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SEEKING SANCTIFICATION.

DR. J. W. REDFIELD'S EXPERIENCE,
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

From manuscript in the possession of J. G. Terrill.

I felt I must have grace to fit me for the task which lay before me (preaching the Gospel), and I looked forward once more to the acquisition of the blessing of holiness.

I had my perverted views of what constituted that state of grace, and the way to obtain it was equally dark to me. But as well as I knew how I resolved to set about seeking it. I had inquired of a number of persons who professed to know something of the matter, what I must do to get possession of so desirable a state of grace. But their instructions did not in the least help me out of my difficulty, or throw any light on what course I should pursue to gain the desired end, as all I had done furnished me with no evidence whatever that I was making any appreciable advance toward it. I resolved to make a business of seeking holiness, and to be desperate in the effort. I had long before this sought earnestly, by fasting, prayer, and watch-nights, to secure this coveted state. Thus I continued night and day, till I became utterly exhausted by the effort. I had not yet found out the grand end to be secured—nothing more, nor less, than perfect submission to the will of God, and harmony with it. I had yet to learn that

the preparation of heart to receive was to get the consent and choice of my own will that God's will should be done; and that whatever else I might do here, would only defeat my effort. I had now fairly entered the gospel field. This long neglected and much dreaded duty, I had begun to make a life business. I now began with a singleness of purpose to seek this precious pearl, yet fearful that one so utterly unworthy might be denied so great a boon. I longed to lay my heart open to some one who could instruct me so that I could comprehend the thing, and the means to secure it. I did not know that this state can no more be comprehended before it is attained, than can justification by an infidel. I, at last, heard of a good old gentleman who had enjoyed this blessing for more than forty years, and that he was coming, as was usual with him, to visit his children, and would be likely to stop at the house where I was then boarding. In due time he came. I took him to my room one day, and closed the door, and then with a keen sense of my own unworthiness, I modestly asked him if he thought God was willing that such an unworthy person as myself should possess so great a blessing as Perfect Love. The enemy all this while was suggesting the probability of his saying, You are too young and presumptuous to think of that great state yet. But with deep, and tender emotion, the good old father answered:

"Why, bless your dear heart, the

Lord wants you to be holy."

The feeling of gratitude towards the good man which I experienced at this time, because he barely thought God was willing to indulge me with this great gift, I can never describe. From his answer I took fresh courage, and I asked him, "Can you tell me how I can get possession of it?" "By faith," he answered.

But he might as well have answered in Hebrew, for I understood not its meaning. I dreaded deception, and I could not suppose it possible that a state of grace that I had so high an estimate upon could be secured short of a corresponding valuable price, or gift, instead of a single, cheap, and worthless act of believing. If he had told me to do some great thing, or to live very faithful, and expect to grow up into it by a long and tedious process, I could have thought his instructions more rational. I remembered the apparent soul-tearing process which I witnessed in a brother who was seeking this blessing at the camp-meeting where I was converted, and I thought that must be the true way to get so great a blessing. But I had serious doubts about my constitution being able to endure the agony necessary. I was conversing with a brother one day upon the subject while others were standing by, when one asked me:

"Why don't you go across the town to R—street, where they have meetings every week at the house of Dr. P—'s? They can tell you how to find the blessing."

An elderly brother, in whose piety I had great confidence, who also stood by, who, believing in this state of grace, had been seeking it about twenty-six years without success, said to me, one side, "You must be very careful about having anything to do with Dr. P—'s people, for they will tell you to believe that you already have the blessing; and besides many people don't believe them to be quite so pious as they pretend,

notwithstanding they put on sanctimonious airs, dress in uniform, and make great pretensions. From that moment I so greatly feared them that I would no sooner have received instructions from them than I would from a Mohammedan, and indeed, I think I should have avoided them at all hazard, if about to meet them in the streets.

I remembered once when a little boy, to have heard Doctor Fisk answer the question of my mother, as to what and how she should believe. "Believe," said he, "that you have it and you have it." I did not then see the difference between believe that you are receiving it, and that will bring it, and believe that you have already received it, and that will make it, that you have received it. All this was utterly and alike opposed to my reason, and I could as readily have endorsed Mohammedanism as holiness secured by these irrational means.

I now thought I could see very clearly through the vagaries of these people. Their holiness seemed to consist in giving up all concern about the matter, and then by imagining that the end was gained, the cessation of the struggle would leave them quiet from all farther concern in the matter, and this quiet they would call the witness of the blessing of holiness. Of course, I abandoned all hope or effort to seek the blessing in the old, long, and hard way, which I had so long pursued and without success. I now went to work with all my might hoping that if my body could endure the agony through which I expected to pass, I might by this desperation gain the land of Beulah. Hearing there was to be a camp-meeting within the bounds of an adjoining Conference, I determined to go as a stranger and thus avoid being seen by any of my brethren of the Church to which I belonged. I knew they had confidence in my piety, but I feared should

they see me in great agony, seeking the blessing of holiness, they might not know what to make of it, and possibly might conclude that I had been committing some grievous sin, and now God had overtaken me; and I not being able to explain all to their satisfaction, they might be grieved, and I would thus be the cause of great injury to the kingdom of Christ. But when I arrived on the campground, I was sorry to find a number of the very brethren I had wished to avoid. Well, thought I, "It is my privilege and duty to be holy to fit me for the great work I have to do, so I shall attend to that and leave God to take care that the cause is not injured by other people's mistakes, while I am doing my duty." I was called upon to preach, but having come for the purpose of seeking the blessing of holiness, I determined to make that my business. But when in good earnest I began to rein up my mind for the struggle, the devil became in earnest too, and induced me to begin to inspect the external evidences of other people's piety. And it did seem to me that I never so saw the corrupt state of the Church. One person's mode of dress was trim, and that was evidence of pride; another was careless, and that was equal evidence of pride of their humility; and I really felt grieved at such sad evidence of declension, and my tears flowed in abundance. I left the congregation, to walk by myself, and alone, and sigh over this declension. But soon I met the good old man who had given me such comfort in saying that he thought God was willing that I should possess the great blessing. I began telling him how I had come to that meeting to seek holiness, but such evidences of declension in the Church, made me feel so bad that I could not attend to it with any hope of success. The good old father saw this to be a device of the enemy to divert my attention and efforts from

the great purpose, and with one word he set me right. Said he, "I was once troubled as you are now, and I got out of it by resolving, 'If everybody else goes to hell, by the grace of God I am going to heaven.'" This broke the spell, for I saw it to be one of the Devil's pious pranks to stop me from earnest efforts to gain the precious prize I was after.

I now thought if I ever gain the blessing I must call on my New York brethren to go into a tent to pray for me, and thus risk any evil occurring through their mistake of my moral state. I did so, and we all knelt, after I had stated to them my desire, I had an idea that they would pray for me with all their might, and possibly create a wave, so to speak, on which my little bark might come to land. They began to pray at random, for everybody and everything, without touching my case at all, just as people usually pray when they don't expect to get anything. But I was now compelled to learn that no delegated power could reach my case, and I must go to God alone. I then, while on my knees, concluded that I must do my own desperate praying and struggling if I ever got through. And supposing that the successful mode of prayer must be intensely urgent with the force of will power, I watched my opportunity to break out in vociferous tones, but I could not have uttered a loud word if it would have saved me, for my lips seemed to be sealed. This taught me that it was, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." I then turned to look into my own heart, and was overwhelmed to see nothing but to loath and abhor, and it seemed to me that I had lost all my religion in trying to get more. The enemy suggested, "You have lost all in trying to get holiness. You had better give up the struggle if such is to be the success of your efforts." And I, believing it to be a fact, got up and

left the tent to moan over my last and greatest calamity. As I was passing along, I found the good old man again, and was telling him what a disaster I had met with in trying to get holiness, saying, "Don't you think I have done wrong to aspire after such an exalted state of grace? for I know I have lost all my religion in the trial,—and I certainly know I had religion when I left New York, for I had the witness of it." "Why bless your dear heart," said he, "don't you know the Lord is emptying you?" Thus in a word he set me right, for I had supposed holiness to be gained by installments, and that when a succession of blessings combined had filled my heart about so full I might call it holiness—first the pardon of sins, then the joys of salvation, and then a succession of indefinite blessings, which in the aggregate, would make up the sum total of holiness. But now I found that every blessing I ever had must be emptied out, for God would not fill a vessel with the wine of Canaan while it was half-full of manna—I had now passed the days for relishing manna, and my Father had enough of the old corn and wine to fill me, and this hereafter was to be my food. But I had been seeking the last installment to complete the blessing. I then asked the old brother, "What shall I do?" Said he, "You must believe for the blessing."

I went out into the grove alone, and into a by-place, and while in a waiting mood and trying to believe, I then saw, as clearly, with my inner eyes, the same personage which I saw just after my conversion, and while I was praying to be made holy. It was the appearance of the Lord Jesus Christ as crucified for me, and a voice seemed to say to me, "All you can do now is to believe in this crucified man, Jesus," for his divinity was hidden from me. But the idea of trusting my soul's salvation to a crucified man, aroused all my

old infidel notions, and I dared not risk it. That image appeared as distinctly to me as any person's image had to my outward eyes. It was at twilight, and he seemed but a few rods distant. But finally the camp-meeting closed, and I was yet without the great blessing.

Away I went to another camp-meeting, which was to be held the next week. Here again I stirred up myself to a desperate effort, and so continued until about Wednesday, but without any appreciable success, when some one told me that the Palmer family from New York were on the ground, had a tent, and held meetings for the promotion of holiness. This family proved more than a match for the enemy of all righteousness. As my success in seeking was so poor, I finally thought I would find the tent and take my seat in some corner where if I saw they were pressing error upon the people I could leave them. Strange as it may seem, an impression beset me that they might, without or against my reason or consent, fasten error upon me. So I resolved to be on the alert, and if I saw it coming to avoid it by flight. I reached the tent and took my seat as I had purposed. I saw a large number of persons there, and among them some Presbyterians and some I think of other denominations. They were sitting very composedly while one was reading from the Bible. I thought, Can this be the way to seek holiness? I wonder that they do not get down and pray with all their might. Still I could not complain of reading the Bible, for that must be right. After the reading, a lady arose, whom I guessed to be the very one from New York, whom I most feared. Subsequently, I found this to be true. Now, I thought, I must be on my guard. But the first words she uttered were, "I beseech you therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, and

acceptable unto God, *which is* your reasonable service." A living sacrifice, is a perpetual sacrifice. Well, thought I, that's Bible, and all right so far. She then stated the preliminary step to be taken, and that is a thorough consecration of ourselves to God. Very well, said I to myself, all *that* I have done, over and over again. She then made this entire consecration to appear as a reasonable demand. And then the reasonableness of believing that God meant what he said, and would do what he had promised; and that our faith must rest mainly on the testimony of God. He has said if I will do thus and thus, he will meet me then, and my faith consisted in taking God at his word.

I then saw the way of faith as never before, and I said to myself, I have tried everything else but faith; I will now go out and make an experiment. So I went out beyond the encampment, and stood renewing my consecration, to know that all was thoroughly devoted to God, in an everlasting covenant; when in a moment appeared that same image of Christ crucified. But I saw only His humanity. I seemed to be standing upon the edge of a fathomless pit, and this image of Christ stood upon the opposite brink. The distance was so far that it was impossible for me to leap over, and the act of faith for me to put in force was in spirit to leap off from this cliff over this abyss of error, and risk that crucified Christ to catch and rescue me from ruin. I was deeply sensible that if I made the effort, and it should fail, I must from that moment bid adieu to all hopes of the world of blessedness, and abandon the profession of religion forever. This brought me to a stand where I saw that everything I hoped, feared, and desired, was now withal to be expected in the world to come, all, *all*, on a single act to be lost or won forever. I was most intensely stirred at the thought of haz-

arding every hope of heaven on a single throw. Then in substance I uttered this prayer:

"O Lord, thou knowest all hearts and that I want to be, and do right. I have tried honestly to know and do all that I could to get right. I stand ready to do or to suffer anything imposed upon me by which to secure the blessing of perfect love. I see I have tried everything but this simple and apparently inefficient and hopeless act of faith, which, looks to my reason more like presumption than it does like an act that can do anything for me. And now, O God, seeing no other untried act, I shall make the venture, and if this fails, on Thee must rest the responsibility. If I am lost for believing Christ I cannot help it. I shall trust to Thy generosity to cover my ignorance."

It now seemed to me that I opened converse with the Holy Ghost and asked, "How shall I believe? with my head, or heart?" The answer came, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Then, in spirit, I did leap off that cliff, and as distinctly as I should if I had in body sprung off, and just in that moment, I felt that the man Christ Jesus caught me in his arms and held me up safely, and I felt that I could risk a world in his hands, for in Him truly "dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Oh, how changed did all nature seem in that awful and glorious moment! Surely, I thought, this must be heaven, or like it, for it comes up to my highest ideal of heaven. But in the next moment my enemy suggested, "This is not the blessing of holiness, for you did not lose your strength, nor have you shouted aloud, or made any great ado about it; but on the other hand you do not want to speak aloud at all." No! One word would have broken the rich spell that held me captive. But I took my

eye of faith off from the Saviour to examine this temptation, and in a moment I was set back on the other side of the gulf, where I was before. Yet the image of Christ was still where I first saw it; but I was as vacant as ever. "Well," said I to myself, "I did feel all right while believing!" The success of the first leap emboldened me to try again, and with more daring I tried it the second time, and with the same happy results. Then the temptation came, "You cannot keep it," and drew my eye from the Saviour again, and again I was back with the gulf between me and Christ. I sprang off again, with the same results. The tempter said this time, "No one will believe you surrendered all;" and robbed me of my witness again. And so I alternated between faith and doubt; and joy and sorrow. But I learned this lesson, that it is not for believing, but while believing, I could hang upon the atonement and feel the repose of God's Spirit assuring me that the work was done. So I determined to leap off again and continue in that act of trusting. This I did, and when the enemy asked, "How will it be with you to-morrow?" I answered, "I don't know; to-morrow has not yet come." "Well, how will it be five minutes from now?" I answered again, "I don't know, nor will I concern myself about it. I believe I am saved now, one moment at a time. I never try to get but one breath of air at a time; that is all I want or need. When I want another it is allowed me. So I do not need a stock of the joys of salvation for future use, but take it, breathe it, by a single act of faith just as I have need. A continuous act of faith brings a continuous supply of salvation. Faith to the soul, I found, is what breathing is to the body. I also learned the philosophy of consecration. It is to make room for storing salvation, by emptying out the heart.

"Now," said the Spirit, "go and tell brother M—— what the Lord has done for you." I went on to the ground and found him and began, saying, "Brother M——, I believe." "There," the Devil said, "if you tell him, he will say, you must be very careful about making great professions, for sanctification is a very great blessing." Brother M—— stood gazing at me without saying a word. Then I began again, "Brother M—— I believe," but fearing he would think I was boasting, I was about to qualify what I was saying, but did not do it. "Well, I believe,—if I don't keep it a minute—that Jesus has sanctified my unworthy heart." Glory to God!" shouted brother M——. "Now go and tell my wife." I gathered strength by the avowal already made, and the confidence he seemed to have that Jesus had done the work, and so I went and told his wife. She rejoiced and said, "Now go upon the stand and profess it to all the people. I did so, and it settled and established me in the idea of confessing the exact thing done for me.

Dr. P—— found me and said, "Mr. Wesley says that one sanctification is equal to ten conversions, as it will result in that." I took my cue from that and resolved to give it a trial. Away I went into a tent and at once began inviting my brethren to come now to the blood that cleanses from all sin. "Now claim your privilege," I urged. We began a meeting and the line of personal holiness, received now, was the leading feature. God at once began to work in awful power; and as I have always found since, the making the doctrine of holiness the main feature did not hinder the work of conversion, for uninvited, one or two penitents came in and said in substance, "I want religion," and said one, "I felt impressed to come to this tent to get it. I passed by other tents and prayer-meetings,

for I felt this was the place." In a very few minutes they and others were happily saved of the Lord,—and the conversions increased until the end of the camp-meeting.

Now I had an opportunity to see one strong distinction between the joys of justification and those of sanctification, in my own experience. Formerly when leaving a campground after a good meeting, I would feel sad to leave the hallowed spot, and to strike the tents; for leaving, was to me like a funeral. But now it was a matter of joy, for I felt I was carrying away a camp-meeting with me. In holiness I had all the elements of a good meeting.

On going to rest, in my own room, in the city that evening, it was suggested, "You will sleep this all off as you have all other blessings formerly," but the last word I uttered before going to sleep was, "Glory to God!" and when I awoke in the morning it was yet, "Glory to God!" Thus I found the old corn and wine of Canaan, unlike the manna of justification, to be hearty, solid, and abiding.

Sabbath came, and I found no more shrinking from doing duty. I went to church, and in offering the closing prayer, I had especial liberty, and was sweetly blessed. But on passing down the aisle, a good old brother met me and said, "Do you know how you prayed? You really shocked me. Why, you prayed directly to Christ, and you did not even mention the name of God!" "Well, brother," I answered, "it did seem to me that in Him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; and you know Christ did say once, 'Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name. Ask and receive, that your joy may be full.'" I now felt and saw the force of the text. "No man can call Jesus Lord but by the Holy Ghost." Now I saw it was no risk to hang a world's salvation on the merits of Christ. In this light I saw the sin of unbelief to

be the great soul-destroying sin of the world, and in point of criminality, murder and robbery, and every hateful crime, appeared comparatively innocent. Unbelief makes God a liar, is a positive insult to him, and is the root of every crime.

HOLINESS.

BY REV. R. GILBERT.

THE TESTIMONY OF THREE WORLDS.

I asked a sinner as he bowed,
While holy light revealed the cloud;
"I stand and gaze with trembling awe,"
He said, "for sinless is the law."

I asked whom justifying peace
Had cheered his heart, and signed release:
"The Spirit fire must purge the dross,"
He cried, "or heaven will be my loss."

Then came an angel robed in white,
Whose garb reflected radiant light,
"One spot of sin upon my heart
Would wake the thunder voice—'Depart.'"

Then near me stood a glorious one,
Whose blood-washed robes outshone the Sun;
"None enter heaven—'tis wholly vain
To expect, till cleansed from every stain."

Next passed a continent of gloom,
Where deathless millions meet their doom;
"Lost holiness has forged our chains,"
They wailed, "and Death eternal reigns."

Last spoke the Godhead—sacred Three—
Whose glorious face no sin can see:
"Nought enters here to see my face,
But HOLINESS within this place."

If nought of sin can heaven gain,
Then, here on earth, let Jesus reign;
Let Spirit fire implant the love,
That rules on earth as heaven above.
—Douds Station, Iowa.

THERE is no book which can take the place of the grand old Bible of our fathers. The Bible is an infallible guide. It is a book which must be studied by the electric light of the Holy Ghost in order to be seen in all its beauty. The tallow candle of mere intellectualism is too dim a light with which to explore its recesses. The Bible, moreover, is nothing to us unless we make it a part of ourselves.—*Adalbert Beach.*

JOHN FLETCHER.

BY S. R. MERRILL.

He was chosen Principal of Lady Huntington's College at the age of forty-one. "He was to attend as often as he could conveniently, to give advice in the appointment of masters; on the admission and exclusion of students; to oversee their studies and conduct; to assist their piety, and to judge of their qualifications for the ministry." He readily accepted the charge without fee or reward. The Rev. Benson, the Principal, says of him, "He was revered, he was loved, he was almost adored by all." Students for the University were allowed to stay three years or to the close of the course, having board and clothing furnished them free.

The Clergymen and Principal, pious persons of all denominations, were invited to assemble at Bristol during the next session of Mr. Wesley's Conference, when they were to proceed in a body to the said Conference, and insist on a formal recantation of the *heresy* contained in the published minutes of the Conference.

Fletcher felt he ought to defend the writings. As a result some, "Who had loved him as their own souls, were so vexed and chagrined on seeing their favorite sentiment undermined and overthrown, that they poured forth abusive language in a very liberal manner." Because of the antinomianism of those who controlled the college, he withdrew from it. His "Checks" were hotly opposed at the college. They were his belief set opposite some false doctrines which were creeping in. His article to the American colonies, when bordering on war, so pleased the king that he commissioned an officer to ask him if, "any office in the church would be acceptable to him, or if the Lord Chancellor could do him any service." He

replied, "I want nothing but more grace, and so nothing that you can give." He so exposed himself to all weathers in all seasons of the year, studied so hard, frequently continuing from fourteen to sixteen hours a day; and would eat some bread and cheese, and fruit, and drink a little milk, and immediately resume his studies until his health failed. He lost much time from his work in traveling for many years to regain it. A visitor on coming from Mr. F's room, was asked how he liked him? replied, "I went to see a man who had one foot in the grave, but I found a man who had one foot in heaven." While lying low he wrote to his church, "The more nearly I consider death, the grave, and eternity, the more I feel I have preached to you the truth and that the truth is as solid as the Rock of Ages." One of his visitors after pressing him hard for some of his opinions, at length remarked with great warmth: "Mr. F. you had better been gasping for life with an asthma, or have had all your limbs unstrung by palsy, than to have written those Checks." F. meekly replied, "I wanted more love then, and I do so still."

While traveling through the streets of Rome, his carriage was stopped, and he told that the Pope was coming, and that they must all bow to him as he passes; for a refusal might be attended with fatal consequences. But they flatly refused, and the driver hustled them off down an alley. The Pope while passing, waved his hands like one swimming, and great crowds in the streets bowed to him. Fletcher was greatly moved, and would have testified against this antichrist, had he known the Italian language.

A magistrate forbade his preaching in Switzerland; but he continued in a private house. He walked several miles to visit a pious man in the country.

When fifty-one years old he was

entirely cured of consumption. One says of his preaching, "He spoke like one who had just left the converse of God and angels."

SCIENTISTS NOT INFALLIBLE.

The "Higher Criticism" which has undertaken to reconstruct all ancient records, which re-wrote the history of Rome for the first five centuries, pronounced Troy a myth, and has sought to invalidate or correct the Bible history, frequently makes such blunders and mistakes that all but the critics themselves will soon doubt its infallibility. The Troy of Priam, that they decided had never existed, has been unearthed by Schliemann, with its Scæan gates and Pergamos. At Mykenæ he has found probably the very bones of Agamemnon, and the golden masks in which he and his friends were buried. The libraries of old Assyrian and Babylonian kings have also been brought to light by recent discoveries, and found to be rich in confirmations of the Bible story. They contain accounts of the confusion of tongues at Babel and of the flood, as well as many other illustrations of the sacred history. To two of these we invite the attention of our readers.

The prophet Isaiah (chapter 20: 1) names an Assyrian king called Sargon. He was, as far as we know, mentioned by no other historian. Berosus and Herodotus were silent concerning him. Not another voice out of all the history of the past was raised to tell that he had ever lived. The critics did not hesitate to declare that this silence proved he never had an existence. They held that it convinced Isaiah of a mistake and a want of inspired guidance. For twenty-five centuries the only intimation the world had that Sargon had ever lived, was found in his passage of the Hebrew prophet.

But the Bible was right and the critics were wrong. The Assyrian discoveries have given us his full history. We are even permitted to study the royal archives of his reign. He was a founder of a dynasty, the father of Sennacherib, and one of the greatest monarchs that ever occupied the Assyrian throne.

Another example. The Bible makes the Hittites a great people in the earliest ages. They are contemporaries of Abraham, Moses and Joshua. A recent writer says: "We see their serried lines of chariots opposing Joshua on his entrance into the Promised Land, and in the decisive battle by Lake Merom. We see their soldiers of fortune leading the hosts of David and Solomon, and their women in the harems of the same powerful monarchs; and finally we see the Syrian army flying in panic from the siege of Samaria for the fear of the kings of the Hittites." The Scriptural writers make them a great and powerful people. But no trace of the Hittites has been found in classical history. In fact, of all known records, the Bible excepted, not one had one word in regard to this people. So the destructive critics on the Continent and their imitators in England, with various degrees of emphasis, asserted that these Scriptural recognitions of the Hittites had no foundation in fact, that no such people had existed during Old Testament times; that this part of the Jewish history was indisputably not true, and that this want of accuracy destroyed the theory of inspiration as well as credibility of the record.

For a long time no answer could be given that would silence objections. Not a line had been preserved elsewhere concerning this people in all the history of the ancient world. It was held to be impossible that a race of such prominence could have lived, flourished and passed away without leaving

traces elsewhere. The "critical method had proved the Bible to be wrong." So the critics said.

But the march of modern discovery has proved that it was the critics who were wrong. In 1872 there were found at Hamath, not far from Damascus, inscriptions that were of Hittite origin. Soon after, additional testimony came from Egypt. As the monuments there were more carefully examined, and as the work of deciphering inscriptions proceeded, behold the Hittites appear as one of the enemies most feared by the Egyptians, as a great people, occupying a vast territory, and as one of the chief of then existing peoples. Nor was this all; the Assyrian tablets and cylinders added their testimony, and carried the history of the Hittites back to nineteen hundred years before Christ, declaring that at that remote period they were a mighty people. Their remains have been found from the borders of Egypt to the Euphrates and northward to Asia Minor, proving that they occupied a large part of Western Asia and were a mighty race. Thus are the critics put to shame. So will it always be. We may sometimes have to wait for further light in order to silence them, but in due time it will come. "We have not followed cunningly-devised fables," but the word of eternal truth. The storm of error may beat upon it and seem for a time to prevail, but it will stand, for "it is founded upon a rock."—*Evangelist.*

WE shall one day forget all about duty, and do everything from the love of the loveliness of it, the satisfaction of the righteousness of it.—*Paul Faber.*

YOUR CHOICE.—Will you have a foretaste of Heaven now, and then heaven forever; or, will you have a foretaste of hell now, and then hell forever?—*J. Wesley.*

ON MAKING OUR WILLS.

BY REV. JOHN GLEN.

I have thought of late of saying to the readers of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*, a word upon this, to me, important subject. Very many who are strict and tenacious as regards all the doctrines held by us as a church, and give fairly of their means to help on the work of God while they live, die without remembering Jesus Christ in their wills. They remember all the children, no matter how profligate, they may be, and often other relatives, but do not will Christ a cent, and that often when they are able to will their children thousands of dollars each. Now we believe and feel that this is not right. That every one in making their wills should remember the Christ who has redeemed their souls. If we can afford to will a child one thousand, we can afford to give Jesus one hundred. I should have more faith, that the blessing of God would attend my children, and that they would know his salvation, by so doing, than I would if I bestowed all upon them. And if a person could know in Heaven that he had left a portion of his money down here, to represent him in the work of God, till Jesus comes, the interest every year being given to the cause of Christ, would he not enjoy heaven the better?

We know of one man, whom God has blessed to a considerable extent, who has no children, who so made his will, that at the end of his and his wife's life, the whole was to be left to work for God. While they give God praise in heaven, they will also be working for him on the earth, in increasing their heavenly riches; for we are rewarded according to our works.

We know of another, who, after willing to each of his children, a fair portion, willed the great bulk to Christ. Is not this wiser? Does it

not afford greater proof of love to Christ, than it would to bestow it upon relatives, who might spend it for the Devil? We hope many will go and do likewise, and be the richer eternally for it. We are not our own. Our money is not ours. As God's agents, we are under solemn obligations to use it wisely for Him. Would it not be well, if Wesley's views on riches, and on giving, could be read once a year in all our congregations as well as on dress.—*Seattle, W. T.*

SMALL THINGS.

BY E. N. TENNEY.

Many are looking for a stronger outward force and more favorable circumstances before they begin to exercise the faith that takes hold on God for the salvation of the perishing. They have been floating down this stream of idleness, perhaps, for years, their expectations have not been realized, and therefore their life is but a blank leaf in God's book of labor.

We are not all giants, nor vessels of gold, but in 2 Tim. 2: 20, 21, we are taught that no matter how mean or despised the vessel may be, if thoroughly purged it is acceptable for the Master's use.

I believe, if the time we often spend in looking for great preachers was spent in prevailing with God, far more would be accomplished. Oh, if we could only bring one to be willing to work in the sphere in which God has placed him!

In this moral world there are multitudes of men wandering about, being destitute of food and raiment who won't work because they can't get the kind of labor and the amount of wages they desire. They lead a miserable life, while if they had not looked for something great, and from time to time had accepted such

labor and wages as they could get, might have been respectable citizens and comfortably well off.

Just so spiritually, many are looking to do something great, go, as it were tramping all their day, because they are not willing to occupy a small position. 1 Cor. 1: 27, 28.

In time of war all do not occupy the position of an officer, neither do all handle cannons when in conflict with the enemy; if those who handle muskets would refuse to shoot because they could not kill as many as the men do who handle the cannon, the enemy would surely conquer. While if every man fires away and does the best he can, the desired end is accomplished.

May God help us to keep firing away with such weapons as we have, and God will supply all that is lacking to defeat the devil.

The switch that turns a train of cars from the track on which it is running, is but simple and easily operated. Also the means that God has provided for turning sinners from the track that leads to death, into the way of life, are often very simple. It may be but a word spoken or a kind act performed. Be content to go forth with what talents God has given you. "For who hath despised the day of small things."—Zach. 4: 10.

THE man who will not do a thing for duty, will never get so far as to derive any help from the hope of goodness. But duty itself is only a stage toward something better. It is but the impulse, God-given, I believe, toward a far more vital contact with the truth.—*Paul Faber.*

ALL we want in Christ we shall find in Christ. If we want little, we shall find little. If we want much, we shall find much; and if in utter helplessness we cast our all on Christ, he will be to us the whole treasury of God.—*Bishop Whipple.*

THE THREE BIDDERS.

REVISED BY E. P. M.

Just listen a moment, young friends,
And a story I'll unfold—
A marvellous tale of a wonderful sale,
Of a noble lady of old.
How hand and heart in an auction mart
Her soul and her body she sold.

"Twas in the kings' highway so broad,
A century ago,
That a preacher stood of noble blood,
Telling the poor and low
Of a Saviour's love and a home above,
And a peace that all might know.

A crowded throng drew eagerly near,
And they wept at the wondrous love
That could wash away their vilest sins,
And give them a home above;
When lo! through the crowd a lady proud,
Her gilded chariot drove.

"Make room! make room!" cried the haughty groom

"You obstruct the king's highway;
My lady is late and their majesties wait,
Give way there, good people, give way!"
But the preacher heard and his soul was stirred,

And he cried to the rider, "Nay."

His eye like the lightning flashes out;

His voice like a trumpet rings;

"Your grand fete days, your fashions and ways,

Are all but perishing things;

'Tis the kings highway, but I hold it to-day
In the name of the King of Kings."

Then he cried, as he gazed on the lady fair,
And marked her soft eye fall:

"Now here in His Name a Sale I proclaim,
And bids for this fair lady call;

Who will purchase the whole, her body and soul,

Her coronet, and jewels and all?

Three bidders already at hand I see,—

The World steps up at the first,

"My treasures and pleasures, my honors I give,
For which all my votaries thirst;

She'll be happy and gay through life's bright day,

With a quiet grave at the worst."

Next out speaks the Devil and boldly bids,

"The kingdoms of earth are all mine;

Fair lady thy name with an envied fame,

On their brightest tablets shall shine;
Only give me thy soul and I give thee the whole,

Their glory and wealth to be thine."

And what wilt Thou give, O sinner's true friend;

Thou Man of Sorrows unknown?

He gently said, "My blood I have shed,

To purchase her for mine own;

To conquer the grave and her soul to save,
I trod the wine press alone.

I will give her my cross of suffering here,

My cup of sorrow to share;

Then with glory and love in my home above,

Forever to dwell with me there;
She shall walk in light in a robe of white,
And a radiant crown shall wear."

Thou hast heard the terms, my lady fair,
Offered by each for thee;
Which wilt thou choose and which wilt thou lose,

This life or the life to be?

The figure is mine, but the choice is thine,
Dear lady, which of the three?"

Nearer and nearer the preacher's stand,
The gilded chariot stole;
And each head is bowed as over the crowd,
The gospel accents roll;
And every word which the lady heard,
Burned into her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she kindly said,
As she rose from her cushioned seat;
As the crowd made way, you might almost say

You could hear her pulses beat:

And each head was bare as the lady fair,
Knelt low at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hand the jewels rare,
The coronet from her brow;

"Lord Jesus," she said as she bowed her head,
The highest bidder art Thou;

Thou hast died for my sake, and I gratefully take

Thy offer—and take it now.

I know the pleasures and treasures of earth,

At best they but weary and cloy,

And the Tempter is bold but his honors of gold

Prove ever a fatal decoy;

I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;
O Lord, I accept it with joy.

I turn from the pride and the ambitions' of earth,

I welcome thy cross now so dear;

My mission shall be to win souls for Thee,

While life shall be spared to me here;

My hope ever found with Thee to be crowned,
When Thou shalt in glory appear.

"Amen!" said the preacher with reverent grace,

And the people all wept aloud;

Years have rolled on and all have gone,

Who around that altar bowed;

Lady and throng have been swept along,
On the wind like a morning cloud.

But soon, O how soon, the glory and gloom
Of the world shall pass away;

And the Lord shall come to His promised throne,

With his saints in shining array;

May we all be there with the Lady fair,
On that coronation day!

A man never knows what a weak, fickle, and uncertain master he has in himself, until he is at liberty to govern his own life and do as he pleases.

THE WORD OF GOD.

BY W. K. LA DUE.

No book in the world is so hated by wicked men and devils as the Bible. This fact alone is a strong proof of its divine origin. Monarchs have issued edicts calling for its destruction; men and women have been burned at the stake for reading its sacred pages; hundreds of houses have been ransacked by those eager to ferret out this hated volume and burn it; but it remains, and to-day has a vastly greater circulation than any other book and is read in all the principal languages of the world.

To us the word of God is of untold value. "It is a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path." In it is revealed the plan of salvation. The most pitiable object in this world is a human being "having no hope and without God,"—a soul helplessly adrift in the maelstrom of sin. How fearful to be without compass and chart on life's ocean! So it is with the unregenerate. By nature we are the children of wrath, condemned, awaiting the penalty of the law. Is there no hope? Yes, thank God! This book shows us a way of escape; it reveals unto us "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." "But after all, he may not be willing to take away my sins," says some benighted soul. Harken! "If *any* man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

Solomon exhorts those who would be wise to keep company with wise men. Take this book and, with prayerful heart, drink deep into its spirit;—then you shall be wise; you shall keep company with God. Young men and women are advised to read the lives of persons distinguished for virtue, that thereby they may enrich their characters; and the advice is good. But here is the

book of all books, the ideal,—the autobiography of the Godhead. Study this. Other books are of value only as they harmonize with this book.

Follow out the teachings of modern philosophers, and your end will be destruction. Whoever knew of one who was brought to salvation by reading Goethe, or Carlyle, or Emerson? On the other hand, the Bible has brought multitudes to a knowledge of the truth. It is the only sufficient rule of conduct; it alone leads to the light. Man cannot know his own heart; hence it is impossible for him to prescribe proper laws for his moral government. God knows the heart of man. He can prescribe proper laws for his moral government, and he has done so. We have them recorded here. How important then this book!

Ignorance brings bondage; but by knowing the truth we are made free. Truth brings us into harmony with God. It drives the malaria of error out of the spiritual system, purifies the blood, and fills us with abounding life and power. Good food is necessary to good health. We should be able to say with Jeremiah (15: 16), "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart," and with David (Psa. 119: 103), "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"

In studying the Bible we should make good use of our minds. Many seem to think that the Spirit will make the truth clear independent of much effort on their part. This is a great mistake. Neander, in his "Life of Christ," has well said, "God reveals himself in his word as he does in his works. In both we see a self-revealing, self-concealing God, who makes himself known only to those who earnestly seek him; in both we find stimulants to faith and

occasions for unbelief, in both we find contradictions, whose higher harmony is hidden, except from him who gives up his whole mind in reverence, in both, in a word, it is the law of revelation that the heart of man should be tested in receiving it, and that, in the spiritual life, as well as in the bodily, man must eat his bread in the sweat of his brow." The Bible demands and deserves in its study more thought than any other book.

We should search for light with a willingness to walk in it when it shines. To seek for a knowledge of the Scriptures with a selfish motive is an insult to God. Upon those who pursue such a course is sent "strong delusion, that they should believe a lie." To honest hearts our Father says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."—Jas. 1: 5. Above all we should take the Holy Spirit as the interpreter of the word of truth. This is the only possible way to escape deception. Our ideas may appear to us as clear as the noon-day sun, but unless they are of the Spirit, and thus in harmony with the truth, they might, followed out, lead into utter darkness. The eloquence of those divines who know only the letter of the law may be but the precursor of the wails of damned souls. We hear many cry, "Away with your experience! Let us have the Word!" What do they mean? Are we to throw aside the experiences of God's holy ones, their ideas of his word, and substitute in their stead the ideas of those who are destitute of the Holy Ghost? If they mean this (and it is evident that they do; for they practically substitute in the place of the truth their explanation of it), their cry is an echo from the pit, "The letter killeth!" Persons who adorn themselves after the fashions of this world, and by their

walk deny the power of godliness take it upon themselves to explain the mysteries of God's word. The Lord deliver us from such teachers! Whether they realize it or not, "the poison of asps is under their lips." "The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." This Spirit we are to receive, that we may "know the things that are freely given to us of God."

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe,
'Tis the law of our being—we reap as we sow;
We may try to evade them; may do what we will,
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure.
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth:
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard, earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember this great truth has often been proved—
We must make ourselves lovable would we be loved.

Though life may appear a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the water comes back.
This law was enacted by heaven above—
That likes begets like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone;
In our gardens are flowers from every zone;
But the beautiful graces which blossom within,
Grow shriveled and die in the Ups of sin.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
'Till health becomes broken and youth becomes old:
Ah! did we the same for a beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.

We reap what we sow—oh, wonderful truth!
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But it shines out at last, as the "hand on the wall,"
For the world has its "debit" and "credit" for all.

IT MUST BE that the heaviest wrath and torments should be the portion of those who have sinned against the clearest light and visions of grace.—
Flower.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY REV. J. T. MICHAEL.

In any of the established departments of trades, in ordinary buying and selling, there should be an equal exchange. To this rule, there may be many exceptions, such as auction sales and numerous special bargains, but the statement is one which will hold good in every application which I propose to make. For instance you go to a dry-goods store and purchase five yards of black cloth, for which you pay five dollars. You now put down all the items of value:

1. The raw material.
2. The bringing of the raw material into its present condition.
3. The privilege of obtaining a small quantity.
4. The time, risks, abilities, and responsibilities of the merchant.
5. Any other items which may exist.

These added together, should make exactly five dollars. But suppose that, after giving to every item its full value, you only have four dollars, and that you have paid one dollar without receiving anything in return. Suppose the merchant knew that this was the case, that he deliberately put your dollar into his drawer without giving you anything for it; then you have a right to conclude that you have been cheated. If this merchant constantly acts in this way, if for every five dollars received, he only gives back four, he is certainly constantly guilty of defrauding his customers. If the dry-goods' dealers in your town so transact their business that they take one dollar of every five which they receive from the people, and wilfully agree among themselves that for it the people shall receive nothing in material, labor, risks, time, responsibilities, or in anything else, then the dry-goods business in your town turns out to be a serious imposition.

Should this practice pervade the trade throughout the country, I think there would be no difficulty in convincing any reasonable person that, conducted in such a manner, it was an enormous swindle, and that something should be done to bring about a change.

What has been said of the dry-goods business, is equally true of the grocery business, the flour business, or the furniture business. Why should it not be true of the liquor business? Why should the grocer be called a thief when he charges one dollar for an article knowing that all the items represented in it can only aggregate fifty cents, while the saloon keeper across the street who is doing what is far worse, passes for an honest man? The rule which I have named ought to test the liquor business as well as any other, and tested by this rule, who will pretend to say that this traffic is not proved to be a gigantic fraud?

Here is a mechanic who works hard for six days, and on Saturday he receives fifteen dollars for his labor. With this he can get food and clothing for himself and family, but instead of going to the butcher or to the tailor, he goes to the tavern, and within the space of three hours he hands over to the tavern keeper all he earned during the week. What does he get in return? Why is it that the man who stands behind the bar and twirls the glasses, can take this money which represents days of hard toil? Does he possess some unusual talent which makes his time a hundred fold more valuable than the time of the mechanic? Or, is there in the article he sells some peculiar value which renders it extremely costly? Put down every item of value which in any way may be connected with the intoxicating beverages which are given for this money. Make the most liberal allowance, if you choose to do so, you may look at the transaction as mere-

ly a matter of dollars and cents, but will you pretend to believe that this mechanic has not been cheated?

In the city of New York there were nine thousand liquor saloons, receiving, on an average, eighteen dollars a day. This made the total average daily receipts one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. In a western town, seven hundred dollars in new bills, which were so marked that they could be recognized, were paid to a number of workmen on Saturday night, and it was discovered that more than half of these same bills were deposited in the banks by the saloon keepers before noon of the following Monday. Did the men who paid these amounts to the saloons get any equivalent in anything? Putting the very lowest estimate upon the work of the men, and the very highest estimate upon what they received, can we by any legitimate process escape the conclusion that these saloon keepers were a set of swindlers?

In one of our large cities, on one side of the street, within the space of about a quarter of a mile, I counted nineteen saloons, all apparently doing a thriving business. Probably there were as many on the other side of the street. Do the men who enter these places with their money in their pockets come out with anything which equals what they took in? And when we look, not simply at one street, but all over the city, over the state, and over the entire nation, what do we see? Supposing there is nothing more than an exchange of money and rum, is there not enough robbery even in this to brand the traffic as an outrage upon humanity, and to cause every one who believes in honest dealing to strike a blow which will help to destroy the abomination?

But the paying of money is only a very little part, and as long as our eyes are forced to look upon scenes of blood, and as long as our ears

must hear the last wails of murdered souls, one might wonder that we should refer to it at all.

Look at this young man as he comes from the altar with his bride. He loves her, and his soul is moved by a noble purpose to fill her life with bright and beautiful joys. The promises he made as they walked together in the still twilight, and the vows he took when she gave herself once and forever into his keeping, he fully expects to perform. He would die rather than break the least of them, and he would spurn the thought of ever causing her to shed a tear of sorrow. He really believes that he could never throw a shadow over the little home which he has toiled so hard to provide for her. How different the future often is from what it promised to be!

On the way which leads from his shop to his home there is a saloon, and one night this young man gives to the saloon keeper just ten minutes of the time which ought to be spent at his own fireside. "It will do no harm," he says to his conscience; "I will not drink. The other men stop here, and I want to know what is going on." The tavern keeper has often seen him go by, and this evening he chuckles over the prospect of having another victim. It is true he gets no money, but he gets a little time, and he is satisfied with the beginning. When the young man stops again, he not only gives his time, but a few dimes of his money are handed over to the smiling saloon keeper. Then an entire evening is passed with rough and boisterous companions, and a dollar goes into the drawer behind the bar. The anxious wife waits long at the cottage gate, and then she sits in silence and sadness, wiping the bitter tears away. The saloon keeper knows exactly what he is doing. He takes the time and the money, and he gives rum, and a resistless appetite for more rum in re-

turn. This young man had a commendable self-respect. A few months ago, he would have been ashamed to be sitting in the bar-room, but he gives his self-respect away for rum. He had many seasons of pleasure in his own happy home, but as the years go by, he gives them all for rum. He had a good character, and a healthy, vigorous, manly personal appearance, but he gives them both for rum. Then he gives his business. He is a drunkard now—his employer no longer needs him. The man behind the bar sees every step of the downward career, and he takes whatever is offered for rum. The pretty cottage goes for rum, and the drunkard's wife and children shiver in a miserable hovel, the slaves of a creature who has sunk far below the level of a beast. His children's shoes and clothes which his wife worked hard and late to buy, he sells for rum. Then he gives their lives for rum. One froze to death, and the other he killed with a club one stormy night when he returned from the saloon. The saloon-keeper knows all this, but he takes it all in exchange for rum. His wife's happiness, her health, her life all go for rum. Then as this wretched husband staggers from the grave, he wants more rum, but his money is all gone, and then without a pang or a tear, driven on by the fiery thirst for rum, he digs up the body and sells it for money with which to buy rum. The saloon-keeper knows how this money was obtained, but he coolly takes it, and hands over the rum. Time, money, business, personal appearance, character, home, health, children, and wife, are all gone, and now nothing is left to give for rum except the poor drunkard's soul. He leans against the bar, and offers even that for rum, and if he can beg or steal ten pennies to place along side of it, the saloon-keeper will take them, and give the

rum—and the soul with one long, last, frightened shriek, leaps into eternity.

Do you say the picture is overdrawn? Increase its intensity a hundred thousand fold until the words bend and snap beneath the weight of facts, and even then the truth would only be faintly and partially revealed.

Imagine one hundred and forty thousand *licensed* liquor saloons. See the one thousand saloon-keepers who enrich themselves by making paupers, who build their own houses by tearing down the houses of their neighbors, who feed their own children with the bread they steal from the mouths of the children of others. The hearts of many of them are so hard that those whom they have ruined may go to prison, may go even to the grave,—yes, may go even to hell, and they can sleep the night away, without a dream of regret, and can return next day to their work without a motion of pity. Their eyes are so blinded that they are no longer troubled with sights of the ghost of the men, women and children they have slain. Their ears have become so dull that they no longer hear the cry of the stone wall and the answer of the beam in the timber. "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood,"

Several years ago, I read a small tract* which represented these one hundred and forty thousand saloons arranged on both sides of a street two hundred and sixty five miles long, through which the work of one year was pouring in one vast procession. First came an army of five million who frequent saloons. Five abreast, it would be two hundred and seventy miles long, and traveling at the rate of twenty miles a day, it would require over twenty-eight days

* The tract from which this illustration is taken was written by Rev. R. T. Cross. I cannot tell who published it, and as far as I know, it is now out of print.—J. T. M.

to go by. Then came an army of five hundred and thirty thousand confirmed drunkards. It was sixty miles long, and poured in seven days. Next came one hundred thousand criminals, followed by an army of maniacs. Then came one hundred thousand funerals. Allowing thirty to a mile, there would be a funeral procession of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three miles. It would require nearly a year to go by. Then at last came an army of two hundred thousand children who were inheriting the consequences of strong drink.

Let us view this procession until we realize at last, a small part of the truth which it reveals. See the army of five hundred thousand drunkards! See the criminals and the maniacs! Look into their faces! Look into their hearts! Go to their homes! See them in drunken stupors upon the floor! Hear their curses, and *feel* their brutal blows! See them in their madness as they vainly try to free themselves from the serpents which coil around them, and from the fiends that reach for their souls. Look at them, and then think of what they might have been, of what they would have been, had it not been for rum. Look at these funerals! Some were run over by the cars. Some jumped overboard, and were drowned. Some cut their own throats, and others blew their own brains out, murdered mothers and fathers, murdered wives, murdered children; corpses from insane asylums, alms houses, jails and penitentiaries, and from the scaffold. Oh, how they lived! Oh, how they died! Listen to the wail of drunkards' children. Measure the bitter, blinding tears which roll from eyes already accustomed to scenes of cruelty and bloodshed. See them in their last dying agonies as they stretch their thin hands and turn their pale, bruised faces heavenward and beg the Saviour who loved little children to take them up in his arms

and to give them rest. Look at them and then put them in the place of your own children. Go to the prisons, go to the mad-houses, go to the grave-yards. Yes, go to the edge of the pit, and listen—and then tell me whether you still claim that I have exaggerated.

And what will we do? We who believe in God and in the right. This terrible traffic, with all its unspeakable train of woe and sin and death, is at our doors, and God, humanity, righteousness, justice, reason, love, all call upon us to say what shall be done with it. May each one of us give an answer in action as well as in word, which, should it ring in our ears throughout eternity, would never make us ashamed.

South Oak City, Pa.

THE UNANSEWRED PRAYER.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

"I called Him, but He gave me no answer."
—Solomon's Song 5:6.

Doth the Saviour answer not?
Hath he then his own forgot?
Who prescribes for him the way
He shall answer when we pray?
Leave to him the means, the hour:
He is Wisdom, Love, and Power.
His the glory, with the might
Of resources infinite!
Onward then, faint hearted! See
Christ in every breeze for thee;
In the rough wave, in the sky,
In the fierce blast sweeping by.
All his gracious hand controls
Tenderly for waiting souls.

Hath he ever left thee yet?
Ah, the mother may forget
All the tender hopes that rest
Round the babe upon her breast;
But will he forsake his own,
Who to him for help hath flown?
O'er this dark, tempestuous sea
Moves the Ark of Galilee.
Gazing only on the storm,
Thou hast missed the beauteous Form
Gliding o'er each foaming height,
Leaving darkest billows bright,
Cheering with some whispered word:
Ah! thou know'st him—"Tis the Lord!"

Up, thou trembler! He will guide
Thy lone bark to yonder side,
Where no stormy breakers rise,
Hiding Jesus from thine eyes.
Thou shalt see this storm hath driven
Thy poor heart the nearer heaven.

—Extracted from the *Brook in the Way*.

IN EVERYTHING.

The apostle says, "Be careful for nothing, but *in everything*, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

There is no restriction as to the subject of our prayers. Nothing that interests the obedient child can fail to interest the heavenly Father. Our joys are his, our sorrows are his, and our burdens are his. Whatever grieves or distresses us affects his heart, for he is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

Whatever our trials, then, may be, we may lay them before the Lord. Our business cares, our financial embarrassments, our domestic perplexities, our inward conflicts, our temptations, our faults, our failures, our follies and our sins; what can we do but take them all before the Lord in prayer.

How often we are oppressed with worldly anxieties, and apprehensions regarding our temporal prosperity; how precious the privilege of casting all these at the Saviour's feet, and trusting him to bring us through our trials, perplexities, and embarrassments, and crown us with eternal joy in his kingdom.

In ancient warfare much depended on muscular strength, bodily agility, and physical force. Modern appliances have changed this. The weakest hand may enlist the forces of nature, and scatter death and devastation among the ranks of the mightiest foes. So in the warfare of faith, victories are not won by strength of arm or speed of foot. "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Prayer is a weapon fitted to the weakest hand. No matter what our state or condition may be, there is provision in prayer for us. Here the weak may say, "I am strong," and the helpless may lay hold upon eternal power.

Let us learn to pray more, to pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning us.

RASH JUDGMENT.

Keep thy eye single, and beware of judging the actions of others for in doing this a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins: but in examining and judging himself he is always wisely and usefully employed.

We generally judge of persons and things as they either oppose or gratify our private views and inclinations, and blinded by self-love we are easily led from the judgment of truth. If God alone were the pure object of all our intentions and desires, we should not be troubled when the truth of things happens to be repugnant to our own sentiments; but now, we are continually drawn aside from truth and peace, by some inclination lurking within, or some apparent good or evil rising without. Many indeed secretly seek themselves in everything they do, and perceive it not. These, while the course of things perfectly coincide with the sentiments and wishes of their own hearts seem to possess all the blessings of peace, but when their wishes are disappointed, and their sentiments opposed, they are immediately disturbed, and become wretched.

From the diversity of inclinations and opinions tenaciously adhered to, arise dissensions among friends and countrymen, nay, even among the professors of a religious and holy life. It is difficult to extirpate that which custom has deeply rooted; and no man is willing to be carried further than his own inclinations and opinions lead him.

If, however, thou adherest more to thy own reason, and thy own will, than to the meek obedience of Jesus

Christ, as the principal of all virtue within thee, thou wilt but slowly, if ever, receive the illuminations of the Holy Spirit. For God expects an entire and absolute subjection of our will to his, and that the flames of divine love should infinitely transcend the sublimest heights of human reason.

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

BY MERLIN BLOOD.

Of those seeking an experience in the things of God, some seek after some wonderful outward manifestation of the Spirit. Some are always looking for great things to do for the Lord, but neglect to take up the little crosses that are presented to them daily.

Some are seeking after the gift of faith-healing, expecting to be pure only when they obtain that gift. Others are hoping to get an experience simply by giving alms. A few seek to be so led by the Spirit without the Word, that they will never make any more mistakes in any of their affairs. Many start out just by rising in meeting, and take on themselves a profession of religion without repentance. These are all outside the Bible line of salvation, and are fanatical. Paul speaks of the gifts of the Spirit, and then says, "I show unto you a more excellent way."

In describing it in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, he says, "That though we have all these gifts, and have not charity or love, they profit us nothing." It is always in accordance with God's will for us to seek after more charity that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, nor is puffed up, that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, that beareth, believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things. True charity has no fellowship with the ungodly, but rather reproves

them. If we have that in its fullness, the Lord will bestow his gifts upon us whenever it will be for our good and His glory.

May the Lord help us to seek the Spirit that bears its fruits instead of seeking the gifts.—*Steamburg, N. Y.*

ADVICE TO MYSELF.

BY MRS. ORA W. GLAZIER.

Look up my ransomed spirit, and praise thy Lord to-day,
Who purchased thy redemption, and taught thee how to say,
"Thy will, O Lord, be done, whatever may betide,"
In scenes of joy, or grief's dark hour, Oh, keep me near thy side.

Let not afflictions move thee, but in the trying hour
Cling closely to the Saviour, he'll keep thee by his pow'r.
And when thy foe, the tempter, approaches like a flood,
In faith and prayer cry humbly, "Oh, give me more of God!"

And when upon the mountain of joyous ecstasy,
Call ever on the Saviour for deep humility:
When musing o'er thy blessings, Oh! ne'er forget to pray,
Or all thy peace and comfort will quickly pass away.

Warn other ransomed spirits to flee the wrath to come,
To cease from all their wanderings, and turn their steps toward home.
Tell them a great Redeemer hath suffered, groaned and died;
That from the cross on Calv'ry there gushed a crimson tide,

To pardon their transgressions, and cleanse from intred sin,
That they may live forever, and crowns of glory win.
And THOU MY soul be faithful, to him who for thee died,
That THOU may'st dwell forever, among the sanctified.

THERE are Christians who know not the permanent good which a word fitly spoken for Christ may accomplish. In speaking to a sinner upon the subject of religion, a kind tone of voice and a kind manner, as well as kind words, are necessary. There are those who do more harm than good by the overbearing and abrupt manner in which they approach the unsaved.—*Adelbert Beach.*

PURE IN HEART.

It is the sight of God that makes all things right. In his face every thing becomes clean—the vision is an open one. It is this that men hungering and thirsting after righteousness will always come to desire. Just as in the midst of all problems and questions that may arise, the disciple says, "Would that I might see Jesus and know His will as men did who saw him upon earth! If we could only see our friends and hear their voices, we are sure we could understand: there could be question, explanation and all that sympathetic apprehension that is more than voice or works, because we see the faces of those who speak."

This cry after that sense of God which is real and tangible as light can make it, is universal with those seeking after righteousness. Men feel that the difference between seeing and not seeing is almost like the difference between being blind, and so all in darkness, instead of in light. In the day all is clear, at night indistinct and uncertain. How shall we have light and when shall we come to behold God? When will things and persons, at least as we stand related to them, be open to our apprehension? Who has not thought after this manner and longed to see with his own eyes? Indeed is not this seeing God, to most, the very heaven of the future?

God made all things; and without him was not anything made that was made. The first sight needed is the sight of him who was before all things, and in or by whom all things consist. This is not the natural thought nor the philosophy of realism, but the everlasting order. And men can only see things in their truth and true relations, after, and as they see God the Author of all. The poor in spirit, the meek-minded, the mourning, the hungering and thirsting, above all the merciful,

have a growing and swiritually instructive desire to see him who is invisible. Such have begun to be conscious of what might be called spiritual faculties, that make this possible. They are dwelling, and have been more and more, amidst unseen things, and in them find their meat and their drink.

That which is free from any admixture; separate from that which does not make part of itself; as pure gold, pure water, pure air. A pure heart is a heart by itself; unflavored, unsoiled, untrammelled; the heart is its own atmosphere with God. And those who obtain mercy from God, and are merciful as he is merciful, come to be pure as he is pure. That in them which was foreign to their inward life with God, has been washed away, or burned, or in some manner destroyed or removed, as they have drawn near to their Father. Thus there comes clearness, that is singleness of vision. In these processes, desire becomes more and more centered upon knowing God. or what to the mind of God is equivalent to knowing and seeing him.

How we come to purity, it would be difficult perhaps to tell. That we are being purged, cleansed, washed, delivered from that which God could free us, we have a consciousness that is sometimes vivid to the last degree. But there is one test by which one may know whether he has a pure heart; "for the pure in heart see God"—see him for themselves. This is their blessing. Wonderful, desirable, certain, as the purity may be, the blessing is not spoken of by Jesus as being the purity. This, like the poverty, the meekness, the mourning, the hunger and thirst, is a condition that is natural; that is, it will surely unfold with the walk as a disciple. But the blessing, like the kingdom of heaven, and the filling with righteousness, inestimable, priceless, present blessing is the sight of God.

He endured, the apostle says of Moses, as seeing Him who was invisible; and we look not at the things which are seen. There is a spiritual perception and apprehension of God which makes him a personal living Presence; and it is the work of the Holy Spirit to reveal him thus unto us. It cannot have escaped our thought that the longing of the disciples to be with Jesus personally, and their sorrow at his words concerning his departure, were met to their thought by the gift of the Spirit. Certainly the Lord himself meant this to be their expectation. They were not to be orphaned, left without their living Friend and Teacher, but instead of the local presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, there was to be the universal presence of God within them, the Holy Ghost. They should see God. They should look on things not seen, the eternal. Their pilgrim feet should walk in ways that were sure, as though the Lord himself were personally directing, because they should have the personal presence of the Spirit for each individual. For this we pray.

—*Salutation.*

WORK.

BY EDITH HULBURT.

Work for the Master, work.

Wherever be thy thy lot,

Wherever Jesus calleth thee,

Go work, and linger not.

Work while 'tis called to-day,

To-morrow may not be.

Now is the time, no more delay,

Arise, he calleth thee.

Do that he bids thee to,

Whatever it may be;

He knows full well what thou canst do,

And what is best for thee.

And after thou hast done

All he commands thee do,

If some one leaves their work undone,

Take hold and do that too.

And thou shalt happy be,

And when this life is past,

The work which thou hast done for him,

Shall have reward at last.

READ THIS.

BY K.

My Christ, my heart is breaking over those for whom the agony squeezed the blood through Thy veins; how can I help to save them? What can I do? Not much, but then it may be I can stir some one else up to do something; what can I do and say? O my brothers and my sisters, and everyone else, get baptized with burning fire; get overwhelmed with it, get melted by it, and go to work; work as if you had it all to do, and depend on God as if you had done nothing, then He will work through you, then you shall see precious, immortal souls snatched from the eternal burnings. When we know nothing else, when we see nothing else, (God give us a sight of eternity,) save Jesus Christ and Him crucified for the lost, there is not much time for sight-seeing; not much time for amusement; not much time for poetry even, except it be that kind which will result in practical Christ-like efforts.

O, Saviour, Jesus, help us to love sinners, as thou didst love them; and to so hate sin, that by all means we must see sinners saved from it. Melt us with Thy love, for, from other things, we know, that whatever we love, we are sure to deal tenderly with, but whatever our hatred is excited against, toward that we will be harsh and severe.

If we believe there is a hell, let us live as if we believed it, and if we do not think there is one, oh, do not profess to believe there is, for the sake of respectability and orthodoxy. God help us! It is said that the most cruel of Roman Emperors fiddled while the city was burning; but, it may seem strange,—but, the preacher, or any one else, who will spend his moments in an easy chair, while hell is burning and blazing, and Christ-bought, blood-bought

souls are falling into it, is, in reality, more fiendish than he.

Our end, our aim, is to gain the world for God. Of all things, I despise a selfish religion which considers *my family, my children, my circle*, and does not lift a little finger to help stop the millions outside rushing down to hell. Whatever religion this may be, it is not Jesus Christ's. His heart went out to every sinner. The most vile, polluted, and fallen, He loved, and died to save. The whole world, black and white, bond and free, of every clime, he came to deliver, purify, and save. How is this end to be gained? By living Christ's life, not by merely studying it, but by living it. By following in His steps, in self-sacrifice, self-forgetfulness, suffering, endurance, patience, perseverance, courage, and crucifixion, if needs be. Once for all, Christ had counted the cost, and all the bitter opposition He met did not make Him swerve for a single moment from the end. Forward, ever forward! To shame, mockery, thorns, spear, the Cross,—but victory,—the salvation of the world. WANTED! Men and women who can live His life, and die His death, without a, "thank you." Given these, the world is ours!—*Selected.*

RESURRECTION LIFE.

BY MRS. T. S. HUTTON.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."—John 11:25, 26.

These are the words of Jesus, spoken to those who believed on him, in the face of death, natural and spiritual. *I am the resurrection and the life.* These words have been handed down through more than eighteen long centuries, and they come to us as new and fresh to-day as if spoken to us individually. Glory to God! "*He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:*

And he that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." We sing,

"There is power in Jesus' blood."

We are told in God's word that the *blood is the life*. How little we comprehend what Christ's *life in us* could do for us. "Enoch walked with God three hundred years and was not, for God took him." We know of those who have walked with God only a few years, and have proved His power to save both soul and body. Is it any wonder then that Enoch attained unto resurrection from death?

Elijah was a wonderful man of God, full of faith and power. He lived in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. But his faith in God was unshaken. The *life* of God in him kept him head and shoulders above the idolatrous world about him. *He believed God*, and God honored his faith, and glorified himself, by taking him up in a chariot of fire.

Elisha also, was a mighty man of God. So *filled* was he while living with the *life* of God, that after his death, there was resurrection power in his bones. We read in 2d Kings the 13th chapter, of a dead man being let down into the sepulchre where Elisha was buried, and as soon as the body touched the bones of Elisha, the dead man revived, and stood upon his feet. Praise God! But Elisha never would have had such, if he had been easy in regard to it. He was *determined* not only to have as much power as Elijah had, but his faith claimed a *double portion*, and he got it. His faith and courage were severely tested, but he would not allow himself, in any way to be diverted from the one desire of his heart, namely: to be endowed with a double portion of the Spirit which Elijah had. He met the conditions. He saw the chariot that came for Elijah, and his prayer was answered. A double portion of the Spirit and power of Elijah fell on

him. And what was this Spirit? It was the *Life of God* in him.

The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.

How many are living under the death dispensation?

Theirs is a crucified and buried Saviour.

The risen Lord they know nothing about.

If God's life is in us, it will *move us*. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." If we keep God's life in us, we must be true to the Spirit. It will move us out of our old works and ways, and we will be led in ways that we know not of.

GOTTHOLD saw a bee flutter for a while around a pot of honey, and at last light upon it, intending to feast to its heart's content. It, however, fell in, and, being besmeared in every limb, miserably perished. In this he mused and said: "It is the same with temporal prosperity, and that abundance of wealth, honor and pleasure which are sought for by the world as greedily as honey is by the bee." A bee is a happy creature so long as it is assiduously occupied in gathering honey from the flowers, and by slow degrees accumulating a store of it. When, however, it meets with a hoard like this, it knows not what to do, and is betrayed into ruin. In like manner, many a man shows himself godly, humble, pious, so long as he is obliged from day to day, to earn his bread with the sweat of his brow, and constant difficulty and toil. Let some extraordinary turn of fortune, however, suddenly put him in possession of great wealth, and it becomes a stair by which he descends to the pit of destruction. A bee perishing like this in a pot of honey, might be painted with the motto, "Abundance is my ruin." What then, O my God! ought I to desire? A great fortune might prove to be a great misfortune, and abun-

dance issue in eternal want. Grant me grace that, like a bee, I may diligently labor in thy fear, and not in vain, for the portion of bread convenient for me. In other respects be thou my wealth, and then I shall be exempt from danger."—*Gotthold's Emblems*.

THEY who busy themselves with many outward works of charity, and engage heartily, it may be, in some "philanthropic cause," without active love to Christ, without being at one with him, without seeking his presence and spending time with him—are wanting in the very essence and stamina of Christian charity, they are wanting root to live on; and it would be well if they seriously examined their hearts to see if there be not some selfish motive—some inducement that has self in view, such as the desire to be thought well of by their fellow creatures, and the acquiring influence over others, a restlessness of mind, which by doing something for others, satisfies for a time and quiets it. Good works are in themselves ever to be commended, but God looks at the heart, and sees why we do them. And those persons are most pleasing to him who, out of pure love to Jesus our Lord, are sweetly constrained for his sake to succor all that are in distress, in need, sickness, or any other adversity, as far as they can, and say nothing about it themselves. For is it not the peculiar nature and excellency of Christian character to feel, when we have done all that is in our power to do, that we are still unprofitable servants, and consequently should greatly shrink from making our charitable actions known?—*Thomas a Kempis*.

"What matters to us men's judgment! We have flung

Away all thought but this—that sin we hate
Because it bars us from our only joy,
From Thee, dear Lord!"—*Sel.*

HUMILITY.

BY REV. W. W. KELLY.

It is very important that every Christian obey the command, "Be ye clothed with humility," for without this grace there can be little success in working for God, or in advancing in Christian experience.

One may have brilliant talents, untiring zeal, and some degree of success, but if he has not humility he lacks an essential property. As pride is supposed to be the opposite of humility we must insist that every Christian is saved from all known manifestation of this passion. But God has created man with self-love, and it is natural and perfectly proper for him to respect himself, yes, and to wish the good-will and respect of others. In this there is no sin, but as all vices are but the debasement of sublime virtues, so the debasement of self-love into inordinate self-esteem, unreasonable conceit of one's self, is pride, and this is sin.

The presence or absence of humility may be detected in a professing Christian as readily in failure as in success. In *failure* the one who lacks humility says: "Oh, what a failure! What will the people think of me? I had such a good opportunity to——" Well, he will not just say, "to display *myself*," but it amounts to the same thing. If he had come for the express purpose of exalting Jesus his experience would have been far different.

In *success* it is the same tune in another key. There is a feeling of exaltation over his success, and he says to himself, "I have done well." He may say "the Lord helped," but it will be, "The Lord helped *me*." He is too much like the man of whom Dr. Clarke tells: "When his autobiography was put in type, the printers had to borrow capital I's, so frequently did the personal pronoun occur."

It may be true, as one has said, that self-consciousness is the bane of public life; but there is an antidote for it, and the cure may be so radical as to produce a degree of forgetfulness, which will enable one to work with ease, and great delight.

Humility is not a feeling that one is mean, weak and insignificant, that he can do nothing in a passible manner. I may esteem my brother better than myself, without having such feelings. In fact they are often mistaken for evidence of humiliy, when they are but manifestations of pride.

In *failure*, the humble man does not despair. He may see he was not careful enough to equip himself for the conflict. He may be sorry there was a defeat, and that the work of God has suffered through him. But he begins to more fully prepare himself against another defeat.

In *success*, when he *knows* he has succeeded, when those around him acknowledge it, he does not even in his *thoughts* exalt himself, but runs back to his Captain who has led him to victory, and gives him the praise. There is an elated feeling, but it is joy at the triumph of truth. He who after a glorious victory, can shrink back into his former littleness and helplessness, be a cipher as before, yet ready to be used beside the great Unit, Jesus Christ, and to receive such value as this position may give, he is a humble man.

It must be remembered that there are degrees in humility, and while we see in another a lack of this grace, they may not have discovered it. How then shall we realize our lack of it, and how can we obtain it?

"We dare not make ourselves of the number or compare ourselves with some that commend themselves; but they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves are not wise." And yet there are no means

so likely to produce a sense of our lack of humility as comparison; but there must be a correct standard before us. Job maintained his integrity before men, but when God appeared he said: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself." This was not on account of sin, but as he saw God in his awful holiness he saw his need of humility and lowliness of mind in his presence.

When Isaiah saw "the Lord high and lifted up he cried out, woe is me, for I am undone," and acknowledged that he was not pure. The touch of a live coal from God's altar fitted him to stand up in the presence of God and agree to go and preach the truth where it would harden hearts, blind the eyes, and dull the ears.

When Ezekiel was to go on an important mission he first saw Christ by the river Chebar, and the sight deeply humbled him.

When John was to see into the deep things concerning redemption, the glorified Christ appeared to him in such majesty as to cause him to fall as one dead at his feet.

Are you seeking humility? Seek a closer acquaintance with the God-man. Obtain a fuller revelation of God to your soul.

If Pope is correct in saying "The proper study of mankind is man," we must ever remember he studies in vain whose point of observation is not near enough the Cross to see him who is the brightness of God's glory and the express image of his person.

"Likewise ye younger, submit yourself unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility; for God resisted the proud and giveth grace to the humble. Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time."—1 Peter, 5: 5, 6.

"SPIRITUALISM."

"This is the most terrible counterfeit of the Holy Spirit the world has ever known. It is the revival of the old Delphic oracle, the Canaanite sorcery, and the Indian medicine men. It is a mixture of deceit and evil power. What is not trickery is devil-worship. It has signs and lying wonders, and sends forth 'the spirits of devils working miracles.' It also comes in the name of Jesus and claims to be identified with Christianity. How shall we know? First, by the teaching. Does it rest upon the whole word of God and teach it? Secondly, by the blood. Does it recognize sin and atonement and rest under the curse? Thirdly, by the fruits. Is it humble, disinterested, holy and consecrated to the salvation of men and the glory of God? Or, does it exalt the medium, seek for mercenary gain, indulge in sin and bear no fruit of holy service and practical righteousness?—A. B. Simpson.

IF YOU would do good to your fellow-men, first set them the example of being good.

REVIVAL-FIRE is contagious. If you have it, others with whom you come in contact will catch it.

DO GOOD to your fellow-man at whatever cost to yourself. So did your Master, Jesus.

A HOLINESS that does not cause the outward life to conform to the teachings of God's word is not scriptural holiness.

I OWE as many thanks and praises to the Lord for His free grace as would lie between me and the utmost border of the highest heaven—suppose ten thousand heavens were laid above each other.—Rutherford

EDITORIAL.

DEPRAVITY.

There are two methods of preaching the gospel, widely different in their nature and in their results. One proceeds upon the assumption that man is by nature essentially good: that all he needs, to make him what he should be, is right training. Those who adopt this method rely upon religious instruction, forms, and sacraments.

The other insists that man is depraved; and that to become a child of God, he must be converted. Their reliance is upon the Holy Spirit.

Education has much to do with forming the character. It can strengthen, elevate, refine, and ennoble. But it cannot change man's nature, though it may modify or intensify it. Great minds become greater under a proper system of instruction. But if they are naturally selfish and cruel they remain so still. There can be no question that the Chancellor of Germany is one of the greatest men of the day, but that he is one of the most cruel and cold-blooded and selfish, his decree for the expulsion of the Poles from their paternal homes abundantly demonstrates.

That human nature is hopelessly depraved is a fundamental doctrine of the New Testament. The cure that Christianity offers, is not polishing and refining; but a new creation. It is not the moulding over of something which men have but the imparting to them of something of which all—the very best, are destitute, that introduces them into the family of God. It was at the beginning of the gospel dispensation that our Lord declared, "*Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.*"—Jno. 3: 5. This he applied to one of the best members of the best church at that time on earth.

But Christ also made this saying universal in its application. "*Except a man be born again,*" any man, no matter how bright his talents or how amiable his disposition, or how unexceptionable his conduct, "*he cannot see the kingdom of God.*"

Christ gives the reason for the need of this radical change. "*That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.*" There may be a wide difference between those who are born of the flesh—but their nature is the same; just as diamonds and charcoal are exceedingly unlike, and yet essentially the same substance.

So St. Paul, speaking of himself, in his condition by nature; says "*For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing.*"—Rom. 7: 18. Yet Saul of Tarsus was not exceptionally bad; on the contrary he was, even before conversion, an uncommonly religious, conscientious man.

But how can the natural depravity of mankind be stated more clearly than in the plain words of St. Paul? "*We have before proved both Jews and Gentiles; that they are all under sin; as it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no not one.*"—Rom. 3: 9-12.

"Jews and Gentiles" include the whole human family. But Paul not only affirms that the whole are depraved, but he especially and expressly shuts out all exception. His language is not only general, it is universal. They are not only *all gone out of the way*; but *there is none that doeth good, no not one.*

But, as if to guard us against giving the phrase "born again" a weak, accommodated meaning to make it cover a superficial change other terms are used of the most radical impart.

When a man is dead his case is utterly hopeless. He may have died in an easy

way, so as to present almost the same appearance that he did in life; not a feature may be distorted;—he may look like one asleep, but still, if life is extinct, the physician can do no good, remedies are of no avail.

But in precise words, the Saviour presents this state of death to represent man's true, spiritual condition. The people upon whom the light of the gospel shone were they who "sat in the region and shadow of death."—Matt. 4: 16. To the Jews, resting in their religious rites and forms, Christ said, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."—John 6: 53. They were not merely weak and sick, but utterly destitute of life, hopelessly dead. Ordinary means of recovery could not do the slightest good. There was help only in him who could say: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live."—Jno. 11: 25.

The Apostles did not modify this view of the spiritual condition of mankind by nature. Paul writes to the Ephesians, "And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins."—Eph. 2: 1: They were *dead*, but Christ had made them *alive*. His exhortation to sinners was not simply to go forward for prayers and join the church, but "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. 5: 14.

What greater miracle could there be than to speak life unto a marble statue? Who would not be amazed to hear the marble lips speak, and to see the limbs carved from stone perform the functions of those belonging to a living man? Yet St. Peter says to those begotten of God, "*Ye also as lively stones* are built up a spiritual house." The word "lively" in our common version is the same word that in the preceding verse is translated "lively." You may say it is a figure—but it is a figure that denotes a radical, miraculous change.

Is it not clear, then, that the gospel of culture is not the gospel of Jesus Christ? He who builds a religious character upon unregenerated human nature, as its basis, however imposing an edifice he may rear, is but building on the sand.

That form of Christianity that does not lead to the regeneration of those who embrace it, signally fails of accomplishing the great end of the gospel. It may draw multitudes into the church, build splendid houses of worship, establish and maintain schools, but it makes a fatal failure in inducing souls to stop short of that which is essential to salvation.

Men need light—but they need much more to have their eyes opened that they may see the light. They need to be reformed; but they need the reformation which always results from the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

LIGHT, DARKNESS.

One evidence of natural depravity is the fact that those who have, in many respects demonstrated the truth of the Bible, are the very ones who doubt the Bible. What infidel has not proved that "The way of the transgressor is hard?" It is as if a shipwrecked sailor should fall to abusing the chart on which were plainly laid down the rocks on which he was wrecked. He acts as inconsistently, as would a traveler who, having got into trouble, because he took the wrong road, seeks to break down the guide-board that would have directed him aright.

Said a popular preacher, "I was happier, and got along better every way, when I was preaching on a circuit, and only received three hundred dollars a year, and but a small part of that in money, than I am now, with a salary of three thousand dollars a year." The backslider is a living, reluctant, witness of the truth of the word of God. He once had a clear light in the narrow way that leadeth unto life.

He is now just as positive that the broad way leads to eternal life. He tells you he has no fears, no misgivings. He is delivered in his own estimation from a grievous bondage. He sees things differently from what he once did. What is the cause of the change? Light never changes. He is simply exemplifying to all who have known him, the truth of the Saviour's words, "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"—Matt. 6:23. It is like the darkness of Egypt—darkness that may be felt!

Reader, have you lost the light of God out of your soul? Do you indulge in any practice that the Bible plainly forbids? Do you seek to justify yourself in that course? Then are you already upon dangerous ground. The light is growing dim. You are becoming blinded. Organs that are not used lose their capacity for being used. Close your eyes to the light and they will become incapable of bearing the light. Retrace your steps at once. If one ray of light from heaven reaches your soul, walk in that light. Take one step back towards God, and you will see to take the next. It may cost a struggle. It will mortify pride. But your welfare for eternity is at stake. Do not hesitate. Get back to the Lord at any sacrifice. Let no business, though it seems to be as necessary as thy right-hand, stand in thy way.

DEAD.

It is fitting that the dead should bury the dead. But it ends in failure, for the dead to attempt to bring the dead to life. The desire is commendable, but the effort is misplaced.

There is a divine order which must be regarded to insure success. We must have life before we can impart life.

Preachers are plenty. Many have sufficient talent, and energy, and education, but everywhere there is a call for *live* preachers. They are in great demand.

And the need of them is still greater than the demand. For in many places the people are so dead that they do not want the disturbance that a live man would make among them.

But on the whole, live men have plenty to do. They find work everywhere. And their work is not in vain in the Lord.

If you would awaken others, you must yourself awake. As God bids you come forth from the grave, you must obey his voice and come forth. Then you can do good. But you may rattle around in your grave, and complain, and scold, but it will amount to little, until you are yourself raised to newness of life, and endued with power from on high.

It is not more learning, or more talent, that you need, so much as *more life*. Christ came that you might have life, and have it more abundantly. Why not have it then? Why go about so long in this half-dead condition? Why not leave your sepulchre, no matter how much you feel at home in it, or how highly it may be ornamented, and come out into glorious spiritual light? Christ is speaking to you. Listen to His voice, and obey, and you will find light, and life, and joy, everlasting.

THOROUGH WORK.—If you have a revival, do thorough work. Do not heal slightly. Do work for eternity, and do it so it will stand. Do not encourage any to think they are converted to God while they are conformed to the world, or bound to it in voluntary associations. One of the delegates, an old pilgrim, in representing his preacher at a Conference last fall, said, "If any are saved under his preaching, we do not have to sit up all night to keep them from backsliding." Urge the converts on to holiness. Train them up to love the truth. Get them where they know what it is to get blessed, and so they will stand seeing others blessed. Remember that a woe is pronounced on them that do the work of God superficially.

THE REPROVING SPIRIT.

No sincere prayer for the Holy Spirit ever goes unrewarded. If one really wants help for his soul he always gets it. This our Lord positively declares. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."—Luke 11:13. What stronger assertion can be made! So, if you ask God for the Spirit, nothing can be surer than that He will give it to you.

But many who ask for the Spirit, really think their prayer unanswered. They were in earnest, and so became discouraged. They fear that God has utterly forsaken them. Why is this?

The reason is that many do not know the Spirit when He comes. They expect that when He appears, they will at once be filled with peace and joy. But on the contrary, since they have felt worse than they did before. They are in trouble. While they feel afflicted over this, it is really encouraging. It shows that their prayer is answered, and that the Spirit has come to their heart. He is doing the work that God sees must be done. The Holy Spirit is a great reprovcr. This is His peculiar office. He does other things; but first of all, He reproves.

Christ repeatedly promised His disciples that the Father would send in His name, the *Comforter, the Holy Spirit*.—John 14:26. "And when He is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."—John 16:8. Here is the hope of the church and of the world. Our friends flatter us, the preach-flatter us; we deceive ourselves: but the Holy Spirit deals faithfully with us. He shows us how flimsy are all disguises.

Let one who is led by the Spirit, utter a word, or perform the slightest act that is out of the way ever so little, and he is instantly reproved by the faithful Spirit that dwells within.

Then if you pray for the Holy Spirit, and there comes before your mind some confession, or restitution, that you ought to make, your prayer is being answered.

ObeY the Spirit as a reprover and He will become to you, in a sense, that words cannot express, THE COMFORTER.

SECULAR EDUCATION, as far as making good citizens is concerned is a failure. Iowa, which stands at the head of the States in education, also stands at the head in its proportion of criminals. This is the more remarkable as it is an inland, and essentially an Agricultural State. In Massachusetts, as learning increases, crime increases. The number of native prisoners from 1850 to 1880 more than doubled. In Hampton county the increase of criminals in twenty years was 312 per cent., while the population has increased but 100 per cent., a ratio of 3 to 1. Something more than secular schools and "liberal" views of religion is needed to make and keep the people moral. The Christianity of the Bible is the great want of the American people. The worldly conformed religion of the day does not answer the demands of this world, or of the world to come. It does not bind men to God with sufficient firmness to hold them from drifting into the intense worldliness so generally prevalent. We must have Christian schools and Christian churches, in which the nature and conditions of the salvation which the Bible offers are plainly taught and stoutly insisted upon. Men are governed largely by their fears. As the fear of the wrath to come is removed from the minds of the people they become mere devotees of worldly riches, honors and pleasures, and do not shrink from crimes that stand in the way of the accomplishment of their purposes. *The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever.*—Ps. 19:9.

I WOULD postpone heaven for many years to have occasion to offer Christ to my people, and to woo many of them to him.—*Rutherford*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Feb. 4th.—BRO. ROBERTS.—Not long ago, I wrote of the inward conflicts of the Christian, through the journey of life, and felt that in resting fully and wholly on Christ was our only safety. Since that time, new views of His precious love, have been pouring in upon me. Some weeks ago, in an hour of trial, I heard the Spirit say, "*step out* from all these shortcomings, and defects, from the omissions and commissions, of your nature—and the feeling of constant unworthiness. Now *step out* and leave yourself with me, as if you left your own body, and enjoy the kingdom of love I have prepared for you all." I listened to the voice, then cried unto the Lord for help to do such a new and wonderful thing. It came to me as a picture, that Christ had made a bridge for me to pass over out of my own nature, into *His*, which appeared like a great and beautiful world, it was *so light, so large*, and so high; but I grasped it with a prayer and stepped out, in spirit, went over the beautiful bridge, and left *myself* behind. With this act came a wonderful victory. It was God that enabled me to do it, as I *never* could have left all these things behind without He, Himself, gave force to the will, to do so. But heavenly joy has opened to me, *there is* a Spiritual world, a Kingdom of Love, open to us, for us, *all*, to walk therein. Tongue fails to utter the joy, beauty, and happiness of it,—there are heights and depths, lengths and breadths, immeasurable. I have found it; O! could every Brother and Sister believe it,—that the great secret is to take one step forward, out of yourself into God, the shout that must go up at the great, grand discovery, would fill the earth. Now let every one, who reads this, make the attempt! God will help them; and, when old nature would surround us, and say, "What! one so unworthy—take these things!" and another would say, "dare you make the leap in the dark?" but God

is holding your hand saying, try it, it is only a step, then hold the position, and the blessing of the mighty God, will come sweeping down from eternity, and envelope you, soul, body, and spirit, in this great and everlasting Kingdom of love.—*N. H. Moore, East Norwich, L. I.*

 OBITUARY.

MARY E. CARPENTER.

Just as the EARNEST CHRISTIAN goes to press, the following sad letter comes from Bro. Noyes to Sister A. P. Carpenter:

MONROVIA, LIBERIA, Jan. 4, 1886.—Miss Adella Carpenter, Dear Sister:—With a sad heart, I write you, to inform you of the death of your sister, Mary E. Carpenter, who died yesterday of African fever, after a short illness. We feel our loss, and sympathize with you in your bereavement. I am just recovering from an attack of fever, and my wife is just coming down with the same disease. We will write you more fully soon as possible. May God bless you in this trying hour. Yours in Jesus, A. D. NOYES.

A brief message from Miss Sharp says, "She died triumphantly." Let all who have faith in God pray for those whose faith is now so severely tested. A more extended account of Mary Carpenter, who has so suddenly been taken home, will appear hereafter.—[ED.]

PEACE CREEK, RENE CO., KANS.—*Brother Roberts*:—The year just ended has been, (at the latter part,) one of sorrow and bereavement for us. My dear husband died on the 2nd of September, 1885, aged 62 years, 10 months and 1 day. He was not ill but a few days, two of which he suffered very much. During those hours of suffering he would shout, "*Glory to God*," and would say, "If this is death, it is good to die." He was a

dear lover of the EARNEST CHRISTIAN. In reading the first article in the April number of 1885, on Popular Religion, he said, "thank God, some one has written my views of the popular religion of this country." He was a subscriber to the EARNEST CHRISTIAN ever since he first heard of it, and it was a welcome visitor. He always read it with pleasure and profit. Latterly, he was a member of the Free Methodist Church, which was congenial to his profession. He was a sincere believer in the pure gospel. He was in full possession of its salvation while in life. He endeavored by the Grace of God to live the life of the righteous, and his last end was like unto theirs. We feel very lonely, sad, and sorrowful, but we do not sorrow as those that have no hope. Your sister, saved by the Blood of the Lamb.—*Mrs. R. D. Casselman.*

LOVE-FEAST.

CHARLOTTE, R. WESTPHATE.—I praise the Lord for salvation full and free. Glory to God! He has saved me from all my sins and washes me in his own precious blood. I can read my title clear. Praise his name forever! Hallelujah!

J. S. WHITNEY.—I am rejoicing in the goodness and mercy of God. He saves me from all sin, and fills my heart with the peace which he alone can give, and will give to all, who obey the gospel of Christ.

GEORGE A. STERLING.—I praise the Lord for salvation and keeping power! He keeps me from day to day, and I find victory in the Cross, and with all my doubts and fears left with Jesus, my soul is free.

J. E. BOEY.—I love your book very much, don't see how I can get along without it now. I praise God I enjoy salvation. Am on the Rock. Praise his name! The Lord is doing much for us here.

Four of the brightest converts I ever saw within two weeks, and deep conviction is on the people. We are in for salvation here on the Bible line.

MRS. N. M. BAGG.—I am alive to God and dead to sin. I can say to the glory of God I am saved and kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation. Jesus sets enthroned in my heart, and I am running up the shining way through tribulation, with the glory in my soul. Praise the Lord forever and ever for victory through the blood!

MRS. EMMA NICHOLS.—I am trusting in my Heavenly Father, for the present and future. He even cares for His little ones. Although it may look a little dark at the present, I feel down deep in my heart that there is victory ahead. I can truly say that I enjoy much of the love of God in my heart. Pray for me that I may have the desire of my heart, to be entirely sanctified to God, to do whatsoever He would have me do.

REV. T. D. BICKHAM, Evangelist.—The first day of this year found me setting out to be a better man than I ever was,—that is to walk with God, as one of old. "How can two walk together except they be agreed."—Amos 3:3. So to walk with God, is to be Holy, pure, and clean, in all our ways, walks, and conversation; "not to love the world, neither the things of the world, &c."—1st John 2:15.

F. CLARK.—I can testify to the saving grace and keeping power of Jesus. God gives me power to hold up the Bible standard of holiness. O praise the Lord! I thank God for the victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. The Bible says they that keep their minds stayed on God shall be kept in perfect peace. But I am at war with the devil and all his works. I find that a Christian clad with the whole armor of God is more than a match for the devil. Glory to God!