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THE SOUL.

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The soul is that part of our being which remembers, and thinks, and feels, and wills. Of its essence we know as little as we do of the essence of matter. Our knowledge of it is derived from its properties, and from revelation.

The body of man is one of the most wonderful specimens of creative skill with which we are acquainted. Every part is perfectly adapted to the office it was designed to perform. The whole is put together in the most substantial manner and with the most perfect symmetry. Nature does not furnish a more beautiful object to behold than the human form divine. Yet the body of man is thus carefully fitted up only to render it a suitable habitation for the Spirit. The body is the casket—the soul, the jewel. The body of itself is weak and powerless; but animated by the soul, it becomes strong to endure, and mighty to achieve. The elephant's muscular power is immense, but man overcomes him; the lion is fierce, but man subdues him; the horse is fleet, but man mounts his iron chariot and outstrips the fleetest horse. He sends his thoughts by the lightning's tireless wing; and soars on the unfaltering

pinions of science through the realms of space, and counts the number of the stars and measures their motions, and calls their names.

Shall the soul die? Does it continue to exist after the body molders to dust? Arguments for the soul's immortality are drawn,

1. From its capacity.

If its capacity is infinitely greater than that of any creature on earth, we may reasonably conclude a higher destiny awaits it.

Man stands at the head of creation. But it is his soul that places him there. If he had no more mind than the beast of the field, he would have less power.

(1) Its capacity for acquiring knowledge is limited only by the endurance of the body. The capacity of animals to acquire knowledge is extremely limited. An ordinary child five years old knows more than can, with the utmost pains, be taught the most docile animal. It excited universal wonder when an ourang-outang was taught to sit down at table, unfold his napkin, wipe his lips, and use a spoon or fork to carry the victuals to his mouth. But the person unable to do this we deem idiotic, and look upon with pity.

The capacity of the soul for acquiring knowledge has never been tested. It is not like a measure soon filled;

but like a fertile soil, the better it is cultivated, the more it is capable of yielding. The more a person learns, the easier he learns. Sir Isaac Newton, of whom it was said that "he surpassed the whole human race in genius," declared that he was as a child standing on the sea shore, he had picked up here and there a pebble; but the boundless ocean of knowledge lay unexplored before him."

(2) *Its capacity for enjoyment.*

All animals, when in health, derive gratification from the food and drink agreeable to them. But man's highest enjoyments are intellectual and spiritual. When intelligence was brought to Congress of the defeat of Cornwallis, the door-keeper died from joy.

The Rev. Wm. Tennent, of the Presbyterian Church, after preaching, one Sabbath morning, walked into the woods to spend the intermission. He was reflecting on the infinite wisdom of God as manifested in all his works, and particularly in the wonderful method of salvation through the death and sufferings of his beloved Son. This subject suddenly opened on his mind with such a flood of light, that his views of the glory and the infinite majesty of Jehovah were so great as to overwhelm him; and he fell almost lifeless to the ground. When he had revived a little, all he could do was to raise a fervent prayer, that God would withdraw himself from him, or he must perish under a view of his ineffable glory. Overstaying his time, some of the elders went in search of him, and found him prostrate on the ground, unable to rise, and incapable of informing them of the cause. They raised him up, and after a time, took him to

the church. He remained silent for a considerable time, earnestly supplicating Almighty God to hide himself from him, that he might be enabled to address his people. He then spoke to them as a man inspired.

(3) *Its capacity for suffering.*

If man is the only animal, that laughs, he is also the only one that weeps.

Dr. Lyman Beecher says: "That in the early part of his ministry he was called to attend a neighbor at East Hampton, L. I. He was skeptical and intemperate. 'Pray for me!' he exclaimed; 'I cannot pray! I am going straight to perdition.' He lived three days, and then died without any disease, so far as we know." Remorse killed him.

2. *Its desire for immortality.*

God has made provision for the gratification of every other natural desire of the human soul. Sin is the gratification of unnatural desires, or of lawful desires in an unlawful manner, or to an unlawful degree. Every noble and sanctified desire. God designs should be satisfied. Herostratus set fire to the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus. When put to the torture, he confessed that his only object was to gain himself a name among posterity.

Says Henry Kirke White of man:

"Puffed with confidence
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of eternal honors to his name,
Of endless glory and perennial bays."

Man wishes to gain an immortality in renown upon earth.

"It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

3. The different states of the present life. How utterly helpless is man in his infancy! Left to himself he inevitably dies. Look at the mighty warrior, or the learned philosopher! How improbable that they were ever so weak and ignorant that they could neither feed nor dress themselves! We find, says Butler, "that it is a general law of nature in our own species, that the same individuals should exist in degrees of life and perception, with capacities of action, of enjoyment and suffering, in one period of their being greatly different from that appointed them in another period of it." And in other creatures the same law holds.

Without the aid of experience, who could believe that a butterfly, adorned with four beautiful wings, furnished with a long, spiral proboscis, or tongue instead of a mouth, and with six legs, should have proceeded from a disgusting, hairy caterpillar, provided with jaws and teeth, and fourteen feet? The appearance, the structure and the organs of a caterpillar, of a chrysalis and a butterfly are so different, that to a person unacquainted with their transformations, an identical animal would be considered as three distinct species.

Some animals pass the first and longest portion of their existence in the water, another period under the earth, and the third and last in the air. The rat-tailed worm abandons the water upon the approach of its metamorphosis, retires under the earth, when it is changed into a chrysalis, and after a certain time bursts from its seemingly inanimate condition, and appears in the form of a winged insect.

These changes in animals are quite

as great as those which revelation teaches us will take place in man to fit him for a future existence.

4. *The analogy afforded us by the material world.*

Matter is senseless, motionless, consciousnessless. Yet who ever heard of a particle of matter being destroyed? It is constantly being changed as to its form. The earth is one great laboratory; and chemical combinations and changes are all the while effected by the God of nature, but we have yet to learn that he has ever annihilated a single particle of matter. *Man cannot do it.*

If then, the thinking principle in man be destroyed, it is the only thing in the world, so far as we know, capable of being annihilated. "Death is not known to be the destruction of our living powers. If there be any probability that death is the destruction of our living powers, this probability must arise, either from the reason of the thing, or the analogy of nature. We know not at all what death is. Our living powers may exist without the actual exercise of them, or even the present capacity of exercising them, as in sleep, or a trance." The analogy of nature is against the destruction of any thing.

5. The general convictions of mankind. Livingstone says that the most degraded tribes of Africa with whom he came in contact, have a belief in a future existence. The American Indians, when they buried their warriors, placed in the grave with them their bow and arrows, and wampum, that they might have them to use in the spirit world. All the historical nations, however they may have differed in

their manners, institutions and laws, have agreed in believing that the soul exists after death. Whence comes this universal conviction?

The poet says:

"Oh! listen man:
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
Man, thou shalt never die;
Celestial voices hymn it unto the soul,
Admiring harps by angel fingers touched,
Sound forth still the song of our immortality."

It is because the soul is to live forever that our Saviour's words possess such a world of meaning. *What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*

NEVER LAUGH AT RELIGION.—

Dear reader, never laugh at religion. Never make a jest of sacred things. Never mock those who are serious and in earnest about their souls. The time may come when you will count those happy whom you laughed at, a time when your laughter will be turned into sorrow, and your mockery into heaviness. Whatever you please to laugh at, don't laugh at religion.

Contempt of holy things is the high road to infidelity. Once let a man begin to make a jest and joke of any part of Christianity, and I am never surprised to hear that he has turned out a downright unbeliever.

Reader, have you really made up your mind to this? Have you fairly looked into the gulf which is before you if you persist in despising religion? Call to mind the words of David: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."—Psa. xiv, 1. The fool, and none but the fool. He has said it, but he has never proved it. Remember, if ever there was a book which has been proved true from beginning to end, by every kind of evidence, that book is the Bible. It has defied the attacks of all enemies and fault-finders. "The word of the Lord is indeed tried."—Psa. xviii, 30. It has been tried in every way, and the more it has been tried, the more evidently has it been shown to be the very handiwork of God himself.

Matthew Henry tells a story of a great statesman in Queen Elizabeth's time, who retired from public life in his latter days, and gave himself up to serious thought. His former gay companions came to visit him, and told him he was becoming melancholy. "No," he replied, "I am serious; for all things are serious about me. God is serious in observing us, Christ is serious in interceding for us, the Spirit is serious in striving with us, the truths of God are serious, our spiritual enemies are serious in their endeavors to ruin us, poor lost sinners are serious in hell, and why then should not you and I be serious too?"

Reader, don't laugh at religion.—*J. C. Ryle.*

CO-WORKERS.—Our part is trusting; it is his to accomplish the results. And when we do our part, he never fails to do his, for no one ever trusted in the Lord and was confounded. Do not be afraid then, that if you trust, or tell others to trust, the matter will end there. Trust is only the beginning and the continual foundation; when we trust, the Lord works, and his work is the important part of the whole matter. And this explains the apparent paradox which puzzles so many. They say, "In one breath you tell us to do nothing but trust, and in the next you tell us to do impossible things. How can you reconcile such contradictory statements?" They are to be reconciled just as we reconcile the statements concerning the saw in a carpenter's shop, when we say at one moment that the saw has cut asunder a log, and the next moment declare that the carpenter has done it. The saw is the instrument used, the power using it is the carpenter. And so in yielding ourselves unto God, and our members as instruments of righteousness unto him, and finding that he works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure, we can say with Paul, "I labored; yet not I, but the grace of God, which was with me."—*Christian Secret of a Happy Life.*

TRUSTING IN GOD.

The Christian Witness published the following extracts from two letters from a Christian brother, a father of six children, residing in Upper Canada, dated Indian Village, Chemong Lake, Nov. 30th, 1843, which will be found both interesting and instructive, showing the remarkable interpositions of Providence displayed in behalf of those who put their entire confidence in God:

Soon after my last was written, I was seized with the pleurisy, attended with fever and ague; and my dear wife, at the same time, was brought down so low with fever and ague, that she appeared like a skeleton. Some of the children were also ill with the same complaint. In consequence of my illness, I was not able to attend to my crops, so that they were all destroyed or spoilt.

When the winter set in, we all began to get better, and soon recovered, struggling through a Canadian winter the best way we could. But the following summer we were again visited with still sorer trials. I was again attacked with fever and ague, which terminated in typhus fever; after which I was seized with inflammation of the bowels; when I did not expect to survive, but was entirely resigned, "knowing that we have in heaven a better and enduring substance." My dear wife was confined with a daughter at the same time, and all our children except Elizabeth—the eldest, twelve years old—were down sick with the fever and ague, and no one else to do anything for us. You may suppose we were in a distressed state, especially when there was no more "oil in the cruse," and the barrel was empty. Our crops were again destroyed, by breachy cattle and hogs; our wheat was struck with the rust, and entirely spoilt; and again we had nothing to look forward to, but a dreary winter, and no provision. We fell behind with our rent, and our land was seized for it; and we were under the necessity of giving up the farm, in order to set-

tle with the landlord. But enough of this dark catalogue, although I have only given you the outlines.

Under these fiery trials, we can say, the Lord was with us; and we were wonderfully supported by divine grace. Many of the "exceeding great and precious promises" were a cordial to the soul. We enjoyed a lively faith, and could say, "It is well." We had to learn to trust in a naked promise, when no possible means of help appeared; and we had such a view of the Promiser, his faithfulness to perform, his wisdom to guide, his power to protect, and his love to provide, as to completely silence all murmuring and discontent; though we could not help inquiring, wherefore he contended with us. Such trials needed a corresponding supply of grace, which was granted in answer to prayer; and we experienced "joy and peace in believing," such as we never enjoyed before.

We have received many interpositions of Providence; some of them almost as remarkable as the prophet Elijah being fed by ravens.

One day, after we had spent all that we had for medicine, and nothing left in the house but potatoes, our cat caught a wild rabbit, and brought it to the door, and stood still while my wife took it from her. As a matter of course we were exceedingly struck with the circumstance; and being ill at the time, it came very acceptably.

Another time, a person returning from market, called to light his pipe; and, inquiring after our health, my wife told him that I was very ill in bed.

"If the main stay," he answered, "is laid up, you must be in want."

He went away a few steps, and then came back, and put a dollar into my wife's hand, saying:

"That will help you for the present. I will send you a little flour."

I was engaged at the time, wrestling with God in prayer, not knowing anything about it, when my dear wife came to me, with tears in her eyes, saying: "Here is some help," show-

ing me the dollar; for we had eaten the last meal that was in the house, and did not know what to do but to pray. I thought on Dan. ix, 23. What makes it the more remarkable is, that we had no particular acquaintance with the person; and he knew nothing of our circumstances, to induce him to act thus kindly. Where is the infidel who would say, "This is all chance!"

Another circumstance I will relate, which will show how the Lord often overrules disappointments, and makes them work together for good. One of our members, Mrs. H., had made arrangements with a brother, to go to meeting in his wagon. She accordingly got ready at the time; but it happened this brother started half an hour earlier than usual, and she was disappointed of her ride to meeting, and it was too far to walk. While the old lady was in trouble at her disappointment, it came into her mind all at once, (she says,) about our being sick; and she drew the conclusion that we must be in needy circumstances. She mentioned it, therefore, to her husband and son, and to one or two of her neighbors, who were present; when one said:

"If I thought they would not be offended, I would send them a loaf or two of bread;" and another said the same; so they packed up a variety of articles of food, and the old lady, with her son, came with them in a wagon, about four miles, the same afternoon. This supply also came very acceptably, as we had scarcely anything in the house, and no means of obtaining any; and I was very ill at the time. This Mrs. H.— is a very pious woman; and she has taken a great interest in our welfare, while in affliction. They are living on a rented farm, and are but in middling circumstances; but they have done the utmost in their power in assisting us. She also took the trouble to make our case known to a few Christian friends in Toronto, and obtained considerable help from them.

As I observed before, we had to leave our farm, where we had made considerable improvements. Having

no means to help ourselves, some friends advised me to take a school in the neighborhood; and while arranging about it, I heard from a friend in Toronto of a situation under the Rev. J. Gilman, of Peterboro', who is agent of the New England Company for the Civilization of the Indians, which I succeeded in obtaining.

We have been now nearly six months here, and are comfortably settled among the Indians. They are pretty well civilized, and we get along with them very well. I have £50 a year as teacher of the boys' school, and my dear wife has £25 for instructing the girls in domestic affairs, who board and lodge with us; and we have a good house and garden rent free.

There were many obstacles in the way of our obtaining this situation, particularly we were embarrassed with some little debts, which we could not leave unsettled. The principal one was a promissory note of £28, ten of which I had paid; but the parties failed, and it was put into the lawyer's hands for collection, and the whole came against me. As the hand of the Lord was so apparent in the situation offered, it occurred to me that he would also clear the way. So I set about using what means I could with prayer. Here I was almost afraid of presumption. Having the lease of a log house and stable, which I had been trying to sell, but could find no purchaser, I resolved to go to Toronto, and sell it by auction for what it would fetch. On the road I was accosted by a man that I never saw before that I knew of, who said:

"Do you want to sell that place of yours on the front road?"

"Yes," I answered, and we immediately entered into an engagement for £33, just enough to pay my note and costs. The man had no money; but he had two promissory notes upon a respectable man, due six months hence. I could not take these until I had seen the lawyer, who held the said premises as security for my debt. We therefore went together to him,

and to my surprise he consented to take the man's notes, being intimate with one of the endorsers, and transacted the business on his own responsibility, giving me a receipt in full.

About a fortnight afterwards, we heard that the notes were stolen notes; the lawyer or the endorser therefore loses the amount, the man was put into jail, and went free. Had I transferred the property myself, I should have been brought into great difficulties; and possibly should have lost my present situation. Here is another instance of the infinite wisdom of God, in overruling the wickedness of man, as he did that of the sons of Jacob of old, for the especial benefit of his people. It also shows his intimate acquaintance with all the minute circumstances of his people, however intricate and perplexing. I could relate several similar circumstances, but I am afraid I shall tire you. The way in which we got through our difficulties, and entered on our new situation free, appears to us almost miraculous. Surely, the review and relation of these things should lead us to rely upon God, in all the future trials and difficulties which we may meet with in this world, knowing "that all things" do "work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose."—Rom. viii, 28.

—Let your godliness commend itself by its gentleness and kindliness. It is common to hear as an excuse for the sour humors of many church members, that "grace may be grafted on a crab stock." But this is not true. The believer is rooted in the love of Christ, and the fruit of that rooting should be love. Even if the comparison be held as true, the tree that is grafted is expected to yield fruit according to the graft. We must not look for fruits of man's old nature of depravity, but for the fruits of the graft of the new nature, and these fruits are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.—*H. Macmillan.*

MAGNANIMITY OF LUTHER.

When Luther lifted his voice for truth and God, his writings were doomed to the flames by the common hangman, and his body to be sent bound to Rome. His intended fate might well be anticipated by his fellow champion for truth, John Huss, the victim of the treachery and blood-thirstiness of the Popish Council of Constance. He was placed in a stone dungeon, three feet wide, six feet high, and seven feet long; and "in this living grave they burnt the true voice out of this world," as has been well said, and choked it in smoke and fire.

But they had not conquered the truth of God, burning in Luther's noble soul, though his works were condemned to the flames, and he bound for the sacrifice. His righteous soul, vexed with holy indignation at this outrage upon the majesty of truth, which he prized more than ten thousand lives, burst forth in a strain of withering rebuke, allied to the authoritative tones of inspiration, uttering those deathless words of truth and soberness which awoke the world:

"These writings, aiming faithfully, as human inability would allow, to promote God's truth on earth, and to save men's souls,—yon, God's vicegerent, answer by the hangman and fire. You will burn me and them, as an answer to God's message we strive to bring you. You are not God's vicegerent; you are another's, I think. I take your bull as an emparchemented lie, and burn it. You will do what you see good next; this is what I do."

And burn this first decree he did, in the most public place of Wittenberg, and a shout went up into the heavens; it was the shout of the awakening of the nations.

Then to the Pope himself he had the lion heart to say:

"This thing of yours, that you call a pardon of sin, is a bit of rag paper with ink. It is nothing else. God alone can pardon sins. Standing on this, I, a poor German monk, am

stronger than you all. I stand solitary and friendless, one man on God's truth. You with your tiaras, triple hats, your treasuries and armories, thunders spiritual and temporal—you stand on the devil's lie, and are not so strong."

Verily Luther was the representative of a world lying in bondage beneath a black spectral nightmare and triple-hatted impostor, calling himself vicar of God. But he was divinely armed for his high behest; and when he was warned, in view of the fate of Huss, from going to the Diet of Worms, he exclaimed with a martyr's zeal:

"Were there as many devils there as there are roof tiles, I would go on."

And on he went; and after a two hours' spirit-stirring speech before emperor, princes, Papal nuncios, and dignitaries spiritual and temporal, sustained by the world's pomp and power, he proclaimed his undying purpose never to recant, in the following words:

"Confute me, confute me, not by the hangman and fire, but by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain, just arguments. I cannot recant otherwise, for it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I! I can do no other. God help me! Amen!"

This is the man who, under God, won our yet young liberty from the bondage to Rome, which else had until now enslaved the human soul and imprisoned the world. Such firmness, courage, and love of truth are needed in America to consummate the work begun in Germany over two centuries since.

—Peace is of God; contention of the devil.

—He who has God is rich indeed; for he is heir to the richness of his kingdom. He who has goods in abundance—houses, cattle, lands, bank-stock, and gold, and yet has not God, is poor, for he has only a big loan, which is his for only a few years to care for, then to leave.

THE LOST FOUND.

A few weeks ago, a little child strayed away from her home. It happened to be situated near the edge of a dark and dismal swamp. And somehow—in following a bird, or a squirrel, or in some such way—the little creature wandered into its depths. Night came on, and she could not be found. Father and mother vainly exhausted their affectionate search through all probable localities. Then the neighbors were called in—with like ill success. Some one suggested sending for the nearest state detective, as one whose trained skill might better guide their further effort; and as speedily as possible he was brought from the nearest city—five or six miles away.

Looking over the premises, and considering all the circumstances, he reached these conclusions: The child is in the swamp. She cannot have gone very far in. Worn out with fright, hunger and fatigue, she has fallen asleep; so that, in the double darkness of the dense swamp, it is impossible now to find her. She will wake by-and-by. Then she will cry as loudly as her strength will permit. If she be not rescued then, she cannot hold out long.

Reasoning thus, he stationed careful watchers at different places in the edge of the swamp, so positioned that, wherever she might be within the depth beyond which it was not probable she could have strayed, they would be likely to hear her voice.

As the midnight began to move on toward morning, the little, forlorn creature woke, and—as had been anticipated—began to cry mightily. Her cry was heard, and under its guidance, before very long all the difficulties were overcome, and the poor thing was found, in a pitiable plight indeed, and brought out to the arms of her distracted parents.

Is there no lesson in this for a world full of lost and straying souls? One thing is sure. God, their Father knows that they are lost, and has

organized a process of salvation. Another thing is sure. He is waiting and watching, "more than they that watch for the morning," to hear them when, waking from their sleep of sin, and thoroughly conscious of the darkness and despair of their condition, they cry out for help.

If that awakening child had been mature enough to reason, and could have anticipated the plan that would be laid for its relief, no doubt it would have felt that its only hope lay in crying out, as loudly as it could, until its cry should bring that relief. It would not doubt that its parents were looking for some chance to save it, and so it would cry in faith.

So with every lost child of sin. God has organized for you a salvation; you can get it by crying out for it. Have faith. Do all you can. And never fear that, with your doing and God's doing, the lost shall not be found.

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FREE-WILL OFFERINGS.—A churchman writes to one of our weeklies urging the resumption of the Biblical plan of tithes and free-will offerings. Mr. Muller, who never holds property or takes salary or fee, insists on systematic giving, and the past forty years has set aside and paid out in private donations \$180,000 from what came unasked, designated for his personal wants. Did every Christian tithe his receipts, and then add from time to time thank offerings, he would be surprised at the thousands given during a period of years. The church, then, would not go down to Egypt for help, nor would our missionary boards be forced to keep up an expensive system of agents, begging from place to place that which ought to be sent steadily to them as one's rent is paid to the landlord, his rightful due.

—If the will of God is our will, and if he always has his way, then we have our way also, and we reign in a perpetual kingdom.—*H. W. S.*

KINDNESS.

The following is told of Penel, the master of the lunatic asylum, in Paris, in the days of the convention, showing the remarkable results produced by kindness. There were hundreds of people pinned to the floor, and Penel sued the convention that they would allow him to set them loose. He proposed to let loose fifty furious savages first. Caithon, the president, said:

"I will come down to-morrow and see these creatures, and if thou art concealing any of the enemies of the Republic, death to thee at the guillotine."

When Caithon went down, they howled at him, like so many wild beasts; and he said:

"I think thou art maddest of all of them; but you may do as you like, though I am sure you will be the victim of it."

There was one English captain in the house who had been chained there forty years—chained down to the ground, because he had got one of his hands loose and had killed a keeper—a savage, morose beast of the worst kind that could be. Penel went to him, and he said:

"Captain, if I set you free, would you act like a rational being?"

"Ah, that I would," said the man; "but you are all afraid of me—all of you."

"No, I am not," replied Penel; "I have got these men here who could manage you very well; but I trust you will behave yourself rationally."

Oh, he would behave very well, that he would—the very man who killed his keeper. And when his chains were taken from him, he strove to rise, but for many minutes he could not stand, because he had been chained down so long. At last he got up and looked up at the sky and could only exclaimed:

"Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!"

He became not only calm, quiet and tractable, but made himself a sort of superintendent over the rest.

Thus was Penel the means of bringing all the poor creatures, who had been let loose, back to sober reason, and something like reasoning obedience of the law under which they lived, simply by kindness. And has that been done by madmen? Why, it has been done even by us, who were worse than mad—mad with sin. We have trusted them, forgiven them, been kind to them, and conquered them. And do you not believe if the everlasting God says to sinners, "Now, you will destroy yourself if you go on. I am angry with your sin; but though I hate your sin, I do not hate you; I have laid your sins on Christ; believe it," and the man believes it—will he rise up worse than he was before? Human nature is bad enough, but this is not the way of man after all. The cords of love do hold us, and the bands of a man do restrain us. He that is forgiven much, loves much.

ERRORS IN THE CHURCH.—There is some shadow of an excuse for the charge that there is not as much regard paid to conduct as we have a right to expect on the part of Christians. In too many cases, religion consists seemingly in going to church on Sunday, prayer-meeting on Wednesday, and church again on Sunday. In too many cases the church is becoming a social club, where one may expect good society during the week, and an inexpensive entertainment on the Sabbath. The churches, it is to be feared, do not always grow in grace as they grow in sociables and parlors and the modern equipments of cooking-stoves and tinware. The errors which spring up outside of the church, are often only extreme protests against errors within the church itself; and if there are men to-day who protest against a religion of sentiment and emotion, in favor of a religion of practical conduct, the basis of that protest, is in the existing state of things, in the lives of many professing Christians.—*Prof. L. F. Patton, D. D.*

A YOUNG PASTOR'S LESSON.

A. B. was pastor in the church in L—. For five years he had been at work in this part of the Lord's vineyard, but as yet saw not the first fruits of his labor.

With a pleasant home, a generous and affectionate people, he was yet fast settling into a state of weary despondency, as he allowed himself to dwell constantly on one sad fact, namely, the lack of spiritual life among his church members, and that no new souls were here being born into the kingdom.

In this state he left home to attend the quarterly meeting of the pastors of his denomination in that section of country. All day long as one and another spoke of the life manifested by the members of his respective church, his heart sank within him, and he was almost ready to then and there declare his purpose to seek a new field of labor. By-and-by evening came, and a young girl entered the room to light the lamps.

Twice she ignited a match, but each time attempting to use it before it was fairly burning, she failed of her purpose.

A gray-haired man, one of the oldest ministers present, sat watching her. At her third attempt, he said:

"Allow your match to get fairly to burning, my dear, before you try to light anything from it."

When her duties were fulfilled, and she had left the room, he added:

"I think we often attempt the same thing little Miss Lucy tried to do just now. We try to set the hearts of others on fire with the zeal and love, that are not yet really burning in our own souls. And we fail, just as she did, till we have received of the heavenly flame, and can testify from hearts all aglow and ready to impart of our warmth to others."

Like a flash the thought came to A. B. that perhaps this was where his own trouble lay. He had not got fairly to burning himself. All the way home the thought was with him, and stayed

with him in the long years he labored for the Master.

He endeavored to make this his rule, never to urge upon others that which he could not speak of from a receiving knowledge. And this rule led him to a more earnest seeking for truths, a more faithful holding fast to the good and right, and a less frequent condemning of others. When the silver lay thickly upon his brow, I heard him relate this incident, among other words of wisdom that fell from his lips, and remembering how deep an impression it made upon my own mind, I have thought a repetition might perhaps help others.

Oh, that we all might have hearts, lips, and pens, so aglow with love to Jesus, that our words might light other souls to newness of effort and fullness of loving zeal.—*A. L. M. C.*

SAVING FAITH.—The evidence of saving faith must needs be a good evidence of our interest in Christ; and mortification of sin is the fruit and evidence of saving faith. "Purifying their hearts by faith."—Acts xv, 9. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John v, 4. Faith overcomes the allurements of the world on the one hand, and the terrors of the world on the other, by mortifying the affections to all earthly things.

A mortified heart is not easily ensnared with the pleasures of the world, or much moved with the losses and sufferings it meets from it; so the force of its temptations are broken, and the mortified soul becomes victorious over it, and all this by the instrumentality of faith.

In a word, there is an indissoluble connection between the mortification of sin and the life of grace: "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ."—Rom. vi, 11; and the life of Christ must needs involve a saving interest in Christ.—*Flavel.*

JOHN HUSS AND JEROME.

The influence of good men lives after them; it is part of their immortality.* "Their works follow them;" and "though dead, they yet speak." So Wycliffe's influences were not buried with him; his teaching lived, for it was the living Word. His followers were called Lollards,* and they, ere long, spread themselves not only throughout England, but also over the Continent of Europe. They suffered much for the truth; and the Lollards' Tower at Lambeth Palace to this day perpetuates their memory, and retains the inscriptions of the names and sufferings of many of them on its once prison walls. The connection between the earlier stages of the Reformation in England and on the Continent, is worthy of especial consideration.

Part of Austrian Germany was the Kingdom of Bohemia, whence we now derive those magnificent specimens of china and glass, as from Dresden and Saxony. The capital of Bohemia was the city of Prague. The Princess Anne of Bohemia had married Richard II.; and, being a follower of Wycliffe, the writings of the Reformer had access to the English Court, and were thence forwarded by the Queen to her native country; and thus the spark of fire that had been kindled in England, spread to other lands. One of the first students of Wycliffe's writings abroad was John Huss, and, after a time, Jerome of Prague.

John Huss was born at Hussinetz, in Bohemia, in 1373. He was in due time ordained a priest, and was appointed confessor to Sophia, Queen of Bavaria. Wycliffe's writings were brought under his notice; but at first he resisted and even opposed them, being prejudiced against them, as "condemned writings." But ere long he began to take an interest in these books,

* So called, some say, from Walter Lollard, who was burnt at Cologne: more likely, however, from an old German word "lullen," to "sing," or to "lull" to sleep by singing. The Lollards were a happy minded people, who could sing the Lord's songs even "in a strange land."

and to be impressed by them, and at length became a follower and teacher of the reformed faith. There was this difference, however, between the disciple and the master: Wycliffe's testimony was ever against the spiritual errors of the Church of Rome; while Huss objected rather on the score of the external excesses of the church in its wealth, and luxury, and indolence. This difference characterized the two teachers throughout; and accordingly, Huss never rose to the same level that Wycliffe and Luther attained. Huss made a vigorous stand against the vices of the age, the abuses of the church, the false miracles alleged to be wrought; and in this he but re-echoed the demand of his day—"The Reformation of the Church in its Head and members."

It was in response to this universal demand of the Church, that the Council of Constance was summoned (A. D. 1414); and it is this circumstance that brings the name of John Huss most prominently to notice. A Papal schism had been raging for half a century—two and even three Popes and anti-Popes striving for the mastery! Chiefly for the purpose of healing this schism the Council was called; and the result only tended to make matters worse; for in deposing three rival pontiffs, it appointed a fourth! It is to this memorable schism that Fuller, the witty historian of the Church, refers, when he says: "It began between Urban VI. and Clement VII.; one living at Rome, the other at Avignon. Thus 'Peter's Chair' was like to be broken, 'twixt two sitting down in it at once!'"

The Council was presided over by the Emperor Sigismund. Huss was summoned to appear; and on the guarantee of a "safe-conduct" from the Emperor, he presented himself at Constance. On his arrival he was required to present himself to the pontiff John XXIII., and during his visit he was arrested and thrown into prison. The Emperor, being informed of this, ordered his release, and threatened

even to break open the door of the prison if the Imperial guarantee of safety was thus violated. Huss, however, was not released. Again and again he was brought before the Council, but generally to little purpose, amid the scenes of noise, and uproar, and tumult which prevailed. On one occasion he gained, and held the ear of the Council, and concluded by saying: "I came voluntarily to this Council, under the public faith of the Emperor, here present," at which it is said the Emperor blushed. This circumstance appears again in history: Charles V., having been called upon at Worms to order the arrest of Luther, notwithstanding the "safe-conduct" he had given him, replied in these decisive words: "I do not choose to blush with my predecessor, Sigismund!" The Council pronounced sentence against Huss and against his writings. He was ordered, prior to execution, to be degraded from his ecclesiastical office. This was done by putting on his robes of office, and then taking them off, some maledictory expression accompanying each several act of disrobing. Then snatching the chalice from his hands, they said:

"O cursed Judas, we take this chalice from thee, in which is the blood of Christ;" to which the martyr meekly replied:

"I trust, in the mercy of God, I shall drink of it this very day in His Kingdom!"

After vainly urging him to retract, he was tied by the neck to a stake; the fagots were heaped up to his chin; these were then kindled, and, amid the flames, he sang, "Jesus Christ, have mercy on me!"

His body was reduced to ashes, which were afterwards cast into the waters of the Rhine.

Shortly after the arrival of Huss at Constance he was followed by Jerome of Prague. Jerome was one of the learned youth of the Continent, who, at this period, were accustomed to study at Oxford University. He was a layman, and never took orders.

He was learned and eloquent; and in comparison with Huss, he had a fuller knowledge of Wycliffe's writings, and a more comprehensive view of the whole controversy with Rome. Nevertheless, when first appearing before the Council, he was not as steadfast as Huss. He even retracted, under fear of death; but he soon recovered from his cowardice, and uttered his bolder testimony. His addresses before the Council were characterized by great learning and commanding eloquence. He, too, was committed to the stake. His death was hard; he lingered for a full quarter of an hour in the flames before he died. His dust, also, was cast upon the waters of the Rhine as it flows through the city of Constance; and thus those grand and majestic waters received the hallowed associations of these good men whose memories have been carried adown the stream of Time ever since, and are not lost, even in the Ocean of Eternity.

WASTED AMMUNITION.—It is said that a soldier in battle may fire away lead equal to his weight before he kills a man. Whether this is exactly so or not, it is an illustration of the wasted ammunition of numerous preachers of the Gospel. Some may fire too low; but the majority fire too high to harm anybody. Fire low, use simple speech, be personal in aim, and above all, deal in personal, vital and heartfelt experience of truth, rather than in attractions, and there will be less wasted ammunition.

—Love is the fulfilling of the law. If you would satisfy the law, get love, which cometh from God.

—In order to grow in grace, it is necessary to be planted in grace, and when once planted in grace, the growth of the soul in one month will exceed that of years in any other soil. For grace is a fruitful soil, and the plants that grow therein are of a marvelous growth.—H. W. S.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY REV. E. P. MARVIN.

God organized the family as the first and most important society among mankind. It lies at the foundation of all other societies, that benefit and bless humanity. It does more to promote the order, purity and happiness of the world than all others. Barbarism must prevail when society is not composed of families. Every civil community and state, is an aggregate of families, so that the welfare and happiness in general, must depend on the welfare and happiness of individual families. The same is true of the church. Every Christian family is a little "church in the house," and a component part of the church universal.

How important also to our personal comfort and unselfishness, that "grace, mercy and peace," should be multiplied where we abide among those with whom we have constant and intimate fellowship. We can bear trouble in the world without, if we have a little world at home to which we can retire, where peace, love and joy abound. But if we find no comfort at home, where in the wide world can we expect to find it?

Unhappy homes where jealousy, hatred and strife prevail, often drive parents and children away to scenes of vice and ruin. A happy, Christian home is most like heaven of any abode on earth; and an unhappy home is most like a second hell. How then shall we make home happy?

1. It requires, and it is worth, a great effort. This inestimable blessing does not come unsought. Many on entering the married state expect domestic bliss of course, and especially if the bright young pair possess wealth, and anticipate "dwelling in marble halls." But alas, how often we see this sweet cup of anticipation dashed, and this dream of delight dissolved in a brief period of practical experience. Material things, a fortunate set of cir-

circumstances, cannot insure the priceless blessing. Home joys may be obtained in a cottage or in a palace, but in neither without a suitable effort.

2. We cannot have happy homes, without sincere and ardent domestic affection; not merely that transient and superficial emotion, which is inspired by personal beauty and external charms, but that mutual esteem, endearing confidence, which is founded upon real and enduring excellence. Mere external beauty is vain, and it "consumes away like a moth." "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and and hatred therewith." "Charity suffereth long and is kind."

To preserve conjugal affection, married persons should exercise a confiding frankness towards each other, and a discreet reserve towards others. Seldom should a third person be permitted to share our conjugal troubles. We take conjugal partners "for better or for worse," and we should, under all ordinary circumstances, keep the troubles of our little domestic world to ourselves, and make the best of them. Revealing them to the outward world, almost always aggravates them.

Let moments of painful alienation be forgotten in after moments and years of faithful and devoted affection. Love should abound in the family, and hearts should be sure of each other.

"There is beauty all around.
When there is love at home;
There is joy in every sound.
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty there abide.
Smiling sweet on every side;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home."

Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
O there's one who smiles on high,
When there's love at home."

3. We must be mutually respected, if we would make a happy home. "Be courteous," is a good Gospel precept for the family. Amidst the constant and familiar, we are apt to drop off one by one, all those little tokens of

civility or affection which are manifested in out side society, and when the tokens are all gone, the respect and affection must at least be impaired. Many a wife weeps for the absence of all the tokens of respect and affection shown her as a sweetheart.

We do not want the studied, shallow-hearted politeness of the fashionable world, but that true simple courtesy which expresses the kindly sentiments of true hearts towards each other.

4. Order in domestic affairs helps to make a happy home. Order may not be "Heaven's first law," but it is one of the first laws of happiness in the earthly heaven called home.

"Let all things be done decently and in order," is an appropriate, divine command for the household. The excellent woman "looketh well to the wants of her household." Where there is confusion, there is apt to be "every evil work," and domestic peace is impossible. Every member of the family should know his own place and keep it, his own duty and do it. "A place for everything and everything in its place," should be the law.

The hours for rising, retiring, meals, prayers and every daily duty, should be promptly and cheerfully regarded.

Parents must "set their homes in order," and rule them well if they would have happy homes.

5. We must also render our homes as attractive as possible to the children. Procure good books and papers, enliven home with music daily, furnish a kit of tools for the boys, and play freely and joyfully with your children. Make home, sweet home, the dearest spot on earth for your children, and they will spend their evenings there instead of elsewhere in scenes of sinful amusement, vice and crime.

6. The habitual and absolute control of the temper is essential to a happy home. Every family is a little band of sinners, and offenses will come. These provocations should be met with forbearance and forgiveness—"a soft answer turneth away wrath"—or untold domestic misery must ensue. A

feverish, fretful, complaining disposition, indulged in the person of a "scold," will transform a heaven into a hell. Temper is nine tenths of happiness in the married state. We must beware of those little, trifling, everyday events, that begin the mischievous work of domestic alienation. It is the many "little wedges" that rend the rock; and the "little foxes," that spoil the vines.

7. But the most important means of domestic happiness, is sincere and practical piety. A family without religion, is like a house without a roof, exposed to every storm. "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it."

True piety is a spirit of love, patience, forbearance, kindness and charity. It must therefore render husbands and wives more affectionate and harmonious, and children more dutiful to parents, and more kind to each other. The more of pure and undefiled religion there is in a house, the happier will that home be. It will do more than everything else to purify and cement domestic affection, promote home enjoyments, and constrain the members of the family to be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven them."

Of course if you would have a model Christian home, you must have a family altar, and worship God in the family circle. You may receive the common mercies of Providence without this, but be assured you cannot claim the richer covenant mercies of God for yourself and your children, unless, like the Father of the Faithful, you have an altar, and call upon the name of the Lord. "The voice of rejoicing and salvation, is heard in the tabernacles of the righteous."

Thus whether you dwell in a house of plenty, or a house of want, you may all dwell in a happy home, a home which anticipates our Father's house in the better country, whose mansions are many, whose love is perfect, and whose joy is eternal.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

Suffer me to add a few words to all of you who are at this day present before the Lord. Should not you bear it in your minds all the day long, that a more awful day is coming? A large assembly this! But what is it to that which every one will then behold, the general assembly of all the children of men that ever lived on the face of the whole earth! A few will stand at the judgment-seat this day, to be judged touching what shall be laid to their charge. And they are now reserved in prison, perhaps in chains, till they are brought forth to be tried and sentenced. But we shall all, I that speak, and you that hear, stand at the judgment-seat of Christ. And we are now reserved on this earth, which is not our home, in this prison of flesh and blood, perhaps many of us in chains of darkness too, till we are ordered to be brought forth. Here a man is questioned concerning one or two acts, which he is supposed to have committed. There we are to give an account of all our works, from the cradle to the grave; of all our words, of all our desires and tempers, all the thoughts and intents of our hearts; of all the use we have made of our various talents, whether of mind, body or fortune, till God said, *Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.* In this court it is possible those who are guilty may escape for want of evidence. But there is no want of evidence in that court. All men with whom you had the most secret intercourse, who were privy to all your designs and actions, are ready before your face. So are all the spirits of darkness, who inspired evil designs, and assisted in the execution of them. So are all the angels of God, those eyes of the Lord that run to and fro over all the earth, who watched over your soul, and labored for your good, so far as you would permit. So is your own conscience, a thousand witnesses in one, now no more capable of being blinded and silenced, but con-

strained to know and speak the naked truth, touching all your thoughts, and words and actions. And is conscience as a thousand witnesses? Yea, but God is as a thousand consciences! O who can stand before the face of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ.

See, see! He cometh! He maketh the clouds his chariots! He rideth upon the wings of the wind! A devouring fire goeth before him, and after him a flame burneth! See, he sitteth upon his throne, clothed with light as with a garment, arrayed with majesty and honor! Behold his eyes are as a flame of fire, his voice as the sound of many waters!

How will ye escape? Will ye call to the mountains to fall on you, the rocks to cover you? Alas, the mountains themselves, the rocks, the earth, the heavens, are just ready to flee away! Can ye prevent the sentence? Wherewith? With all the substance of thy house, with thousands of gold and silver? Blind wretch! Thou comest naked from thy mother's womb, and more naked into eternity. Hear the Lord, the Judge! "Come ye blessed of my Father! inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Joyful sound! How widely different from that voice, echoes through the expanse of heaven, "Depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" And who is he that can prevent or retard the full execution of either sentence? Vain hope! Lo, hell is moved from beneath, to receive those who are ripe for destruction! And the everlasting doors lift up their heads, that the heirs of glory may come in!—*Wesley.*

—Are we to grow in grace? The soil is God's, and we, as plants, must be tilled as he wills. Shall not God cultivate his fields as seemeth good to him? Why then murmur if the harrow of affliction cross you. He knows the needs of the soil, and of the seed to be planted therein.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS.

In the summer of 1854, in Johnson Co., Mo., there was an unusual outpouring of the Spirit on the people who had met at "Chalybeate Springs," to spend several consecutive days in God's worship. Almost a hundred sinners were convicted of sin and realized pardon during the occasion.

Among those convicted, but who did not yield and find pardon, were Dr. Mc—— and Miss D——. The former felt deeply, uncontrollably, but yet resisted—"quenched the Spirit." He still lives, but has never manifested any feeling on the subject since. The young lady was also powerfully moved. A friend, observing it, gently approached her, and requested her to yield to the call of the Spirit. After a moment she resolutely replied:

"I will not!"

A few days after returning home, she was taken sick, and grew rapidly worse. Her family proposed to call in a physician. She interposed, saying: "It is of no use; I will die in a few days."

They next proposed to call in a minister. She answered:

"That also is of no use; my day of grace is for ever gone. At the meeting the other day, I refused to turn at His reproof, I resolved I would not yield; and from that moment I knew myself to be lost—lost forever!"

In three days she was a corpse!

Still another of those influenced by the Reprover on this occasion deserves mention. He was a mute. He had never spoken an intelligible syllable in his life; was quite wicked and thoughtless; would often, on former occasions, for the amusement of his companions, imitate, in pantomime, the gestures, attitudes, etc., of ministers. The Holy Spirit strove with him also. He was deeply agitated; he yielded, he bowed in prayer at the altar. Soon, he arose and went out from the audience, into a grove near by. At the foot of a tree he knelt, and agonized, his countenance indicating the utmost agitation.

within. Presently, with his hands he began clawing up the soil, after which he would wallow himself in the dust, indicating, as his relatives said, his sense of unworthiness. After some time employed thus, one who could communicate with him, came to him. He pressed his heart and looked towards heaven. The mute in response pressed his heart and looked into the dust where he had been wallowing, and would not "so much as lift up his eyes toward heaven."

Further instruction followed, in which, by signs, he was taught that Jesus was "wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed."

Presently the light penetrated; and like the man with the withered hand, he made the effort—he looked toward heaven; in an instant he sprang upon his feet, and shouted with a perfect articulation, "Glory!" Then observing his friends around him, with a face beaming with joy, anointed with the "oil of gladness," he embraced them one by one, as if to tell what a wonderful change God, by his Spirit, had wrought within him.

He yet lives, a consistent church member, and a mute witness for the power of converting grace. Thus a new song was put into his mouth, and thus we see, that when physical disabilities shall have been removed, even the mute shall sing the song of "redeeming grace and dying love."

Scores of witnesses still live, to establish the statements in this article.

—*American Messenger*

—"Thy gentleness hath made me great."—*Psalmist*.

—"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land." If God attaches so much importance to honor due earthly parents as to supplement the command by a promise, will he not give better things than length of days to those honoring the Heavenly Father?

ADVICE TO BELIEVERS.

C. G. Finney gave the following excellent advice to believers in the doctrine of entire sanctification in this life:

1. I advise and beseech you, to be filled with the love of Jesus Christ; and, on all occasions, to exhibit entire patience, kindness, and forbearance, towards those who differ from you, and who oppose you.

2. Do not allow yourselves to talk about the opposition you meet with from ministers and Christians. Do not pray for yourselves or for others, as if you or they were persecuted. Especially, do not do this in public; nor suffer your minds to dwell upon the opposition you meet with, lest you should be "overcome of evil."

3. If you are accused of things of which you are not guilty—if slanderous and illfounded reports are circulated about you—if they come to your ears, I beg of you not to open your mouths in reply, lest you should speak unadvisedly with your lips. Preserve entire silence; and go aside and pray, and feel, and know, that your reputation is of no value, only as it can promote the interests of the kingdom of Christ. Leave your reputation, then, entirely with him, and possess your soul in entire patience.

4. I advise and beseech you, to be exceedingly careful of what you say of your ministers, or of ministers in general. Be careful to "speak evil of no man," but be "gentle, showing all meekness unto all men." Be especially careful of the reputation of ministers. Treat them with great kindness, respect, and love, for their office and their work's sake. Avoid censoriousness as you would avoid a serpent; and be entreated, not only to watch over yourselves in this respect, but watch especially over your brethren and sisters, who believe as you do. Admonish, warn, or reprove them, as circumstances may require, on the first appearance of censoriousness in them.

5. Learn to account in the most

charitable manner for all the opposition you meet with. Consider that in many things you are mistaken and wrong, and also that much of the opposition you meet with, originates in mistake and misapprehension on the part of your opposers, rather than in any ill will to you, or opposition to what they understand to be the truth. Consider, also, how long you yourselves have been in bondage to sin, the slaves of prejudice—how long you possessed more of a sectarian and a persecuting spirit—and how long it took you to rise above your prejudices, and get away from under the influences of your stereotyped errors of opinion, so as to understand the liberty of the Gospel. Consider the long suffering and compassion of God towards you, and how much pains it took, kindly to undermine your prejudices, to correct your opinions, and draw you over to the belief and practice of the truth.

6. Do let me again beseech you, whatever may occur, whether the churches tolerate you or reject you, to preserve a spirit of entire patience, sweetness, meekness and charity. You can in no way do so much mischief, as to profess to believe the doctrine of entire sanctification in this life, and at the same time exhibit a wicked spirit. All the opposition that is or can be made to this sentiment, by its opposers, can hardly begin to be so injurious to the cause of truth, as a wicked, censorious, sarcastic, denunciatory, pharisaical spirit and conversation, in those who profess to believe it. I beseech you, by the mercies of God; nay, beloved, I conjure you, by your love of truth, by your attachment to Christ, by all that is sacred and lovely, and of good report, to keep yourselves pure; to exercise the utmost patience, forbearance and kindness, and do not let your holiness be a holiness of theory only. But let it be the very light, and temper, and spirit, and life of the blessed Son of God. Remain as quietly as possible in the churches to which you belong. Possess and exhibit an anti-sectarian spirit, on all occasions.

And if you are reviled, be sure not to revile again. And if you are persecuted, threaten not. And do not let those who misapprehend your views, or misrepresent your practices, have occasion to triumph over you, as those who, while they profess holiness, exhibit a spirit that is earthly, sensual, devilish.

AN UNSANCTIFIED SMELL.—A Christian worker from Boston, was holding some evangelistic services in a neighboring town. At the conclusion of one the meetings, a deacon of the church came to him and said:

"So you think you are sanctified, do you?"

"Well, yes, I rather think I am."

"Then you think you can't sin any more?"

"Oh, no! I do not think that; I am afraid I shall."

"Well," said the deacon, "I don't think I am sanctified."

"No," replied the brother, with a little hesitation and deliberation, "I should not think you were; you don't smell like a sanctified man."

The deacon was soaked with tobacco from head to foot. The conversation closed; he went home and thought; for the first time in his life, the idea dawned on him that there was any difference between the smell of a sanctified man, and an old tobacco user. He could not readily dismiss the matter from his mind. The words stuck to him, until at length he renounced the filthy weed, and, it is to be hoped, smells like a sanctified man. Surely when men lay apart "all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness," pipes and tobacco will be quite likely to be discarded with other abominations.—*The Wayside*.

—Satan takes delight in a future faith, for he knows it is powerless to accomplish any practical results. But he trembles and flees when the soul of the believer dares to claim a present deliverance, and to reckon itself now free from his power.

THE SEABOY'S GRAVE.

As we drew near the end of our voyage from the West Indies, the weather became squally, and we had occasionally a good deal of sea going, which made things very uncomfortable on board. A sailor, who had behaved very illy at the outset of the voyage, and with whom the men had declined keeping company, had been seized with a fever; and, although it had been in some measure subdued, yet the poor fellow was in a very dangerous state. He had been a bad and wicked man; and now that he was apparently drawing near to death, it was desirable that some care and kindness might be shown him in regard to his soul. The captain and crew were very indifferent on the subject; and I had been so ill that I was scarcely able to get out of my berth.

There happened, however, to be a boy on board, who went among the sailors by the nickname of Pious Jack; or what was, perhaps, equally to his honor, or to the honor of the philanthropist from whom he derived it, they used to call him Jack Raikes, from his having been educated in one of the Sunday-schools of "Robert Raikes of Glo'ster;" of which city, the boy, John Pelham, was a native. Poor Jack, however, cared very little for the sneers and scoffs of the seamen; and the meekness, patience, and temper, with which he endured the gibes and jeers of many on board, often gave me occasion to say, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy."

When Williams, the poor sailor, was dying, and indeed all the time he had been ill, nobody had shown him any kindness except little Jack and a negro woman who was on board, the attendant of a child, whom she was bringing over to some relations in England. This woman, who was always called Cleo, ministered to the wants of the dying seaman, nursing him with great tenderness, and preparing with her own

hands whatever she thought would be likely to tempt his sickly appetite.

The little girl whom Cleo had in charge, was a sweet child about four years old. I saw her very seldom, for she generally amused herself on deck when the weather would permit, playing with a pet kid which had been spared for her sake, and which followed her wherever she went. She had taught it to go down and up the companion ladder; and she would bring it in her arms into my cabin almost every morning, when she came to ask me how I did.

This excellent negress was kind and attentive to the sick and young, for we had two or three of both on board; and though she had little idea of the profounder doctrines of Christianity, she yet possessed some knowledge of the truth, and she had a deep sympathy for the soul of the dying man. She could not read herself, but she knew that the Bible revealed the Christian's God, and taught the way to heaven; and she would sit with devout attention, listening to every word which the dear boy Jack read from that holy book, not only from day to day, but whenever he could persuade Williams to hearken to it.

Things had gone on in this way for some time, when one day Jack came into my cabin, his face bathed in tears a look of horror on his countenance, his whole frame trembling with agitation, and himself unable to speak; I thought from his appearance that poor Williams was dead, and that he had left poor Jack no "hope in his death."

"What's the matter, Jack?" I said, starting up on my elbow in bed, "What has happened? Williams—is he dead?"

"Dear sir," said the boy, regardless of my question, "Williams—poor Williams! he is in agony of soul; he says he is lost—that he is a ruined sinner—that he must, sir—he must—oh! I can not say the word—he says God will cast him into the place," continued Jack, in a burst of inexpressible anguish, "where there is weeping and

gnashing of teeth! Oh, what shall I say to him?"

"Dear boy," I said, "do not afflict your soul so bitterly. It is well that Williams feels all this; take it, my child, as a token for good from the hand of your heavenly Father, who is not unmindful of your prayers and labors of love for this trembling penitent. Go to him again; bid him call upon his God. He has said, 'Call upon me in the time of trouble and I will deliver thee.' Tell him that God is indeed, as he believes him to be, a just God, who will by no means clear the guilty without an atonement: bid him believe in the blood of that atonement already made for the sins of many; tell him God can be just, even while he pardons all his sins, if he throws himself upon his mercy in Christ Jesus. Say to him, it is not too late to believe—neither is it too late for God to have mercy; the Lord delighteth in mercy; only let him seek repentance at the throne of grace, and faith in the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Oh! say to him, God waiteth to be gracious.

"Sir," replied Jack, "I have told him all this already; but he says he cannot believe it. He says everybody's sins are forgiven but his. I have told him the history of the thief on the cross—of the laborer called at the eleventh hour—of the lost sheep—and all the parables about God's love to sinners—and how Christ came into the world on purpose to save sinners, even the chief. But he says he cannot believe it; and he will not pray."

"Nevertheless, go to him again, my dear, good boy; read to him, and I will come and pray with him." This I said not knowing that the boy was able of himself to pray for another.

I rose with difficulty, and found my way into the place where Williams was sitting up in his hammock, his face pale and ghastly, his eyes sunk in his forehead, and his bosom laboring with the heavy respiration of death. Jack and Cleo were both on their knees beside his bed; and the little child, not well knowing the meaning of what

she did, had covered her face with her hand; but she was evidently looking through her half-closed eyelids. Jack was reading the office for the sick; Williams, deeply agitated, his hands clasped, and his emaciated fingers convulsively pressed against each other, was now and then attempting to pray. After every petition the little sea-boy paused for the dying man's response, saying he would read no farther if Williams till refused to pray to God.

"Open thine eye of mercy, O most gracious God!" said the boy at last, closing the book, and speaking. I suppose from memory, or perhaps out of the abundance of his own heart, "Open thine eye of mercy upon this dying man, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness, but will not pray for it."

"Oh, earnestly!" exclaimed the wretched man, with a voice so full of the bitterness of death, that it sent back the blood in a cold shiver to my heart.

"Renew in him, most loving Father," continued the little intercessor, "whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud or malice of the devil, or by his own carnal will. Oh! impute not unto him the guilt of his former sins."

The boy here paused again, and looked with an eye of supplication upon Williams, beseeching him, as if with the whole tenderness of his soul, to reiterate the petition; but Williams replied only with a look of horror.

"For the sake of Christ," resumed the little suppliant, "who bore our sins in his own body upon the cross, show thy pity on Harry Williams!"

The boy again paused, and taking the hand of Williams, attempted, by an act of kind compulsion, to raise it into an attitude of supplication.

"He has no hope, O Lord, but in thy sweet mercy! Oh, visit him with thy benign salvation!"

"I have no hope!" at last exclaimed the man, wringing his hands in despair, "I have no hope."

"Oh, look down from the height of thy sanctuary, and hear the groaning

of this poor prisoner, and loose him who seemeth now to be appointed unto death."

"Oh, I am appointed unto death!"

"O Lord! wilt thou not regard the cry of the destitute? behold, he is destitute! we can do nothing to help him—help thou him, O our God!"

"Help me, O my God!"

"O Lord save! save this poor dying man! Oh, save Harry Williams!"

"Lord, save Harry Williams!" was uttered by all present, even by the little child; and Williams, softened by their affectionate sympathy, and doubtless also by the power of that word which is both spirit and life, melted into tenderness, and, falling back on his pillow, shed a torrent of tears.

I did not see him again for many days after this, my own indisposition having increased. Every moment Jack could spare from the duties of his station on board, was occupied in reading the Scriptures to Williams, who was now often seen engaged in prayer for himself.

The horror, so strongly marked in every feature the first time I saw him had entirely disappeared. He said to me, with the triumph of one deeply conscious to whom the glory was due:

"I am a conqueror through him that loved me! Oh, that wonderful love!"

That night the spirit of Harry Williams winged its flight aloft, entering into the presence of Him who gave it.

The next day but one, his body was committed to the mighty deep. Jack, when he heard the waves with a gurgling sound, close over the body of Williams, being unable any longer to control the violence of his feelings, uttered a piercing cry, and many an iron countenance, that gave little indication of a kind heart within, was that day bedewed with tears.

Three days after, as we drew near the Land's End, a strong gale sprung up, and missing the port in the Channel for which we were bound, we made for the Downs, expecting to come to an anchor there; but the wind shifted, and became more boisterous than at

first. We sprung a leak, and were driven at the mercy of the wind and waves for three days and three nights, until we knew not where we were. At half-past eleven on the fourth night, in the absence of moon and stars, and amid cries of "Breakers ahead!" we struck upon a sunken rock.

In the midst of all this outward misery and distress, I felt a keener edge set to my sufferings, by witnessing the anguish of the affectionate negress for her "massa's child." Her own fate she seemed to meet with heroic firmness—sustained, I hope, by her trust in God.

"My massa's child—my missis' little girl!" she cried, wringing her hands in unutterable agony. For the last half hour she had held the little bleating pet in her lap, saying she would not have Nanny to be drowned; and when she saw Cleo, Jack, and I, and all, I may say, engaged at intervals in prayer, she would try to imitate us, saying, with a most solemn look:

"Lord, let me die with Cleo, and Jack will pray for me to Jesus!"

As the flood-tide set in, the breakers on the rock became more and more tremendous. The boat was hoisted out; but I determined to abide by the wreck. I witnessed the embarkation of the negress and her child, dear Jack, and some others of the sailors, in the boat. When they put off from the wreck, they went pretty well for about a quarter of mile; but as she drew nearer and nearer the shore, a tremendous squall involved them all in darkness, and torrents of rain quite shut them out from our view. When the squall subsided, the cry arose from the spectators on the shore and on the wreck:

"Where's the boat?—where's the boat?"

Again the boat returned—the sea answering the demand; but she gave not up the dead. The boat appeared, driven with her keel above the waters; but her interesting freight was gone forever!

Oh! the horrors of that moment!

And yet, amid them all, while I clung shivering, to the shrouds of the vessel, expecting every moment to be swallowed up by the merciless sea, I felt, as it were, a beam of light across my soul, as I followed in spirit the sailor boy, and beheld him, with his ransomed companions, enter into the joy of his Lord.

The wreck, contrary to all human calculation, continued to hold together till next morning; when the storm having been succeeded by a calm, that smiled as it were on the ruin its predecessor had accomplished, my fellow-sufferers and myself were brought to land.

Being much exhausted, I went to bed in a little cottage, whose generous owner hospitably opened the door to receive me. In the evening, I arose, and went to view those bodies that had been washed ashore. On the low but decent bed of the little village alehouse, Cleo and her "Massa's child" were lying. They were both clasped together in an inseparable embrace—the child's head reposing on the bosom of her nurse; and the swarthy arms of Cleo were locked around her little darling; while death itself, which severs the dearest ties of human tenderness, here appeared only to have rendered their communion more indissoluble. They were buried in each other's arms!

Poor Jack—less honored, but surely not less worthy of honor—was laid on a sheet on the floor, a blue chequered shirt his only shroud! On his hands and face a few scratches were visible, which he had received from the rocks. Yet his countenance wore a heavenly expression; and, stooping down, I robbed his dear head of a little lock of auburn hair. His effects—alas! how poor, and yet how rich!—were spread upon a table in the room, and consisted of a little leathern purse, in which was a well-kept half-crown and a solitary sixpence! His Bible, which he had ever accounted his chief riches, and from which he had derived treasures of wisdom and knowledge, was placed

by his side. I took it up, and observed, engraven on its clasps of brass, these words: "The gift of Robt. Raikes to J. R. Pelham, Glo'ster."

Oh, Raikes! this is one gem of purest light, indeed; but it is but one of many thousand gems that shall encircle thy radiant head, in that day when the Lord of Hosts shall make up his jewels. "For they that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars forever and ever.—*Christian Treasury.*

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.—Zeller, the director of a school in Germany, relates the following fact:

One of the children came to me one day in trouble, because, as he said, God would not hear his prayer.

"And what did you pray for?"

"I prayed to God that he would give me a humble heart," said the child.

"And why do you think that he will not hear you?"

The child said, with tears, "Since I prayed for this, the other boys have been so cross to me. They tease me and mock me at every turn, so that I can hardly bear it."

"You prayed," said I, "that God would give you a humble heart, and why then should you be vexed, if the other boys are the means of humbling you? Here you see that God does really hear you. You will find that the Lord has humbled you and heard your prayer. It is in this way that he sees fit to send you a humble mind."

The poor child, had not thought of that. He had fancied, that God would have taken some other way with him, and thus he was mistaken in thinking that his prayer was not heard.

A great many real Christians make the same mistake. They pray for faith, and hope, and love, and God hears them, and brings them into such a state, that they are tempted to doubt and fear, to yield to unbelief and despair, and suppose that their prayers have not been heard, and perhaps they even become full of bitter and unkind feelings. This is the way he takes to make the good seed that is in their

hearts to grow. In truth, every Christian virtue which we are taught to desire must grow out of such a struggle, and we shall not fail to be conquerors if we continue to pray without ceasing, looking to the Lord for strength. —*Tract Magazine.*

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

It has been said that when one stands among the Alps, amid the deathly quiet of the darkness, the ear laid on the surface of the ice catches the tinkling music of the rivulets that flow all night through the veins and hollows of the frozen hill. So asks Alger, "Has not the soul, too, its buried streams of feeling, whose movements only the most absorbed listening in the most hushed moments can distinguish? Silence is the conversation of God. Solitude is God's closet, the sacred auditorium of the secrets of the spiritual world. In this whispering gallery without walls, tender and reverential spirits are fond of harkening for those occult tones, divine soliloquies, too deep within or too faintly far to suffer their shy meanings ever to be caught anywhere else." This same author happily refers to the tremendous regimen of solitude under which the Jesuits have ever put their novitiates, and the impulse it has always given to the greatest reformers of the race—to its musicians; Mendelssohn, who just when he was called away by death, was planning a seclusion of some years to perfect in an oratorio his idea of Christ. The King of Pontus—Mithridates—was missed one day from his palace. For months nothing was heard of him. He was given up for lost. He returned, however, full of new knowledge and power, having traveled, unknown, through the whole of interior Asia, studying its people and customs. So a thoughtful soul, by hiding from those who know him, may alone, or even in the solitude of a crowd, gain what the loquacious egotism, and petty puerilities of common speech never yield.—*The Church Union.*

WORK.

BY EDITH HULBURT.

Every Christian is called to labor for God. Every one is not called to do the same kind of work, but every one is called to do something. The Lord never meant that we should be idlers. He says, "Go work in my vineyard, and whatsoever is right, that will I give thee." The Lord knows best the kind of work to set us at. It may be he wants us to work with our hands; if so, if we do with our might what our hands find to do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men, such service is as acceptable to him, and we can look for his blessing upon us and it, just as much as if he had said to us, "Go preach my Gospel," and we obeyed the call, preaching the Gospel to every creature. But some will say, "O, I never could do much hard work." Well, if that is what God wants you to do, you can do it, if you will. The trouble with a great many is, they are not willing to give their hands unto the Lord to do what they would call hard work. There is in every individual a love of ease that the Lord wants to get out of them, and he will do it if we will but give him a chance. We sing, "Let cares like a wild deluge come," etc., but how few are ready to meet them squarely when they do come. They would rather fly to get away from them. We can have grace to stand in any place in which the Lord puts us. Take all the burdens and cares he puts on us, by casting all our care on him, so that our experience will be,

"Careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil."

We sing,

"Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou my God art near."

Let this be our experience. It is wonderful what strength God will give us; if we believe in him for it, and use what we have, we shall prove that as our day is, so our strength will be. God never calls us to do anything we

cannot do. He says, "My yoke is easy and my burden light," and we shall prove it so if we go at whatever he gives us to do cheerfully and gladly, and that we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us. The Lord help us to be up and doing while the day lasts, knowing that the night cometh.

A BRAVE WITNESS—A brave testimony for Christ was that of General von Zieten, a famous soldier of Frederick the Great. Zieten was an earnest Christian as well as a great general. It happened that in his presence, the king, whose infidel tendencies are well known, made use of some profane expressions about the Lord's Supper, and the other guests laughed at the remarks. Zieten shook his gray head solemnly, stood up, saluted the king, and said, with a firm voice, "Your Majesty knows well that in war I have never feared any danger, and everywhere have risked my life for you and my country. But there is One above us who is greater than you or I—greater than all men; he is the Saviour and Redeemer, who has died also for your Majesty, and has dearly bought us all with His own blood. This Holy One I can never allow to be mocked or insulted; for on Him repose my faith, comfort, and my hope in life and death. In the power of his faith, your brave army has courageously fought and conquered. If your Majesty undermines this faith, you undermine at the same time the welfare of your state. I salute your Majesty." This open confession of his Saviour by Zieten, made a powerful impression on the king. He felt he had been wrong in his attack on the faith of his general, and he was not ashamed to acknowledge it. He gave his hand to Zieten—his right hand, placing the left on the old man's shoulder—and said with emotion: "O happy Zieten! How I wish I also could believe it! I have the greatest respect for you. This shall never happen again."

MAN'S ORBIT.

BY HANNAH PELTON.

In the year 1874, was seen by Lewis Swift, an astronomer of Rochester, the celebrated Coggia comet. Says our informant, "He took his telescope to a height north of the city, and saw it descend beneath the waters of Lake Ontario, never, owing to its peculiar orbit, to revisit these skies again."

How vividly did the reading of this incident portray to our mind the short career of man. For a brief time only is he seen in the great life drama, then his body returns to earth, never again to appear amidst the familiar scenes of active life.

God has said, "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then 'vanisheth away.' We are reprov'd for saying, 'To day or to morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain. Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.'—Jas. iv, 13, 14.

The Coggia comet, though never to be seen in our firmament again, is still in its orbit, on and on through vast space, seen it may be by God alone, but still fulfilling the end for which it was created. The spirit of man leaves the clay tenement, and starts out in the orbit of action that will be endless. Eternity is the word God has used to express its unending duration.

God plainly declares to man that there are two states of existence in our after life. One is that of holy joy, and rapturous delight in a heaven prepared for those who will, and do live a holy life here; a life of obedience to the teachings of his word and Spirit. The other is an existence of remorse, and despair, a life without a God. The doomed soul launches out into the unlimited wastes of soul darkness—his course is where there is no hope, no light, no love, but sin alone abounds,

without restraining grace. This is the doom of those who will to please themselves in carnal delights; who choose, however moral and kind they may be, to pass through life without Christ in the soul, not knowing what it is to be born of the Spirit. Man has the power to choose in which one of these spiritual orbits his soul will take its wing, as he leaves the life of a vapor, the life of a fleeing shadow. We know very well that multitudes are trying to serve God, and still to enjoy the pleasures of this world. But God's word is positively against this presumptuous sin, though so fearfully common. "Come out from among them and be ye separate." "Whosoever loveth the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

This celebrated comet, on account of its nearness to the sun, was seen by a very limited number of persons. The saints of God are so near the Sun of Righteousness that the world's mind and eye know them not—they only see them in the far, happy distance, as obscure, *peculiar* planets—feeling a good deal better if they will only keep in their own orbit of life and thoughts, and not disturb their own carnal security.

The confusion, sin, misery, and death, so prevailing, exist because man put himself out of the orbit of moral purity—the lamentable inconsistencies seen in those who assume to be Christians exist because they are not in the Scriptural orbit of holiness.

But amid all this sin and darkness, the great light of the world comes—man's Redeemer from sin. The Grave thought to extinguish the Light of Life; but he arose. O, who can behold this resurrection and ascension, without feeling, however darkened by sin the soul may be—was this for me?

He arose, the joy of heaven—the light of earth. He arose, the track of your spiritual orbit is clearly defined; it is the way of humility, lowliness, death to sin, a life in Christ. He arose, the dead in Christ shall have part in the first resurrection. Your soul is in its

orbit responding to the hallelujahs of redeemed saints—enraptured with the dazzling of myriad crowns; amidst the clouds of countless white robes, it wings its way. A holy delight is felt with the purity of Him who is all in all. Think of it, tempted, tried Christian; always thus, never to end. Think of it, you who are thoughtless, loving the things of time and sense.

Oh! who will not choose the Scriptural orbit of holiness for the soul's eternal pathway?

MAKE YOUR INFLUENCE FELT.—Is it not about time for every Christian professor to feel that, if he is not a standing rebuke to rascality and falsehood, and if he has no corrective qualities, then he is a fraud himself? Is it not time, too, that the idea of absorbing the Gospel every Sabbath, and giving out none during the week, should be regarded as a disgrace to the Christian profession? This question cannot be pushed home too close to every member of Christ's church: "What are you here for? Who is the better for your influence, your gifts, your acts, and your example?"

GUIDANCE.—The Scriptures are far more explicit, even about details, than most people think. There are not many important affairs in life, for which a clear direction may not be found in God's book. Take the matter of dress, and we have, 1 Peter iii, 3, 4, and 1 Tim. ii, 9. Take the matter of conversation, and we have Eph. iv, 29, and v, 4. Take the matter of avenging injuries, and standing up for your rights, and we have Rom. xii, 19, 21; Matt. v, 38-48 and 1 Peter ii, 19-21. Take the matter of forgiving one another, and we have Eph. iv, 32; Mark xi, 25, 26. Take the matter of conforming to the world, and we have Rom. vii, 2, and 1 John ii, 15-17, and Jas. iv, 4. Take the matter of anxieties of all kinds, and we have Matt. vi, 25-34, and Philemon, iv, 5, 7.—H. W. S.

A LAYMAN'S SERMON.

"For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica."—2 Tim. iv, 10.

This brief account by the Apostle of one who was once one of his fellow-laborers in the Gospel field, is all that we know of Demas, except what was stated, where (in Col. iv, 14, and Phil. iv, 18) he was remembered in Christian salutation to distant brethren. Some two years after this the great Apostle wrote, "Demas hath forsaken me!" Two years were therefore the probable extent of his labors.

THE QUESTIONS ARE:

1. Why did Demas forsake Paul?
2. Why did he go to Thessalonica?
3. What did he probably do when he got there?

We will conclude with a few hints to preachers who desire to go to Thessalonica:

1. Why did Demas forsake Paul? The answer is obvious—the salary with Paul did not suit him. He no doubt shared the great preacher's salary in some measure. This Paul took in stripes, imprisonment, nakedness, —he laboring with his own hands to supply his own wants and the wants of those who were with him. This was, of course, considered by the reverend, world-loving Mr. Demas, poor pay; and he thought that he should never get rich on such a salary.

2. Why did he go to Thessalonica? Therefore after prayerfully weighing the matter, he started for Thessalonica, a sea-port city on the Gulf of Salonica. His object was to gratify his love of the world; so he exchanged the love of the Father for that of the world. The Word says, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." But Demas went there because he loved the world.

3. What did he do in Thessalonica? What business he followed there, we are left to conjecture. Perhaps he entered into trade and commerce! It is possible that he opened a liquor shop, or perhaps a gambling saloon. Still I think not. The most reasonable

conclusion is that Demas, having been in St. Paul's Seminary some two years, thought that he was smart enough to go to a sea-port town and gather a wealthy congregation; and by preaching so as to please them, and not offend the devil, he might count his salary by thousands of dollars, instead of hundreds of stripes, and thus satisfy his love of money and desire for fame.

APPLICATION.

Preachers, examine your hearts; determine if you have the love of the world there. If you have, you are brother Demas, and forsaking Paul, are on your way to Thessalonica; "For if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Perhaps you have spent more time in preparing, than Demas did in preaching Christ and him crucified, but have, like Demas, concluded that it don't pay, and have gone forth speaking great, swelling words, having men's persons in admiration because of the advantage, and are saying smooth things, not to offend the worldly, that you may reach his purse, regardless of the soul's eternal interest. Beware! you are on Demas' dangerous journey to Thessalonica.

WHOLE-HEARTED.—God demands a whole hearted service. We are to love him with all our heart. When he sees an entire giving up of one's whole self to him, he is ever well pleased. He will withhold no good thing from such a person. He will flood the soul with joy and peace. Let any one abandon himself wholly to God, seeking to know his will and ready to do it, and he will find it to be well with him; all things work together for his good; he will be enriched with all the fulness of divine blessings.

—To be the children of God without regeneration, is as impossible as to be the children of men without generation.

—If the will of God is our will, and if He has always His way, then we always have our way also, and we reign in a perpetual kingdom.

ABSOLUTION.

There is a story told of James I, who, when, after indulging in a furious passion against a faithful servant, he found that it was under a mistake, sent for him immediately, would neither eat, drink, nor sleep till he saw him, and when the servant entered his chamber, the King kneeled down and begged his pardon; nor would he rise from his humble posture, till he had compelled the astonished servant to pronounce the words of absolution. That was a grotesque but genuine form of absolution. There has been a story told since the recent war in Bulgaria, that a Roumanian soldier, after having received the sacraments from a priest on his death-bed, would not be satisfied till he had obtained an interview with the excellent Princess of Roumania. To her he explained that he had tried to escape from the dangers of the battle, by mutilating one of his fingers; and against her and her husband, the Prince of Roumania, he felt that his offence had been committed. From the Princess, and not from the priest, he felt must the forgiveness come, which alone could bring any comfort to him. That forgiveness was whispered into the dying man's ear by the Princess; with that forgiveness, not sacerdotal, but truly human, and therefore truly divine, the penitent soldier passed in peace to rest.

In fact, the moment we admit the efficacy of repentance, we deny the necessity of any special absolution. an incantation, of which the virtue rests in the words pronounced, is equally valid, whether the person over whom it is pronounced is guilty or innocent, conscious or unconscious. But the moment that the moral condition of the recipient is acknowledged as a necessary element, that of itself becomes the chief part, and repetition of certain words may be edifying, but it is not essential. The welfare of the hearer's soul, depends not on any external absolution, but on its own intrinsic state. The value of any absolution or

forgiveness, depends not on the external condition of the man who pronounces it, but on the intrinsic truth of the forgiveness. Not long ago, when a French ship foundered in the Atlantic, a brave French priest was overheard repeating the absolution in the last moments of life to a fellow countryman. All honor to him for the gallant discharge of what he believed to be his duty! But is there a single reflecting man, whether Catholic or Protestant, who would not feel the intervention of a priest at that moment was in the sight of God absolutely indifferent? At all times the Bible and the enlightened conscience repeatedly assure us that that which commends a parting spirit to its Creator and Judge is not the accidental circumstance of his listening to a particular form of words uttered by a particular person, but the sincerity of repentance, the uprightness, the humility, the purity, the faithfulness of the man himself.—*The Dean of Westminster.*

SELF.—What is it that constitutes sin in its subtlest essence? It is self—self seeking, confidence in self; our own will; justice to self, our own glory, and all else that pertains to ourselves personally. Hence our desires to do good, and even to do our Lord's will, if based upon plans and projects formed by themselves, partake inevitably, in one way or the other, of the root of sin; while on the contrary, as the very essence of holiness is the oneness of our will with the divine will, when we have no other plan than God's plan for us, no other will than his will, then it is that we shall attain to a true sanctity, not in outward appearance alone, but in real character—a holiness resembling that of Jesus. Jesus is holy, because he wills only what God wills; because he seeks not his own glory, but that of the Father; in this lays the power of holiness.—*7. Monod.*

—He who sides with God cannot fail to win in every encounter.

EDITORIAL.

JUSTIFIED.

Are you justified? Ponder well this question. If not justified, you are under condemnation. God, whom you have offended, condemns you. His holy law, which you have violated, condemns you. Ambassadors of Christ, we ask each one of you, in his name, are you justified?

We do not mean by this to ask if you have always, ever since your moral accountability began, obeyed from the heart every one of the commandments of God. In this, the legal sense, no man living can be justified. "All have sinned and have come short of the glory of God." The one to whose outward life the least exception can be taken, has sinned against God so deeply that if he dies in his sins, hell must be his portion.

Nor do we ask you if you have any satisfactory apology for your course. We know how ingenious men are in framing excuses for their sins. No apology will answer at the Judgment. Every mouth shall be stopped. "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless." "As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess to God."

What is meant then by being justified? Justification has respect to the sinner. He who has never fallen is not a sinner. But the poor publican who smote upon his breast, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," went down to his house "justified."—Luke xviii, 13, 14. "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."—Acts xiii, 38, 39. Here to be justified and to be forgiven mean the same thing.

"Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the

forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."—Rom. iii, 24, 25, 26. The remission of sins is then, according to Paul, justification.

Justification relates to the individual sinner. It is not the dispensation of grace by which mankind are placed in a state in which they may be saved. It is not common to the race at large. It is a blessing peculiar to a certain class of persons. It is a sentence passed by the righteous Judge of the universe, under the law of grace, but it is not this law itself. Justification supposes a particular person: a compliance with a particular condition. It is then a personal concern. You must personally seek it, and personally experience it, if you would be saved. It is the forgiveness of sins.

If you are justified, you are bringing forth the fruits of a justified soul. You have peace with God. From your heart you accept his will as your will. You do not war with his providences—or with his word. You are not fretful and impatient, chafing like a lion in his cage. You are contented with the portion that God gives you.

If you are justified you are happy. The consciousness of the favor of God, makes it easy to bear the displeasure of sinners. You can meet with persecutions for Christ's sake, and not feel them. The ills of life—its toils and its privations sit lightly upon you, for you know that you are an heir of God, and that ere long you shall enter upon your inheritance. So you can afford, if need be, to suffer for a season. Besides, God sends to your heart directly the mighty comfort of the Holy Ghost. However you may be cast down, he lifts you up.

If you are justified you are kept from sinning. However strong may be your natural inclination to evil, it is overcome by the indwelling Spirit of God. Bad habits may long have had the mastery over you; but their power is broken. It is of justified souls that Paul writes: "For sin shall not have dominion over

you." It may struggle for the mastery; but you will overcome.

We ask you then, the question, "Are you justified?"

THEREFORE, BEING JUSTIFIED BY FAITH, WE HAVE PEACE WITH GOD THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST; BY WHOM ALSO WE HAVE ACCESS BY FAITH INTO THE GRACE WHEREIN WE STAND, AND REJOICE IN HOPE OF THE GLORY OF GOD.

RICH.

"When I find a family in distress, I seldom go to the rich for means to help them. If I do, I am almost certain to be refused. But if I go to a family almost as poor as they are; if they have got but one loaf of bread, they will cut it in two and give me half"—so said a city missionary who does much towards relieving the poor.

It was not without reason that our Saviour said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

The tendency of riches is to harden the heart. Many distress themselves with self-indulgence rather than relieve the distressing wants of others. For any useful enterprise that appeals solely to one's benevolence, we have found it next to impossible to get any help from the rich. When they give, it must be where it will be reported in the newspapers and give them credit with the world.

The pastors of rich churches say they cannot be supported without renting the pews. That is, their rich members will pay to gratify pride, what they will not pay for the sake of Christ. So, to please the rich and proud, a plain command of the Bible is violated, and respect of persons is shown in the house of God. The congregation gathered by suppressing a part of God's truth, is kept together by suppressing other portions, and the result is a part of Christianity is put for the whole; revivals are had in which sinners are partly converted and partly deceived, and the churches are taken possession of by the world, and all together

go on deceived, to the awful retributions of eternity. BE NOT DECEIVED, GOD IS NOT MOCKED.

IN PAINFULNESS.

When holding meetings some years since at Chambersburg, Pa., we formed the acquaintance of Brother J. Hoke, a man of God. He is now sick—not expecting to recover—but is gloriously sustained by grace. He writes from the Friends' Hospital, near Philadelphia, as forwarded to us:

My malady is termed "Cerebral, a brain exhaustion." I suffer constant pain, sometimes very severely. A stupor is gradually increasing over me, and it is likely it will finally overcome and prostrate me completely. The tendency of this malady is to melancholy. This I suffer from most intensely at times, but usually great peace reigns in my heart. At times Jesus so fills my soul with his precious presence and favor that I seem to breathe in the very atmosphere of Paradise. I have the most assured hope of my absolute and eternal safety in Christ, and know that after I have suffered awhile, I shall go to that rest for which I have toiled and struggled over thirty-six years. And now while suffering from one of the most trying maladies to which man is subject here, separated from friends, no earthly home, and not a single expectation of any relief this side of death, my brightest earthly prospects all thwarted and disappointed, yet grace is all sufficient. I have seasons of the richest, sweetest communion with the divine Saviour, and my heart is often made to overflow with love and gratitude. Nothing pays so well as religion, for now, shorn of all else, Jesus is ever with me as my Comforter and Friend.

It is to me, now that I can work no more in the Master's vineyard, a source of great comfort that in so far as I had understanding, I always stood for truth, for simplicity, for separation from the world, for spirituality, for revivals of religion, for holy living, and earnest labor for God and his cause. And were I to live my life

over again, I would be more decidedly against sin in every form, in the church as well as out of it. And I am further assured that those who stand for God, against the encroachments of the world, will ever be persecuted and denounced as unprogressional and behind the times.

I know those who are on the Lord's side will most likely be in the minority; be despised and denounced, while those who would compromise with the world will be in popular favor, or may for a time seem to prosper in building up an edifice of wood and hay and stubble, which will not abide when the test of fire comes, as it is sure to come some day. Be faithful to God and his truth, and in due time you shall have your reward. I may not worship with you again on earth, but we will have a long eternity in which to recount the mercies of the past. Some day, it may not be long, I shall fall asleep in Jesus. I shall not die, for Jesus, my Substitute, has died for me, and God will not require it of my Substitute and myself also. Only the ungodly die. But when I am gone, sing a hymn of thanksgiving to God, that grace was all sufficient to sustain me in an ordeal so severe as this, and that one more traveller has safely landed upon Canaan's happy shore.

Had I not committed the folly of crowding the work of seventy-five years into fifty, I might now be in my dearest element:—working in the Master's vineyard. But I am only reaping what I have sown, and God is not to be charged with sending an affliction upon me which I, contrary to repeated warnings, brought upon myself.

Yours, in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ.

J. HOKE.

APPRECIATED.—A dear brother, a practising lawyer of Philadelphia, writes: "I have now taken THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN for several years, and would be willing to pay double the subscription price, rather than be deprived of the blessings which its monthly coming brings."

CAMP-MEETINGS.

At ATTICA, Ind., a most blessed spirit prevailed all through the meeting. The saints were greatly blessed and encouraged in the Lord. At times there seemed to be a good deal of conviction among the people, but they refused to yield. While the order and attention were good, we never saw a community harder to be moved. This is doubtless owing to their being indoctrinated from orthodox pulpits with semi-Universalist doctrines.

THE THREE RIVERS, Mich., camp-meeting, though only a circuit meeting, was largely attended, and there was a good interest from the beginning. The people seem to be at least partially awake to the interests of their souls. The truth was listened to with serious attention. A good work was done—sinners were converted, and backsliders reclaimed, and believers sanctified. A good impression was made upon the community.

At CLYDE, N. Y., there was a large gathering of the saints from the region around. They came prepared to work, and from the first the meeting was one of power. On the Sabbath the large congregations were quiet and attentive, and in the evening the mourner's bench was filled with seekers of salvation. The altar service continued till one o'clock in the morning, and a number came out rejoicing in the assurance of sins forgiven. The Love Feast on Monday morning beggars description. There was a shout of the King in the camp. The saints "rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The work of God on that district is evidently spreading and deepening.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mile Stone Papers: Doctrinal, ethical and experimental, on Christian Progress, by Daniel Steele, D. D., Author of "Love Enthroned," Commentaries, etc. New York: Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden, 1878.

In this volume, the author discusses with marked ability, sanctified learning and a devout spirit, some of the more im-

portant questions relating to the spiritual progress of the children of God.

Chapter 1st treats of "The Sons of God—Rank in the scale of being;" Chapter 2d, "The Three Perfections;" 4th, "Sins, Infirmities and the Atonement;" 5th, "The terse reading of the Greek Testament;" 10th, "Sanctification and Ethics;" 18th, "How the guidance of the Spirit may be discriminated."

The five chapters of the second part relate more particularly to the author's personal experience. We give a few selections. In speaking of Christian Perfection the author says:

"The totality of one man's capacity may be a thousand fold in strength the total of another's who loves God up to the full measure of his power. A thimble may be as full as a hogshead. All that I am required to do is to love God with the full measure of my present powers, crippled and dwarfed by original and actual sin. When I do this I am perfect in love in the evangelical sense—not when I fulfill that ideal moral capacity which I should have if I had been the sinless offspring of a sinless ancestry. Objectors may demur against this, and stigmatize it as monomanianism, the getting up of a new law of life in place of the law of perfect obedience given to our first parents in Eden, and never repealed. But we find in the New Testament that the law of love is the sum of human duty, which absorbs into itself the substance of the loss of Adamic perfection."

It is neatly got up and contains 297 pages, small duodecimo.

The People's Commentary: including brief notes on the New Testament, with copious references to parallel and illustrative Scripture passages, designed to aid Bible students and common readers to understand the meaning of the inspired word. By Amos Binney, author of "Theological Compend." With an introduction by Daniel Steele, D. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

This is a long and rather misleading title to a very excellent work. The Commentary is upon the New Testament only. For popular use it is the best we have ever seen. It is sound, orthodox,

clear and comprehensive. It does not skip the hard passages, nor render them more obscure by using hard words. It is a 12mo volume, of 706 pages—clearly printed, bound in muslin.

Struck by Lightning: A true and thrilling narrative of one who was struck by lightning, with incidents, experience and anecdotes for old and young. By Rev. Epenetus Owen, author of "Things New and Old."

This is a true narrative of instructive events, written in an interesting style. Every one who takes it up will be inclined to read it, and whoever reads it will receive good impressions. It inculcates true religion in a manner that attracts and convinces. It is a volume of 190 pages, printed in large type, on good paper, and is neatly bound in extra muslin. For sale by the author, at Cortland, Cortland Co., N. Y. Price, \$1.00.

The Gift of the Holy Ghost. A treatise upon the higher Christian life. By Rev. E. Davies, an evangelist, written, as the author expresses it in the preface, to answer the inquiry as to the way in which to attain the highest Christian experience. The author, in the several chapters, treats of "The Gift of the Holy Ghost," "History of the three Dispensations," "Results of the fiery Baptism," "The Holy Ghost in the Early Church and in the Church of to-day," followed by two chapters of testimony relative to this baptism.

The volume is concluded with nine sermons by the author, on topics kindred to the subject of the treatise. The book is not so much a theological treatise as a practical treatise, urging believers on to higher experience, and pointing out the way as marked by Scripture, and the experiences of advanced Christians. It belongs to the literature relating to the higher life. The logical arrangement of the treatise, and the simple, energetic style, will convey a clear idea of the author's conception of the subject, and will bring light to many, and do good to all.

For sale by the author, Rev. E. Davies, Reading, Mass. 107 pages. Price, 70 cents, postage paid, 80 cents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. J. C. FOSTER.—I see an evil among the pilgrims, that I wish to mention, by the way of warning. I notice at our various meetings, a disposition, on the part of the strong and learned ones, *to separate by themselves, for conversation, and the interchange of past experiences, and sympathy*; while they pay very little, if any, attention to the weak ones. I know it is very natural for all to seek their equals. But let us have the spirit of Christ, who came not to please himself, but to minister to others. I have known those, hungry for the real bread of life, to see and feel so much of this spirit of exclusiveness, that they have gone away hurt, feeling that these strong ones cared very little for any but their own. These things ought not to be. Perhaps it is unintentional; but it injures the cause of religion. Let us obey the divine command, be courteous to all—learned and unlearned, weak as well as strong, stranger as well as friend, "For by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another," said our blessed Saviour.

DYING TESTIMONY.

MRS. MARY ANN PERRY. My mother died in LeRoy, Ingham county, Michigan, June 30th, 1878, aged fifty-seven years, seven months and fourteen days. She had been a constant sufferer for years previous to her death; nevertheless her mind was staid on God in unshrinking faith, and full assurance of hope. She leaves a husband, three sons, and four daughters to mourn her loss. She was anxious to go and be at rest.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

LOVE FEAST.

A. C. S.—I believe I can abide in Christ and his word abide in me, and ask what I will and get it. I will to have the Holy Ghost in me abidingly to prompt all my thoughts and actions. Amen and amen. By the power of an indwelling Saviour.

WILLIAM GRAUSBERG.—I want to say through THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN, to all the pilgrims throughout the land, that I love the narrow way that leads to everlasting life. Glory to God! for a free and full salvation that keeps me from pride and the fashions of the world. I have no use for tobacco, whisky, tea or coffee. I love cold water—that is the drink for me. Glory to God for what he has done for me!

MARY A. WISE.—The Lord saves me to-day. Bless his name! I have the witness clear that the blood of Christ cleanses me from all sin just now; the record is all clear, my accounts are all settled, all my sins are cancelled in the blood. Hallelujah! What a blessed spot to be in to look up and have our spiritual sky all clear, not a cloud on the horizon. I keep it clear by faith and obedience, for without faith it is impossible to please God, and obedience is better than sacrifice.

MRS. R. LABEUM.—Love, joy, and peace like a river are flowing into my soul. I am not my own, but am all the Lord's, soul and body. Jesus satisfies. I wish to clothe this tenament just as God wishes me to adorn his temple, not with the gewgaws of vanity fair, nor to go to the opposite extreme and dishonor his grace by looking slovenly or ridiculous. (O Lord, give us wisdom in this.) I want all the powers of my being to glorify my blessed Saviour. I know I have a mansion in the heavens and to die would be to go to be with Christ; but if I can do life's work as it looms up before me, I am willing to stay until Jesus shall say "It is enough." It is heaven here with Christ in the soul. Glory to God and the Lamb.

M. E. THENDIE.—I am all the Lord's this morning, soul, body and spirit, to do his will. I feel the blood applied anew to my heart. Hallelujah!

No cumbrous garb I wear,
My progress to impede;
My pilgrim robe divinely fair,
Is fashioned all for speed.