

The Earnest Christian

—AND—

GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. LIII.

MAY, 1887.

No. 5.

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

BY B. T. ROBERTS, JR.

Prominent among the early writers on Church History, and among those who did much for the civilization of Britain, was one, who by name is known to us as the Venerable Bede. Concerning his personal history very little can be said with certainty.

We generally think of him in a vague way, as a wise monk, renowned for great morality and learning—as implied in the name "Venerable," but we seldom go so far as to investigate the reason and extent of his greatness. No other man, who devoted himself to the work of God and labored for the cause of the Church in that age, brings his thoughts before us in so impressive a manner as does Bede. He was not, perhaps, so celebrated in his own age, as were many others whose names are now scarcely known except through his writings.

We derive our knowledge of him chiefly from his own writings and from one or two contemporaneous records. We learn from the writings he has left us, that he was born somewhere in the vicinity of the monasteries of St.

Paul and St. Peter, at Weremouth and Jarrow, England. These twin monasteries were founded by the Abbot Benedict, in a territory granted to him by King Egfrid, in the third year of whose reign Bede was born. At the early age of seven, Bede was placed in the Abbey of St. Peters under the care of the Abbot Benedict; but he was soon after removed to Jarrow where he spent the remainder of his life in learning and in teaching. Here he found the means of gratifying his insatiable thirst for knowledge; for the worthy Abbot spared no pains in collecting valuable books and works of art for his monasteries. Several times he made journeys through Europe searching for works with which to enrich these collections.

During his early years, Bede was not permitted the indiscriminate use of these valuable collections, but was assisted by those more experienced, and he received instruction from some of the best authors of the day. In the study of Theology and the Scriptures he was taught, as he himself tells us, by Trumbert, a monk of great learning; while John, the arch-chanter of St. Peters at Rome, trained him in music, a most important part of the education of monks.

But it was due to his own zeal and desire for learning, that he became one of the best scholars of that age. The duties of those connected with the Abbey were by no means few, and his own words give us an idea of the manner of life led by these monks: "All my life I spent at the monastery, giving my whole attention to the study of the Holy Scriptures; and in the intervals between the hours of regular discipline and the duties of singing in the Church I took pleasure in learning, or teaching, or writing something."

Bede was admitted to the order of deacons in his nineteenth year, which was an earlier age than was usually prescribed; and he was taken into the priesthood at the age of thirty.

It is a disputed assertion that he went to Rome, at the invitation of Pope Sergius, who desired to consult with him in respect to certain matters of an important nature. He tells us that his whole life was spent in the monastery; but there is a letter extant reputed to be from Pope Sergius to the Abbot, requesting him to send Bede to Rome. Hence, some infer, that he must have gone as he would not have refused a summons from so high authority. There are reasons, however, why he may not have gone.

It is claimed, but without good authority, that he was a professor at Cambridge, which is hardly probable, as there are certain inconsistencies in the proof which is brought forward to establish that assertion.

At a comparatively early age, Bede contracted a disease which brought on his death in his fifty-ninth year.

He was sick for some weeks before he died, but even up to his last moments he was employed in translating the Gospel of St. John; and all through his sickness he was singing psalms. He was buried at the monastery at Jarrow, where he had lived and labored. His death was probably on the 26th of May, 735. His body was afterward stolen from Jarrow by a priest, Alfred by name, of the neighboring church of Durham where it was kept as a relic. After this occurrence this church increased in wealth and power and flourished for many years, as many came to worship at his shrine.

Many reasons have been assigned why the epithet "Venerable" was applied to Bede; but they are so incredible as to be hardly worth mentioning.

Although Bede lived to no great age, still his works are very valuable and voluminous for a writer of that period. His ecclesiastical history is regarded as the most valuable of all works, on that subject, preceding the 17th century. Some of his hymns were used in the English churches and on the continent even in his own time; yet they do not exhibit any high poetical excellence and seldom rise above mediocrity. He has also a work on "The Metrical Art" which was then probably a serviceable treatise; but it would be of little value now. It shows very clearly however that he had thoroughly mastered the art of versification. His homilies are fifty-nine in number, and they bear but little resemblance to the modern sermon. They were probably prepared for use on

Sundays and days of Church festivals.

Besides these he compiled numerous other works, which are of less importance. Owing to the high estimation placed upon his works, his name was often attached to the productions of inferior writers in order that ready sale might be found for them. For this reason much that is spurious has come down to us bearing his name.

No one else perhaps did so much for the civilization of Britain from the time when Cæsar came to the island to the days of William of Normandy as Bede; if we except Alfred, whose labors were in a different field. Bede's scientific treatises were used as manuals of instruction for many years. There were many learned men of his time who, we doubt not, were superior to him in some particulars, but probably no-one of them, nor all together, did so much to promote the immediate and permanent interests of their country as this humble monk.

HOW TO OVERCOME TEMPTATION.

BY W. K. LADUE.

I. Avoid as far as possible that which will occasion temptation. Some are greatly tempted by what they see. Such should pay particular attention to Solomon's advice: "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee."—Prov. 4 : 25. Others are tempted more through the ears. These can save themselves much trouble by being careful as to how they hear and what they hear. Righteous Lot was tried by what he saw and heard in Sodom; but he

brought these trials on himself by allowing covetousness to lead him to that wicked place. If we pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," and then go immediately into the way of temptation we should expect nothing else than trouble.

2. Keep the eyes of the soul fixed on Jesus. "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, * * * press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. 3 : 13-14. Jesus knows all the tactics of the evil one by actual experience; he can give us wisdom to overcome. And more than this, he by death gained the victory over him that has the power of death; therefore he can give us power to overcome. To Jesus has been given "all power * * * in heaven and in earth."—Matt. 28 : 18. Keep this in mind and look ever to him.

3. In a proper manner study Satan's methods of work. If you are naturally impetuous he will probably endeavor to persuade you to run before you are sent. If you are quick and reserved he may tempt you to omit the performance of some duty. Or he may tempt in ways just the opposite of these. Many are overcome because they are ignorant of Satan's devices. They do not profit by experience. Their lack of knowledge brings them to destruction. This is their own fault; they have neglected to "watch."

4. Do not rely too much on the feelings. We say, "too much," for it is proper to rely upon them in some measure. For instance, if you feel anger stirring in your heart you may rest assured that carnality is there. But aside from anger and every evil temper, our feelings are capable of great change. Satan often attacks, through the sensibilities, those who are sanctified wholly. He may even suggest blasphemous thoughts to the mind and then tell us

that these things proceed out of the heart. At such times if we look at the inner consciousness we shall find that evil has no place in us.

5. "Resist the devil." The will is the capital power of the moral being and should be used as such. Satan often flies when met with a firm "I will be true." As long as the will is fixed to do good, temptation is powerless to harm us. One should not, however, resist the devil merely with his own power; he is more than a match for us unaided. The secret is, to resist him *in the power of the Spirit*. Temptation at times is protracted. Satan follows hard after the soul for days together. At such times one should be careful not to give the consent of the will to evil for a moment. "Resist steadfast in the faith." As long as the eye is single the whole body must, in the very nature of the case, be full of light.

6. Rebuke Satan with the word of God. Jesus gained a signal victory in this way in the wilderness. When a promise has been given you, plant the feet of the soul upon it and stand there though "all hell's host" oppose.

7. Offer up earnest prayer for deliverance. The Scriptures teach us to do this. "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me."—Ps. 50: 15. Christ overcame the powers of darkness in Gethsemane by prayer. He "offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared."—Heb. 5: 7.

The minister who labors solely for a reputation among men, who makes the sublime truths of the Bible themes for the wanderings of an unsanctified imagination, and Calvary an eminence from which he may exhibit himself, will, of all others, have the most fearful reckoning at the judgment day.

ARCHBISHOP FENELON.

For the purpose of this magazine, much of the story of Fenelon's life may be told very briefly. Francois De Salignac De la Mothe Fenelon was born in 1651, and died in 1715. The permanent interest of his life gathers around three points: he was tutor of the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson and expected successor of Louis XIV. of France; he was the defender of Madame Guyon, the Quietist; he was the saintly Archbishop of Cambrai. His preparation for the responsible duty of training a king has been many-sided. He was born of a family noble amongst the noblest of old France. Two men had formed his character—an uncle, a Christian soldier, fearless in speech and in fight; and Tronson, the superintendent of the seminary attached to S. Sulpice in Paris, whose lifelong spiritual correspondence with Fenelon shows the writer a true saint. Fenelon had been trained for the priesthood of S. Sulpice. There he had learned to win the ear of the poor by his preaching, and hard work amongst their poverty had done himself all the service the like work did for the young band of Oxford Methodists. Louis XIV. was busy converting the Huguenots whom the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had not driven from France. He had sent Fenelon to Poitou. Dragooning was the argument elsewhere, and outward conformity the only result. Fenelon of course worked for Romanism; but his kind heart would have no dragoons, and his success was gained by moral means alone. Madame de Maintenon, really the wife of Louis, though unacknowledged, had a pet institution, a seminary for training as Catholics young ladies of good family who had been won from Protestantism. Fenelon had been attached to this, and there had perfected his skill as an educator, and

grew into high favour at court. He was handsome, nobly sprung, learned, and gifted with a marvellous faculty for winning and pleasing everybody he came in contact with. He had published treatises on the ministry and on the education of girls; and when his friend, the Duke de Beauvilliers, was appointed guardian of the young duke, Fenelon's appointment as tutor was a matter of course. Tronson wrote to him: "All promotion makes a man's salvation more or less a work of increased difficulty." But in this and every after upward step we may be sure that Fenelon's principle would be that which he afterwards laid down in a letter to a friend: The really humble man * * lets himself be carried hither and thither; he is satisfied that God should do as He wills with him, as the wind with a straw; and there is more humility in accepting even greatness in such a spirit, than in thwarting God's plans beneath a pretext of lowliness. He who chooses abasement rather than elevation is not necessarily humble, though he may wish to be; but he who lets himself go—up or down—heedless whether he be praised or blamed, unmindful what is said of him, is really humble, whatever men may think, if it be because he waits solely on God's pleasure."

The duke, like his father, did not outlive the king; but Fenelon's training was a brilliant success. He took in hand a child whose fits of waywardness were almost paroxysms of madness, and in whom the pride of French royalty, in that age at its very highest, was exaggerated until his royal brothers themselves were accounted by him as scarcely of the same order of beings as himself. His training produced a scholar indeed, very accurate and thorough, but, above all, an affectionate, self-controlled, humble, devout man,—almost too ostentatiously devout and too much inclined to asceticism and her-

mit-like seclusion, even Fenelon sometimes told him. And religion was the transforming power his tutor wielded.

Take one trivial instance, but a significant sample. "One day," Fenelon writes, "when he was very much out of temper, he tried to conceal some act of disobedience, and I urged him to tell the truth, remembering that we were in God's sight. Then he threw himself into a great passion, and said: 'Why do you put it in that way? Well then, since you ask me so, I cannot deny that I did.'" Needless to say, that unflinching temper, great tact, and deep sympathy with child nature, contributed to the result. Fenelon's reward was the see of Cambrai, to which he was appointed in 1695; but this came only when the cloud of controversy, which burst upon him in trouble that hardly ended before his death, had begun to gather.

In the later days of his proceptorship he was the darling of society in Paris. "His saintliness is just what suits me," said even Madame de Maintenon. But in 1687 Madame Guyon appeared in the "good society" of Paris, a fascinating young widow of twenty-eight, full of a new teaching called "Quietism." She held *conferences*—drawing-room Bible readings, and holiness meetings—wrote letters to troubled souls, and above all published two books, "A Short Method of Prayer," and another, fantastically called "The Torrents." Bossuet, the famous Bishop of Meaux, whom brilliant controversial encounters with Protestantism seem to have exalted into a self-appointed guardian of French orthodoxy, from whatever quarter it might be assailed, took alarm at the "Short Method." Madame Guyon, around whom the highest in the land had been gathered, listening as almost to a prophetess, was arrested. Conferences, and examinations of herself and her books, multiplied.

Intrigue and political spite mingled in strange medley with the natural heart's aversion to real religion, and with the suspicious jealousy of professional theologians. She lay in the Bastille until 1701, and was then allowed to retire, to live out a few blameless, benevolent, peaceful years at Blois, until her death in 1717.

Fenelon's connection with her was of the slightest. His friends, the Beauvilliers, were the centre of a brilliant circle, godly even at such a court, and received Madame Guyon as the people of God will always recognize and welcome those whose credentials are the "fruit" of the indwelling Holy Spirit. Fenelon, like Madame de Maintenon, was sometimes present at her expositions. The historians of the affair are not often in the secret of heart religion, and sneer at the piety of the great lady's later years. But it would not be incredible that even Madame de Maintenon had at one time some good thing in her towards the Lord her God. Fenelon thought so, and he was no flatterer. One may well believe that she wanted *peace*, like so many more world-weary hearts. Madame Guyon knew the way of peace, and for a time attracted her, and did her some service. Nor is it incredible that even Fenelon himself may have gained something of deepened spiritual life from this woman "taught of God," or that perhaps even now for the first time he may have entered into the definite, joyous, free life of the "sons of God." But he soon saw the dangers of the unguarded spiritual dialect the "prophetess" was bringing into fashion, and of her exaggerations of experiences whose sober form belongs to the experimental religion of every age and of every Church, and he drew off. But Bossuet had become alienated from their early and warm friendship. By political manœuvring he hoped to damage Fenelon's friends at court through him. He

refused to condemn without qualification Madame Guyon's books. He wrote his famous "Maxims of the Saints concerning the Interior Life," to set forth what he believed had always been the accepted truth about the matter at issue, apart from the unwise, or even mischievous, presentation of it by Madame Guyon. But the storm was greatly increased by the publication. Bossuet and the court redoubled their antagonism. The book was submitted to the pope, and after a wearisome and shameful course of tortuous intriguing, the archbishop's enemies procured a sort of condemnation of it at Rome. Fenelon's court days were over, and he settled down to the duties of his diocese. A Protestant can hardly applaud the humility with which the archbishop obediently condemned and prohibited throughout his diocese his own book!

Such abject submission of the mind and will to a censure obtained as this had been was Romanism indeed. His personal life of austere self-mortification, and his almost ascetic simplicity, whilst entertaining company in his palace in the style of a noble of France and a prince of the Church, are too much like "voluntary humility." He of course celebrates mass, hears confessions, confesses himself, trains priests, dislikes Jansenists, dies with viaticum and extreme unction administered. But these things are not prominent in his letters of counsel to his many correspondents. Like Whitefield's, his letters all have spiritual things in them, whatever be their occasion. And his diligence in labour, preaching, catechising, almsgiving, organizing, is of no exclusive Church. It was said of him, long before his elevation, "He is a man of prayer. Nay, I put it very ill. I should say, swallowed up in prayer." That is broader than Romanism. He may recommend one correspondent, an

officer on campaign, to study his breviary daily; but he oftener speaks of the Gospels and the Psalms, and he nourished his own soul, as he lay dying, with the word of God. "Read it faithfully," he wrote, "standing up, with uncovered head, with avidity; we need to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to feed with hearty appetite on the bread of God's word."—*By Rev. H. J. Foster, in "King's Highway."*

REV. JOHN SMITH.

BY REV. E. C. BEST.

Among the noble men of God, who were raised up to proclaim a full salvation in the early days of Methodism, John Smith deserves honorable mention. He was born at Cudworth, England, Jan. 12, 1794. His parents united themselves with the Methodists about the time of his birth. At the age of 14 he left home and soon became singularly wicked, for one who had been so well brought up, and caused his parents much grief. When he was 18 years of age a powerful revival of religion occurred at Cudworth, and in answer to the prayers of his parents and other godly people he was converted to God. He immediately began to apply himself to books. He made an especial study of the Word of God. By diligent application to it he became quite proficient in learning. Shortly after his conversion he began to exercise his gifts and graces in the work of the ministry, but not without considerable hesitation; and for some time he was perplexed in regard to his divine call to that sacred office. His first attempts at preaching were by no means flattering, but, encouraged by such men as David Stoner, John Nelson, and Wm. Bramwell, he persevered in his calling, while their holy influence increased his devotion and molded

his character. After preaching about two years he obtained the blessing of sanctification, and throughout the balance of his life lived in its enjoyment and faithfully proclaimed it to others.

On one occasion after he had particularly insisted upon the necessity of entire sanctification a brother accosted him as follows: "So, Mr. Smith, you have given us the old thing over again!" "Yes," said he, with a smile, "and till all your hearts are cleansed from sin, you shall have it still, over and over again." His love for souls became an overruling passion. His labors in private were as marked as they were in public, several instances of which are worthy of notice.

On one occasion a man who had led an exceedingly wicked life came to him in great distress of mind. He thought that he was about to lose his reason. Mr. Smith invited him to take tea, but before tea was over, his distress of mind was so great that he was prostrated upon the floor groaning and praying in anguish. His struggles were continued for a long time. At last, however, Mr. Smith perceived that he was relaxing his efforts and exclaimed, "What, will you give it up?" The poor fellow complained of exhaustion, but Mr. Smith replied: "You have danced for whole nights together." "That's true," said the seeker, and again renewed the conflict, nor did he cease until about eleven o'clock, when he found salvation. In a meeting that he was holding at Windsor he noticed a woman standing near the door, observing what was going on within with evident surprise. Her dress indicated extreme poverty. Going to her he said, "Woman get down on your knees and begin to pray." She at once obeyed, and asked, "What shall I say, sir?" He replied, "Ask God to give you true repentance." The poor woman

cried out, "Lord, give me true repentance!" Soon she began to tremble, and again asked, "What shall I do now, what shall I pray for?" He replied, "Ask God to have mercy upon you." And again she cried out, "Lord, have mercy upon me, a poor sinner! a guilty sinner!" Before the close of the meeting her prayer was answered, and she became a humble and grateful child of God. The following incident is related of him: "At a prayer meeting in the Frome circuit, where several were in distress, he once remarked an old man looking on with much surprise. "Well," said Mr. Smith, "do you intend to leave off your sins and be saved to-night?" "Why, no," replied the other with great coolness, "I think I will wait till next time." Had this been his real design, his policy would have been immediately to leave the place. He remained however, and presently the hand of God came upon him. He cried aloud in anguish and horror, and in a short time the Lord gave him 'the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' About twelve months since he died in peace.

His labors in the pulpit were also wonderfully blessed of the Lord. The following extract from his memoirs will not be without interest.

"On Monday evening Mr. S. preached at Newark, and there was a melting influence under the sermon. A prayer meeting followed; but nothing remarkable occurred till about 9 o'clock, when a woman in the gallery uttered an exceedingly bitter and piercing cry; and in less than two minutes, the awakening power swept across the chapel, and all hearts seemed to bend before it, as corn beneath the sickle. Upward of thirty persons were that evening converted to God, and several were cleansed from all sin. The next morning at breakfast, after some delightful pleadings with God, six

others entered into the enjoyment of entire sanctification; and in the evening at the prayer meeting, fourteen penitents were filled with that peace which passeth all understanding."

In a letter to his father, he says of a meeting at London: "According to a previous arrangement, I commenced the prayer-meeting from the pulpit. Not fewer than fifteen hundred people staid. * * * It was supposed that not fewer than forty were saved that night. Glory be to God! You would not be much surprised at this were you to hear their mighty men pray. O what straightforward believing in God! What powerful wrestling!"

Rev. James Dixon, D. D., says of him: "He was not only followed by the pious, but by the impious; and his large and overflowing congregations were made up, in most cases, of great bodies of the thoughtless, the gay and the ignorant. Among these he threw his net, and with great effect. Not satisfied with the conversion of now and then one, as the fruits of his ministry, he expected success in every service. Unless he could count conversions by scores in a week, by hundreds in a year, he had little satisfaction. * * Great numbers were happily brought to God. These consisted of all sorts and conditions of men; the poor, the profligate, and the outcast, forming a large aggregate." The same writer says: "No locality favored by his ministry could long remain dormant. His presence and influence were felt in society at large. The converts, always zealous at first, would make themselves heard and felt. Their new sentiments, feelings, and pursuits, awakened in them powers which they could not repress if they would. Their joys would find utterance, and their zeal a vent in exhortation and reproof.

The secret of his great success

was in his holy life and fervent devotion to God. Often spending whole nights in prayer, where he wrestled as with the angel of the Lord, until not unfrequently a considerable portion of the floor of his study, or place of prayer, was wet with his tears. From these places of retirement he came forth like a giant refreshed with new wine, and often under his prayers persons would fall as if struck down by an unseen power.

His labors were cut short by death which occurred while he was yet in middle life. Both his parents survived him, and often shed tears of joy at the remembrance of his useful and devoted life.

THE PRACTICAL TEST.

The tree is known by its fruits.—Matt. 12 : 33.

Our Lord here lays down the general principle, that nature lies back of effects; that what is good or evil in essence will be good or evil in results. The character of the tree is back of the fruit. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." "Do men gather grapes of thornes, or figs of thistles?" Never. This principle is of universal application, and applies equally to individuals and to nations, to systems and to creeds. On this is based the scientific test. On it is based the Bible test of our holy religion. The gospel must be judged by its fruits. Christianity is a wide-spreading tree. Its roots are planted deep in the social soil, and intertwined with all that most profoundly affects the destinies of man. It is the most conspicuous and widely influential power on the earth: the mightiest factor in the world's life mounting the government and laws, the literature and morals of the best races of men, and directing the currents of the world's progress. It claims authority over the conscience, over the affec-

tions, over the life of man, and carries with it promises and penalties that reach into the life beyond. It is of untold personal concern to each one of us, for in it are bound up the duties and the destiny of every soul that is feeling after some solid ground, some sure foothold on the floors of eternity. To uproot this tree would be to convulse the social world, and prove as fatal to the life of humanity as to tear a throbbing heart out of a living organism. And yet, this is the desperate work that infidelity is attempting. The adversaries of the Gospel are many and strong. I do not believe that since the days of Celsus there has been a single infidel objection that has not been fairly met and answered; yet the old attacks are constantly renewed. Now, how shall we meet modern scepticism? What is the chief evidence of Christianity today? Shall we go back to the miracles and predictions of the past? It seems to me that the conclusive evidence is to be found in Christianity itself. Here is an impregnable defence. Christianity is a practical system. Let us on this day, apply this crucial standard of judgment, "the tree is known by its fruits," and we shall find that it challenges our confidence and gives ground for unshaken assurance.

I: APPLY THIS TEST TO THE GREAT BOOK OF CHRISTIANITY.

In history, a mere book is often a sufficient basis for faith. The truth of Xenophon's *Anabasis* is unquestioned, though not a monumental inscription marks the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. Not a trace of wall or palace is left of old Tyre; upon a more desolate shore you never gazed: and yet we doubt not the story of her ancient greatness. Pliny tells of a cloud of ashes that descended from Vesuvius and buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. The story seemed incredible, for there was not a trace of the lost cities.

Yet men of faith began to excavate, and found walls, and temples, and dead men's bones, all in accordance with the statements of the historian; and to-day tourists wander through those silent, rut-worn streets and roofless houses, and read the open volume of city life as it existed nearly two thousand years ago. Now, the documents of Christianity from which we ascertain its facts and its teachings, are the Holy Scriptures. Here is the most wonderful volume in the whole circle of authorship—the bible—*το Βιβλιον*—*the Book*—as if there were no other book, as if it were the one Book of the world. This Book claims to be of Divine origin—the inspired Word of God. It is indeed a *wonderful Book*.

(a.) *Wonderful in its age*; older than the Vedas—older than the sacred books of Chinese—older than the Greek classics—the oldest book in the world. Written in the venerable Hebrew and the beautiful Greek, both of which became dead languages when the record was completed; there the Revelation abides unaltered—petrified in languages of stone that can never be changed. The earliest book of Job was written more than six centuries before the Iliad of Homer; the Pentateuch is a thousand years older than Herodotus, the father of profane history; the Psalms of David are five hundred years older than the Odes of Pindar; while the completed revelations of Jesus Christ and his apostles rank in age with the Latin classics of Virgil and Cicero, Tacitus and Sallust. Made of paper, the most perishable of all materials, written upon rolls of parchment, it was copied with such unerring precision that the scribes could give the central letter of each book, and of the entire Scriptures; they copied not only every sentence, every word, every syllable, every letter, but, with scrupulous exactness, they measured every pen-stroke; and the latest copy of the

Hebrew Scriptures does not vary a single hair's-breadth in extent from the first that was received. Thus it has come to us across the waste of thirty centuries, while copies of it have been taken from tombs that have been sealed up for fifteen centuries.

(b.) *Wonderful in its sublimity*; for the brilliant passages of the sages and poets of Greece and Rome seem like the compositions of schoolboys compared with the inimitable grandeur of Moses, the gorgeous imagery of Isaiah, the lyric poetry of David, the lofty reasonings of St. Paul, or the dazzling metaphors of John. From its glowing pages the master-thinkers of the world have drawn their highest inspiration, and the most gifted poets have struggled to set its grand conceptions in song, the divinest painters and sculptors to embody them in color and marble, and the great musical geniuses to swell them in oratorios.

(c.) *Wonderful in the range of its subjects*; sweeping back to the world's dawn, and on to its day of doom. It is called pre-eminently the Book of God, because the great theme of it is that one living, true God, whom no man hath seen or can see, but "in whom we live and move and have our being." How sublime its conceptions of Deity in comparison with any forms of mythology, ancient or modern, Egyptian or Hindu, Greek or Roman, where many of the gods are such personifications of wickedness that the very worship of such beings corrupts and degrades men. It furnishes the only rational account of the creation of world and the origin of man. Compare the simple and significant statement. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," with the childish fancies of the most civilized nations of antiquity concerning Chaos, and Erebus, and the starry Ouranos, or with the more recent scientific speculations about

"molecules" and "atoms," "correlation of forces," "molecular machinery, worked by molecular force," "differentiation," "potentiated skymist," "highly differentiated life-stuff," "evolution," "natural selection," "spontaneous generation," and other phrases, whose mysteries are past finding out. What does star-eyed science tell of the origin and the destiny of man? The genealogy of the Bible ends with, "which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God;" the genealogy of the high priests of Nature ends with, "which was the son of a hybrid, which was the son of a demoralized and tailless monkey, which was the son of a fish, which was the son of a frog, which was the son of a polywog, which was the son of an oyster, which was the son of a jelly-fish, which was the son of protoplasm, which was the son of bioplasm, which was the son of nothing." Now, I do not wish to undervalue science or philosophic inquiry; but how weak is atheistic evolution to explain the mystery of a universe, self-made, without a God, by the side of the true Genesis of the Bible, which presents the world of life, "fresh teeming from the hand of God," whose Infinite Intelligence directs and superintends all things; for He "binds the sweet influences of the Pleiades, brings forth Mazzaroth in his season, and guides Arc-turus with his suns." And as to human destiny, it only hath brought "life and immortality to light" Six thousand years of human existence have rolled away, and generations have gone down in ceaseless procession to the grave, from which has come no voice or murmur to tell "whether they sleep with the brutes or wake with the angels." The living have gone with their broken hearts, and hung over the tomb with a speechless agony, waiting to hear a whisper from that deep, abysmal darkness; or in the hush of night, they have

looked up to the stars, and cried to the all-merciful Father and to the spirits above, for some ray of light or sound of the hushed voice. But no prayer of broken hearts, no cry of desolated homes, no wails and sobs that have gone surging up to the heavens, have ever awakened a response from our darlings, or called back a messenger from the dead. Not one, not even a father, asks,—

"Who is it that cries after us
Below there, in the dark?"

Only one voice speaks out of the silence and darkness, and with more than heavenly sweetness it says: "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." Wonderful, this Book. It alone has truths that are vital to the race,—truths for which the world has sighed, and longed, and wept,—truths that go down to the everlasting granite of human existence.

(d.) *Wonderful in its organic unity and completeness*: A library in itself, written by more than thirty different persons, at vast intervals of space and time, forty centuries contributing their best things to it, these sixty-six books when brought together are found to constitute one book bridging over the entire course of human history from the creation to the final judgment; a harmony of design pervading all and running like a thread of gold through types and ceremonies, precepts and promises, the same doctrinal truths taught, and all gathering around one majestic character and one sublime purpose—the purpose of redemption in Christ Jesus. The magnificent cathedral at Strasburg is full of deformities because the architect died before the work was completed, and there was no one who could fully understand the plan which he had in his mind. But here are men of every shade of intellect and variety

of endowment writing through the long period of fifteen centuries these many and diverse books, all linked together and making one work as absolutely perfect as though it were a grand epic by one writer; a unity proves its author to be one and divine, for no mind other than the mind of God could act over so vast a lapse of time and be 1,500 years in making out a common plan.

(e) *Wonderful in its moral teaching*; inculcating every duty that we owe to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to God. It is the great text-book of morals; the ultimate standard of appeal in human conduct, disclosing to us the will and purpose of a Being with whose will and purpose we are to be concerned forever and forever; telling the story of sin and of salvation so plainly that the Sunday school children of our infant classes can understand them, with mysteries so profound that the student angels as they bend over them, may droop their wings wearily and ask God to give them rest, and time, and strength. It is indeed the Book of books, and claims to be God's written word. It has never shunned the test of logical inquiry, and has defied the sharpest criticism of all the centuries; for from Genesis to Revelation the Bible has been in the battle, and all the while its armor has grown brighter, its sword keener, and its arm stronger. Have its wonder-laden narratives ever been falsified by authentic history? Never. Have its teachings ever been found in antagonism to true science? Never. Has the evidence of miracles ever been overthrown? Never. Have the prophecies ever been falsified by events? Never. This book rests upon a rock of adamant. No discoveries in science have shaken its foundations; no facts of history have falsified its records; no changes in the modes of thought have superseded its in-

structions; and while the advancing tide of knowledge is sweeping away the false system of religion—while modern geography convicts the Koran as an ignorant imposture, the microscope reproves the folly of the Shasters, and astronomy confutes the system of Confucius,—the Bible retains its place and power, and with the growing light the truth of God shines brighter from the sacred page.

Now the question comes, who wrote this Book? Is it God's books or man's? Did bad men write it? Impossible, for "like produces like." "Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit?" Such a book bad men would not write if they could, and could not if they would. Then, they were good men who wrote it; and if good men wrote it, it is true. Good men are not forgers and deceivers. They would not be found perjured witnesses of Jesus Christ. If it is a bad book, how is it that bad men hate it and good men love it! I hold every skeptic to this position. "The tree is known by its fruits." If this is not a good book, why have all evil powers leagued together to extirpate it from among men? Antiochus sought to destroy it, but the fidelity of the Jews frustrated his designs. Diocletian, in his bloody persecution, issued an imperial edict that all the Scriptures should be burnt; cruel superstition has tried to blot it out, and boasting infidelity to demolish it; but the Book has outlived all its enemies, and "abideth forever." To destroy the Bible you would have to destroy all the literature of civilization. The Sibylline leaves are torn to pieces and scattered, but this book is imperishable—its voice has gone out to all lands; it enters into all that we love and cherish; it reigns over human thought and feeling, and is influencing the destinies that await the remotest generations. This revela-

tion is divine. Escape the conviction you cannot. Think of a book standing in unapproachable greatness, lifting itself above the mightiest thought and intellect of every age, like the peak of Teneriffe, or like Sinai, the Mount of God, above the level plain; think of such a book coming with falsehood to fill the world with honesty, coming with a conscious lie to teach consummation-holiness, to inspire the affections, fill the soul with holy life, and hold the best hearts of the world through all centuries. *You cannot.*

This Book has in it a self-evidencing power. You cannot read it frankly without feeling the Divine presence, and exclaiming, "Lo! God is here!" Who has not heard about John Newton, the blaspheming infidel, who one day was led to ask himself the question, "What if, after all, the Bible should be true?" He was induced to examine it, and came upon the passage which promises the Holy Spirit to them that ask for it. He applied the text and found it true. The Spirit was given. He was awakened and converted. The raging profligate became a true believer, a holy, happy, experimental witness of the truth, and having lived a saint for fifty-five years, and having written some of the sweetest hymns that we sing, he died in the triumphant assurance of everlasting blessedness. Now am I addressing any who, from association with unbelievers, or who, from reading brilliant but skeptical periodicals, have begun to lose faith in the old Book that has lain neglected on the parlor-table, or the bedroom-stand? Let me ask, have you acted fairly toward a book which professes to be the word of God? Have you examined honestly and candidly its claims? If not, pause; though you have travelled far on the road of unbelief—stop; read the Book—read it thoughtfully, with an open spirit, and the secrets

of eternity will lighten upon your eyes; read it earnestly, honestly, and just as sure as there is a God you will hear His voice, and feel the pressure of His hand. You will feel that God is a reality—the soul a reality—the eternal future a reality—and though the truth on which you have stood may have seemed before a fragile and storm-driven thing at the mercy of the awful waves, you will realize that adamant is beneath your feet, and that the foundation standeth sure and immovable. When the wounded soldier lay dying in the hospital, and the tender mother, who had journeyed far, was denied the boon of seeing him lest the shock should prove fatal, the kind nurse who sat beside the sleeping boy with her hand upon his forehead, allowed the mother to slip quietly into her seat, and place her hand upon the fevered brow. No sooner did he feel that soft, familiar touch, than with eyes still closed, he murmured, "That's my mother's hand! Oh! mother, have you come?"

So shall you know the touch of the mother hand of God, and become a happy witness to the divinity and power of His word. This is the one ultimate standard, the present, self attesting evidence that this Book is supernatural.—*Rev. Hugh Johnston, in "Times of Refreshing."*

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly,
"Oh, Mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!

—*John G. Whittier.*

"EVERY ONE THAT ASKETH
RECEIVETH."

There is an absolutism and a certitude about this divine dictum found in Matt. vii. : 8, that is often hard to reconcile with the numerous instances of apparently—to put it in the safest form—unanswered prayers that we meet with in the Church. How many are puzzling themselves over what, to them, seems an inexplicable mystery—why their prayers go unanswered? whereas, the real query should be, have I really prayed? True, there may be a repetition of the experience of the woman in Matt. xv. : 23, "He answered her not a word"—where the faith of the suppliant is put to the test; but the real question that ought most to disturb us is not why answers are not given, but whether, after all, we have really asked. Kneeling or standing, as the case may be, and uttering words, is not asking. A child may utter words a long time before it says anything. It may be comparatively an easy thing to say words on our knees; but it is not an easy thing to pray. There must be a conviction of need—a hungering and thirsting—a strength of faith and a fervency of desire reached, out of which all true prayer springs, before there is any possibility of praying.

Prayer is more than a reverential attitude; more than marshalling words in embattled ranks before the throne of grace; it is the impassioned cry of the soul to God, whether with or without language. It is the spirit, and then only when aided by the Holy Spirit, that does the asking. Certain conditions must obtain within us before prayer becomes possible to us. God is always ready to hear—"His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear," and always ready to answer—"before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear;" but we are not

always ready to pray. The soul is dumb while there is a garrulous tongue.

Prayer, to be effectual, must take its complexion from the life and power of the Holy Spirit within us. As "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost," so no man can pray unaided by the Spirit. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

Prayer is a spiritual exercise; it is coming to Him who is a spirit; and none but the spiritual can perform it in a gainful way. It is coming to God with the heart. Joseph's brethren could not have audience with him unless they brought Benjamin along with them. So he who would have audience with God must bring his heart along with him. What a solemn reproof in the words: "Ye have not, because ye ask not." There may be the utterance of vagrant platitudes, or cold, studious petitions by the lips; but no asking, because no access to God can be gained on that line. It is better that the "heart be without words," than the "words without heart." All must realize the need of heart-work in prayer. To such, all other work comes easy.—*Bishop N. Castle in "Highway of Holiness."*

THE DIVINE LIFE.

"But he that is joined to the Lord, is one spirit."
—1 Cor. 6 : 17.

Oh, sacred union of the Perfect Mind!
Transcendent bliss which thou alone canst give!
How blest are they this pearl of price who
find,
And, dead to earth, have learnt in Thee to live.

Thus, in thine arms of love, O God, I lie,
Lost, and forever lost, to all but thee.
My happy soul, since it hath learned to die,
Hath found new life in thine Infinity.

Oh, go, and learn this lesson of the Cross:
And tread the way which saints and prophets
trod,
Who, counting life, and self, and all things
loss,
Have found in inward death the life of God.

MY CROSS.

"Alas! my God," I cried in anguish sore,
 "I cannot bear my cross, what shall I do?
 I cry to thee for help, and fall the more,
 I stumble every step the darkness through.

"And yet it is my cross. Thou gavest it me,
 And leaving it, I cannot follow thee—
 'The servant as his Lord.' Thou carried
 thine,
 I cannot follow if I bear not mine.

"Help me, oh Lord! for all my strength* is
 gone,
 I cannot rise beneath this heavy load,
 Thy Gospel tells me of a race to run,
 And yet I prostrate lie upon the road."

In weak despair I bowed my head and wept,
 Until in utter weariness I slept,
 And then the loving Lord who pities all,
 Sent me an answer to my anguish'd call.

An angel bent above me where I lay,
 I felt him touch my head, I heard him say,
 "Oh, child of God, thou bearest thy burden
 wrong—
 To carry it aright will make thee strong.

"Thy cross is on thy back. Like some brute
 beast
 Thou crouchest to the earth beneath thy
 load.
 Stand up. With willing arms, oh! child
 of God,
 Take up thy cross, and clasp it to thy
 breast.

"Its touch upon thy heart will give thee
 strength,
 Thou canst not then forget Christ died
 for thee,
 And never will forsake thee, but at length
 Will bring thee where thou may'st his
 glory see.

"Go on, and closer hold thy precious cross,
 All it was given thee for, thou may'st not
 see.
 But they who faithful are, sustain no loss,
 And in the end thy cross shall carry thee.

"Its arms shall stretch beneath thy tired
 arms,
 Thy weary frame shall rest where Jesus
 hung.
 And lo! the cross of all thy sad alarms
 Shall prove the Staff the sacred poet sung.

"Deep in the shadow of the Vale of Death
 The Rod and Staff of comfort shall be
 thine,
 Then clasp it closely till thy latest breath,
 And bear rejoicing on, the cross divine."

I awoke, but all my spirit was at rest—
 Our Father's ways are never as our ways,
 I carry now my cross upon my breast,
 And on my lips a song of love and praise.
 —Mrs. Bruce, in "The Churchman."

SOUL LIFE.

"Seek ye after God, and your soul shall
 live."—Psalms 69 : 33.

Herein lies the root of our duty,
 and of all happiness. Happiness is
 the soul's life; without happiness,
 or the hope thereof, life seems not
 worth having. What is this happi-
 ness, and how is it to be found?
 Holy Scripture tells us, in God
 only; and "our life is hid with
 Christ in God." Just as the body
 becomes a prey to corruption, when
 its union with the soul is dissolved,
 so the soul depends for life upon its
 union with God; yet not after a
 wholly self-same manner. The body
 contains an inherent principle of
 corruption, whereas the soul has an
 inherent principle of life—*i. e.* its
 faculty of knowledge and love. But
 were these to be expended on itself,
 alone, the soul's life must inevitably
 deteriorate, and as a natural conse-
 quence, it is ever reaching forth
 towards objects more satisfying
 wherein to rest. Such rest is not to
 be found in the things of sense;
 "the Spirit giveth life," and it alone;
 and until the soul drinks, and drinks
 deeply, of the Spirit of God, it will
 not find its true life. He kindles
 the burning thirst which leads us
 to the fountain of living water, and
 he has promised to satisfy it abund-
 antly; but he will have us ask be-
 fore he gives, and to that end he
 has taught us to use the blessed
 grace of prayer. The soul cannot
 die, in the sense of ceasing to ex-
 ist, but its death consists in ceasing
 to know or love God; and weary
 indeed is that man's life who has
 turned away from these saving
 truths—to him all its restlessness
 and anxiety, fretting desires, unful-
 filled hopes—no peace, no light, no
 satisfaction. But he who has found
 his soul's life in God is happy—not
 in truth with perfect happiness;
 that is not granted to men in this
 world, but a foretaste thereof—he

has a secret joy which is beyond the reach of temptation, unrest and sorrow; a quiet confidence and steadfastness which abide even while the waves and storms of life sweep over him. God has promised, not that he shall be free from crosses, rather they form the ladder by which the soul mounts upwards, but that He will abide with His faithful servant through them all, and be his Rock, his Castle his strong Foundation. In this world he may suffer loss—"the Lord killeth and maketh alive; He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up; the Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich, He bringeth low and lifteth up."—1 Sam. 6 : 7, but while "death worketh in us," in our senses and passions, our human spirit and will, it is "that the life of Jesus might be made manifest in us;" the life of love, of glory, of perfect happiness for the soul.—*J. A. Clark.*

ALL FOR GOD.

What I most desire for you is a certain calmness, which recollection, detachment, and love of God alone can give. St. Augustine says that whatever we love outside God so much the less do we love him; it is as a brook whence part of the water is turned aside. Such a diversion takes away from that which is God's, and thence arise harass and trouble. God would have all, and his jealousy cannot endure a divided heart; the slightest affection apart from him becomes a hindrance, and causes estrangement. The soul can only look to find peace in love without reserve.

Dissipation, the great foe of recollection, excites all human feelings, distracts the soul, and drives it from its true resting-place. Further still, it kindles the senses and imagination; and to quiet them again is a hard task, while the very effort to do

so is in itself an inevitable distraction.

Concern yourself as little as possible with external matters. Give a quiet, calm attention to those things assigned to your care by Providence at proper seasons, and be sure that you can accomplish a great deal more by quiet thoughtful work done as in God's sight, than by all the busy eagerness and over-activity of your restless nature.—*Fenelon.*

PATIENCE.

One is impatient in his work because he considers it unimportant. He does not rightly value that which God has appointed for him as the best, at this time, in heaven or on earth.

If we do not perform well the work which is at hand we shall do nothing well, for we can do nothing else. "He that hasteth with his feet sinneth;" for he slights God, and cares not for the good of others. An impatient person yields to Satan, and is controlled by him; but he who is patient does well the appointed work amid strong opposition.

One cannot do with his might that which he does in haste. He does not do it with might of mind; for he has not time to consider how it may best be done. Neither does he do it with the complete might of his other powers; for he has not time to gather and rightly use them. Mighty workers are not hasty.

Consider the patience of God in his material works. Each new rising of the sun is an expression of his unwearied continuance in even temporal well-doing. As you again see it rise, consider this, and take up your daily tasks anew, realizing as never before that you are working together with God. Each new shower and sunset, seed-time and harvest, bears witness to God's patience and exhorts us to imitate

him. Humble thyself to the work he appoints thee; grow not weary in well-doing, but work with steady earnestness, knowing that all is noticed, pondered and accounted of. In the morning rise with him, and let him lead thee through the day. "Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord."

"Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?"

* * * * *

"Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:
From toil comes rest; for exile, home.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridgroom's
voice,
The midnight peal; 'Behold, I come!'"
—*Selected.*

SIN DEGRADES EVERYTHING.

See how nature itself may be degraded by the spirit of wars:—"And it shall come to pass, that thy choicest valleys shall be full of chariots, and the horsemen shall set themselves in array at the gate."—Isa 22 : 7. The valley was never made for war; the choice valley was made for garden-land and wheat fields and vineyards, not for the pomp and circumstance of war, for the carnage of military cruelty. Thus nature is degraded, dishonored, discrowned. Gibeon, and Rephaim, and Hinnom, and Jehosaphat—meant to grow wine and oil and bread for the inhabitants of the city—are turned into a great slaughter-house. Sin degrades everything, blights all the flowers, hushes all the music, turns back all the light; it hates the morning because the morning reveals, detects, and makes stand out in ghastly clearness things that long to hide themselves in some merciful cloud. So it is with the degradation of our faculties. Think of Imagination—that wing of the soul, that power by which we create new heavens and a new earth—

being degraded, so as to have to take into account numbers of men opposed to men, questions of bloodshed, questions of storming and overwhelming cities innocent and useful upon the earth; think of imagination being employed in discovering new methods of villainy.

To such base uses may we come, that the poet's faculty may become a thief's investment! He will consider in the night time what he may do to-morrow. What is he doing?—harnessing a very steed of heaven to a chariot that can roll only in a downward direction, and terminate its rolling only in hell. What art thou doing, oh bad man?—perverting the finest faculties, filling the choicest valleys with proofs of evil, hurrying down thy whole nature to the base service of the devil. We should be careful of such prostitution; it leaves us weaker, poorer, meaner men; our faculties were meant to grow in an upward direction, to be plentiful in outshoots, in great branches each of which is equal to a tree itself, bearing an abundant harvest of fruit so that hunger may be satisfied, and creating great amplitude of shade under which the weary may lay down and rest. Sometimes it excites solicitude that men should have to consider any little questions at all—that they should be troubled with bread getting, money-making, world-caressing,—they who ought always to be far away out, meeting God half-way, and holding high speech in tabernacles not made with hands. But it has pleased God so to constitute us that we must deal with little questions sometimes. Blessed be God, we never need deal with mean, unworthy, wicked, questions; all these we can take up and throw off into the fire, and though our questions be limited by our necessities, they need not be debased by our passions and evil desires.

—*Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.*

THE UTILITY OF SELF-REFLECTION.

It was to himself that the psalmist said, *I will take heed to my ways*; and it is impossible for any other to prove a good or a wise man without much of this kind of speech to himself. It is one of the most excellent and distinguishing faculties of a reasonable creature—much beyond vocal speech, for in that some birds may imitate us; but neither bird nor beast have anything of this kind of language of reflecting or discoursing with itself. It is a wonderful brutality in the greatest part of men who are so little conversant in this kind of speech, being framed and disposed for it, and which is not only of itself excellent, but of continual use or advantage; but it is a common evil among men to go abroad and out of themselves, which is a madness and a true distraction. It is true a man hath need of a well-set mind when he speaks to himself; for otherwise he may be worse company to himself than if he were with others; but he ought to endeavour to have a better with him—to call in God to himself to dwell with him. If thus we did we should find how sweet this were to speak to ourselves, by now and then intermixing our speech with discourses unto God. For want of this the most part not only lose their time in vanity, in their converse abroad with others, but to carry in heaps of that vanity to the stock which is in their own hearts, and do converse with that in secret, which is the greatest and the deepest folly in the world. Other solitary employments, as reading the disputes and controversies that are among men, are things not unuseful; yet all turns to waste if we read not our own heart and study that. This is the study of every holy man, and between this and the consideration of God he spends his hours and endeavors.

Some have recommended the reading of men more than books; but what is in the one or both of them, or all the world beside, without this? * * *

It is true it is necessary for some men in some particular charges and stations to regard the ways of others; and besides something there may be of a wise observing others, to improve the good and evil we see in them to our own advantage, and bettering our own ways,—looking on them to make the repercussion the stronger on ourselves; but except it be out of charity and wisdom, it flows either from uncharitable malice or else a curious and vain spirit to look much and narrowly into the ways of others, and to know the manner of living of persons about us, and so to know everything but ourselves, like travelers, who are well seen in foreign and remote parts, but strangers in the affairs of their own country at home. The check that Christ gave to Peter is due to such—*What is that to thee? follow thou me.* “Look thou to thine own feet, that they be set in the right way.” It is a strange thing that men should lay out their diligence abroad to their loss, when their pains might be bestowed to their advantage nearer at hand,—at home, within themselves.

—Robert Leighton.

Dr. Leighton comments on this text thus: “The love of Christ in the soul takes the very nails that fastened him to the cross, and crucifies the soul to the world and to sin. Love is strong as death, particularly in this. The strongest and liveliest body, when death seizes it, must yield, and so become motionless, though it was so vigorous before. And the soul that is most active and unwearied in sin, when love seizes it, is killed to sin; and as death separates a man from his dearest friends, and society, so this love breaks all its ties and friendship with sin.”

ANSWERED PRAYER.

Even many good christians ask why it is prayer seems so seldom answered directly and instantly? why so few immediate tokens are given that the promise is fulfilled in this? Admitting the difficulty must lie wholly with themselves, they probe deep often to find wherein the trouble lies. If the time and labor given to these searchings, were only directed in the right channel how quickly a right solution would be found to this problem. There are three states of spiritual existence, each has its accompanying results. First there is the natural, inborn bias of the mind toward sacred things, and its involuntary drawings to prayer and communion to a higher holier being. Even skeptics instinctively pray.

Then there is the prayer of the renewed heart, a strong and frequent reaching out and up to one to whom it feels it belongs; who, in very love, listens to their petitions. Answer comes often sweet and even startling, but so seldom they begin to question why? They long more than words can tell how to find God so close when they pray that they have "the witness" and can see He hears. Now what is "the prayer of faith?" It is when the mind is so detached from itself, there is no consciousness but that of being in the real and immediate presence and audience of God, and that God so blessed, holy and loving, so willing to grant and to give, there is not a shadow of doubt. It *knows* it has the petitions it desires, and so is filled with a radiance of truth and love itself, which this contact with the Supreme is sure to give. The soul is often amazed at its own boldness, even when the thrill of the divine touch is upon it so evidently that faith is sight, desire reality; petition praise; CHRIST IS ALL. O! the hallowedness of

such union and the halo of glory that enshrouds the soul in and after such communions! The Anointed has anointed us afresh, and we know it and we know these are the prayers *always* answered.

So it will be seen at once, it is not the prayer or the nature of the needs expressed or the things asked for, but the attitude the soul is in, the altitude in the divine life it has arrived at. Would that more of the children of the King apprehended the sacredness, and the sweetness of this state that they might be enabled to re-echo the Master's words, "I know that Thou hearest me always." See to it, follower of the Lamb, that thou needest no longer to cry out, "my prayer is not heard." It is a libel on Jesus and makes the infidel to scoff and the weak to falter and fear to take the place of perfect faith. Unbelief makes God a liar. Get immediately into the realized presence of your Triune God, and *wait* there till He tells thee He is listening, or *tarry* there till He speaks to thee.—*L. A. Baldwin, in "Words of Faith."*

Principle is to be distinguished from PREJUDICE. The man who should endeavor to weaken my belief of the truth of the Bible, and of the fair deduction from it of the leading doctrines of religion, under the notion of their being prejudices, should be regarded by me as an assassin. He stabs me in my dearest hopes: he robs me of my solid happiness; and he has no equivalent to offer. This species of evidence of the truth and value of Scriptures is within the reach of all men. It is my strongest. It assures me as fully as a voice could from heaven, that my principles are not prejudices. I see in the Bible my heart and the world painted to the life; and I see just that provision made, which is competent to the highest ends and effects on this heart and this world.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

BY EDWARD JONES.

There is no question at all, that when the Messiah lived on earth the people of his nation were very greatly deceived. They seem not to have had a shadow of doubt that they were the true and accepted children of God. Yet they were not, but, on the contrary, according to the words of Christ, they were the children of the devil, and because of their excessive wickedness, they brought upon themselves swift and irretrievable destruction.

They do not stand alone in the history of the world. Anyone, by reading the first chapter of Isaiah will see, that, in the days of that prophet, nearly eight hundred years before Christ, the very same state of things existed.

With these facts before us, is it allowable to think that the same delusion may occur again, or to suppose it to be even possible that it now exists, and that the masses of professing Christians in this nineteenth century are deceived; that they have greatly mistaken the nature of the new birth, and while they may feel quite as confident of their acceptance with God as the Jews did, yet if they are deceived this will avail nothing; all their hopes will perish, and instead of reaching heaven they will reap eternal death.

It is the farthest possible from our mind to wish to alarm anyone unnecessarily, but we do wish that this matter were thoroughly investigated, because in my own mind I have not a shadow of doubt, that at no period in the history of the world have the masses of professing Christians been more grossly deceived than they are now.

Every careful student of the Bible knows that the most approved form of baptism cannot regenerate

the soul; nor if to baptism we add the belief of any creed, even though it were universally acknowledged to be perfect in all its statements and requirements. Nor will it avail one iota in the salvation of a soul if we still further add to these a well regulated life; an unexampled beneficence; and a most devout observance of all religious ordinances, and an unprecedented devotion to the church in all its interests. Nay more, if a man should add to all these, a confident belief that Jesus saves him now, and if all these beautiful characteristics, should not only centre in one individual, but if he were the most successful minister in the land, and on his dying bed he were inexpressibly triumphant and happy, yet if he has gone no farther than this, he knows absolutely nothing of scriptural regeneration, and the moment his eyes would close on earth, they would open in a bottomless hell.

This statement is so abundantly sustained by the word of God, and by the writings of the Christian fathers, that no well instructed minister could withhold his assent from it for one moment; and even the masses of professing Christians may fully endorse it and yet be ignorant of the nature of the new birth.

The inexpressible importance of this subject leads us to hope that some able minister will favor us with a discourse giving the nature of regeneration, or, if this subject is too extensive to be covered in one discourse, will he not at least answer this query. Do the Scriptures teach that every regenerated soul invariably loves God with such an intensity of love, that, in all the details of life he will, at any cost, choose to do the will of God in preference to his own will, or the will of any other person?

The bearing of this question will readily be perceived. If we say that the renewed heart need not

choose to do the will of God in some particulars, then it follows that willful disobedience is no bar to the divine favor, and to our salvation, and that God justifies sin, which we all know is both absurd and impossible.

If, on the other hand, we hold that the renewed nature invariably impels the soul to a line of unswerving obedience to God, then it follows that no one is renewed who is willingly indifferent, to the divine will, either in thought, word, or deed, and he who is indifferent, being unrenewed, must inevitably perish, and if this be the condition of the masses of professing Christians, then they are not saved now, and in their present condition cannot be saved hereafter.

Do we err in suggesting that the importance of this subject cannot be overestimated? To be deceived where so much is at stake is an inexpressible calamity.

GOD'S WILL.

I am often asked "How can we certainly know God's will in any matter? How can we distinguish the leadings of the Spirit?" I would say in the first place, you must have *courage*: you must *expect* to get what you have need of. God is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

During the first four years of my religious experience, I made use of the *lot* in deciding matters, but it did not work well; I found I made mistakes in regard to God's mind. Upon examining the Bible, I found no record of the apostles using the *lot* after the days of Pentecost. I therefore concluded that it was God's will at present that we be directed by His Spirit and His word. When any matter presents itself to me, upon which it is necessary I should decide, I present it to the Lord in prayer: then I

search the Bible to know if there be any direct precept bearing upon the subject: if I find no *special* command, I look farther to find some *general* truth which, by its significance, will embrace the matter in hand. If I fail in finding this, I pursue the course which by repeated prayer seems to be impressed upon my mind and it never fails to bring *peace* to me: and in the course of our forty years I have not made mistakes. This method has been so satisfactory to me, that I am prepared to recommend it to others. But I would say, as a condition, to having or expecting our prayers to be answered we must have *perfect submission* to God.—Geo. Muller.

GOD A COMPASSIONATE FATHER.

God has graciously assumed the title and expressed the tenderness of a father. What our imagination or presumption might ascribe to the divine Being is one thing, and what he has chosen to assume himself is quite another; and therefore if it had been a mere figure of rhetoric, a mere oratorical flourish of some eloquent preacher, or a mere poetical figure, that had ascribed the pity of a father to God, though it had been amusing and pretty, yet there would have been no solidity in it, and no comfort to be derived from it. But the consoling point is, that the divine Being himself has directly assumed it, and ascribed personally the tenderness implied in it to himself. Though God is often mentioned under the character and attributes of a Father in the Old Testament, yet it is said men were never commanded to address him as such, till Christ authorized them: "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven." Realize him under that character. It is delightful to think how frequently Christ uses the term, *Your heavenly Father*.

"Like as a father pitieth his children; so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Think, Christians, what are the exercises of a father's heart toward his child, and learn from thence to understand the subject. Does the dependent weakness of your child excite your sympathy, your love, and your care!—There is something answerable to it in God. The immediate comprehension which he must necessarily have of your perpetual dependence upon himself, must excite a kind of delicacy of tenderness to his feeble and helpless offspring answerable to what you experience. Hence the Scripture expressions of "Having respect to the work of his hands;" "Not despising anything which he hath made;" "Knowing our frame, and remembering that we are but dust," seem to convey the thought.—Does the imbecility of your children's understanding excite your pity? Yes, in consequence of that weakness, the tenderness of a father rises in your heart; you take a pleasure in listening to them, love to hear them prattle, and delight to answer their simple inquiries. Now, to the divine Being, the best of Christians, are nothing more than children in understanding, babes in knowledge. Their reasonings, their inquiries, their thoughts, are the thoughts of children; and there is something in the parental mind above, answerable to your pity for the weakness of your children; and the God of knowledge takes pleasure in illuminating the understandings, assisting the inquiries and views of thinking minds: "Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he teach sinners the way; the meek will he guide in judgment, and teach them his way." And this is the characteristic of Christ, "One who can have compassion on the ignorant."—The peculiar tempers of your children excite your pity and watchful care. But still

when you think it right to express your indignation, or use the rod, there is a prevailing mixture of the tenderness of pity; their helplessness and weakness disarm you; there is a strong sensation of the kindness of candid affection; your strokes are blows of authority, of rational necessity, not of inclination: you strike your own heart every time as hard as you do the surface of their bodies. Now this very sensation of parental pity for human frowardness is ascribed, in Scripture, to God, under terms of *forbearance and long suffering*. "Despise thou the riches of the forbearance and long-suffering of God?" How beautifully was this displayed in the conduct of Christ, to his poor, erring, imperfect disciples, and in his apologies for them; it was, all along, a father pitying and apologizing for his children.—Their sickness and pains touch the tenderest feelings of your hearts. You seem as if you could not be well while your child is ill; as if you could number its groans, and put its tears in your bottle; as if you long to bear its pains, and lie down in its place and stead. And strange as it may sound to some ears, this peculiar tenderness is ascribed to God himself. "In all their affliction he was afflicted." He kept them as the apple of his eye. "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of my eye." What an expression of sympathy.—The falls of your children excite your pity; whether they are the consequence of inattention, rashness, folly, or opposition to your will, you naturally and wisely blame them, and in some cases chastise. But still you feel for them; you reach out the willing hand to help them up again, and do all in your power to heal and end the evil, and to comfort them. Here again, *as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him*; "for the Lord upholdeth all that fall, and

raiseth up all those that be bowed down." "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way; though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand."—*W. Nicholson.*

DISPENSATION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY HANNAH PELTON.

The enlightened Christian reader will not fail to note all through the New Testament the important and effective work of the Holy Ghost. It is the prominent feature held up before us. It is the solid rock on which stands our holy religion. It is the great enlightener of man's moral nature. It is the sublime, the powerful element of the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Without it the great church organizations are only dead in a lifeless profession. Their influence for true holiness is gone, they are only white washed sepulchres, fair to look upon; but only the charnel house of forms and ceremonies, made agreeable by every device that fosters pride and lulls the slumbering conscience. Its office work is presented in various ways. It is a creative agency, as in the birth of our Saviour. Then as an out pouring of the spirit on man. Then its full possession of individuals as of Jesus, Zacharias, Elizabeth, Peter, Stephen, the Apostles and their converts. It is an enlightener or teacher. Thus we read: "That good thing which was committed unto thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." It needs to be renewed as "by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." We are made partakers of it: "Holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" "Praying in the Holy Ghost." The redemption work of

Jesus is not fulfilled in us only as we have the abiding indwelling of the Holy Ghost. "What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

The religion of Jesus Christ has not changed. He is no respecter of persons. What the apostles enjoyed and possessed, Christians of this day may have. It is not only the will of God that all should have it, but professed Christians are criminally neglectful as with an open Bible they fail through obedience and consecration to lay hold by faith on this glorious freedom found in the possession of the Holy Ghost. Those thus endowed will not give way to any spirit contrary to love. They will not be discouraged with regard to anything that God is interested in. They will not be prejudiced—will be in no fault-finding mood, ready to condemn those who do not walk up to their light. They will not give their own wants and desires a preference to those of the Lord's cause. They will not gossip or bring reproach on any of the saints. They will not indulge in a spirit of levity, or of worldliness. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."—1 Cor. 3: 16, 17. This is the Bible standard of the religion of Jesus Christ. Reader does the Spirit witness to you that ye are indeed the temple of God?

Worshipper of this world, why will you not consent to be happy—really happy; not in the excitement of novelty and gratification of desire, but in the exercise of the purest and noblest affection, in the favor and fellowship of Heaven, in the prospect of a triumphant death and a glorious immortality?

DEAD INDEED.

BY S. K. WHEATLAKE.

Crucified with Christ my Saviour ;
 Dead indeed, O can it be !
 That the soul so prone to evil
 Can be made so dead, so free !
 Yes, so dead there's not one struggle
 Of the carnal life within.
 Dead indeed makes no provision
 For one taint of inbred sin.

Dead indeed to sinful passion,
 Free from every carnal lust.
 In my motives, thoughts and actions
 Glorify the God I trust.
 Roots of bitterness extracted
 From the subsoil of the heart ;
 Every power by sin perverted ;
 Cleansed of God and set apart.

Dead indeed to worldly pleasure ;
 Every longing of my soul
 Pants for God and living waters,
 Stretches forth to reach the goal.
 Though the world seems gay and happy,
 By its charms may try to win,
 No response to its temptations
 In the soul that's dead to sin.

Dead indeed to worldly honors ;
 Shun no cross to win its smile ;
 Ever with the few in number,
 Shun the throng by sin defiled.
 Not exalted should they praise me,
 There's no shame when they deride,
 For the soul seeks only Jesus
 When 'tis wholly sanctified.

Dead. Yes dead. Still I am living,
 Yet not I, but Christ within.
 Dead. That all the life I cherish
 Be divine—derived from Him.
 From His side flows life eternal,
 Rich—abundant to my soul,
 And it joins me to the living,
 Hallelujah ! I am whole.

Discoursing generally, Dr. Clarke remarked,—“God ever requires us to do justly : this, as it refers to affairs of business, means give proper weight ; that is, let your balance be perfectly even : do not give too much, or you are unjust to yourself ; nor the least too little, or you are unjust to your neighbor. As to liberality in business, there is no such thing required. 1st. Because, by its occasional or general practice you may so injure your own interest, as on another occasion to render it scarcely possible to do what God ever requires—justly by all, to ourselves as well as to our neighbors ; let every one give all he can in acts

of benevolence, and in order to do this he should act justly to his neighbor in order to ensure God's blessing upon his property ; justly to himself, that by this means he may have it in his power to communicate of the fair returns of lawful increase. The commands of God to man are all founded in justice and reason, and His injunctions are suited to our individual and relative connection to each other, and to society at large.”

We are mere mites creeping on the earth, and often times conceited mites too. If any superior being will condescend to visit us and teach us, something may be known. “Has God spoken to man ?” This is the most important question that can be asked. All ministers should examine this matter to the foundation. Many are culpably negligent herein. But when this has been done, let there be no more questionings and surmises. My son is not, perhaps, convinced that I am entitled to be his teacher. Let us try. If he finds that he knows more than I do—well : if he finds that he knows nothing and submits—I am not to renew this conviction in his mind every time he chooses to require me to do so.

If any honest and benevolent man felt scruples in his breast concerning Revelation, he would hide them there : and would not move wretched men from the only support which they can have in this world. I am thoroughly convinced of the want of real integrity and benevolence in all infidels. And I am as thoroughly convinced of the want of real belief of the Scriptures in most of those who profess to believe them.

Metaphysicians can unsettle things but they can erect nothing. They can pull down a church, but they cannot build a hovel.—*Rev. R. Cecil.*

Sinner, remember that every sin, however small in your estimation, adds fuel to the everlasting burnings.

EDITORIAL.

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REST.

In Christ the soul finds rest. Its uneasiness disappears in the presence of the Deliverer. Under the shadow of his wing there is quietness and security. This is according to his promise. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Mat. 11:28-29.

Every one who really comes to Christ, utterly renouncing self, the world, and Satan, finds this rest. It is far more complete than was expected.

1. The anxiety that one naturally feels on account of past sins is all gone. The burden of guilt is often intolerable. It crushes the soul as if the weight of mountains was upon it. Many a sin-stricken soul has cried out with David, "For mine iniquities are gone over mine head: as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me."—Ps. 38:4. This heavy burden Christ removes from the conscience. He takes the intolerable load entirely away. The pressure is removed, the sense of weariness is no longer felt, and the heart, exultant in its new found freedom, mounts up on wings of joy.

2. Christ gives us rest from our enemies. David won victory in many a battle. But he did not reach the summit of felicity until "The Lord had given him rest round about from all his enemies." It was declared to be the object of Christ's coming "That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us."—Luke 1:71. When one has peace with God, and with himself, he has victory over those who wrongfully hate him and despitefully use him and persecute him. Though war may rage about him he never loses his confidence in God, and his assurance of ultimate victory. In the fiercest conflict without, he has peace

within. The waves may run high, but he has found a safe shelter. A thousand may fall at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand, but the promise holds good "it shall not come nigh thee." The Lord is his refuge and his fortress.

He gives us rest from all fear of want. Some of the most peaceful and contented persons we have ever seen, were among those who were unable to work and who had no means with which to provide for themselves the necessaries of life. But the Lord, who cares for the birds, cares for them, in one way or another. He is rich in resources to all who trust in him. "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—Ps. 34:10. What anxieties many feel about the future! It seems to them often that they see the end. But God has a way through for all who follow Him. When the old provisions give out and new ones do not appear, He can send manna to his children wandering in the desert.

He who takes refuge in Christ has no fearful forebodings of the future. He is ready to live: he is ready to die. The rest which he enjoys here is only a foretaste and a pledge of an eternal rest. "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain."—Phil. 1:21.

Beloveds have you entered into this rest? It is to be enjoyed here. "For we which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 1:2. It is glorious. It will help us endure toil and suffering as nothing else can. It makes the heaviest burdens light.

"A rest where all our souls desire
Is fixed on things above:
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

Then let us work diligently that we finally become partakers of God's rest in Heaven. *That* rest differs in many particulars from *the rest* which saints enjoy *here*. It knows no weariness, no pain, no temptation. It never ends. It lasts forever. How dreadful, after having had a

foretaste of that rest, here, to miss it eternally! Yet many do. Judas did. "I will therefore, put you in remembrance, though ye once knew this, how that the Lord, having saved the people out of the land of Egypt, afterward destroyed them that believed not."—Jude 5. Their prospects were once bright. But through their own fault they were never realized. "Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."

AN ENEMY'S TRIBUTE.

Rousseau was a noted infidel of the era of the French Revolution. He was a brilliant writer, an acknowledged but erratic genius. He bore the following eloquent testimony of the value of the Scriptures.

"I will confess to you," says he, "that the majesty of the scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction: how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scripture! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumes the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly

the character of Jesus Christ: the resemblance was so striking that all the Fathers perceived it. What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the Son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion there is between them! Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was anything more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say, therefore what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example. The greatest wisdom was made known among the most bigoted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people upon earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates in receiving the poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction

on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty, without obviating it. It is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that only one should furnish the material of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero."

THE DISCIPLES CONVERTED.

We should never distort facts to support a theory. If the theory is inconsistent with well ascertained facts then the theory should be corrected.

Some who maintain that all we get, except growth, is at conversion deny that the disciples were converted till the day of Pentecost, or at least, till after the resurrection of Christ. Their adhesion to Jesus prior to that, these theorists allege, was to him, as a temporal prince.

But that the disciples were converted before either of these events, we think the Scriptures plainly teach. They may not state when, or where, or how. It is not necessary that they should. For thousands of years it was not known where was the source of the river Nile; yet all this while the question was never raised whether it had a source. The existence of the river proved that it had a beginning. So the existence of a Christian character is proof of conversion. That the twelve were truly converted men the language of Christ plainly implies, "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me."—Mat. 10:40. But Christ sent them—not to establish a temporal kingdom; but to preach his Gospel. *v* 7. But 1. Christ never sends unconverted

men to preach his Gospel. 2. Receiving unconverted preachers would not be receiving Christ. Read this whole chapter; it teaches clearly that the Apostles were converted men. But it is objected that Christ said to Peter "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren."—Luke 22. 32. But Christ foresaw that Peter was about to backslide. He told him he would. But he would not stay in that state. He would be reclaimed. In the New Testament, the reclaiming of a backslider is spoken of as the conversion of a sinner. "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—Jas. *v*. 19, 20. It is a "brother," a truly converted man that is here referred to. He errs from the truth. He thus becomes a sinner, and is exposed to death just like any other sinner. When he is brought back to the Lord he is "converted from the error of his way." So Peter after his grievous fall into so great a sin as denying Christ, was again converted. Then he strengthened the brethren. After his restoration he seemed foremost in the post of danger.

On the day of Pentecost the disciples were sanctified wholly. The promise made to them was: "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."—Acts 1:8. This came to pass on the day of Pentecost. They continued for days previous in prayer and supplication. At last, the Spirit was poured out upon them in wonderful power. The selfishness was taken out of their hearts. They were never afterward selfish in their actions. The fear of man was taken away and they henceforth manifested the utmost boldness in defence of the truth. They had no trouble with their experience afterwards, but their lives were spent in labors and toils for others. They were

sanctified wholly. The tree was altogether good; the fruit showed it.

Reader how is with you? Are you converted? Do you keep your first love? Are you sanctified wholly?

BEGIN YOUNG.

As a rule, those whom God uses to do some great work for Him begin to serve him while they are young. Samuel was a mere child when the Lord called him. David was only a stripling when his trust in God enabled him to do exploits. Paul from infancy grew up in the fear of God, though not converted to Christ till he reached his maturity. To his son Timothy he wrote, "And that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—2 Tim. iii, 15. John Wesley grew up to fear and serve God.

Asbury was the founder of Methodism in America. His piety was deep and uniform, and he was in labors most abundant. He writes as follows of his early experience:

"I remember when I was a small boy and went to school, I had serious thoughts, and a particular sense of the being of a God; and greatly feared both an oath and a lie. At twelve years of age the Spirit of God strove frequently and powerfully with me: but being deprived of proper means and exposed to bad company, no effectual impressions were left on my mind. And, though fond of what some call innocent diversions, I abhorred fighting and quarrelling: when anything of this sort happened, I always went home displeased. But I have been much grieved to think that so many Sabbaths were idly spent, which might have been better improved. However, wicked as my companions were, and fond as I was of play, I never imbibed their vices. When between thirteen and fourteen years of age, the Lord

graciously visited my soul again. I then found myself more inclined to obey; and carefully attended preaching in West-Bromwick; so that I heard Stillingfleet, Bagnet, Ryland, Anderson, Mansfield, and Talbott, men who preached the truth. I then began to watch over my inward and outward conduct; and having a desire to hear the Methodists, I went to Wednesbury, and heard Mr. F. and Mr. L., but did not understand them, though one of their subjects is fresh in my memory to this day. This was the first of my hearing the Methodists. After that, another person went with me to hear them again: the text was, "The time will come, when they will not endure sound doctrine." My companion was cut to the heart, but I was unmoved. The next year Mr. M—r came into those parts. I was then about fifteen; and, young as I was, the word of God soon made deep impressions on my heart, which brought me to Jesus Christ, who graciously justified my guilty soul through faith in his precious blood; and soon showed me the excellency and necessity of holiness. About sixteen I experienced a marvellous display of the grace of God, which some might think was full sanctification, and was indeed very happy, though in an ungodly family. At about seventeen I began to hold public meetings; and between seventeen and eighteen began to exhort and preach. When about twenty-one I went through Staffordshire and Gloucestershire, in the place of a travelling preacher; and the next year through Bedfordshire, Sussex, etc. In 1769 I was appointed assistant in Northamptonshire; and the next year travelled in Wiltshire. September 3, 1771, I embarked for America."

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mat. 16: 26.

SATISFIED.

Not to desire more grace is an unfailling sign of a lack of grace. He who has drunk of the waters of salvation longs to drink again and again. The one whose food does him the most good is the most ready to eat. To settle down satisfied with present attainments evidences a dangerous spiritual condition. We never reach a stage of experience where there is not need to obey the command; "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 Pet. 3: 18. We may have fully entered the Canaan of Perfect Love, but there is still "much land to be possessed." There is an abundance of gifts and graces for us of which we have no adequate conception. To those who feel their need of instruction, Christ is a patient teacher. But those who become spiritually proud and self-conceited he leaves to their own destruction. By steadily acting out their natural disposition they show that they are abandoned to themselves. By ascribing their unwise conduct to the Lord, they prove the extent of their self-deception. Those who are by nature self-willed and quarrelsome, if they fail to go on to perfect love are quite apt to become fault-finders, and bent on having their own way. Those who do not yield to them and indorse them they denounce in unmeasured terms. There is no safety but in going forward in our Christian experience, and abounding more and more in the charity that thinketh no evil.

HEAVEN.—The rose is sweet but it is surrounded with thorns, the lilly of the valley is fragrant, but it springs up among the brambles. The spring is pleasant, but it is soon past: the summer is bright but the winter destroys its beauty. The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon vanishes away; life is good, but is soon swallowed up in death.

There is a land where the roses are with-

out thorns, where the flowers are not mixed with brambles. In that land there is eternal spring, and light without any cloud. The tree of life grows in the midst thereof; rivers of pleasure are there, and flowers that never fade. Myriads of happy spirits are there, and surround the throne of GOD with perpetual hymn. The angels with their golden harps sing praises continually, and the cherubims fly on wings of fire!—This country is Heaven: it is the country of those that are good: and nothing that is wicked must inherit there.

—*John C. Totten.*

A beggar that fancies himself a king, and trails his rags with the gait of majesty as though they were real robes, is not so ridiculous as one that usurps the Christian name without a Christian practice. It is reported that Alexander had a soldier in his army of his own name, but a mere coward. Either be like me, says the general, or lay aside my name. And it has been said by a greater than Alexander, "If ye love me, keep my commandments: herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." But he that saith, I know him, and keeps not his commandments, is equally preposterous with the man that shall ridicule learning, and yet glory in the character of a scholar; or with him that shall laugh at bravery, and yet celebrate the praises of heroes.

A STALK of corn grows faster than a young oak. It shoots way beyond it. But its growth is only for a season. The oak is for centuries. Its growth is slow but steady. So some converts in times of revival go ahead of all around them. It seems as if they would convert the world. But their zeal dies out with the excitement. They soon drop back into the world and their religious career is ended. Their emotions were all right; but they never reached with Paul the "*I determined.*"

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WONDERFUL REVIVAL.

OVER FIFTY SOULS SAVED.

Since the time that God for Christ's sake forgave all my sins, I have attended a great many revivals and seen a great many souls transformed by the power of God; but in an experience of many years I never saw such a work of grace as the one lately witnessed at Mt. Pleasant, near Penfield, Clearfield Co., Pa. About the 5th of last December, Brother Albert Bean was preaching at his regular time in the school house. Intending to go away the next day some distance to hold a few days meeting, after the close of the sermon he sang a few verses of the solemn hymns, "Trim your feeble lamp," and "Be ready," and then arose and said that "if any one in the house wished to be saved he would please rise." Six arose, and Brother Bean said "Clear the way and let them come to the altar." They all came forward and were saved before the meeting closed. Glory to God for the opening of the work! The meeting thus begun, continued about three weeks. The altar was filled almost every evening, and in all between fifty and sixty souls were completely saved, and their testimonies were very clear, and all were alive for God. Bless His Holy Name. A great many of the young men were tobacco users and whisky drinkers, and the ladies wore high hats in city style, and covered with ribbons and artificials. But when they were saved, their idols went with their sins. It was wonderful to see the change at our next class meeting when these young converts came in. Their dresses were plain, the faces were bright and their souls were saved! Glory to God! About twelve of these young men said that their tobacco was gone forever. The pilgrims said amen and amen, praise God for saving power!

Brother Bean had the power of God with him all through the meeting. Every sermon and exhortation was directed by the Holy Spirit. The Lord is still working on hearts, and I believe more souls will be saved. Even so Lord Jesus, grant that salvation may come.

—Frederick H. Brown.

Penfield, Pa

BIOGRAPHICAL.

GOTLIP KNIGHT was born at Sparta, N. Y., May 19, 1826, and died at Burns, N. Y., March 16, 1887.

He was married to Miss Catharine Shutt, of Sparta, Livingston Co., N. Y., March 2, 1847. He was converted to God at Sparta, N. Y., under the labors of Rev. J. Wood, a free-will Baptist minister, and united with that church soon after, and remained a consistent member there for eleven years. He then removed to Burns, N. Y., where he joined a branch of the same church, was elected deacon, and continued faithful in his relation, and office for ten years.

Two years ago last February himself and wife joined the M. E. Church at the same place. For ten years heart disease had troubled him, and finally caused his death. He endured great suffering the last few weeks of his life, but amid it all, praise and thanks went up to God from an overflowing heart. The future looked bright and clear to him. I think few men are more highly prized in their home relation; the children seemed especially impressed with the worth of his Christian character.

The writer preached to a large congregation at his funeral, from 1 Cor. 15: 56-57. May grace abundantly save, comfort, and sustain the afflicted children and companion, and may they follow in his footsteps, and at last behold him in the land of freedom from sin and tears.

—Benjamin Winget.

KITTIE CURTIS MENTER died in West Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y., March 4, 1887, aged 26 years, 5 months, and 14 days.

She was born in Parma, in the same county, September 18, 1860, and was married to Mark W. Menter, March 1, 1883. A severe cold, taken in March, 1885, resulted in quick consumption, from which she never recovered. In August of the same year she was taken to Denver, Colorado, in hopes that the climate of the mountains would save her life; but it was all in vain. In December last all hopes of her recovery were given up. Her desire to die among her old friends brought her to New York again. Her husband, mother, sister, and aunt left Denver with her, Monday, February 21st, and they arrived at West Greece Thursday the 24th, and in one week from their arrival she passed away to her eternal rest.

Sister Menter was converted at the Chili camp meeting, June, 1873. Her experience was unsteady during most of the time, until about three months before she died. At times she was deeply wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, and for a season would walk closely with God. Being naturally fond of the world and worldly society, temptations from those sources had great power upon her. Her uncle, John VanVorhis, died suddenly last November, of paralysis, and when the news reached her, the question was pressed home upon her with great power, "If I should be called away thus suddenly, would I be ready?" Convinced that she was not ready to die, the following night was one of wakeful heart-searching. The old hymn, commencing,

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.

Repent, thine end is nigh;

Death at the farthest can't be far,

Oh! think before thou die,"

was used by the Holy Spirit with great power upon her mind; the last verse especially so. She had so desired to dress like others, to go with them, and have things such as they had, that it had been a snare to her soul, as she told her friends

the next morning. The words,

"Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,

Shall into dust consume:

But ah! destruction stops not there,

Sin kills beyond the tomb,"

took a deep hold upon her.

It seemed to her that her father, who had been dead several years, stood beside the bed, and, in his own peculiar way, said, "Kit, go through; it will pay," While earnestly seeking the Lord, a few hours after, she received the assurance of sins forgiven. A few days after, she began to seek for entire sanctification. She clearly perceived her need of it. She carefully and thoroughly dedicated herself to God. The inevitable dress question presented itself again. Rich and aristocratic people thought less of such matters, yet, full of sympathy for the suffering, had gathered about her in Denver, and now, when seeking to dedicate herself wholly to God, she was tempted to think they would consider her a fool if she followed her convictions fully. At last she overcame, and the glorious baptism came upon her. Her friends were kneeling around her when it came, and all received a fresh anointing at the same time. One of the marks of her victory was the great freedom with which she told the very persons she was so tempted over, of this experience. From that time her mission seemed to be to do her duty faithfully to all about her. When asked one day if she felt no shrinking, she answered, "When the duty is clear, I think of nothing else." One morning her aunt read to her the fourteenth chapter of St. John; and the second and third verses were made a great blessing to her. She repeated the words, "to prepare a place for me," and "will come again and receive me," several times with great exultation of spirit. From that time until the end, those words seemed to be the food of her soul. She greatly enjoyed hearing the doxology sung—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." "Praise the Lord," was often

upon her lips. One day she said, "I am afraid you will grow tired of my praising the Lord so much."

The Tuesday before she died the writer visited her, and though she could talk but in whispers, she said, among other things, "I have no thought of getting well. The impression is upon my mind that I will linger along for some little time; but I may drop away any moment. But I have no will of my own." The last sentence seemed to thrill her with inexpressible delight. In the forenoon of the last day, while her husband was sitting by her side, and she seemed to be distressed for breath, her aunt came into the room, and seeing the marks of pain upon Sister Menter's face, her own eyes filled with tears, and she said, "Kittie, I think you must be near the end." The sufferer said, "I hope so," and turning to her husband, said, "Aunty is crying! It is not a bad thing to die and go to Heaven, is it?" In the afternoon she seemed to be sinking fast. Her sister and husband were sent to call some of the neighbors. Her mother said, "I think Jesus is coming now;" and asked, "Is all clear?" She answered, "Yes, all is clear; glory to God!" Her mother left the room to call the husband. Turning to her aunt, she exclaimed, "Jesus is my Saviour!" A moment of silence; then lifting both both hands, her face radiant with holy light, she exclaimed, "O how beautiful!" and was gone.

She leaves a little boy, nearly three years of age, and a young husband, for whom God's people should pray.

—*J. G. Terrell.*

There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war; neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it.—*Bible.*

LOVE-FEAST.

J. H. REED.—I am glad to testify that Jesus saves me just now and gives me the desire to see the salvation of sinners. The Lord keeps me from all sin.

—*Patoka, Ill.*

J. J. GRIDLEY.—A severe bodily accident befell me on the last day of November, resulting in a long confinement within doors, and causing much suffering, and a painful trial of faith and patience. But it has been good for me to have been thus afflicted. God has sustained me, cheered my heart. Blessed be his name! An experience of fifty-six years convinces me of the unspeakable excellence of the Christian religion.

ELIZA S. WILKINSON.—I want to say to the glory of God that I am saved and sanctified this morning and am out on the line of duty. I can hear the faintest whisper from my blessed Saviour. I expect to die on the field of battle. Oh, how my soul is filled with glory this morning! I am beginning to see and know the worth of an immortal soul. Pray for us here in Matfield Green where there is so much formality and sin.—*Matfield Green, Kan.*

ALICE YOUNG.—Dear Bro. Roberts, I am so thankful to be permitted to see so as to be able to write to your EARNEST CHRISTIAN. I hope to do so often, the Lord willing. He is my shepherd I shall not want: He leadeth me beside the still waters and into green pastures: He reneweth my youth like the eagle's. I am able to mount up on wings of faith, run and not be weary, and walk and not faint. I am waiting the Master's call "Come up higher;" but am willing to continue to labor and patiently wait until he calls for me, if He gives health with my senses. My golden years are past seventy, more than sixty of them spent in the service of my blessed Saviour; wish it had been more so, but the time will never return. O dear reader, improve your golden moments as they fly.—*Peru, Neb.*