in conflict with the commands, they pay not the slightest attention to these commands. Such persons are not awake. They are in great peril. They have but to die to be forever lost.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DYING TESTIMONY.

THOMAS WRIGHT entered into rest from the house of Brother Chranston, near St. Charles, Ill., December 5th, 1877. He was born in Cambridgeshire, England, April 15th, 1847; was converted to God about the year 1869; united with the Primitive Methodist Church, and soon after began to exhort, and then to fill appointments on the Sabbath. He told of many happy seasons while thus laboring for God. In the spring of 1872, he came to Chicago, and at once began to look for a home among God's people. A few weeks after his arrival, he found his way to the little Free Methodist Church on Morgan Street, and at once felt at home, handed in his letters to the Free Methodists, and with them lived and labored until the Lord took him to his everlasting reward.

Brother Wright experienced the blessing of holiness under the labors of Brother J. M. Y. Smith, soon after he united with the Free Methodists. He was one of the most devoted, and consistent Christians I ever knew; he was not a doubting Thomas, but a man full of faith and zeal for God.

He was an efficient local preacher since he united with the Free Methodists until his health failed. Three years ago he was appointed by the Annual Conference as a supply to the Athens circuit. The Lord wonderfully blessed him as a means of building up the little society there. He labored faithfully, preaching Sabbaths, and collecting money through the week to build a church, and then working on it with his own hands until its completion.

On April 5th, 1876, he was married to Miss Mary J. Shaver a consistent Christian woman who was well calculated to be a help-meet to him in his labors for God. Consumption fastened its deadly fangs upon him and quickly did its work. Still he kept up as long as he could, wishing to do all he could for the Master while he lived. About six weeks before he died feeling a little stronger than

usual, he went with his wife to the house of Brother Chranston to visit, but while there, he became so weak that he could not go home, and took his bed from which he never recovered. During all his sickness, through the grace of God, he was never heard to murmur or complain, but was very patient, and so thankful for all that was done for him. About two weeks before he died, he had a fainting spell; but as soon as he could speak, he began to praise the Lord, and said, "It is very plain to me that the Lord will be with me in death; for I was so sick that I could hardly think enough to exercise faith; yet He has blessed me." Several times during the last weeks of his sickness he would sing, and when not able to sing, would repeat these words:

What is this that steals—that steals upon my frame?
Is it death?—is it death?
That soon will quench—will quench this vital flame?
Is it death?—is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see,
All is well—all is well.

He had one brother in America, Samuel Wright, who died a triumphant death in June, 1875.

He had a large circle of friends, won by his upright walk and consistent Christian character. "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord."

C. S. SPALDING.

LOVE FEAST.

GEORGE LAMB.—I love the Lord with all my heart. I feel that I have salvation, and am in the narrow way. Praise the Lord! I mean to take it all the way through, the Lord helping me. Glory be to his name!

Phillipsburg, N. J.

MARY LAMB.—I can truly say, God leadeth me by his hand. Glory! Glory! I feel my heart is fixed on Christ, and while I am leaning on him, and looking to him, I am forgetting the rest. Glory be to his name! Although the way has been rough, his kind hand is leading me into green pastures and beside still waters. Praise the Lord!

JAMES TRELOVE.—I feel I love the Lord this afternoon. I love my brothers and sisters. Praise the Lord! I feel my heart is in the direction of God. I do love the way that God wants me to walk in. I feel glad for what the Lord has done for my soul. Praise the Lord! This afternoon I feel love and joy in my soul.

Phillipsburg, N. J.

AMANDA LYNN.—In 1874 I gave my heart to the Lord. I lived in a justified state about two months, when a dear sister took me to a Free Methodist meeting, held at sister Lamb's house in Phillipsburg. It was the first time I had ever met with them, and I thought they were the queerest sort of people I ever saw, and they dressed so plain that I really thought something was wrong with them, because the religion which I enjoyed, did not make me appear so plain; but in a little while, the power was so great, and the Lord showed me my heart so plainly, that I saw the wrong was all in myself. So I rose and left the room. A kind sister, and Brother Lamb, thinking that I was sick, followed me out of the room. I told them I was not sick, but I would never come to their meetings again. So I neglected my duty, lived far from Christ, and at last lost the witness entirely. Seeing the dangerous condition that my soul was in, I began to fear and tremble, and long for the peaceful hours I once enjoyed. Last January, I went to their meetings again; Brother Campbell preached a wonderful sermon on the Prodigal's return. As soon as he arose to preach, I thought his eyes were fixed upon me, and my heart began to beat, and I thought his whole sermon was aimed right at me. I then came to the conclusion, that I had to be saved then or lost. I sought the Lord, and found him very precious to my soul. Glory be to his name forever! Jesus loves me now and I can say to his glory, that I know and love him. He is mine and I am his. Praise his holy name! Oh, I bless God for the privilege of belonging to this poor, despised company.

South Easton, Pa.

MARY WILLIAMS.—I am glad salvation is free. It saves me. The Lord is leading me. Pray for me than I may prove faithful.

NANCY E. WELKER.—I enjoy full salvation. Glory to Jesus! I am living a life of peace with God. I am hid away with Christ in God. I am saved to the point where I can say I desire nothing but God. I am poor in this world's goods, but I possess all things in Christ. Bless his name!

WM. MCKAY.—My experience to-day is, I love Jesus with all my heart, and that makes it easy to love my neighbor as myself. Praise God, Jesus smiles and loves me in return. Oh! praise God, we always get more than we give. There is nothing lost in loving God. Praise his name. The devil tries to make us believe that one will get poor serving the Lord; but it makes me rich. Praise God! Amen.

HULDA PARKS.—I feel to praise the Lord! He is leading me through this changing world below. Glory be to his name! There are heights and depths of religion yet for me, and I want to enjoy them. Pray for me that I may go through for Jesus.

REV. J. OLNEY.—Glory to God! I enjoy salvation to-day all through my soul, and have for a good many years. As I am nearing the coast of the land of promise, I grow stronger in the faith of the Gospel of the Son of God, and all his Divine teachings, both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures respecting heaven and hell. Earnest Christianity, holiness of heart and life, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, to help one to serve God and preach the Bible Gospel without compromise to the world. Glory to God! Such preaching and teaching will, and does succeed, even here in Port Byron some between twenty and thirty have been blest, reclaimed or converted, some have joined on probation. The tide of life is good yet. Shall not go into Winter quarters this Summer. No signs of peace as long as God is blessing and saving souls in our midst! War! War! Amen.