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AFRICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

In size, Africa is next to the largest of all the continents. Its greatest length is from north to south about 4985 miles, its greatest breadth from east to west is about 4615 miles. Its area including adjacent islands is about 11,854,000 square miles. It contains about one-fourth of all the dry land of the earth. It is more than three times as large as Europe which has about 3,800,000 square miles, and about a third larger than North America which contains about 7,800,000 square miles.

It is situated in the eastern hemisphere, south of Europe and S. W. of Asia, and lies between Lat. 37 deg. 20 min. north, and 34 deg. 50 min. south, and longitude 17 deg. 30 min. west, and 51 deg. 30 min. east. It is surrounded by water, except at the N. E. corner where a narrow isthmus about 72 miles wide connects it with Asia.

Its location is most favorable for commerce. It is separated from Europe by the Mediterranean Sea, from America by the Atlantic Ocean, and from the southern part of Asia by the Indian Ocean.

It is drained by some of the most magnificent rivers of the world. The Nile has been celebrated from the earliest ages. It was from the flags that grew upon its banks that Pharaoh's daughter took the infant Moses from his cradle of rushes and adopted him as her child. Ex. 2: 5, 6. Though one of the earliest known of the great rivers of the earth, and though civilization was born and cradled upon its banks; its origin and source has been for ages the problem for travelers, geographers and historians. Herodotus, the father of history, who wrote about the time of the prophet Isaiah, says: "With regard to the sources of the Nile, no man or all the Egyptians, Libyans, or Grecians with whom I have conversed, ever pretended to know any thing, except the registrar of Minerva's treasury at Sais in Egypt. He indeed seemed to be trifling with me when he said that he knew perfectly well; yet his account was as follows: 'That there are two mountains rising into a sharp peak, situated between the city of Syene in Thebais and Elephantum; the names of these mountains are, the one Croph, the other Moph; that the sources of the Nile which are bottomless, flow from between these mountains, and that

half of the water flows over Egypt and to the north, the other half over Ethiopia and the south.'"

It is only within the last few years that the head of the Nile has been known. It is now pretty well settled that the Nile rises in Lake Victoria, which was discovered by Speke, July 30th 1858. This is a large, magnificent lake, and covers about twenty one thousand square miles. It is considerably larger than Lakes Erie and Ontario combined. From this lake the Nile flows north 4200 miles to the Mediterranean.

The Zambesi is another great river of Africa. It rises in Lake Dilo-lo, runs southward and eastward through a fertile country, and empties into the Indian Ocean. In this river Livingstone discovered a wonderful cataract which he named Victoria Falls. The river is about a mile broad, and suddenly falls into a chasm about 80 yards wide and 360 feet deep. At the bottom the river turns at right angles from its former course and runs through a deep rocky ravine about forty miles, and then emerges into a comparatively level country.

But the great river of Africa is the Congo, or as Stanley who explored it, renamed it, the Livingstone. The story which Stanley tells of his journey of eight months through the heart of Africa, along the banks or in the current of this majestic river, is full of thrilling interest. The river rises in Lake Tanganyika, not very far from Lake Victoria. As it runs at first nearly north, Livingstone thought it was the Nile, and perished in his attempt to explore it. Stan-

ley took up the task. It was one, the difficulties of which can scarcely be imagined.

We give a few extracts from Stanley's "Across the Dark Continent," as they will give us an idea of a part of the interior of Africa, and of its inhabitants.

Speaking of their march in the wilderness, Stanley says: "We, accustomed to rapid marching, had to stand in our places minutes at a time, waiting patiently for an advance of a few yards, after which would come another halt, and another short advance to be again halted. And all this time the trees kept shedding their dew upon us like rain in great round drops. Every leaf seemed weeping. Down the vales and branches, creepers and vegetable cords, the moisture trickled and fell on us. Overhead the wide-spreading branches, in many interlaced strata, each branch heavy with broad thick leaves, absolutely shut out the daylight. We knew not whether it was a sunshiny day, or a dark, foggy, gloomy day; for we marched in a feeble, solemn twilight, such as you may experience in temperate climes an hour after sunset. The path soon became a stiff, clayey paste, and at every step we splashed water over the legs of those in front, and on either side of us.

To our right and left, to the height of about twenty feet, towered the undergrowth, the lower world of vegetation."

After six days march they halted at a village of the "Waregga" in the "Uregga" — the forest country. "Their villages consist of long rows

of houses, all connected together in one block from 50 yards to 300 yards in length. The doorways are square apertures in the walls, only 2 feet square, and cut at about 18 inches above the ground. Within, the long block is divided into several apartments for the respective families. Like the Manyema houses, the roofs glisten as though smeared with coal-tar. There are shelves for fuel, and netting for swinging their crockery."

"In the arts and sciences of savage life, these exceedingly primitive Africans, buried though they have been from all intercourse with others, are superior in some points to many tribes more favorably situated. For instance, until the day I arrived at Kiussi village, I had not observed a settee. Right in the depths of this forest of Uregga every family possessed a neatly made water-cane settee, which would seat comfortably three persons. Another very useful article of furniture was the bench 4 or 5 feet long, cut out of a single log of the white soft wood of one of the Rubeaceæ, and significant of showing more a sociable spirit than that which seems to govern Eastern Africans, among whom the rule is 'Every man to his own stool.'"

"The women were weighted with massive and bright iron rings. One of them who was probably a lady of importance carried at least 12 pounds of iron and 5 pounds of copper rings on her arms and legs, besides a dozen necklaces of the indigenous *Acbatina monetaria*."

These people worked in metals to some extent.

"At Wane Kirumba we found a

large native forge and smithy, where there were about a dozen smiths busily at work. The iron ore is very pure. Here were the broad bladed spears of Southern Uregga and the equally broad knives of all sizes, from the small waist-knife, an inch and a half in length, to the heavy Roman, sword-like cleaver. The bellows for the smithing furnace are four in number, double-handled, and manned by four men, who by a quick up and down motion, supply a powerful blast, the noise of which is heard nearly half a mile from the scene. The furnace consists of tamped clay, raised into a mound about 4 feet high. *** Close by, stood piled up mat-sacks of charcoal, with a couple of boys ready to supply the fuel; and about two yards off was a smaller smithy, where the iron was shaped into hammers, axes, war-hatchets, spears, knives, swords, wire, iron balls with spikes, leglets, armlets, and iron beads, etc. "The art of the blacksmith is of a high standard in these forests, considering the loneliness of the inhabitants. The people have much traditional lore, and it appears from the immunity which they have enjoyed in these dismal retreats, that from one generation to another something has been communicated and learned, showing that even the jungle man is a progressive and improvable animal."

Finding it impossible to proceed by land, Stanley launched the boat he had brought with him, and after part of his force had gone some distance by water and part by land, he bought canoes of the natives, and all started

out on the great river, determined to follow it down to its mouth or perish in the attempt. He found many large tributaries to the great river, and often encountered hostile savages on the banks and in the numerous fertile islands, with which the great river is studded.

At one place, he says that "wild men hurried up with menace towards us, urging their sharp prowed canoes so swiftly that they seemed to skim over the water like flying fish. Unlike the Luavola villagers, they did not wait to be addressed, but as soon as they came within fifty or sixty yards, they shot out their spears, crying out, 'Meat, meat! Ah, ha! We shall have plenty of meat.' We rose to respond to this rabid, man-eating tribe. Anger we had none for them. It seemed to me so absurd to be angry with people who looked upon one only as an epicure would regard a fat capon. Sometimes also a faint suspicion came to my mind that this was all but a part of a hideous dream. Why was it, that I should be haunted with the idea that there were human beings who regarded me and my friends only in the light of meat? Meat! *We?* What an atrocious idea!" These people refused to make friendship, and after a short conflict they were driven off.

Farther down the river he came across a friendly tribe. To the salutations of the voyagers, they made the most friendly responses. When asked, "Why is it you are so friendly, when those up the river are so wicked?" a chief said, "Because, yesterday some of our fishermen were up the river on some islets near Ki-

bombo Island, opposite the Amu-Nyam villages; and we heard the war-drums of the Amu-Nyam. We looked up and saw your canoes coming down. We heard you speak to them, saying you were friends. But the Amu-Nyam are bad; they eat people; we don't. They fight with us frequently, and whomsoever they catch, they eat. To-day we sent a canoe, with a woman and a boy, up the river, with plenty of provisions in it. If you had been bad people you would have taken that canoe. We were behind the bushes watching you, but you said, 'Sen-nen-neh,' (Peace) to them, and passed into the channel between the island and our villages. Had you seized that canoe, our drums would have sounded for war, and you would have had to fight us, as you fought the Amu-Nyam. We have left our spears on one of those islands. See, we have nothing."

But quite as dangerous as the savages that dwelt upon the banks, were the cataracts of this majestic river. A descent of 2017 feet had to be made from the point at which Stanley started, before he reached the ocean. This descent was not made by a single great fall, but by some seven or more cataracts, scattered at intervals of more than two hundred miles. Stanley says, "It was no longer the stately stream, whose majestic beauty, noble grandeur, and gentle, uninterrupted flow fascinated us, despite the savagery of its peopled shores; but a furious river rushing down a steep bed, obstructed by reefs of lava, projecting barriers of rocks, and lines of immense

boulders, winding in a crooked course through deep chasms, and dropping down over terraces in a long series of falls, cataracts and rapids."

"Our frequent contests with the savages, culminated in tragic struggles with the mighty river, as it rushed and roared through the deep yawning pass that leads from the broad table-land down to the Atlantic Ocean. With inconceivable fury, the Livingstone sweeps through cliff-lined gorges into the broad Lower Congo."

Down two of these rapids Stanley was swept, and had a most miraculous escape from death. Several of his men were lost, among them two of his most trusty and beloved friends. It often seemed as if they would all perish.

They had traveled, in exploring the lake and rivers, by land and by water, over seven thousand two hundred miles, and had lost one hundred and fourteen of their number. And as Mrs. Guinness says, "Through all those seven thousand miles, and among all those countless people, kindreds, and tongues, and during all those long months and years, Stanley did not meet one single Christian; nor see a solitary man, woman or child who had ever heard the Gospel. He gazed on the faces of men representing tribes numbering many millions; but to none of them had the message of mercy ever been proclaimed, to none of them had the glad tidings of salvation and eternal life, through Jesus Christ, ever been carried."

The mouth of the Congo is ten

miles wide, and through it are passed into the Ocean every second, two million cubic feet of water. In the quantity of water flowing through its channel it is second only to the Amazon.

Owing to its climate and the general fertility of its soil, Africa is capable of supporting more people than any other continent in proportion to its size. For many generations the slave trade has made terrible havoc among its people. Still it has a population estimated at from three hundred to three hundred and fifty millions. They belong to different races, and speak six hundred and eighty three different languages. In the northern part are the Moors and Arabs—Mahommedans in their faith.

In the eastern part is Abyssinia, whose people belong mostly to the Shemitic race. This is the Ethiopia spoken of in Acts 8: 27, whose treasurer was baptized by Philip. Nominal Christianity still prevails there to some extent. It has always been a populous country, for we read that it sent an army against Asa, King of Judah, numbering one million, with three hundred chariots. 2 Chronicles 14: 9.

The greater part of Africa is inhabited by different families of the Negro race. Generally, they are idolaters, full of superstition, but susceptible to religious influences. Some of them, as we have seen, are cannibals. They appreciate kindness and love.

Livingstone says, "The invariably kind and respectful treatment I have received from them and many

other heathen tribes in this central country, together with the attentive observations of many years, have led me to the belief that, if one exerts himself for their good, he will never be ill treated. There may be opposition to his doctrine, but none to the man himself."

A general interest has been awakened in Africa, by the explorations of Livingstone, Stanley, Speke, Cameron and others. Trading stations are being established along the Congo river. Along the coast on both sides, Africa is unhealthy. But the interior is high and broken, and vast table-lands stretch out, elevated from two to five thousand feet above the ocean. Here the country is healthy for foreigners, and these vast fields are now open to missionary effort. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God. The people will be much more easily reached now, than when the curses of civilization, in the form of spirituous liquors are poured out upon them.

Men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost should go there and proclaim the Gospel in its purity and power. The "dark continent" will yet, we trust, be the theatre of some of the greatest triumphs that the Gospel has ever achieved. Those who go should be fully saved and have their hearts filled with pure, patient love. Speaking of the confiding friendship he found among the Makalolo, Livingstone says: "Much of my influence depended upon the good name given me by the Bakwains, and that I secured only through a long course of tolerably good conduct. No one ever gains much influence in this

country without purity and uprightness. The acts of a stranger are keenly scrutinized by both young and old; and seldom is the judgment pronounced, even by the heathen, unfair or uncharitable. I have heard women speaking in admiration of a white man because he was pure and never was guilty of any secret immorality. Had he been, they would have known it, and untutored heathen though they be, would have despised him in consequence. Secret vices will become known throughout the tribe; and while one unacquainted with the language may imagine a peccadillo to be hidden, it is as patent to all as it would be in London had he a placard on his back." They readily see that the Gospel calls to a life of purity and peace.

Sekeletu, chief of the Makalolo, took Livingstone aside and told him that any thing he wanted should be given him. Says Livingstone, "I explained to him that my object was to elevate him and his people to be Christians; but he replied he did not wish to learn to read the Book, for he was afraid 'it might change his heart, and make him content with only one wife, like Sechele.' It was of little use to urge that the change of heart implied a contentment with one wife, equal to his present complacency in polygamy. Such a preference after the change of mind, could not now be understood by him any more than the real, unmistakable pleasure of religious services can by those who have not experienced what is known by the term 'the new heart.' I assured him that nothing was expected but by his own volun-

tary decision. "No, no; he wanted always to have five wives at least." Like Herod, he heard the servant of God gladly, and did many things, but he still held on to his sins.

As soon as the funds can be raised for the purpose, we expect to send some men and women of God as missionaries to Africa. We should send out a company of at least six; and more would be better. By settling down within access of each other, they could help each other. To start with we should have at the least three thousand dollars. Inquire of the Lord, what your duty is in relation to this great work.

"STILL WITH THEE."

How precious these words have been to us of late! They have come with a freshness and power unknown before. A mother puts her little child to bed and stays by him till he is asleep, and then slips noiselessly out of the room. By and by he awakes to find mother gone. It is true, his cries soon bring her; but for a few moments there is a sense of loneliness and fear. Not so with the child of God! Having committed himself to his heavenly Father's care he lies down with a sense of his presence. He awakes in the night to miss from his side, it may be, a companion or child, but looking heavenward, he can exclaim in the language of the psalmist: "I am *still with Thee*."

An unknown writer has the following sweet thoughts on this point:

"Often times awakenings are sorrowful and comfortless. Through the night we have been away from all the cares and duties of the waking life, for although they may have pursued us in dreams, still in that shadowy land they were too intangi-

ble to trouble us deeply. Perhaps visions of departed joys have come to us, and long-forgotten experiences have thrilled our hearts again with the old time gladness. But slowly, surely, we feel ourselves slipping back into the real, every-day world and the familiar working-day life, with its burdens waiting to be shouldered once more, and its weakness and perplexities to be met and overcome. It is just here, as we stand trembling and faint-hearted in the chilly dawn, that this glad, strong assurance comes with comforting power: 'When I am awake, I am still with Thee.' The dear faces of my lost ones have faded away, the daily weight of care presses heavily upon the unrested shoulders, but Thy presence abides, and Thine everlasting arm is underneath me; the old puzzling questions again clamor to be settled, but Thou art my counsel and defence. And so, clasping Thy hand, I step out trustfully into the new day, looking forward to that last ecstatic awakening, when at Thy voice my soul shall arise to life eternal, and I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.'" -- *Messiah's Herald*.

HEAVENLY charity can not be resisted. Pride melts away under its warm breath; selfishness disappears under its glowing influence; anger can not stand before its gentle force. Whatever be the form of sin that offers resistance, it inevitably yields before love unfeigned; love out of a pure heart. — *Shedd*.

WE may compare the soul to linen cloth; it must be first washed to take off its native hue and color, and to make it white; and afterwards it must be ever and anon washed to preserve and keep it white. — *Young*.

"EACH after its kind."

FAITH-HEALING.

BY REV. ASA MAHAN, D. D., LL. D.

The remarks made by Mr. Cook upon this subject, in his Boston Lecture of March 10, have excited so much interest on both sides of the Atlantic, that the following remarks in reply may not be deemed out of place.

"My conviction is," says Mr. Cook, "that New Testament Scriptures do not authorize us to expect such miracles as occurred in the apostolic age." Again, "I am not yet convinced historically that any actual miracles of healing have been wrought." "Scientifically regarded," he says once more, and that very truly, "the question whether diseases can be cured by prayer is one to be answered, like any other in science, by the methods of exact research."

Let us in the first place consider
The exegetical aspect of this question.

Neither Mr. Cook nor any other Biblical scholar, or theologian of any school, who avows the belief that diseases are not now cured by supernatural interposition in answer to prayer, furnish us, even professedly, any possible proof from the Bible of the truth of that belief. When we ask for such proof, we never receive any reply but the mere assumption, "The day of miracles is past," or "Miracles do not now occur." It is high time that mere assumption should cease to have place in the sphere of Christian theology.

On the other hand, the evidence from Scripture in favor of the perpetuity of such events is perfectly conclusive. We cite but two passages bearing upon this question. In Matt. 8:16, 17, we are definitely informed that Christ healed all that were sick, for the specific reason "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and

bare our sicknesses." If the fact that Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree, is a valid reason why we should trust Him now to pardon our sins, the fact that "He bare our sicknesses" is an equally valid reason why we should now trust Him to heal our diseases. We have the same revealed basis for trust in the one case that we have in the other.

The Epistle of James, we must bear in mind, was among the latest of the sacred writings, none but the Epistles of John and the Revelation being written at a period of more than six years subsequent to this. By what authority does any professed teacher of God's truth affirm that the absolute declaration of this apostle. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," held true until the death of John, and not after that event? Besides, the precept, "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church," etc., stands in such connections as to evince the highest presumption in limiting it to the apostolic age. This precept stands in immediate connection with at least seven others, every one of which undeniably binds every believer, to the end of time, and there is not anywhere in the context, or the Bible, a solitary indication that this one is not as perpetually binding as any of the others. What is true of the immediate context of this passage is equally true of this whole epistle. Everything we find in it is as applicable now, and will be to the end of time, as it was in the apostolic age. Why have these two verses, James 5:14, 15, been selected as being "a dead letter" to all believers but those who lived in that one age? A more lawless assumption than this is inconceivable. Let us now consider

The historic aspect of this subject.

We have just as positive evidence that miracles continued for centuries at least, after the close of the apos-

tolie age. I will present a few examples of the testimony of the early Christian fathers upon this subject.

"Let them, therefore," says Clement, the companion of Paul, "with fasting and prayer, make their intercession, as men who have received the gift of healing, confidently, to the glory of God."

"Numberless demoniacs," says Justin Martyr, "through the whole range in your city (Rome), many of our Christian men, exorcising them in the name of Jesus Christ, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, *have healed, and do heal*, though they could not be cured by those who used incantations and drugs."

"Wherefore also," says Irenæus, "who are in the truth, the disciples, receiving grace from him (Christ), do in His name perform miracles, so as to promote the welfare of others, according to the gift which each has received from Him. Others heal the sick by laying hands upon them, and they are made whole."

"Many men of rank," says Tertullian, "to say nothing of the common people, have been delivered from evils, and healed of diseases."

"We have seen many persons," says Origen, "freed from grievous calamities, and from distractions of mind, madness, and countless other ills, which could not be cured, whether by men or devils."

Mosheim, as the result of his historical inquiries, says that the gift of healing had not ceased in churches in the fourteenth century.

One of the articles of faith of the Waldensians contains this paragraph: "We profess that anointing, performed according to the apostolic design, will be *healing* and profitable."

"We" (the Moravians), says Zinzendorf, "have undeniable proofs of the healing of maladies in themselves incurable, such as cancers and consumption, when the patient was

in the agonies of death, all by means of prayer, or of a single word."

Martin Luther not only believed in the doctrine of Faith Healing, but was himself a faith healer, as in the case of Melancthon and Myconius, who wrote thus of himself: "Raised up (from the last stage of consumption), in the year 1541, by the mandates, prayers, and letters of the Reverend Father, from death."

Very many cases are certified to by the Scotch covenanters, under Kirk, Knox, Wishart, Livingstone, Robert Bruce, and others. Of Robert Bruce we have this record: "Persons distracted, and those who were past recovery from sickness, were brought to him, and were, after prayer by him on their behalf, restored from their malady."

"How many times," says Richard Baxter, "have I known the prayer of faith to save the sick when all physicians had given them up as dead! It has been my case more than once or twice, when means have failed, and the highest art of reason has sentenced me hopeless. Yet have I been relieved by the prevalence of fervent prayer."

The view of Bengel I have given above. Archbishop Tillotson believed that miracles would be manifested in case of any attempt to evangelize heathen nations.

"The gift of healing," says the great commentator Bengel, "seems to have been given by God that it might always remain in the church as a specimen of other gifts. Oh, happy simplicity, interrupted or lost only through unbelief!"

The records of early Methodists not only evince the fact that such healing was believed in by Wesley and his coadjutors, but, as one of the distinguished United States Methodist writers testifies, is rich with displays of faith in the power of God in this particular. We present in illustration a single fact recorded by Wesley in his journal: "My horse

was exceedingly lame, and my head ached more than it had done for some months. (What I here aver is the naked fact. Let every man account for it as he sees good.) I then thought, "Can not God heal either man or beast, by any means, or without any? Immediately my weariness and headache ceased, and my horse's lameness in the same instant."

The dogma of "the day of miracles is past" is a heresy of quite modern origin, one which never had place in Christian thought in any previous age. Let us, lastly, in view of facts of present and recent occurrence, consider

The scientific bearings of this question.

The evidence that "diseases can be and are cured by prayer" has become so palpable in this country and on the continent of Europe as to convince most absolutely not a few of our most intelligent physicians, ministers of the gospel, and men and women of all classes, and this conviction is constantly widening and deepening in all directions. One of the most eminent physicians in this country, for example, one who had made a great fortune by his practice among the most wealthy families in London, not only avowed to me his full belief in the efficacy of the prayer of faith in curing diseases, but stated the fact that he had himself in his old age been perfectly cured wholly by prayer, of a disease of more than fifty years standing, a disease which did not prevent his active duties, but which had rendered him an agonized sufferer, and had utterly baffled all medical treatment. I have before me the published statements, under their own hands, of three well-known clergymen of the Church of England, who had been laid aside by diseases pronounced absolutely incurable by the best medical authorities, and who, wholly by the prayer of faith, have been

restored to perfect health, and the active duties of their calling. "I went," says one of them, "to one of the first authorities on throat disease in London, and after attending me for some weeks, operating upon my tonsils, etc., he finally, the 24th of December last, gave me up as incurable. He said I must give up preaching, and never exert my voice in any way at the peril of losing it entirely, even for conversational purposes." On being anointed at Bethshan, immediately, he says, "my voice was fully restored. Not only this, but all trace of gout (from which I had been an intense sufferer) was removed from my system."

I will now specify some cases of healing of organic diseases which have come to my personal knowledge. Last autumn, while attending a holiness conference at Tunbridge Wells, I united with Admiral Fishbourne, W. W. Smyth, M. D., and Miss Emma Green, in praying over and anointing some half a dozen individuals, who were afflicted with various diseases. Among these was a Mrs. Fooks from Worthing, a lady well-known and highly esteemed in that city. Her disease was cancer in the left breast. Eminent physicians, among whom was a cancer doctor of high repute, after careful examination, pronounced this a case of rapid cancer, which, as it could not be removed by a surgical operation, must in two years at the furthest have a fatal termination. At the time of her anointing, it had so afflicted her left arm as to render it helpless. Such was her state at the time referred to. Soon after this, I received a letter from Admiral Fishbourne, informing me that Mrs. Fooks's cancer was perfectly healed. Subsequently this intelligence was confirmed by Dr. Smyth after a careful personal examination. The healing, he said, was perfect. At a conference on Holiness and Faith Healing, held at Trinity Church, Hack-

ney, London, Rev. John Allen, pastor, Mrs. Fooks, before a large audience, gave testimony to her perfect healing, as above stated, and also to the perfect healing at the same time of her disabled arm.

Before proceeding further, I will refer to Rev. John Allen, who has evidently received from God the gift of healing. Since he became pastor of the church above referred to, he has been in the habit, on Tuesday of each week, of holding faith-healing services in said church. As the result of such services, he thus speaks in a letter just received: "Since April, 1883, 155 persons have testified to having been healed by simple faith in Jesus." Among these cases he specifies the following: 3 of cancer: 2 of tumors (of these one had three such), 5 of heart disease, 5 of consumption, 1 of epilepsy, and "one who had suffered thirty-three years with a bad leg, had spent thirteen years in hospitals, and had been helped by no one, was anointed last May, and has been well ever since, and can walk as well as any one." I give these merely as examples. I will now adduce two cases with which I became personally acquainted while attending the conference referred to.

While attending this conference, myself and Mrs. Mahan were the guests of John Henry Gordon, Esq., formerly from Scotland, but came from Italy with his wife some eight months since. Both these individuals were special friends of mine, I having, in the year of 1877, at their invitation and expense, met them at Geneva, and then accompanied them to Italy, and remained for some time as their guest there. Some eighteen years since, Mrs. Gordon (I greatly condense her written account which lies before me) became afflicted with a distressing internal disease, on account of which they, at length, left Scotland and have since resided in Italy. Before leaving,

the most eminent physicians known in Great Britain, Sir James Paget being one of them, were consulted, and their prescriptions carefully followed, and all to no purpose. For years after their residence in Italy, the counsel of the best physicians in that country also was sought and followed. Under every form of treatment, the disease progressed steadily on towards a fatal termination, and all hope of relief through medical treatment was wholly abandoned. When a crisis had been reached in which all evacuations had to be induced by artificial appliances administered by a physician, it was determined by her and her husband that she should, if possible, be conveyed to London, and there consult with their old friend, Rev. John Allen. When in Paris, on their way, one of the most eminent physicians known in the city was consulted. After a most full and careful diagnosis of her case, he candidly informed her that, in his judgment, medicine of any kind would be of no use to her whatever. He simply gave her some advice in regard to her food, in careful use of which she might, he said, prolong her life somewhat. After her arrival in London, "I went," she says, "to one of Mr. Allen's Tuesday meetings for anointing, and I was anointed and prayed over according to James 5: 14, 15, and I was instantly healed and filled with the Holy Spirit, and have been perfectly well ever since, and that was more than six months ago."

In the family of Mr. Gordon we met with another case about as remarkable as that detailed above. One of their servants, a widow of about forty years of age as I should judge, gave us this account of her case, not a doubt existing in any mind with whom she is acquainted of the truth of her statements. More than one year since, she was attacked with the most excruciating pain in her left hand, which soon be-

came terribly swollen, the surface appearing of a dark, and then of a vivid red color.

Soon after this, her left arm was paralyzed. In this state she entered one of the city hospitals, and for some three months, every device known to medical science was employed, and with no benefit or relief to the sufferer whatever. At length the medical authorities unanimously decided that there was but one remedy, amputation. To this she consented, and for two hours sat in the room adjoining that in which such operations were being performed, waiting her turn. This was not reached at that time, and the case was deferred for one week. During this period, she resolved that she would not undergo the operation. For this reason, she was dismissed from the hospital as incurable. She was then, as a daily visitant, carefully treated for another three months at another hospital. Under all treatment, her case grew worse and worse, and she stayed at home in despair. On hearing of the faith cures under Mr. Allen, she went to him, and was by him prayed over and anointed. All her suffering ceased instantly, and on arriving at home, she found that she had the free use of her hand and arm, which have remained perfectly sound and in full strength ever since. A very eminent physician present, on being questioned, pronounced this, as well as those of Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Fooks, a clear case of healing, wholly by the prayer of faith, of an organic disease utterly incurable by medical appliances.

Among the publicly advertised speakers at the conference above referred to, were Mr. and Mrs. Thorp, from St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea. In the meeting on faith healing, they stated before a large audience that, wholly through the prayers of faith by themselves and some others, a young lad in their city, who had

been perfectly deaf and dumb from his birth, had received the gifts of speech and hearing in their perfect forms. The authenticity of this case is undeniable, and this is not the only authenticated fact of this specific kind on record on this side of the Atlantic.

I must close here, requesting the special attention of Mr. Cook and all inquirers after truth to such facts of actual occurrence. More than one year since, Dr. Spear affirmed, in the Independent, that the believers in faith healing "belong to one of two classes, namely, deliberate impostors, or persons of weak intellects, credulous dispositions, and ready to embrace any new absurdity afloat in the community." Without questioning his right and that of others thus to think and speak, I for one, in view of palpable facts of the most decisive character, facts which are more and more forcing themselves upon public attention, shall be constrained to believe that "the Lord of heaven and earth" has "hid these things from the wise and prudent," such as Dr. Spear, and has "revealed them unto babes," such as Clement, Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, Martin Luther, John Knox, Bengel, Richard Baxter, Archbishop Tillotson, John Wesley, and C. G. Finney. — *Times of Refreshing.*

FRET not because the promise of the buds
The fruit doth not fulfill:
Were not the hope and fragrance which they
brought
To us a blessing still?
Nor count as lost the seed we sow in faith
Upon a barren land,
And reap not. Doth not God the purpose
know,
And bless the sower's hand?

THE want of reverence for God, and of respect for divine ordinances, is not simply an offence against good taste, but a sin which God can not overlook.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAIG.

Modern Spiritualism being yet in its infancy, it may rightly be termed one of the wonders of the nineteenth century; for while many cavil and debate upon the genuineness of spirit manifestations, attributing them to science, trickery, etc., I want to say that experience has taught me that Spiritualism is a wonderful reality.

As we search the Word of God, we find there were spirits of divination, soothsayers, magicians, and even subjects of obsession, away back into the patriarchal age; and coming on down through the history of the world, we find here and there evidences of its existence, but we always find it wrapped in mystery; and not until the nineteenth century does it bud out with any promise of intelligent acknowledgment. It was about the year 1848 that the first rappings were heard by the little children of a highly intelligent, and Christian gentleman of Rochester, N. Y. By this phase of rappings and table tippings, communications were conveyed to the curious, mediums were developed, and other phases discovered, and soon the phenomenon of spirit communication became widely known; until at the present day it has obtained much power and influence, and is acknowledged by intelligent minds.

The phases at the present time are numerous, and the manifestations so convincing that—"If it were possible they would deceive even the very elect."

My own observation teaches me that the power of spirits is almost unlimited, and since it is clearly the work of Satan and he is the undisputed prince of this world, is there any cause for wonder that he reigns in his own dominions?

I have seen spirits fully material-

ized; walk, sing, dance, play upon various musical instruments, write, talk, etc. I have also seen them come out into the bright light, in the middle of the room in the presence of skeptics, as well as friends, and weave the garments with which they dressed themselves; making lace of the finest texture. This lace I have also received samples of, and handled by the light of day. They have also dematerialized these filmy outer garments before my eyes, and have then gradually grown down as it were, from an adult to an infant, and finally disappear from my view.

For two years I investigated these things, sometimes doubtingly, but daily becoming more convinced that Spiritualism was the only God, and not only the most wonderful, but the only true thing in existence. The Bible faded into insignificance, and God was a myth, and Christ and His atonement a cunningly devised fable.

Being a sensitive, I developed rapidly from the time I first trusted in the spirit power; developed first into a writing medium, my hand being used by spirits to converse with me alone, revealing the plan of the working of the spirits, and the work they intended for me to execute. I then became Clairvoyant, and could see forms with which I conversed, and could look through the human system and see disease wherever located; and finally gave myself completely and unreservedly into their power, and became a perfect subject for trance control. They then commenced to develop me for public speaking; both trance, and inspirational. They also laid out for me a professional work, for the healing of the sick; laying gigantic plans for their execution. To carry out these plans, the spirits suggested stratagems so transparent, that I doubted their truthfulness. They led me into snares time and again,

and doubting, I commenced to sift and compare all that I had seen and heard. But still the beautiful forms and faces of my guides were ever before me, showing me bright visions of the beauteous summerland to which they beckoned me away; and I clung to them even after I doubted their truthfulness.

At this time an evangelical minister passing through the city, stopped at my boarding house, bringing with him the quiet but unmistakable power of God's Holy Spirit. Two hours before I saw his face, I realized the antagonistic power he carried with him, my sensitive and clairvoyant vision showed me almost immediately the situation, my band gathered around me and armed me against him, lest I should be influenced against them; my eyes were beginning to see, and there was but one conclusion to be drawn, viz.: The spirit world must be peopled with two classes, and these at variance with each other; each capable of acting through the human organism. Now the questions arose in my mind, Can these be the spirits of the departed? If they are not, whom do they represent? These thoughts revolved themselves in my mind even in the face of the throng of spirits around me and before I saw the face, or heard the voice of the man of God, who had entered the house: so penetrating was my clairvoyance. For several days this strife continued, during which time no influence other than spiritual, had been brought to bear upon me, but I became more and more convinced that I was in the power of demons, and that if there was a God (which I could not yet realize) the stranger with us must be filled with a power from Him.

The spirits surrounded me and kept me from his presence, and several times when in the same room they have barricaded the room so I could not see his face, or hear his

voice, and so far controled my senses that I have been obliged to leave the room to prevent them from entrancing me.

Frequently while in conversation with different members of the family I could not hear or comprehend a word said; but would be caught up, as it were, in mind, and carried to the spirit world; seeing visions of beauty and grandeur beyond the power of mortal tongue to describe.

There were times when weary in body I have been caught up, and never knew how I climbed the stairs to my bedroom; and with spirit fingers on my eyelids I have almost instantly fallen asleep, to be awakened in the morning by the same gentle, magnetic touch.

After I could no longer doubt the source of these influences, these same bright forms followed me, and with pathetic sadness begged me not to cast them aside; but thanks ever be to God! I was not left to myself; He who is infinitely greater than our hearts, condescended to draw me to Christ.

I tried to cast them from me, I tried to pray; but they surrounded me and scoffing at me they asked me to whom I proposed to pray, and taking possession of me, conveyed me back to the parlor, so far entrancing me that I could not recognize a face of the family. I realized I was still in the body, yet I seemed to be in a charmed circle with no power to escape. Presently I heard music; it seemed to be afar off; nearer and nearer it came until I could hear a voice that seemed to accompany it. I listened and distinguished these words, "I'm a child of a King." Like an electric shock the words brought me to myself. They came to me with this significance, you are a child of the Devil. The words thundered in my ears:

"I'm a child of a King."
"You are a child of the Devil."

They both seemed to be spoken at

the same time and by the same voice. As if affrighted by the voice of a higher power, the spirits left me and I stood alone. Alone! Oh the significance of that word as it then applied to me; every nerve was unstrung, and in the next hour I suffered more intensely, both mentally and physically than I ever conceived it possible for mortal to suffer. Alone! the dark waters encompassed me about, I had no rudder, compass or chart; tempest-tossed, with no anchor to stay my frail barque; sinking alone in midnight darkness, and no hand to save me.

This state of darkness continued from November the 20th till December 3d, with only occasional visits from my spirit band, who came with floods of light and beauty, to tempt and hold me in their power; but I began to realize a strength added to my desire for light; probably through the prayers of some of God's children whom I had asked to pray for me, and I resolved to be free.

On the night of December the 3d, I received a letter that gave me courage; I felt there was a power back of the words, and I began to reach out blindly after God. I opened the Bible in the presence of the throng of spirits that surrounded me, and they, seeming to see the light that was coming, became enraged. The beautiful, loving, angelic faces that had so often enraptured me, now became distorted by hate. It was the midnight hour; the room in which I sat became thronged with spirits whose faces were dark and hideous.

I do not draw an imaginative picture. I am speaking of plain facts that my eyes have seen, and my senses realized. I hid my face upon the pages of my Bible, and tried to pray. At this they taunted me and one said, "Such as you have no claim upon Christ, you have cast Him aside, ignored Him, and now He will not hear you; there is no for-

giveness for you, neither in this world nor in the next."

What! Do demons acknowledge God and verify the word? Surely then there is a God, and His word is true and He promises to save to the uttermost.

I rose to my feet; I shook their hand from my shoulders and my head where I felt and saw them, and in the name of Christ I bade them begone forever from my presence; and my last clairvoyant vision was that of seeing the spirits flee from me. "Praise God! All that is within me praise His holy name." I was free from their power. Again I stood alone, but not hopeless. I believed in God, I believed His word; and yet, like the demons, I trembled, as in shame I stood before Him. I opened the word and saw the words of the dear Saviour. viz: "All that the Father hath given me, shall come to me. And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Reader, if you have felt your nakedness, shame, and need in the presence of the God of boundless love and mercy, you know how gladly I came to Christ, and if you know what it is to come unto Him in faith, you know how He filled, warmed and clothed me, and sent me on my way rejoicing. It is a story that can not be told.

In conclusion I have a word to say to that class who are honestly investigating spiritualism. I sympathize with you, but suffering as I have I can intelligently advise you to keep aloof from it. There is always danger upon the enemy's ground.—*The Restitution.*

It is pleasant and profitable to have half-hours and hours in solitude with the Master, yet there is sometimes the truest Christian grace shown by those who faithfully follow Him while all sorts of little things break in on their tranquility.

FASHION AND HEALTH.

BY REV. A. SMITH.

In all ages and among all nations fashion has prescribed customs destructive to health. Everywhere the carnal heart has raised false and fickle standards of beauty, and has gratified its depraved tastes, and sought the admiration and applause of men, by foolish efforts to improve divine workmanship. Everywhere the masses have sacrificed time, money, beauty, health, and many times, life, at the shrine of fashion.

Tattooing the skin, using it as a canvas for all sorts of decoration, cutting and scarring it with gashes, sometimes the whole body with elaborately shaped scars, is practiced by some savages.

Fashion is chargeable with deforming the skulls of some of the savages in America, with deforming the teeth and mouth of the natives of Asia and Africa, with ornamenting the nose by inserting a bone five or six inches long through its cartilage, with boring and slitting the ears and loading them with ornaments, with mutilating the lips of children and filling them with jewels.

Fashion paints the face with poisonous chemicals, colors the hair with unnatural colors, covers the forehead with idiotic bangs, and induces many to destroy their health and lives by eating arsenic to obtain a fair complexion.

The fashion of deforming the feet by compression, squeezing them into unnatural shapes, and wearing high heeled shoes, produces many diseases of the feet, spine, and other organs of the body.

The lady of rank in China is so crippled by dwarfed feet that two attendants have to support her in walking; and fashionable people here in trying to secure small feet, suffer from corns and bunions.

The fashion of compressing the

waist by wearing corsets, not only destroys the natural beauty of the form, but is very ruinous to health. Wearing corsets produces cancers, consumption, displacements, and diseases of the heart, spleen, stomach, and liver. Mr. O. S. Fowler writes on this subject as follows; "Look, and weep, in view of the vast sacrifice of life and virtue caused by tight lacing. I will not enlarge. Nearly half of the deaths of women and children are caused by this accursed fashion, besides an amount and aggregation of misery which no tongue can tell, no finite mind conceive. Ministers administer the sacrament to women by the thousands while in the very act of committing suicide and infanticide."

Fashion requires rich, costly, and ornamental costumes. The head, ears, fingers, nose, neck, chest, ankles, and feet, must be ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones, satins, silks, ribbons, flowers, lace, beads, and other ornaments.

Fashion constantly changes the numbers, quality, size, shape, and color, of these ornaments. This requires an expenditure of a large share of the earnings of the race, and multitudes lose their health, and many lives are sacrificed through overwork and privations borne in efforts to be in style. The unnatural excitement, the over exertion, and the exposures, the late hours and the gluttony, of fashionable balls and receptions, destroy health and many lives.

The fashion of treating to cigars, opium, wines, and other alcoholic beverages is eminently fruitful of disease and death. The fashion among ladies, of kissing on nearly all occasions, has been condemned by physicians as perilous to health. Dr. Fordyce of Toledo strictly forbids callers at his office kissing his children. He has collected a good deal of data going to show that many forms of disease may be transmitted by kissing, and also that dis-

eases caught in this way are more virulent than when contracted by other means.

The showy and bejeweled dress of fashion is naturally associated with, and tends to impurity. It is the price for which most fallen women have bartered their innocence and followed the path of shame down to its natural harvest of disease and death.

In devotion to fashion there is little difference, except in the matter of taste, between the degraded heathen, the masses of enlightened Christendom, and vast numbers of church members. The motive is the same in all these classes, and many of the fashions patronized by church members are as absurd and cruel as those of the heathen, and equally ruinous to health and morals.

What is the essential difference between the indecent exposures of the person among the heathen, and the licentious costumes seen in circuses and theaters, patronized by so many professed Christians; between the savage with his painted face, ear rings, necklaces, bracelets, and finger rings, and the fashionable Christian wearing the same ornaments, only adding false curls, bangs, and the life-destroying corset.

We are horrified at the heathen fashions which require the killing of female infants, the crushing of human victims under the gory wheels of Juggernaut, and the drowning of children in the Ganges by mothers, or feeding them alive to crocodiles. What shall we say of that bloody fashion whose monstrous iniquity no language can express, followed, at least to some extent by nearly all classes in our enlightened and Christianized communities, which unnaturally limits progeny and practically produces barrenness by the pre-natal murder of more than 100,000 infants annually, and the suicide of 6000 females every year in this country.

Oh, when will the church cease to

bow down with savages and worldlings at the shrine of fashion? When will she cease consecrating immense values of time and thought, toil, health, life and influence to the promotion of vanity and unholy pride, values which belong to God, and which ought to be used in saving the world from the bondage of fashion and sin.

The church ought to promote fashions in harmony with the character and teachings of their divine Head. He was meek and lowly in heart, and separate from sinners. Instead of following the wicked fashions of the world, the church ought to lead in Christ honoring fashions; simple, natural, healthful and modest. God commands, "Be not conformed to this world." "In like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety; not with brodered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array."

LORD, I find that Ezekiel in his prophecies is styled ninety times, and more, by this appellation, Son of man; and surely not once oftener than there was need for. For he had more visions than any one (not to say than all) of the prophets of his time. It was necessary, therefore, that his mortal extraction should often be sounded in his ears, Son of man, lest his frequent conversing with visions might make him mistake himself to be some angel. Amongst other revelations, it was therefore needful to reveal him to himself, son of man, lest seeing many visions might have made him blind with spiritual pride. Lord, as thou increasest thy graces in me, and favors on me, so with them daily increase in my soul the monitors and remembrancers of my mortality. So shall my soul be kept in a good temper, and humble deportment toward thee.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND PROHIBITION.

BY REV. A. SIMS.

The great law of love to man demands Abstinence from alcoholic drink, and a strictly enforced Prohibition of its sale for that unholy purpose. The races of men are all the creatures of one Creator; they form but one family, and are all children of the same Father. My relation to all mankind, then, is that of a brother; for God "hath made of *one blood* all the nations of the earth." In this sense I stand in the same moral relation to the heathen as to the Christian, to a foreigner as to my own countryman, to the barbarian as to the civilized, to the poor as to the rich, to the fallen and outcast drunkard as to the sober and virtuous man. They are my neighbors; yes, more. They are my brethren.

If then, this is my relation to all mankind, it seems reasonable that I should not be indifferent to their welfare. It is evident that my attitude towards all the branches of God's family, should partake of a brotherly regard for them. Hence, for the just regulation of all our conduct affecting each other, God has given us a certain law: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now this principle plainly forbids the doing of anything that injures either temporally or spiritually our fellow creatures. It shows we are not to do things lawful in themselves, which we know in any way injures our fellow men. Desires of any kind, gratified at the expense of a brother's fall, is a most grievous violation of this precept; and it manifests a degree of selfishness not exceeded by the dumb brutes. The Bible emphatically speaks of the wisdom of not taking intoxicating drink, and the fearful doom resting upon those who traffic in it: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth

thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken."

It can not be demonstrated that alcoholic liquor is necessary to the support of human life; or that there is any disease to which man is liable, that requires spirituous liquors as the only remedy. But it can be too conclusively proven, that alcoholic beverage is a snare to tens of thousands, and ruinous to their bodies and souls. It is not necessary to enlarge on this point. The lamentable fact is patent to every attentive observer, that there are hundreds of thousands to whom the very sight of a saloon is a power for evil: whose moral strength is such that they can not pass by it.

Now what is the conclusion we draw from these facts? Why, this; that though strictly, the taking of spirituous liquors in moderation may be a lawful thing, yet, as no person, from any cause whatever, is necessitated to take it; as by taking it we should set an example that may eternally ruin others; and as by making it our business to deal out the deadly liquor to others, we incur the curse of Almighty God, it is the imperative duty of every man and woman, both totally to abstain from intoxicating liquor, and to suppress its traffic.

The spirit and self-denying principles of the Gospel teach us, that we should not only refrain from eating and drinking any thing that would be an occasion of offence, and apostacy to our brethren, but also, if necessary, to lay down our lives for them. Therefore, rather than lead an individual into the snare of drinking, by either taking it ourselves, or countenancing its traffic, we are morally bound to refrain from setting such a pernicious example.

"If," says the Apostle, "thy brother be grieved with thy meat, how walkest thou not charitably," that is, not as love prompts us. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." But thou

art working ill to thy brother, by setting such an example. "Destroy not him for whom Christ died." Thus showing that drawing a soul to sin, threatens his eternal ruin.

I am aware that self-denial, in general, and for the good of others in particular, is not an easy task for flesh and blood to perform; but it is nevertheless most strongly inculcated both by the teaching and example of Christ; and it is one of the plainest duties of the Christian religion. Was not the whole life of Christ one of self-denial?

And what, I ask, is the matter of Total Abstinence; what is the matter of a few dollars in the shape of extra taxes, compared with the life that was given up on Calvary? Where is the comparison? There is none. Is this what keeps men from Total Abstinence and Prohibition, a selfish unwillingness to deny themselves a little for the good of others? O shame, where is thy blush? Let them cease to be called Christians, beings possessed of the common feelings of humanity. That man who professes religion but can not, to any extent, deny himself in such a holy cause, is unworthy to be called after the name of Christ. It is to be much regretted, that among the avowed enemies of the temperance movement, there can be found some who style themselves Christians. They oppose prohibition because they may be called upon, during a few months after the enactment of a prohibitory law, to pay a few more cents by way of taxes. Yet if any fact is demonstrated, it is that license increases taxes.

Dens of iniquity may be kept open, thousands of men may be sent to prison and the penitentiary, and their children may endure want and misery through drink, and hell may receive fresh accessions of drunkards every day; but they are not in trouble so long as their purses are not affected. What consummate sel-

fishness is this! How unlike the base disposition that moves such men, was that which prompted Paul to say: "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth."

Parents, if you have any paternal affection for your sons who are growing up into manhood; if you have any regard at all for their future welfare; if you wish them never to be cursed with the demon of intemperance, and to bring down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, then use your utmost influence to promote Prohibition.

Total Abstinence and Prohibition harmonize with the love of God. The liquor traffic is the most prolific source of sin and misery in existence. No trade of any kind blasts the morals of so large a portion of the rising generation as that of the saloon-keeper. More profane language, immorality, robbery and murders flow from drink-selling than from any other cause whatever. If you want any other proof of this than what you see, read the gaol records of Canada, and of the United States. One record shows that out of 25,000 persons committed to prison, 22,000 were brought there by intoxicating drinks.

Now sin is detestable to God. It is loathsome and hateful in his sight. He forbids his children to be polluted with it. So far from allowing them to countenance it in others, he positively enjoins them "not to be partakers of other men's sins." Therefore, if we have any love for God, "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." If we have any desire to please him, if we have any regard for the honor of his holy religion, we ourselves, are in duty bound both to keep from intoxicating liquors and to suppress its traffic. If we do not, we not only manifest the most glaring inconsistency, but, what is worse, abominable hypocrisy.

What can be thought of a man who says, "I love God and religion," and yet he knowingly gives his support to the cause of sin and misery? What can God think of him? Where is the love he professes to have?

To hear some professing Christians pray and talk, you would suppose they were burning to have the world converted, to have the Gospel preached in every part of the habitable globe, to have every sinner on the earth saved. Yes, they even cry loudly "Thy kingdom come." And yet, they help to keep up one of the most formidable obstacles to the extension of that kingdom! Does such conduct as this spring from a principle of love to God? Were the Pharisees guilty of greater hypocrisy? Christ said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." But is that Christian evincing any desire to please God, who prays, "Lead us not into temptation?" and yet he persistently gives his support to the keeping open of thousands of such temptation-traps as bar rooms! Can he say in such an action, "The love of Christ constraineth me?" Is it not a solemn mockery to ask that God's will may "be done on earth as it is done in heaven," and yet deliberately encourage a traffic which prevents millions from doing that will? Is that love to God? Oh, let your love for the God of purity, and your hatred of sin, constrain you to set your face as a flint in opposition to this mighty tide of intemperance, that is annually sweeping thousands into the bottomless pit.

Solemnly, I ask, can you make good your claim to be lovers of the Holy Jesus, or even humane beings, if you suffer this giant evil, and do not lift up your voice against it, nor lend your influence to save them who stand in jeopardy? Remember, no person can consistently take a neutral position in this movement, much less assume a hostile attitude towards it. This is a moral cause,

and, therefore, God's cause. And it is our duty to support it; for, says Christ, "He that is not for me is against me."

JESUS! How does the very word overflow with sweetness, and light, and love, and life; filling the air with odors, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all doubts, the spring of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power. Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption. Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the church, as they sing, going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God! Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret thine own name, and thou hast done it by thy works on earth, and thy glory at the right hand of the Father.—*Dr. Bethune.*

God gives his people hours of rapture, not merely for their own sake, but to qualify them for the serious work of life. If they are on the mount with their Lord, shining in his glory, they should not think of building tabernacles, but remember there are those in the valley in sore need of their help.

A "COW-BOYS" EXPERIENCE.

BY W. S. WOODS.

I am what they call in Colorado a Cow-Boy.

Their employment is riding after horses and cattle over the country. At certain seasons of the year the boys ride over a different part of the country and bring all the cattle together and brand the calves. The owners or their employees pick out their cattle and take them to their proper ranges. This is called "Rounding up." I have been employed in this way nearly all the time for eight years. We camp at night, sometimes twenty-five or more men, together and the evenings are spent in sitting around their fires telling stories, singing songs, drinking, smoking and gambling.

They are a good-natured set of boys generally, and have quite a sense of honor about them, which if trampled on, usually meets with vengeance, and sometimes death.

Two years ago I was at home during the winter at Silver Cliff. Meetings were being held in the place, and conviction settled down upon me. I drank and gambled, and it seemed to me, I was a pretty hard case. I used up the money I had earned riding in the summer, in rioting in the winter. One evening I sat back in the corner of the church, and several came and spoke to me in regard to my soul. I refused to go to the altar, so they had a prayer-meeting for me where I was. I thought I did not know how to pray of myself, but I was in earnest and started to say the Lord's prayer. I gave up myself to God, and he for Christ's sake forgave my sins.

I ran well "for a season" while at home, but in early summer I started out again riding after cattle, and the first day I fell, and was drunk before night. You can judge from this what the influence is among Cow-boys. I

became more reckless than ever, and was a leader in wickedness among them. I went on that way for about a year, of course getting worse and worse. After being drunk about a week I felt so badly I began to think what a fool I was, and I resolved never to drink again. Temptations to do so have not been lacking, neither was the appetite for liquor any less; but I had said, "I will never drink again," and the strength of my will was such that I had rather have died than yielded.

Last winter I sought to gratify myself in dancing and every other way I could. This went on till June 2nd: then I had my wrist strained so I could not work, and I attended the F. M. Camp meeting at Brush Creek with my parents: I had no particular object in going. They were going and I consented to go with them. I was suffering a good deal with my wrist and would swear at that. I laughed and carried on with the young people and sang with the saints. When Christians talked with me about my soul, I told them there was no mercy for me, and I really believed it, but sometimes way down deep in my heart I would think perhaps there was.

I meant to have all the pleasure I could in this world, and I did not care about the next. I thought there was no mercy for me and did not care enough about it to find out whether there was or not. I left the meeting apparently about the same, only felt I was harder than ever, and went to riding after cattle again. The same day I left the meeting I gave up using tobacco. People would say to me, "Why, what a pity you smoke tobacco so much," and, "I would not be seen smoking if I were you." I thought if people felt that way I would just stop using it, and I did stop, both smoking and chewing. I was not able to ride, only after my father's

cattle, and it took me only a few days to bring them all home.

I had a sister living on the Divide, and as I had nearly promised to attend the F. M. Camp-meeting there, I started out on horse-back for my sister's, a distance of about one hundred miles, intending to go to the C. M. also, but with no thought about seeking the Lord. I came on the ground the first Sabbath of the meeting, about noon, expecting to go back to my sister's at night, but I was persuaded by friends I had seen at Brush Creek to stay longer. I would speak of going, about every day, but friends kept urging me to stay, expecting to see me saved, and I yielded to their wishes and stayed. But instead of feeling serious about my soul, I was amused and would laugh about it because they thought I was going to yield. Things continued this way until the last night, when they persuaded me to go forward to the altar, and though I had no feeling and told them I was as hard as a rock, I determined in my heart that if there was any mercy for me I would find it before I left the Camp-ground. Others got blessed and saved but I remained unmoved, and the meeting closed. On my way out of the tabernacle, a sister said to me, "You must be a very hard young man, and I am afraid if you do not get saved to-night you will either murder some one or be murdered." I said to her, "Nobody would care if I was killed." "Yes there would," she replied; "I care for you. Won't you kneel down here with me?" This touched my heart, and though I had not shed tears in a long time except when I was mad, they came unbidden now. We knelt together, and she began to pray for me, and I to pray for myself. Others gathered round and prayed for me also. I gave myself to God the best I knew how. They sang several verses with uplifted hands and kept holding on for me. After a lit-

tle we rose to our feet and sang:

"I am trusting Lord in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary!
Humbly at thy feet I bow;
Jesus saves, He saves me now."

Some one asked me if I believed it. I said, I did, and deliverance came to my soul. I shouted, and others shouted with me, until a wicked man living a quarter of a mile away, got out of bed at two o'clock in the morning and came to the grounds "to see if that Cow-boy had got saved," as he expressed it.

Some one asked me if I would be back where I was four hours ago for four dollars. No, I answered, not for a hundred millions, and I would'n't either. Since that evening, Aug. 3d, I have enjoyed the peace of God in my soul, and have been praising the Lord most of the time. By God's grace I shall follow him long as I live. I have committed my ways unto him and he *will* direct my steps.

UNBELIEF hinders us in winning souls to Christ. It hindered Jesus so that at times even he could not do many mighty works. How often we hear people exclaim: "I don't believe we can do much in this place, for Christ was unable in some places to do much,"—when the fact is, if we could throw away unbelief and lean on God, the blessing would come. Many will probably say 'amen' to all this quicker than they will open their pocket book to send forth the preacher of the Cross to carry the truth that slays unbelief. Oh, how unbelief destroys our usefulness, even when we are God's professed followers! Christ's disciples could not cure the lunatic on account of it. Paul and Barnabas had their trials on account of and Moses his struggles.

THE parents' faith brings blessings to the entire household.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY REV. H. A. CROUCH.

TEXT—And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord. And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands: and he stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned, and walked in the house to and fro; and went up, and stretched himself upon him: and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes —2 Kings 4:32-35.

Faith to be effectual must be in God. It can not stand in the wisdom of men, but must be in the power of God. It must reach beyond circumstances and surroundings. Elisha had been called into the presence of death. The Shunammite woman's child was dead and had been laid upon his bed. He goes in, shuts the door, and prays, doubtless, to know the will of God concerning the child. So Peter prayed to know the mind of God before he raised Dorcas. The child was dead, no life or power was in it. Elisha, Life and Death together. The two alone, the world shut out, the unbelief of others not present to hinder his faith. It stood unhindered alone in the power of God. "He lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, and stretched himself upon the child." Life in contact with death, no harmony between the two. Death is repulsive to life. No matter how much we love our friends, when they die we want them buried. Abraham said, "Give me a possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight."—Gen. 23:4.

This world is morally dead, a *dead* world, loathsome in the eyes of God as a putrid dead body is, to the eyes of living people. A mass of death,

an immense body of corruption. But "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish but have everlasting life." Christ stretched himself upon this body of moral death, mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes, and hand to hand, and was locked in its embrace, until divine justice is satisfied and there is life for a dead world. No wonder Jesus said, "I am the bread of Life." No matter how corrupt we are, if Christ could rise from the embrace of such a death, there is hope for all. He embraced the body of death, the world. There is power in the Son of man to save.

"Lord I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all, a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made."

The work of saving the world is carried on, by moral life coming in contact with moral death in the lives of God's children.

Success comes as we come in contact with these dead bodies personally, not by multitude. It is hand to hand and face to face with them. "He that hath the Son of God hath life," and the life of Christ *in us* must work and bring life to the world. Our faith must not be afraid to grapple with death itself. We must be in harmony with the Son of God so that as we cry to him life will come. Oh, breathe on us the life of God.

We can have united faith, but if our faith is in the power of God, we will be able and willing to go, as Elisha did, alone. Some cases are putrid, but we must not be afraid of any case. There is power in Christ to bring life to any dead body.

There are dead bodies all around us, morally dead. They are not to blame. There is no power in this moral death to give itself moral life. The power to move them must come from the life of God in his children, the divine life in them. Let our faith take hold on the power of God. Let us pray as Elisha did to know

the will of God, then do it. It is the same work all the way through and it takes all there is of us, complete sacrifices, nothing will be left but the ashes under the altar. This same life which raises us morally will raise our dead bodies. "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall come forth."—John 5:28.

There was life enough left in Elisha's bones to raise the dead body which was put into his grave, and if we have the life and power of God in us, there will be life enough in the ashes under the altar or in our influence after death to bring life to dead souls. If we do not see results at once, we must stretch ourselves the second time and the third time until life comes. Elisha stretched himself until the child sneezed seven times. He knew God would raise the child—*believed God*.

Life purges out death. The little oak trees that grow along foot hills are covered with dead leaves 'all winter, but when Spring comes and the sap—the life of the tree goes up through the roots and branches, the dead leaves drop off. In the same way, as life comes to dead souls, the emblems of death drop off. This life of God will take in soul and body. It will purge out disease and death. Oh, I want to get down before God, and get so much of the life of God in me, that I shall be able by touch, to give life to those who are dead.

THE older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and enjoy him forever."

IDLENESS is many gathered miseries in one name.

QUESTIONS IN ETHICS.

BY GEN. A. W. PHELPS.

CASE. A man enters into an engagement with a set of conspirators to murder an officer of state, being previously under an obligation to serve that state with fidelity.

Now the questions are:

1. Has a man any moral right to enter into such an engagement?
2. Is the man not morally bound, having made such an engagement, to renounce it?
3. If a man knows that a murderer is to be committed, has he any right to conceal it?
4. Were the Phoenix Park murderers any worse, morally speaking, than the "good men" (Masonically speaking) who murdered William Morgan?
5. If it has been wrong in any one or more of the conspirators in Morgan's Case to reveal the murder, was it right on the part of the state of New York to try and ferret out the murderers?
6. If men have a right to contract with each other for committing murder, has not the state a right to contract with one or more of the murderers to reveal the murder?
7. Can a man ever be termed treacherous who, though having compacted for the commission of murder, finally decides to remain on the side of law and virtue, and expose the murderers?

In whatever you are called upon to do, endeavour to maintain a calm, collected, and prayerful state of mind. Self-recollection is of great importance. "It is good for a man to wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord." He, who is in what may be called a spiritual hurry, or rather who runs without having evidence of being spiritually sent, makes haste to no purpose.

LOVE SUPERIOR TO FAITH.

Very excellent things are spoken of faith, and whosoever is a partaker thereof, may well say with the apostle, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." Yet still it loses all its excellence, when brought into comparison with love. What St. Paul observes concerning the superior glory of the Gospel, above that of the law, may with great propriety be spoken of the superior glory of love, above that of faith: "Even that which was made glorious, hath no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth. For if that which is done away is glorious, much more doth that which remaineth exceed in glory." Yea all the glory of faith, before it is done away, arises hence, that it ministers to love. It is the great temporary means which God hath ordained to promote that eternal end.

Let those who magnify faith beyond all proportion, so as to swallow up all things else, and who so totally misapprehend the nature of it, as to imagine it stands in the place of love, consider further, that as love will exist after faith, so it did also exist long before it. The angels, who from the moment of their creation, beheld the face of their Father that is in heaven, had no occasion for faith in its general notion, as it is the evidence of things not seen. Neither had they need of faith in its particular acceptation, faith in the blood of Jesus: for he took not upon him the nature of angels; but only the seed of Abraham. There was, therefore no place before the foundation of the world, for faith either in the general or particular sense. But there was for love. Love existed from eternity, in God, the great ocean of love. Love had a place in all the children of God from the moment of their creation. They received at once from their gracious Creator, to exist, and to love.

Nor is it certain that faith, even in the general sense of the word, had any place in paradise. It is highly probable, from that short and circumstantial account which we have in holy writ, that Adam, before he rebelled against God, walked with him by sight, and not by faith:—

"For then his reason's eye was strong and clear,

And as an eagle can behold the sun,
Might have beheld his Maker's face as near,
As th' intellectual angels could have done."

He was then able to talk with him face to face, whose face we can not now see and live. And consequently had no need of that faith, whose office it is, to supply the want of sight.

On the other hand, it is absolutely certain, faith in its particular sense had then no place. For in that sense it necessarily pre-supposes sin, and the wrath of God declared against the sinner: without which there was no need of atonement for sin, in order to the sinner's reconciliation with God.—Consequently, as there was no need of atonement before the fall, so there was no place for faith in that atonement; man being then pure from every stain of sin, holy as God is holy. But love even then filled his heart. It reigned in him without a rival. And it was only when love was lost by sin, that faith was added, not for its own sake, nor with any design, that it should exist any longer, than until it had answered the end for which it was ordained, namely to restore man, to the love from which he was fallen. At the fall, therefore, was added this evidence of things not seen, which could not possibly have any place, till the promise was made, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.

Faith then was originally designed of God to reestablish the law of love. Therefore in speaking thus, we are not undervaluing it, or robbing it of its due praise: but on the contrary, showing its real worth, exalting it in its just proportion, and

giving it that very place which the wisdom of God assigned it from the beginning. It is the grand means of restoring that holy love wherein man was originally created. It follows, that although faith is of no value in itself, (as neither is any other means whatsoever,) yet as it leads to that end, the establishing anew the law of love in our hearts, and as in the present state of things, it is the only means under heaven of effecting it; it is, on that account, an unspeakable blessing to man, and of unspeakable value before God.—*Wesley.*

FAITH AND PURIFICATION.

In the "Golden Treasury," written by Bogatzky, more than a century ago, containing a text for every day in the year with the writer's comments, we have the following:—

"Purifying their hearts by faith."—Acts 15:9.

"By faith in the Son of God we get an interest in his great and glorious salvation: we are justified by faith; we have peace with God by faith. This is an excellent grace which brings us out of a state of slavery and sin into the liberty of the sons and daughters of God, and will issue in everlasting salvation. Faith purifies the heart of man, naturally vicious, and unites us to Christ the root of all holiness. Now, reader, examine yourself, whether you be in the faith; try the tree by its *fruits*; ask yourself these questions: Has my faith a purifying influence on my heart? Does the view of Christ dying for my sins make *me* die unto them? Has faith in Christ, as wounded for my transgressions and bruised for my iniquities, made me bitterly lament them, sincerely hate them, and seek the death of *every one* of them? Though there may be still much sin in me, is there none allowed? Is there none, no, *not one*,—no, not that sin which does *most easily* beset me, which I *desire* to be spared

and excused in? Do I rather look upon *all* sin as the enemy of Christ and my own soul, and *as such*, do I hate it with a perfect hatred? Am I praying fervently for divine power to subdue it? And, in the strength of that grace, do I maintain a constant and vigorous war with it, determined to give it no rest in my heart, and never to cease my conflict with it, till I have gained the complete and everlasting victory? If so, thou art upright; go on and prosper.

"That faith to me, O Lord, impart,
Which, while it bringeth peace,
Will daily purify my heart,
And bring in holiness."

To carry out the foregoing will require a great deal of prayer and *watching*. We must be on guard always and everywhere. Sentinels in arms are often relieved; but the Christian soldier can only be relieved at death, or at his Master's coming. Watching is the *hardest* work a man can perform, and the most wearisome; hence it is the most neglected, I imagine, by the majority of professed Christians. Our many mistakes, errors and falls, can easily be traced to a neglect of watchfulness. I never realized this truth so fully as I have of late. Personal trouble, domestic trouble, business trouble, and church trouble, would be much less than it is, if more watching were done.

Those who *really* watch will long for rest. So all who are truly watching for the coming of the Saviour, will often cry out, as did the mother of Siserā, "Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" The infrequency of this cry tells a sad tale as to the piety of these days. Heaven help us to get out, and keep out of the current which is bearing so many to eternal despair.—*Messiah's Herald.*

A WIFE and a mother, when called away from her God at the altar, must find Him in her cares.

EXPERIENCE.

ELLA SOUTHWORTH CLARK.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."—BIBLE.

Out on the waves in the darkness of night,
I was drifting seaward, alone, alone.
The tempest that played with my fragile bark,
Was lashing the sea into fury and foam.
No glimmer of light did there seem to be
For me, a wandering wayward, child:
I heard not the voice of the Son of Man,
Above the roar of the billows wild.
Drear was the darkness that fell upon me,
And wild was the rage of the angry sea.

I sometimes fancied, while tempest tossed,
That I heard the water speaking to me,
But the sound of his blessed voice was lost,
In the ceaseless roar of the troubled sea.
At last in my anguish I uttered this prayer:
"O Christ, at thy feet I would penitent stay.
Guide thou the soul drifting on to despair,
Out of the darkness and into the day.
My Saviour, now enter the bark with me,
And quiet the rage of this angry sea.

Thou who controlled the winds and waves
That ruffled the bosom of Galilee,
Scatter the storm-clouds that hang o'er my
soul,

And speak to the heart now calling for thee.
Worthless but penitent, heart-sick and faint,
Lost in the darkness, alone on the wave,
Trembling, but trusting, I come now to thee,
The 'Strong to deliver and mighty to save.'
Oh, wilt thou not enter the bark with me,
And quiet the rage of this angry sea?"

Over my weary heart came a sweet rest;
My doubts and forebodings all passed away:
Hope found her way to my sorrowful breast;
Night disappeared in the dawning of day.
Hushed was the tempest that raged round me
long;

The waves were under the Master's control:
Light was my spirit and joyful my song,
For the Saviour of men came to my soul,
And smiled as he entered the bark with me,
And calmed the rage of the angry sea.

A TRUE AIM.

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on to the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." This it seems to us should be preëminently the aim of the Christian worker. We all try to press on, but do we throw off the remembrance of past failures and success, that they may not be impediments in our way? Suppose a trained and experienced runner, preparing for a new contest, should load

himself down with the trophies of half a dozen previous races; the probabilities would be that he would not add to them that day. On the other hand, if he were cast down with previous defeats and scarcely expected to win, he would not be dissatisfied. The figure applies to work for the Master. The fact that we have pointed a large number to the Saviour does not warrant us in being so busy congratulating ourselves on former blessings, that we can not seek for more, any more than because we have failed in our duty once, we should cease in our endeavors for the future.—*Evangelistic Record*.

THE CURE FOR ERROR.

Error is not cured by proclamations, resolutions, decrees, counsels, or authoritative denunciations. It is not settled by the votes of majorities, nor the consent of multitudes; nor is it most effectually disseminated by wordy strifes and angry disputations.

The best way to keep weed out of wheat is to plow thoroughly and seed heavily; the best way to keep error out of the church is by faithful and earnest preaching and teaching of the word of God. The poor wise man may save the city, when all the great and rich have failed, and he who takes not the authority of men, but the word of God, and proclaims it in the love of Christ, will find that his testimony is attended by the witnessing Spirit of God, and that good seed sown on good ground will bring forth fruit to God's glory at last.

Good works do not make a Christian; but one must be a Christian to do good works. The tree bringeth forth the fruit, not the fruit the tree. None is made a Christian by works, but by Christ; and being in Christ, he brings forth fruit for him.—

EDITORIAL.

LOSING HOLINESS.

Holiness is voluntary. It is a moral state. But a moral action implies freedom of choice. No one is praised or blamed, rewarded or punished for doing that which could not possibly be avoided. But the holy are rewarded, the unholy are punished. Therefore a holy person is holy from choice.

But a voluntary state may be lost. The helm that can be turned in a right direction can also be turned in a wrong direction. The vessel that has been kept in the channel for years may at last, be run upon a rock.

One who has walked in the way of holiness for a season, may yield to temptation and turn aside. It is true that the longer one walks with God, the more securely he walks. The nearer a body moves to the sun, the stronger it is attracted towards the sun. But comets that come very near to the sun at times, finally take a turn and fly off into space. Those who get very near to the Lord are likely to press on and grow in grace; but they may fall, and get away from the Lord. David was, for years, a holy man, fully approved of the Lord; but he fell into sin. Paul was caught up into the third heaven where he saw things that language would not describe. Yet Paul was keenly alive to the fact that he might lose the grace he had received and be finally lost. His watchfulness was great and constant. He says, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."—1 Cor. 9: 27. It is evident then, that one who has experienced the blessing of holiness, can lose it. He need not; he should not—but still he may. There is a possibility that he may fall away.

In what relation does one stand to God who has lost the blessing of holiness?

Can one lose the blessing of entire sanctification and still retain the blessing of justification? These are important questions which should be examined carefully.

When one falls into actual sin he loses both justification and sanctification. He falls into condemnation. He is no longer a saint; he becomes a sinner. If he gets back to God, he must come confessing his sins and seeking pardon. "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—Jas. 5: 19, 20. It is a *brother* who has erred. Not a false professor but a real Christian. He is to be converted like any other sinner. If not converted, his soul is in danger of death.

Again one may lose the blessing of entire sanctification by giving way to doubts and unbelief. It is by faith we stand. Whatsoever ground we gain by faith we hold by faith. By unbelief we lose it. He who walks on the water by faith, goes down, as fear supplants his faith. One may also lose the blessing of holiness by failing to confess it. In the same degree that profession becomes indefinite, the experience becomes indefinite. Doubt lies at the bottom of this want of confession. Satan is ever ready to accuse a saint of God. But to hold his ground he must keep fully consecrated to God and confess out boldly all that God does for him. "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony: and they loved not their lives unto the death."—Rev. 12: 11.

When one listens to the accusations of Satan and fails to bear a clear testimony to his being washed by the blood of the Lamb, he loses the blessing. The witness is gone. But he does not necessarily fall into sin. He may still be keenly alive to the fear of God. He may still watch against sin and have victory over it.

He may still truly love God and faithfully endeavor to keep all his commandments. Such a person in losing the blessing of holiness has not lost his justification. He is still a child of God. He is sensible of what he has lost and strives to regain it.

To do this it is not necessary that he should throw up all profession of religion and begin anew. He is not unholy: but he is holy only in part. He should pray to be sanctified wholly. He should confess what he has lost. He should consecrate up to all the light that God has given him. He should exercise faith in the atoning blood to be again cleansed from all sin. He should make no delay, and wait for some great crises to occur—but should at once come to God to be saved to the uttermost.

Mr. Fletcher lost the blessing of holiness three times in immediate succession, by a simple failure to confess it; But he did not rest until he sought and found the grace, and was established in it.

If you lose any degree of grace, seek to receive it at once and do not wait till you have lost more till you make a vigorous effort to regain it. "Return unto me and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts."—Mal. 3:7.

BE HOLY.

God is holy, man is unholy. Heaven is God's habitation. It is therefore the abode of holiness. To dwell there, man must become holy. His nature must be changed. Here are our Lord's words: "Except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God." One who is born from above is, in a degree, made a partaker of God's holiness. When he is sanctified wholly a still greater measure of the Divine nature is imparted to him, just in the degree that his nature is divine, his will is in harmony with God's will. He keeps his commandments, not only from a sense of duty, but from a divine instinct. He is not goaded on in the right

way; he is sweetly drawn by a heavenly attraction.

He is most at home where the presence of God is most signally manifested. He will go to Heaven because he belongs there. He loves its holiness, for he is holy.

Hence, if you would gain Heaven, you must not only be moral; you must be holy. You must not only do right; you must *be* right. You must give yourself into God's hand to let him create within you heavenly tempers and heavenly affections. We go where we belong. Acts and words are important as they show what the nature is. "He that committeth sin is of the devil."—1 Jno. 3:8. See to it, then that your nature is changed, that God creates within you a clean heart and renews within you a right spirit.

CAMP MEETINGS.

NEW CASTLE, Pa.—A Camp Meeting of great power and glory begun Aug. 20th, and as we write is in progress. It begun in the Spirit. There was a wonderful manifestation of the power of God from the first. As we looked out upon the shining faces at the first meeting, the chairman, Rev. J. D. Michael, said, "They are the best people I ever saw, There is nothing wrong about them." Every day there are many clearly converted and sanctified to God. Preachers and people are on hand to get and do all the good they can.

Bro. Michael and his efficient corps of young preachers are filled with the Spirit. It is a glorious work and is being carried on *in power*. The congregations are large and attentive, and conviction general. A good many are being converted; and many enter into the rest of perfect love.

CHERRY CREEK, N. Y.—Camp-Meeting was held August 14—20. There

were seventy tents on the ground. The people in the vicinity attended in large numbers. There was good order and attention. Preachers and people took hold of the work in good earnest. There was deep conviction on the people.

No effort was made to ascertain the number converted; but we should think that from twenty to thirty found pardon, and a large number entered into the rest of perfect love.

The Chairman, Rev. R. Loomis, was incessant in his labors, and he was heartily supported by the preachers. Impressions were made which will be lasting, and many who left the ground unconverted we believe will yet yield to their convictions and be saved. In many respects the meeting was a decided success.

STANHOPE N. J.—There were forty-eight tents on the ground. The people were consecrated to the work of God. A spirit of conviction rested on the people. At nearly every invitation a goodly number came forward for prayers, and some gave good evidence of being converted to God. The chairman Bro. Wm. Gould, had, as usual every thing in perfect order and the meeting was in every respect a success.

We know of no more promising a field than that comprised in the New York Conference. May hundreds of men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost be raised up to proclaim the Gospel in the power of the Spirit to the perishing thousands of our great cities.

AFRICA.

The attention of the civilized world is being directed to Africa. Already capitalists of Christian countries have projected five railroads into the heart of the dark continent. Where railroads go, they not only carry many blessings with them, but they carry in their track the vices of civil-

ized life. Before drunkenness, gambling, pride, and Freemasonry are added to the vices of savage life, the Gospel should be sent there in its purity and power. Devoted men and women are waiting to go, impatient to offer themselves upon the altar of God for the redemption of Africa. The money only is wanting. We need at once at least three thousands dollars for this purpose. What will you do towards sending missionaries of the cross to Africa?

TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

We design to introduce in CHILI SEMINARY, next term, a Course of Study especially adapted to those who feel called to devote their time to work for the salvation of souls. To such, all possible aid will be rendered to make them efficient and successful workers.

No man hath so cordial a feeling of the passion of Christ as he who hath suffered the like himself. The cross, therefore, is always ready, and everywhere waits for thee. Thou canst not escape it whithersoever thou runnest; for wheresoever thou goest, thou carriest thyself with thee, and shalt ever find thyself. Both above and below, without and within, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the cross; and everywhere thou must have patience, if thou wilt enjoy an everlasting crown.

THIS speech seemeth hard to many; "Renounce thyself, take up thy cross, and follow Jesus." But it will be much harder to hear the last word: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

Drink of the cup of the Lord gladly, if thou wilt be his friend. As for comforts, leave them to God; let him do therein as shall best please him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM NEW ZEALAND.

PORT ALBERT, N. Z., July 8, 1884.

*Dear Bro. Roberts, and Readers of the
EARNEST CHRISTIAN:—*

I am saved! The Lord has saved me. I am converted and sanctified (or made holy), filled with His Spirit, kept by the power of God, lost in wonder, love and praise. I have tasted God's salvation, and 'tis sweeter than honeyed dews. I have been home to heaven (Holiness) almost six blessed, gracious, happy, successive and successful years, without once breaking connection with Divinity. I never was so humble, never felt more the need of the blood and constant, believing prayer in the Holy Ghost; never had a more perfect knowledge of the inwrought work of God in my heart and life; knowing this, that our old man is crucified.

I think you all know which side I am on. I abandon myself to the Holy Ghost and now receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, whatever that may mean.

Now about the work. We closed our mission with the dear people of Warkworth, on Sabbath, June 22d. It was a crowning day. About one hundred and seventy stood up and testified that they had been converted or sanctified since the evangelists came, many of them both. A large number witnessed to being filled with the Holy Ghost and fire. All glory to God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost! We humble ourselves.

Bro. A. H. Phelps labored with us eight weeks. He was called to Norfolk Island to preach holiness, which he also possessed and enjoyed. My dear wife and myself were wonderfully sustained and helped of God the last two eventful and fruitful weeks. With many tears we parted from our dear and kind friends whom God raised up for us in this far-away and beautiful island of the Pacific. All our needs

were most wonderfully and bountifully and gladly supplied, by the God of all grace, through those who loved Jesus and were washed in his blood. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever! I do praise God that I ever dared to obey and trust him, and leave my dear, native land and home, to preach Jesus and advocate Scriptural holiness with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

Sister Thomas and the writer commence services here in Albert Land; one hundred and twenty miles across the country from the last mission, on June 27th, by invitation of settlers and the Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Stephenson, of Warkworth, this being a part of his circuit. The work began by ten precious souls at the penitents' form the first service, and all testified to pardon or purity. Oh, glory! don't it pay to obey God: and cut loose from every care that cankers! The work continues with increasing power and interest. I think fifty-four or more have witnessed to salvation, up to date.

We are only humble and unprofitable servants. Continue to pray for us.

We were glad to receive the EARNEST CHRISTIAN, April and May Nos. Thanks. God bless you in your work. I pray you may live many years to be useful for God in the world. Glory to God for the privilege I enjoyed of a few short days of your society and helpful instruction. Also it was refreshing to see the names of some dear ones I met at Chili in your valuable paper. Hallelujah! F. B. THOMAS.

OBITUARY.

Died in Philadelphia, N. Y., of paralysis, Mrs. Submit Farwell Brown, aged eighty-four years. She was born in Mt. Holly, Vermont, May 24, 1800, and in early childhood, came, with her parents, to Denmark, Lewis Co., N. Y., where she lived until her marriage. She was converted at the age of seventeen, baptized by Rev. Norman Guitteau, and united with

the Baptist Church in Copenhagen. In Sept. 1824, she married Rev. Parley Brown, and went to Lorraine, Jefferson Co., where he was then pastor. She realized, to some extent, the importance of the work, to which she felt God had called her. She sympathized with, and was indeed a help-mate to her husband, in the great work of winning souls to Christ. She endured, with Christian fortitude and patience, the trials incident to a new country. Struggling with poverty, often making sacrifices and enduring privations known only to few, doing with her might what her hands found to do, as unto the Lord, and not unto men.

She was deeply interested in Sabbath School work, and the cause of missions, and, early in her Christian life, expressed a desire to be a missionary; but, as years passed and her family increased, she felt that she had a mission field in her own home, and she endeavored to do her work faithfully and well, in bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She was the mother of eight children, seven of whom survive her. The oldest son, E. S. Brown, who died five years ago, will be remembered by many of the readers of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*. It may be truly said of her, "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

She was left a widow in 1874, and has, for many years, by reason of ill health, been deprived of the privilege of attending the public means of grace. But, in these years of bereavement, loneliness, and confinement, she has been remarkable for resignation to the divine will, never murmuring or complaining at her lot; but ever ready to cheer and encourage other hearts. When in her seventy-sixth year, she had the misfortune to break her right wrist, and was thus deprived of the use of her hand the remainder of her life; but, even at that advanced age, she learned to write with her left hand; and, in her last years, has sent many messages of

Christian counsel and tenderness to her scattered children.

As a Christian she was true to her convictions. She loved the teachings of the Bible and prized Jerusalem as her chief joy. She mourned over the desolation of Zion and the departure from the old paths of separation from the world. She retained her mental faculties remarkably. Her ardent piety and consecration to God, her patience in severe and protracted suffering, bear testimony to the power of grace. A few days before her illness she said, "I am only waiting, God knows why I stay. If he has work for me to do. I want to do it, or if he chooses to take me home I don't know but I can say I am ready." Her last illness of nine weeks, during which she was deprived of all power of speech, was one of great suffering. We mourn our loss, but not as those without hope, assured that our loss is her gain.

Her funeral sermon was preached by Rev. E. D. Cross, of Redwood, from Rev. 22:14, a text of her own selection. May all the surviving children be of that number who do his commandments and have right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city.

BEHOLD, in the cross all doth consist, and all lieth in our dying upon it; for there is no other way to life, and to true inward peace, but the way of the holy cross. Go where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt, thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the holy cross. Dispose of things according to thy will and judgment; yet thou shalt ever find that thou must suffer somewhat, either willingly or against thy will, and so thou shalt ever find the cross.

THE whole life of Christ was a cross and a martyrdom; and dost thou seek rest and joy.