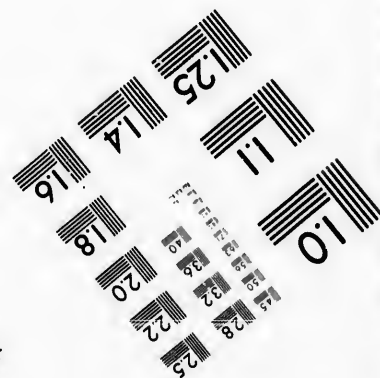
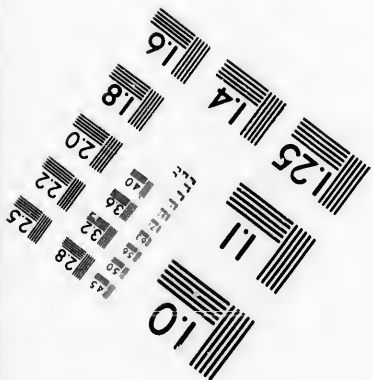
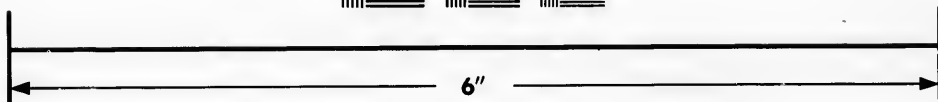
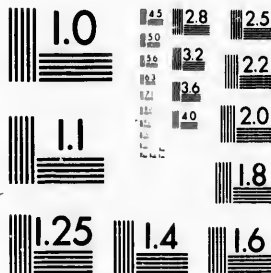


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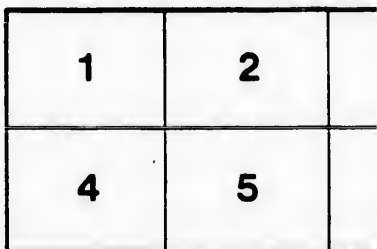
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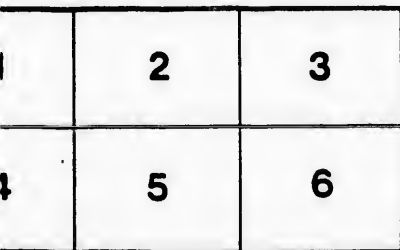
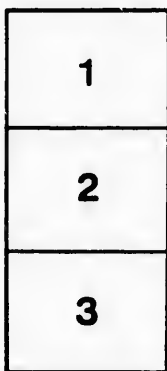
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To

REMARKABLE NARRATIVES

OR,

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STRIKING PROVIDENCES, WONDERFUL RELIGIOUS
EXPERIENCES, TRAGIC DEATH-BED SCENES,
AND OTHER AUTHENTIC INCIDENTS,

To which is added some valuable hints for Christian workers.

By REV. A. SIMS.

PRICE, \$1.00.

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY THE AUTHOR.

KINGSTON, ONT., CANADA.

1896.

Entered, according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, by ALBERT SIMS, Kingston, Ontario, Canada, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.

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PREFACE.

THE objects sought to be attained by the publication of this book are manifold. Briefly stated, they are:

1. To convince the unbeliever of the mighty power of God to save to the uttermost, to heal the sick, deliver the oppressed, feed the hungry, and clothe the naked.
2. To warn careless sinners of the terrible doom that awaits them; to show in as striking a manner as possible the awful havoc sin is making, and thus save some perhaps as "brands from the burning."
3. To provide solid food for those who are "hungering and thirsting after righteousness," and to stir up the indolent to holy zeal and usefulness.
4. To promote *experimental* piety, and to kindle revival fires all over the land.

In the preparation of this work we have aimed to provide something that will *stir* the souls of men, something that in these days of awful indifference will move them to action, and cause them to feel

intensely alive to eternal things. A great undertaking, you say. True, but ought we not to attempt great things for God? Is anything, even in these days, too hard for the Lord?

“Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power,
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?”

Most certainly it is. In the full confidence that God will so bless the reading of this book as to accomplish great and eternal good, we send it forth to the world on its mission of faith, hope and love.

KINGSTON, January, 1896.

ALBERT SIMS.

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REMARKABLE NARRATIVES.

The Infidel Son.

"I WILL never be guilty of founding my hopes for the future upon such a compiled mess of trash as is contained in that book (the Bible), mother. *Talk of that's being the production of an Infinite Mind*; a boy ten years of age, if he was half-witted, could have told a straighter story, and made a better book. I believe it to be the greatest mess of lies ever imposed upon the public. I would rather go to hell (if there is such a place) than have the name of bowing to that impostor—Jesus Christ—and be dependent on His merits for salvation."

"Beware! beware! my son, 'for God is not mocked,' although 'He beareth with the wicked long, yet he will not keep his anger forever.' And 'all manner of sin shall be forgiven men, except the sin against the Holy Ghost: which has no forgiveness.' And many are the examples, both in sacred and profane history, of men who have been smitten down in the midst of their sinning against that blessed Spirit."

"Very well, father, I'll risk all the cutting down that I

shall get for cursing that book, and all the agonies connected therewith. Let it come, I'm not at all scared."

"O Father, lay not this sin to his charge, for he knows not what he does."

"Yes, I do know what I am about, and what I say—and mean it."

"John, do you mean to drive your mother raving distracted? Oh, my God! what have I done that this dreadful trial should come upon me in my old age?"

"Mother, if you do not want to hear me speak my sentiments, why do you always begin the subject? If you do not want to hear it, don't ever broach the subject again, for I never shall talk of *that book* in any other way."

The above conversation took place between two fond parents and their only son, who was at home on a visit from college, and now was about to return. And the cause of this outburst was, the kind-hearted Christian parents had essayed to give him a few words of kind admonition, which, alas! proved to be the last. And the above were his last words which he spoke to them as he left the house.

How anxiously those fond parents looked after him as though something told them that something dreadful would happen. What scalding tears were those that coursed their way down these furrowed cheeks! Oh! that they might have been put in the bottle of mercy! Poor wretched young man, it had been better for him had the avalanche from the mountain crushed him beneath its deadly weight ere those words escaped his lips. Little did he think that He who said, "Honor thy father and mother," and, "He that hardeneth his heart, and stiffeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without

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remedy," was so soon going to call him to give an account for those words, so heart-rending to his aged parents, *and* so dreadful in the sight of a holy God. He had imbibed those dreadful principles from an infidel room-mate at college. Beware, young men, with whom you associate, lest you fall as did this unfortunate young man.

John B—— left his home and hastened to the depot where he took the cars which were to bear him to M—— where he was in a few months to finish his studies. The whistle blew, and away swept the cars "across the trembling plain." But alas! they had gone but a few miles, when the cars, coming round a curve in a deep cut, came suddenly upon an obstruction on the track, which threw the engine and two of the cars at once from the rails. As fate would seem to have it, the wicked son (John B——) was that moment passing between them. He was thrown in an instant from the platform, his left arm being broken, and his skull fractured by the fall; and in an instant one of the wheels passed directly over both his legs near the body, breaking and mangling them in the most dreadful manner. Strange as it may seem, no one else was injured. The dreadful news soon reached his already grief-stricken parents; and ere long that beloved, yet ungrateful son, was borne back to them; not as he left, but lying upon a litter a poor, mangled, raving maniac. Why these pious parents were called to pass through this dreadful trial, He "whose ways are in the deep and past finding out," only knows; except that by this sad example of His wrath many might be saved. Many skilful physicians were called, but the fiat of the Almighty had gone forth, and man could not recall it. When the news reached the college, his class-mates

hastened to see him. When they came, nature was fast sinking, but the immortal part was becoming dreadfully alive. Oh! that heart-rending scene. His reason returning brought with it a dreadful sense of his situation. His first words were, and oh, may never mortal hear such a cry as that again upon the shores of time :

“Mother! I’m lost! lost! lost! damned! damned! damned forever!” and as his class-mates drew near to the bed, among whom was the one who had poisoned his mind with infidelity, with a dreadful effort he rose in the bed and cried, as he fixed his glaring eyes upon him: “J—, you have brought me to this, you have damned my soul! May the curses of the Almighty and the Lamb rest upon your soul forever.”

Then like a hellish fiend, he gnashed his teeth, and tried to get hold of him that he might tear him to pieces. Then followed a scene from which the strongest fled with horror. But those poor parents had to hear and see it all, for he would not suffer them to be away a moment. He fell back upon his bed exhausted, crying, “O mother! mother, get some water to quench this fire that is burning me to death;” then he tore his hair and rent his breast; the fire had already begun to burn, the smoke of which shall ascend up forever and ever. And then again he cried, “O mother, save me, the devils have come after me. O mother, take me in your arms, and don’t let them have me.” And as his mother drew near to him, he buried his face in that fond bosom which had nourished and cherished him, but, alas, could not now protect or shield from the storm of the Almighty’s wrath, for he turned from her, and with an unearthly voice he shrieked, “*Father! mother! father, save me; they come to drag my*

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soul—my soul to hell." And with his eyes starting from their sockets, he fell back upon his bed a corpse. The spirit had fled—not like that of Lazarus, borne on the wings of a convoy of angels, but dragged by fiends to meet a fearful doom. May his dreadful fall prove a warning to those who would unwittingly walk in the same path.—
Earnest Christian, September, 1867.

A Minister's Consecration.

AT my request we went into his empty church, and sat down in the pulpit. I told him the sad story of all my past ; of rebellions, and wanderings, and ambitions ; of God's crosses and burdens upon me ; of my unworthiness and nothingness, till the whole was unfolded. We agreed to a mutual consecration, and together knelt in prayer. He poured out his soul for me and my people, as for himself and his own. Then I opened my heart to God. At the very outset he took my soul into his hands, and bore me up to the Presence of ineffable glory. Through this, the spirit of His Son, with a clearness and definiteness of tone that spake with power in my heart and through my lips, asked me for each and every one of my life's cherished treasures : Will you give up to me your beloved wife, for me to take her from you if I will, by separation or death ? Will you put your children, not their bodies only, but their minds, into my hands, and be willing to have them know nothing, and be nothing, if that shall glorify me ? Will you employ all your time, and devote all your talents, even the smallest, and seemingly the most useless, to my

service? Will you resign your reputation, personal and professional, to me, so that, if I require, you may be disgraced, contemned, even by your friends and brethren as by the world? Will you part with your people, be ready to suffer reproach from them, and be discarded by the most attached? Will you yield to me your few possessions—your books and your home, that you may become destitute and shelterless? All, *all*, ALL, will you now and forevermore, without condition, without reservation, without any expectation of earthly good, without any return but my own life, consecrate thus yourself and your all to me? Ah, Lord, how those questions came with searching, sifting power! They burnt into my bones; they ate my flesh; they flayed my heart. I plead with God, and reasoned with Him at every step, to let me keep but one gift. "No! all or none!" I yielded all, and He took all. Oh, in that hour I felt like an outcast seaman, left on a desert island in mid-ocean! Inwardly I suffered the loss of all things much more keenly than if outwardly they had been in reality taken away; for then I had still retained the affection and anticipation of them. But now all ties of life were broken, all interests of time lost, all joys of earth quenched. God's great hand seemed driven into my breast; His fingers grappled my heart, and twined with its inmost fibres. Then I felt as if He had torn it out, and held it up, bleeding at every pore, and quivering to its centre, to scathe and peel it, to cut it into shreds, to blow it all away. I had no heart of nature left. When this was done, the voice said, "Go now and preach my Gospel, baptizing men with truth and love, in power." In that hour my future spread before me; my path of duty lay plain, and my mission henceforth was definite to my view. In that hour

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I saw before me in the world only tribulations, sneers, censures, oppositions; but in Christ I beheld inwardly truth, love, and divine glory as mine. That was the "sealing of the Spirit." Under that process, a fiery ordeal indeed, I cried like a babe torn from its mother's heart. I sobbed like an orphan at the grave of both parents. I shrieked like a wounded frame under the surgeon's blade. That was the "death of nature," begun at least, if not completed; the serpent's head was crushed, his fang was bruised, and his life was smothered, though his form might coil, and his tail rattle till the sundown of life. All hopes, all ambitions, all interests, all affections—everything of life—then stripped off, passed completely into God's hands. That was the "inward crucifixion"—"the circumcision of the heart." The will of self then fell into the will of God, as a rain-drop or snow-flake falls into the sea, and becomes a part of its current.

Thus began the union of the human soul with the divine nature. What were the results of all this? Let others speak of those external to myself. Nothing do I see to glory in or to commend. Only of that which is within can I tell, and that imperfectly. At first I felt as if a besieged city, overcome and prostrate, lay in my life, amid ruins; as if a dissected frame were mine, yet intensely alive and sensitive to every touch of evil, every word of error. Men frowned, and I wept; lips cursed, and I warned. One thing was still needed after that burning, the anointing of love, the oil of God, to soothe the seared humanity. It came slowly; out of the dark sepulchre the smitten frame rose; into the sad, broken heart life began to breathe. From the scattered fragments of the old, God built up the new Jerusalem, a temple within more glorious than the

first. Physically, the extremities of my frame were still endowed with what seemed superhuman strength, yet at the centre, in the heart's place, all was vacancy and weakness, as if a sword had there divided me in twain. Intellectually, thought was quick and intensified, conceptions of truth were clear and strong, speech was fuller and truer; only the old habitudes of mind hampered the utterance. The former poetic and ornate sentences, which gave pleasure to the earthly taste, with just enough truth in them to save from damnation, were gone to ashes, were burned up as hay, wood, and stubble. In their place, plain speech, simple thought, yea, even sometimes common-place expression, entered, displeasing to minds who think that popularity and success with ministers depend upon beauty and not upon truth. Preaching became and now is attractive and glorious! The Sabbaths come not often enough. Study, and prayer, and converse on religious themes are intense delight unceasingly. The interests of earth excite but little; it is child's play to talk of or attend to them. Time is a shortened duration, in which all the energies must be enlisted to the utmost.

Oh, it is a glory thus to live! I never knew before what that term "*glory*" meant. It has been like the flashings of a rocket-wheel, expiring in the moment that it shines. Now it is the pathway of suns, the sweep of comets through my soul's firmament. Night and day God *realizes* himself to my soul. Spiritually, this life is indeed beyond description; truly, its peace passes understanding; its joy is unspeakable. Amid trials, tests of faith and sincerity, which God has brought to me over and over again; by seeming death agonies of my beloved; by insults to my face, and slanders behind my back; and by desertions and

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distresses multiplied and severe, I am still kept sustained by all-sufficient grace, with the harmonies of God's truth, the great choruses of His promises in my soul, with the pulsations of love in deepening tides beating evermore into my central life. God be praised! The tempter comes, hisses with hate, allures with smiles, assails with questionings. In vain! Knowing the victory is sure, though the battle is keen, I am never overwhelmed. Blessed be God, who causeth me to triumph! Though weaknesses, defects, and infirmities abound; though ignorance and failure and difficulty retard, the step is progressive, the movement upward.

How can I unfold all the sweet, transcendent blessings of this new life in Christ? Dark passions, appetites, and propensities; keen bitterness and vain suspicions; all the host of inner evils that before only cowed under the foot of will or the frown of truth; that slept amid worldly peace, but were wakened in power at the touch of temptation; where are they? God only knows. He has taken them in hand, making the wolf dwell with the kid, the leopard with the lamb, the calf, the young lion, and the fatling together, and the little child Jesus leads them. God shall use them all for His glory. I aspire after no applause of men; it is as painful now as once it was pleasing. I shrink from sight. Only by the definite will of God I give this record. Like Abraham I take this only and beloved child of my heart to the top of Moriah, where, bound on the altar, a knife of earth in my own hand may slay it, if God so will. Whatever He commands, I obey, though it be to stand in the fire with the three. Ah! I know that the form of the fourth will be there, and that the smell of fire, even, shall not be found upon me. If God

be with me, who can be against me? If Christ be my *all*, how can I need more? No! the world may take from me all its own; I claim and need it not. The church, yet half-born, in the twilight of the valley may grope and dose; may cast the spawn and slime of its earth-life along my path; my soul shall be cleansed therefrom by the ever-cleansing blood of Him who walked that path before; my feet shall tread the air as though they were wings, and the mountain-tops only shall be my stepping-stones of glory, my ascension ladder to the mid-heaven of God's great city. There and thence shall I cry, "O Church of God! O souls on whose lintel the blood of Christ is sprinkled, be ye wholly cleansed! Zion, arise! Israel, come out of Egypt; pass from the wilderness; possess the land of rest in the blaze of God's shekinah, and shout, 'Enter thou, O, Lord, with us and dwell in thy Temple evermore. Amen!'"—
Experience of Rev. Henry Belden.

The Awful End of a Backslider.

THE following is a short account of the life and death of William Pope, of Bolton, in Lancashire. He was at one time a member of the Methodist Society, and was a saved and happy man. His wife, a devoted saint, died triumphantly. After her death his zeal for religion declined, and by associating with backslidden professors he entered the path of ruin. His companions even professed to believe in the redemption of devils. William became an admirer of their scheme, a frequenter with them of the public-house, and in time a common drunkard.

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Backslider.

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He finally became a disciple of Thomas Paine, and associated himself with a number of deistical persons at Bolton, who assembled together on Sundays to confirm each other in their infidelity. They amused themselves with throwing the Word of God on the floor, kicking it around the room, and treading it under their feet. God laid his hand on this man's body, and he was seized with consumption.

Mr. Rhodes was requested to visit William Pope. He says: "When I first saw him he said to me, 'Last night I believe I was in hell, and felt the horrors and torment of the damned; but God has brought me back again, and given me a little longer respite. The gloom of guilty terror does not sit so heavy upon me as it did, and I have something like a faint hope that, after all I have done, God may yet save me.' After exhorting him to repentance and confidence in the Almighty Saviour, I prayed with him and left him. In the evening he sent for me again. I found him in the utmost distress, overwhelmed with bitter anguish and despair. I endeavored to encourage him. I spoke of the infinite merit of the great Redeemer, and mentioned several cases in which God had saved the greatest sinners, but he answered, 'No case of any that has been mentioned is comparable to mine. I have no contrition; I cannot repent. God will damn me! I know the day of grace is lost. God has said of such as are in my case, "I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when you fear cometh."' I said, 'Have you ever known anything of the mercy and love of God?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'many years ago I truly repented and sought the Lord and found peace and happiness.' I prayed with him after exhorting him to seek the Lord, and had great

hopes of his salvation ; he appeared much affected, and begged I would represent his case in our Society and pray for him. I did so that evening, and many hearty petitions were put up for him."

Mr. Barraclough gives the following account of what he witnessed. He says: "I went to see William Pope, and as soon as he saw me he exclaimed, 'You are come to see one who is damned forever.' I answered, 'I hope not: Christ can save the chief of sinners.' He replied, 'I have denied Him, I have denied Him; therefore hath He cast me off forever! I know the day of grace is past, gone—gone, never more to return!' I entreated him not to be too hasty, and to pray. He answered, 'I cannot pray: my heart is quite hardened. I have no desire to receive any blessing at the hand of God,' and then cried out, 'Oh, the hell, the torment, the fire that I feel within me! Oh, eternity! eternity! To dwell forever with devils and damned spirits in the burning lake must be my portion, and that justly!' On Thursday I found him groaning under the weight of the displeasure of God. His eyes rolled to and fro; he lifted up his hands, and with vehemence cried out, 'Oh, the burning flame, the hell, the pain I feel! I have done, done the deed, the horrible, damnable deed!' I prayed with him, and while I was praying he said with inexpressible rage, 'I will not have salvation at the hand of God! No, no! I will not ask it of Him!' After a short pause he cried out, 'Oh, how I long to be in the bottomless pit—the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone!' The day following I saw him again. I said, 'William, your pain is inexpressible.' He groaned, and with a loud voice cried out, 'Eternity will explain my torments. I tell you again, I

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him as if to speak to me, but as soon as I came within
his reach he struck me on the head with all his might,
and gnashing his teeth, cried out, 'God will not hear your
prayers.' At another time he said, 'I have crucified the
Son of God afresh, and counted the blood of the covenant
an unholy thing ! Oh, that wicked and horrible deed of
blaspheming against the Holy Ghost ! which I know I
have committed.' He was often heard to exclaim, 'I want
nothing but 'hell ! Come, O devil, and take me !' At
another time he said, 'Oh, what a terrible thing it is !
Once I might, and would not ; now I would and must
not.' He declared that he was best satisfied when cursing.
The day he died, when Mr. Rhodes visited him, and
asked the privilege to pray once more with him, he cried
out with great strength, considering his weakness, 'No !'
and passed away in the evening without God."

Backslider, do you know you are in danger of the fires
of hell ? Do you know you are fast approaching the

"Line by us unseen
That crosses every path,
That marks the boundary between
God's mercy and His wrath" ?

You are, and unless you turn quickly, you with William
Pope will be writhing in hell through all eternity. God
says, "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his
own ways." But He says again, "Return, ye back-
sliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." Oh,
come back and be healed before God shall say of you,
"He is joined to his idols, let him alone."—*Sol.*

Eternity—Where?

A YOUNG man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to frame itself into the words, " ETERNITY !—WHERE ? " Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose from his stool and stopped the clock ; but the question, " ETERNITY !—WHERE ? " still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, " ETERNITY !—WHERE ? "

" ETERNITY !—WHERE ? " It floats in the air ;
Amid clamor or silence it ever is there !
The question so solemn—" ETERNITY !—WHERE ? "

" ETERNITY !—WHERE ? " Oh ! " ETERNITY !—WHERE ? "
With redeemed ones in glory ? or fiends in despair ?
With one or the other—" ETERNITY !—WHERE ? "

" ETERNITY !—WHERE ! " Oh ! how can you share
The world's giddy pleasures, or heedlessly dare
Do *aught* till *you* settle—" ETERNITY !—WHERE ? "

" ETERNITY !—WHERE ? " Oh ! friend have a care ;
Soon God will no longer His judgment forbear ;
This day may decide your—" ETERNITY !—WHERE ? "

" ETERNITY !—WHERE ? " Oh ! " ETERNITY !—WHERE ? "
Friend, sleep not, nor take in the world any share,
Till you answer this question, " ETERNITY !—WHERE ? "

READER : Thy time on earth is short. Each closing
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shortening thy days on earth, and swiftly, silently, but surely carrying thee on—on to Eternity and to God. The year, the day, the hour, the moment, will soon arrive that will close thy life on earth, and begin thy song in Heaven, or thy wail in Hell. No future hour shall come to bring thee back to earth again, thou art there forever—for Eternity.

To-day thy feet stand on Time's sinking sand ; *to-morrow* the footprints remain, but thou art gone—where ? Into Eternity.

To-day thy hands are busy at work, thine eyes are beholding, thy mind is thinking, thou art planning for the future. *To-morrow* all is still ; the folded arm, the closed eye remain, but thou art gone—gone to Eternity. Others were once busy as thou art, healthy as thou art, thoughtless as thou art ; they are gone—gone to Eternity. The merry voice, the painted clown, the talented artist, whose presence made the theatre and the pantomime an attraction for thee, are gone ; they are removed far from the region of fiction to that of reality—the reality of Eternity. The shrewd merchant whose voice was so familiar to thee on the crowded Exchange is hushed, he buys and sells no more—he has entered Eternity.

And, reader, *thine own* turn to enter Eternity will shortly come. Ask thyself honestly, “ Am I prepared for Eternity ? ” Give thy conscience time to answer ; listen, it speaks to thee to-day, drown not its voice lest it speak to thee no more. Let the Heaven and the Hell of the future stand before thee in all their reality ; one of these must be thine *Eternal dwelling-place*, and to-day is the time to make thy choice. To-morrow may be too late—*one day behind time*. *Which* art thou living for ? *Which* art thou travelling to ?

To go from the haunts of sin, debauchery, and vice, to the presence of God and the Lamb—impossible; from the crowd of the condemned, and the race for gold and gain, to the song of the redeemed and the crown of glory. No, never! *Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.* Reader, hast thou been born again? If so, well; but if not, the horrors of an Eternal Hell are awaiting thee, and to-day thou art nearer its unquenchable flame than thou hast ever been before.

* Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He wills it not. To-day He pleads. Turn ye, turn ye! Why will ye die?

“To-night may be thy latest breath,
Thy little moment here be done;
Eternal woe, ‘the second death,’
Awaits the Christ-rejecting one,
Thine awful destiny foresee,
Time ends, and then ‘*Eternity*.’”

—J. R.

Dying Testimonies.

THE following are a few death-bed testimonies of noted infidels: Gambetta, the late President of the French Republic, was an atheist. He is reported to have said, just before he died: “I am lost. It is useless to attempt to conceal it. But I have suffered so much, it will be a deliverance.”

“Give me more laudanum, that I may not think of eternity.”—*Mirabeau*.

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"Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell! Oh, eternity! forever and forever."—*Newport*.

"I am abandoned by God and man. I shall go to hell."
—*Voltaire*.

"Hell is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown."
—*Altamont*.

"I would gladly give thirty thousand pounds to have it proved there is no hell."
—*Charterres*.

"Stay with me, for God's sake. I cannot bear to be left alone."
—*Paine*.

"Soul, what will become of thee?"—*Mazarin*.

So died hundreds of others, including Hume, the philosopher, and Gibbon, the historian.

Let the reader contrast the above expressions of horror and despair with the following shouts of victory from dying saints:

"I am in perfect peace, resting alone on the blood of Christ. I find this amply sufficient to enter the presence of God with."
—*Trotter*.

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."
—*Rev. Alfred Cookman*.

"I see nothing terrible in death; I've no fears. I know in whom I have believed."
—*Brooks*.

"As sure as He ever spake to me in His Word, His Spirit witnesseth to my heart, saying, 'Fear not.'"
—*Rutherford*.

"Oh, for a ministry devoted to the salvation of souls! I commit myself to the Saviour of sinners."
—*Page*.

"I am happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I was there. Here goes an unprofitable servant."
—*William Grimshaw*.

"Oh, the preciousness of faith! I have finished my course. My pilgrimage is ended. Oh, thou Friend of sinners, take thy poor old friend home!"—*Torial Joss.*

"Tell my friends in Barbadoes that I die happy in God."
—*Daniel Graham.*

"I am a witness that the blood of Christ does cleanse from all sin. Oh, the goodness of God to a poor sinner! The Lord has finished His work; has cleansed and filled me with His fulness. Oh, what a weight of glory that will be, since thy weight of grace, O Lord, is now so great! Jesus is come!"—*Duncan Wright.*

"I am happy, I am happy! For the last four days my soul has constantly been in a state of inward glory. I have done with prayer now; I can love, I can praise, but I cannot pray. Now, Lord, lettest thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—*John Valton.*

"When I get to glory I will make heaven ring with my voice, and wave my palms over the heads of the saints, crying victory! victory in the blood of the Lamb!"—*John Parsons.*

"All is well, all is well!"—*William Hunter.*

"He whom I have served for nearly fifty years will not forsake me now. Glory to God and the Lamb forever and ever! Amen."—*Alexander Mather.*

"Hark! Do you not hear? They are come up for me. I am ready. Stop; say nothing but Glory! glory!"—*Pearl Dickinson.*

"I know I am dying, but my death-bed is a bed of roses; I have no thorns planted upon my dying pillow. Heaven is already begun; everlasting life is now. I die a

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safe, easy, happy death. Thou, my God, art present; I know, I feel thou art. Precious Jesus! Glory be to God!"
—*John Pawson.*

"Victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb!"—*George Shadford.*

"I feel Christ to be my rock, my strength, my rest, my hope, my joy, my all in all."—*Thomas Rutherford.*

"Oh, how this soul of mine longs to be gone, like a bird out of its cage, to the realms of bliss! Oh, that some guardian angel might be commissioned, for I long to be absent from the body."—*John Fletcher.*

"Glory to God in the height of His divinity! Glory to God in the depth of His humanity! Glory to God in His self-sufficiency! Into His hands I commend my spirit."—*Edward Perronet.*

"My hope is joyous, glory to Christ!"—*Richard Reece.*

"Christ Jesus the Saviour of sinners and life of the dead. I am going to glory. Farewell, sin! Farewell, death! Praise the Lord!"—*Robert Newton.*

"The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell! Farewell!"—*John Wesley.*

A Burning and a Shining Light.

IN describing the character of that eminently devoted minister of the Gospel, Rev. E. Payson, his biographer says:

The Bible was with him the subject of close, critical, persevering, and for a time, almost exclusive attention, his reading being principally confined to such writings as would

assist in its elucidation, and unfold its literal meaning. In this manner he studied the whole of the inspired Volume, from beginning to end, so that there was not a verse on which he had not formed an opinion. This is not asserted at random. Before he commenced preaching, he made it his great object to know what the Bible taught on every subject, and with this purpose, investigated every sentence in so far as to be able to give an answer to every man who should ask a reason of it.

In this way he acquired an unparalleled readiness to meet every question on every occasion, whether proposed by a caviller, or a conscientious inquirer, which it is well known, he usually did in a manner as satisfactory as it often was unexpected. The advantages hence derived were, in his view, beyond all computation. It secured for him the unlimited confidence of people in the common walks of life, as "a man mighty in the Scriptures." It gave him great influence with Christians of other denominations. It enabled him to confound and silence gainsayers when they could not be convinced, as well as to build up the elect of God in their most holy faith. It furnished him, too, with ten thousand forms of illustration, or modes of conveying to ordinary minds the less obvious truths with which he was conversant in the exercise of his ministry.

But there is another part of his example more difficult to imitate than the one just sketched. He *prayed without ceasing*. Aware of the aberrations to which the human mind is liable, he most earnestly sought the guidance and control of the Holy Spirit. He felt safe nowhere but at the throne of grace. He may be said to have studied theology on his knees. Much of his time he spent literally

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prostrated, with the Bible open before him, pleading the promises—"I will send the Comforter and when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth." No man ever strove harder to "mortify the flesh with the affections and lusts." It is almost incredible what abstinence and self-denial he voluntarily underwent, and what tasks he imposed on himself that he might "bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."

It was not long before Mr. Payson felt his need of entire sanctification. The risings of inbred sin continually troubled him. In his diary he wrote: "Felt for the first time in my life, what the Apostle meant by 'groanings which cannot be uttered,' and my desires after holiness were so strong that I was in bodily pain, and my soul seemed as if it would burst the bands which confined it to the body." It was not until some years after this, however, that he entered into the experience of his long-desired blessing.

He was now recommended to the churches as a preacher, and he at once began declaring "the unsearchable riches of Christ." He entered upon his work with fear and trembling. His labors, however, were so acceptable, so much accompanied with the divine unction, that he was sent for from every direction. God gave him many souls and Christians were built up in righteousness and true holiness. Subsequently he became the regularly settled pastor of the Congregational Church in Portland, and was ordained to the ministry. In this capacity he labored most faithfully. It was his constant aim to bring sinners to repentance, and to lead his flock into all the fulness of God. He was a terror to evil-doers, and by his fearless denunciation of sin, he incurred the displeasure of many. Though his health soon began to fail him, he continued to

advance in the divine life. To a friend he wrote : "They tell me they are certain that I shall not continue with them long. But the Lord's will be done. Welcome life, welcome death, welcome anything from His hand. The world—oh, what a bubble—what a trifle it is ! Friends are nothing, life is nothing ; Jesus, Jesus is all ! Oh, what will it be to spend an eternity in seeing and praising Jesus ! to see Him as He is, to be satisfied with His likeness ! Oh, I long, I pant, I faint with desire to be singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb'—to be extolling the riches of sovereign grace—to be casting the crown at the feet of Christ !"

On the 8th of May, 1811, Mr. Payson was married to Ann Louisa Shipman, of New Haven, Conn. ; a woman of kindred piety, and whose energy and firmness of character, connected with other estimable accomplishments, proved to be a true "helpmeet" and contributed much to his best welfare. As the result of having taken this step he was none the less devoted to God ; but rather became increasingly active and useful. Mr. Cummings says : "To his ardent and persevering prayers must no doubt be ascribed, in a great measure, his distinguished and almost uninterrupted success ; and next to these, the undoubted sincerity of his belief in the truths which he inculcated. His language, his conversation, and whole deportment were such as brought home and fastened on the minds of his hearers, the conviction that he believed, and therefore spoke."

Glorious revivals of religion attended his incessant labors. Yet he felt himself exceedingly insufficient for the work of a pastorate. To a brother minister he wrote : "No man is fit to rise up and labor until he is made willing to lie still and suffer as long as his Master pleases."

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His biographer says: "Economy was a very noticeable feature in his character. It was a principle with him to spend nothing merely for ornament. The money which came into his possession he regarded as a talent for which he was accountable; and so scrupulous was he as to the disposition which he made of it, that he is thought to have regarded some things as forbidden luxuries which would have been for his welfare. In his furniture, in his apparel, and that of his household, and in the provisions of his table there was a plainness and a simplicity well becoming a man professing and teaching godliness. He did not save to hoard, but to bless others. He did not love money for its own sake; and so obvious to all was his disinterestedness, that, so far as is known, he never fell under the charge or even the suspicion of being avaricious. He had declined purchasing an article of convenience for the family one morning, because, as it was not absolutely necessary, he thought they could not afford it. The same day he gave ten dollars to a woman in reduced circumstances, who called at his house."

The year 1816 was characterized by a most remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit on his people. Many were truly born again and added to his church. His congregation was also continually enlarging.

Bowdoin College conferred upon him in the year 1821 the degree of Doctor of Divinity. But in a letter to his mother he says: "I beg you not to address your letters to me by that title, for I shall never make use of it." His health becoming worse, he was at last compelled to resign his pastorate, although in the midst of a flourishing revival. Yet his "inner man was renewed day by day." To his sister he wrote: "Were I to adopt the figurative language

of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the Land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the River of Death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached, and now He fills the whole hemisphere; pouring forth a flood of glory in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

Again he writes: "I have been all my life like a child whose father wishes to fix his undivided attention. At first the child runs about the room—but his father ties up his feet: he then plays with his hands, until they likewise are tied. Thus he continues to do till he is completely tied up; then, when he can do nothing else he will attend to his father. Just so God has been dealing with me to induce me to place my happiness in Him alone. But I blindly continued to look for it here, and God has kept cutting off one source of enjoyment after another till I find that I can do without them all, and yet enjoying more happiness than ever in my life before." He was asked, "Do you feel reconciled?" "Oh, that is too cold. I rejoice I triumph! and this happiness will endure as long as God himself, for it consists in admiring and adoring Him. I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to

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be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the great fountain. It seems as if all the fountains of heaven were opened, and all its fulness and happiness, and I trust no small portion of His benevolence, is come down into my heart.

"It has often been remarked that people who have been into the other world cannot come back to tell us what they have seen; but I am so near the eternal world that I can see almost as clearly as if I were there; and I see enough to satisfy myself at least of the truth of the doctrines which I have preached. I do not know that I should feel at all surer had I been really there."

A friend with whom he had been conversing on his extreme bodily sufferings and his high spiritual joys, remarked: "I presume it is no longer incredible to you, if ever it was, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God in the flames and on the rack." "No," said he, "I can easily believe it. I have suffered twenty times—yes, to speak within bounds—twenty times as much as I could in being burnt at the stake, while my joy in God so abounded as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome. *These sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.*"

To his wife he said: "Hitherto I have perceived God as a fixed star, bright indeed, but often intercepted by clouds; but now He is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a sun so vast and glorious that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain. I see clearly that all these same glorious and dazzling perfections, which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and to melt down my soul into the same blessed image, would burn and scorch me like a consuming fire, if I were an impenitent sinner,"

He died in great peace, October 22nd, 1827.

So strong was his love for preaching, his interest in the salvation of his flock, that he directed a label to be attached to his breast on which should be inscribed these words—*Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you*; that all who came to look at his corpse might read them, and by which he, being dead, still spake. These words, at the request of his affectionate flock, were engraved on the plate of the coffin and read by thousands on the day of his funeral.

The Trial of Faith.

THAT the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. (1 Peter i. 7.)

1. What kind of faith does the Apostle refer to? It is not faith in men or in angels—not an intellectual assent to the truth of the Bible. It is the faith of the heart. A confidence and repose in Christ as our personal and present Saviour from all sin. It is a personal faith—“*your* faith.”

2. How is this faith tried? By temptations, discouragements, opposition, persecution, misrepresentations, afflictions, poverty, prosperity, trials of various kinds, and by obedience.

3. Why is this faith tested? Saving faith is the foundation of all Christian experience. Though a Christian may be in a perfect tempest, if his faith in God remains

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unshaken he is perfectly safe. But if his faith fails, though he may have everything else he will be defeated and backslide. As faith, then, is that principle by which we live; as so much depends on its exercise, no wonder the devil levels his heavy guns against it to weaken and destroy it. God, in His infinite love to our best interests and for the development and nourishment of our faith, permits it to be tried. Hence, the Apostle says, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you." In the time of Zephaniah the prophet, in speaking of his ancient people God says, "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." Daniel says, "Many shall be purified and made white and tried." It is necessary that our faith should be tested, in order that we may learn whether it has any flaws in it, or whether it has become weakened. When everything is smooth and easy-going, we cannot tell how our faith stands. The degree of feeling we may have is no criterion. It is one of the most uncertain things in the world. It is only by the hard knocks of trial we find out how strong or weak it is. Rutherford says, "I find it to be most true—that the greatest temptation out of hell is to live without temptation. If waters should stand they would become stagnant and impure. Faith is the better for the free air, and for the sharp winter storm in its face. Grace withereth without adversity. The devil is but God's master fencer, to teach us how to handle our weapons." Says one, "If gold, though perishing, is yet tried with fire in order to test its genuineness and to remove the dross, how much more does your faith—which shall never perish—need to pass through a

fiery trial to remove whatever is defective, and to test its genuineness and full value?"

4. Why is the trial of this faith more precious than of gold that perisheth? Because:

(1) We get a deeper and richer experience. "The trial of your faith worketh patience." "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." Is not this more precious than gold? Bunyan says, "Temptations, when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon Samson; but if we overcome them, the next time we shall find a nest of honey in them."

(2) We become more useful and bring more glory to God. "He purgeth us that we may bring forth more fruit." He thus tried Job, Daniel, the Hebrew children, Paul, and hosts of others, and their after-life was more than ever conducive to the glory of God. Just when we think we can stand no more and are going to die under the pressure, is often the very time when we bear the best increase. "Gold does not increase or multiply by trial in the fire, it rather grows less; but faith is established, improved and multiplied. Gold, though it bear the fire, yet will perish with the world; but faith never will." A certain writer has said, "There are more undeveloped physical and mental resources than have ever been brought to light, and made to bless and comfort the human race. The potentialities of mind and nature, we venture to say, are almost as infinite as the infinite God himself. We know not what powers we are in possession of until our capital has been drawn upon. We do not perceive the countless millions of stars above us until night has come

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and brought them out; and pressure from without and from within but reveals the hidden forces of our nature. The man knows not the depth of a husband's love, and the joys to be reaped from the family circle, until the terrible messenger knocks at his home. We can accomplish more when we are under pressure than at another time, for then we but learn of our hitherto slumbering powers."

Crush the daisy and it will send forth a sweeter fragrance than ever. Bunyan was confined in the darkness of Bedford jail for twelve years, but what immense good has come of that long imprisonment. The poor, indigent, illiterate student fights against many odds, but these very difficulties only tend to develop the indomitable perseverance within him.

"The deluge that swept around Noah brought out the rainbow of promise. Abraham's offering up of Isaac made his seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sands upon the sea-shore. Jacob's halting thigh caused him to see God's face as the sun rose upon him. Joseph's prison was the doorway to Pharaoh's palace. Moses' grief over Israel's sin led God to speak to him face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend. Job was stripped of all that he had, that in the end the Lord might give him twice as much as he had before. David was like a hunted partridge in the mountains, that he might become the sweet Psalmist of Israel to the saints of all succeeding generations. Manasseh's chain was worth more to him than Manasseh's crown. Daniel's captivity made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon. Esther's exposure to death saved a nation. Peter was girded and carried whither he would not, that he should glorify God. Paul's head fell beneath Nero's axe, that there might be placed upon it an unfading

chaplet; and as an old Puritan writer has said, 'the stones that came about Stephen's ears did but knock him closer to Christ.'—Brookes, *Mystery of Suffering*.

(3) The ultimate end "that it might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." "If we suffer with him we shall also reign with him." "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." We shall ultimately be found tried stones, ready and safe to put in the heavenly temple. In the building of Solomon's temple no hewing and sawing were done where the sacred building was reared. All the stones, timber, etc., were prepared in other places, and brought in a finished state to the builders. Beloved, the hewing of the stones for the spiritual temple must be done here, that at the appointed time God may find us ready to be placed as living stones in that temple. Says one, "The temptations of Satan which he intended for their destruction, frequently become jewels to adorn the crowns of God's people before the eternal throne." Matthew Henry says: "Honor is properly that esteem and value which one has with another; and so God and man will honor the saints. Praise is the declaration of that esteem; so Christ will commend His people in that day. Glory is that lustre wherewith a person so honored and praised shines in heaven."

Pains, furnace heat, within me quivers,
 God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
 And all my heart within me shivers,
 And trembles in the fiery glow,
 And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
 And in His hottest fire hold still.

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He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
 On His hard anvil, minded so
 Into His own fair shape to beat it,
 With His great hammer blow on blow,
 And still I whisper, "As God will,"
 And at His heaviest blow hold still.

He takes my softened heart and heats it,
 The sparks fly off at every blow,
 He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
 And lets it cool and makes it glow,
 Yet still I whisper, "As God will,"
 And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow,
 Thus only longer lived would be;
 The end may come, and will to-morrow,
 When He has done His work in me.
 So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
 And trusting, to the end, hold still.

He kindles, for my profit purely,
 Affliction's fierce and glowing brand,
 And all His heaviest blows are surely
 Inflicted by a Master's hand.
 So I say, praying, "As God will!"
 And trust in Him and suffer still.

The Rev. J. H. Brookes, D.D., in his book, entitled *Mystery of Suffering*, relates the following striking incident: "A pastor often visited an old saint eighty-seven years of age, who for fifteen years was bed-ridden and blind. She was usually very bright and cheerful, but on

one occasion she told him that since his last visit she had been in terrible darkness. When he inquired how it came, she replied that she had been informed of the sudden death of a youthful and useful Christian lady; who was a near neighbor. She began to wonder why God spared her so long, when she was of no service to anyone, and then the thought darted into her mind that He had so many people to look after He had forgotten her, and 'Oh, the horror that rolled over my soul at this,' she exclaimed. 'But you are out of the darkness now; how did you get out?' he asked. 'There is but one way,' she answered, 'and that is by going to the Word. I remembered that the Lord Jesus declares all the hairs of our heads are numbered, and although I once had children of my own, whom I loved, I suppose, as much as most mothers love their children, and although I washed their faces for them, and brushed their hair many a time, I never thought enough of one of my children to count every hair on its head. Since my Father thinks enough of me to count every hair on my old grey head, I told the devil to go away and let me alone, and he has left me in peace.'

Father, Take My Hand.

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
 Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
 The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
 Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
 And through the gloom
 Lead safely home
 Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father! And the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand!

And from the night

Lead up to light

Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! And my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I sojourn through this weary land
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand

Quickly, and straight

Lead to heaven's gate

Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me: and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way; yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand,

Then, safe and blest,

Lead up to rest

Thy child.

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt,
And fear, and danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore; I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father, take my hand,

And through the throng

Lead safe along

Thy child.

The cross is heavy, my Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn

And faltering spirit rise to that blest land
 Where crowns are given. Futher, take my hand,
 And reaching down,
 Lead to the crown
 Thy child.

THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child ! But leads to light ;
 I would not have you always walk by sight ;
 My dealings now thou canst not understand,
 I meant it so ; but I would take thy hand,
 And through the gloom
 Lead safely home
 My child.

The day goes fast, my child ! But is the night
 Darker to Me than day ? In Me is light.
 Keep close to Me, and every spectral band
 Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
 And through the night
 Lead up to light
 My child.

The way is long, my child ! But it shall be
 Not one step longer than is best for thee ;
 And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand
 Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand
 Quickly, and straightly
 Lead to heaven's gate
 My child.

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The path is rough, my child ! But, oh ! how sweet
 Will be the rest where weary pilgrims meet,
 When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
 To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
 And safe and blest
 With Me shall rest
 My child.

The throng is great, my child ! But at thy side
 Thy Father walks ; then be not terrified,
 For I am with thee, I will thy foes command
 To let thee freely pass ; will take thy hand,
 And through the throng
 Lead safe along
 My child.

The cross is heavy, my child. Yet there was One
 Who bore a heavier for thee—My Son,
 My well-beloved ! For Him bear thine, and stand
 With Him at last ; and from thy Father's hand,
 Thy cross laid down,
 Receive a crown
 My child.—*Sel.*

Unseen Guardians.

C. G. STEINHOFER, formerly of Germany, was a Christian, firm in faith, consistent in principle and practice, and, as a clergyman of the Lutheran community, very earnest and zealous in fulfilling what he considered to be the duties of his calling. These were often arduous and unpleasant, but he did not shrink from their performance. On one

occasion he was informed that the chief man, the highest public officer in his district, was living in sin, to his own disgrace, to the inexpressible grief of his wife, to the sorrow of every really Christian citizen, and to the great scandal of the church there, of which he was a member. On receiving this information, this faithful guardian of the flock went at once to the offender. After mentioning the occasion of his visit, he said he had come, in the authority of his office, to bid him remove the public scandal he had given rise to, adding, "My Lord will require *clean* sheep of His shepherds, and as I am engaged in keeping this flock, I dare not suffer such doings as this in it."

The man was irritated at this honest reproof and unconditional condemnation of his wickedness, and told him if he meddled much more with him or his affairs, he would have him removed from the ministerial office. Steinhofer let him know that the fear of such a result would not deter him from the performance of the duty devolving on him from his station.

A week passed by; and as the offender had not abated the scandal, Steinhofer called upon him again. After expostulating with him, he plainly told him that if he did not manifest that he intended to amend his evil ways, he should, on the morrow, publicly bring the matter before the congregation, when assembled for worship. This would clear him before the people of having any active or passive complicity in this wickedness; and he added, he should then leave it with the Lord, who would prove that He would not be mocked.

This honest rebuke, and even the prospect of a public exposure, did not induce the man to change his course. But to try to prevent Steinhofer from spreading the case

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before the congregation, he called upon him, before the meeting, with many threats, seeking to frighten him into silence. The pastor had counted the cost; no fear of pecuniary loss or personal suffering could induce him to draw back from the performance of what he esteemed his duty. He did as he had promised, spread the case before the congregation, and requested their prayers that this iniquity should be removed from among them, and that it might not be laid to their charge.

The rage of the public officer was so great that, in the insanity of passion, he determined to kill his faithful reprover. Knowing that on that afternoon Steinhofner would visit a sick member of his congregation, he determined to waylay him and execute his wicked design. The road from the parsonage to the residence of the sick man passed through a small wood, in the recess of which, behind a tree, the intending murderer placed himself with a loaded gun. In due time the clergyman came in sight, but, to the dismay of the watcher, two men appeared to him to be with him, one on either side. This for that time baffled his intention; but being determined to effect it, he concluded to do it when the visit was over, and therefore remained waiting in the wood. Steinhofner, after a short period, returned, but, to the surprise of his enemy, the two men who had appeared to accompany him as he went were still apparently beside him; and thus he again passed safely through the wood, not knowing that it concealed an enemy.

Perplexed in mind and uneasy in conscience, the officer felt an earnest desire to know who the men were whose presence had protected his intended victim. To obtain that knowledge he sent a servant-maid on some trivial

errand to the house of the minister, telling her to find out who the strangers were who accompanied him on his afternoon visit. She made the inquiry, and was told that he went out alone, and took nothing with him but his Bible, which he carried under his arm. This return to his question startled the inquirer more than ever. He immediately dispatched a messenger to the clergyman, demanding who those two men were who, one on his right and the other on his left side, accompanied him to visit the sick man. The messenger was also instructed to say that his master had seen them with his own eyes.

C. G. Steinhöfer, although he knew not what peril he had escaped, yet felt convinced that the Lord's hand was in the thing, and also that He had by His preserving providence, been round about him that day. He bade the servant tell his master that he knew of no man having accompanied him. "But," he added, "I am never alone; the Lord whom I serve is always with me." This message, faithfully delivered by the servant, produced a powerful effect on the master. His conscience was alarmingly awakened. He immediately complied with the requisitions of duty, and the next morning, as a humble penitent, he called on his faithful reprover, with tears confessed his past crime, and also his wicked intention so providentially frustrated. The work of repentance did not stop here, but through the Lord's assisting grace this evil man amended his ways.—*The Christian, Boston.*

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Henry Martyn.

In the year 1812 a lone traveller, passing through Eastern Asia Minor, died at Tokat. His dragoman even did not know his full name, but scratched something like it upon a rude slab, and went his way. The grave was soon covered by the sand from a mountain stream. They who buried him thought of him only as one of the millions who every year fall into forgotten graves. But this man was missed. Though but thirty-one years of age, he had struck the chord of heroic appreciation in England and America as almost no other man had. A statesman said: "His name is the one heroic name which adorns the annals of the English Church from the days of Elizabeth to our own." His grave was sought; his body removed to a more public spot; a handsome monument reared, and inscribed with his praise in four different languages. Lord Macaulay, with fine appreciation of the truly great in character coming from familiarity with the heroes of all ages, who thrills us with his lines on Horatius and Henry of Navarre, was affected to reverence by the story of this young man's life, and wrote this epitaph:

"Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom
The Christian hero found a pagan tomb;
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.
Eternal trophies, not with slaughter red,
Nor stained with tears by hopeless captives shed,
But trophies of the cross. For that dear name
Through every form of danger, death and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
Where danger, death and shame are known no more."

Henry Martyn was born in Cornwall, England, in 1781. At sixteen he entered Cambridge University. He was intensely ambitious, and was nettled because at the early examinations he took only the second position. But at twenty he graduated as Senior Wrangler, with the first honor.

He could, however, apply his mind better than control his passionate nature. Angered one day he threw a large knife at a comrade, who dodged it, and let it stick quivering in the wall, instead of in the intended victim's heart. He was self-willed, even to obstinacy and surliness to his father. No natural saint was he.

His after saintliness was not due to development, but total change, point-blank conversion. Its occasion was the death of his father, and the thought that it was now too late to ask from those cold lips forgiveness for his undutiful conduct. He could only go to God for it. But, having once come before that throne, and felt upon his soul the shadow of God's condemnation for sin, all his pride was crushed; having felt the light of God's countenance reconciled, his soul was ever after filled with gratitude and love. From that time Martyn was another man. That strong wilfulness became strong willingness, as he gave his whole being up to his Redeemer. He was ambitious still, but he had now an over-lord, even Christ. His favorite text was, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." So thoroughly did he belong to Christ that selfish honors no longer pleased him. When he graduated first in his class, he wrote: "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow." His energy was not lessened, rather intensified, by having higher appeals, those of conscience and service,

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added to natural desire ; and his faculties were new-fired by his communion with the Holy Spirit. Yet he was not without tremendous temptations from his old ambition. For awhile he proposed to study law, "chiefly," he says, "because I could not consent to be poor for Christ's sake." But he did not know his newer self when he thought that way, and when the moment of decision came, he turned his back upon all prospects of secular gain, and sought the ministry.

In 1805, Henry Martyn sailed for India. Nine months were consumed in the journey, which took him across to South America, and then around the Cape of Good Hope.

Arriving in Calcutta he was felled by fever, and his weakened body became a source of discouragement, overcome only by his deathless devotion. The horrid rites of widow burning and devil worship were then practised. He said he "shivered as standing in the neighborhood of hell." English friends urged his remaining at Calcutta, where he would meet with countrymen, and could preach as much as he wished without danger, receiving a salary as army chaplain. But Martyn determined to go to the heathen beyond, to whom others would not go.

For weeks he pushed his way in a little boat up the Ganges, during the day translating Scripture into Bengalee by the aid of his boatman, at night talking of Christ to the natives on the shore. Passing into new provinces, he found new dialects to be mastered. His rare scholarly habit and genius came to his help. At Dinapore we find this in his diary of a day : "Morning in Sanscrit ; afternoon, Balar dialect : continued late at night writing on Parables in Bengalee. The wickedness and cruelty of wasting a moment when so many nations are waiting till I

do my work." He finds that he has use for Arabic, too, in dealing with Mohammedans, and therefore masters that tongue. Then the Persian language is studied. The man seems to have been a mingling of Max Muller and Livingstone.

Through the glaring sun he traversed the sandy plains of the Ganges hundreds of miles to Cawnpore, fainting, fevered, with a terrible disease developing in his chest. He preached stately to the soldiers in the barracks, and at times the poor natives would gather by the thousand in front of his door to receive his alms and hear his addresses. A strange fascination went out from his person to all who came in contact with him. A fellow English Christian, speaking of Martyn's ill health, said: "If I could make you live longer, I would give up any child I have, and myself into the bargain."

Physical nature could not endure the strain of that intense spirit, and Martyn's condition necessitated his return to England. But he was not quite satisfied with the correctness of his Persian translation of the New Testament, and therefore proposed to put in an intermediate journey to Persia to perfect it. Pale, emaciated, too weak to speak except in a low voice, he seemed to live only by force of soul. They beheld him "standing on the verge of another world, and ready to take his flight," rather than about to endure another earthly journey.

His thirtieth birthday found him *en route* for Persia. In his journal he says: "I am now at the age when the Saviour of men began His ministry—when John the Baptist called a nation to repentance. Let me now think for myself and act with energy. Hitherto I have made my youth

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and insignificance an excuse for sloth and imbecility ; now let me have a character and act for God."

After several months he reached Persia. He was prostrated by sunstroke. Recovering sufficient strength, he penetrated the country. The thermometer in June ranged from 120 degrees to 126 degrees. He existed only by wrapping himself in heavy blankets to exclude the heat, or wet blankets to temper it. So he traversed the plains. Then over the mountain where the cold at night was piercing, but with a fire in his head, his skin dry as a cinder, his pulse almost convulsive.

Reaching Shiraz, the Persian seat of learning, he began a new translation of the Testament with the help of some intelligent Persian gentlemen. While doing this work he debated publicly with their great men, and wrote articles in reply to their chief books. Sharp arguments were sometimes interspersed with brick-bats hurled at his head. Within the year his translation was completed. He would lay it before the Persian king. To accomplish this another long journey was undertaken. To its natural hardship was added the danger of his life from the bigotry of the people, as they knew his mission to introduce a foreign religion. He one day attended a reception given by the Vizier, bringing his Bible. Vizier challenged him with "You had better say, 'God is God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.'" Martyn replied, at the risk of losing his head, "God is God, and Jesus is the Son of God." The bystanders cried out, "What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for such blasphemy?" They would have trampled the Bible with their feet had not Martyn rescued the manuscript from the floor.

But what was the use of antagonizing the prejudices of

the people? Had we simply the diary of Martyn we might only be able to say that his burning zeal would not permit him to be silent. Everywhere he went he must be talking about Christ. But there was a providence in his tongue that he knew not of. Years afterwards Sir Robert Ker Porter, in journeying through Persia, was met by people who asked if he knew "the man of God," someone who had made an impression upon the people like that of a brief sojourn of an angel among them. They said, "He came here in the midst of us, sat down encircled by our wise men, and made such remarks upon our Koran as cannot be answered. We want to know more about his religion and the book he left among us." At Shiraz, long after Martyn's death, there lived an accomplished Persian, Mahomet Ratem, who confessed that for years he had been secretly a Christian. He had been convinced, he said, by "a beardless youth, enfeebled by disease, who gave him a book," which had since been his constant companion. It was a Persian New Testament, and on a blank leaf the name Henry Martyn.

Martyn probably knew nothing of his personal influence upon these people—a little as we know the result of our lives.

But to return to our narrative. He was out of money, and would have starved but for help from a poor muleteer. Burning with fever, aching with weariness, breathing with difficulty from the progress of his disease, he reached Tabriz, where the English ambassador received him. For two months Sir Gore Ousley and his lady watched by his bedside, until temporary return of strength allowed his departure. In the meantime the ambassador himself presented the New Testament in Persian to the king, by whom

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it was graciously received and publicly commended; since which it has shone as a day-star of hope to Christian missions in that part of the world. England has spent millions of money and many lives of soldiers in Persia, but the work of Henry Martyn, though his face was hardly known to its people, has accomplished a thousand-fold more.

His work being done, the frail man started for home. Thirteen hundred miles overland must be traversed before he could reach even Constantinople. With a heartless dragoman and servant he started. Across burning plains, dangerous roads under the mighty peak of Mount Ararat, through dense forests, drenching rains and thieving villages, he pushed onward, though fainting, and always with the dread fever or chill. After a month or more of this sort of life, we find the last note of his journal, October 6, 1812: "No horses to be had, I had unexpected repose. I sat in an orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my company, my friend and comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity?" Ten days later he was dead. How he died, no one knows, except that he was alone. There was no loving kiss of wife or sister or friend upon the chilling brow, but as they would say in the East, "God kissed him and drew out his soul."

Friends in distant India waited for the coming one who would never come. But the story of his work floated over the lands, and with it the story of his heroism. A thrill of missionary interest went through the church. The cause of evangelization received an impulse second to none since the early days of the English Reformation.

The story of Henry Martyn almost oppresses an ordinary

Christian. His spirituality was so refined that it is difficult to even appreciate it. It was like the rare atmosphere of mountain heights, hard for some to even breathe. His courage and concentration of purpose make our lives seem weak and disconnected—like water spilled on the ground, compared with the torrent that turns a hundred factories. He was dead at thirty-two, having awakened a nation, and some of us are twice that age and have hardly begun to do anything for the great crying world and Him who redeemed it. We cannot follow Martyn; we are not brave enough, nor fine enough in moral fibre to take his lustre. Let us, then, more deeply appreciate the lesson now carved in four languages upon his tomb at Tokat: "May travellers of all nations, as they step aside and look at this monument, be led to love, honor and serve the God and Saviour of this devoted missionary."—James Ludlow, D.D., in *Missionary Review*.

Agony for Souls.

THE overheard closet supplications of John Knox were, "Give me Scotland or I die!" and those of George Whitefield were, "Give me souls, or take my soul!"

When the attendants around the dying bed of David Stoner thought that his spirit had taken its flight, he raised himself up in bed and cried, "O Lord, save sinners! save them by scores! save them by hundreds! save them by thousands!" and his work on earth was finished. The ruling passion was strong in death.

Of Alleine, author of *Alarm to Unconverted Sinners*, it is

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said that "he was infinitely and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls; and to this end he poured out his very heart in prayer and preaching." John Bunyan said: "In preaching I could not be satisfied unless some fruits appear in my work." Said Matthew Henry: "I would think it a greater happiness to gain one soul to Christ than mountains of silver and gold to myself. If I do not gain souls I shall enjoy all other gains with very little satisfaction, and would rather beg my bread from door to door than undertake this great work." Doddridge, writing to a friend, remarked: "I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than for anything besides. Methinks I could not only labor but die for it with pleasure."

Hear the death-bed testimony of the sainted Brown, of Haddington: "Now, after nearly forty years' preaching Christ, I think I would rather beg my bread all the laboring days of the week for an opportunity of publishing the Gospel on the Sabbath, than, without such a privilege, to enjoy the richest possessions on earth. Oh, labor," saith he to his sons, "to win souls to Christ."

Fleming, in his *Fulfillment of Scripture*, mentions John Welsh, "often in the coldest winter nights visiting for prayer, found weeping on the ground, and wrestling with the Lord on account of his people, and saying to his wife when she pressed him for an explanation of his distress, 'I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, while I know not how it is with many of them.'"

Ralph Waller wrote in his diary as follows: "My greatest desire is for the salvation of sinners. It is my constant prayer for God to convert sinners, and revive His people. Lord, send the revival." Again: "The Lord is still my portion and strength, saith my soul. I am happy in Him,

but I desire to be more useful. And I wonder why it is that I am not. Oh, for souls! souls! the salvation of souls!" Again: "I need a more affecting apprehension of the value of souls, a more tender regard for the honor of God, and a more intense sympathy for perishing sinners. Oh, could I always live for eternity, preach for eternity, pray for eternity, and speak for eternity! I want to lose sight of man and see only God." Two days before his death he called his faithful wife to his side, and said: "I do not wish to boast, but at Liverpool and Boston I appropriated one hour each day to pray for souls, and frequently spent that time prostrate on my study floor; in addition to which, at Boston, I held something like night vigils, arising to pray each night at twelve o'clock. I do not say it to boast, but it appears plain to me that the secret of success in the conversion of souls is prayer."

It is said of Wm. McDermott that "he used to spend whole nights in prayer with John Smith before those memorable seasons of revival, in which multitudes of sinners were won to Christ. In an agony of prayer, with broken hearts and weeping eyes, and the pleading of faith, they wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant until they knew that they had taken hold of the strength of God. Then they always secured the fulfilment of the promise. It was said of John Smith, that when he came down-stairs in the morning, his eyes were sometimes well-nigh swollen up with weeping. He himself used to say that prayer need not have been so protracted if they had had stronger faith."

Brainerd could say of himself on more than one occasion: "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things, and when I

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waked the first thing I thought of was this great work ; all my desire was for the conversion of the heathen, and all my hope was in God."

"John Hunt possessed this master passion for souls. He left parents and country in the freshness and vigor of youth, with locks as black as a raven's wing, soon to become white and hoary with labor. His career was short but glorious. He crowded the work of a lifetime into ten short years. The fire of love within him burned itself, in spite of every obstruction, into the heart of the heathen, subduing the cruelties of cannibalism, and winning gospel triumphs the most distinguished in missionary enterprise. His heart was set on three things : 'The conversion of the Fijians, the translation of the Scriptures, the revival of Scriptural holiness.' John Hunt's prospect in death was unclouded brightness. He had safely committed his last treasures, his wife and children, in God's keeping. But there was something that hung about his heart more closely than these. That object to which all the energies of his great soul had been devoted, was the last to be left. He was observed to weep, to keep on silently weeping. His emotion was increased, and he sobbed as though in acute distress. Then, when the pent-up feelings could no longer be withheld, he cried out, 'Lord save Fiji.' This master passion of love for the souls of the Fijians had become identified with his very life."

"The Rev. John Smith, a Wesleyan minister, had a passion for souls, which led him to do many strange things in the eyes of the world. It is said of him that at one time during a Manchester conference, he accompanied, by invitation, some ministers into the suburbs to dine. While dinner was in progress Mr. Smith was observed to be

reticent and prayerful; he had ascertained that a young lady present was unconverted. To Mr. Smith an unsaved soul was invested with no ordinary interest: its immediate value, its unending duration, its purchase by the blood of Christ, its capacity of endless happiness, its danger of eternal woe, and a lost opportunity which can never be recalled, impressed him. 'Besides there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth strength.' Before the ministers returned to conference there was only time for one of two things—a dessert or prayer. Mr. Smith asked the ministers to forego the former, and unite with him in prayer for the conversion of the young lady.

"The young lady became very angry, and said that Mr. Smith had singled her out for an onslaught, that was both unchristian and ungentlemanly. Yet the next morning found her a saved girl, ready for the Master's work. For six weeks she worked faithfully for God, and was used in His hands in the salvation of many souls. Then she was taken with a fever, and in a state of unconsciousness passed home to glory."

Gregory Lopez.

God favored him with uncommon grace, even from his tender years. In the providence of God he was made page to a Spanish potentate. The fear of the Lord was so rooted in the heart of young Lopez, that even a court life, and all its various agitations, which, like impetuous winds, are apt to ruffle the calmest souls, failed to disturb his composure. He relates that when his master sent him with any message, his mind was so fixed on

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God, that neither persons of the highest quality with whom he had to do, nor all the other occasions of distracting the mind, which are found in the courts of princes, interrupted his thinking of God.

His piety was of the deepest type. On one occasion he remarked to a friend that he had had such a conflict with the great enemy, and was obliged to use so violent efforts in resisting him, that the blood gushed out of his nose and ears. The knowledge which he acquired was indeed wonderful. Though he had never learned Latin, he translated the Scriptures from Latin into Spanish as correctly as though he had been equally acquainted with that and with his native tongue. It seemed that the whole Bible was continually before him. When men of learning asked him where such and such texts were, he not only told them without hesitation, but showed the sense of them with such clearness, however obscure they were, that there remained no difficulty or obscurity in them. Many persons of eminent knowledge came to him to remove their doubts concerning passages of Scripture, and they all returned, not barely satisfied, but amazed at the understanding which God had given him. He knew, with all the clearness which could be drawn from the Scripture and other histories, all that passed from the creation to Noah; and he recited all the generations, their degrees of kindred to each other, their several ages, and the times when they lived, with as much exactness as if he had had the Bible before him and was reading them out of the book. Nor was he ignorant of the history of other people; but if occasion offered, could tell with the utmost accuracy—so far as any records

remained—what were their manners, their customs, and the arts which they had invented.

The same knowledge he had of what passed from Noah to Christ, and spoke of those times as if they had been present to him. He referred all profane histories to the sacred; knew the wars and events which had occurred in any nation to the birth of Jesus Christ, and spoke of them as clearly as he could have done of the things of his own times.

Gregory Lopez was a thorough master of all ecclesiastical history since the birth of Christ; as likewise of all the emperors to Philip II., in whose reign he died.

He was equally skilled in profane history, ancient as well as modern. He drew up a chronology from the creation of the world to the pontificate of Clement VIII., so exact, though so short, that all remarkable incidents, whether ecclesiastical or secular, were recorded in it.

But this knowledge was not limited to history. He was so knowing in astronomy, cosmography and geography, that it seemed as if he had himself measured the heavens, the earth and the sea. He had a globe and a general map of the world, made with his own hands, so just that it has been admired by persons deeply skilled in the science; and he was so ready herein that the Marquis of Salinas having sent him a very large globe, he observed in it several mistakes, corrected them, gave his reasons for it, and sent it back.

He had so particular a knowledge of nations, provinces, and their customs, that he could accurately tell where every country was, and in what degree of latitude; their cities, their rivers, their isles; the plants and animals which were peculiar to them—of all which he

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spoke as knowing what he said, yet without that arrogance which sometimes attends knowledge.

Lopez was well versed in anatomy, medicine, and botany, and he was skilful in penmanship.

But all this knowledge did not for a moment divert his mind from the one thing needful. When asked whether none of these things ever gave him any distraction, he replied: "I find God alike in little things and in great." God being the continual object of his attention, he saw all things only in God. He had also great skill in directing others. He saw spiritual things with the eyes of his soul as clearly as outward things with those of his body, and had an amazing accuracy in distinguishing what was of grace from what was of nature; and that not only with regard to himself, but those also who consulted him in their doubts and difficulties. He fully satisfied all the doubts that were proposed to him; he instructed everyone how to act in his profession. None were so afflicted, but he comforted them. He imprinted on the spirit of all to whom he spoke an ardent desire of holiness. His words were all words of fire, and inflamed the heart with the love of God. No one went from him without feeling himself comforted and strengthened.

"If any man offend not in word," saith the Apostle James, "the same is a perfect man." We may then pronounce Lopez a perfect man. One who had lived with him in the strictest intimacy for eighteen years, says that he had never heard him speak one single word that could be reproved. His conversation was always of things useful and spiritual, meet to minister grace to the hearers. He measured his words so well that he spoke

no more than was necessary to make himself understood, and he never exaggerated anything.

His patience and humility shone with great resplendency. Although he frequently suffered great pain at his stomach, and violent colics, he never made any complaint, nor indeed any show of them. While he was at St. Foy he had the toothache for almost a year together, but it was not perceived by any outward sign, only that twice he used some herbs which he knew to be good for it, and that sometimes it was so violent that he could not eat.

He desired to be despised like his Master. He studied to forget all temporal things, and thought only of seeking God and serving Him.

When he had any great conflicts, he rejoiced to sustain them for the love of God ; and, after he had conquered, he offered all that he had suffered as a sacrifice to Him. He offered Him not only the spoils won from his enemies, but the gifts and graces which He had given him, joined with fervent prayer, and an unspeakable sense of his obligations to the Giver of every good gift ; so that when he received any new grace or gift, his understanding being more enlightened, and his heart still more inflamed with love, instead of resting on those gifts and graces, he offered them to God.

No wonder that the Rev. John Wesley should have said of him : " For many years I despaired of finding any inhabitant of Great Britain, that could stand in any degree of comparison with Gregory Lopez."

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Deacon Lee's Opinion.

WE know not where "Deacon Lee" lived, says the *Golden Rule*, nor whether he lived at all; but his "opinion," as expressed in the subjoined sketch, sent to us by mail, ought to be read and pondered in every parish in the land:

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the preacher.

The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion, and to inquire as to the reason why there had been no revival for two or three years past.

"Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and, after a thought, frankly answered, "No, I don't."

"Do you think the church is alive to the work before it?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eyes of this troubler in Zion, and, taking courage, he asked: "Do you think his sermon on 'Their eyes were holden' anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold, after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked:

"Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow, and in a tone louder than his wont, shouted, "No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest, not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man, rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity, and don't you tempt me to break them!"

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked: "What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which he had been planted. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the pews filled with those turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a tool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. We thought we were doing God's service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work, and said we considered his work ended in B——, where I then lived. We grieved because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticising and crushing, instead of

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upholding by our efforts and our prayers, the instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessings. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as a dead-weight to the wheel; he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer, till, worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone when God came among us by His Spirit to show that He had blessed the labors of His dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who touches one of His servants touches the apple of His eye. I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five miles' ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said, and her words were arrows to my soul: 'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish!'

"Had it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labors had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, until designing men had alienated us, been to me as a brother—that the man could not die in peace with my face before him? 'God pity me,' I cried, 'what have I done?' I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and I implored her, for Christ's sake, to let me kneel before

His dying servant and receive his forgiveness. What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not! I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever, as my own flesh and blood; but no such happiness was in store for me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes, and said, 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him, and sobbed out: 'My pastor! my pastor!' Then raising his white hand, he said in a deep, impressive voice, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!' I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit.

"I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he had been to me; I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones; but his only reply, murmured, as if in a troubled dream, was: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

"I stayed by him all night, and at day-break I closed his eyes. I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days, but like a heroine she said: 'I freely forgive you: but my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us with his covenant God, and He will care for us.'

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and from that grave. When I slept, Christ

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stood before me in my dream, saying, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' These words followed me till I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those men who had given up all for His sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, even if they are not perfect. And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, even if he is not 'a very extraordinary man.' My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget her cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as with those who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the new-comer's effort to get a new minister who could make more stir, and left him free to lay out roads and build hotels.

There is often great power in the little word "No," but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.

Quench Not the Spirit.

DURING the ministry of the Rev. John Wesley Childs, the following singular incident, as related in the *Earnest Christian*, took place :

Mr. Childs had preached on Sabbath morning with unusual power and effectiveness. The whole congregation was deeply impressed ; and in every direction sinners, cut to the heart by the power of God, were weeping and praying for mercy. Seriousness was depicted on every countenance.

Mr. Childs walked out into the congregation and conversed with such as attracted his attention, upon the subject of religion. Passing about from one to another, he came to a gentleman, well known in the country, who appeared rather indifferent, and he kindly spoke to him about his soul. The man was an avowed infidel, and was engaged in a traffic well adapted to blunt and destroy all the finer sensibilities of the human heart. He was wealthy and proud ; he disdained religion. When Mr. Childs, spoke to him upon the subject, he treated the matter with the utmost levity and contempt.

He was tenderly besought to think more seriously, and to speak less rashly about a matter in which he really had so deep an interest. But he grew angry, and cast every indignity that he could upon the gentle and holy man that sought to lead him to Christ. Mr. Childs proposed prayer, and as the man of God pleaded for him, the man began to curse him : and with all conceivable oaths and blasphemies, he continued to vent his feelings of malignity and contempt until Mr. Childs closed his prayer. He then

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turned away in a rage, and in a short time left the camp-ground and returned to his home, which he reached about the going down of the sun. He sat for a long time on the long piazza in front of the house, and conversed sparingly with his family. As the twilight deepened and night let drop her curtain, he commenced walking up and down his piazza. Presently his tea was announced, but he refused to join his family at the table, saying he felt a little indisposed and did not feel like eating anything. He continued to pace his piazza, until it was time for the family to retire for the night.

His wife requested him to go to his chamber. "No," said he, "not now. Leave me alone for the present." She urged him to go in from the night air; that he was further endangering himself by his exposure. "Let me alone," said he, as she insisted upon his leaving the piazza. "When I go in at that door," said he, solemnly, "I shall come out no more until I am carried out to my grave." At first his wife was startled, but she recovered herself and remonstrated with him for using such language and indulging such gloomy feelings. Said he: "I cursed the preacher to-day. I did wrong. He is a good man, I doubt not, and I should not have treated him the way I did; and now I am going to die, and I shall go to hell. I ought not to have cursed that man." She continued to expostulate with him; told him that he was depressed and low-spirited, and did what she could to relieve his mind, but all to no avail. At a late hour he went to his bed; but alas! to rise no more. In the morning he was found quite ill. Medical aid was called in, and everything was done for him that could be to give him relief. But he told them that it was all in vain,

that he should die and go to hell, that his case was hopeless for this world and the world to come. He grew worse; and it admits of a doubt whether the dying chamber of any man ever presented a more terrible and heart-appalling scene than did the chamber of this miserable man. He sent for the pious tenants on his farm to come and sit by him and keep the devils out of his room. He said that the multiplied sins of his wicked life were like so many demons tearing his bleeding heart. Some attempted to direct his mind to the Saviour of sinners. "Oh," said he, "I have rejected the last offer; I have cursed the minister who made the tender of salvation to me in the name of Jesus." The scene was too awful to behold. His neighbors fled from his presence, and his words of despair and remorse and unavailing regret haunted them wherever they went.

The scene grew still more frightful. Despair—utter despair—was depicted in his face. His eyes seemed to be kindled as with a spark from the pit of hell; his voice unearthly. He called his friends to his bedside for the last time. Said he: "I am dying. When I am gone you will all say that I died frantic and out of my senses. I never was more rational. I know what I am now saying, and all that I have said; and I now make this statement, that what I have said may not be lost upon you." He then, with his remaining strength, cried out in the most startling accents, "The devils are around my bed; they wait for me; they mock my dying struggles, and as soon as I am dead they will drag me to the hottest place in hell." These were his last words.

• Soliloquy of a Lost Soul.

COME, oh, my soul, thy certain ruin trace,
 If thou neglect a Saviour's offered grace.
 Infinite years in torment must I spend,
 And never, never have an end.
 Oh, must I dwell in torturing despair,
 As many years as atoms in the air ?
 When these are done, as many to ensue
 As blades of grass or drops of morning dew ;
 When these are past, as many left behind
 As leaves in forests shaken by the wind ;
 When these are past, as many on the march
 As starry lamps that gild the spangled arch ;
 When these are gone, as many thousands more
 As grains of sand upon the ocean shore ;
 When these run out, as many millions more
 As moments in the millions passed before.
 When all these doleful years are spent in pain,
 And multiplied by millions yet again,
 Till numbers drown the thought. Could I suppose
 That then my wretched years would have a close,
 This would afford some hope. But oh, I shiver
 To ponder on that awful word forever !
 The burning gulf where I blaspheming lie,
 Is time no more, but vast eternity !
 The growing torments I endure for sin
 Are never more to end, but always to begin !
 Oh, that the hand that cursed me to the lash
 Would bless me back to nothing at a dash !

Unjustly I the sin-avenger hate,
 Blaspheme this awful God and curse my fate.
 'Tis just, since I, who bear the eternal load,
 Contemned the death of an Almighty God.

—Sel.

A Prince in Israel.

WILLIAM CLOWES—one of the founders of the Primitive Methodist denomination—was born at Burslem, Staffordshire, England, March 12th, 1780. His conversion in many respects resembled that of John Bunyan. For many years he had been a most notorious sinner, but now he became as eminent for piety of the deepest type. The enemy of all good assailed him on every hand, and frequently “came in like a flood;” but through faith he maintained the victory. He rapidly “grew in grace.” All the powers of his being were devoted to God, and he laid himself out with all his might to save souls from eternal woe. It was not long before he became noted as a mighty man of faith and prayer. Many were the signal victories which he won in answer to believing prayer. Mr. Clowes says: Several of us at Tunstall consulted together how we might more effectually carry on the prayer-meetings in order to accomplish the grand object of our anxious desire—the conversion of sinners to God. We agreed that the person who should first address the throne of Grace should *believe* for the particular blessing prayed for, and that all the other praying laborers should respond, “Amen,” and exercise faith also; and if the blessing prayed for was not granted at once, still to persevere in pleading until it

was bestowed. We conceived we were authorized by the Holy Scriptures to pray and believe for certain blessings, and to expect to receive them in this way; but that it could not answer any useful purpose to pray for a hundred blessings, and go away without any. Thus Jacob, when he wrestled with the angel, persevered until the breaking of the day; and his believing, unconquered importunity was successful (Gen. xxxii. 28). The Canaanitish woman cried after our Lord in behalf of her daughter; but the Lord answered her not at first. Yet she cried again and again, until Jesus said: "O woman! great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt" (Matt. xv. 28). And so of others.

Mr. Clowes was soon after this appointed as class-leader. In this capacity he was so successful that ere long he was appointed to the leadership of a second class. His method of conducting these classes he thus describes: "In leading my classes I used to get from six to ten to pray a minute or two each, and thus to get the whole into the exercise of faith; then I found it a very easy matter to lead thirty or forty members in an hour and a quarter; for I found that leading did not consist so much in talking to the members, as in getting into faith, and bringing down the cloud of God's glory that the people might be truly blessed, as well as instructed in divine things."

In addition to these labors he frequently exercised himself as an exhorter, and also distributed Bibles and other religious books and tracts.

Day by day he hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and, as in all such cases, the Spirit of the Lord led him into the experience of Christian holiness. It is not too much to say that, from this time forward, he moved

among men as a flame of fire. His labors were truly apostolic. Having heard from Lorenzo Dow a favorable account of the American camp-meetings, he, in conjunction with other devoted men, assisted in holding what is supposed to have been the first camp-meeting ever held in England, on Mow Hill, May 31st, 1807. Great results followed this meeting. The origin of the Primitive Methodist body, in a very important sense, dates from this memorable occasion.

Other camp-meetings followed, and God set His seal of approbation on them by converting many souls. For the active part which Clowes and Hugh Bourne took in these meetings, the ministers of the Wesleyan body, of which both of these devoted men had been members, cut them off from church fellowship. This was shortly after, no doubt, seen to be a great mistake. The classes, which had been under the spiritual care of Clowes, went with him. And, as these men could not refrain from pursuing this open-air work, which God was so signally blessing, and from otherwise engaging in zealous efforts to convert souls, and as the Wesleyans were determined not to countenance a movement which they strangely enough considered irregular, there was no alternative but to form the fruits of their labor into classes, with regularly appointed leaders and stewards.

The Rev. Geo. Lamb, in his memorial of William Clowes, observes: "Thus the professed followers of the venerable Wesley, *the great field preacher*, expelled from their communion a humble man of God, for preaching the Gospel in the open air, without the sanction of the instituted authorities of the circuit, though by these efforts a number of the vilest sinners had been converted from darkness to light."

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Wesley saw there was a danger of open-air worship being given up, and therefore solemnly enjoined his people to attend it, not only in new places, but in old-established circuits. He says: "The greatest hindrance to open-air preaching you are to expect from rich and cowardly, or lazy Methodists. But regard them not; neither stewards, leaders, nor people. Whenever the weather will permit, go out, in God's name, into the most public places, and call all to repent and believe the Gospel."

Mr. Clowes was now employed by *two workmen* as a missionary. They agreed to give him ten shillings (English currency) per week, to go out and labor at large in the work of the Lord. Never were labors more arduous and success more glorious than those of this remarkable man. He went in every direction, preaching a free, full and present salvation. And God was with him in power. In May, 1811, the various classes were organized as follows: Two travelling ministers, fifteen local preachers, seventeen preaching-places, and two hundred members. At a business meeting a few months after, the new body was named the Primitive Methodist Connexion.

On a certain missionary tour he walked one day twenty-four miles, and while on the road, he says: "I fell into a profound meditation on the fall of man, his departure from original holiness, the depth of iniquity into which sin had sunk him, and the impossibility for any power but that of God to restore him. These reflections I pursued in my mind until I was brought into great sorrow and distress of soul. I felt the travail in birth, and experienced an inter-nal agony on account of the millions of souls on the earth who were posting on in the way of death, whose steps take hold on hell. I wept much, and longed for some conveni-

ent place on the road where I might give vent to my burdened soul in prayer. In a short time I arrived on the borders of the wood, and then I gave way to my feelings, poured out my soul, and eried like a woman in the pangs of childbirth. I thought the agony into which I was thrown would terminate my life.

“This was a glorious baptism for the ministry; the glory of God was revealed to me in a wonderful manner; it left an unction on my soul which continues to this day, and the sweetness which was imparted to my spirit, it is impossible for me to attempt a description of.”

Space will not allow us to follow this apostolic man as he went through the principal counties, the cities, and towns of England; nor to detail the wonderful displays of divine power which took place under his ministry. Persecution raged against him; his name was cast out as evil; and he had to endure many and severe hardships. But wherever he went the work of God broke out in power, sinners were converted, believers sanctified, and classes organized. At every session of their Annual Conference for years, their net increase amounted to four or five thousand, and not unfrequently the annual increase was ten thousand.

In May, 1823, the report of the Connexion was 45 circuits, 202 travelling preachers, and 29,472 members. At Mr. Wesley's twenty-fourth conference the statistics of his denomination were 40 circuits, 104 preachers, and 25,914 members. Thus it appears that the Primitive Methodist body stood more in number at the period of its fourth conference than the Wesleyan body at the time of its twenty-fourth!

Rev. J. Davison, one of Mr. Clowes' biographers, says: “The plan of missionary operations in the infancy of the

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Connexion was very simple, and wrought with surprising efficiency. When a circuit was formed, its official authorities sent forth a missionary to enlarge the field. Sinners were converted and formed into societies; these were made a mission, the work proceeded, and the mission became a branch, or branch circuit, subject to its parent circuit. Then, when the work became further enlarged and consolidated, the branch became an independent circuit, sending forth its missionaries to extend still farther the field of operations, Thus the work went on multiplying itself."

The Rev. J. Dodsworth says: "It was my happiness to become acquainted with Mr. Clowes about the year 1834. It was my great privilege to sit under his occasional ministry, which, unadorned as it was, was the most spiritual, Scriptural, and mighty I ever heard. Few ministers, if any, since the days of the Apostles could have said to their hearers, with greater propriety than Mr. Clowes, 'our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.' His truly apostolic ministrations were such as I should have anticipated from a legitimate successor of the Apostle Paul; they were thrilling with power from on high, and resulted in the conversion of multitudes of sinners to God. Having a body of divinity in himself, he was superior to most books, and but sparingly read uninspired authors. He, however, studied the inspired writings, had 'an union from the Holy One' and was mighty in the Scriptures; hence the great solidity, the point, the overwhelming power and amazing success of his ministry.

"Mr. Clowes was very remarkable for his power in prayer. He abounded largely in 'the grace of supplication,' It has never fallen to my lot to experience such baptisms,

as I never failed to feel, while kneeling with him before the mercy-seat. Perhaps it will be seen, in the light of eternity, that much of the success which has crowned the labors of the Connexion was graciously vouchsafed in answer to his 'fervent and effectual prayers.' The results of the midnight devotions which he rendered to God, and of his wrestlings 'until break of day' when 'as a prince, he had power with God and prevailed,' are yet to be revealed; the witness of these holy exercises is in heaven, and their record on high.

"Streaming eyes, broken hearts, cries for mercy, and joyful deliverances were ordinary effects produced when he drew nigh to God in public prayer. I was present at a love-feast conducted by him and his friend, the Rev. I. Holliday, in Mill Street Chapel, Hull, at the conclusion of which about forty souls were professedly converted to God.

"Great as Mr. Clowes was in the pulpit, and mighty as he was in prayer, he was equally conspicuous for his strong and unwavering faith. 'I *have* believed, I *do* believe, and I *will* believe,' he would say; and he soared to what he called the 'mountains of frankincense, and the hills of myrrh,' and regaled himself with fruits and flowers in the garden of the Lord; bathed in its crystal fountain of purity; and basked in its blissful bowers of holy serenity and heavenly joy. His strong faith enabled him to make his constant abode where only a few of even good men pay an occasional visit; he lived at a great spiritual altitude, a sort of Pisgah's mountain life, on lofty banks of high and holy regions. If ever he pitched his tent, he shifted it higher still; he was a spiritual mountaineer. 'His religious life appears to have been one rapid ascent from

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grace to grace.' No wonder that one who thus walked with God in spiritual elimes, 'where peace sheds its balm, hope bends its rainbow, and the soul dwells at ease,' should be able to say, as he did, and to the honor of grace and the glory of God, be it recorded, '*I have never had a doubt for forty years.*'

"In the social circle he was serious without gloom; cheerful without levity; and perhaps no man could have passed half an hour in his fellowship without feeling that he was breathing in an atmosphere of holiness, in contact with a spirit near of kin to 'just men made perfect,' and living for the time on the verge of heaven!"

John Nelson, in describing his introduction to Clowes, says: "There was a most impressive gravity in his demeanor when he received me. His eyes were devoutly lifted up to heaven, while he implored a blessing upon me. 'Let us pray a minute,' said he, and the next moment he was on his knees, pouring out the desire of his soul for me, in a manner which I cannot fully describe, nor shall I ever forget. Among other things which he fervently asked, this was one—that the spirit which used to come upon Samson at times in the camp of Dan, might, in all its energy, come upon me: and that, aided by that power, I, too, might so smite the Philistines that they might fall before me heaps upon heaps. While he thus pleaded, the fire of the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I was more fully endued with a power which, to a greater extent, prepared me for the work for which I was ill-fitted, and from which I had shrunk with trembling apprehensions.

"Mr. Clowes had several prominent characteristics; but the most prominent of all was his *constancy* and power in *prayer*. In all things through which he was called to pass,

he had one never-failing resource, and that was prayer. Oft on these occasions his manner was very singular. There was no sign of agony, no conflict, no wrestling, no stirring up himself to take hold of God. In those days his hallowed spirit abode in a region far above all this. Sometimes when sojourning in the home of pious poverty, where there was not a second room where he could enter, he would say to the good woman of the house, 'Now I want to pray: pursue thy work, never mind me:' and then, without one word more, he would quietly kneel down in the most retired corner to which there was access, where he would remain for an hour. Generally, in such seasons of hallowed converse with the Deity, there was no audible expression, no groaning, no sound heard—no, not even a breath. There was an awful stillness, which some survivors whom these lines may reach, will well remember. He somehow, in this solemn quiet, sweetly sank into God, till he became as motionless as a statue, and often, at these times, there was an inward whisper to his heart, which said, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

"But it was in public prayer, when conducting divine worship, that he towered to his most lofty height, appeared to the greatest advantage, and witnessed the most glorious results. In this I never met with his equal: and do not expect to meet with his equal again on earth. I never knew a person anything like him: there were such fine bursts of glowing imagery, such an appropriate use of Scripture language, such delicate and striking allusions to the furniture and worship in the temple of Jerusalem, such a taking hold of divine help, such solemn familiarity with God, and such an unshaken confidence, in the exercise of which, like the princely patriarch, he would say, 'I will

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not let thee go unless thou bless me,' and such immediate results, as cannot be accurately described, and of which a correct idea can be formed only by those persons who were present at such seasons."

A Scene in Prison.

To one of the Bellevue cells there came one morning a woman bearing the usual permit to visit a patient. She was a slender little woman with a look of delicate refinement that sorrow had only intensified, and she looked at the physician, who was just leaving the patient, with clear eyes which had wept often, but kept their steady, straightforward gaze.

"I am not certain," she said. "I have searched for my boy for a long while, and I think he must be here. I want to see him."

The doctor looked at her pitifully as she went up to the narrow bed where the patient lay, a lad of hardly twenty, with his face buried in the pillow. His fair hair, waving crisply against the skin, browned by exposure, had not been cut, for the hospital barber who stood there had found it so far impossible to make him turn his head.

"He's lain that way ever since they brought him in yesterday," said the barber, and then moved by something in the agitated face before him, turned his own way. The mother, for it was quite plain who this must be, stooped over the prostrate figure. She knew it as mothers know their own, and laid her hand on his burning brow.

"Charley," she said softly, as if she had come into his

room to rouse him from some boyish sleep, "mother is here."

A wild cry rang out that startled even the experienced physician :

"For God's sake take her away! She doesn't know where I am. Take her away!"

The patient had started up and wrung his hands in piteous entreaty.

"Take her away!" he still cried, but his mother gently folded her arms about him and drew his head to her breast. "Oh, Charley, I have found you," she said through her sobs, "and I will never lose you again."

The lad looked at her a moment. His eyes were like hers, large and clear, but with the experience of a thousand years in their depths: a beautiful reckless face, with lines graven by passion and crime. Then he burst into weeping like a child.

"It's too late! It's too late!" he said in tones almost inaudible.

"I'm doing you the only good turn I've done you, mother. I'm dying and you won't have to break your heart over me any more. It wasn't your fault. It was the cursed drink that ruined me, blighted my life and brought me here. It's murder now, but the hangman won't have me and save that much disgrace for our name."

As he spoke he fell back upon his pillow: his face changed and the unmistakable hue of death suddenly spread over his handsome features. The doctor came forward quickly, a look of anxious surprise on his face.

"I didn't know he was that bad," the barber muttered under his breath, as he gazed at the lad still holding his

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mother's hand. The doctor lifted the patient's head and then laid it back softly. Life had fled.

"It's better to have it so," he said in a low voice to himself, and then stood silently and reverently, ready to offer consolation to the bereaved mother whose face was still hidden on her boy's breast. She did not stir. Something in the motionless attitude aroused vague suspicion in the mind of the doctor, and moved him to bend forward and gently take her hand. With an involuntary start he hastily lifted the prostrate form and quickly felt the pulse and heart, only to find them stilled forever.

"She has gone, too," he softly whispered, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Poor soul! It is the best for both of them."

This is one story of the prison ward of Bellevue, and there are hundreds that might be told, though never one sadder or holding deeper tragedy than this one recorded here.—*New York Press.*

Apostrophe to Rum.

[MANY are the seathing words written and spoken against King Alcohol; but never have we seen such an array of invectives, such a torrent of hatred and scorn as is contained in the following.]

O issue of Satan! red with the fiery wrath and curse of Jehovah, stand back and answer the indictment I bring against you. It is found on the inquest of every pure heart under the whole heaven, and is signed a true bill by God as foreman of the grand inquest. Serpent and adder, fiend

and fury, enemy of God and man, move thyself aright in the cup and blush crimson with shame. But answer me : What innocence and purity have you bitten with your serpent fang ! What hearts of love and devotion have you stung to death with your foul touch ? What hopes have you crushed under the loathsome pressure of your hideous and relentless coil ?

Listen to the cry of the orphan whose father you have murdered by your slow, deadly poison. Listen to the heart-broken lamentation. Visit the happy homes which your loathsome and polluting presence have changed into desolation, drunkenness and despair, and hear the cry that rolls up through the sulphurous flames of hell. From every gallows tree and dungeon of darkness, from every roof tree and hearthstone, blackened and blistered by your infernal power, accusing voices come to brand you as the worst enemy of the human race.

Oh ! listen to the clanking chains in the maniac's cell, the shriek of violated innocence, the dying moan of the victim of the drunken assassin to-night, and tell me, oh ! tell me, in the ears of all, what reason or apology have you an hour, or a minute, or a second longer for corrupting the world with your poisonous breath or polluting presence ?

Blessings wait upon all other creatures under the shining sun but you, while only curses follow you in this world and the next. Good there is in all things else but you, even in the meanest insect that crawls upon the earth, or in the smallest island builder of the sea, or the tiniest speck that floats in the illimitable and all-embracing azure fields of space all the countless worlds between ; but for you, in you, from you, by you, through you, there is and there never was any good. Evil, and only evil, born of the devil,

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coming from the devil, leading to the devil, condemned of God, condemned of man, an evil and a curse for evermore ! I curse you ! I curse you ! murderer and assassin, liar and villain, thief and robber, slanderer and blasphemer, seducer and vagabond, flee from the earth and resume your station in your native hell. Without you, oh, how happy this world might be ! and how it would blossom again with the peace and beauty of the Eden of God !—*Sol.*

A Vision—The Missing Ones.

ONE summer evening for a part of our family worship I read the fourth chapter of I Thessalonians. Before retiring to rest I seated myself on my easy chair, and mused on the last few verses of the chapter, which were as follows : “ For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first ; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air ; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.” And as I mused I fell into a deep sleep, and had a most wonderful dream. My mind seemed to be clear and distinct, and my intellectual faculties stronger and brighter than in my wakeful condition.

I thought I had awakened in the morning, and was

somewhat surprised to find that my wife was not beside me as usual. Supposing, however, that her absence was but temporary, I waited, expecting her speedy return to our chamber; but after the lapse of what I considered a reasonable time, as she did not make her appearance, I arose and dressed.

My wife's apparel was where she had placed it on retiring, and I felt confident she was somewhere about the house. So I went to my daughter Julia's room, thinking she might know the whereabouts of her mother; but after knocking several times without response, I entered and found that she was also missing. "Strange, passing strange," said I to myself: "where can they both be?" Then I went to the room of our son Frank, and found him up and already dressed, which was something quite unusual for him at an hour so early. He said he had passed a very restless night, and thought he might better get up. I told him of the absence of his mother and sister from their rooms, and requested him to look around and see if he could find them. In the meantime I hurriedly completed my toilet, and soon Frank returned and said the missing ones were nowhere to be found, and that every door leading outwards was securely locked, as on the preceding evening. We were at our wit's end, and what to make of this strange occurrence we did not know. On again visiting Julia's room we found on a stand her well-marked open Bible. One prominent verse attracted my attention; it read, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." This passage my wife had always declared referred to the coming of Christ for His saints, the redeemed Church, according to 1 Thess. iv. 16-18, while I insisted that it meant only the

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preparation for death. But I am digressing. Frank and I concluded that, without waiting for breakfast, we should each take a different route and visit some of our most intimate friends in quest of our dear ones.

I first called on my wife's sister, Mrs. E., who, with her husband, were good, respectable people, members of a Christian church, though rather worldly-minded. After I had rung the bell several times and waited somewhat impatiently, she appeared, and apologized for her dilatoriness by saying she was in a "peck of trouble," and had to prepare breakfast herself, for her colored girl, whom she had always considered to be a real good Christian, had played her a mean trick. "She had gone off somewhere, without even putting the kettle on the range, or saying a word to any of us. But what puzzles us to know is, how she got out of the house, for the doors are locked and the keys inside, just as we left them last evening on our return from Mrs. B.'s progressive euchre party."

"Indeed," said I, "it is exceedingly strange;" and then I explained to her the object of my morning visit. When she heard of the mysterious absence of my wife and Julia, she became so very nervous that I was glad to change the subject by saying that, as I had not yet breakfasted, I would join them in their morning repast. When her husband heard my story he treated it with a good deal of levity, and declared that my wife was only playing me a practical joke, to induce me to rise earlier in the morning. He was sure the missing ones had secreted themselves somewhere about the house, and when I returned home I would find them all right.

As we seated ourselves at the table, Mrs. E. said we would have to take coffee without milk, as her milkman,

who had heretofore been very reliable, had failed to make his appearance.

Presently the door-bell rang, and Frank entered in a state of great nervous excitement, saying he had been all over town inquiring for his mother, and that, in almost every house he found trouble similar to our own. Almost everyone was anxiously searching for missing ones. He also stated that the streets were thronged with excited people, hurrying to and fro, many of them weeping bitterly. Breakfast was scarcely over before inquiries were made at the door as to missing neighbors, and among those who called was Mr. H., who greatly astonished us by stating that his two youngest children, ten and twelve years of age, had gone off with their grandmother, who had been bed-ridden for over six years. At this announcement Mr. E. showed evident signs of alarm, and related a conversation he had held yesterday with a friend, whose religious ideas he had looked upon as quite heretical.

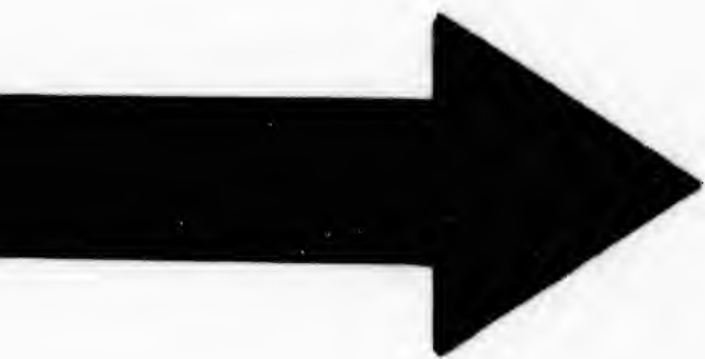
His friend insisted that a vast majority of church members in these days were but nominal Christians, "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and that the love of the masses for religious things had reached a very low ebb. "My friend also assured me," said Mr. E., that the Scriptures clearly taught that, when the elect number of Christ's Church would be complete, Christ would come as unexpectedly as a thief in the night, and call His saints, both dead and alive, to meet Him in the air. The transformation would be effected in the twinkling of an eye; and although the call would be made with a shout and the sound of a trumpet, yet none would hear it but those for whom it was intended. Then would

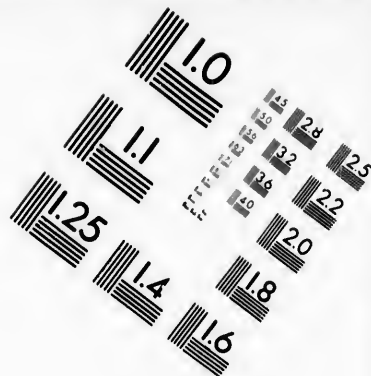
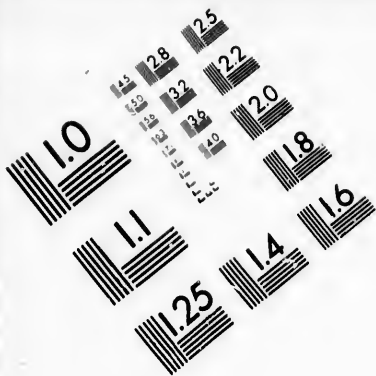
be realized the import of Christ's words, 'In that night there shall be two in one bed, the one shall be taken and the other left; two shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left.' I fear that time has now come, and, sad to say, we are among the left ones."

Now as the morning was far advanced, it was suggested that we go down to our business places. Frank had already gone to his office, and I, with a heavy heart, wended my way along the avenue among an unusual throng of men and women, whose faces betokened intense sorrow. In the business part of the city I observed that many stores were closed, and those that were open did not appear to be doing any business. Every saloon that I passed was open, as usual, with groups of men outside, apparently engaged in serious discussion. As I passed by the city hall, there was no perceptible diminution of the usual crowd of political "hangers on" around the building.

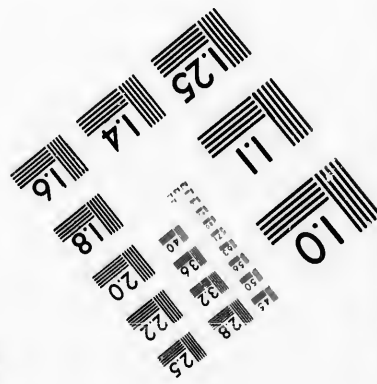
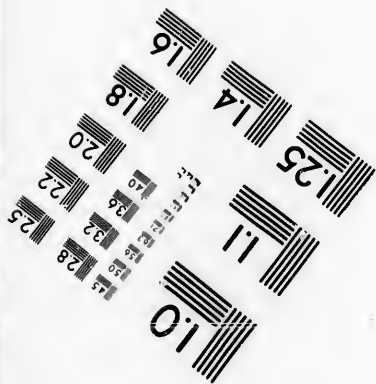
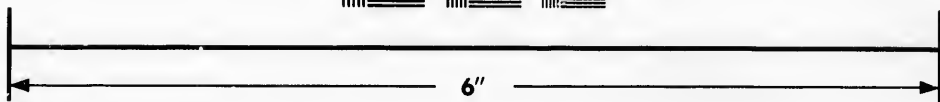
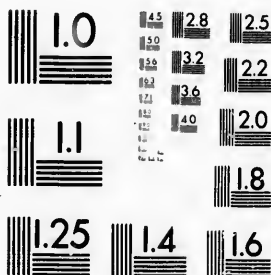
When I reached my own store, I found that my book-keeper and the faithful old porter, who had served me so many years, had not yet put in an appearance. My two other clerks were on hand, doing nothing; nor did I feel like asking them to do anything. I then went to the Chamber of Commerce, and found the largest gathering of merchants that I had seen there in many months. Instead of the lively, noisy bustle of buying and selling, and clerks and messenger boys running to and fro, there was a solemn gloom pervading the whole assembly. By unanimous consent, and in consequence of the great calamity that had overtaken the community, it was voted that "three days' grace be allowed on all contracts falling due this day." I will not attempt to set forth any of the







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reasons and speculations that were advanced as to the cause of our present troubles, but all agreed that the visitation was a supernatural one, and that in some way we who were left on the earth were blamable for it.

In the afternoon, by common consent, business of all kinds was suspended, except in the vicinity of the saloons, where a great deal of disorder prevailed. Here and there were groups of people in earnest conversation. At one of them was a man who seemed to be well versed in Scripture, and as I approached he was saying that "This is the day spoken of by Christ in Matt. xxiv. 36-41, but none of us believed it, and now we are beginning to realize how foolish we were." In the evening nearly every church in the city was open, with overflowing congregations. Everybody was anxious to know the cause and meaning of the "great visitation," and to learn how lost hopes might be regained. Many of the pastors had gone with the missing ones, but some were present in their churches. All order of service was dispensed with, and noisy confusion prevailed; crimination and recrimination were bandied to and fro between the pastors and the people, the latter asserting that, if the pastors had done their duty and taught their flocks the plain truths of the Bible, instead of lulling them to sleep with philosophical and moral essays, they would not now be in their present sad condition. In my own church the pastor was present, with scores of persons whom I had rarely seen at meetings.

Most of the active workers and constant worshippers were absent. Audible groans and deep drawn sighs were occasionally heard from various parts of the room. Some were bemoaning the loss of children, others of husbands, of wives, of fathers and mothers. The pastor was speaking

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when I entered the room, and was entreating the audience to endeavor to allay their feelings. He said: "None of you realize the keen disappointment I experience at this result of my labors. I am accused of having preached too much about the affairs of this life, and too little about the heavenly state and the things to come; and of having kept you in ignorance of the imminence of the awful visitation which has manifested itself among us this day. In reply to these accusations I can only say that I have taught you the same theology that was taught to me in college, viz., to treat the Bible as a book largely of spiritual symbols and allegories. But I now confess that I was sadly mistaken, for, after what has occurred, I cannot help believing that God's Word means just what it says. I am glad, however, now to be able to say for your comfort that since this morning I have made a prayerful examination of the Scripture as to the present condition, and find that we are yet in the place of hope."

Here a chorus of voices ejaculated, "Thank God for that!"

The pastor proceeded: "Although we have lost the glorious privilege of the raptured saints, salvation is yet ours, if we humbly and truly accept it. We may have to pass through greater trials and tribulations than the world has ever yet experienced ere we reach the Kingdom, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

Here the electric light suddenly went out, and there arose such fearful screams that I sprang to my feet in terror—and—awoke!"

My wife, who was in an adjoining room, hearing my sudden uprising, hastened in to see what was the matter. Oh, how glad I was to see her, and to realize that my

terrible experience in my easy chair was only a dream. But the more I thought of it afterwards, the more solemn seemed the Scripture truths which it contained, and the more was I impressed with the importance of having our lamps trimmed and burning, ready to go out and meet the Bridegroom.—*Sol.*

A Sainted Roman Catholic.

MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUYON was converted to God through the agency of a Franciscan monk on the 22nd of July, 1668. She says :

“I bade farewell forever to assemblies which I had visited, to plays and diversions, dancing, unprofitable walks, and parties of pleasure. The amusements and pleasures so much prized and esteemed by the world, appeared to me dull and inspid—so much so, that I wondered how I ever could have enjoyed them.”

A few years afterwards her husband died. Passing through severe trials she was led to give herself more fully to God, and to learn the blessedness of walking constantly by faith in Him. She says :

“Great was the change which I had now experienced ; but still, in my exterior life, I appeared to others quite simple, unobtrusive and common. And the reason was, that my soul was not only brought into harmony with itself and with God, but with God's providences. In the exercise of faith and love, I endured and performed whatever came in God's providence, in submission, in thankfulness, and in silence. I was now in God and God in me ; and where God

is there is as much simplicity as power. And what I did was done in such simplicity and childlikeness of spirit that the world did not observe anything which was much calculated to attract notice.

"I had a deep peace which seemed to pervade the whole soul, and resulted from the fact that all my desires were fulfilled in God. I feared nothing; that is, considered in its *ultimate results and relations*, because my strong faith placed God at the head of all perplexities and events. I desired nothing but what I now had, because I had a full belief that, in my present state of mind, the results of each moment constituted the fulfilment of the divine purposes. As a sanctified heart is always in harmony with the divine providences, I had no will but the divine will, of which such providences are the true and appropriate expression. How could such a soul have other than a deep peace, not limited to the uncertainties of the emotional part of our nature, but which pervaded and blessed the whole mind! Nothing seemed to diminish it; nothing troubled it.

"I do not mean to say that I was in a state in which I could not be afflicted. My physical system, my senses, had not lost the power of suffering. My natural sensibilities were susceptible of being pained. Oftentimes I suffered much. But in the centre of the soul, if I may so express it, there was divine and supreme peace. The soul, considered in its connection with the objects immediately around it, might at times be troubled and afflicted; but the soul considered in its relation to God and the divine will, was entirely calm, trustful and happy. The trouble at the circumference, originating in part from a disordered physical constitution, did not affect and disturb the divine peace of the centre.

"One characteristic of this higher degree of experience was a sense of inward purity. *My mind had such a oneness with God*, such a unity with the divine nature, that nothing seemed to have power to soil it and to diminish its purity. It experienced the truth of that declaration of Scripture, that 'to the pure all things are pure.' The pollution which surrounds has no power upon it; as the dark and impure mud does not defile the sunbeams that shine upon it, which rather appear brighter and purer from the contrast."

Finding the house she lived in to be quite unhealthy, this wealthy lady, who had been accustomed to enjoy all the splendor of Paris, removed to a little hut, of which she says:

"It had a look of the greatest poverty, and had no chimney except in the kitchen, through which one was obliged to pass to go to the chamber. I gave up the largest chamber to my daughter and the maid. The chamber reserved to myself was a very small one; and I ascended to it by a ladder. Having no furniture of my own except some beds, quite plain and homely, I bought a few cheap chairs, and such articles of earthen and wooden ware as were necessary. I fancied everything better on wood than on plate. Never did I enjoy a greater content than in this hovel. It seemed to me entirely conformable to the littleness and simplicity which characterized the true life in Christ."

Her enemies, however, were determined not to let her rest long, even in this poor shelter.

"It would be difficult for me to enumerate all the unkindness and cruelty practised toward me. The little garden near my cottage I had put in order. Persons came at

night and tore it all up, broke down the arbor, and overturned everything in it, so that it appeared as if it had been ravaged by a body of soldiers. My windows were broken with stones, which fell at my feet. All the night long persons were around the house making a great noise, threatening to break it in, and uttering personal abuse. I have learned since who put these persons upon their wicked work.

"It was at this time that notice reached me *that I must go out of the diocese*. Crimes were tolerated, but the work of God, resulting in the conversion and sanctification of souls, could not be endured. All this while I had no uneasiness of mind. My soul found rest in God; I never repented that I had left all to do what seemed to me to be His will. I believe that God had a design in everything which took place; and I left all in His hands, both the sorrow and the joy.

"It pleased God," she says, "to make use of me in the conversion of two or three ecclesiastics. Attached to the prevalent views and practices, their repugnance to the doctrine of faith and of an inward life was at first great. One of these persons at first vilified me very much. But God at length led him to see his errors, and gave him new dispositions.

"People," says Madame Guyon, "flocked together from all sides, far and near. Friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows—all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said. So great was the interest felt, that for some time I was wholly occupied from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening, in speaking of God. It was not possible to aid myself much in my remarks by meditation and study. But God was with me. He enabled

me, in a wonderful manner, to understand the spiritual condition and wants of those who came to me. Many were the souls which submitted to God at this time ; God knows how many. Some appeared to be changed as it were in a moment. Delivered from a state in which their hearts and lips were closed, they were at once endued with gifts of prayer, which were wonderful. Marvellous, indeed, was the work of the Lord.

"They were grievously chagrined," says Madame Guyon, "that a *woman* should be so much flocked to and sought after. For looking at the things as they were in themselves, and not as they were in God, who uses what instrument He pleases, they forgot, in their contempt for the instrument, to admire the goodness and grace manifested through it.

"God also made me of service to a great number of nuns, virtuous young women, and even men of the world. Among those was a young man of the Order of the Knights of Malta. Led to understand something of the peaceful nature and effects of religion, he abandoned the profession of arms for that of a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. He became a man constant in prayer, and was much favored by the Lord. I could not well describe the great number of souls, of whose spiritual good God was pleased to make me the instrument. Among the number were three curates, one canon, and one grand-vicar, who were more particularly given to me."

Her "Methods of Prayer" were destined to exercise a mighty influence in the land. One thousand five hundred copies were immediately given away by a good man in Grenoble, and wherever they went they were eagerly read,

and stirred the people up to seek God. Three hundred copies were found and burnt in Dijon some time after this!

"One day she entered into a church in which some religious services were being performed. The priest, who had the direction of them, observed her; and after they were concluded, went immediately to the house in which she lodged, and stated to her, with great simplicity and frankness, his inward trials and necessities. 'He made his statements,' she remarks, 'with as much humility as simplicity. In a short time he was filled with joy and thankful acknowledgments to God. He became a man of prayer, and a true servant of God.'

"But, notwithstanding this unfavorable state of things, 'God,' she says, '*did not fail to make use of me to gain many souls to himself.* He was pleased to regard me with great kindness. In the poverty and weakness of His poor handmaid, He gave me spiritual riches. The more persecution raged against me, the more attentively was the word of the Lord listened to, and the greater number of spiritual children given to me.'

"Some of these persons were involved in the trials she endured. A number were banished from the city, chiefly on the ground of having attended religious conferences at her house or with her. One was banished, she states, against whom nothing further was alleged than his having made the remark, that her little book, meaning probably her book on Prayer, was a good one."

On the 29th of January, 1688, she was suddenly ordered to go to a convent, where she was kept separated from her daughter, and hardly treated, yet she coolly says:

"When none came to see her, with whom she might converse, she wrote; when tired of writing the incidents of

her life, she corresponded with her friends; when opportunities for doing good in this manner did not present themselves, she solaced the hours of solitude by writing poems."

She was offered her liberty if she would consent to the marriage of her daughter with a godless nobleman, nephew to the Archbishop of Paris. She made this noble reply:

"God allows suffering, but never allows wrong. I see clearly that it is His will that I should remain in prison, and endure the pains which are connected with it; and I am entirely content that it should be so. I can never buy my liberty at the expense of sacrificing my daughter."

After eight months' imprisonment, she was set at liberty by the intercession of Madame de Maintenon, and immediately began again her course of private meetings, but now devoting the time more entirely to those who were saved and seeking sanctification.

"After the labors of the day, I have, for some time past, spent a portion of the night in writing commentaries on the Scriptures. I began this at Grenoble; and though my labors were many and my health was poor, the Lord enabled me, in the course of six months, to write on all the books of the Old Testament."

It was at this time that she made the acquaintance of Abbé Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Cambray, who became a sanctified witness to the truth, and remained till death not only a fearless champion of the cause of holiness, but a true friend to the persecuted lady, who had been to so great an extent his mother in the faith.

On the 8th of July, 1695, the Duchess of Mortemar came to the convent to take Madame Guyon back to Paris. It was no sooner known that she was in Paris than the city

was in an uproar. She soon had to hide, and after some six months she was found and sent to prison. She says :

"I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there, if such should be the will of God. I employed part of my time in writing religious songs. I and my maid La Gautiere, who was with me in prison, committed them to heart as fast as I made them. Together we sang praises to thee, O our God ! It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do now but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. *The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies.* I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliances of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which thou givest to them who love thee in the midst of their greatest crosses."

Reading the Appointments.

I was sitting in the wing-slip, close beside the altar rail,
When the Bishop came in softly, with a face serene, but pale,
And a silence indescribably pathetic in its power,
Such as might have reigned in heaven through that "space
of half an hour,"

Rested on the whole assembly as the Bishop rose and said :
"All the business being finished, the appointments will be
read."

Not as one who handles lightly merchandise of little worth,
But as dealing with the richest, most important things of
earth,

In the fellowship of Jesus, with the failings of a man,
The good Bishop asked forbearance—he had done his best
to plan
For the glory of his Master, trusting Him to guide the pen
Without prejudice or favor; and the preachers cried
“Amen!”

“Beulah Mountains—Henry Singer”—happy people,
happy priest,
On the daintiest of the Gospel through the changing year
to feast;
Not a church trial ever vexed them, all their preachers
stay three years,
And depart amid a tempest of the purest kind of tears.

“Troubled Waters—Nathan Peaceful”—how that sainted
face grew red!
How the tears streamed through his fingers as he held his
swimming head!
But his wife stooped down and whispered—what sweet
message did she bear?
For he turned with face transfigured as upon some mount
of prayer.
Swift as thought in highest action, sorrow passed and glad-
ness came
At some wondrous strain of music breaking forth from
Jesus’ name.

“Holy Rapture,” said the Bishop, “I have left to be
supplied,”
And I thought—You couldn’t fill it, Mr. Bishop, if you
tried.

For an angel duly transferred to this Conference below
 Wouldn't know one-half the wonders that those blessed
 people know ;
 They would note some strain of discord though he sang as
 heaven sings,
 And discover some shortcomings in the feathers of his wings.
 "Grand Endeavor—Jonas Laggard." Blessed be the
 Lord ! thought I ;
 They have put that Brother Laggard where he has to work
 or die,
 For the church at Grand Endeavor, with its energy and
 prayer,
 Will transform him to a hero or just drive him to despair.
 If his trumpet lacks the vigor of the Gospel's charming
 sound,
 They will start a big revival, and forget that he's around.
 "Union Furnace—Solon Trimmer"—what a Bishop he
 must be !
 They have got the kind of preacher that will suit them to
 a T ;
 Metho-Congo-Baptist—Uni—in one nature, blithe and
 bland,
 Fire or water, hell or heaven, always ready on demand.
 "Conseeration—Jacob Faithful"—hand in hand the two
 will go
 Through the years before them bringing heavenly life to
 earth below.
 "Greenland Corners—Peter Wholesoul"—but he lost his
 self-control,
 Buttoned up his coat as if he felt a cold wind strike his
 soul,

Saw the dreary path before him, drew a deep breath, knit
his brows,
Then concluded to be faithful to his ordination vows.

In the front pews sat the fathers, hair as white as driven
snow—
As the Bishop read the appointments they had filled long
years ago,
Tender memories rushed upon them, life revived in heart
and brain
Till it seemed that they could travel old circuits o'er again.

“Happy Haven—Joseph Restful”—how the joy shone in
his face
At the thought of being pastor for three years in such a
place!
“Hard-as-Granite — Ephraim Smasher” — there the
stewards sat in a row,
And they didn't want that Smasher, and he didn't want
to go.

“Drowsy Hollow—Israel Wakim”—he is sent to sow and
reap
Where the congregations gather in the interests of sleep,
As they sit on Sabbath morning in their softly cushioned
pews
They begin to make arrangements for their regular weekly
snooze.
Through the prayer a dimness gathers over every mortal
eye;
Through the reading of the Scriptures they begin to droop
and sigh;

In the hymn before the sermon, with its music grand and sweet,

They put forth one mighty effort to be seen upon their feet;

Then amidst the sermon, throbbing with the Gospel's sweetest sound,

They sink down in deepest slumber and are nodding all around.

But I guess that Brother wakim, on the first bright Sabbath day,

When he preaches to that people, and is heard a mile away,
Will defy both saint and sinner on a breast to lay a chin
Till he strikes the strain of "lastly," and I'll warrant him to win.

For by all who ever heard him it is confidently said,
If 'twere possible to mortal, he would wake the very dead.
Then a mist came o'er my vision as the Bishop still read on,
And the veil that hides the future, for a moment was withdrawn,

For I saw the world's Redeemer far above the Bishop stand,
On His head a crown of glory, and a long roll in His hand.

Round His throne a countless number of the ransomed,
listening, press'd—

He was stationing His preachers in the city of the blest.
Some whose names were most familiar, known and revered by all,

Went down to the smaller mansions back against the city wall.

One who took the poorest churches, miles away from crowds and cars,

Went up to a throne of glory with a crown ablaze with stars.

How the angels sang to greet him! how the Master cried,
• "Well done!"

While the preacher blushed and wondered where he had
such glory won.

Some whose speech on earth was simple, with no argu-
ments but tears,

Nothing novel in their sermons for fastidious itching ears,
Coldly welcomed by the churches, counted burdensome by
all,

Went up to the royal mansion and were neighbors to St.
Paul.

Soon the Master called a woman, only known here in the
strife

By her quiet, gentle nature, though a famous preacher's
wife,

Praised and blessed her for the harvests she had garnered
in the sky;

But she meekly turned and answered, "'Twas my husband,
Lord, not I."

"Yes," the Master said, "his talents were as stars that
glow and shine;

But thy faith gave them their virtue, and the glory, child,
is thine!"

Then a lame girl—I had known her—heard her name
called with surprise,

There was trembling in her bosom, there was wonder in
her eyes.

"I was nothing but a cripple; gleaned in no wide field,
my King;

Only sat a silent sufferer 'neath the shadow of Thy wing!"

"Thou hast been a mighty preacher, and the hearts of many stirred

To devotion by thy patience without uttering a word,"
Said the Master, and the maiden to His side with wonder
press'd—

Christ was stationing His preachers in the city of the blest,
And the harp strings of the angels linked their names to
sweetest praise

Whom the world had passed unnoticed in the blindness of
its ways.

I was still intently gazing on the scene beyond the stars
When I saw the Conference leaving, and I started for the
cars.

—*Rev. Alfred J. Hough, in Zion's Herald.*

Hints to Soul-Winners.

[THE various hints contained in this article have been gathered from many sources, most of which have been revised, while others are wholly original.]

1. Every Christian can and ought to be a soul-winner. Accept the responsibility as in common to all believers. "Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word."—Acts viii. 14 ; also Acts xi. 19. These disciples who were scattered abroad were not the apostles. See Acts viii. 1.
2. Abide in your calling with God. It is not necessary to change your honest, honorable work to become a soul-winner, but take Jesus into partnership.

3. Abandon all faith in your own wisdom or plans. Rely on divine guidance. Only God knows the heart.

4. Acquire power in handling the Word. That is the weapon of the servant of God—the fire, hammer, sword, seed, bread, lamp, lever, mirror. Use one Bible always for the sake of locality of texts fixing itself upon your mind; where you forget chapter and verse you will not forget the place on the page.

5. Aim to lead to immediate decision. First strike for conviction, then arouse conscience, then press the will to a choice.

6. Ask God for a passion for souls. "Then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name; but his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."—Jer. xx. 9.

7. Attain facility of approach by habit. Winning souls is not the result of spasmodic, but of constant activity. It must be a law of daily life.

8. All depends on prayer. Prevail with God, and then you will with men. Conversion is a supernatural work. "*The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*"

9. Act as agent of the Holy Spirit. The grand encouragement is that, while He is leading you to seek souls He is working on the souls you seek. Compare Philip and the Eunuch, Acts viii.; Peter and Cornelius, Acts x. Keep in fellowship with the Spirit, and get His anointing.

10. Read over the list of deaths very carefully in the morning papers. Each day will thus disclose to your notice some very painful bereavement. Enclose in an envelope a tract or small pamphlet you deem best suited to the occasion. In this way the privilege may be yours of

leading some stricken heart to Him, although you may not know it until that day when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed.

11. The use of tract envelopes neatly printed with appropriate Gospel truth is a cheap and easy way of doing good. They reach various classes, and are read and re-read many times.

12. Enlist others. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." "Two are better than one." "Woe to him that is alive when he falleth." "A three-fold chord is not quickly broken." "One shall chase a thousand, and *two* shall put *ten thousand* to flight." Despise not the services of any *in their appropriate sphere*. A little captive maid knew more about the man of God in Palestine than did the king of Israel, and was the means of saving her master Naaman.

13. Tract distribution is one of the most likely methods of saving souls we know of. In no way can so much good be effected at so little expense, as by the distribution of tracts. Tracts did good service in the great reformation in Germany. Huss and Baxter were converted by reading tracts. Thousands of conversions can be traced to tracts and books. A tract converted a fallen woman, who afterwards lived a consistent Christian life, and died a triumphant death. A lady in a railway car, while it was passing near some laborers, with a silent prayer to God for His blessing, threw some tracts out of the window for the laborers. She afterwards learned that the workmen found the tracts and read them and were converted. A revival followed and a flourishing church was the result. And when we recollect how long a single tract may be preserved, by how many families and individuals it may be read, and

when read by them, to how many others it may be lent, it is difficult to conceive of a way in which more good can be accomplished by a very small amount of means.

Reader, perhaps you can not only scatter these messengers of light and love yourself, but denote a sum to our free tract fund for the purpose of sending some to needy Christian workers. One sister writes of burning *corn stalks* in order to save money to buy salvation literature. You may put your money in banks, or in property, and lose every cent you own. Treasures laid up on earth are never safe. But if you give of your means to win souls to Christ you will be laying up treasures that will endure for ever and give eternal interest. "*Sell that ye have, and give alms ; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.*"

If you desire to save souls, glorify God, and lay up treasures in heaven, then act in this matter at once. Time is short and eternity is rushing on. Let there be no delay. By the agony and bloody sweat of God's dear Son ; by the streaming blood from His pierced side ; by the awfulness of an endless hell ; by the vastness of an approaching eternity, and by the priceless value of immortal souls, oh, help us in a determined effort to spread salvation truth through the land. *Will you help? WILL YOU? WILL YOU?*

14. Rev. C. McMahon says : " Lending a book, giving a tract, an earnest entreaty, a silent tear, an affectionate letter, singing a song, visiting the sick, a consistent example, or a convincing argument may appear of little consequence ; but feeble as such instrumentalities seem, they have resulted in the salvation of thousands."

15. " Put in more *fore*-thought, and less *after*-thought.

If you want to fish go where they are. Don't catch hold of the wrong end. Begin with small sticks to build a big fire. Butter your bread to make it taste well. Keep big ships in deep water. Round pegs for round holes. Thunder don't hurt—it's the lightning. Keep away from mad dogs. Bring the cows home if you want milk. Shoddy and wool look much alike. Don't look for sweetness in a vinegar barrel. Don't fiddle on one string. Fatness and feeding go together. To stir up deep water use a long pole. Harness the horse before the cart. Don't expect harvests when there has been no planting. Read Cotton Mather's 'Essays to do Good.' The reading of this book very much made Franklin what he was. Never despise the day of small things. All the weeping willows of Europe and America are said to have sprung from a green twig found in a basket sent from Persia to Pope the poet. Be not afraid of trials. They are sure to come; but go on. Read the history of good enterprises. Read Nehemiah and Esther. Read Clarkson's 'History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.' Read the 'Life of George Stephenson.' Read the 'Life of Paul,' and see how God delivers and blesses."

One Woman's Prayer.

SOMETIME in the last century a poor woman in England, of whom the world knows but little, had a son, and she poured out her prayers and her tears for his conversion. But he grew up reckless and dissipated and profane. He engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa, and was perhaps as hopelessly abandoned as any pirate who ever

trod the deck of a slave-trader. But at last, when all hopes had nearly expired, his mother's ceaseless prayers were answered. He was converted, and finally he became one of the most eminent ministers in London. That man was the celebrated John Newton.

John Newton, in turn, was the instrument in opening the eyes of that moralist and skeptic, Thomas Scott, afterwards the distinguished author of the commentary on the Bible. Thomas Scott had in his parish a young man of the most delicate sensibilities, and whose soul was "touched with the finest issues, but he was a dyspeptic, and sorrowful and despairing." At times he believed there was no hope for him. After long and repeated efforts Dr. Scott persuaded him to change his course of life. That young man was William Cowper, the household Christian poet, whose sweet, delightful hymns have allured hundreds of wanderers, and the most polluted, to the

"Fountain filled with blood,

Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Among others whom he influenced to turn from the "broad road" was William Wilberforce, a distinguished member of the British Parliament, who gave the death-blow to the slave trade in Great Britain. Wilberforce brought Leigh Richmond to see the "better way," who wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been read with the devoutest gratitude through blinding tears in many languages all over the earth. All this indescribable amount of good, which will be redoubled and reduplicated through all time, can be traced back to the fidelity of John Newton's mother, that humble, unheralded woman, whose history is almost unknown.—*Sel.*

The Atheist Silenced.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—Psa. xiv. 1.

"Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."—Prov. xxvi. 5.

DURING the month of November, says an exchange, a clergyman and an atheist were in one of the night trains between Albany and Utica. The night being cold, the passengers gathered as closely as possible around the stove. The atheist was very loquacious, and was soon engaged in a controversy with the minister. In answer to a question of the latter as to what would be man's condition after death, the atheist replied: "Man is like a pig; when he dies, that is the end of him." As the minister was about to reply, a worthy Irish woman at the end of the car sprang up, the natural red of her face glowing more intensely with animation, and the light of the lamp falling directly upon it, and, addressing the clergyman in a voice peculiarly startling and humorous from its impassioned tone and the richness of its brogue, exclaimed: "Arrah, now, will ye not let the baste alone? Has he not said that he was a pig? And the more ye pull his tail the louder he'll squeal!" The effect of this was electric. The clergyman apologized for his forgetfulness, and the atheist was mute for the remainder of the journey.—*Sel.*

A Touching Story of a Little Life.

"WHAT is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, hollow eyes, and pale cheeks, that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for someone else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair square in the neck in the unpractised manner that women sometimes cut boy's hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine year old come next April. I've learnt to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with his cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said, "I never went to school 'cause—'cause—well, mother takes in washin' an' she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help, and she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room.

While he was making his confused explanation, some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, "Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collar?" And another

said, "You must sleep in the rag-bag at night by the looks of your clothes?"

Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the boy was "old Si Brown, who was always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked round on his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. At night it came to her in her dreams. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived, and two ladies went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of soap-suds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with grey lowering clouds, that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before the wash-tub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty, but the color and light had gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down. Then, taking a chair herself, she said, "Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby that she laid in its mother's lap—a lean and sickly-looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her."

"Where is your little boy Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well." At this, tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was never very strong, and he's had to work too hard, carrying water and helping me to lift the wash-tubs and things like that. Of late he has been crazy to go to school. I could never spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to help take care of Sissy and baby and me. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood at the door and watched him going. I can never forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched-up clothes, his poor little anxious look. He turned around to me as he left the yard, and said, 'Don't you worry, mother, I won't mind what the boys say.' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was it was broke over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but, oh, I can't bear to see my children suffer." Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quietly and stole

a thin little arm around her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered; "don't cry."

The woman made an effort to check her tears, and she wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness she continued:

"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it was no use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy, and the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd 'a been sick anyway. But oh, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

One of the ladies went to the bed. There he lay, poor, little defenceless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislate over its game. Would that the children were as precious as beasts and birds.

His face was flushed and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said, "Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered, "I am glad I am going to die. I'm too weak to ever help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me the drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And maybe if I'm right up there where God

is, I can keep reminding Him of mother, and He'll make it easier for her."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said, in a lower tone, "Some day—they ain't going—to let the saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid—poor father—will be dead—before then." Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.—*Selected.*

A Man of Great Faith.

THIS eminent man, George Muller, was born in the Kingdom of Prussia, in 1805. He was converted to God when about twenty years of age, in a small meeting that was conducted by a university friend of his. After having spent many years in the university, he left Germany for England, in the service of the Gospel, and has been pastor of a church in Bristol now over fifty years. At the beginning of his ministry his salary was made up of pew rents, and by other similar means. He began to see the unscripturalness of these methods, and soon told his congregation that he would relieve them of all anxiety, and if they would give him just what they could find it convenient, for the rest he would simply speak to his heavenly Father, and look to Him for all necessary supply.

He says : "Since that date, over fifty years ago, I have not failed to have an abundance for all the enterprises under my control, although I have not any stated salary or any regular income. Frequently the last copper had gone

before the supply came, but I simply took the matter to God. Often the last meal was on the table, but I asked my Father to give my family and orphanage this day their daily bread, and it always came. Not once were they without good, wholesome food upon the table; not once did they go cold or hungry to bed."

His attention was drawn to the numerous throng of children wandering about the streets, dirty and uncared for, suffering for want of food and clothing, and, having experienced such blessed help in answer to prayer, he wondered if he could not, by taking the matter to God, get all necessary assistance to help them. This took such a strong hold of his mind that in March, 1834, he founded the institution now under his control, which bears the name, "The Scriptural Knowledge Institution, Home and Abroad." The object of this institution was to establish day and Sunday schools, circulate the Scriptures among the poorest of the poor, make missionary efforts, and circulate religious tracts, pamphlets, etc., among believers and unbelievers, and befriend orphans. From the first he made God the patron of the institution. There are at present under its control some 118 schools—several in Spain, India, and other distant parts of the globe—all supported by funds coming out of the institution, which God had provided, and for which he never had to ask any man to the amount of one cent. These 118 schools drew from the institution \$50,000 a year, but all this vast sum was obtained through faith and prayer. In the circulation of the Holy Scriptures the work of the institution is something unprecedented. Since May, 1879, between 11,000 and 12,000 Bibles, 67,000 New Testaments, besides other portions of the Scriptures, have been distributed.

Between three and four millions of tracts and pamphlets are distributed yearly. More than seventy-six millions of books, pamphlets, etc., have been given away; sixty-seven millions in various languages. As the result of this enormous circulation of wholesome literature, a great many papists, and thousands of others, have been saved; while in the various Sunday and day schools and orphanages, untold numbers of children and youths have been savingly converted to God.

On mission work throughout the world, he has spent altogether about a million of dollars. But the support of the orphan was the particular object in view when the institution was founded, and in that direction it has been eminently successful. It is now one of the largest institutions of the kind in the world. "He at first prayed for \$5,000 to start the institution, and in doing so he expected to receive every cent without asking anyone for it. After four months he had enough, which came in small and large sums from various directions, and he rented a house, and fitted it up to afford a home for thirty children. On the day of the opening, he sat in his vestry to receive applications for admission, but not one came. After some reflection, he remembered that he had asked for money and house and furniture, but he had not prayed for orphans, and he at once humbled himself before God, and asked for orphans. Next morning one came, and since then more than 10,000 have been provided for. Within six months of the opening of the first home, he opened another, and soon after a third and a fourth, for girls and boys."

In his orphanage there are about, on an average, 2,250 children. None are admitted unless satisfactory proof can be given that they are legitimate as to their parentage, real

orphans, and that they are needy. When they have come to a suitable age, they are furnished with an outfit, and apprenticed to trades, or placed in situations, while very many of them are retained as teachers in the various day schools.

The support of the orphanage amounts to \$230,000 annually. The milk bill amounts to \$10,000 yearly! He has sometimes paid out as much as \$27,500 in one day. "In all, Mr. Muller has received for his orphanage and other works of a Christian and benevolent kind, a total of \$4,275,000, and he declares that he never asked a human being for a sixpence! He has made it his uniform rule to go in prayer to Him who has the hearts of all men in His hands, and ask Him for all needed supply, and men have been moved to give it—some giving out of their abundant wealth, and some out of their poverty. He has received as high as \$45,000 in one donation, and scores of times \$5,000. A principle of his has been never to contract a debt in connection with his orphanage. Often the last sixpence has been spent, and within a few hours either money must come or starvation; but the money came without fail, and never were the children sent hungry to bed."

Hundreds of times he has held two prayer-meetings in a day with his helpers, beseeching God to send them supplies for the next meal of food for the orphans, and in every case the Lord has graciously answered their prayers. In eleven years he has received 5,000 answers to prayer. In the course of his life he has received some thirty thousand answers to prayer within the same day of asking (and that for some things he had been praying every day for over thirty years, and the answer had not come as yet). He

mentioned these things to encourage Christians patiently to wait on God. He received answers after waiting fifteen, twenty, and thirty years. When in the deepest poverty, he never gives any human being the least intimation of his needs, neither by word or look, but always carries every matter, great and small, to God, and continually rejoices in the Lord. He declares that his countenance never looks sad or anxious when in need, as he considers that would be dishonoring to God, and inconsistent with a perfect trust in Him.

He says: "When I first began allowing God to deal with me, relying on Him, taking Him at His word, and set out, over half a century ago, simply to rely on Him for myself, family, taxes, travelling expenses, and every other need, I rested on simple promises.

"I believed the Word. I rested on it and practised it. I took God at His word." Though a stranger, a foreigner in England, I knew seven languages, and might have used them perhaps as a means of remunerative employment; but I had consecrated myself to labor for the Lord. I put my reliance in the God who has promised, and He has acted according to His word. I've lacked nothing—nothing. I have had my trials, my difficulties, and my empty purse, but my receipts have aggregated tens of thousands of dollars, while the work has gone on all these years.

"Now, this is not, as some have said, because I am a man of great mental power, or endowed with energy and perseverance—these are not the reasons. It is because I have sought God, and He has cared for the institution, which, under His direction, has 117 schools, with masters and mistresses, and other departments. The difficulties in such an undertaking have been gigantic; but I read that

they that put their trust in the Lord shall not be ashamed. Many years ago a beloved brother came from America to see me. He expected to find me an old man, helpless and decrepit, bowed down with burdens; and he wondered I did not look old. 'How is this?' he said, 'that you keep so young under such a load as you are carrying?' 'My dear brother,' I said, 'I have always rolled the burden on the Lord. I do not carry one hundredth part of it. The burden comes to me, and I roll it back on Him.' I do not carry the burden; and now, in my seventy-sixth year, I have physical strength and mental vigor for work as great as when I was a young man in the university, studying and preparing Latin orations. I am just as vigorous as at that time. How comes this? Because in the last half-century of labor I've been able, with the simplicity of a little child, to rely upon God. I have had my trials, but I have laid hold upon God; and so it has come that I have been sustained. Day by day I cast my burdens on the Lord. This morning again sixty matters in connection with the church of which I am pastor, I brought before the Lord. Many persons suppose it is only about money that I trust the Lord in prayer. I do bring this money question before the Lord, but 't is only one out of many things I speak to God about, and I find He helps. Often I have perplexity in finding persons of ability and fitness for the various posts that I have supplied. Sometimes weeks and months pass, and day by day, I bring the matter before the Lord, and invariably He helps. It is so about the conversion of persons--prayer, sooner or later, is turned into praise. Do not, however, expect to attain full faith at once. All such things as jumping into full exercise of faith in such things

I discountenance. All such things go on in a natural way. The little I have I did not obtain all at once."

Again he says: "The first and primary object of the institution was, and still is, that God may be magnified by the fact that the orphans under my care are provided with all they need only *by prayer and faith*, without anyone being asked by me or my fellow-laborers, by which it may be seen that God is EVER FAITHFUL AND STILL HEARS PRAYER. This my aim has been abundantly honored. Multitudes of sinners have been thus converted; multitudes of the children of God in all parts of the world have been benefited by this work, even as I had anticipated. But the larger the work has grown, the greater has been the blessing, bestowed in the very way in which I looked for blessing; for the attention of hundreds of thousands has been drawn to the work."

Praying for Fish.

An article with the above title appeared in *The Christian* of April 2nd, 1885:

"About eighteen months ago, the fishing season in St. Ives was very bad; for weeks past scarcely anything had been caught. The depression in the town was very great, money was scarce, and many were wanting bread. It was a time of great trial, for starvation stared many in the face. Going on his rounds of visiting, the pastor called upon one of the officers of his church, a worthy old fisherman after the type of Billy Bray.

"'You cannot see him, sir,' said the daughter. 'Is he

out?' 'No, sir, but he is in his chamber *praying for fish*, and he will not be disturbed.' 'Does he often go to pray?' was the pastor's query. 'Yes, sir, three times every day.' This was on Wednesday, and that evening the week-night service was held. As the pastor passed up the aisle this worthy fisherman said, 'Pastor, you must pray for fish.' The pastor felt he must, and so he did. 'Amen!' responded the congregation. That evening, when the minister arrived home, he said to his little girl of six and a half years, 'We have been praying for fish, dear, in the chapel to-night.' 'And you will get it, papa,' said the little thing, 'for I have been praying for fish too.'

"There were only a few who had faith in God to answer that prayer, but that answer came, and that speedily.

"The nets were cast that night in faith upon God.

"Next morning the work of drawing them to land commenced, and—will it be believed?—fish were caught that sold at market value for *Ten Thousand Pounds Sterling*. Here was the answer to the prayer. If I had read this anywhere, I should have been disposed to discount it very liberally; but the reader must remember that this incident was related within two hundred yards of the place where the nets were drawn in, and in the presence of the very men who cast and drew in the nets. There was no possibility of fraud or exaggeration in the recital of it, for the living witnesses to this proof that God answers prayer were present and heartily responded, 'That's all true,' as the speaker sat down. Let this cheer the doubting ones, and bid them remember the promise, 'My God shall supply ALL your need.'—Yours faithfully,

"F. C. SPURR."

Can any disciple of the loving Lord Jesus read this remarkable instance of answered prayer without calling to mind the history of the miraculous draught of fishes recorded by St. Luke, where the Lord says to His fishermen-disciples, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering said unto him, Master we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships."

Putting these two miracles together, the ancient and the modern, can any, whose soul has realized the power of a prayer-answering Saviour, help exclaiming joyfully, "JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOREVER."—Heb. xiii. 8.

The House-top Saint.

"Yes, yes, sonny, I'se mighty fo' handed, and no ways like poo' white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone--no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl MeIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she became her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty,

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Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckon. But for dese last twenty-five years, I'se been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs—Is'e one of de house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints! What kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never heerd tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce anywhar; but de Lord's got one on 'em at any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is *me*!"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint."

"Well, I mean dat I'se been t'rough all de stories of my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I'se fairly on de very ruff—yes, on de very ridge pole—and dere I sits and sings and sees heaven, like you never sees it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, Auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de

ruff! Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em, and puts your feet on 'em, and mounts, ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you; yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadi' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de botton and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blackin' of your boots, he's de husban' o' *my* bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'seiple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up stairs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder'—I'se allus called him Brudder since he was born into de kingdom—'why don't you come up into de light?"

"'Oh,' says he, 'Sibby, I'se too onworthy; I doesn't desurve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'

"'Phoo,' says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash, cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place to de head o' de table, and wa'r all de lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', I'se no more poor gov'ness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I'se de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of his chil'n, as she had a right to say! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!'

"'Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it hain't foteded him up! De poor deluded

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creetur' thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovellin'-like. It's onworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stiek to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top!"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach de house-top," said de young man, thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you, den!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de stars is dere, and de grand, glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Friend, com up higher!' He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down cellar, an' parlor, an' ehamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, Auntie?" asked de young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why, dem is de ones dat gets bar'ly out o' de cellar and goes straitway and forgets what kind o' creatures dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de worl's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks, wuss den King Furie did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come 'long, how she did tune up her harp? She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out.

"I do think missus got to heaven, wid all her infirmities; but she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her! Den she said to me, one dead o' night, 'Oh, Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my

hand, 'Oh, Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' gittin' t'rough de shinin' gate! your clothes and your face and your hands shine like silver, Sibby!' says she. 'Dear soul,' says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more o' it to shine on to you and every oder poor sinner dat will come near enough to coteh de rays!'

"'Oh,' says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin' Glory to God and talkin' o' Him on de house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and igno'ance. But now, oh, Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your shoes if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'

"'Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus?' says I.

"'Yes, de chief o' sinners,' says she, with a groan.

"'Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan?' says I.

"'Yes,' says she.

"'Well, den,' says I, 'if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your being saved? Just you quit looking at yourself, and look to Him.'

"Den she koteh sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; an' her face lit up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a-singing,—

'In my han' no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

"But she mought a-sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privilegedes o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things, but dey ain't made for folks to spend deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber-saint, Auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber-saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare o' de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is o' rest. Dey say, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's only half-way up, and thinks dey's come off conquerors a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhere now! But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roostin' place! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat. Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help of de Lord and a contin' watch, I keep de head of de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty ginerall. Why, sometimes when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's 'most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heap o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I get up in the mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves is done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar wark is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, sister Sibby'—Satan often has the imprudence to call me 'sister'—and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat dere pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when I'se weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says, in de word o' Scriptor, 'Clar out and get ahind my back, Satan! Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength!' And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes basket; and says to 'em, 'You lay down dar till to-morrow, will you! I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hymn to cheer up my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail, and slinks off, most ginerall; and I goes 'bout my work singing:

' My Master bruise de sarpint's head
And bind him wid a chain;
Come, brudders, hololujah shout,
Wid all yer might and main!
Hololujah!'"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometime, he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks most ginerel. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weapons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothing has power to separate me from Him I loves. I'se had sorrows enough to break a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only forced me nearer to Him. Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on deir way to glory, and swim into a shinin' harbor through a sea of honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bear, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory. But, la! honey! how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'se Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace, some day, and we'll have more talk about the way to glory."—*Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.*

Startling Facts and Figures about Missions.

The following facts and figures have been compiled from the writings of several eminent authorities on missions, such as Rev. A. B. Simpson, J. T. Tracey, D.D., Chaplain McCabe, and from various publications. We can assure the reader that he will not in this case find the figures *dry*.

It is computed that there are 856,000,000 heathens sitting in darkness. At present there is an average of but one ordained missionary to every 400,000 heathens.

India's population is 260,000,000. There are but one ordained missionary to every 350,000.

China's population is 382,000,000. There are but one ordained missionary to every 500,000 of the population. Every third person who lives and breathes upon this earth, who toils under the sun, sleeps under God's stars, or sighs and suffers beneath the heavens is a Chinese. Think of it. Eighteen magnificent provinces in China, each as large as Great Britain; 1,700 great walled cities, some 7,000 towns, and over 100,000 villages are open to the preaching of the glorious Gospel. A million a month are dying in China without God. There are 1,500 counties in China, representing hundreds of thousands of people, without a single missionary.

The whole world, with the exception of Thibet, is now open for the reception of the Gospel.

The Bible is printed in 250 different languages.

South America has 5,000 Christians among 50,000,000 of people; Cuba and Hayti, a few thousand among 2,000,000 heathen.

France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Belgium and Italy, containing 140,000,000, are almost wholly Roman Catholic. Russia, with 100,000,000, is practically closed to evangelical Christianity.

Turkey has a few thousand Christians among her 30,000,000 population, mostly Armenians, Nestorians and Oriental Christians.

Two hundred millions of Mohammedans in Asia and Africa have scarcely been touched by the direct influence of Christianity.

Africa has, perhaps, a million Christians, mostly in Madagascar and Cape Colony. Probably there are not 50,000 Christians in the great body of the continent, among more than 200,000,000 pagans and Mohammedans.

Japan has 40,000 Christians, but nearly 40,000,000 heathen.

Africa has perhaps 400 languages into which the Gospel has not yet been translated, representing more than that number of tribes yet uncivilized.

There are 200,000,000 more heathens and Mohammedans in the world to-day than there were one hundred years ago, when modern missions began.

But what about the nations of South America? Here we find a state of things almost incredible.

Venezuela's 2,200,000 people have only one Protestant missionary.

The four millions of Colombia have only three mission stations, all of one denomination.

Ecuador, larger than Great Britain and Ireland, has no missionary, and never has had.

Peru's three millions are scarcely touched by the Gospel, there being only two mission centres.

Bolivia has in all its more than half a million square miles no resident missionary.

Less than seventy Christian teachers are struggling to uplift Chili's 3,300,000 souls.

Nine missionaries of the South American Missionary Society, three Methodist stations, a few independent workers—these are almost lost among the four millions of Patagonia and the Argentine Republic.

Paraguay has one missionary to 80,000 people; and Uruguay one to 375,000.

Brazil is larger than the United States, and more than three times larger than India. Each missionary there is confronted by 138,000 souls. Out of its 16,000,000 people, 14,000,000 are entirely unevangelized.

Licence, ignorance, craft among their only spiritual guides; immorality, violence, ignorance, superstition, despair among the people. Oh, when and how will come deliverance for South America, the neglected continent?

What is the professed Church of Christ doing to meet this awful need? Twelve millions of American Christians are giving the sum of less than \$6,000,000 to save a lost world. Fifty cents a year, one cent a week, a seventh part of a cent a day is the magnificent measure of our loyalty to Christ, our love to the heathen, and our valuation of an immortal soul. The salt in our porridge, the blacking of our boots, the matches with which we light our cigars, costs us a great deal more. One million and a half of the Methodist communicants never give a cent to missions. We have 80,000 ministers in the United States, or one to 750 people. There are 7,000 missionaries abroad, or one to every 200,000 people; that is, three hundred

times as many in proportion in this land as in foreign lands.

And what about our financial ability? Is it because the Christians of America are poor that they only can afford \$6,000,000 annually for this work? By no means. The estimated wealth of the Church members of America amounts to \$13,000,000,000. The actual increase in their wealth last year, after all living expenses were paid, was \$500,000,000. This amount would support one million of missionaries for one year, and would flood the world with the Gospel immediately, without taking a single dollar from the capital of the Christian people of this land. The disproportion between our means and our gifts is so utterly absurd that there is no room for even the idea of sacrifice; in fact, the matter has not even reached the limits of decency. Compared to what we pay for other things, it is simply contemptible.

The women of America pay more for artificial flowers for their hats and bonnets, a great deal, than the whole Church of God gives for missions. The men of America spend more in a year for tobacco than the whole Church has spent in eighteen centuries to spread the Gospel. The devil spends as much every forty-eight hours for whiskey as the whole Church spends for missions in a year. The extra buttons which the ladies of America put on their kid gloves would double the missionary contributions of the world. The theatres of New York alone receive more money in a single winter than all the missionary treasuries of the world.

Someone wrote to Chaplain McCabe, and asked him to take stock in a silver mine of astonishing richness. As a reason, the writer said: "Much of the profits will be

consecrated to the cause of missions." The Chaplain replied: "I am working two good mines now; one of them is the mine of Self-denial, far over in the valley of Humiliation. The other is the mine of Consecration, entered over on the heavenly side of the brook Peniel. There are riches enough in these two mines to convert the world. Self-denial of one meal a year from each communicant will bring an increase of \$550,000 in the annual income. Consecration of one cent a day by each communicant would bring over \$10,000,000 annually to the missionary treasury. This is only a surface; what would it be if we should get down into the depths."

There are some selfish, narrow-minded souls, who cry out, "It is all very well to talk about sending the Gospel to the heathen, but we have them at our doors, and charity begins at home." For such persons we present a few facts: *First*: Ninety-eight per cent. of the contributions for religious purposes is spent at home, while only two per cent. is given to the foreign field.* Yet, there are some who seemingly begrudge even that small amount, and steadfastly refuse to make it any larger. *Second*: The Moravians are poor and few in number, having a membership of about 30,000, still their yearly average for foreign missions is the sum of \$12 per member, and every fiftieth member is a foreign missionary. Now, what is the result of this noble sacrifice? The Moravians have, in heathen countries, three times as large a membership as in Christian lands. See how God honors their liberality. *Third*: The increase in converts to Christianity in heathen lands is thirty times greater than at home in proportion to the number of ministers employed, although the tests of discipleship are of the most trying nature. *Fourth*: The

Bible says, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth ; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."—Prov. xi. 24.

How unlike the selfishness of many professed Christians was the noble shepherd dog :

It was a dark and stormy night. Most of the sheep had come back to the fold, but three were missing. The faithful watch-dog was lying in the corner in her kennel with her young and thought her toils were over. Suddenly the shepherd called her, and, pointing to the flock, cried : "Three are missing. Go !" She gave one sad look at her little ones, and then gave a look of obedient love at her master and off into the darkness she plunged.

Back she came after an hour with two of the sheep. There was blood upon her and upon them. Hard had she fought for their lives with wolves, and thorns and torrents, but they were saved, and with a grateful look she threw herself down in the kennel and gathered her brood to her bosom. But once again the master called, with his stern but kind voice, and pointing to the wilderness, said : "One is lost. Go !" She looked up in his face with an air of unutterable longing ; but he still pointed to the wilderness, and if lips could speak, her glance uttered one last farewell, and into the darkness she plunged once more. It was long ere she returned. Late in the night a feeble scratching was heard upon the door. The shepherd rose and opened it, and there she crouched, half-dead, and the poor wounded sheep was standing trembling by her side. She had found the lost one, but it had cost her her very life. One look she gave into his face, which seemed to say, "I have loved you better than my life," and crawled over into her kennel and lay down with her little ones and

grew still in death. She had loved her master and given her life for his lost ones.

Oh! if a poor dumb brute could love like that, with no eternity to reward her, no heaven to await her, but the smile of his approval in the last instant of her life, what should He not expect of us, for whom He has given His life already, and to whom He waits to give a recompense that can never fade away? Beloved, shall we catch His glance as He looks out into the darkness, and cries: "A thousand millions are lost, go ye"?

Oh, I seem to hear them crying,
As they sink into the grave;
We are dying, we are dying,
Is there none to help and save?

In a frame building in New York a furious fire had burst out. A little girl and her two brothers were suddenly seen leaning from the window while the firemen stood below. In a moment she had dropped the eldest brother into their arms. Then they shouted to her to follow, for the flames were already sweeping through the window; but she only answered, "Willie is left," and flew back to gather him up from his little bed. Bundled up in blankets she brought him to the window and dropped him down, and then she quickly followed. But alas! the flames were blazing around her thin print dress, and as she reached their strong arms her flesh was all blistered, and her little life had been struck a fatal blow. Two days she lingered, and at last she gasped out, as she was dying, to the doctor who was bending over her, "Doctor, I—saved—Willie; Jesus—will—save—me,—won't—He?" That is the spirit of sacrifice, that is the

spirit of missions ; that is the love which brought Jesus to die.

The Master's coming draweth near,
 The Son of Man will soon be here,
 His kingdom is at hand.
 But ere that glorious day can be,
 This Gospel of the kingdom we
 Must preach in every land.

Oh, let us then His coming haste !
 Oh, let us end this awful waste
 Of souls that never die !
 A thousand millions still are lost,
 A Saviour's blood has paid the cost.
 Oh, hear their dying cry !

The Experience of George Fox.

His parents were pious members of the Church of England, and they brought him up carefully. The *Christian Times* says : " His mother, Mary Lago, was of the martyr stock, and had inherited their intense feelings and religious enthusiasm. To her he probably owed his education, and many of the determining principles of his life. As to his father, he was indebted for the incorruptible integrity and tenderly scrupulous regard for truth by which he was characterized. As a child, he was singularly quiet, docile, observant and meditative. He sat among his elders silently watching their frivolity, untruthfulness, gluttony, and intemperance, and inwardly resolving : If ever I come

to be a man, surely I shall not do so, nor be so wanton. Some of his relatives would have had the thought'ul had trained for a clergyman, but others objecting, he was apprenticed to a person who, as the manner then was, combined a number of occupations—shoemaking, wool-stapling, cattle dealing, and so on. George proved a valuable assistant to him. The fear of God rested mightily upon him, and he was anxiously watchful in all things to maintain strict integrity. "Verily" was a favorite word of his, and it became a common saying among those who knew him that, "If George says 'Verily,' there is no altering him."

Fox became truly converted, and soon afterward devoted himself to the work of the ministry.

He was imprisoned for some time as a "disturber of the peace." When liberated he still continued to travel up and down England, preaching and exhorting, and leaving permanent traces behind him everywhere. The term "Quaker" was first applied to him at Derby, in 1650, by Justice Bennet, as Fox says, "because I bid them tremble at the word of the Lord." In 1655, he was brought before Cromwell, who pronounced favorably upon both his doctrines and character. Still he was frequently imprisoned by country magistrates.

He visited the Continent of Europe several times, and in 1671, made a voyage to America, where he spent two years with gratifying success. His visit to the Netherlands was also attended with much of the divine blessing.

We give a few extracts from his journal, showing the remarkable success and power of this man of God, and the bitter persecutions he endured for righteousness' sake :

"As I travelled through markets, fairs, and divers places,

I saw death and darkness in all people, where the power of the Lord God had not shaken them. As I was passing on in Leicestershire, I came to Twy-Cross, where there were excisemen. I was moved by the Lord to go to them, and warn them to take heed of oppressing the poor; the people were much affected by it. There was in that town a great man, that had long lain sick, and was given up by the physicians; and some Friends in the town desired me to go to see him. I went up to him in his chamber, and spoke the Word of life to him, and was moved to pray for him; and the Lord was entreated, and restored him to health. But when I was come down stairs, into a lower room, and was speaking to the servants and to some people that were there, a serving man of his came raving out of another room, with a naked rapier [light sword] in his hand, and set it at my side. I looked steadfastly on him, and said, 'Alack for thee, poor creature! what wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon? it is no more to me than a straw.' The standers-by were much troubled, and he went away in a rage, and full of wrath. But when the news of it came to his master, he turned him out of his service."

Speaking of his imprisonment in Carlisle gaol, he says: "The judges were resolved not to suffer me to be brought before them; but reviling and scoffing at me behind my back, left me to the magistrates of the town, giving them what encouragement they could to exercise their cruelty upon me. Though I had been kept so close in the jailer's house that friends were not suffered to visit me, and Colonel Benson and Justice Pearson were denied to see me, yet the next day, after the judges were gone out of town, an order was sent to the jailer, to put me down into the dungeon among the moss-troopers, thieves, and murderers, which

accordingly he did. A filthy, nasty place it was, where men and women were put together in a very uncivil manner, and not even a house of convenience to it. The prisoners were so lousy that one woman was almost eaten to death with lice. Yet, as bad as the place was, the prisoners were all made very loving and subject to me. Some of them were convinced of the truth, as the publicans and harlots were of old; so that they were able to confound any priest that might come to the grates to dispute. But the jailer was very cruel, and the under jailer very abusive to me and to Friends that came to see me; for he would beat Friends with a great cudgel when they came to the window to look in upon me. I could get up to the grate, where sometimes I took in my meat, at which the jailer was often offended. One time he came in a great rage, and beat me with a great cudgel, though I was not at the grate at the time; and as he beat me, he cried, "Come out of the window," though I was then far enough from it. While he struck me I was made to sing in the Lord's power; and that made him rage the more. Then he fetched a fiddler, and brought him in where I was, and set him to play, thinking thus to afflict me; but, while he played, I was moved, in the everlasting power of the Lord God, to sing, and my voice drowned the voice of the fiddle, and struck and confounded them, and made them give over fiddling and go their way."

A way of escape from this horrible jail soon presented itself. The authorities offered Fox the captaincy of a company of soldiers. Here is the record of what followed:

"I told them, I know from whence all wars arise, even from lust, according to James' doctrine; and that I live in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occa-

sion of all wars. But they urged me to accept their doctrine, and thought I did but compliment them. But I told them I was come into the covenant of peace, which was before wars and strifes were. They said they offered it in love and kindness to me, because of my virtue; and such like flattering words they used. But I told them if that was their love and kindness I trampled it under my feet. Then their rage got up, and they said, 'Take him away, jailer, and put him in a dungeon among the rogues and felons.' So I was taken away and put into a lousy, stinking place, without any bed, among thirty felons, where I was kept, almost half a year, unless it were at times; for they would sometimes let me walk in the garden, having a belief that I would not go away. Now, when they had got me into Derby dungeon, it was the belief and saying of people that I should never come out; but I had faith in God, and believed I should be delivered in His time; for the Lord had said to me before, that I was not to be removed from that place yet, being set there for a service which He had for me to do.

"After it became noised abroad that I was in Derby dungeon, my relations came to see me again; and some thought I was insane, because I advocated purity, and righteousness, and perfection.

"There was a great judgment upon the town, and the magistrates were uneasy about me; but they could not agree what to do with me. One time they would have sent me up to the parliament; another time they would have banished me to Ireland. At first they called me a deceiver, a seducer, and a blasphemer; afterwards, when God had brought His plagues upon them, they said I was an honest, virtuous man. But their good or bad report, their

well or ill speaking, was nothing to me ; for the one did not lift me up, nor the other cast me down ; praised be the Lord ! At length they were made to turn me out of jail, about the beginning of winter in the year 1651, after I had been a prisoner in Derby almost a year, six months in the House of Correction, and the rest of the time in the common jail and dungeon."

His journal records the fact that one Lancashire and Yorkshire campaign produced twenty-four Friends, who spent their lives in salvation work.

We can form but a faint idea in these quiet days of the fearful state of things that surrounded Fox and his friends. At one time there were *more than 4,500 Friends in prison, of whom no less than 245 died in jail.* Just imagine what must have been the character of the conflict, when the authorities stripped female ministers to the waist, and lashed them through the towns in that condition till the blood ran down their backs. Space will not allow us to mention more than one of the judgments which fell upon some of their persecutors : "Then I came again to Thomas Taylor's, within three miles of Halifax, where was a meeting of about two hundred people, among which were many rude people, and divers butchers, several of whom had bound themselves with an oath before they came out, that they would kill me (as I was told) ; one of these butchers had been accused of killing a man and a woman. They came in a very rude manner, and made a great disturbance in the meeting. The meeting being in a field, Thomas Taylor stood up, and said to them, 'If you will be civil, you may stay, but, if not, I charge you to begone from off my ground.' But they were the worse, and said they would make it like a common : and they yelled and made a

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noise, as if they had been at a bear-baiting. They thrust Friends up and down; and Friends, being peaceable, the Lord's power came over them. Several times they thrust me off from the place I stood on, by the crowding of the people together against me; but still I was moved by the Lord to stand up again, as I was thrust down.

"At last I was moved by the Lord to say to them, 'If they would discourse of the things of God, let them come up to me one by one; and if they had anything to say or to object, I would answer them all, one after another,' but they were all silent, and had nothing to say. And then the Lord's power came so over them all, and answered the witness of God in them, that they were bound by the power of God; and a glorious, powerful meeting we had, and His power went over all, and the minds of the people were turned by the Spirit of God in them to God, and to Christ their teacher. The powerful word of Christ was largely declared that day; and in the life and power of God we broke up our meeting; and that rude company went their way to Halifax. The people asked them why they did not kill me, according to the oath they had sworn; and they maliciously answered, that I had so bewitched them that they could not do it. Thus was the devil chained at that time. Friends told me that they used to come at other times and be very rude, and sometimes break their stools and seats, and make frightful work amongst them; but the Lord's power had now bound them. Shortly after this the butcher that had been accused of killing a man and a woman before, and who was one of them that had bound himself by an oath to kill me, killed another man, and then was sent to York jail.

"Another of those rude butchers who had also sworn to

kill me, having accustomed himself to thrust his tongue out of his mouth in derision of Friends when they passed by him, had it so swollen out of his mouth that he could never draw it in again, but died so."

Penn, in his preface to "Fox's Journal," has given the following tribute to his lofty character: "He had an extraordinary gift in opening the Scriptures, but above all he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his speech, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behavior, and the trueness and fulness of his words, have often struck even strangers with admiration. The most awful, living reverent frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say was his prayer. He was of an innocent life, no busy-body, nor self-seeker, a most merciful man, as ready to forgive as unapt to give or take an offence, . . . an incessant laborer; as unwearied, so undaunted in his services for God and His people; he was no more to be moved to fear than to wrath; civil beyond all forms of breeding, very temperate, eating little, and sleeping less, though a bulky person. He was a diligent student of the Word of God. He knew the Scriptures so well that it has been said of him, 'If the Bible should be lost, you could find it all in George's head.'"

The Starless Crown.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—Dan. xii. 3.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
 And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose :
 I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's
 solemn gloom,
 I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my

A gentle touch awakened me—a gentle whisper said,
 "Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we
 fled ;

We left the earth so far away, that like a speck it seemed,
 And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway
 streamed.

Still on we went—my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy :
 I wondered what the end would be, what next should
 meet mine eye.

I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields
 of light,

When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed
 in white.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold ;
 We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of
 purest gold ;

It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night ;
 The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its
 light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled
 the air,
 And white-robed saints with glittering crowns from every
 clime were there ;
 And some that I had loved on earth stood with them
 round the throne,
 "All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory His
 alone."

But fairer far than all besides I saw my Saviour's face ;
 And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and
 grace.
 Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
 Had gained the object of my hopes ; that earth at length
 was past.

And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the
 diadem
 That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a
 gem ?
 I know that thou hast believed on me, and life through me
 is thine ;
 But where are those radiant stars that in thy crown should
 shine ?

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every
 brow ;
 For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now.
 And such THY bright reward had been, if such had been
 thy deed,
 If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace
 to lead.

"Thou wert not called that thou shouldst tread the way
of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy foot-
steps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of
rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself
been blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared
to break ;
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering
light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful
night.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to
show ;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me !"
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine,
"*They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall
shine.*"

Ho, reapers of life's harvest ! Why stand with rusted
blade
Until the night draws round you, and day begins to fade ?

Why stand ye idle, waiting for reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing, why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle, and gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching, and soon will come again.
Thy Master calls for reapers, and shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, and waste upon the
plain?

Come down from hill and mountain, in morning's ruddy
glow;

Nor wait until the dial points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew, nor faint in heat and cold;
And pause not till the evening draws round its wealth
of gold.

Mount up the heights of wisdom, and crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge that human hearts
should know.

Be faithful to thy mission—the service of the Lord;
And then a golden chaplet shall be thy just reward.

A Double Cure.

HARK! A light step, followed by a heavy tread, is approaching my study. What does it mean? It is a cold freezing day in February, and it is Saturday—a very busy day for me. Well, I should think wife would entertain company in the parlor. But here she comes, followed by a person right from the State lunatic asylum—one that I had met with before. I must confess that I felt a little

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strange with such company ; but I immediately arose and gave the brother my hand and said : “ Good morning, Mr. Van Benschoten ; how do you do ? ” “ I am well, bless God ! I called, Brother Osborne, to tell you what great things the Lord has done for me. ” He then gave me his experience, which is as follows : “ I have been in the New York asylum for two years, and have been growing worse, so that for several months I have not been outside those prison walls. Recently, Mr. Gray, the superintendent, wrote my wife that I was an incurable case. Of course, I expected to remain incarcerated within those prison walls ; but what was still worse, I expected my reason to remain dethroned, which in the past had been periodically. But I was growing worse ; my body was quite emaciated ; I had lost my appetite, and in fact, I was full of fearful forebodings, a wretched man. My case was a sad one. Here I must suffer out this brief existence, in misery, pain, sorrow, shame and remorse, and then an eternity with devils and damned spirits ; and all this brought on by my own licentiousness. ‘ O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? ’ A companion in tribulation said to me, the Lord can heal you, soul and body, and gave me this passage of Scripture : ‘ And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up ; and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. ’ I thought, that just covers my case—but *how*, to make it available ? I was told by my comrade in distress, that I must fast and pray, which I did, until I wore my knees sore. I was then watched very narrowly, and prohibited from getting upon my knees ; and finally, I was shut up at night in a crib in order to prevent—as I suppose the doctors viewed it—

further development of my new phase of insanity. The crib is something like a large cradle without rocker—with a cover of slats that shut over the top, and is locked down when occupied by anyone. While in this condition, I was led to think of God's goodness to me in sparing my life so long, and I a rebel against Him.

"I thought of the effort I had been making to get to Him; my sins had appeared in dreadful array, which I loathed with all my heart. I felt that there was real godly sorrow in me. I had besought the Lord to pardon my sins and heal my body. I believed that He was able to do it; yea, I thought that He was willing to do it; I thought of the promise, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick,' etc. I said, O Lord, why not now! they have locked me up to prevent my getting upon my knees; but can't the Lord bless me lying on my back? Can't the Almighty come right through these slats?

"I heard a voice saying, Yes, He can. The next moment I was believing in God with all my heart. Something said, Why not believe that God will do His work, *and do it now?* I said, Lord, thou *will* do it now! Just then I felt a very strange sensation going all through my body, and with it a conviction that the work was done. I felt it all through my soul and body. It flowed from my heart like oil from a flowing well, and continued to bubble up just as Jesus promised it should do. 'The water that I give you shall be in you a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life.' Praise our God forever. The next morning, soon after coming out of the crib, I met the head physician. He said, 'Good morning, Van; how are you?' 'I am well, I replied—glory to God!' 'Van, what do you mean?' 'I mean that the good Lord came right down into my crib

last night and He healed my soul and body—glory to God!’ The doctor looked wild and said, ‘Van, be careful, or we shall put you up in No. 11.’ (The hall where the incurable cases were kept.) The brother constantly affirmed that God had made him whole, every whit. Within four weeks from the time the superintendent wrote this brother’s wife that her husband was incurable, he wrote her that he was so much better that she could come after him, but did not state how he was cured.

Three years after I met this brother on the cars. His first utterances were, as I approached him, “Glory to God, Brother Osborne, the Lord saves me, soul and body.” He said that he had not had a symptom of his old disease since his last night in the crib. Our God is mighty to save.
—From *Born of the Spirit*, by Rev. Zenas Osborne.

Lead, Kindly Light.

THE author of this beautiful poem is now Cardinal Newman. It was probably written before he left the English Church for the Roman Catholic. It is sometimes printed with but three verses. Here it appears in full.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on ;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
 Lead thou me on ;
 Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene ; one step’s enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on ;
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path
 Thyself hast trod,
 Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
 Home to my God,
 To rest forever, after earthly strife,
 In the calm light of everlasting life.

“Praying Johnny.”

JOHN OXTOBY was born at Little Givendale, Yorkshire, England, in 1762. In early youth his education, through the poverty of his parents, was much neglected. He passed the first thirty-seven years of his life in great ignorance of himself and his God, and was characterized by awful wickedness. In the year 1804, he was led to see his dreadful condition, and after having drunk deeply of the bitter cup of repentance, he was soundly converted to God.

Immediately he began laboring for the salvation of his neighbors, and visited from house to house, declaring what great things God had done for his soul. He became as zealous for the salvation of souls as he had been in the service of sin. His bowels moved with compassion toward the unsaved, and he spared no pains to snatch them from the jaws of death. He gave up his agricultural employment, and devoted himself entirely to zealous labors in the vineyard of Christ. Realizing union of soul with the Primitive Methodists, and seeing a career of usefulness among them, he cast in his lot with these people, and shortly after was employed as a travelling preacher. His journal shows that on every circuit which was privileged to enjoy his labors, there were great displays of converting and sanctifying power. At nearly every meeting which he held, some were converted or sanctified. His success was indeed glorious. The most powerful manifestations of the divine goodness and mercy were vouchsafed to his labors; and multitudes fell under the power of God while listening to the messages which came from his lips.

During a visit of three days he made to a certain town, no less than fifty souls were soundly converted to God by his instrumentality.

Seldom has God more signally owned His servants than He owned him. His fame as a soul-saving minister of God passed before him wherever he was stationed; the news of his mighty success flew like light from one place to another. The hardened, the curious, the careless and formal were eager to hear him, and went and were saved. "Hundreds, yes, thousands, of precious souls has he led to the Lamb of God," says one of his colleagues, who bears testimony to his usefulness—which attended him to the end of his life.

His biographer—Harvey Leigh—from whose accounts the above have been extracted, thus depicts the character of this holy man :

His most usual theme in the pulpit was faith. He had such a facility of accommodating and reducing his expressions relative to this important grace to the apprehension of the lowest capacity, that everyone was enabled to profit considerably under him if at all attentive.

But that which gave lasting effect to all his labors in the Lord's vineyard was the uncommon power of the Spirit which attended his word. Seldom or never did he open his mouth either in preaching, praying or personal conversation, but such an unction attended his words that those addressed by him usually felt its force. Not unfrequently have numbers fallen under his preaching and prayers, and apparently under the most striking apprehensions of their sin and danger, they have cried out for mercy. Others who have with great difficulty escaped home, have been obliged to send for him or others to pray for them before they durst attempt to sleep ; and, strange as it may seem, some have fallen down on their way home, and others at their work, from the effect of his preaching and prayers.

Thus while he had no superior mental capabilities for the pulpit, he was attended with the most powerful influences of the Holy Spirit ; and this made him, in the absence of other qualifications, an able minister of the New Testament. But, while he did not shine in the things to which we have referred, *he did excel in the strength and constancy of his faith, which was singularly strong.* Perhaps in this he was second to none. He was a genuine son of Abraham ; for he did not stagger at the promises, but credited them with a confidence unshaken, and which gave glory to God.

The strength of his faith was witnessed *in the evenness and comfort of his own religious experience.* That faith by which John first drew near to God, and by which he realized a clear sense of His pardoning mercy, was possessed by him with great steadiness during the whole of his earthly pilgrimage. Hence he constantly pursued his heavenly course, was delivered from cloudy depressions and tormenting fears, and laughed at apparent impossibilities.

Likewise the strength of his faith was evidenced *in the facility which he had in leading souls to Christ for pardon.* The moment he met with a broken-hearted sinner he urged him to look with steady faith to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. In doing this, his expressions were at times strong and singular. Once, when travelling with a young man in the pangs of the new birth, he endeavored, in his usual way, to lead him into confidence; and, feeling much of the divine presence, he felt confident that the power of God was there to heal, and that the struggle was near a close. He consequently cried aloud to him, "Say that thou believest." The young man said, "I dare not; if I were to, I should tell God a lie." Brother Oxtoby, however, urged again, "Tell God that thou believest, and put the lie upon my back." Strange as this may appear, the youth, in a few minutes, ventured his all upon the atoning blood, and experienced the pardon of all his sins.

The strength of his faith was further evidenced *in his being instrumental in raising the sick from their diseased condition.* To a number of such persons under such circumstances, he was called in; and, in many cases, his visits were crowned with the most perfect success. He had been heard to mention instances in which his confidence had

triumphed over maladies the most hopeless and discouraging; diseases in the limbs, which had been dreadful and inveterate; and even fevers, whose aspects have been the most raging and forbidding. In many cases the results of his faith have silenced every objector, and struck numbers with the most perfect amazement.

But our brother was an extraordinary man *in the importunity and prevalence of his prayers*. What has been said of the strength and constancy of his faith may be said, with equal propriety, of his importunate and prevalent prayers; that is, he was second to none. In fact, we need not be surprised at this, for generally these two excellences walk hand in hand. For some years he was known in the religious world to thousands by the singular name of "*Praying Johnny*." This epithet he justified in the whole of his conduct. *His prayers were long and very fervent in his own closet*. Mr. Bottomley, who was stationed with him in the Halifax circuit, says: "During the time of his stay at Halifax, he was much given up to prayer, and generally spent about six hours each day upon his knees, pleading earnestly with God, in behalf of himself, the Church and sinners, whose salvation he most ardently desired."

Frequently, when harassed by any particular temptation, when concerned about the temporal condition of any person in dangerous affliction, when under engagement to pray for one who was troubled with an evil spirit, when foiled in some late attempt to do good, when travelling in anguish of mind for a revival of religion in the neighborhood in which he was laboring, and when deeply anxious to see the glory of the Lord revealed, he spent many hours in the most decided abstinence and secluded retirement, and

sometimes, in this manner, devoted whole days and nights to God.

In the public services of the sanctuary John had great influence with God in prayer. In answer to the earnest breathings of his soul a whole assembly has been moved as the trees of a wood are moved when shaken with a strong wind. A mighty shaking was felt, and a great noise heard, amongst the dry bones. The breath of Jehovah was felt, numbers among the slain were quickened, and a great army was raised up.

A strange fact connected with the history of this good man, and strikingly illustrative of his close communion with God in prayer, and of the results of such communion, we shall here relate. When in Hull circuit he visited Burlington Quay, and was rendered eminently useful. When there, his home was with Mr. Stephenson, whose family was one of the most influential in the place. Their mercantile engagements were numerous; at home they carried on a considerable business, and were extensively connected with the shipping department. About the year 1825, Mr. Stephenson had a ship at sea, on a foreign and distant voyage, about the safety of which he and the family began to feel anxious. There had not been any tidings of the vessel extending over a period far beyond what they had expected. And what tended much to increase their solicitude, they had a son on board for whom they feared the worst—feared that they should see him no more. At this time Mr. Oxtoby was sojourning in the family, and was painfully concerned at witnessing their anxiety. Pressed in spirit for them, and desirous to be the instrument of their relief, he fell back upon his usual and safe resort—special fasting and protracted prayer to God—in

which he besought the Almighty to give him an assurance whether the ship was really lost, or whether it would return home in safety. In his protracted travail, he clearly ascertained that the ship which had been the object of so much solicitude was not lost, but that it and the son for whose safety the family were so anxious, would, in due time, return in safety, and that all would be well. This welcome intelligence he communicated to the anxious family; and did it with as much confidence as characterized St. Paul's mind, when he uttered his noble speech to the embarrassed ship's crew, while they drew near to the Island of Melita, and, contrary to all human appearance, assured them that not a hair of their heads should perish. But high as our brother stood in the estimation of the family, and exalted as was their opinion of his extraordinary piety, and the power and prevalency of his prayers, yet his calm and positive assertions on this subject almost exceeded the powers of their belief; and though they did not distrust them, they staggered at them. But John remained unmoved. He smiled at their doubts; reiterated his expressions of confidence; told them that God had "shown him the ship while at prayer;" that he was as certain of her safe return as if it were in the harbor then; and that when the vessel returned, though he had never seen it, excepting when revealed to him in prayer, he should know it, and could easily distinguish it from any other. Time rolled on, Mr. Oxtoby pursued his work, and the family remained anxious, till news reached them, one day, that the vessel was safe on its way home. It soon after arrived, at which time Mr. Oxtoby was about ten miles distant in the country. The Stephenson family were, however, so delighted

with the occurrence—with the realization of all their devoted friend had uttered—with the accomplishment of what, to them, appeared like a prediction, and from which the good man had never wavered—no, not for a moment—that a gig was immediately sent for him, by which he was to return with the least possible delay. When he reached Burlington Quay, Mr. Stephenson asked him if he should know the ship about which he had sought divine counsel, providing he could see it. "I should," said John; "God so clearly revealed it to me in prayer, that I could distinguish it among a hundred." They then walked out on the pier, and on their left were many vessels, some near and some remote, floating at anchor in the spacious bay. Among them Mr. Oxtoby looked, and exclaimed, while pointing in a certain direction, "That's the ship which God showed me while in prayer. I knew it would come home safely, and that I should see it." We need scarcely add that in this he was correct; and that this last particular of the strange account filled Mr. Stephenson with overwhelming amazement.

Mr. Oxtoby was likewise *a man of burning zeal*. During the last ten years of his life, in journeying to his appointments, he walked many thousands of miles. In family visiting he was very regular; and has sometimes visited such a number in one day as would almost transcend a person's belief. While engaged in this way, his exercises in prayer and exhortation were beyond measure. He entered in at every open door, scattering life and salvation wherever he could; doing work for God, making hell to feel the influence of his exertions, snatching souls from the fangs of the enemy, and endeavoring to prevent their eternal engulfment in the abyss of woe.

Moreover, Mr. Oxtoby was in every respect a *matured Christian*. He arrived at that state of grace which is implied in being "strong in the Lord." His spiritual attainments and enjoyments were deep, constant, and increasing. He saw the glorious possibility of being filled with the fulness of God, and of being perfect as his heavenly Father. He "went on to perfection." In this healthful state of soul, this entire freedom from inward evil, this power to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks, this unction of the Holy One, which taught him all things, this dwelling in God and walking in the light as He is in the light, this ability to love God with all his heart, and to do His will on earth as it is done in heaven—in this glorious state he lived for many years. John Oxtoby is now regarded as one of the great men of Methodism. During the whole of the affliction which hastened his death he had the most glorious displays of the divine favor: he received such a baptism of the Holy Ghost that his soul was filled with peace and joy unutterable. Amidst the sinkings of mortality, the sorrowing of his friends, and his near approach to eternity, he entered the vale of death in glorious triumph.

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The Judgment Day.

THE following was written by Rev. Rowland Hill, and posted up as a play bill at Richmond, England, June 4th, 1774, close to the play bills of the day, and helped to close the theatre :

BY COMMAND OF THE KING OF KINGS

And at the Desire of all who Love His Appearing.

AT THE THEATRE OF THE UNIVERSE,

On the EVE of TIME, will be performed the

GREAT ASSIZE OR DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE SCENERY, which is now actually being prepared, will not only surpass anything that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just REPRESENTATION of ALL THE INHABITANTS of the world, in their various and proper Colors, and their Customs and Manners will be so exactly and so minutely delineated that the most secret thoughts will be discovered.

“ For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be GOOD, or whether it be EVIL.”—Eccles. xii. 14.

THIS THEATRE WILL BE LAID OUT AFTER A NEW PLAN

AND WILL CONSIST OF

PIT AND GALLERY

Only ; and, contrary to all others, the GALLERY is fitted up for the reception of People of High (or Heavenly) Birth, and the Pit for those of Low (or earthly) Rank. N.B.—The Gallery is very spacious, and the Pit without bottom.

To prevent inconvenience, there are separate Doors for admitting the company ; and they are so different that none can mistake that are not wilfully blind. The Door which opens into the Gallery is

very narrow, and the steps up to it are somewhat difficult ; for which reason there are seldom many people about it. But the Door that gives entrance into the Pit is very wide, and very commodious and such numbers flock to it that it is generally crowded. N.B.—The straight Door leads towards the right hand, and the broad one to the left. It will be in vain for one in a tinselled coat and borrowed language to personate one of HIGH BIRTH, in order to get admittance into the upper place, for there is ONE of wonderful and deep penetration who will search and examine every individual, and all who are not savingly converted, but die in their sins, all who are not "born again" and baptized with the Holy Ghost must be turned in at the left-hand Door.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS :

Judge.....	The Son of God.
Jurymen.....	The Saints of the Most High.
Prisoners.....	} Drunkards, Swearers, Sabbath-breakers, Lovers of Sinful Pleasures, Fornicators, the Fearful and Unbelieving, and Whosoever loveth and maketh a Lie.
Witnesses... Angels, Ministers, Conscience, and THE WORD OF GOD	
Gaoler.....	Abaddon
Ministers of Vengeance....	Angels of the Bottomless Pit.

ACT FIRST

Of this Grand and Solemn Piece will be opened by

AN ARCHANGEL WITH THE TRUMP OF GOD.

"For the Trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised."—
1 Cor. xv. 52.

ACT SECOND,

A PROCESSION OF SAINTS

In White, with Golden Harps, accompanied with shouts of joy and songs of praise.

ACT THIRD,

AN ASSEMBLAGE OF ALL THE UNREGENERATE,

The accompaniments will chiefly consist of Sings, Weeping, Wailing, Mourning, Lamentation and Woe.

TO CONCLUDE WITH AN ADDRESS BY

THE SON OF MAN .

John v. 27.

It is written in the 25th of Matthew, from the 34th verse to the end of the chapter; but for the sake of those who seldom read the Scriptures, two verses are here transcribed:

Then shall the King say to them on his right hand: Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.	Then shall He say unto them upon his left hand: Depart from me, ye cur-ed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.
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AFTER WHICH THE CURTAIN WILL DROP.

- John v. 28, 29 Then, oh, to tell!
 Some raised on high, and others doom'd to hell!
- Rev. v. 8, 9; xix. 3, 4. *These* praise the Lamb, and sing redeeming Love,
 Luke xvi. 22, 23 Lodged in His bosom, all His goodness prove;
- Luke xx. 14-27 While *those* who trampled under foot His Matt. xxv. 30; 2 Thess. i. 9 grace,
 Are banished now forever from His face;
- Luke xvi. 26 Divided thus, a gulf is fixed between,
 Matt. xxv. 46 And (everlasting) closes up the scene.
 "Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter *end!*"—Deut. xxxii. 29.

TICKETS FOR THE PIT are sold at every place of Temptation, where the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life are displayed. The Price is giving way to these things, and sinning against God, "For thus saith the Lord, the soul that sinneth it shall die."—Ezek. xviii. 20.

TICKETS FOR THE GALLERY may be had gratis at the "Fountain open for sin and uncleanness," but will only be given to those who are willing to deny all ungodliness, and take up the Cross daily, forsake all unrighteousness, and follow Christ. Tickets not transferable. No money will be taken at the door, and all who are admitted into the Galleries must be sprinkled with the Blood of Christ, and sealed with Immanuel's Signet, therefore, "Prepare to meet thy God," Amos iv. 12. "For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

Prevailing Prayer.

FERVENT means "warm, burning," and effectual fervent prayer, that which attains the blessing it seeks. The following are two striking examples :

About the year 1759, John Ryland, senior, father of the noted Dr. Ryland, being advanced in years, resigned his pastorage of the church in Warwick, removing to Northampton, where for twenty-six years he devoted himself to the conduct of a boys' seminary or boarding-school.

It was during this period, sometime about the year 1790, that an incident occurred which so deeply impressed those present, that one of the eye-witnesses, after some thirty years, related it to a Christian friend, who, nearly forty years later, contributed it to the columns of the *Watchman and Reflector* :

"The venerable minister, to the great regret of his friends, was, unhappily, sometimes imprudent in reference to his pecuniary expenditure, and, as the result, was not unfrequently in difficulties. He had contracted a debt with his baker, and had paid it, but a second claim was made upon him for the amount. He was sure he had paid it, but unhappily, could produce no receipt for the money. The baker called upon him with a public officer, and placed before his choice the immediate payment of the debt, or an immediate lodgment in prison. Two or three of his friends happened to be with him when these persons arrived, and heard the protracted and earnest conversation. The good man's declaration as to payment weighed nothing without the receipt, which, unhappily, seemed gone forever. The baker and the officer at length denounced the venerable

man as a hypocrite, swore at his religion, and prepared to convey him to the county jail for the debt. Here was indeed a crisis, and at its height the grey-haired minister knelt down at the table in the midst of them all and prayed—

“O Lord, appear for thy servant ; thy name is blasphemed, and Thy cause is injured. O Lord, for thy name's sake tell me where that receipt is.” He paused a few moments, rose with the utmost calmness from his knees, and went direct to a closet, and opening a box there, he brought from it the document. He had never before placed such a paper in that place, nor had he the slightest idea till his prayer ascended to heaven that it was there. His enemies were confounded, while he and his friends rejoiced in the goodness of God ; for it made an impression on the minds even of the ungodly, which could never be forgotten. We do not envy the man who does not believe this to have been an answer to prayer.”

Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a standstill at a little Massachusetts village, where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along the platform and said : “The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P. leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night ; this is the last train. I have a sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance, a long, long way into the country. What shall I do ?”

“Well,” said the engineer, “I wish I could tell you.”

“Would it be possible for you to hurry a little ?” said the anxious, tearful mother.

“No, madam, I have the time-table and the rules say I must run by it.”

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronze face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said, "Are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that the Lord will in some way detain the train at the junction?"

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

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

"Somehow," said the engineer, "everything worked like a charm. As I prayed I couldn't help letting my engine out just a little. We hardly stopped at the next station, people got on and off with wonderful alacrity, the conductor's lantern was in the air in half a minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadfully easy to give her a little more, and then a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I could not hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction just six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the other train and the conductor with the lantern on his arm. "Well," said he, "will you tell me what I am waiting here for. Somehow I felt I must await your coming to-night, but I don't know why." "I guess," said the brother conductor, "it is for this poor woman, with her sick and deformed child, dreadful anxious to get home this Saturday night. But the man on the engine and the grateful mother think they can tell why the train waited."

Please note also the following Scripture examples of prevailing prayer :

"And when Moses prayed unto the Lord, the fire was quenched."—Num. xi. 12.

"I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain, . . . So Samuel called unto the Lord; and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day."—1 Sam. xii. 17, 18.

"And the king answered and said unto the man of God, Entreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me that my hand may be restored to me again. And the man of God besought the Lord, and the king's hand was restored to him again, and became as it was before."—1 Kings xiii. 6.

"He went in, therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord . . . and the child sneezed seven times and opened his eyes."—2 Kings iv. 33-35.

"And Hezekiah prayed before the Lord and said . . . Then Isaiah sent to Hezekiah saying, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, that which thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib, king of Assyria, I have heard."—2 Kings xix. 5-20.

The necessity and importance of perseverance in prayer in order to its being effectual, receives abundant illustration from the Scripture and from other sources. We readily admit that prayer is often answered on the instant of its being presented. But the Bible, Christian biography, observation, and personal experience present numerous and incontrovertible evidence that frequently perseverance—sometimes long-continued perseverance—is absolutely and indispensably necessary to success therein.

In the thirty-second and thirty-third chapters of Genesis we peruse the deeply interesting narrative of Jacob's

night-long supplication with the "angel of the covenant." Here is a prayer, which for fervency and earnestness, was never, perhaps, surpassed, except, perhaps, in the case of the "Man of sorrows," bowed down with anguish, in Gethsemane's garden. But, notwithstanding there was here every essential of truly Scriptural prayer, it was not until after many hours of earnest pleading, not until the break of day, that the suppliant prevailed.

The prayer of Elijah at Mount Carmel, 1 Kings xviii. 42-45, furnishes us with another illustration of this view of prayer. Six times in succession, Elijah's servant ascends the summit of Carmel, from whence he looks forth for indications of an answer to his master's prayer. But on each successive occasion he returns with the response, "No appearance of rain." But he who had power—by prayer—to shut and to open the windows of heaven, continues his fervent intercessions for rain, the servant ascends the memorable mountain the seventh time, and soon returns with the cheering report of the little cloud discernible upon the horizon. Soon that cloud overspreads the sky, and is speedily succeeded by the "sound of abundance of rain." Comment is unnecessary.

The importunate widow, mentioned in Luke xvii., and the narrative of the Syrophenician woman recorded in Matt. xv. 21-28, teach the same important lesson of perseverance.

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A Persecuting Husband Saved.

A poor woman, at Berwick, St. John, in Wiltshire, England, the wife of a day laborer, having found the Lord, her husband became a bitter persecutor, and because his wife would not relinquish the service of God, he frequently turned her out of doors in the night, and during the winter season. The wife, being a prudent woman, did not expose his cruelty to her neighbors, but on the contrary, to avoid their observation, she went into the adjacent fields and betook herself to prayer. Greatly distressed, but not in despair, her only encouragement was, that with God all things are possible. She, therefore, resolved to set apart an hour each day to pray for the conversion of her persecuting husband. This she was enabled to do without missing a single day for a whole year. Seeing no change in her husband she formed a second resolution to persevere six months longer, which she did up to the last day, when she retired about twelve o'clock as usual, and as she thought for the last time. Fearing that her wishes, in this instance, might be contrary to the will of God, she resolved to call no more upon Him. Her desire not being granted, her expectation appeared to be cut off. That same day her husband returned from his labor in a state of deep dejection, and instead of sitting down as usual to his dinner, he proceeded directly to his chamber. His wife followed and heard, to her grateful astonishment, that he who used to mock, had retired to pray.

The husband came down stairs, but refused to eat, and returned again to his labor until the evening. When again he came home, his wife affectionately asked him,

"What is the matter?" "Matter enough," said he, "I'm a lost sinner. About twelve o'clock this morning," continued the man, "I was at my work and a passage of Scripture was deeply impressed upon my mind, which I cannot get rid of, and I am sure I am lost."

His wife encouraged him to pray, but he replied, "Oh, wife, it is of no use, there is no forgiveness for me." Smitten with remorse at the recollection of his former conduct, he said to her, "Will you forgive me?" She replied, "Oh, yes." "Will you pray for me now?" "That I will, with all my heart." They instantly fell on their knees and wept, and made supplication. His tears of penitence mingled with her tears of gratitude and joy. He became decidedly pious, and afterwards greatly exerted himself to make his neighbors acquainted with the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.—Rev. R. Donkersly in *Earnest Christian*, September, 1867.

Eleven Hundred Testaments Put in Circulation by a Single Tract.

THE following fact, which came under the personal observation of a member of a society recently formed in Glasgow, Scotland, for printing and distributing religious tracts in France, is related by the Committee of the American Tract Society in their appeal to the Christian public :

A translation of the tract, "Serious Thoughts on Eternity," had found its way into the shop of Mr. B——, a manufacturer of considerable influence and property in

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B——, in the south of France, a town containing, without a single exception, a thoroughly popish community. He took it up and read it; it alarmed him, and he read it again. He pondered much over it for some time, as it was the only book of the kind that had ever fallen in his way. In this tract were several references to the New Testament; this was a book he had never seen, and he longed to search further into a subject which now appeared to him of immense moment. He searched every store in town to see if they contained such a book, and at last, in the shop of a bookseller, to whom a Protestant clergyman had sent a few copies, with the faint hope that they might meet a purchaser, he discovered the volume he wanted. He read the tract again, and consulted in the New Testament all the passages referred to. He pondered what these things could mean. He was awakened to a serious concern for his immortal soul, and the New Testament was now his constant study. At length he thought with himself, Are there none that are concerned about these truths? and he concluded that the individual who had sent the New Testament to the bookseller must surely feel their importance and value. He made the necessary inquiries, and found that it had been sent by the Protestant clergyman at T——. He wrote to a friend in the same town, requesting him to call upon the clergyman to say that he had seen the New Testament, and was desirous of corresponding with him on the subjects contained in it. Of this invitation the clergyman gladly availed himself, and commenced a correspondence, which was not speedily terminated. Mr. B's heart was touched by the influence of the Holy Spirit, and his mind gradually opened to a knowledge of divine things. He left the

Romish communion, and is now a most useful and devoted servant of the Lord Jesus. By a letter lately received, he had sold, at reduced prices, in the town where he resided and villages around, upwards of eleven hundred New Testaments, and had also sold and distributed several thousands of religious tracts. He has been the means likewise, it is added, of awakening the attention of several of his friends to a concern for their souls, and among others of two popish priests, who, although they have not left the Church of Rome, are now active in exhorting their parishioners to read the Scriptures. Thus it is that, by the blessing of God, *one single tract* has been the means of the circulation of *eleven hundred New Testaments, several thousand tracts, the conversion of at least one individual, and the awakening*, and it is to be hoped the conversion also, of *two popish priests*.

Tract Societies, writes a clergyman of the West, are, under God, *the hope of this land*, and will be for years. The inhabitants are so mixed and multiform in their religions, that except in a comparatively few favored spots, there are scarcely enough active Christians of any one denomination to support the preached Gospel. Nor are they a reading people. A book is too voluminous to read.

Tracts meet precisely our wants. They preach without pay, and they preach without fear, and they preach by day and at night, and they preach to parents and children. They preach short sermons and plain; and they can be changed frequently and at small expense; and they stop while the hearer is sleeping, or when he grows impatient, and begin again when he is ready to hear. And they can bear insults without repining, and favor without becoming vain; contempt, and scorn and poverty present

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to them no terrors ; they rest as comfortably in the unthatched cabin as in citizens' palaces, and live as happily with the poor as those who fare sumptuously. They have no ears to hearken to terrible reports of fevers and pestilences in the wilds of the West. Their sympathies are not confined to them that can best pay them, nor their efforts to saving those who best entertain them. No. They go forth in the spirit of Gospel preachers—to the broken-hearted, to the lost—those wandering upon the mountains and in the wilderness ; they go to *preach the Gospel to the poor.*

Exalted Piety.

For full salvation the Rev. John Fletcher thus prayed :
 “Suddenly come into thy temple. Turn out all that offends the eyes of thy purity, and destroy all that keeps me out of the rest which remains for thy Christian people ; so shall I keep a spiritual Sabbath, a Christian jubilee to the God of my life ; so shall I witness my share in the oil of joy with which thou anointest perfect Christians above their fellow-believers. I stand in need of that oil, Lord ; my lamp burns dimly. Sometimes it seems to be gone out, as that of the foolish virgins ; it is more like a smoking flax than a burning and a shining light. Oh, quench it not ! raise it to a flame.

“Thou knowest that I do believe in thee ; the trembling hand of faith holds thee ; and though I have ten thousand times grieved thy pardoning love, thine everlasting arm is still under me to redeem my life from destruction, while

thy right hand is over me to crown me with mercies and loving-kindness. But, alas! I am neither sufficiently thankful for thy present mercies, nor sufficiently athirst for thy future favors. Hence, I feel an aching void in my soul, being conscious that I have not attained the heights of grace described in thy Word, and enjoyed by thy holiest servants. Their deep experiences, diligences, and the ardor with which they endured the cross, reproach me, and convince me of my manifold wants.

“I want ‘power from on high,’ I want penetrating, lasting ‘unction of the Holy One,’ I want my vessel (my capacious heart) full of oil, which makes the countenance of wise virgins cheerful. I want a lamp of heavenly illumination, and a fire of divine love burning day and night in my heart, as the typical lamps did in the temple, and the sacred fire on the altar. I want a full application of the blood which cleanseth from all sin, and a strong faith in thy sanctifying Word—a faith by which thou mayest dwell in my heart, as the unwavering hope of glory, and the fixed object of my love. I want the eternal Oracle (thy still small voice), together with Urim and Thummim—‘the name which none knoweth but he that receiveth it.’ In a word, Lord, I want a plenitude of thy Spirit, the full promise of the Father, and the rivers which flow from the inmost souls of the believers, who have gone on to the perfection of their dispensation.

“I do now believe that thou canst and wilt thus ‘baptize me with the Holy Ghost and with fire;’ help me against my unbelief; confirm and increase my faith with regard to this important baptism. Lord, I have need to be thus baptized by thee, and I am straitened till this baptism is accomplished. By thy baptism of tears in the

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manger, of water in Jordan, of sweat in Gethsemane, of blood, of fire, and vapor of smoke, and flaming wrath on Calvary, baptize, O baptize my soul, and make full an end of the original sin ! Some of thy people look at death for full salvation from sin ; but at thy command, Lord, I look to thee.

“ Say to my soul, ‘ I am thy salvation,’ and let me feel with my heart, as well as see with my understanding, that thou canst save from sin to the uttermost all that come unto God through thee. I am tired of forms, professions, and orthodox notions, except as they are pipes or channels to convey life, light and love to my dead, dark and stony heart. Neither the plain letter of the Gospel, nor the sweet foretastes and transient illuminations of thy Spirit, can satisfy the large desires of my faith.

“ Give me thy abiding Spirit, that He may continually shed abroad thy love in my soul. Come, O Lord, with that blessed Spirit ! Come thou and thy Father, in that holy Comforter ! Come to make thy abode with me, or I shall go meekly mourning to my grave ! Blessed mourning ! Lord increase it. I would rather wait years for thy fulness, than wantonly waste the fragments of thy spiritual bounties, or feed with Laodicean contentment upon the tainted manna of my former experiences. Righteous Father, I hunger and thirst after thy righteousness ; send thy Holy Spirit of promise to fill me herewith, to sanctify me throughout, and to ‘ seal me completely to the day of eternal redemption ’ and finished salvation. Not for works of righteousness which I have done, but of mercy, ‘ for Christ’s sake,’ save thou me, by the complete washing of regeneration, and the full renewing of the Holy Ghost. And, in order to do this, pour out thy Spirit ; shed Him

abundantly on me, till the fountain of living waters abundantly springs up in my soul, and I can say, in the full sense of the words, that thou livest in me, that my life is hid with Christ in God, and that my spirit is returned to Him that gave it; to thee, the first and the last, my Author and my end, my God and my all."

Fletcher had prestige of birth, being a Swiss of good family. He was not without inherited wealth and expectant of more; his scholarship was considerable; he lacked not ambition. He was going to join the army of Portugal, but a scalded foot prevented it. He was received into the best society in England, his adopted country, and he might have become a favorite. But he was, above all and better than all, acknowledged and admired as a "man of God"—"the saintly Fletcher." Never was this epithet more accurately applied, it may be said, even honored. "For seraphic piety, for sanctity that had no perceptible spot or flaw, he stood alone." Wesley says: "I was intimately acquainted with him more than thirty years. During a journey of many hundred miles I conversed with him morning, noon and night, without the least reserve, and in all that time I never heard him speak an improper word or saw him do an improper action. Many exemplary men have I known, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years, but one equal to him I have not known—one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God. So unblamable a character in every respect I have not found either in Europe or America." Southey says: "Fletcher, in any communion, would have been a saint." Isaac Taylor says: "He was a saint, as unearthly a being as could tread the earth at all." Robert Hall says: "Fletcher is a seraph who burns with the ardor of divine love. Spurning

the fetters of mortality, he almost habitually seems to have anticipated the rapture of the beatific vision."

In 1769, Fletcher, at the request of Lady Huntingdon, became president of her seminary for educating young men for the ministry, at Trevecca, in Wales. Benson describes Fletcher at Trevecca in the following glowing language: "The reader will pardon me if he thinks I exceed; my heart kindles while I write. Here it was that I saw, shall I say, an angel in human flesh. I should not far exceed the truth if I said so. But here I saw a descendant of fallen Adam, so fully raised above the sins of the fall, that though by the body he was tied down to earth, yet was his whole *conversation in heaven*; yet was his life from day to day *hid with Christ in God*. Prayer, praise, love and zeal, all ardent, elevated above what one would think attainable in this state of frailty, were the elements in which he continually lived. Language, arts, sciences, grammar, rhetoric, logic, even divinity itself, as it is called, were all laid aside when he appeared in the school-room among the students. And they seldom hearkened long before they were all in tears, and every heart caught the fire from the flame that burned in his soul."

He was eminent as a controversial writer for point, acuteness and logical skill. His "Checks to Antinomianism," says Dr. Stevens, "are read more to-day than they were during the excitement of the controversy. They control the opinions of the largest and most effective body of evangelical clergymen on the earth." On the 14th of August, 1785, he died in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

The Moralist's Dream.

VERY many persons, more perhaps than we are aware of, are building their hopes of salvation upon their own goodness. Like the young ruler who came to Jesus, they point to their correct outward lives, their amiable instincts, their obedience to the positive precepts of the moral law, the general good character which they maintain in the community, and confidently ask, "What lack I yet?" Very many persons go through life, enjoying the confidence and respect of their fellowmen, pointed out as models of commercial honor and good citizenship, and amiable and kindly deportment, and cherishing a good hope that these outside virtues and fair reputation and good moral character, are all that is needed to secure the approbation of God and a final entrance into heaven. In very many cases this delusion continues, and ends only with life. In others, in the grace and mercy of God, it is corrected, and the man taught by the Word, or Providence, or Spirit of God his true moral condition is led to abandon his self-righteous hopes, and seek for pardon and acceptance only through the merits and mediation of the Divine Redeemer. The methods in which this blessed change is accomplished, may differ widely in different cases. We desire to narrate a well-authenticated case, which came to our knowledge many years ago, in which the agency employed by God to lead a man who long had rested on the hope of the moralist, to seek for a better reliance, was that of a dream.

The individual in question was a gentleman of good social position, and of highly respectable character. His home was in a beautiful town of New England, where he

had lived for many years, surrounded by much of the luxury of life, and enjoying the general respect and confidence of his neighbors. He was a good specimen of what is called a man of unblemished morality. No stain ever rested on his integrity as a merchant, no blemish sullied his character as a citizen. He was never known to owe any man a farthing. His pecuniary liabilities were always promptly and fully met, and though it was sometimes said that Mr. — was not very generous, everybody was ready to testify that he was a thoroughly just man. With him, strict justice was the cardinal virtue. And this was the trait on which, in his secret heart, he most prided himself. He was especially severe in his condemnation of those who were careless of their pecuniary obligations, and if he had been asked on what, more than anything else, he relied for his justification at last, he probably would have replied, "I have always been an honest man, *and paid my debts.*"

Thus the years passed, and Mr. — was an old man. He still preserved his reputation for high integrity, and still prided himself upon his character for justice. No presentation of Christ as the righteousness of the sinner, no appeal to put his trust in the great Atonement, and to rely on the precious blood, could reach his heart, defended as it was by this firm and complacent sense of his own integrity, this assurance that he had paid all his honest debts.

At last, in his old age, the grace of God brought him to a better mind. And this is substantially the account which he himself gave of the method of his change.

One night when retiring at his customary hour, and in his usual health, he had the following dream :

He dreamed that he had died, and his soul had left the

body ; and entirely self-conscious, he found himself in what seemed to be a spacious apartment, from which there was but one exit, and that by a large door. Upon the wall above it, he distinctly read in large characters this sentence : "*You shall pass from this room directly into heaven, whenever you can show that you have paid all your debts.*"

"Oh !" said he, "then I shall go at once to heaven, for I am sure that nobody can say that I owe him a farthing."

Just then he heard a confused noise outside the door, as if a number of persons were seeking admittance. Then it opened, and a pale, sickly-looking stranger approached him, and said :

"I am come to demand the payment of my debt."

"I owe you nothing. I do not remember that I ever saw you in all my life."

"Do you not remember," said the pale stranger, "about twenty years ago, when on a hot and dusty summer-day, as you were riding in your carriage in Boston, that you overtook a stranger, weary, sick, and poor ? Do you remember the imploring look which he cast upon you, asking that you would give him a ride in your carriage, and how, regardless of his appeal, you dashed along, and left him almost fainting by the wayside ? I was that sick stranger, on my way to the hospital. *You owed me a ride.* Not by the rules of earthly law, but by that code which is the law of Christ's kingdom. You owed me a ride, and that debt stands charged against you on God's book, with interest through all those twenty years."

New thoughts began to work in the man's mind ; but ere he could speak another person advanced and accosted him : "I have come for the payment of my debt."

He recognized in the speaker a former poor neighbor, and replied : "Surely I owe you nothing !"

"Did you not once buy of me a cow?"

"Yes, I remember that, though it's a long time ago. But I paid you for her."

"Yes," replied the man; "but do you not remember the circumstances—the hard winter, my sick family, my failure to get work, so that to save myself and household from starvation, I was forced to sell that cow at half her real value. And you, my rich and powerful neighbor, took advantage of my situation, and I was forced to take your offer, though you knew as well as I that it was no fair price. You owe me as much more, by God's law, by heaven's jurisprudence; and it's been on interest all these years."

Mr. — sank back conscience-stricken and condemned. He saw through the half-opened door a vast crowd of persons struggling for admission, each bringing a claim against him, which he felt was just. Overwhelmed with confusion and remorse, with his sins staring him full in the face, and in despair of any way of meeting these accumulated obligations, he exclaimed at last:

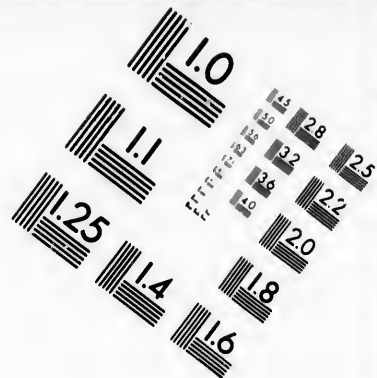
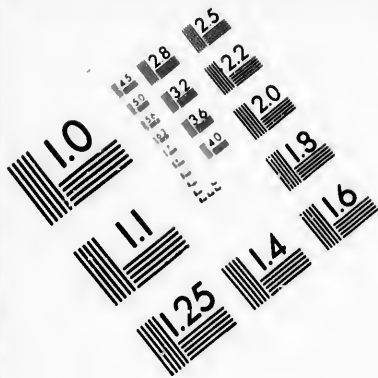
"O God of mercy, show me how I can be released from these claims; show me how I can be saved from these debts which I can never pay."

Just then, the writing faded from the wall, and in its place he saw these words:

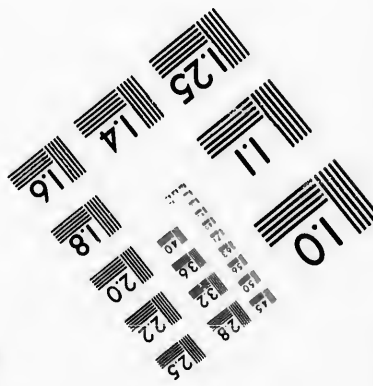
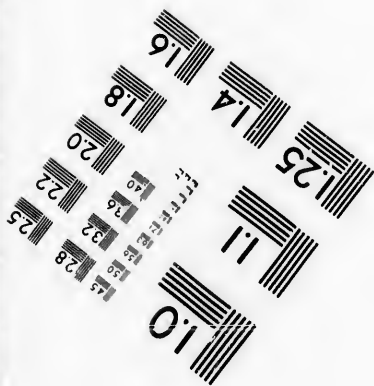
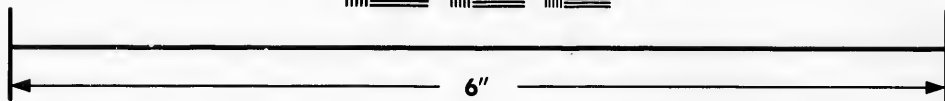
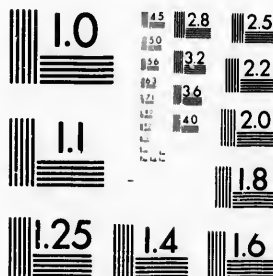
"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Ah!" cried he, "that is what I need;" and with these words, he awoke; awoke to renounce his own righteousness, and to cast himself with penitence and faith upon the great Atonement, and to find peace and joy in believing in Jesus.—*E. P. Rogers, D.D.*





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The Devil in Dry Places.

CHRISTMAS EVANS, a celebrated Welsh preacher, in his own graphic way describes the influence of divine truth in the heart as the means of resisting temptation :

“ I see, the unclean spirit rising like a winged dragon, circling in the air, and seeking for a resting-place. Casting his fiery glances towards a certain neighborhood, he spies a young man in the bloom of life, and rejoicing in his strength, seated on the front of his cart going for lime. ‘ There he is,’ said the old dragon. ‘ His veins are full of blood and his bones of marrow. I will throw into his bosom sparks from hell ; I will set all his passions on fire ; I will lead him from bad to worse until he shall perpetrate every sin. I will make him a murderer, and his soul shall sink, never again to rise, in the lake of fire.’ By this time I see him descend with a fell swoop toward the earth ; but nearing the youth the dragon heard him sing :

“ ‘ Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim through this barren land :
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.’

“ ‘ A dry, dry place, this,’ says the dragon, and away he goes.

“ But I see him again hovering in the air, and casting about for a suitable resting-place.

“ Beneath his eye there is a flowery meadow watered by

a crystal steam, and he deseries among the kine a maiden about eighteen years of age picking up here and there a beautiful flower. 'There she is,' says Apollyon, intent upon her soul. 'I will poison her thoughts; she shall stray from the paths of virtue; she shall think evil thoughts, and become impure; she shall become a lost creature in the great city, and at last I will cast her down from the precipice into everlasting burnings.' And again he took his downward flight; but he no sooner came near the maiden than he heard her sing the following words with a voice that might have melted the rocks:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.'

"This place is too dry for me,' says the dragon, and off he flies. Now he ascends from the meadow like some great balloon, but very much enraged and breathing forth 'smoke and fire,' and threatening ruin and damnation to all created things.

"I will have a place to dwell in,' he says, 'in spite of decree, covenant or grace.' As he was thus speaking he beheld a woman 'stricken in years,' busy with her spinning-wheel at her cottage door. 'Ah! I see,' says the dragon; 'she is ripe for destruction; she shall know the bitterness of the wail which ascends from the burning marl of hell!' He forthwith alights on the roof of the cot, where he hears the old woman repeat with trembling voice, but with heavenly feeling, the words: 'For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not

depart from thee.' 'This place is too dry for me,' says the dragon, and away he goes again.

"'In yonder cottage lies old William, slowly wasting away. He has borne the heat and the burden, and altogether has had a hard life of it. He has very little reason to be thankful for the mercies he has received, and has not found serving God a profitable business. I know I can get him to "curse God and die."' Thus musing, away he flew to the sick man's bedside; but as he listened he heard the words: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.' Mortified and enraged, the dragon took his flight, saying, 'I will return to the place from whence I came.'"

"*Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.*"—*Psa. cxix. 11.*

Arcñibald Boyle.

NEARLY a century ago there was in Glasgow, Scotland, a club of gentlemen of the first rank in that city. They met professedly for card-playing, but the members were distinguished by such fearless excess of profligacy as to obtain for it the name of "*The Hell Club.*" They gloried in the name they had acquired for themselves, and nothing that could merit it was left untried.

Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held a grand annual festival, at which each member endeavored to "outdo all his former outdoings" in drunkenness, blasphemy and licentiousness. Of all who shone on these

occasions, none shone half so brilliantly as Archibald Boyle. But, alas! the light that dazzled him was *not* "light from heaven," but from that dread abode which gave name to the vile association which was to prove his ruin—ruin for time and eternity!

Archibald Boyle had been at one time a youth of the richest promise, being possessed of dazzling talents and fascinating manners. No acquirement was too high for his ability; but, unfortunately, *there was none too low for his ambition!*" Educated by a fond and foolishly indulgent mother, he early met in society with members of "The Hell Club." His elegance, wit, gaiety, and versatility of talent, united to the gifts of fortune, made him a most desirable victim for them; and a victim and a slave, glorying in his bondage, he quickly became. Long ere he was five and twenty, he was one of the most accomplished "blackguards" it could number on its list. To *him* what were heaven, hell, or eternity? Words, mere words that served no purpose, but to point his blasphemous wit, or nerve his execrations! To him, what glory was there equal to that of hearing himself pronounced "the very life of the Club"? Alas! there was none, for as soon as man forgets God, who alone can keep him, his understanding becomes darkened, and he glories in that which is his shame.

Yet, while all within that heart was festering in corruption, he retained all his remarkable beauty of face and person, all his external elegance of manner, and continued an acknowledged favorite in the fairest female society of the day.

One night, on retiring to sleep, after returning from one of the annual meetings of the club, Boyle dreamt that he

was still riding, as usual, upon his famous black horse towards his own house—then a country seat embowered by ancient trees, and situated upon a hill now built over by the most fashionable part of Glasgow—and that he was suddenly accosted by someone, whose personal appearance he could not in the gloom of night distinctly discern, but who, seizing the reins, said, in a voice apparently accustomed to command, “You must go with me!” “And who are you?” exclaimed Boyle, with a volley of blasphemous execrations, while he struggled to disengage his reins from the intruder’s grasp. “*That* you will see by and by,” replied the same voice in a cold, sneering tone, that thrilled through his very heart. Boyle plunged his spurs into the panting sides of the steed. The noble animal reared, and then suddenly darted forward with a speed that nearly deprived his rider of breath: but in vain, in vain!—faster than the wind he flew—the mysterious, half-seen guide still before him! Agonized by he knew not what, of indescribable horror and awe, Boyle again furiously spurred the gallant horse. It fiercely reared and plunged; he lost his seat, and expected at the moment to be dashed to the earth. But not so, for he continued to fall, fall, fall, it appeared to himself with an ever-increasing velocity. At length this terrific rapidity of motion abated, and, to his amazement and horror, he perceived that this mysterious attendant was close by his side. “Where,” he exclaimed in frantic energy of despair, “where are you taking me? Where am I—where am I going?” “To hell!” replied the same iron voice; and from the depths below the sound so familiar to his lips was suddenly re-echoed.

“To hell!” Onward, onward they hurried in dark-

ness, rendered more horrible still by the conscious presence of his spectral conductor. At length a glimmering light appeared in the distance, and soon increased to a blaze; but, as they approached it, in addition to the hideously discordant groans and yells of agony and despair, his ears were assailed with what seemed to be the echoes of frantic revelry. They soon reached an arched entrance, of such stupendous magnificence that all the grandeur of this world seemed in comparison but as the frail and dingy labors of the poor mole. Within it, what a scene!—too awful to be described. Multitudes, gnashing their teeth in the hopelessness of mad despair, cursed the day that gave them birth, while memory recalling opportunities lost and mercies despised, presented to their fevered mental vision the scenes of their past lives. Their fancy still pictured to them the young and lovely moving up and down in the giddy mazes of the midnight dance; the bounding steed bearing his senseless rider through the excitements of the goaded race; the intemperate still drawing over the midnight bowl the wanton song or maudlin blasphemy. There the slave of Mammon bemoaned his folly in bartering his soul for useless gold; while the gambler bewailed, alas! too late, the madness of his choice.

Boyle at length perceived that he was surrounded by those whom he had known on the earth, but were sometime dead, each one of them betraying his agony at the bitter recollections of the vain pursuits that had engrossed his time here—time *lent* to prepare for a far different scene.

Suddenly observing that his unearthly conductor had disappeared, he felt so relieved by his absence that he

ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D—, whom he saw sitting with her eyes fixed in intense earnestness, as she was wont on earth, apparently absorbed in her favorite game of Loo. “Ha, Mrs. D—, delighted to see you. D’ye know, a fellow told me to-night he was bringing me to hell! Ha, ha! If *this* be hell,” said he, scoldingly, “what a *devilish* pleasant place it must be! Ha, ha! Come, now, my good Mrs. D—, for ‘auld lang syne,’ do’ just stop for a moment, rest, and” — ‘show me through the pleasures of hell!’ he was going with reckless profanity to add; but with a shriek that seemed to cleave through his very soul, she exclaimed, “*Rest! There is no rest in hell!*” and from the interminable vaults, voices, as loud as thunder, repeated the awful, the heart-withering sound, “*There is no rest in hell!*”

She hastily unclasped the vest of her gorgeous robe, and displayed to the seared and shuddering eye a coil of fiery, living snakes — “the worm that never dies,” the worm of accusing conscience, remorse, despair — writhing, darting, stinging, in her bosom. Others followed her example; and in every bosom there was a self-inflicted punishment. In some he saw bare and throbbing hearts, on which distilled slowly drops, as it were, of fiery molten metal, under which consuming, yet ever unconsumed, they writhed and palpitated in the impotence of helpless, hopeless agony. And many a scalding tear was dropped of hopeless anguish, wrang by selfish, heartless villany, from the eye of injured innocence on earth.

In every bosom he saw that which we have no language to describe — no idea horrid enough even to conceive; for in all he saw the full-grown fruit of the evil passions, voluntarily nourished in the human soul during its mortal

pilgrimage here; and in all he saw them lashed and maddened by the serpent-armed hand

“Of Despair :

. . . . For hell were not hell

If Hope had ever entered there !”

And they laughed, for they had laughed on earth at all there is of good and holy. And they sang profane and blasphemous songs sung they ; for they had often done so on earth, at the very hour God claims as His own, the still and midnight hour. And he who in his vision walked among them in a mortal frame of flesh and blood, felt how inexpressibly more horrible such sounds could be than ever was the wildest shriek of agony on earth.

“These are the pleasures of hell !” again assailed his ear, in the same terrific and interminable roll of unearthly sound. He rushed away ; but as he fled, he saw those whom he knew must have been dead for thousands of years still absorbed in the recollections of their sinful pleasures on earth, and toiling on through their eternity of woe. The vivid reminiscences of their godlessness on earth inflicted on them the bitterest pangs in their doom in hell !

He saw Maxwell, the former companion of his own boyhood profligacy, borne along in incessant movement, mocked by the creations of his frenzied mind, as if intent on pursuing the headlong chase. “Stop, Harry, stop ! Speak to me. Oh, rest one moment.” Scarcely had the words been breathed from his faltering lips, when again his terror-stricken ear was stunned with the same wild yell of agony, re-echoed by ten thousand voices, “There is no rest in hell !”

Boyle tried to shut his eyes. He found he could not. He threw himself down, but the pavement of hell, as with a living and instinctive movement, rejected him from its surface; and, forced upon his feet, he found himself compelled to gaze with still increasing intensity of horror at the ever-changing, yet ever-steady torrent of eternal torment. And this was hell!—the scoffer's jest, the by-word of the profligate.

All at once he perceived that his unearthly conductor was once more by his side. "Take me," shrieked Boyle, "take me from this place. By the living God, whose name I have so often outraged, I adjure thee, take me from this place!"

"Canst thou still name His name?" said the fiend with a hideous sneer; "go, then; but *in a year and a day* we meet to part no more."

Boyle awoke, and he felt as if the last words of the fiend were traced in letters of living fire upon his heart and brain. Unable from actual bodily ailment to leave his bed for several days, the horrid vision had full time to take effect upon his mind; and many were the pangs of tardy remorse and ill-defined terror that beset his vice-stained soul, as he lay in darkness and seclusion, to him so very unusual.

He resolved, utterly and forever, to forsake "the Club." Above all, he determined that nothing on earth should tempt him to join the next annual festival.

The companions of his licentiousness soon flocked around him; and finding that his deep dejection of mind did not disappear with his bodily ailment, and that it arose from some cause which disinclined him from seeking or enjoying their accustomed orgies, they became alarmed with the

idea of losing "the life of the Club," and they bound themselves by an oath never to desist till they had discovered what was the matter with him, and had cured him of *playing the Methodist*; for their alarm as to losing "the life of the Club" had been wrought up to the highest pitch, by one of their number declaring that, on unexpectedly entering Boyle's room, he detected him in the act of hastily hiding a book, which he actually believed was the Bible.

Alas! alas! had poor Boyle possessed sufficient true moral courage and dignity of character not to have hidden the Bible, how different might have been his future! but, like many a hopeful youth, he was ashamed to avow his convictions and to take his stand for God, and his ruin was the result.

After a time, one of his compeers, more deeply cunning than the rest, bethought him of assuming the air of deepest disgust with the world, the Club, and the mode of life they had been pursuing. He affected to seek Boyle's company in a mood of congenial melancholy, and to sympathize in all his feelings. Thus he succeeded in betraying him into a misplaced confidence as to his dream, and the effect it had upon his mind. The result may be readily guessed. His confidence was betrayed—his feelings of repentance ridiculed; and it will be easily believed that he who "hid the Bible," had not nerve to stand the ribald jest of his profligate companions.

We cannot trace the progress, and would not if we could. Suffice it to say that virtuous resolutions were broken—prayers once offered voluntarily were called back by sin from the throne of heaven—all were recalled; yet not lost without such a deep struggle between the

convictions of conscience and the spirit of evil, as wrung the color from his young cheek, and made him, ere the year was done, a haggard and grey-haired man.

From the next annual meeting he shrunk with an instinctive horror, and made up his mind utterly to avoid it. Well aware of this resolve, his tempters determined he should have no choice. How potent, how active is the spirit of evil! How feeble is unassisted, Christless man! Boyle found himself, he could not tell how, seated at that table on that very day, where he had sworn to himself a thousand and a thousand times nothing on earth could make him sit.

His ears tingled and his eyes swam as he listened to the opening sentence of the president's address: "Gentlemen, this is leap year; therefore it is *a year and a day* since our last annual meeting."

Every nerve of Boyle's body twinged in agony at the ominous, the well-remembered words. His first impulse was to rise and fly; but then, the sneers! the sneers!

How many in this world, as well as poor Boyle, have sold their souls to the dread of a sneer, and dared the wrath of an almighty and eternal God, rather than encounter the sarcastic curl of a fellow-creature's lip.

He was more than ever plied with wine, applause, and every other species of excitement, but in vain. His mirth, his wit, were like the lurid flashes from the bosom of a brooding thunder-cloud, that pass and leave it all darker than before; and his laugh sounded fiendish even to the evil ears that heard it.

The night was gloomy, with frequent and fitful gusts of chill and howling wind, as Boyle, with fevered nerves and reeling brain, mounted his horse to return home.

The following morning the well-known black steed was found, with saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing on the roadside, about half-way to Boyle's country house, and a few yards from it lay the stiffened corpse of its master.

Reader, although this is but a dream, it is, nevertheless, a well-authenticated fact; and God, who has the power of communicating with the minds of His creatures, did doubtless speak by this dream to poor Archibald Boyle, and through the same dream He now speaks to you.

Reader, the dream is horrible, truly horrible, yet not half so horrible as the reality. Ah, no; no dream can picture the full, long misery of "the worm that dieth not," "the fire that is never quenched," the woe that never ends.

That which is bottomless can never be fathomed; that which is infinite can never be measured. And the most wonderful, nay, the most dreadful thought is, that there is in our nature a capacity to endure it.

Sanctified Nobility.

LADY MAXWELL, who was a co-temporary of Rev. John Wesley, was indeed "a burning and a shining light." She had a very definite and blessed experience from the very commencement of her religious life. Having passed from death unto life, she began to hunger and thirst after full salvation, a deliverance from all inward corruption, and to be filled with all the fulness of God. Soon after the commencement of 1787, she entered into the experience of this

long-coveted blessing, and bore consistent testimony that the bitter root of sin was destroyed.

“Lady Maxwell’s experience from this time—to use her own expression—evidently ran in a deeper channel. She had for years walked with God ; but now her walk became more intimate and familiar. She had long felt ‘the powers of the world to come.’ After this she frequently felt as if on the borders of immortality, holding converse with its heavenly inhabitants. Her faith, in a measure, drew aside the veil of sensible things, and enabled her to contemplate with a steady eye invisible and eternal realities. ‘While an indescribable emptiness appeared impressed on all terrestrial objects,’ her affectionate powers were concentrated and fixed on Jehovah. To promote the glory of God, to extol the riches of His grace, to exalt the Saviour, to recommend redeeming love, to seek the salvation of souls, was especially from this period, her only and delightful employment. This was the element in which she lived, and moved, and breathed. Though still conscious of her own nothingness and weakness—though still the subject of temptation—called to wrestle with principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world—yet her spiritual enjoyments became deeper, solid, constant ; and her *frames* less subject to fluctuation.”

In a letter to Miss Ritchie, one of her devoted correspondents, she says : “Since January last, the Lord has been sensibly increasing my little stock ; not only making wonderful discoveries of the glory of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as distinct persons, yet the same in substance—equal in power and glory ; but also allowing me such nearness to, and deep communion with the sacred Three, as was at times almost too much for the

clay tenement, and seemed in a great measure to break off my connection with mortality. Oh, the heavenly, the inexpressibly delightful interviews with the Lord Jesus, with which I have often been lately indulged! I cannot convey any adequate idea of them; perhaps your own experience will better inform you. At times the solemn grandeur of heavenly majesty was sweetly tempered and softened by redeeming love. At other seasons, I have been called to stand in the presence of the most high God himself; when sacred awe filled my soul, and all around seemed filled with the presence of Jehovah. I felt as if I stood on holy ground. At other times, Father, Son and Holy Ghost have so surrounded me that I proved, in the full extent of the words, the 'overwhelming power of saving grace.' In a letter to the Rev. Alexander Mather, she says: "I have to fight every inch of my ground, not only without, but sometimes within, when the powers of darkness are permitted, for wise ends, to molest me. Then I feel driven to a corner; all human help fails, and I prove, in a *peculiar manner*, that I stand by faith; and even in that way, only by the mighty exertions of divine power in my behalf. *For the time*, faith seems stripped of all its fruits, and but for the *direct act*, by which, in spite of men and devils, I keep my hold of Christ, I should utterly fail. But, in general, these very trying seasons of inward distress are short. God soon rebukes the adversary, and brings me again into a wealthy place, and I dwell within the veil." Again she writes: "My God is to me as a place of broad rivers, wide and deep. I rest in Him. Sinking into Him, I lose myself; and prove a life of fellowship with Deity, so divinely sweet that I would not relinquish it for a

thousand worlds. It is, indeed, a narrow path ; but love levels every mountain—makes all easy.”

On the death of Mr. Wesley, she wrote to a friend : “ It is impossible for me to tell you how good God has been to me on this mournful occasion. A springtide of pure, perfect love has filled my soul. I have felt such a sinking into Jehovah, so lost in His immensity, as I cannot express ; no rapturous joy, but a full sea of holy humble love. My heart was melted into deep gratitude : its tenderest feelings were called forth ; and every degree of that anxiety about future events—which brings weakness into the soul—was entirely excluded. What can I render to the Lord for His exuberance of His goodness, so well suited to my present feelings, while mourning the loss of a valuable friend—a most useful minister of Christ. Truly I am made to rise above the grave of my departed friend. I trace him worshipping before the throne, and by faith hold fellowship with his spirit.” January 7, 1792, she wrote in her diary : “ Early on Sunday morning, the first day of the year, I had a most wonderful display of the love and power of the triune God. This continued for many hours in its full strength, and, in a degree, for several days. It was a most memorable season. I proved the overwhelming power of saving grace. I would not here attempt to give the great outlines, for no human pen can describe all I felt and saw. Early on Sunday morning, in secret prayer, God the Father and Son drew very nigh. A sense of the divine presence so penetrated my inmost soul that it arrested the whole powers of my mind, in deep and solemn attention. A spirit of supplication was then poured upon me for myself and others, while I felt so surrounded with Deity, so let into Jehovah, as no words can express. It

seemed as if I might ask what I would, both for myself and others, with confidence that it should be done for me. This glorious and solemn interview continued till half-past ten. I then went to chapel, when it was greatly increased. The eternal world felt very nigh; I seemed by faith to have come to Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem. My spirit seemed mingling with its blessed inhabitants, while the sacred Three appeared, as it were, encamping around me. It was glory past all expression! I seemed to sink deeper into the boundless ocean of pure love. This did not appear to me a solitary blessing, but in a measure diffused through the whole congregation assembled for the purpose of showing forth the dying love of Jesus. I have learned that many were peculiarly blessed at that time."

Thus this eminent saint continued to the very last to grow in grace, and to become more and more assimilated to the divine image. It is no wonder, then, that her death was triumphant. An eye-witness says: "She expired without a sigh, struggle, or groan; and this was literally in answer to prayer. Oh, such a death-bed! It appeared like the verge of heaven—like waiting in the sanctuary surrounded by angels and archangels—and above all, a place which the presence of God rendered sacred." Thus died Lady Maxwell, July 2, 1810. The society to which she belonged lost its oldest member, the world one of its best inhabitants, and the Church universal one of its brightest ornaments.

The Rev. W. Atherton, in his "Sketch of the Life and Character of Lady Maxwell," says: "Her dress, which was as much dictated by conscience as founded on taste, was very plain, being without ornament, or anything that would serve only for show. Her talent for conversa-

tion was very remarkable, calculated at once to profit and delight. It might be said of her that she spoke well on every subject. She was truly humble; indeed to question this were to doubt her Christianity. She appears ever to have had such full and clear views of the divine perfections and of her own want of conformity to the divine image; such extended discoveries of her own religious privileges, and of her disproportionate improvement; such a perception of the attainments of others, placed in circumstances less favorable to advance in Christian holiness than her own, as overwhelmed her with a sense of her own unworthiness, and sunk her as into nothing before God. Few persons more fully estimated the full value of time, or more sedulously husbanded it than she did; having in this, as in some other things, taken the father of Methodism for her model.

“With her the characters of others were as sacred as their property. Speaking evil of the absent was not known in her presence, and even the attempt was seldom made.

“There was no trait in Lady Maxwell’s character more prominent and fair than her *benevolence*. Her ardent desire for getting good was not more intense than her wish to be useful to her fellow-creatures. Perhaps very few examples have occurred of means so comparatively limited being husbanded so well, as to produce so much benefit to mankind. She saved all that she could for the sole purpose of giving, and by this her funds were continually kept low. She was, as has been noticed, singularly plain in her dress, genteelly frugal in her household; and thus, by avoiding every useless expense, she acquired the power of conferring more in charity than many possess with ten times her

income. All that was in her power to do, she did to the very utmost. There was scarcely a humane institution, or a private or public charity, whether for the repose of age, or instruction of youth, the relief of indigence, or the help of sickness; for the reformation of morals, or the spread and support of religion, from which she did not receive applications, and to which she did not contribute. She erected and supported a school, in which, at the time of her death, about eight hundred children received a good education, and each a copy of the Scriptures on leaving school. And such were the encouraging effects produced by this school as induced her ladyship, by will, to provide for its continuance to the end of time. As she was prepared for every good work, the subject of her charities is an almost endless one. If the silent dead could arise, and the active living speak, if the sick she relieved, and the orphans she protected, if the friends she assisted, and the honest tradesmen whom she aided, if the obscure by her brought into notice, and the youth she instructed, if these—all these, should arise to bless her memory, what a mighty army of ready witnesses would attest the heaven-inspired benevolence of Lady Maxwell! But she not only employed her money, but her tongue, which was persuasive; her pen, which was urgent, and her influence, which was mild, but powerful, among her friends, to obtain their assistance. And it has been said that there was no sum which she gave, however small, no institution which she patronized, nor an individual who became the object of her charity, but what she followed with particular, earnest prayer to God, that what she had done might receive His blessing.

The Preacher and His Work.

[This treatise by Prediger of St. Petersburg, though very brief, is the result of many years' reading. It lays no claim to originality; the thoughts it contains are gathered from or suggested by others. May He, whose servants it seeks to help, but without whose blessing it will be in vain, graciously use it!]

THE MINISTER.

A minister is set apart to glorify God and help men.

A true minister dares not be other than a minister.

Few men are so closely watched as ministers, and there are none whose inconsistencies do so much harm.

Ministers are put in charge of souls, and will have to give account of them.

No man is fit to be a minister who would not joyfully live and die in the lowest sphere so long as he can serve his Lord.

No one can so easily do harm as a minister.

If you are seeking to be admired, it will *at last* be better for you had you been a ploughman than a pastor.

A trifling and inconsistent minister is a laughing-stock to bad men, and a sorrow to good ones.

RESPONSIBILITY.

"If thou speakest not to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; *but his blood will I require at thine hand.*"

As a minister, when I think who I am, and who sent me, and how awful the account I must soon render, I tremble.

Our opportunities of doing *harm* are immense. My

brother, a million years hence your influence will tell on souls! Take care lest *you* lead men to ruin.

If there be one sight in the universe calculated to inspire terror and dismay, it is that of a faithless minister about to be consigned to his doom.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

Public teaching is useless without private prayer.

A minister is in duty bound to bear his people daily to the throne of grace.

If you wish to preach well you must pray much.

Generalities are the death of prayer.

Plead *with* God before you plead *for* God.

Better neglect your body than your soul, your meals than your prayers.

He that lives most in prayer grows most in grace.

Let prayer ascend when you wish blessing to descend.

Neglect of prayer arises from want of faith; he who believes will pray.

A little prayer does more than a great deal of study.

THE SPHERE.

You turn the helm of your life when you choose the sphere of your work.

Go where you can do most *for* men, not where you can get most *from* men.

Be more concerned about your ability than about your opportunity, and about your walk with God than either.

Your sphere is where you are most needed.

He who called you to the ministry will give you a sphere of service.

There is no place without its difficulties; by removing

you may change them, it may be you will increase them ; but you cannot escape them.

Those who push themselves into a sphere they are not fitted for in this life will regret it in the next.

Christ knows best where you can serve His people : *trust Him, and He will place you there.*

THE PULPIT.

The moments you spend in the pulpit will tell on the ages you must spend in eternity.

The *piety* of the pulpit decides the piety of the pew.

Never go into the pulpit without Christ.

In the pulpit, self and the concerns of time must be forgotten.

There is no place where Christ is more ready to reveal himself to His servants than in the pulpit.

How easy it is to dishonor God in the pulpit !

Thousands of souls have been lost through the mistakes of the pulpit.

Every moment spent in the pulpit is privileged time.

PUBLIC PRAYER.

Remember that you are in the presence of God, and that you address HIM. Never pray to be admired of men.

Let the sermon be omitted rather than the prayers be slurred.

The prayers should make the people feel *the reality of prayer.*

The prayers prepare the ground, the sermon sows the seed.

The manner in praying does more than the matter in preaching.

THE VOICE.

A gentle voice is of untold value. All can attain it.

Feigned voices are the great causes of relaxed throats.

He who seeks, by a feigned voice, to make men wonder, makes them smile.

Speak oftener, and your voice will not fail so often.

The voice depends on the heart.

If we think *how* we are saying a thing, our hearers will see it, and despise us for it.

A man cannot walk well when he thinks *how* he is walking, nor speak well when he thinks *how* he is speaking.

A man's own heart is influenced by the tone of his voice, and the tone of his voice is affected by the state of his heart.

PREACHING.

You must live *with* God if you would preach *for* God.

Manner tells quite as much as matter.

Preach as you will wish you had preached when you stand before God.

Ask often, "What does *Christ* think of my preaching?"

One earnest man does more than ten eloquent ones.

Live well, and you will not preach badly.

PREPARATION.

Without God's blessing you can never prepare a sermon that you will not regret in eternity.

The state of the heart decides the fate of the sermon.

Never begin to prepare till you have clearly decided whether you want to gain men's praise or save men's souls.

Prepare your heart, then your sermon.

Prepare your sermon with the judgment-seat in view.

In your preparation, remember that it may be the last sermon some who listen to you will ever hear.

When preparing your sermon, forget yourself.

If you desire to make a useless sermon, make a beautiful one.

THE SERMON.

Heart-sermons reach hearts.

One weak point will injure ten strong ones.

The Bible reiterates the same things again and again.

Great sermons are given, not made.

Harshness will produce resentment, gentleness contrition.

The strongest part of all great sermons is the close.

More depends on the last two minutes than on the first ten.

The aim of our sermons should be to reform the heart rather than to inform the mind.

Every sermon may be your last.

No sermon is a success which does not touch the heart and move the will.

Make men remember the text.

TEXTS AND DIVISIONS.

Choose your texts for usefulness.

Reject every division which might strike, but would not help.

It is God's Word, not our word, that convicts and converts.

Some can only be won to God by love, some can only be

driven from sin by fear ; use pleading and threatening, as the Scriptures do.

Value truth more than taste, souls more than symmetry.

Let divisions always be: 1. Useful. 2. Simple. 3. Concise.

STYLE.

Simple language alone reaches the heart.

Vanity will make a man speak grandly, piety plainly.

Striking and special are synonyms, when used respecting sermons.

Don't whip with a switch that has the leaves on.

You will not move a man if you do not make him understand you.

The great Teacher never used a big word.

DELIVERY.

To keep attention, mix questions with statements.

Think of your hearers' needs, and it will help you ; of their criticism, and it will hinder you.

In large assemblies speak more slowly than in smaller ones.

Make each one feel that you are speaking to *him*.

Your hearers think about what you think about.

Address the lowest, and you will reach the highest.

Make men listen, and do not let them misunderstand.

For whom do you preach, for *Christ*, or for *yourself*?

THE CONGREGATION.

Think more of the people than of the preacher.

Nearly three-fourths of every audience do not understand the great truths of salvation.

Get a great heart if you would like a large congregation.
 Twenty are hungry of heart to one hungry of head.
 It is easy to manage a congregation when they are kept
 near to Christ.

Forsake God, and your congregation will forsake you.

VISITING.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *Me*."

It is not the time of sickness so much as the time of convalescence that decides the future life. Remember this, and seize opportunities.

Let each one feel that you are his personal friend.

Get others to talk. What a man says to you has more influence upon *him* than all you can say to him.

"If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"

If you neglect the sick and they die, it will be sad to think that you lost the last opportunity of helping them; if you neglect the sick and they recover, your power to influence them will be weakened forever.

HABITS.

"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Principles and habits are as readily taught as Greek and Latin, and they are of vastly more importance.

Evil habits begin in cobwebs, and end in chains.

Good habits are begun with difficulty, but continue with joy.

He who sees little does less.

Read no book, do no act, harbor no thought, that makes
God less near, Christ less precious, eternity less real.

If piety decay, zeal will die.

Have no self.

Be actuated in *everything* by principle.

A minister's habits should be such as to impress men
with the truth of his character and the dignity of his
calling.

BOOKS AND READING.

The books you read will decide the life you live.

The greater the man the fewer the books.

A man of one book is a man of power.

He who wants to preach well should read Baxter's
"Reformed Pastor," and read it often.

No book published within the last thousand years has
done so much to promote good preaching as Fénelon's
"Dialogues on Eloquence."

Whitefield and Jay were great students of Matthew
Henry.

No man has ever become a truly great preacher who did
not know and love the Bible.

Read with a purpose, or read not at all.

*No one can estimate the result of giving or lending a
book.*

PRAISE.

He who seeks praise seldom gains it.

Praise makes a wise man humble, a fool proud.

A minister should be saddened by some men's praise.

When men praise thee, ask, Will Christ accept me?

Life praise is better than lip praise.

Christ praised Mary more than Martha.

“As the fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold ;
so is a man to his praise.”

Some men will praise thee to try thee.

If a good man praise *thee*, praise God.

Seek souls for Christ, not praise for self.

“How can ye believe which receive honor one of
another?”

SUCCESS.

He who grasps authority seldom gains influence.

He who wishes to succeed must seek men's welfare, not
their “well done.”

Do not prove truth too much, or you will make men
doubt it.

Affectation spoils good sermons, and makes bad ones
ridiculous.

The successful man is the man who has done most for
others.

You *can* do all God calls you to do.

What we *do* depends on what we *are*.

If our words are to have power with men, our lives must
convince them of our sincerity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

All changes in life begin by a change in thought.

You will not succeed if you have two objects.

Aim to be a good public reader ; few are, but all ought
to be.

A wise man may be in haste, but not in a hurry.

God helps by hindering.

Nothing is good with God's frown, nothing bad with His
smile.

Manner is something with all, everything with some.
Contradict lies by life.

Be always at leisure to do good.

If you are a hireling, flee when danger threatens.

When you are willing to bear the guilt of a sin, it is not necessary to reprove it.

You need not flee from temptation if you are willing to commit the sin.

Here are some of your Lord's own words as a finish:
"Ye are my friends." "Lo, I am with you alway." "My reward is with me." "Watch and pray."

How to Preach.

MAKE no apologies. If you have the Lord's message, deliver it; if not, hold your peace. Have short prefaces and introductions. Say your best things first, and stop before you get prosy. Do not spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Leave self out of the pulpit, and take Jesus in. Defend the Gospel, and let the Lord defend you and your character. If you are lied about, thank the devil for putting you on your guard, and take care that the story shall never come true. If you do not want to "break," make your shirt-collar an inch larger, and give your blood a chance to flow back to the heart. Do not get excited too soon. Do not run away from your hearers. Engine driving-wheels fly fast with no load, but when they draw anything they go slower. It takes a cold hammer to bend a hot iron. Heat up the people, but keep the hammer cool. Do not bawl and scream. Too

much water stops mill-wheels, and too much noise drowns sense. Empty vessels ring the loudest. Powder isn't shot. Thunder isn't lightning. Lightning kills. If you have lightning, you can afford to thunder; but do not try to thunder out of an empty cloud.

Do not scold the people. Do not abuse the faithful souls who come to meeting rainy days, because of the others who do not come. Preach the best to small congregations. Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and she got all Samaritan out to hear Him next time. Ventilate your meeting-room. Sleeping in church is due to bad air oftener than to bad manners. Do not repeat, saying, "As I said before." If you said it before, say something else after. Leave out words you cannot define. Stop your declamation and talk to folks. Come down from stilted and sacred tones, and become a little child. Change the subject if it goes hard. Do not tire yourself and everyone else out. Do not preach till the middle of your sermon buries the beginning, and is buried by the end. Look people in the face, and live so that you are not afraid of them. Take long breaths, fill your lungs, and keep them full. Stop to breathe before the air is exhausted. Then you will not finish off each sentence-ah, with a terrible gasp-ah, as if you were dying for air-ah, as some preachers do-ah, and so strain their lungs-ah, and never find it out-ah, because their friends dare not tell them-ah, and so leave them to make sport of the Philistines-ah. Inflate your lungs. It is easier to run a mill with a full pond than an empty one. Be moderate at first. Hoist the gate a little way; when you are half through, raise a little more; when nearly done, put on a full head of

water. Aim at the mark. Hit it. Stop and see where the shot struck, and then fire another broadside. Pack your sermons. Make your words like bullets. A board hurts a man worse if it strikes him edgewise.—*Selected.*

An Eminent Saint.

WHEN Hester Ann Rogers was about fifteen years of age she attended the preaching of the Rev. David Simpson, a Methodist minister, which brought great conviction on her heart. Horrified at her dreadful condition, she firmly resolved on turning to God, and at once threw aside all her superfluous ornaments, and dressed plainly. At length, while in the act of partaking of the Lord's Supper, God spoke peace to her soul, and she rejoiced greatly. A heavy cross was in store for her. All her relatives, including her mother, were greatly opposed to her going among the Methodists, and they threatened to disown her if she continued to attend their meetings. The Saviour spoke to her heart, and said: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." To this she responded: "Lord, I will forsake all and follow thee; I will joyfully bear thy cross, only give me thyself!" God strengthened her greatly for this trial, and gave her a mouth and wisdom which all her enemies could not gainsay or resist. She implored her mother not to confine her from Methodist meetings any more, offering to become a *servant* in her house, and to do all the work, if she could only be allowed to attend Methodist meetings. Her mother consented, expecting that she would soon

become weary and give it up. In this, however, she was disappointed. Her daughter cheerfully accepted this menial position, and labored faithfully in her new calling. Her experience at this time is thus related in her diary : " I could neither eat nor sleep much for many days and nights. The love of God shed abroad in my heart was now my meat and drink ; and the thoughts of the amazing depths of grace which had plucked me as a brand from the burning quite overcame me — me, the most obstinate offender, who had so long and so repeatedly resisted and grieved His Holy Spirit ! This love of my God and Saviour, so unmerited and free, overflowed my soul, nor had I for eight months any interruption to my bliss.

“ Not a cloud did arise to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.”

Yet I had daily crosses to take up and endure, but I rejoiced in being accounted worthy to bear the cross for Him who died to purchase my peace. His arm hath brought salvation from dangers which I knew not, and no weapon formed against me hath prospered. Every trial hath terminated in great good. I have been sheltered from every storm, been fed with the riches of His love, and comforted with the consolations of His Spirit ; I have lived in His smiles, and shall be preserved to His glorious kingdom.”

It was not long, however, before she was led to see that inbred sin still remained in her heart ; and she had many painful experiences in battling with her bosom foe. The reading of that inestimable book, “ Wesley’s Plain Account of Christian Perfection,” did her much good, and she saw it was her privilege to be cleansed from all sin,

and wholly sanctified to God through her entire being. She longed, yearned, even panted for this glorious work of grace. Nor did she rest until she knew that she had been made free from the inbeing of sin and filled with the Holy Ghost. She says: "I now walked in the unclouded light of His countenance; 'rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in everything giving thanks.' I resolved, however, at first I would not openly declare what the Lord had wrought; but it was seen in my countenance, and, when asked respecting it, I durst not deny the wonders of His love! I soon found that repeating His goodness confirmed my own faith more and more. I dared not live above a moment at a time, and that moment by faith in the Son of God. I never felt till now the full meaning of those words, 'In him we live, and move, and have our being;' and again, 'I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and he their God. I will put my laws into their minds, and write them upon their hearts.' Glory be to my God, I felt it written there; it was no longer I that lived, but Christ that lived in me.

"I was so happy that I could not sleep in the night. Oh, what deep communion did my soul enjoy with God! It was, indeed, a foretaste of heaven itself. Oh, my blessed Lord, I rejoice that I am thy purchased property, and not my own, and to thee I gladly yield spirit, soul and body.

"For some days it has been a season of outward trials with me; but I have enjoyed fellowship with God and great inward comforts. I have ever found, when He gives peculiar grace, He permits it to be tried; but I prove 'as my day is, so is my strength.' Yes, glory to His name alone, I am more than conqueror! and feel it the constant language of my heart,

“No cross, no suffering I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine!”

Through all she endured much bodily weakness, yet her seraphic spirit mounted higher and yet higher in divine things. Hear the following glorious testimony: “I was so happy in the night that I had very little sleep, and I awoke with these words, ‘The temple of an indwelling God.’ My soul sinks into the depth of nothingness, and enjoys closer communion with Him this day than ever before. Every moment I feel such a weight of love as almost overpowers the faculties of nature! I know I could bear no more and live; but I often feel ready to cry, ‘Oh, give me more and let me die!’ I long to be freed from the earth! But help me, Lord, to wait resigned, willing to suffer, or do for thee! I need not lay this body down to feel thy presence! Thou dwellest in my heart, and shalt forever dwell! Thou art my present heaven, my soul’s eternal all.

“I went to bed last night so full of the love of God I could not sleep for hours, but continued in secret intercourse with my Saviour. At preaching this morning I was so overcome with the love, and presence and exceeding glory of my *trine* God, that I sunk down, unable to support it! It was long before I could stand or speak. All this day I have been lost in depths of love unutterable! At the love feast I was again overwhelmed with His immediate presence. All around me is God.”

Another striking feature of this saintly woman’s experience was her intimate communion with each person of the Trinity. She testifies that “she kept a diary of her life from the time of her conversion to God—in her seventeenth year—till within a few days of her death, amounting,

with her letters and other manuscripts, to not less than three thousand quarto pages, and every page clearly discovers that for the space of more than twenty years she enjoyed constant fellowship and communion with the triune God; and she never forsook her first love, nor lost a sense of the divine favor."

Referring to a sermon she heard preached on the distinct relative offices of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, she says: "I was deeply penetrated with His presence, and stood as if unable to move, and was insensible to all around me. While thus lost in communion with my Saviour, He spoke those words to my heart: 'All that I have is thine! I am Jesus, in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. I am thine! My Spirit is thine! My Father is thine! They love thee as I love thee. The whole Deity is thine! All God is and all He has is thine! He even now overshadows thee! He now covers thee with a cloud of His presence.' All this was so realized to my soul, in a manner I cannot explain, that I sunk down motionless, being unable to sustain the weight of His glorious presence and fulness of love. At the altar this was renewed to me, but not in so large a measure. I believe, indeed, if this had continued as I felt it before, but for one hour, mortality must have been dissolved and the soul dislodged from its tenement of clay."

Writing to her cousin, Robert Roe, she says: "As to myself, I see no end to my Lord's goodness. I find every day an increase of love, joy, peace and union, close, intimate union with the great Three one. I feel I am very unworthy, yet offering up myself and my services on that altar which sanctifieth the gift, my God accepts a worthless worm through His beloved Son. He who is higher than

the highest stoops to dwell in my happy soul : and I have communion with Him as a man and a friend. Sometimes in the night He so fills my soul with His glorious presence, that I think it will burst its prison and wing away ; and then, oh, then, where should I be ! Surrounded with angels, and convyed by them to my God—my life, my treasure, and my crown ! I can even now scarce support the blissful thought."

She died as she had lived, in holy triumph, in 1794, aged thirty-nine years, during twenty years of which she had continually walked with God. Her husband gives his own experience on this very trying occasion : " God alone can tell you what I felt in that dread moment, when the Lord gave the signal for dismission, and I was called to return the last parting kiss ! For some time I could only breathe, as it were, in silent accents, ' Oh, my God, let my latter end be like hers ! Come, oh, come quickly, and prepare me to follow her.' It is still the language of my bleeding heart :

" Oh, let me on her image dwell,
The soul transporting spectacle,
On whom even angels gaze !
A pious saint, matured for God,
And shaking off her earthly clod,
To see His open face.

" I see the generous friend sincere !
Her voice still vibrates in my ear,
The voice of truth and love !
It calls me to put off my clay,
And bids me soar with her away
To fairer worlds above ! "

A Vision of Hell.

WHILE residing in a British colony, says Rev. R. Young, a Wesleyan minister, as a Christian missionary I was called one morning to visit Miss D——, who was said to be dying. Mrs. Young, by whom she was met weekly for religious instruction, feeling a deep interest in her spiritual welfare, accompanied me to her residence. We found her in the chamber of a neat little cottage, exceedingly ill, but confiding in the merits of Jesus; and after spending some time with her in conversation and prayer, we commended her to God and took our departure, without the least hope of seeing her again in this life. Soon after we left she seemed to die, but as the usual signs of death which so rapidly develop themselves in that country—did not appear, her friends anxiously waited to see the end.

She remained in that state for several days, during which period we repeatedly visited her, and the only indications we could perceive that life was not extinct, were a slight foaming at the mouth and a little warmth about the region of the heart. She was watched with great interest both night and day, and after having been in this state for nearly a week, she opened her eyes and said:

“Mr. C—— is dead.” Her attendants, thinking she was under the influence of delirium, replied that she was mistaken, as he was not only alive but well. “Oh, no!” said she, “he is dead; for a short time ago, as I passed the gates of hell, I saw him descend into the pit, and the blue flame cover him. Mr. B—— is also dead, for he arrived at heaven just as I was leaving that happy place. I saw its beautiful gates thrown wide open to receive him,

and heard the hosts of heaven shout, 'Welcome, weary pilgrim!''

Mr. C—— was a neighbor, but a very wicked person, and Mr. B——, who lived at no great distance, many years had been a consistent member of the Church of God. The parties who heard Miss D——'s startling and confident statements immediately sent to make inquiries about the two individuals alluded to, and found, to their utter astonishment, that the former had dropped down dead about half an hour before, whilst in the act of tying his shoe, and that about the same time the latter had suddenly passed into the eternal world. For the truth of these facts I do solemnly vouch. She then went on to tell them where she had been, and what she had seen and heard.

After being sufficiently recovered to leave the house, she paid us a visit, and Mrs. Young, as well as myself, heard from her own lips the following account of what she had passed through: She informed us that at the time she was supposed to die a celestial being conducted her into the invisible world, and mysteriously unveiled to her the realities of eternity. He took her first to heaven; but she was told that as she yet belonged to time, she could not be permitted to enter that glorious place, but only to behold it, which she represented as infinitely exceeding in beauty and splendor the most elevated conceptions of mortals, and whose glories no language could describe.

She told us that she beheld the Saviour upon a throne of light and glory, surrounded by the four-and-twenty elders and a great multitude which no man could number, among whom she recognized patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and all the missionaries who had died in that

colony, besides many others, whom she mentioned, and although those parties were not named by the angel that attended her, yet she said that seeing them was to know them.

She described those celestial spirits as being variously employed, and although she felt herself inadequate to convey any definite idea of the nature of that employment, yet it appeared to be adapted to their respective mental tastes and spiritual attainments. She also informed us that she heard sweet and most enrapturing music, such as she had never heard before, and made several attempts to give us some idea of its melodious character, but found her notes too earthly for that purpose.

While thus favored, the missionaries already referred to, and other happy spirits, as they glided past her, sweetly smiled, and said they knew whence she came, and, if faithful to the grace of God, she would, in a short time, be admitted into their delightful society. All the orders of heaven were in perfect and blessed harmony, and appeared to be directed in all their movements by a mysterious influence, proceeding from the throne of God.

She was next conducted to a place whence she had a view of hell, which she described in the most terrific language, and declared that the horrid shrieks of lost spirits still seemed to sound in her ears. As she approached the burning pit, a tremendous effort was made to draw her into it, but she felt herself safe under the protection of her guardian angel. She recognized many in the place of torment whom she had known on earth, and even some who had been thought Christians.

There were princes and peasants, learned and unlearned, writhing together in one unquenchable fire, where all

earthly distinctions and titles were forever at an end. Among them she beheld a Miss W——, who had occupied a prominent station in society, but had died during the illness of this young woman. She said that when Miss W—— saw her approach, her shrieks were appalling, beyond the power of language to describe, and that she made a desperate but unsuccessful effort to escape.

The punishment of lost souls she represented as symbolizing the respective sins which had occasioned their condemnation. Miss W——, for instance, was condemned for the love of money, which I have every reason to believe was her besetting sin, and she seemed robed in a garment of gold all on fire. Mr. O——, whom she saw, was lost through intemperance, and he appeared to be punished by devils administering to him some boiling liquid. She said there was no sympathy among these unhappy spirits, but that unmixed hatred, in all its frightful forms, prevailed in every part of the fiery regions. She beheld parents and children, husbands and wives, and those who had been companions in sin, exhibiting every mark of deep hatred to each other's society, and heard them in fiendish accents upbraiding and bitterly cursing each other. She saw nothing in hell but misery and despair, and heard nothing there but the most discordant sounds, accompanied with weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

While she gazed on this revolting scene, many souls arrived from earth, and were greedily seized by innumerable devils of monstrous shape, amid horrid shouts of hellish triumph, and tortured according to their crimes.

This fearful view of the state of the lost agrees with the testimony of S. T., whose case is on record in Mr. Wesley's *Journal* (Vol. II., pp. 22-26, edit. 1829). She tells us that

while in her trance the place of the condemned was unveiled, and she "saw a vast number who stood up cursing and blaspheming God, and spitting at each other, and many were making balls of fire, and throwing them at one another." She also "saw many others who had cups of fire out of which they were drinking down flames, and others who held cards of fire in their hands, and seemed to be playing with them."

How to Kill a Prayer-Meeting.

1. Forget all about it until the hour arrives.
2. Come ten minutes late, and sit near the door.
3. Drag the music. Slow, painfully slow singing is so appropriate for a dead prayer-meeting.
4. When the meeting is begun, wait for others to speak and pray.
5. When you do take part, occupy about twenty minutes.
6. Be sure and bewail the low spiritual condition of the Church.
7. When the meeting closes, go out as from a funeral. You can speak with your brethren or the stranger at some other time and place.
8. If you mention the meeting during the week, tell how dull it was.
9. If this does not kill the prayer-meeting, stay away entirely for six months or a year.—*Sol.*

How to Secure a Good Prayer-Meeting.

We sympathize deeply with the true and the faithful—not a large number in any Church—who are always at “our” prayer-meetings, and who *wish* they knew how to make it more interesting. You want to know how to bring live coals to the altar as you go to waken its fires. You want not merely to enjoy more, but to have others enjoy more; and you want this meeting to be an instrument of doing your Church and the community good. How shall you aid?

Let the weekly prayer-meeting live in your heart. Think of it when in your business; when you read your Bible, and see if you do not light upon a beautiful text to carry there; when you read the religious paper, and see if you do not find some thought or some anecdote or some fact which you can use in the meeting. See if you can't gather a few drops of the dew which falls on Hermon. You may not be a theologian or a genius, but you can do something, if you will think of it beforehand. You can utter a thought in a few moments, which cost you perhaps days to think out. A single thought that has been revolving in your mind, may be valuable in proportion as it has been thought over. This pebble which David chose was one that had been washed and smoothed in the brook a long time. It was all the better for its polishing.

On the day of your meeting, don't forget to think about it; mention it in your family worship; let your family see that it lives in your heart. Be sure and pray for it before you go to it. Ask, plead that Christ will be manifested in

it. Pray that the Holy Spirit will be present to warm, cheer and animate every heart.

Feel responsibility for it. Make it a solemn duty, a habit, and a privilege to be there. Go with a cheerful face. Don't go acting, looking, or feeling as if you had a chain around you called Duty, by which you were dragged to the place. If the room is dark, move round and get more lights. If not warm and cheerful, go to your brethren, and insist upon it that the room *must* be comfortable, pleasant, and inviting. If others seem inclined to shirk, don't you. If the singing is tame or dull, or there is none at all, be careful and see some one of the brethren who is a singer, and urge him to be there. If you can't sing, he *must* go. If you can, you need his aid. Go up near the pulpit or table, up where your minister and your brethren can see you, and feel that your breath is warm.

If the meeting is thrown open for remarks, don't sit and wait for others. Be ready. Have your gun loaded, and shoot quick. There is no life in silence or in waiting. Let your prayer be *short*. It may be much longer than you think it is. I once heard and joyfully united in six prayers, no one of which was over two minutes long. They were intensely good.

Feel under obligation to have variety in your meeting. It is fatal to make a prayer-meeting stereotyped. Can't you sometimes have something new sung? Can't you get this or that diffident young man to come in and say a few words? Can't you get that other man who never speaks to open his mouth? You must go to them alone before the meeting, and speak encouragingly to them. Don't scare them by making them think they must make a speech. Go to your meeting hopeful—I mean, really

Meeting.

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believing Christ, when He promises to be in the midst of the two or three who gather in His name. You may feel, perhaps, that you are cold and others are cold; but there certainly will be *One* there, Christ, who is not cold. Don't always be harping on one string, either in your prayers or in your exhortations. Keep the wheels out of the old, deep rut. Some are always dwelling upon a revival, a revival, as if there was nothing done or to be prayed for; but this; whereas there is the spirituality of the church; there is the Word, the seed sown; there is the Sabbath School; there is the liberality of the people of God; there is the soil preparing and to be prepared for the seed of the Word; and all these belong to the prayer-meeting.

Don't scold. It will do no good. Those present feel that they don't deserve it, and the absent don't hear it. The prayer-meeting is not the place to groan under spiritual dyspepsia. Don't whip your pastor with your prayers. His heart is heavy enough; but he knows it is often best to keep his heart-aches to himself, and to be at least outwardly cheerful. He wants and needs your earnest prayers and sympathies.

Don't teach false theology. You sometimes hear men say, "If now this church would only come down on her knees in the dust before God, a revival would follow." Don't you know that if she should thus come down, the revival *is already there?*

Don't carry a burdened conscience to the prayer-meeting. If to-day or the last week you have wronged anyone in bargains, in words, or in any way, settle it with him and with God before you come to the meeting. Clear your conscience of the burden of known sin. You will find the meeting dead and cold to you if you do not. Our sins separate us and God. —*Rev. John Todd.*

A Powerful Revivalist.

C. G. FINNEY was no ordinary man. In his early years he devoted himself to the study of law, in which profession he was for some time engaged. This employment led him to read his Bible, because he found it quoted in the law books. He noticed, however, that the professing Christians around him were constantly asking God to pour out His Spirit, and give them a revival; and yet, according to their own confessions, they failed to receive any answer. This was a great stumbling-block to him, and nearly drove him into scepticism. On further examination of the Bible, he discovered that the cause of their failure was their neglect to meet the conditions on which God promises to answer prayer.

After a great deal of searching the Scriptures and debating in his mind, he was led to an unconditional surrender of himself to God. His conversion was remarkably clear and definite. His joy was deep. He thus describes his feelings at this time:

"My heart seemed to be liquid within me. All my feelings seemed to rise and flow out, and the utterance of my heart was, 'I want to pour my whole soul out to God.' The rising of my soul was so great that I rushed into the back room of my office to pray. There was no fire and no light in the room; nevertheless it appeared to me as if it was perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary, it seemed to me that I saw Him as I could

see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at His feet. I have always regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind; for it seemed to me a reality that He stood before me, and I fell down at His feet and poured out my soul to Him. I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed His feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched Him, that I recollect. As soon as I became calm enough to break off from the interview, I returned to the front office, and found the fire I had made of large wood nearly burned out. But as I was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I have heard the things mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Ghost descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love, for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love, and I doubt not but I should say I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me one after another, until I recollect I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me. Lord, I cannot bear any more;' yet I had no fear of death."

Being assured that God wanted him to preach, he gave up the study of law, and at once commenced his work as

an ambassador of the Cross. From the first his labors were eminently successful. He travailed in birth for souls. On these occasions he would not give up praying until God had assured him that his prayer would be answered.

He was licensed by the Presbyterians to preach, and after having held some successful revival meetings, he was ordained to the ministry.

His autobiography is full of the most thrilling incidents in connection with his labors. His revivals were powerful. Men of strong wills and educated minds—physicians, lawyers and judges—were convicted under his preaching, and fell like dead men to the floor. During twenty days which he spent in Rome, N. Y., there were five hundred conversions. The same number were converted in a few weeks' revival in Utica. The following are some instances from his autobiography of the wonderful manifestations of divine power which took place under his labors. Describing some meetings in a very wicked place, he says :

"I stopped at the village hotel, and there learned that there were no religious meetings held in that town at the time. They had a brick meeting-house, but it was locked up. By personal effort I got a few people to assemble in the parlor of a Christian lady in the place, and preached to them on the evening after my arrival. As I passed round the village I was shocked with the horrible profanity that I heard among the men wherever I went. I obtained leave to preach in the school-house on the next Sabbath, but before the Sabbath arrived I was much discouraged, and almost terrified, in view of the state of society which I witnessed. On Saturday, the Lord applied with power to my heart the following words, addressed by the Lord Jesus

to Paul (Acts xviii. 9, 10) : ' Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace ; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee ; for I have much people in this city.' This completely subdued my fears ; but my heart was loaded with agony for the people. On Sunday morning, I arose early and retired to a grove not far from the village, to pour out my heart before God for a blessing on the labors of the day. I could not express the agony of my soul in words ; but struggled with much groaning and, I believe, with many tears, for an hour or two without getting relief. I returned to my room in the hotel, but almost immediately came back to the grove. This I did thrice. The last time I got complete relief, just as it was time to go to meeting. I went to the school-house, and found it filled to its utmost capacity. I took out my little pocket-Bible, and read for my text, ' God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I exhibited the love of God as contrasted with the manner in which He was treated by those for whom He gave up His Son. I charged home their profanity upon them ; and, as I recognized among my hearers several whose profanity I had particularly noticed, in the fulness of my heart and the gushing of my tears I pointed to them, and said, ' I heard these men call upon God to damn their fellows.' The Word took powerful effect. Nobody seemed offended, but almost everybody greatly melted. At the close of the service the amiable landlord, Mr. Copeland, rose and said that he would open the meeting-house in the afternoon. He did so. The meeting-house was full, and, as in the morning, the Word took wonderful effect. Thus a powerful revival com-

menced in the village, which soon after spread in every direction. I think it was on the second Sunday after this, when I came out of the pulpit in the afternoon, an aged man approached, and said to me, 'Can you not come and preach in our neighborhood? We have never had any religious preaching there.' I inquired the direction and the distance, and appointed to preach there the next afternoon (Monday) at five o'clock, in their school-house. I had preached three times in the village, and attended two prayer-meetings on the Lord's Day; and on Monday I went on foot to fulfil this appointment. The weather was very warm that day, and before I arrived there I felt almost too faint to walk, and greatly discouraged in my mind. I sat down in the shade by the wayside, and felt as if I was too faint to reach there; and, if I did, too much discouraged to open my mouth to the people. When I arrived, I found the house full, and immediately commenced the service by reading a hymn. They attempted to sing, but the horrible discord agonized me beyond expression. I leaned forward, put my elbows upon my knees and my hands over my ears, and shook my head withal, to shut out the discord, which even then I could barely endure. As soon as they had ceased singing I cast myself down upon my knees, almost in a state of desperation. The Lord opened the windows of heaven upon me, and gave me great enlargement and power in prayer. Up to this moment I had no idea what text I should use on the occasion. As I rose from my knees the Lord gave me this: 'Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city.' I told the people, as nearly as I could recollect, where they would find it, and went on to tell them of the destruction of Sodom. I gave them an

outline of the history of Abraham and Lot, and their relations to each other; of Abraham's praying for Sodom, and of Lot, as the only pious man that was found in the city. While I was doing this, I was struck with the fact that the people looked exceedingly angry about me. Many countenances appeared very threatening, and some of the men near me looked as if they were about to strike me. This I could not understand, as I was only giving them, with great liberty of spirit, some interesting sketches of Bible history. As soon as I had completed the historical sketch, I turned upon them, and said that I had understood that they never had any religious meetings in that neighborhood; and applying that fact, I thrust at them with the sword of the Spirit with all my might. From that moment the solemnity increased with great rapidity. In a few moments there seemed to fall upon the congregation an instantaneous shock. I cannot describe the sensation that I felt, nor that which was apparent in the congregation; but the Word seemed literally to cut like a sword. The power from on high came down upon them in such a torrent that they fell from their seats in every direction. In less than a minute nearly the whole congregation were either down on their knees or on their faces, or in some position prostrate before God. Everyone was crying or groaning for mercy upon his own soul. They paid no further attention to me or to my preaching. I tried to get their attention, but I could not. I observed the aged man, who had invited me there, as still retaining his seat near the centre of the house. He was staring around him with a look of unutterable astonishment. Pointing to him, I cried at the top of my voice, 'Can't you pray?' He knelt down and roared out a short prayer, about as loud

as he could hollow; but they paid no attention to him. After looking around for a few moments, I knelt down and put my hand on the head of a young man who was kneeling at my feet, and engaged in prayer for mercy on his soul; I got his attention, and preached Jesus in his ear. In a few moments he seized Jesus by faith, and then broke out in a prayer for those around him. I then turned to another in the same way, and with the same result; and then another, and another, till I know not how many had laid hold of Christ, and were full of prayer for others. After continuing in this way till nearly sunset, I was obliged to commit the meeting to the charge of the old gentleman who had invited me, and go to fulfil an appointment in another place for the evening. In the afternoon of the next day I was sent for to go down to this place, as they had not been able to break up the meeting. They had been obliged to leave the school-house, to give place to the school; but had removed to a private house near by, where I found a number of persons still too anxious and too much loaded down with conviction to go to their homes. These were soon subdued by the Word of God, and I believe all obtained a hope before they went home. Observe, I was a total stranger in that place, had never seen or heard of it until as I have related. But here, at my second visit, I learned that the place was called Sodom, by reason of its wickedness; and the old man who invited me was called Lot, because he was the only professor of religion in the place. After this manner the revival broke out in this neighborhood. I have not been in this neighborhood for many years; but in 1856, I think, while laboring in Syracuse, N.Y., I was introduced to a minister of Christ from St. Lawrence County, by the name

of Cross. He said to me, 'Mr. Finney, you don't know me; but do you remember preaching in a place called Sodom?' I said, 'I shall never forget it.' He replied, 'I was then a young man, and was converted at that meeting.' He is still living."

Of the greatness of one revival held in Rochester, he says it "attracted so much attention throughout New York, New England, and many parts of the United States, that the very fame of it was an efficient instrument in the hands of the Spirit of God, in promoting the greatest revivals of religion throughout the land that this country had then ever witnessed." An eminent minister, in speaking of this revival says: "That was the greatest work of God, and the greatest revival of religion, that the world has ever seen in so short a time. One hundred thousand were reported as having connected themselves with churches as the results."

The time had now come when his experience in the things of God was to be deepened. He says: "During this winter (1843) the Lord gave my own soul a very thorough overhauling and fresh baptism of His Spirit. This winter in particular, my mind was exceedingly exercised on the question of personal holiness; and in respect to the state of the Church, their want of power with God. I gave myself up to a great deal of prayer. I rose at four o'clock, and generally spent the time in prayer until breakfast, at eight o'clock. My days were spent, as far as I could find time, in searching the Scriptures. I read nothing else all winter but my Bible, and a great deal of it seemed new to me. The whole Scriptures seemed to me all ablaze with light, and not only light, but it seemed as if God's Word was instinct with the very life of God.

"After praying in this way for weeks and months, the thought that I might be deceiving myself, when it first occurred to me, stung me almost like an adder. It created a pang that I cannot describe. The passages of Scripture that occurred to me, in that direction, for a few months greatly increased my distress. But directly I was enabled to fall back upon the will of God. I said to the Lord that if He saw that it was wise and best, and that His honor demanded that I should be left to be deluded and go down to hell, I accepted His will, and I said to Him, 'Do with me as seemeth to thee good.'

"Just before this occurrence, I had a great struggle to consecrate myself to God in a higher sense than I had ever before seen to be my duty, or conceived as possible. I had often before laid my family all upon the altar of God, and left them there to be disposed of at His discretion. But at this time that I now speak of, I had a great struggle about giving up my wife to the will of God. She was in very feeble health, and it was evident that she could not live long. I had never before seen so clearly what is implied in laying her and all that I possessed upon the altar of God; and for hours I struggled upon my knees to give up unqualifiedly to the will of God. But I found myself unable to do it. I was so shocked and surprised at this that I perspired profusely with agony. I struggled, and prayed, and prayed, until I was exhausted, and still found myself unable to give up all to God's will, in such a way as to make no objection to His disposing of her just as He pleased. But I was enabled, after struggling for a few moments with this discouragement and bitterness, which I have since attributed to the fiery darts of Satan, to fall back in a deeper sense than I had ever done before upon

the infinitely blessed and perfect will of God. I then told the Lord that I had confidence in Him; that I was perfectly willing to give myself, my wife and family, all to be disposed of according to His own wisdom. I then had a deeper view of consecration to God than ever before. I spent a long time upon my knees considering the matter over, and giving up everything to the will of God; the interest of the Church, the progress of religion, the conversion of the world, and the salvation or damnation of my own soul, as the will of God might decide. I went so far as to say to the Lord, with all my heart, that He might do anything with me or mine, to which His blessed will could consent; that I had such perfect confidence in His goodness and love as to believe He could consent to nothing to which I could object. I felt a kind of holy boldness, telling Him to do with me just as seemed to Him good. So deep and perfect a resting in the will of God I had never before known. My mind settled into perfect stillness. I seemed to be in a state of perfect rest, body and soul. The question frequently rose during the day, 'Do you still adhere to your consecration, and abide in the will of God?' I said, 'Yes, I take nothing back.' Nothing troubled me. I was neither elated nor depressed; I was neither joyful nor sorrowful. My confidence in God was perfect; my acceptance of His will was perfect, and my mind was calm as heaven. Holiness unto the Lord seemed to be inscribed on all the exercises of my mind. My prayers were swallowed up in the will of God. Of course my mind was too full of the subject to preach anything except a full and present salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ. My soul was wedded to Christ in a sense which I had never had any thought or conception of before. That passage, 'My grace

is sufficient for thee,' meant so much. I could understand the prophet when he said, 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'

After this Mr. Finney was more useful than ever. He held revivals in Rochester, Birmingham, London, Bolton, and Boston. In the latter place it is estimated that several thousand persons were converted. In these places the educated and more intelligent part of the community, as usual, were brought to Christ under his labors.

While laboring in a certain town a friend of his showed him through a factory: He says: "As I went through I observed that there was a good deal of agitation among those who were busy at their looms, and their mules, and other implements of work. On passing through one of the apartments, where a great number of young women were attending to their weaving, I observed a couple of them eyeing me, and speaking very earnestly to each other; and I could see that they were a good deal agitated, although they both laughed. I went slowly towards them. They saw me coming, and were evidently much excited. One of them was trying to mend a broken thread, and I observed that her hands trembled so that she could not mend it. I approached slowly, looking on each side at the machinery, as I passed; but observed that this girl grew more and more agitated, and could not proceed with her work. When I came within eight or ten feet of her, I looked solemnly at her. She observed it, and was quite overcome, and sunk down and burst into tears. The impression caught almost like powder, and in a few moments nearly all in the room were in tears. The feeling spread through the factory. Mr. W——, the owner of the

establishment, was present, and seeing the state of things, he said to the superintendent, 'Stop the mill and let the people attend to religion: for it is more important that our souls should be saved than that this factory run.' The gate was immediately shut down, and the factory stopped; but where should we assemble? The superintendent suggested that the mule-room was large; and the mules being run up we could assemble there. We did so, and a more powerful meeting I scarcely ever attended. It went on with great power. The building was large and had many people in it, from the garret to the cellar. The revival went through the mill with astonishing power, and in the course of a few days nearly all in the mill were hopefully converted."

He says: "I shall never forget what a scene I passed through one day in my room at Dr. Lansing's. The Lord showed me as in a vision what was before me. He drew so near to me, while I was engaged in prayer, that my flesh literally trembled on my bones. I shook from head to foot, under a full sense of the presence of God. At first, and for some time, it seemed more like being on the top of Sinai, amidst its full thunderings, than in the presence of the cross of Christ.

"Never in my life that I recollect, was I so awed and humbled before God as then. Nevertheless, instead of feeling like fleeing, I seemed drawn nearer and nearer to God—seemed to draw nearer to that Presence that filled me with such unutterable awe and trembling. After a season of great humiliation before Him, there came a great lifting up. God assured me that He would be with me and uphold me; that no opposition should prevail against me; that I had nothing to do in regard to all this matter,

but to keep about my work, and wait for the salvation of God."

He once induced a worldly church not only to abandon their finery and follies, but to adopt a public confession of their backslidings, which was read out to the congregation whilst the members of the church stood weeping.

The Bridal Wine-Cup.

"PLEDGE with wine! Pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine!" ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale; the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker and her heart beat faster.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own home do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please *me*."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends had noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits; and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinions so soon.

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it, with tempting smiles, towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as, smiling back, she

gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of, "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes; "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing at the sparkling, ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description! And yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot. Tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds. But there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek, how deathly!—his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say, kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast. Genius in ruins! Oh, the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name! See him twine his fingers together as he

shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul. Weeping for him in his distant, native land!

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party sunk back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat. "See, his arms are lifted to heaven!—he prays, how wildly, for mercy. Hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping. Awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled, red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again. Every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now. The great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not. His eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances. In vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister. Death is there! Death; and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder; he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.

“Dead!” she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken. “And there without a shroud they laid him down in that damp, reeking earth—the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister; and he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my *father's son*, my own *twin brother*—a victim to *this* deadly poison! Father,” she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, “father, shall I drink it now?”

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered, “No, no, my child; no!”

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wineglass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, “Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the poison cup. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband? His glistening eye, his sad, sweet smile, was his answer. The Judge left the room, and when, an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had

determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour renounced forever the social glass. —*Earnest Christian*, March, 1867.

Missed It at Last.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved."—*JER.* viii. 20.

A KIND-HEARTED, sympathetic physician sat by the bedside of a young man to whom he had been summoned on a professional visit. After considering the patient's case, he frankly informed him that his time for this world was short.

The invalid was alarmed, he had not anticipated death so near. He did not remember that the pale horse and his rider comes "In such an hour as ye think not." Looking up into the doctor's face with a despairing expression, he said, "I have missed it at last."

"What have you missed?" was the inquiry. "I have missed it at last," he repeated. "Missed what?" "Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul." "Ah! say not so, it is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?" "Yes, I remember the thief on the cross, and I remember that he never said to the Holy Ghost, 'Go thy way,' but I did. And now he is saying to me, 'Go thy way.'"

While lying there gasping, and looking with a vacant

staring eye, he continued in substance: "I was awakened and anxious about my soul, but I did not then want to be saved. Something seemed to say, 'Don't put it off, make sure of salvation.' I said to myself, 'I will postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it. I realized that I was a great sinner, and, needed a Saviour, but dismissed the subject. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it, until I had promised that I would take it up again, at a time not remote, and more favorable. I bargained away, resisted and insulted the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I neglected to make my salvation sure. And now I have missed it at last."

"You remember," suggested the physician, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour." "My eleventh hour," he replied, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost. Oh! I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing, a feather, a straw—undone forever!"

Soon he raised his head, looked around the room, turning his eyes in every direction, and then burying his face in the pillow cried out in agony, "I have missed it at last," and he passed away.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." —Heb. ii. 3. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy.

A Sanctified Class-Leader.

WILLIAM CARVOSSE thus wrote of his experience: "In the same happy frame of mind, which God brought me into at my conversion, I went on for the space of three months, not expecting any more conflicts; but, oh, how greatly was I mistaken! I was soon taught that I had not only to contend with Satan and the world from without, but with inward enemies also, which now began to make no small stir. From my first setting out in the way to heaven, I determined to be a Bible Christian. The Bible gave me a very clear map of the way to heaven, and told me that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' It is impossible for me to describe what I suffered from 'an evil heart of unbelief.' My heart appeared to me as a small garden, with a large stump of a tree in it, which had been recently cut down level with the ground, and a little loose earth strewed over it. Seeing something shooting up I did not like, I discovered, on attempting to pluck it up, the deadly remains of the carnal mind, and what a work must be done before I could be meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. My inward nature appeared so black and sinful, that I felt it impossible to rest in that state. Some, perhaps, will imagine that this may have arisen from the want of the knowledge of forgiveness. That could not be the case, for I never had one doubt of my acceptance: the witness was so clear that Satan himself knew it was in vain to attack me from that quarter. What I then wanted was inward holiness, and for this I prayed, and searched in the Scriptures. Among the number of promises which I found in the Bible, that gave me to see it was my privilege

to be saved from all sin, my mind was particularly directed to Ezekiel xxxvi. 25-27. The more I examined the Scriptures, the more I was convinced that without holiness there could be no heaven. Many were the hard struggles which I had with unbelief; and Satan told me that if I ever should get it, I should never be able to retain it. But keeping close to the Word of God, with earnest prayer and supplication, the Lord gave me to see that nothing short of holiness would do in a dying hour, and at the judgment. Seeing this, it was my constant cry to God that He would cleanse my heart from sin, and make me holy for the sake of Jesus Christ.

“I well remember returning one night from a meeting with my mind greatly distressed for want of the blessing. I turned into a lonely barn to wrestle with God in secret prayer. While kneeling on the threshing-floor, agonizing for the great salvation, this promise was applied to my mind, ‘Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.’ But, like poor Thomas, I was afraid to believe, lest I should deceive myself. Oh, what a dreadful enemy is unbelief! I was a fortnight after this groaning for deliverance, and saying, ‘O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?’ I yielded to unbelief, instead of looking to Jesus, and believing on Him for the blessing; not having then clearly discovered that the witness of the Spirit is God’s gift, not man’s act, but open to all who exercise faith in Jesus, and the promise made through Him. At length, one evening, while engaged in a prayer-meeting, the great deliverance came. I began to exercise faith, by believing I shall have the blessing now. Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room, and no sooner had I uttered the words from my heart, I

shall have the blessing now, than refining fire went through my heart—illuminated my soul—scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole. I then received the full witness of the Spirit, that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin. I cried out this is what I wanted! I have now got a new heart! I was emptied of self and sin and filled with God. I felt I was nothing and Christ was all in all."

This was about nine months after his conversion. Unhampered now by sin within, he begins a wonderful development of grace and divine knowledge. Endued with power from on high, he is ready for the battlefield, and soon the great commander has placed him at the front. As leader, he takes charge of a company of Zion's soldiers. For a while his faith is tried, for he declares that he went on for some years without seeing much good done. Then comes victory as, one after another, he leads his class to the same victorious summits that he, through Christ, had gained.

Faithful in little, he was made leader of three classes. His humility deepens. His passion for souls becomes a living fire. He says, "With fear and trembling I opened my mouth to beseech them to fly from the wrath to come." At service, from cottage to cottage, in the workshop, and by the roadside, he captured souls. He snatched them from the very jaws of death. Stepping with a friend to the bedside of a blacksmith who was very ill, he said, "Well, my friend, we have come to inquire how you are." "I am very bad, sir," said the poor man. "How long have you been ill?" "Nearly ten weeks." "Indeed! but we have come to inquire more particularly how your mind is." "Very bad, sir." "Indeed! what is the matter there?" "Oh, sir, I am such a great sinner." "A great

sinner, are you?" "Oh, yes, sir." "Well, what did Jesus die for?" "For sinners; but I am—" "Stop, now; answer my question. You say that Christ died to save sinners. Did He die to save you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, sir, if He died to save you, should you not praise Him?" "Yes, sir, but—" "Now, stay, my friend; just answer my questions. You admit that Christ died for you; then should you not praise Him?" "Yes, sir." "Come, then, my brother, lift up your voice and praise Him. Glory be to God! glory be to God! Come, my brother, join with me to praise the Lord." Soon the sick man begins to utter words of praise, then looking away to his Redeemer, the Holy Spirit descends into his soul, and in the supreme joy of a soul redeemed on the brink of the grave, he shouts, "Glory! glory! Praise the Lord!"

Although laboring hard upon a farm to earn his daily bread, he prayed for time, planned for time, and found time to discharge his duty as leader for his classes. He wrestled with God for the salvation of his household. He prevails, exclaiming, "Glory! glory! glory! The Lord will save all my family!" They were all converted. He often sought, expected, and received special baptisms of the Holy Spirit. Under their influence, though speaking with great plainness and simplicity, "his words of fire seemed to fasten like cloven tongues to every heart, and often pierced like a two-edged sword." At times he was so burdened for the unsaved as to exclaim, "The weight of their awful state is so laid on my soul, that even my body is crushed with the load, and I can scarcely stand upright." Himself "dogged by temptation," yet victor over it, he could sympathize with others, and at the same time teach them to overcome. Of a member, lukewarm and remiss in duty, he says, "I can speak to him without much difficulty when I

come to him with my own soul melting under the influence of heavenly love."

It was thus that he labored. One of his members said to him, "The kind pressure and constraining love with which he used to induce me to go to the class-meeting, was little short of compulsion. I could not resist his importunity."

At times his consciousness of the divine presence was such, that he declared that he was "so overpowered with the glory of God, that had there been a thousand suns shining at noonday, the brightness of the divine glory would have eclipsed them all."

Now God calls him from work to reward. He is ready. He must go by the way of the fiery furnace of affliction, but he does not flinch. While tried in the furnace, he says, "I have been looking for my sins, but cannot find any of them; they are all gone." The dross was consumed, but the gold the brighter shone. He pauses a little while on the margin of the spirit world. Here "his heart seemed to dance with rapture." While entering paradise he repeated the verse, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then began to sing it; and thus singing praises, he passed into the world of spirits, there to shine forever, October 13, 1834.

He is admired by the Church as one of the brightest stars that ever adorned her constellation of illustrious leaders. His success was not due to his culture, for he could not write until over sixty-five years of age; nor high social position, for that was never his; nor wealth, for he was poor. He triumphed through a resolute will, tireless energy, and sanctified common-sense; and these all on fire by the Holy Ghost.

It is supposed that his visits, prayers, and exhortations were the means of hundreds of conversions.

Incentives to Soul-Saving Work.

First. - The command of our Lord.

Second. - The reward for the service.

Third.—The good that comes to those saved.

Fourth.—The greater praise that comes to God.

Fifth.—The blessing that comes to society.

Sixth.—The joy in three worlds.

Seventh. -The defeat of Satan.

THE COMMAND.

This is explicit and direct. Mark xvi. 15 ; John xv. 16 ; 2 Cor. v. 12-20 ; Ezekiel xxxiii. 8.

Have we been saved if we deny the cup of salvation to others ?

Can we be saved if we fail in this command ? See that awful warning in Ezekiel xxxiii. 12.

To neglect to give the patient the medicine and he die thereby, are we not responsible for his death ?

Consider the result of a Levite who should refuse to tell the serpent-bitten Israelites that Moses had lifted the brazen serpent as a remedy and he that would look should live. Read John iii. 14, 15.

Christ said, " If ye love me, keep my commandments." " If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

It's ours to lift Him up that the whole world may see Him. See John xvii. 20, 21.

THE REWARD.

James v. 20. Here is the promise of a double reward. Daniel xii. 3 gives the eternal reward. John xii. 26 has a depth of meaning in it which only heaven can reveal.

Think of meeting those you have led to Christ in heaven. Consider Hebrews xii. 2—who “for the joy” ours the same.

There is a reward here, as well as hereafter.

1. There is no joy like that of soul-saving
2. We grow mighty in grace thereby.
3. We make friendships that are eternal.
4. It brings gladness next to our own conversion.
5. We gain the love and esteem of the Church.
6. It helps to answer prayer.
7. It sets all heaven singing for joy (Luke xv.).

THE GOOD THAT COMES.

A soul saved from hell.

A wicked life changed to one of righteousness.

The fires of a burning conscience put out and peace like a river put in.

A soul set free from the service of Satan.

Good influences let loose, bad influences changed.

A soul reconciled to God. “Harmony once more.”

Hope restored, manhood regained, life found.

Condemnation gone; victory over death.

Companionship of Jesus.

The indwelling God and power of the Holy Ghost.

Love the controlling motive, and not self or selfishness.

THE GREATER PRAISE OF GOD.

A soul saved will sing forever.

“He will never hear the last of saving a sinner like me.”

Everlasting praise for everlasting salvation.

One can set a multitude on fire.—*John B. Gough.*

God's love for the individual reveals man's power to praise.

Said one sinner, "Every world shall hear of my conversion, and there is not an angel or an archangel whose hand I will not shake, and say, 'Glory to God, and sing Hallelujah!'"

SOCIETY AND ITS BLESSINGS.

Hatred, malice and strife lessened, and love, joy and peace increased.

There is no true Christianity without morality.

Convert the race and prisons close, two-thirds of all asylums and hospitals will not be needed.

One judge will do for every fifty we now have.

War will be known only in memory, and every soldier can beat his gun into a pruning hook and go to work. The cry of the poor will be stopped by mouthfuls of meat, and the destitute will sing for joy of plenty.

"One policeman can watch a ward in New York or London, and sleep whenever he likes."

JOY IN THREE WORLDS.

Heaven will rejoice. God on the throne will be glad. Angels and archangels will shout the praise and wonder of Christ's salvation. The redeemed ones there will run the streets of gold, wild with delight that one has tasted of the good gift of eternal life.

Earth will rejoice. Some mother will weep tears of joy over her boy, saved at last. Wife will have the glad knowledge that she and her husband will not part forever at the grave. Brother and sister will sing the same songs of salvation. Children will clasp their hands with merry

glee over papa's conversion, and mother's being washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Hell will rejoice. Yes, strange as it may seem, lost brothers, like the one in Luke xvi. 27-30, will be glad to know that others of the same household have escaped the torments of the wicked. This Scripture certainly teaches this.

THE DEFEAT OF SATAN.

The enemy of Christ foiled at last.

Seeking whom he may devour he has lost his prey.

Christ and the angels victorious.

Satan and the devils defeated.

The glory of triumph in battle.

One more in heaven—one less in hell.—*Selected from*
"Lessons for Christian Workers," by Chas. H. Yutman.

A Test of Universalism.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman—one Colonel Richardson, was in a boat along with two Universalists, on the river some distance above the falls of Niagara. The Universalists began to rally the colonel on his belief of future punishment, and expressed their astonishment that a man of his powers of mind should be so far misled as to believe the horrid dogma. The colonel defended his opinions, and the result was a controversy which was carried on so long and earnestly that when they, after some time, looked round, they found that the boat was hurrying with great rapidity towards the falls! The Universalists at once dropped the

oars, and began to cry to God to have mercy on them. Richardson laid hold of the oars, exerted all his strength, and by God's mercy, pulled ashore. When they landed, he addressed his companions: "Gentlemen, it is not long since you were railing at me for believing in future punishment. Your opinion is that when a man dies the first thing of which he is conscious is being in heaven: now, I want to know why you were so terribly frightened when you thought that in five minutes more you would be over the falls and up in glory! The Universalists were silent for some time; but at length one of them, scratching his head, said: "I'll tell you what, Colonel Richardson, Universalism does very well in smooth water, but it will never do to go over the falls of Niagara!" *Syl.*

Correspondence between the Rumseller and the Devil.

TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY:

DEAR SIR, —I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, wine, gin, brandy, beer, and all their compounds. Our schemes, though different, can be best attained by united action. I therefore propose a co-partnership. All I want of men is their money—all the rest shall be yours.

Bring me the industrious, the respectable, the sober, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers, and beggars.

Bring me the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother.

Bring me the father and mother, and I will plant discord between them, and make them a curse and a reproach to their children.

Bring me the young man, and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth.

Bring me the young woman, and I will destroy her virtue and return her to you a blasted and withered thing—an instrument to lead others to destruction.

Bring me the mechanic and the laborer, and their own money—the hard earned fruit of toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice, and ignorance in his once happy home.

Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling in his heart, and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men.

Bring me the minister of the Gospel, and I will defile the purity of the Church and make the name of religion a stench in the land.

Bring me the lawyer and the judge, and I will pervert justice, break up the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a by-word in the streets.

Awaiting your reply,

I am, yours truly,

A RUMSELLER.

REPLY.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of our spirits, and of the great work we are both engaged in.

I most cordially accept your proposals. During 6,000

years I have vainly sought for a man to do this work—one so fully after my own heart as you are. I ransacked the lowest depths of hell for spirits who could do for me the whole work of destruction. But little success attended their efforts.

I sent out the demon Murder, and he slew a few thousand, most generally the hopeless and the innocent. But his mission was a failure.

I bade my servant Lust go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains, destroying virtue, wrecking happiness, blasting character and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But even then, many of the victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy.

I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound, but men soon learned to hate him for his meanness, and comparatively few fell by him.

The twin brothers Pestilence and War went forth, and Famine followed behind them, but they slew indiscriminately the old and the young, women and children, the good as well as the bad, and Heaven gained as many accessions as Hell.

In sadness my Satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom, as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the Gospel of Christ was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your welcome letter I shouted till the welken of hell rang again, "Eureka! Eureka! I have found him! I have found him!"

My dear friend, I could have embraced you a thousand times. I have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person—the most honorable seat in pandemonium.

In you are combined all the qualifications of just such a friend and partner as I have long wished for. In your business are all the elements of success. Now shall my throne be established forever. Only carry out your designs and you shall have money, though it be wrung from the broken hearts of helpless women, and from the mouths of innocent, perishing children. Though you fill the jails, workhouses and poorhouses—though you crowd the insane asylums—though you make murder, incest and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city, you shall have money.

I will also harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though men and women—your victims—shall call you a demon. You shall be void of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity; and when you come to me your works shall produce you a reward forever.

Yours to the very last,

LUCIFER.

An Israelite Indeed!

AFTER stating how he had for some time vainly sought for entire holiness by works instead of faith, and had, at last, specially to believe for it, Rev. Wm. Bramwell says:

"The Lord, for whom I had waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart; and I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing which I had for some time been seeking. My soul was then all wonder, love, and praise. It is now about twenty-six years ago. I have walked in this

liberty ever since. Glory be to God! I have been kept by His power. By faith I stand. In this, as in all other instances, I have proved the devil to be a liar. He suggested to me, a few minutes after I had received the blessing, that I should not hold it long, it was too great to be retained, and that I had better not profess it. I then declared to the people what God had done for my soul; and I have done so on every proper occasion since that time." He was appointed to the Kent circuit, 1785. The number of members of his charge was 322, but were increased to 450 by the Conference of 1787.

Like many of his brethren, he was often greatly depressed in spirit, and tempted to leave his work. On one occasion he unbosomed his mind to an old friend, who advised him to go to his closet, in retirement to take a review of his whole life, and if he could find a single mercy with which God had blessed him, to praise Him for it. Mr. Bramwell followed his advice, and while thus engaged, a successive train of divine mercies passed in review. He saw, indeed that his whole life had been marked with mercy. Gratitude overflowed his heart. He broke forth in praises to God, took encouragement, and went forward in the name of the Lord.

During his zealous labors on the Dewsbury circuit, a most wonderful outpouring of the Spirit was realized, and nearly two hundred were added to the society, and many of the members were entirely sanctified. On the Birstal circuit his ministry was equally successful. His powerful preaching added to the societies during his two years' stay on this circuit.

Mr. Bramwell was next appointed to Sheffield. Everywhere he was received as an angel of God. The peop!

beheld his deadness to the world, his entire devotedness to God, the manner in which he entered into the work of saving souls from death and feeding the flock of Christ. He gave himself to fasting and prayer, and diligently sought renewed baptisms of the Holy Ghost, therefore he was "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." In performing this work, Mr. Bramwell exercised much judgment and influence in employing the talents of local preachers, leaders and others in prayer-meetings, and they became important helpers to him in every place. Opposition was brokered down, lukewarmness disappeared, a holy union prevailed, and the work of God in the towns and country broke out into a flame of life and power. Fifteen hundred members were added to the society in the course of his three years' labors in the Sheffield circuit. His letters to intimate friends at this period manifest a spirit of very elevating piety and entire consecration to his great work. To Mr. Hargraves he wrote: "I see more than ever that those who are given up to God in continual prayer are men of business, both for earth and heaven; they go through the world with composure, are resigned to every cross, and make the greatest glory of the greatest cross. On the other hand, if not given up to God in prayer, every cross brings the greatest perplexity, and robs them of the little love and patience they enjoy."

Mr. Bramwell's next field of toil was Nottingham. By an unhappy division on this circuit in 1797, which resulted in the organization of the Methodist New Connexion, three hundred persons left the society; but this number was fully made up in one year. In the following year eight hundred more were added. Thus the society was doubled. The name of the Lord was magnified in the

conversion of several Deists, who renounced their error, and found redemption in His blood. Several very striking cases of divine healing also took place in answer to his believing prayers on this circuit. In prayer for the society at a watch-night service, his eyes sparkled like flames of fire, his whole frame was full of animation, and he took such hold of God that divine power fell on all present in a wonderful manner. Many of them were so affected that at the conclusion of the service they could not come down the gallery stairs without assistance.

His labors on the Leeds, Wetherley and Hull circuits were also crowned with glorious success. On entering upon his work in the last-named place, he says: "I have had three weeks of agony, but now see the Lord working." Three weeks of agony! Is it then any wonder that such pentecostal results followed his preaching? The manner in which he walked with God and maintained deep communion with Him, is thus described by Mr. John Hebblewhite: "During the time Mr. Bramwell was in the Hull circuit, I lived in a house on the Humber bank, nearly a mile out of town. A large parlor on the first floor commanded an extensive view of the Humber; no vessel could pass unseen from the windows. This room was his favorite place of retirement, and he was at all times welcome to it, for we felt ourselves honored by the use to which he appropriated it. He was wont to resort frequently to it, and spend two, three, four, five and sometimes six hours in prayer and reflection. He often entered the room at nine o'clock in the morning, and did not leave it till three in the afternoon. The days on which his longest visits occurred were, I conjecture, his appointed fasts; on these occasions he refused any kind of refresh-

ments, and used to say when he came in, 'Now, take no notice of me.' One year's labor on the Sunderland circuit resulted in the accession of five hundred members to the society, and five hundred the following year. While here he was greatly buffeted by Satan, and sorely tried in various ways; but he came off more than conqueror.

"I never was so much struck with the Word of God as at present. The truth, the depth, the promises, quite swallow me up. I am lost in wonder and praise. My soul enters into Christ, in His blessed Book. His own sayings take faster hold of me than ever. I could read, and weep, and love, and suffer; yea, what could I not suffer when I thus see Him? Justification is great, to be cleansed is great; but what is justification, or the being cleansed, when compared to this being taken into himself? The world, the noise of self, are all gone, and the mind bears the full stamp of God's image. Here you talk, and walk, and live, doing all in Him and to Him; continually in prayer, and turning all into Christ, in every house, in every company—all things by Him and to Him."

Again he writes: "Oh, this heaven of God's presence, this opening into glory, this weeping over a lost world, this being willing to lay down your life for the Church! *God is all.* Oh, my soul, I feel its fire, its burning, as I write. God grant the flame may spread, the glory shine. May the world receive it. Places to me are less than ever. Devoted souls are my delight. To see my friends dwelling in God and God in them affords me one of the greatest earthly pleasures."

On the Liverpool circuit, to which he was next sent, five hundred and fifty members were added to the society during his labors in that field, and many were the

remarkable deliverances wrought out for him and others in answer to his prayers. One of his first remarks to the society on entering upon his work in a new field was, "Slow singing, long prayers, long meetings, and late attendance on the ordinances were indubitable marks of a low state of grace."

His letters during the last six years of his heavenly life on earth breathe a hallowed spirit. They contain the language of a saint who lived continually in the suburbs of the New Jerusalem, anticipating the happiness of glorified spirits. He was a consistent witness of the doctrine of Christian perfection, and continually pressed this experience upon others.

"He was so crucified to the world and the world to him, that all worldly concerns seemed as nothing to him. He was, indeed, a consistent witness for God in the world, showing to what a height of holiness Christians may attain on earth, when hearty sincerity, deep mortification, diligent watchfulness, love of divine communion, and a humble and active faith meet in the heart of any man."

His countenance and speech were perpetually as before God, in the conscientious observance of all His precepts; his heart full of love to Him; his face awing the beholder with the majesty and shining, with the sweetness and beauty of holiness. To all appearance he spent every moment of his time in his beloved duty, and in zealously doing good: always ready for and enjoying spiritual communion with God in all His ordinances. He sweetly united the lowest humility and condescension with the most transcendent charity to all men, yet was not to suffer sin in his brother to go unreprieved. He maintained peace of conscience and assurance of eternal life inviolate for many

years together, and convinced all who knew him that the power of God dwelt in him. The Divine Spirit so beautified and adorned him that both himself and others were assured that he was born of God.

His deportment was always such as if at that moment he saw God and had God's law and the day of final account just then before him: so that whenever the Lord should call him he might be found ready. To his intimate friends there appeared written in his face and demeanor a sense of the divine majesty and holiness; a most pleasing conscientious, and full dedication of himself to God; a watchfulness upon his own heart and life, lest he should offend; a spirit of great mortification to all the world; a wonderful purity from all sinful pollution, and an admirable transformation into the divine similitude. Indeed, constant holiness seemed perfectly natural to him, while others seemed to be endeavoring to obtain it.

A few years before his death he says: "I have for some time found myself taken up into God, and all things on earth drawn with me up to himself. This is done by acts of faith. It is by this I see and embrace Him, and am taken up by Him. My life is hid with Christ in God. Sometimes I enter within the city, and live for some moments in blessed fellowship with the glorified. Oh, the hope of everlasting life! Let everything be done every day with an eye to this."

The late Rev. John Morris says: "On one occasion, having inquired into my experience, he said, 'Now we will pray a little.' We kneeled down together, and remained in that posture for nearly two hours. Oh, what power and comfort did I then feel! The Lord drew near to us in all the strong attractions of His grace, and I was ready to

think myself in heaven! Mr. Bramwell frequently said, 'Lord, I am in heaven! Lord, what art thou about to do with me? Oh, what numbers of angels are in this room! Lord, I am just where I would be. I would not change my situation for the world. I am just in heaven.' These expressions he continually used. I spoke to him about being tempted. 'Tempted!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, but we are safe. The devil may knock at the door, and temptation may peep in at the window, but neither can hurt us, for God is in us.'

End of a Backslider.

THE following case occurred in western New York, and was published in the *Earnest Christian*, September, 1864. The facts were related to the editor of that magazine by a brother who was a personal witness of the awful scene, and whose statements can be implicitly relied upon:

Mr. C. was powerfully convicted. He nearly sunk in despair. His conversion was miraculous. The clearest light shone upon his soul, and he shouted and praised God in the fulness of his joy. For years he walked with God. He enjoyed the confidence of the Church, and was a useful member and class-leader. When the persecutions of those who enjoyed the life and power of godliness in the Genesee Conference commenced, the most of his class were driven from the Church of their choice. He did not stand by them, but remained in the Church. He gradually lost his enjoyment. When he went among the pilgrims he confessed his

loss, and promised to seek again the blessing he had once enjoyed. But the power of his associations was too strong, and he gradually settled down into a state of cold formality. He resolved and re-resolved to get back to the Lord, but the influences around him were unfavorable. Last spring he said to a brother there was not religion enough in the whole Church (including himself) to save one soul. He was urged to seek the Lord, but gave no satisfaction. He grew more cold, until he finally told a very excellent sister, whom the Lord had blessed, that getting blessed was all the work of the devil, and treated her in a very unchristian manner. On the 4th of July last friends called upon him, but found him despairing of his salvation. He said the light had become darkness. "My heart," he exclaimed, "has become hard—very hard. I have no feeling. If I could but enjoy one Sabbath with a tender heart, as I did formerly, I would give all I have." The next day he said, "I am lost! I am lost!" He could neither eat nor sleep. He walked the floor, exclaiming every now and then, "I am tasting the pains of the second death." He called for water, saying, "I must have it to cool my tongue." He would wet his tongue every two or three minutes. It was red and swollen. "I have," he said, "lived in the Church, and run down with it. Oh, the lip service! the lip service! There is no heart in it. What a sermon I could preach to the Church if I had the strength!" With a piercing look and deep groans he said, "There are but few that will be saved;" frequently exclaiming as he walked the floor, "The lip service! the lip service! I am lost! I am lost!" "The time was, not long since, when, if I had had a little help, I might have been saved, but that time has passed." He said he

had warned his children, but they would mind none of his counsel. He begged the sister whom he had charged with being led of the devil, to ask a pious sister living near to warn his children when he was gone, not to go to the place of torment for which he was destined. "They call me crazy," he said, "but my mind is clear. God is making a spectacle of me. God has given me over. The Spirit has taken His everlasting flight. The devil has control of me. It is all I can do to keep from committing the most horrid crimes." That night he got up from his bed and obtained poison. He stood over the table for half an hour, impelled to take it, but resisting with all his might. He then went to the barn to hang himself, but finding his son there, he gave up the design. His friends sent for the doctor. The doctor said he could not do anything for him, for he had no disease: it was his mind that caused the trouble. A few days after, he was left in the parlor as his family went out to breakfast. He called them back a few at a time, and bade them all a last farewell. As they passed out he went to a bed, took out part of the cord, tied it to the top of the bed-post, made a noose, slipped his neck in it, and when they came into the room they found him dead.

What an awful warning! Beware how you depart from God in any degree. When you begin to wander from Him, you know not where it will end. There is safety only in following the Lord fully. Walk in the light.

The Harm of Novel Reading.

In the city of E.— there were two brothers, each occupying a respectable sphere in society. The one in early life associated with companions whose habits were offensive to morality; the other took an opposite course, and in due time was elected an elder of the kirk, which office he sustained and adorned by ruling well his own house, and by training up his children in the way they should go. His regard for their intellectual and religious welfare was visible not only in the regularity of domestic worship and the orderly arrangement of his household, but also in a large and well-selected library, from which works of fiction and doubtful moral tendency were carefully excluded. The profligate brother at length married, and had two children, a son and a daughter. The former displayed in early youth a genius for drawing so extraordinary as to give promise of his one day ranking among the first masters of the art; but his enthusiastic pursuit of his favorite study undermined a good constitution, and ere he reached his twentieth birthday consumption carried him to the grave. The mother, too, was early numbered among the dead; and the daughter was left to the training of the bereaved father, who now possessed some regard for religion. But though he made an effort to follow the example of his brother the elder so far, at least, as to have family prayer once a week—on Lord's Day evening—such was still the inveteracy of his habit of profane swearing, that "out of the same mouth proceeded blessing and cursing." His ebullition of temper were occasionally terrific to those who had the misfortune to be their witnesses or

victims. The strict Presbyterian notions and habits of his brother were frequently the theme of bitter or sarcastic remark; and his select library of standard divines and historians was denounced in no measured terms, as calculated to cramp the minds and prejudice the tempers of his children. For himself he was determined that no such restraint should be put upon his daughter K—, who should be left at liberty to choose her own books, that she might see the good and the bad, and form her opinions in the most liberal manner, so as to escape bigotry and narrow-mindedness. The freedom thus granted was eagerly used. As the daughter advanced to womanhood, she took her range among books of all kinds, and what was the result? The books which tended to restrain the wayward tendencies of human nature, were treated with flippant censure and thrown aside. Writers of fiction absorbed all her hours. Circulating libraries were ransacked, that she might find the most stimulating novels.

The influence of this most trashy reading was soon apparent in her looks, temper, language and manners. Impatient of all restraint, she wandered in the paths of the tempter. The love-tales of her favorite authors inflamed her imagination. She dreamed and spoke of splendid matches, till she became quite unfitted for the matter-of-fact world in which her lot was cast; as for domestic duties, they were too commonplace for so gay a young lady. These she would leave to home-spun Marthas whose genius was formed to superintend them. She possessed no fortune, but was fully prepared to spend one, should it ever come into her possession. Her course downward was fearfully rapid, for soon a "gentleman" appeared as a suitor, promised marriage, abused her

credulity, kept her in suspense, and then abandoned her. She was forsaken of all her friends—misery stared her in the face. Golden dreams of sinful pleasure, the creation of novel reading, ended in disgrace, ruin, disease, a broken heart and an untimely grave! She passed into eternity without hope, in what might have been the very bloom of her days, leaving behind her two unhappy infants to perpetuate her shame. The writer witnessed her career, too painful to be forgotten. Her miserable father was struck with palsy, lingered awhile and sunk into the tomb. His religious brother meanwhile held on his way, maintaining his integrity, his respectability and his domestic happiness. His children rose up to honor him. The want of acquaintance with fictitious writings did not prevent their becoming intelligent, useful and honorable members of society.

In these days of cheap literature*, let all who have any influence with the young beware how they encourage light or immoral reading. The press teems with fiction set forth in the most fascinating style, the tendency of which is to allure into forbidden paths. Ought we not to be as careful about the food of the mind, as we are about the food of the body? In either case the food, however sweet, will destroy life. The difference is, that in one case the body is killed, in the other the soul!—*English Wesleyan Methodist.*

A Miser's Death.

THEY brought him a silver dollar. He took it, clutched it in his long, skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed-post, and then gazed on it long and patiently with his dull, leaden eyes.

That day, in the hurry of business, death had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent, and he was on the verge of the miserable court, where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels; he was there, with his rent-book in his hand, when Death laid his iron hand upon him. He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He was laid on a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving his right hand, as though in the act of counting money. At midnight he spoke. He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him, and lean and gaunt he sat up in his death-bed, and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken bed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where chairs and carpets and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling all said "Gold!" as plainly as human lips can say it. His hair and eyebrows were white; his cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles, that indicated the passion of avarice. As he sat up in his bed, with his neck bared and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost. And there was life in his leaden eye: all that life centred on the dollar, which he gripped in his clenched fist.

His wife, a pleasant-faced, matronly woman, was seated at the foot of his bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in the latest fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat before the table, pen in hand, and gold spectacles on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

"Do you think he will make a will?" asked the son.

"Hardly *compos-mentis* yet," was the whispered reply.

"Wait. He'll be lucid after a while."

"My dear," said the wife, "had not I better send for a preacher?" She arose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His eyes were upon the dollar. He was a rich man. He owned palaces on Walnut and Chestnut streets, and hovels and courts in the outskirts. He had iron mines in this State; copper mines on the lakes somewhere; and he had golden interests in California. His name was bright upon the records of twenty banks; he owned stocks of all kinds; and he had half a dozen papers in his pay. He knew but one crime, to be in debt without the power to pay; he knew but one virtue, to get money. That crime he had never forgiven, this virtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years. To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation—these were the main achievements of his life. He was a good (?) man; his name was upon a silver plate upon the pew-door of a velvet-cushioned church. He was a benevolent (?) man, for every thousand dollars he wrung from the tenants, from his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heel, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution! He was a just (?) man; the gallows and the jail always found in him a faithful

and unswerving advocate. And now he is a dying man. See him, as he sits upon the bed of death, with the dollar in his clenched hand! Oh, holy dollars, object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death? At length the dying man revived and dictated his will. It was strange to see the mother and son and lawyer muttering—and sometimes wrangling—beside the bed of death. All the while the testator clutched the dollar in his right hand.

While the will was being made the preacher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the church whose pews bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth and satin. He came and said his prayer, decorously and in measured words, but never once did the dying man release his hold on the dollar.

“Can’t you read me something, say, quick. Don’t you see I’m going?” at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look towards the preacher. The preacher, whose cravat was of the whitest, took a book with golden clasps from a marble table, and he read: “And I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.”

“Who said these words—who—who—who?” fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand that clenched the dollar at the preacher’s head. The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply. “Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church? Why—why?” The preacher did not reply, but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted. “And it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a

rich man to enter the kingdom of God, is it? Then what's to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever pity? What debtor did I ever spare—what debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preached to us, and never said one word about the camel. Not a word about the camel."

The preacher in search of a consoling passage turned rapidly over the leaves, and in his confusion came to this passage, which he read: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you. . . . Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth." "And you never preached that to me," shrieked the dying man. The preacher, who had blundered through the passage from James, which we have quoted, knew not what to say. He was perchance terrified by the very look of the dying parishioner. Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will) attempted a word or two of consolation. But with the dollar in his hand, he sank into death talking of stocks, of rent, of copper mines and camels, of tenant and debtor, until life left his lips. Thus he died.

When he was cold the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such charitable society, which had been engrafted upon the preacher's church; and the wife closed his eyes, and tried to wrench the dollar from his hand, but in vain.

He clutched it as if it were the only saviour to light him through the darkness of eternity, and the son sat down with dry eyes, and thought of the hundreds of thousands which were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length. There was a crowd around an open grave, and an eloquent sermon upon the virtues of the deceased by the preacher. There was a fluttering of crape badges, and rolling of carriages, but no tears. They left the dead man and returned to the palace, where sorrow died, even as the crape was taken from the door knob. And in the grave the dead hand still clutched the dollar.—*George Lippard in "Earnest Christian."*

"But they that *will* be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."—1 Tim. vi. 9.

A Methodist Boanerges.

BENJAMIN ABBOTT was one of the most memorable men of early Methodism. He lived in sin, and was a decidedly wicked man till he reached the age of manhood.

Dr. A. Stevens gives the following in his history of Methodism, from which we gather this account: Mr. Abbott, in his early religious experience, met with a Methodist preacher who talked to him about Wesley's views of entire sanctification, and he resolved to seek this great blessing. He was in greater earnest than ever. He wrote: "Soon after Daniel Ruff came upon our circuit, and my house being opened for a preaching-place, he came

and preached. In the morning, in family prayer, he prayed that God would sanctify us soul and body. I repeated those words after him: 'Come, Lord, and sanctify me, soul and body.' That moment the Spirit of God came upon me in such a manner that I fell flat on the floor. I had no power to lift either hand or foot, nor yet to speak one word. I believe I lay half an hour, and felt the power of God running through every part of my soul and body, like fire consuming the inward corruptions of fallen, depraved nature. When I arose and walked out of the door, and stood pondering these things in my mind, it appeared to me that the whole creation was praising God. It also appeared as if I received new eyes, for everything appeared new. I felt a love for all the creatures that God had made, and an uninterrupted peace filled my breast. In three days God gave me a full assurance that He had sanctified me, soul and body. 'If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' (John xiv. 25.) This I found day by day manifested to my soul, by the witness of His Spirit. Glory to God for what He then did, and since has done for poor me!"

Devoting himself to the study of the Bible, he exhorted all men to repent. Texts and divisions were given him in his sleep, and he woke up preaching from them. His first sermon was over the coffin of one of his neighbors. His preaching was always with power. In his day few men in New Jersey were better known than Benjamin Abbott. He was both highly respected and generally beloved. There was an unction in his religion, and a simplicity in his life, a quietness in his courage, and a fatherly tenderness in his manner. He was generally addressed as

"Father Abbott." Many rejoiced to own him as their spiritual father. For years he travelled without a cent of compensation, except his entertainment among the people. By industry and frugality, he maintained his family by tilling a small farm. All his family were members of the Church, and shared his zeal. One of his sons went out as an itinerant. He begged money and timber to build a chapel in his neighborhood. He had the simplicity of a Quaker in his dress. Much of his success was by his pastoral visits. He called on one family, and inquired if there was any preaching in that neighborhood. When he was told that there was none, he offered to preach in their house if the man would invite his neighbors in. He was told that the people did not want preaching. Then he sat down, and told the family his experience, and related what wicked men were before conversion. One of the daughters began to weep. The power of God fell on them while he prayed, and he left them all in tears. Of one place he wrote: "The Lord began to work in a powerful manner, and we soon had two classes; then the devil roared horribly, but God worked powerfully, and blessed the word, and sent it with power to many hearts; many fell under it like dead men, being alarmed at their danger. The watch-meeting was crowded. One of the preachers preached, and then an exhortation was given. The Lord poured out His Spirit in such a manner that the slain lay all over the house; and many others were prevented from falling by the crowd, which stood so closely that they supported one another. We continued till midnight, and some stayed all night."

Sometimes a single sentence would strike and convict a sinner. Taking leave of a family, he gave his hand to a

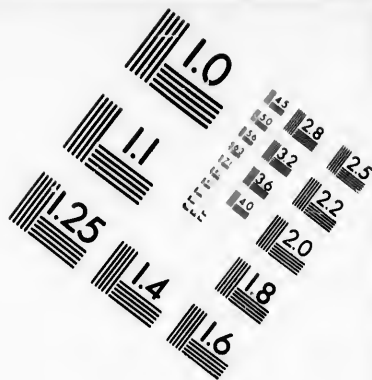
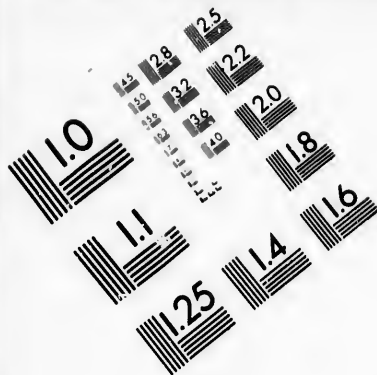
military officer at the door, saying, "God out of Christ is a consuming fire. Farewell." Before midnight that officer was on the floor crying for mercy, and had no rest till he was converted. Gainsayers, persecutors, and mobs either yielded or were prostrated before this Boanerges.

After laboring with great success as a local preacher, in 1789 he joined the itinerancy, and became a regular Methodist travelling minister. He was appointed to Dutchess circuit, New York, and reported one hundred new members the first year. The next year he travelled up and down the Hudson. In one of his meetings a dozen fell to the floor, and there was weeping and praising God. Some were justified and some were sanctified, and seemed to be lost in the ocean of redeeming love.

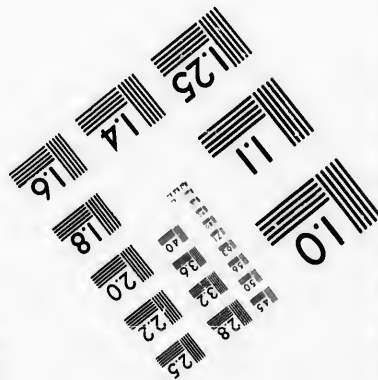
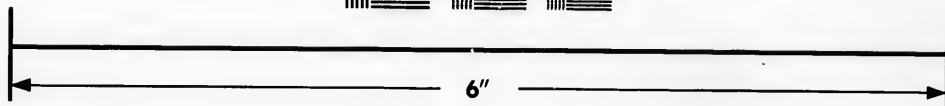
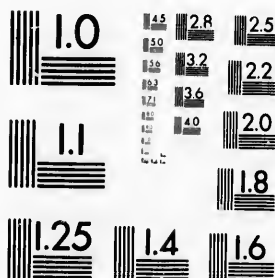
All through his wonderful career, he kept up a distinction between those who were justified, and those who were fully sanctified, showing plainly that he believed in entire sanctification. He preached it so that the people were convicted of their need of it, and sought and found it. He labored to lead his people into the deep things of God. His favorite theme was entire sanctification. At a love-feast, after several had told their experiences, and a few had exhorted, he arose and exhorted them to seek sanctification, for now is the day of God's power; and the power of the Lord fell on them in such a manner that they fell to the floor all through the house, upstairs and down. There was no more relating experiences, and the public preaching was dispensed with. The meeting lasted till sunset.

"He was thoroughly original, unique in mind and character, had a simple, robust, but a holy soul, profound in the mysteries of spiritual life; a temperament deeply mystic — a great dreamer, and his visions of the night, recorded





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with unquestionable honesty, were often verified by the most astonishing coincidences. He was an evangelical Hercules, and wielded the Word as a rude irresistible club, rather than as a sword. His whole soul seemed to be pervaded by a certain magnetic power, that thrilled his discourses and radiated from his person, drawing, melting, and frequently prostrating the stoutest opposers in his congregation. It is probable that no Methodist laborer of his day reclaimed more men from abject vice. He seldom preached without visible results, and his prayers were overwhelming."

The Leek-Seed Chapel.

Soon after the promulgation of Methodism in England, it spread with great rapidity over the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and especially among the miners and lower orders. For a long period after its introduction the clergy and higher orders of society in the west of England manifested a degree of dislike to the new doctrines which can scarcely be imagined in these days of modern toleration. It was thought by many young gentlemen good sport to break the windows and nail up the doors of a Methodist chapel. The robbery of a Wesleyan preacher, as a spree, by two young gentlemen, became the subject of judicial investigation, and the frolicsome young men had to pay very dearly for their practical joke.

Among the uninstructed local preachers was one known by the name of "The Old Gardener." This old man was no common character, indeed he was quite an original, and

by far the most popular preacher among the disciples of John Wesley in that vicinity. He kept a small nursery garden about two miles from the town of St. A——, working hard at his occupation as a gardener by day, and praying and preaching to his fellow-sinners, as he called them, in the evening. He lived in the poorest manner, giving away all the surplus of his earnings in charity, distributing Bibles, and prompting to the utmost of his ability the extension of Methodism. His complexion was a sort of dirty, dark iron-grey, and his whole appearance lean and grotesque. Although extremely ignorant, he possessed no small degree of cunning and great personal courage. Of this the following incident affords ample evidence:

The "Old Gardener" was once subjected to a burglary and attempt at robbery. He lived with his wife, in a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage not far from the high road. Three young squires, who had just finished their studies at the university, and who all despised and hated Methodism, having heard that the old man had been recently making a collection to build a Methodist chapel, thought it would be a good frolic to rob him temporarily of the proceeds of his collection. The result of the frolic is best related in the words of one of the actors:

"We set out," said he, "upon our expedition with blackened faces, on a dark night, a little before twelve o'clock. We had dined late, and all of us had Dutch as well as Cornish courage; yet I confess, when it came to the point, I felt myself a coward. I began to reflect that it was but a dastardly frolic to frighten a poor old man and his wife in the dead of the night."

"The clock struck twelve. 'Now comes the witching time of night,' exclaimed Tom.

"Don't let us frighten the poor couple out of their wits," said I.

"No," said Ryder, "we will be gentle robbers—gentle as Robin Hood and Little John."

"I said that I would rather travel back than proceed. 'Recollect,' said I, 'the old fellow is an old soldier as well as a saint, and fears nothing human.'

"Nonsense," exclaimed Ryder, "here goes."

"He pressed the feeble door of the cottage in which the old man resided; it immediately gave way and flew open. We entered, and found ourselves in a sort of kitchen. To our great surprise there was a light shining from an inner room. This made us hesitate.

"Who is out there at this time of night?" exclaimed a hoarse voice from within. I knew it to be the unmistakable voice of the 'Old Gardener.'

"Give us your money, and no harm shall all befall you," said Tom, "but we must have your money."

"The Lord will be my defence," rejoined the 'Old Gardener.' "You shall have no money from me; all in the house is the Lord's—take it if you dare!"

"We must and will have it," said we, as we entered the inner room, after taking the precaution of fastening the chamber door as we entered.

"We soon wished we had suffered it to remain open, as you will see.

"Now consider us, face to face with the 'Old Gardener'; and a pretty sight we presented. Three ruffians (ourselves) with white waggoners' frocks and blackened faces. Before us the 'Old Gardener,' sitting on the side of his bed. He

wore a red worsted nightcap, a check shirt, and a flannel jacket; his iron-grey face, fringed with a grizzled beard, looking as cool and undismayed as if he had been in the pulpit preaching. A table was by the side of the bed, and immediately in front of him, on a large deal table, was an open Bible, close to which we observed, to our horror, a heap of gunpowder, large enough to blow up a castle. A candle was burning on the table, and the old fellow had a steel in one hand and a large flint in the other. We were all three completely paralyzed. The wild, iron-faced, determined look of the 'Old Gardener,' the candle, the flint and steel, and the great heap of powder absolutely made cowards of us all. The gardener saw the impression he had made.

"What! do you want to rob and murder!" exclaimed he; 'you had better join with me in prayer, miserable sinners that you all are! Repent, and you may be saved. You will soon be in another world!'

"Ryder first recovered his speech.

"Please to hear me, Mr. Gardener. I feel that we have been wrong, and if we may depart we will make reparation, and give you all the money we have in our pockets."

"We laid our purses on the table before him."

"The Lord has delivered you into my hands. It was so revealed to me in a dream. We shall all soon be in another world. Pray, let us pray.' And down he fell upon his knees, close to the table, with the candle burning, and the ugly flint and steel in his hand. He prayed and prayed. At last he appeared exhausted. He stopped, and eyed the purses; and then emptied one of them out on the table. He appeared surprised, and, I thought,

gratified, at the largeness of its contents. We now thought we should have to retire; but to our dismay the 'Old Gardener' said:

"Now we will praise God by singing the Hundredth Psalm."

"This was agony to us all. After the psalm the old man took up the second purse; and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered softly:

"I have unfastened the door: when you hear me move make a rush."

"The 'Old Gardener' then pouring out the contents of the second purse exclaimed:

"Why! there is almost enough to build our new house of God! Let me see what the third contains."

"He took up the third purse.

"Now!" whispered Ryder, 'make a rush.'

"We did so, and at the same moment heard the old fellow hammering away at his flint and steel. We expected to be instantly blown into fragments. The front door, however, flew open before us; the next step we found ourselves in the garden. The night was pitchy dark. We rushed blindly through the nursery ground, scrambled through brambles and prickly shrubs, ran our heads against trees, then forced ourselves through a thick hedge. At last, with scratched faces, torn hands, and tattered clothes, we tumbled over a bank into the high road.

"Our horses were soon found, and we galloped to Ryder's residence. Lights were procured, and we sat down. We were black, ragged, and dirty. We looked at each other, and, in spite of our miserable adventure, roared with laughter.

“We may laugh,” exclaimed Tom, “but if this adventure is blown, and we are found out, Cornwall will be too hot for us for the next seven years. We have made a pretty night of it. We have lost our money; been obliged to pretend to pray for two long hours before a great heap of gunpowder; while that iron-faced, ugly, red-capped brute threatened us all with an immediate passage into eternity! And our money, forsooth, must go to build a Methodist meeting-house! Bah! It is truly horrible. The fellow has played the old soldier on us with a vengeance, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole community.”

“The affair was not yet ended. Reports were spread that three men, disguised as black demons, with horns and tails, had entered the cottage of the ‘Old Gardener,’ who had not only terrified them, but had frightened them out of a good sum of money, which he intended to devote to the building of a new Methodist meeting-house. It was given out that on the following Sunday the ‘Old Gardener’ intended to preach a sermon, and afterwards solicit subscriptions for the meeting-house, when he would relate the remarkable manner in which he had been providentially assisted with funds for the building. Our mortification was complete. Tom, whose hatred of Methodism was intense, declared he would blow up the meeting-house as soon as it was built. Our curiosity, however, was excited, and we all three determined to hear our adventure of the night related by the ‘Old Gardener,’ if we could contrive to be present without being suspected. Sunday evening arrived. The meeting-house was crammed to suffocation, and with the dim lights then burning in the chapel we had no difficulty in concealing ourselves. The sermon was

short, but the statement of our adventures was related most minutely and circumstantially in the old man's quaint, homely, and humorous phraseology. This evening he seemed to excel himself, and was exultingly humorous. The old fellow's face glowed with delight and satisfaction. 'I never,' said he, 'saw black faces pray with greater devotion. I have some doubt, however,' he slyly observed, 'if their prayers were quite heavenward. They sometimes turned their faces towards the door, but a lifting of the flint and steel kept them quiet.'

"He then added, with a knowing shake of the head and an exulting laugh, 'but they had not smelt powder like the old soldier whom they came to rob. No, no, it was a large heap—aye, large enough to frighten old General Clive himself. The candle was lighted, the flint and steel were ready. You may ask, my friends, if I myself was not afraid. No, no, my dear friends,' shouted he, 'this large heap of apparent gunpowder was—it was my stock, my whole year's stock of leek [onion] seed!'

"The whole congregation somewhat irreverently laughed; even the saints almost shouted; many clapped their hands. I was for the moment stupefied by the announcement, but at last could hardly suppress my own laughter.

"We subscribed to the fund to avoid suspicion, and left the meeting. After the sermon we joined each other, but could not speak. We could barely chuckle, 'leek seed,' and then roared with laughter.

"It was a good joke, though not exactly to our taste. It has, however, more than once served for subsequent amusement.

"The chapel was built with the money collected by the gardener."—*Sel.*

Punctuality.

Why is it that so many Christians arrive at the means of grace too late for the commencement? It is most painful to see them dropping into a meeting five, ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes late. A great deal of this is brought about by the *forgetfulness* of those concerned. Their conduct results in two things. They distract and grieve those who are in their places; and they grieve the Lord, which is far worse. It is most unhappy when the devil is able to use the late arrival of a child of God to draw away the attention of those gathered from the *object* of their worship, and rob that blessed One of the praises which are His due. The interruption veils the communion existing between the Head and His members present, and affects the holy joy of the whole gathering. They also rob themselves. The Lord left a promise which has *never* been cancelled, and never *once* broken: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst;" "And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him." Do we remember this as we should? Do we think of it as we prepare for the meetings—as we journey to them—as we take our seats—as we sing—as we pray? One great cause of unpunctuality is, Christians lose sight of the fact that they are going to meet Jesus himself. Surely no one, knowing and *realizing* this fact, would keep Him waiting. Beloved, the Lord always keeps His appointments. Is it not a fact that a half hour earlier rising on the Lord's Day, or a little brisker movement in household affairs, would so alter matters that we should see everyone in their places at the appointed time?—*Sol.*

When eight Quaker ladies had an appointment and seven were punctual, and the eighth, being a quarter of an hour too late, began apologizing for keeping the others waiting, the reply from one of them was: "I am sorry, friend, that thee should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but thee had no right to waste one hour and three-quarters more of our time, which was not thine own." And of Washington it is said that when his secretary, on some important occasion, was late, and excused himself by saying his watch was too slow, the reply was, "You will have to get another watch or I another secretary." Napoleon used to say to his marshals, "You may ask anything of me but time." Of John Quincy Adams it is said, that in his long service in Congress he was never known to be late. One day when the clock struck, and a member said to the Speaker, "It is time to call the House to order," the reply was, "No, Mr. Adams is not in his seat yet." And while they were yet speaking, Mr. Adams came in, he being punctual, while the clock was three minutes fast.—
Cynosure.

A Short Story.

THE official board is in session. A very animated discussion is going on over the withdrawal of twenty-seven of the members of the Church. Dr. Williamson, the eloquent pastor, is speaking: "I admit that in point of numbers twenty-seven out of over eight hundred would make but very little difference, but see who the twenty-seven are, the very ones who carry on our prayer-meetings and attend to the spiritual affairs of the Church. It is true

that they are not the wealthy part of our Church, but a church cannot be run with money alone."

"Bro. Williamson," spoke up the Hon. Charles Smith, a member of the Legislature, "I say let them go; we will get along much better without them. They have grown crazy over the prohibition party, and right here in our prayer-meeting some of them have grown so bold as to declare that any man who did not vote their ticket was supporting the liquor traffic. Now I claim to be as good a prohibitionist as any man in the prohibition party, and, indeed, a better prohibitionist, for the reason that I had the honor of voting for the enactment of our present high license law, which has done more for temperance than the prohibition party will ever accomplish."

"Of course," said Dr. Williamson, "we will have to give them their letters, for we can find no fault with their Christian character. But we have none to take their places in the public prayer service. This is one of the evils of bringing politics into religion; they won't mix." (Will the doctor just reverse the theory and bring religion into politics, and you will see them mix so nobly that they will bring back the praying spirit, and then vote as you pray, and then you will see they will mix.) Then, says Dr. Williamson: "The grand old Republican party is a good enough temperance party for me, and while it is not up to the standard on the temperance question that I would like to see it, yet I am not going to throw away my vote on a party that has not a ghost of a chance of electing its candidates." (Applause.) "I don't understand what these fanatical prohibitionists want," said the Hon. Mr. Smith. "Our Church, as a Church, has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin." "That is

true, Mr. Smith, and nothing stronger than that could be uttered. The man who sells liquor for a living is worse than a ——”

Just then there was a sharp knock on the door. “Come in,” responded the double bass voice of Dr. Williamson. The door opened and the portly form of the saloon-keeper across the street appeared in the doorway. He was the first to break the oppressive silence :

“Gentlemen, knowing this to be your regular meeting night I decided to come over and inform you that I and my family have made up our minds to join your Church and help along the good work you are doing” This speech was greeted with dumb astonishment by the members of the board.

Dr. Williamson was the first to speak : “Have you given up the saloon business?”

“No, sir,” replied the saloon-keeper.

“Are you going to?”

“No, sir. I am conducting a respectable place and see no reason why I should.”

“W-e-e-ll,” slowly replied the doctor, “our church rules prohibit us from taking in dealers in liquors, and for that reason we must refuse you.”

“Oh,” said the saloon-keeper, a flush of anger coming into his already florid face, “I was not aware of that. On what grounds does your Church refuse to admit saloon-keepers?”

“On the ground that they are engaged in a business that sends souls to hell,” replied Dr. Williamson. “The Bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, and therefore no drunkard-maker can. More than

that, our board of bishops has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin."

The saloon-keeper was thoroughly aroused by this time, and in a suppressed angry tone he asked: "Do you know that a great many of your members are regular customers of mine?"

"I have heard that some were," said Dr. Williamson.

"Do you know that two of this official board now in this room are among my regular customers?"

No reply; but two very red faces showed who had been hit.

"Do you know that I got my license from Judge Grant, who sits right here, for which I paid the regular license fee?"

"Hold on," said Judge Grant. "You are going too fast, my friend; I do not make the laws, and I am compelled by the license law to grant licenses; therefore I am not responsible."

"Well, the law was enacted by Mr. Smith there, and other Republicans."

"You can't place the responsibility on me," said Mr. Smith. "I carried out the wishes of those who elected me. Had I been elected on a Prohibition platform I would have voted for a prohibitory law. My party stands for high license, and I voted for the law."

"I understand that fully," said the saloon-keeper, "but I voted for you; so did Judge Grant; so did Dr. Williamson; the rest of this board and the great majority of voters in your Church. I took it for granted that all who voted for you believe in license. Now I am politely told that I cannot join this heaven-bound band and that I shall go to hell. Dr. Williamson here voted for you, Smith, to pass a

license law which compels Judge Grant to give me a license to go to hell! I am the fourth party to the agreement, and without the consent of you three I could not engage in the whiskey business. You three are bound for heaven, where you will wear crowns and play on golden harps, while I am to suffer the torments of the damned! Gentlemen, if your Bible is true, and I go to hell for selling whiskey, you will go with me to hell for voting to give me the legal right of doing so. Good night."

With that he vanished, closing the door behind him with a vigorous slam. The members of the official board looked steadfastly on the floor, each one seemingly afraid of breaking the silence. Each one was doing some pretty serious thinking when Dr. Williamson ended the silence by saying slowly: "Brethren, that saloon-keeper told us some terrible truths. Our hands are not clean, nor our skirts unspotted. Let us go home and pray for light."—*Selected by Rev. G. W. Scudder.*

Reader: One thing is certain: by your vote and influence you are supporting one of the parties described in the above narrative. Which of them is it? You have probably heard of the old story about the "House which Jack Built." We here present it to you in a revised form:

This is a soul in hell.

This is the rum that sent the soul to hell.

This is the man that sold the rum that sent the soul to hell.

These are old party voters that licensed the man to sell the rum that sent the soul to hell.

Query: How shall these be separated on the last day?

Giants, not Dwarfs.

THE need of the Church is *Giants*—men who have sucked the spiritual honey from the "lion's carcass" and who, in the strength of its luscious and divine sweetness, can take up the ass's "jaw-bone" and smite the enemies of the Cross until they lie as thick as the bleached bones in Ezekiel's vision. Giants of spiritual and heavenly stature, who are head and shoulders above their fellows, whose tread makes the earth tremble, whose eye is a piercing glare, whose voice wakes the very dead, and makes the living tremble and turn pale. Giants of mind, of intellect, of soul, who can climb the highest altitudes, hurl aside the mountains and leap the deepest and widest chasms, who can bridge over the gulfs, and make a highway for God and souls over the most rocky and rugged desert. Giants, who in conflict never grow weary, sheath their sword, beat a retreat, or strike their colors; but who will conquer or die, who will never be discouraged or defeated. The world and the Church are sick of *Dwarfs*—men of puny and infantine stature, men who were born babies, have lived babies, and who without a divine miracle, will die babies; and if God permits them, will rock the cradle and sing the lullaby of thousands of spiritual cripples besides themselves.

The Church is sick of men of gloved hands, ringed fingers, feminine voices, bland smiles, and rag and paper sermons. We want *men*, not *babies*—Giants not Dwarfs: men of iron grip, who can shake sinners with archangel strength, and roll the thunders of the law in their ears till Sinai smokes like a blazing furnace, and who can hurl the

anathemas of heaven at them till they howl like demons and tremble like a city shaken by an earthquake. Men who can arouse and wake the Church, reclaim backsliders, frighten sinners, terrify the world, stir the devil, shake hell, and move angels, seraphs, and all the glory world. Men of Holy Ghost metal, of spiritual robust health, of cast-iron constitutions, steel sinews, and undaunted, undying, and mountain-moving faith. Men who laugh at impossibilities and overcome all difficulties.

It is not so much learning that is wanted, but wisdom to make a right use of the learning we have. We don't condemn learning—would to God that all of us possessed a million times more of it than we do; but we want to put our learning to soul-saving purposes, to harness it with power, with living flashes of Holy Ghost energy. The Church is loaded down to the very gates of damnation with learning; the very flames as they shoot out their red-hot fiery tongues are laden with the perfume and incense of the schools; and the groans of the lost, the shrieks of the unsaved, and the wailing of the damned mingle with the rhetoric, the oratory, and the eloquence of our fashionable and fastidious preachers; from under their very pulpits, souls are worse than damned, and the incense of their learning perfumes the very blood of which their soul is the sacrifice.

It is not learning but power—real apostolic strength, spiritual might, and Holy Ghost energy. Not the skill to dress up thoughts in gauze, and tinsel, and sparkling finery, but a giant's strength to make thoughts, to clothe them in flame and fill them with lightning; to make of them spiritual galvanic batteries, and charge them so effectually with holy and divine electricity that every

shock shall loosen the joints of iniquity, snap the cords of wickedness and make the very bones of sin rattle and quiver. We want Giants who are not only able to carry the *gates* of Gaza, but who can lift on their Herculean shoulders the whole *city*. Men who have thoughts and words of their own, and who know how and when to use them, and who stand undaunted where pedants cry "fanatic." Men who dare call things by their right names, who are not afraid to call sin *sin*, and hell *hell*, and damnation *hell in earnest*.—*Rev. J. M. G. Smith, in "Earnest Christian," 1870.*

What Individual Effort Will Do.

HARLAN PAGE was born in Coventry, Connecticut, U.S., July 28th, 1791. At twenty-three years of age, he and his wife publicly professed their faith in Christ, and joined the visible Church.

As soon as he was converted he began to interest himself in the salvation of souls. One of his favorite methods of work was writing letters to different individuals about their eternal welfare. It would be difficult to compute the number of pointed, earnest, yes, powerful appeals which he sent all over the land through the mails. In Sabbath School work he took a very prominent part, and labored assiduously for the conversion of his pupils. Of his success in this direction, a Christian friend says: "A number of ladies, who, when in youth, attended his school, still feel under great obligations to him and to God for his faithful

and untiring efforts for their salvation, and attribute their conversion under God to his instrumentality."

His biographer says that "during his stay in Jewett city, he worked fifty-seven days, at seventy-five cents a day. Here was a mechanic performing his daily task on time; establishing and sustaining a religious meeting at the boarding house, on Wednesday evenings; a meeting of the people of God for prayer, on Sabbath mornings, at sunrise; and, though he went about three miles to attend public worship, throwing his efforts into a Sabbath School at 5 p.m., and instructing a class; devoting Sabbath evenings to meetings and family visitation; conversing with the sick, the careless, the anxious, and those indulging a hope; distributing tracts; endeavoring to awaken an interest in the benevolent operations of the day; keeping a brief diary; abounding in prayer; and adopting methods for the foundation of a church and the settlement of an evangelical pastor."

The friend with whom he lodged there says: "Religion was always first in his mind. If he entered a family, after his usual salutation this subject was immediately introduced. In promoting the Sabbath Schools, he went out into the highways; and wherever he found those of suitable age—however far from God they might seem—he would gain their attention, and, if possible, bring them in. Six or eight wild boys, from twelve to fourteen years of age, were thus induced to attend, were led to see their ruin by sin, and brought hopefully to Christ." In the providence of God, Mr. Page was, in October, 1825, appointed as Depositor of the American Tract Society—a position for which he was eminently fitted. It is said that "one consideration that satisfied his mind of the propriety of changing his

sphere of effort was, that he could think of no young persons, within the bounds of his congregation, whom he had not seriously addressed, either personally or by letter, on the subject of their salvation. Many of them had already united with the Church."

He at once set to work to bring all the employees of the Tract Society under the influence of grace. In this he was eminently successful. God crowned his labors with glorious results. In one of the most wonderful revivals that was ever experienced in the city of New York—a revival which resulted in an accession to the evangelical churches of about two thousand souls—this indefatigable worker labored with all his might to win souls for Christ. His labors and his incessant prayers contributed greatly to the accomplishment of this glorious result.

To persuade the young to abandon swearing, Sabbath-breaking, drinking intoxicants, and using tobacco, but more especially to get them soundly converted, was his constant aim and work. In speaking of his labors, while in connection with the Brainerd Church, the minister, who was then his pastor, says: "His influence, while the Lord continued him with us, was excellent. He was always engaged—always spiritual. His zeal seemed to suffer no declension; it savored of the closet, of self-communion with heaven. He had a wonderful tact in conducting our prayer-meetings and making them interesting; always diversified, and yet always solemn. His remarks, though simple, were never commonplace. The point and spirit of them appeared to have been premeditated, and they were generally well adapted to the character and condition of those present. He had also a happy talent for addressing strangers on the subject of personal religion; and after

our meetings, he would almost always single out some individual, and engage in close personal conversation. Several persons were in this way brought under conviction of sin, and some will have reason to bless God through eternity for his persevering faithfulness.

“When engaged in his usual business, the religious welfare of persons with whose state he had become acquainted, was generally pressing on his mind. It is now known that, for several years before he died, he usually had by him a memorandum of the names and addresses of a few individuals with whom he was to converse. On these he would cull as he went to and from his office or religious meetings. If no names were on his list, he felt that he was doing little good. He also uniformly had in his hat some awakening tracts, that he might present as he should judge them adapted to the state of those whom he met. Not unfrequently he would seize a few moments from his usual occupation to go out and address some individual. When the business of the day was closed, he hastened to some meeting or other religious engagement for the evening. Every evidence of good accomplished gave him new joy, and every opening for usefulness added a new impulse to his efforts. He felt that, under God, the eternal joy or woe of immortal souls depended on his fidelity.

“It was not the great object of his spiritual life himself to be happy in religion, but rather by persevering labors and holy self-denial—like the apostle who testified that he died daily—to glorify God in winning souls to Him. He ardently desired to devote the whole undivided efforts of his life to this work, and nothing but the duty of providing for the support of his family prevented it.

"He brought his efforts to bear upon individuals, and followed up impressions made. All the triumphs of the Gospel, he knew, consist in the conversion and sanctification of *individuals*; and he was not satisfied with merely praying and contributing for the salvation of the world as a whole, or having a general impression made on the minds of a congregation. His intense desire was that *individuals* should be turned from sin to God. Not unfrequently he would observe in the congregation a person unknown to him, who seemed to give solemn attention to divine truth; ascertain who he was, and seek a personal interview; and, *in all cases*, if he left an individual to day in an interesting state of mind, he would endeavor to see him again to-morrow, and follow up the impression at brief intervals, till there was no longer encouragement, or he had evidence of true conversion."

His biographer says: "There is no doubt that it was by continual and fervent prayer that he imbibed that glowing sense of eternal things, that love to souls, and that heavenly unction, which were at once the spring of his fidelity, and, under God, the ground of his success.

"He was uniform and unwearied. I know not who has made or heard the charge of inconsistency in his Christian character.

"Is it wonderful that God should have blessed his efforts?—that, in each Church with which he stood connected, individuals, when relating their religious experience, should be heard referring to his faithful endeavors as the means of bringing them to Christ?—that a revenue of souls should have been gathered from the place of his nativity; thirty-two teachers be brought publicly to confess Christ from one of his Sabbath Schools, nine of whom have set

their faces toward the ministry?—that thirty-four souls should have been gathered by him and his fellow-laborers from one ward of the city; and fifty-eight, in connection with his efforts and those of a few endeared associates, have been brought to join themselves to the people of God, from the Tract and Bible houses!—that individuals should come to his dying bed, and thank him, with tears, for his fidelity to their own souls? Is it wonderful that, in speaking of his early departure, to her who is now his widow, and looking back on his work on earth as ended, he should, with the solemnity of eternity on his countenance, say, ‘I know it is all of grace, and nothing that I have done; but I think I have had evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God through my own direct and personal instrumentality!’”

As he drew near death, he exclaimed: “Oh, for a holy ministry, devoted to the salvation of souls! I cannot bear to have so much time wasted in controversy. If all would devote themselves to the salvation of souls, how many might be saved from eternal burnings!” Of him it might truly be said that “he ceased not to warn everyone night and day with tears.” He died in great peace and triumph, September 23rd, 1834.

The Great Destroyer.

"PRISONER at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court-room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.

Will the prisoner answer? Is there nothing that will make him show some sign of emotion? Will he maintain the cold, indifferent attitude he has shown through the long trial, even to the place of execution? Such were the questions that passed through the minds of those who had followed the case from day to day.

The judge still waited in dignified silence. Not a whisper was heard anywhere, and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move. His head was raised, his hands were clinched, and the blood had rushed into his pale, care-worn face, his teeth were firmly set, and into his haggard eyes came a flash of light. Suddenly he arose to his feet, and in a low, firm, but distinct voice said:

"I have. Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through."

"I stand here before this bar convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I

have no right to complain or condemn the verdict of twelve good men who have acted as jurors in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

“But, may it please the court, I wish to show the court that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife!”

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice :

“I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the old church, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to appear with me before the judgment throne, where we all shall be righteously judged.

“If twenty men conspire together for the murder of one person, the law-power of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for the whole murder, and not one-twentieth of the crime.

“I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town I never would have become a drunkard, my wife would not have been murdered: I would not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human traps set out with the consent of the Government, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father and a loving husband. But to-day my home is destroyed,

my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them—cast on the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State.

“God knows I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor. At last I sought the protection, care and sympathy of the Church of Jesus Christ; but at the communion table I received from the hand of the pastor who sits there, and who has testified against me in this case, the cup that contained the very same alcoholic serpent that is found in every bar-room in the land. It proved too much for my weak humanity, and out of that holy place I rushed to the last debauch that ended with the murder of my wife.

“For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy, and our little home a perfect paradise.

“I was one of those who signed remonstrance against reopening the saloons in our town. The names of one-half of this jury can be found to-day on the petition certifying to the good moral character (?) of the rumsellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was ‘necessary’ in our town. The prosecuting attorney in this case was the one who so eloquently pleaded with this court for the licenses, and the judge who sits on this bench, and who asked me if I had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon me, granted the license.”

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the

spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears. The judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said :

“No! no! your honor, do not close my lips; I am nearly through, and they are the last words I shall ever utter on earth.

“I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the voters of this commonwealth which has received annually a part of the blood-money from the poor, deluded victims. After the State has made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of justice (!)—by the same power of law that legalized the first bar, and now the law-power will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God, and there you who have legalized the traffic will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay; I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition have murdered one, but you have deliberately and wilfully murdered your thousands, and the murder-mills are in full operation to-day with your consent.

“All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unreasoning mad, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year, sends the husband and father to prison or to the gallows, and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of

this and every other court, and blasts every community it touches.

"You legalized the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

"Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of this State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-horn traffic."—*Sci.*

The Revival Needed.

"O Lord, revive thy work." The use of this prayer certainly implies that there is more or less backsliding prevalent—that the work of God in the hearts of His professed followers is either at a standstill or on the decline. Where Christians are living in the enjoyment of the Holy Ghost, and walking with God in holiness day by day, there is no need of praying for a revival, for *they* have one continually. A revival of the work of God does not consist merely of prosperity in church enterprises. Churches, Sabbath Schools, parsonages, preachers, missionaries, and colleges may increase, and the work of God be on a fast decline at the same time. It means the awakening, conviction, conversion, and entire sanctification of the whole soul. It means the spread of that kingdom which

“is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.” It means holy tempers, clean lives, and pure hearts. To be more definite, the revival of God’s work makes thorough, radical changes; it unmasks hypocrites, exposes false hopes, sandy foundations, and self-deceivers. It sweetens tempers and harmonizes the family; it heals heart divisions among brethren, reclaims backsliders, and stimulates God’s children to be saved “to the uttermost,” so that the world sees that religion saves men from all sin, making them honest, upright, uncompromising, “full of mercy and good works.” This revival will break up bad habits, destroy all desire for forbidden objects and wean the soul from all that is opposed to God. It will lead to “cutting off right hands,” “plucking out right eyes,” to parting with every idol, and its converts will count heaven cheap at any price. In such a revival you will see, further, the following fruits: A tender conscience which dares not indulge in doubtful things. The filthy weed is thrown away; vain personal adornment is given up; foolish fashions forsaken; the abandonment of the saloon, the card-table, the horse-race, the dance, the circus, the theatre, the secret lodge, the rink, and whatever else hinders communion with God. The Lord’s house is filled with humble worshippers. There is a great increase of Bible-reading; the prayer and class meetings are thronged; free-will offerings to support God’s cause are given, and church festivals are abolished; profanity is hushed; the Sabbath Day is kept holy; neighborhood broils are cured; line fences and other difficulties are fixed without going to law; and order, industry, cleanliness, temperance, economy and righteousness are promoted; the criminal list and taxation are lessened, and all human interests for both worlds are advanced.

To bring around such a revival as is needed it is necessary that there should be :

1. An utter abandonment to God, and implicit reliance upon His willingness and power. "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." "All things are possible to him that believeth." The preaching, too, needs to be awakening in its character. Such subjects as death, eternity, judgment and hell need to be faithfully proclaimed in this day of carnal security.
2. There should be co-operation with God in the use of all the means within our power. The first of these is prayer for the Holy Spirit. President Edwards says: "There is no way that Christians, in a private capacity, can do so much to promote the work of God, and advance the kingdom of Christ, as by prayer." All the great and genuine revivalists known to the Church are great in prayer. They prevail with God, and so prevail with men. "And being assembled with them, he commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but *wait* for the promise of the Father." "And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the Word of God with boldness."
3. Burden-bearing for souls is also necessary. "And the Lord said unto him, Go through the midst of the city . . . and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." It is fatal to think that simply asking God in a formal way fulfils our whole duty in this great matter. But little will be done unless there is much earnestness and wrestling with the Lord. One of the most successful and holy ministers that ever lived

said: "Extraordinary effects can never be produced by ordinary means."

Every revival costs someone more or less agony of soul. "When Zion travailed she brought forth." It is said of the sainted Rev. John Smith, "that he had resolved very much to lay aside other studies, and to travail in birth for the salvation of men's souls, after whose good he most earnestly thirsted."

Prayer, however, is not enough. There is such a thing as superfluous prayer. A man prays too much when he makes prayer a substitute for labor. It is no use asking God to do what He requires us to do ourselves. In seeking a revival we must work as well as pray. There are those to whom we are clearly bound to extend the offers of salvation, and when we refuse to perform our plain duty, and content ourselves with praying for them, our prayers will do no good. "The shirking of the man who prays, and the praying of the man who shirks is equally an abomination unto the Lord." There are some lazy people who sit down, disobey God, and let precious souls go down to woe, under the plea, "I am not led," or "If the Lord opens up my way," when there has been an open way before them for years. The Bible and the Methodist Discipline teach that we are to "trample under foot that enthusiastic doctrine that we are not to do good unless our hearts are free to do it." "As ye have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

4. Self-sacrifice and holy living. To push the work of God requires the sacrifice of comfort, money, time and sometimes of life itself. Those who engage in this work need to be so consecrated to the service of God that they are willing to lay down their lives if need be to promote pure religion.

Wesley said: "Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God, and I care not whether they are clergymen or laymen. Such alone will shake the gates of hell, and set up the kingdom of God on earth."

Rev. B. T. Roberts says: "It is of little use to hold extra meetings in an ordinary state of mind. A room after a fire of green wood will not of itself warm a room on a cold day. To do any good it must be brought into contact with enough fire to set it on fire. If you undertake to stir others up, you must yourself be stirred. Feeling begets feeling; fire kindles fire. People are moved by the truth, as a train of cars is moved by wood and water. Before a wheel goes round there must be heat enough to convert the water into steam. Putting great truths into the mind is important work; but to get the man to move, those truths must be set on fire so they will burn him out."

Rev. G. D. Watson says: "If God should let a red-hot, sanctified, John-Brown sort of a man burst upon society—a man that would strike as much terror to the dead pulpits of the Church as to the dens of iniquity—it would be the thing we need. You ask, 'Was not Moody such a man?' I answer, 'No.' Moody's work was entirely too shallow; it did not possess the earthquake attribute. We have had for years a Y. M. C. A. surface revival work, that consists mostly in loose theological truth, bouncing up for prayers, and retiring to a private room, and simply professing Christ died for you. God does the best He can with the kind of doctrine used. Many of these revivalists hold the ruinous error that depravity is never extirpated from the soul, but only covered up by the imputed robe of Christ's

personal holiness. That doctrine has no earthquake power in it; it is a poetical device of the devil, for he loves to be covered over with the borrowed costume of Christ, provided he can retain a niche in the heart. Oh, no! in the revival I mean the carnal mind is never repressed under borrowed garments, but torn out root and branch; a revival in which no one ever rises for prayers, but where they fall and pray for themselves, and weep, and mourn, and make the doctor think they are insane; a revival that will make preachers forget their manuscripts, and burst out and weep in the pulpit; a cyclone of mysterious omnipresence that, when it strikes a church or community, will make people very mad or very happy.

“I declare, in the presence of God and His hosts, I am ready for just such a moral scene. Nothing is so alarming as the utter absence of alarm in the churches. Nothing is so dreadfully terrific to my mind as that sinners have no terror! Oh, that God would so baptize with fire a thousand people as to render them an incomprehensible amazement of power! Oh, for a few men so dead to all things but God, and so filled with Him as to make them more than a match for the rest of mankind! Oh, thou triune God of Sinai, Calvary and Pentecost! art thou not now nursing, under the horizon, the lightning, and thunder, and rain of an amazing holiness revival? Lord, let it come! Let it strike our nation! Though it may blow the steeples of our abominable church pride in the dust; though it may thrust our philanthropic fairs and festivals in the gutter, blow the French music out of our choirs, and the feathers out of our bonnets; though it should confound all the wise ones, and be understood by no one but thy Divine self, let it come! Thou art the master of thine own tempests.

Oh, send us a storm from the Holy Ghost before thou sendest the storm of the judgment."

If you are a preacher of the Gospel, and you desire above all things to become eminently successful in promoting revivals of the work of God, then take the following advice which Rev. Henry Breedan once wrote to Rev. Thomas Collins: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. What an awful thing it would be if we who are employed about the sanctuary should preach salvation, and then go self-damned to hell! Holiness is everything! Oh, what beauty there is in holiness! Let us seek her, court her, win her, love her, and that for her own sake alone.

"There is power in holiness. I want Thomas Collins to have as much of this power as any man under the stars. Stick to your Bible. Be much on your knees. Follow Jesus. Thus get power that will make strong-hearted sinners bend. I often wish that I had an opportunity to converse with you. John Smith had an inheritance from Nelson; I received from Smith; perhaps I may pass over a little to you.

"1. Be a man of decision! an administrator! a popular man! a winner of souls—which is it to be? At Madeley the very worldlings said of Fletcher, 'There goes the soul-saver!' Make up your mind whether you will be a soul-saver or not.

"2. If you decide to be one, thenceforth make that your business. Be devoted to it; compel everything to bend that way; throw all your energies into it. Be restless. Success is not likely, in our age, to overtake the world's necessities. While we live we can never have done. Be always tenderly yearning for sinners. That is a happy

unhappiness. A man full of Christlike tears is a noble creature. Such concern melts men and tells with God.

“3. Keep your eye single. Having chosen your aim, be true to it. Do nothing idly, or without meaning.

“4. Study the Acts of the Apostles. In those Acts lie all the seeds of all evangelical methods. Cultivate fertility of expedient. In principle be fixed, but in action manifold.

“5. In composing sermons, first fix your eye on what you mean to hit. Let nothing in that is not meant to strike.

“6. In selecting the sermon to be preached, consider the people, not yourself; take not the one that will give you the least trouble, nor the one that will win you the most credit—but that which is most appropriate to the current need. If the people be hungry it is better to feed than dazzle them, even though you were able to do it with the sheen of diamonds.

“7. Choose your hymns carefully. Give them out heartily and with much inward devotion. In your first prayer plead until the people move; wait until the baptism of the power falls. You must not preach without the power.

“8. Preach as a dying man to dying men. How would you speak if you were sure that in sixty minutes you, with nineteen others, would be in eternity, and at present of all the twenty you only saved? In such a case how would you entreat and warn and weep! Do as much like that as you can every time you stand with God's message of mercy among poor, sin-smitten, dying hearers.

“9. Never doubt either God's presence, God's Word, God's pity, or God's power.

"10. During the closing prayer, remember that success or failure will be protracted through eternity.

"11. If strength permit, marshal the after-meeting yourself. Study the peculiarities and tastes of the people among whom you labor. Teach the people to confess what they receive, and for yourself watch, pray, and believe."

Remarkable Experience of a Spiritualist.

IN his pamphlet entitled "Spirit-Possession," Henry M. Hugonin thus relates the awful experience he had with Spiritualism. Let the reader take warning:

In 1850 or 1851—a few years after the "Rochester knockings" had startled the world and laid the foundation of modern Spiritualism—a noted Spiritualist in Illinois one day told me that "if I only dared," I might become a spirit-medium. It seems that there are outward marks by which good material for the spirits to work upon can be readily recognized by the initiated. For months, at intervals, he presented the phenomena of Spiritualism to me as the evidence of something that he considered a great advantage—the communications of the dead to the living. At that period I did not "dare" to become a spirit-medium, as he suggested. I was afraid of it as something strange and unnatural, and it seemed, too, to run contrary to the Bible, for the Spiritualists did not appear to be pure men, and they had little real regard for the doctrines of the Scriptures.

In the spring of 1869, an elderly lady whom I had long known and respected, whose integrity I could not doubt (intelligent, refined, and a member of an orthodox church), confided to me the secret that she had a table in her house which would answer questions and follow her about the room. Of such things I had heard before, but never witnessed, having had neither sufficient curiosity nor confidence to visit more than one spiritual "circle" and that had proved a failure. The lady further said that however sceptical she might be concerning Spiritualism, she could not doubt the evidence of her own senses. She also invited me to witness the same phenomena at her home. I did so. The table, when our hands were laid upon it, would answer "yes" to a question from either of us, by tipping over into our laps, and when the answer was "no," the table simply *wriggled* on its legs. It was rather amusing to witness this intelligence, and if the answers were not always satisfactory, the table—a small but not a very light one—was a great deal more prompt to answer and more willing to communicate with us than many Sunday School scholars are when catechised about their lessons. When the lady rose from the sofa on which we sat, the table followed her a short distance, but not to the extent to which she said it had on other occasions.

This event so excited my curiosity, and secured my interest in Spiritualism, that I lost the dread of becoming a medium, and began to look upon spirit-communication with much favor. Still I did not mingle with Spiritualists or visit their "circles," but in a private manner sought to obtain intelligence from the spirit-world.

The development in my case was rapid and remarkable, and soon became perfect. The communications became

continuous, as if someone was writing long and frequent letters to me. I felt proud of this new accomplishment, and rashly informed my friends. At once their curiosity and opposition were aroused—the latter sufficiently to awaken in me a spirit of independence and encourage me to continue to receive spirit communications. I may say here that I had clear evidence that the communications which I received were not dictated by my own mind, and seemed to be independent of my own thoughts, as if some other person was passing his ideas through my mind and nerves to the hand with which I wrote.

I had by this time become intensely *magnetized* by the spirits. I use this term because my condition then was very similar to that which I had previously experienced when under the influence of animal magnetism. This was *spiritual* magnetism. I had reached a point where I seemed to live in two worlds at once—the terrestrial and the spiritual. I had enough of the earthly, with my natural senses, to transact regular business every day, but my mind and nervous system were greatly etheralized (if I may so express it), and the tendency was to communicate with the spirits whenever relaxation from business permitted. When under the influence of animal magnetism, I had been enabled to see visions of real objects, and this power was again given to me. The spirits were very *social* with me, and conversed freely and naturally about ordinary earthly topics, frequently introducing new names and theories of which I had seldom or never heard. The fascination of this intercourse was very great, and the spirits appeared anxious to extend it to my heart's desire. *They were weaving the net for my soul.*

My condition (for I made no great secret of it) attracted

the attention of several friends in the flesh, and I was faithfully warned to desist from spirit-communication. Even the lady who owned the tipping table solemnly counselled me to relinquish Spiritualism as something dangerous; but I was infatuated, and grew angry under these repeated cautions. The idea uppermost in my mind was this: Connecting the possibility of spirit-communication with that of *religion*, I determined (having now the power) to discover whatever of good Spiritualism possessed. In this respect I became its champion; and no sooner did I reach this determination than the spirit of evil and his emissaries took a deeper and fuller control of my human faculties, bodily and mental. *I had given myself away to the spirits.* To overcome me to a greater degree was in their power, and they did so. I became more etherialized or spiritualized, and unfit longer to do worldly business. I no longer needed the pencil to receive their communications. From that time they spoke with me face to face, unseen and unheard by all around except myself. My natural senses remained, and on ordinary topics I conversed with friends in the flesh quite rationally, but there was such a preponderance of spirit-control that ordinary topics were secondary. I was doing business in the spirit-world more than in this, and my thoughts—yea, my very life was absorbed in the mysteries and delusions that thronged about me.

For about three months I was in the power of the spirits, having a dual existence, and greatly tormented by their contradictory and unsatisfactory operations; but as I had sought their companionship for no evil purpose, and had grace enough given me from on high to call upon the Lord Jesus Christ to pity me in my miserable and helpless

condition, I *felt* that the spirits were often restrained from doing me extreme injury by a power that was mightier than themselves. Still they tormented me to a very severe extent. I desired to be freed from them. I lost much of my confidence in them, and their blasphemy and uncleanness shocked me. But they were my constant companions. *I could not get rid of them.* They tempted me to suicide and murder, and to other sins. I was fearfully beset and bewildered and deluded. *There was no human help for me.* But almost from the very first I had been inspired (as it were by God himself) to make friends with the Lord Jesus Christ—the result, I think, of my early religious teachings in the Sunday School—who had delivered so many from the evil spirits that overcame them during His earthly life. Amid the phenomena, delusions and filth of Spiritualism, I prayed almost constantly for help to “the One mighty to save.” The reader will remember the object with which I plunged into spirit-mediumship—to ascertain what *good* it possessed. *I found out.* It is the same goodness that exists in the “outer darkness” of the Bible. I am not going to enlarge upon the wickedness that was poured upon me like vials of wrath by the spirits because I would not yield and be as wicked as themselves. I praise God to-day, and I expect to through time and eternity, for the divine care and watchfulness that He accorded to me. Giving me faith to trust in His mighty power to deliver, bidding me hope, yet withholding deliverance until He was pleased to send it in all its fulness, in His own good time, He still restrained the spirits from doing me any important injury. It is true they led me into some extravagances of action, and to believe, in a measure, a few of their delusions, often combining religion

and-deviltry in a most surprising manner; but, after all, *beyond a certain extent*, they could not influence me. A higher power controlled them. One day, after they had been peculiarly annoying, they threatened to kill me, and, tired of their torments, I told them to do it. At once there was a temporary peace, as if they had been suddenly driven back. Often they reviled me, once telling me that my prayers had not been heard in heaven in six weeks. On one occasion, I intimated a resolution to send for a godly minister to come and pray with me, and they threatened if I did, to tear the house down before morning. I sent for him; he came, and during the night they seemed to be more restrained than usual in their demonstrations.

I was now really at war with the spirits—not trusting in anything or anybody to deliver me from them except the Lord, yet opposing them and their efforts to overcome me. If I yielded to them in the least, even for a moment, they would take advantage of it in some way to deceive me; if I opposed them, they tormented me, their power sometimes extending to my body as well as to the mind. But still I prayed in faith, believing that deliverance would come.

Almost every sin that I had ever committed of any importance the spirits paraded before me, so that I could read it as out of a book. They instituted courts to try me (or pretended to), in which God the Father was supposed to be the Judge; but the trials were nonsense and awfully blasphemous. One good effect arose from this. I began to hate wickedness in myself and everywhere—I was disgusted with it, and sick of it; and then I continued praying earnestly to be delivered from the spirits and all sin. Oh, how I hated it in all its forms!

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I believe that at one time Satan himself, hearing my prayers, and finding me so bitterly opposed to his servants and wickedness, and being in danger of losing so faithful a servant of his as I had been in the past, came to the aid of the spirits to overcome me if possible. There was more of malignity, horrifying blasphemy and awful delusion manifested against me than before; but I praise God for the grace that led me to have a deeper faith and hope in Christ in that trying hour, and I have reason to believe that then God and the devil fought for the possession of my soul, and that He who never lost a battle drove away my mortal enemy. I felt that I was in awful peril, yet no new harm came to me. The very language of the Bible was apparently changed by the evil one, as if to destroy my confidence in it and in God himself. But with the dreadful temptation I received new grace, even under the bewilderment that beset me, and clung to Jesus through it all.

After a season of these varied and wonderful experiences, I began to receive intimations from God and from the spirits (as I think now after the lapse of years) that my deliverance was near at hand. I had been among the spirits for about three months, and tried in body and mind to a certain degree by their constant warfare upon me, but not permanently injured in either, and enjoying very good physical health. I had exercised by taking long and frequent walks, and been nourished by healthful food; I had thoroughly repented of every sin and become a believer and follower of Jesus, who had been my Friend through all, and I felt that I was really soon to be delivered from the labyrinth of wickedness and mystery in which I had existed for so many weeks. One morning I was asked by

an unseen and mysterious associate (I know not whom) to give my promise never more to have anything to do with Spiritualism. It may have been a messenger from the Lord, or from my spiritual enemy—I know not; but a positive answer seemed to be required. That promise I solemnly gave, and have solemnly kept for seven years, and by the grace of God I shall keep it until I am called into the world of spirits. I think it was either on that day or the next that my communication with the spirits ceased, and I was at liberty, filled with praise and joy at God's deliverance of my soul from the peril through which I had so marvellously passed. From that hour I have been a Christian.

I have already referred to the delusory character of these phenomena, and the little confidence that can be placed in what the spirits declare and perform. For instance, not *seeing* the beings who guided my hand when communications were written, it was impossible to identify the controlling spirit, although I confess that I sometimes had an intuitive impression that it was a certain individual whom I had known in this life; yet here there was great room for delusion, and I may always have been mistaken. When I conversed with them face to face, in a higher condition of mediumship—my spiritual hearing being opened—it was the same, for I found they could imitate the voice of one man who is still in the flesh, and with whom I was formerly very intimate. I knew that this person was not dead, and that he was not speaking to me, but the imitation was very perfect. I came in contact, also, with several who professed to be persons whom I had known before they died, and whom I knew were dead. (These were, as I have reason to believe, people who had died in their sins.) But

to this day, I am not prepared to declare positively that they were the persons whom they represented. They may have been, but where so much of delusion existed, it was somewhat difficult to decide between the false and the real. And this seems to me to be *the great objection* to accepting Spiritualism as a temporal or spiritual adviser, as thousands are doing, only to find themselves deceived.

One day I received a communication purporting to be written by a very dear departed friend from the Bible place of torment, flattering me, and warning others in the flesh to change their course lest they should go there too when they died. As I had good reasons for believing that this dear friend was in glory, saved through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, and as I was still in my sins, I have set down the communication in question as a fraud—a forgery. I also received several communications of a religious character. At first they seemed sincere and consistent. But one day, after writing very piously, the controlling spirit finished up the communication with the vilest and silliest language imaginable. There *are* hypocrites in the spirit world, whether they be dead men or devils.

The reader may remember that I was looking for the *good* of Spiritualism, sustained and restrained, as I have reason to believe, by the power of God himself, and so prevented from yielding too much to the baleful influences that surrounded me. Sinner as I was, I was yet a believer in the truth of the Bible as coming from God (through my youthful instruction), and this fact brought me into controversy with the spirits at once. One day, it seemed to me, they sent a committee to examine me on Christian doctrine, and now, sometimes, I am impressed with the

resemblance of these spirits to the opposers of Jesus and His apostles while on earth, or the famous French infidels. In my ignorance of Scripture lore and vital religion, I could not argue successfully against their dogmas, and yet I was not convinced that I was wrong in believing the Bible (it was such a comfort to me even then), or that they were right in opposing it.

I do not propose to detail all that I found in Spiritualism. Nothing could induce me to repeat much of the language they used, or the delusions which they prepared to deceive me. Of the untruthfulness of those that I encountered there could be no doubt. I found them not only wicked, but possessing a supernatural shrewdness that might easily mislead a human mind that was unguarded as to consequences, if once brought within their influence. Who is so subtle and deluding as Satan, "the father of lies"? Has he not many faithful servants in the flesh, and if they die in his service, will they be any better in the spirit-world? And if the spirits are like those demons who destroyed the swine at Gadara, fearing they should be tormented before the time (Matt. viii. 29), are we to look for truth and goodness in them? I followed the Bible rule, *tried the spirits*, and found that those with whom I mingled were not of God.

The question has arisen, are all the spirits who communicate with men, of this evil class? Let the spirits answer this question. That good (saved) persons out of the flesh *might* communicate with those still in the body, I believe is not impossible, if the Lord should permit it; but I think He seldom does. Mr. Daniels relates the following in "Spiritualism not of God":

In 1853, Mr. William B. Lanning, of Trenton, N.J.,

... not being fully satisfied of the real character of these spirits, held the following colloquy with one, through a writing medium. The spirit, on being asked if it was right and beneficial for the human race to consult these spirits, replied, "Yes, it will make them happier and better." He then testified in substance to the main doctrines of these spirits, and said, though an unconverted man, he was happy; that departed Christians were among these spirits—all were happy; there was to be no resurrection of the dead, no future punishment, nor Day of Judgment. But on being cross-examined a little, the spirit became very angry and unwilling to answer, and begged to depart; said he would go and get more spirits and return. Said my friend, "No. When you go, I want you to stay away; but at present do you answer my questions. *In the name of the Lord do I demand it.*" The "happy" spirit quailed, and Mr. L. proceeded: Is the Bible true? Yes.

The Bible forbids necromancy and the consulting of familiar spirits. Which shall I believe, you or the Bible? The Bible.

Why then did you tell me that it was right and useful to consult the spirits? Because I wanted to deceive you.

What is the business of these spirits with men? What do you think it is?

I think it is to deceive. Very well, you are correct.

Are you happy? No, I am miserable.

Is there a hell? Yes.

Are you in hell? No, not yet.

Do you expect to go there? Yes.

When? At the Day of Judgment.

Is there to be a Day of Judgment? Yes.

Is there to be a resurrection of the dead? Yes.

Have you any prospect of happiness? *I have no hope.*

In the name of the Lord, is there a good spirit—the spirit of a departed Christian among all of these rapping and writing spirits? *No, not one.*

Where are the spirits of departed Christians? **THE LORD HAS TAKEN THEM.**

Why then did you tell my brother in Philadelphia the contrary of all this? Because I wished to deceive him.

Could you deceive him? Yes.

(The brother was a Spiritualist.)

Why could you deceive him? Because he is a fool.

Why is he a fool? Because he doesn't believe the Bible.

Can't you deceive me? No.

Why? Because you believe the Bible.

Will you tell my brother what you have told me? Yes.

I want to hear from you no more; good-bye forever.

Spirit—Good-bye forever.

Of those who profess and practise Spiritualism, thousands undoubtedly are sincere seekers after truth in forbidden places. Deceived and overcome by the spirits, they are content to be governed temporally and spiritually by them. The phenomena of Spiritualism become a source of wonder to them, being supernatural, and serve to strengthen their faith in the power of the spirits, and, afterwards, in the truth of spirit-teachings. After that, these proselytes are willing to believe almost anything, if it professes to come from the spirits of departed persons whom they have loved and respected in this life. Here is the infatuation that satisfies the minds and consciences of the great mass of Spiritualists—the motive that leads them to look no further for religious doctrine, and to despise whatever opposes

itself to their fixed devotion to the spirits. As the Bible offers this opposition, it is rejected, and this rejection of the Word of God is favored, if not directly advocated, by the spirits. Hence so few Spiritualists (misled and infatuated, but satisfied, not realizing that they are deceived) have no desire to break away from the allurements that hold them spellbound. This infatuation of Spiritualism leads bad men and women in the flesh to contrive and practise counterfeit spiritual phenomena; and every little while the press teems with "exposures of another spiritual humbug," and the details are widely read and denounced by those who are not Spiritualists, as well as by those Spiritualists who have not been able to distinguish between the true and false phenomena until the counterfeit was unmistakably exposed.

At the time when I was absorbed in Spiritualism, I was not dependent upon other mediums (being a "high" one myself), nor "circles," nor "seances," or any of the machinery in use among real and counterfeit Spiritualists. I associated with none of these people, although several paid me brief visits, so that I was not influenced by them. I dealt in a private capacity with the spirits, without requiring the machinery used by the genuine or bogus Spiritualists of these days. Therefore, whatever Spiritualists may say, I feel that I am a competent witness under God, against the errors and delusions of a mysterious and soul-destroying infatuation. Since then I have opposed Modern Spiritualism for the following reasons:

1. It is expressly forbidden and denounced in the Bible, under the titles of "doctrines of devils," "sorcery," "witchcraft," "familiar spirit," etc., in the following passages: Isaiah viii. 19, 20; Leviticus xix. 31, xx. 6, 27; Deut.

xviii. 10, 11 ; 1 Sam. xv. 22 ; 1 Chron. x. 13, 14 ; 2 Kings xxiii. 24 ; 2 Chron. xxxiii. 6, 11 ; Isaiah xlvi. 9, 12 ; 2 Thess. ii. 9, 12 ; Isaiah xix. 3, 4 ; Gal. v. 26 ; Rev. xxi. 8.

2. Because it denies the truth of the Bible, and reviles its teachings. 3. Because it bears the stamp of demonism, while endeavoring to pass itself off for something virtuous. 4. Because it blasphemes the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, and denies the existence of a personal, all-ruling God. 5. It rejects the divine nature and mediatorial office of Jesus Christ, while some of its followers claim to have divine natures themselves. 6. It claims a probationary state after death, while the Bible expressly denies it. 7. It is a delusion and a snare, misleading its devotees into silly and evil actions, under the impression that they are doing and talking sensibly. 8. It drives hundreds into suicide, murder, free-love and insanity. 9. Its visible phenomena, although better than its teachings, are unsatisfactory and useless. 10. No reliance can be placed upon what the spirits say. If they are sometimes truthful, it is to excite the confidence of those who converse with them and lead to a firmer belief in what they pretend to reveal. Lastly, Jesus and His apostles drove legions of demons out of the "mediums" of his day, and restored them to their senses. (See Luke ix. 37-42.)

Is the World Morally Improving or Degenerating ?

THIS is a momentous question. In attempting to answer it we propose to quote some facts and figures from various sources, and let the reader form his own conclusions.

In order to do justice to the subject, it is only fair that both sides should be presented. Let us take the bright side first. We acknowledge with thankfulness,

"That at last," says D. T. Taylor, "all nations are open to the Gospel, that China, India, Japan, and huge, dark Africa have heard of Christ—that since 1804 several hundred millions of the Holy Word of Life have been sent into all lands, until men of 267 tongues can now read it—that the dear old Book is thickly strewn over our lost world as are forest leaves in autumn—that since 1800 between two and three millions of heathen have found the world's Saviour. We are glad that during this wonderful hundred years the translations of the Scriptures have increased fivefold; the evangelical missionary societies tenfold; the number of missionaries fiftyfold; contributions in money twenty-fivefold; the circulation of the Bible thirtyfold; and the number of converts from heathendom thirty-fivefold. We rejoice that the communicants of all Protestant churches number (says Bishop Foster) 30,000,000."

The prophet Daniel, in referring to the last days, says, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." (Dan. xii. 4.)

The American Bible Society alone, since its organization in A.D. 1816, has issued more than *thirty million* copies and parts of copies of the Bible, in more than 125 different

languages and dialects. More than double this number of volumes have been issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society since its organization. The *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, March 6, 1886, says: "The London Religious Tract Society was organized in 1790; the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1804; the American Bible Society, in 1816; and the American Tract Society, in 1825; so that the average age of these four great societies is seventy-five years. Their cash receipts have been over \$112,000,000, or an average of over \$1,000 a day for each during their entire existence. The issues of the two tract societies would be equal to a two-page tract for every inhabitant of the globe. Since 1880 the issues of the two Bible societies have averaged over 10,000 copies for each business day, while their issues for 1885 were over 17,000 copies a day, twenty-eight per minute, reckoning ten hours per day. From these two sources alone, not including the seventy other Bible societies, over 150,000,000 copies of the Word of God have gone forth over the world during this nineteenth century."

What a fulfilment of the prophetic declaration that "knowledge shall be increased"!

Only ninety-five years ago, in the year 1801, the first religious newspaper in the world was published in Portsmouth, N.H. Then but forty copies could be printed per hour, now 40,000 copies, and millions of such agencies for the dissemination of knowledge go forth weekly to enlighten every part of the world.

A little more than a hundred years ago there was not a Sunday School in the world, the first one being organized by Robert Raikes, at Gloucester, England, in 1784. Now every town and almost every neighborhood has its Sunday School, where the knowledge of the Bible is taught.

But if we turn our eyes towards the development of the arts and sciences within the last hundred years, we behold an equally wonderful increase of knowledge in this direction.

Would people now think that they could do without such conveniences as matches, steel pens, cooking stoves, oil lamps, sewing machines, farm machinery, railroads, telegraph, telephone, electric lights, etc., etc. And yet, less than a hundred years ago, none of these things were in existence.

The prophecy states that in the time of the end "many shall run to and fro." Do we not see a fulfilment of this? Who can visit any of our great railroad centres and view the throngs of people, without contrasting the present with the recent past, when the stage coach was the most rapid means of travel? At the Grand Central depot in New York 165 trains arrive and leave daily.

"More has been done, richer and more prolific discoveries have been made, grander achievements have been realized, in the course of the fifty years of our lifetime than in all the previous lifetime of the race, since states, nations, and politics, such as history makes us acquainted with, have had their being."—*London Spectator*.

"The great facts of the nineteenth century stand out so conspicuously above the achievements of any preceding century, that it would be affectation of humility not to recognize and speak of them."—*Union Hand Book, 1870*.

"Never was there such activity of inventions within the history of mankind as in the present day."—*Phrenological Journal, April, 1871*.

"The number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is unprecedented in the history of the world."—*Scientific American*.

Alas, the picture changes. Although it is nearly nineteen centuries since Christ died, there are still 1,000,000,000 souls on earth who are unsaved. Of the 390,000,000 of so-called Christians, including Romanists, Greeks and Protestants, a vast majority have only a nominal, doubtful religion that does not, cannot save them. Over against the 30,000,000 professedly converted to Christ, there are 80,000,000 of Protestants (omitting the Romish and Greek churches) unconverted, and voluntarily remaining in sin right in the very heart of our best Christendom. Our only hope for the 1,400,000,000 on earth, only less than a third of whom are saved at all, is in the 30,000,000 of church members; and Bishop Foster, according to the *New York Independent*, throws one-half of these out, declaring that they are but "undeveloped idle factors," leaving but 15,000,000 of active, working Christians in all the globe.

Says Bishop Foster: "The Church boasts that she is going to conquer the world, and comes from her palaces and princely farms and subscribes fifty cents a head for the undertaking."

All Christendom collects the sum of \$10,000,000 a year for mission work; put over against it that the American nation "expends the sum of \$20,000,000 each year for imported artificial flowers to put in the head-gear of their women. Put over against it the fact, that Boston alone (says Dr. Dorchester) expends \$50,000,000 each year for intoxicating liquor—and where is boasting?"

A certain missionary society met in Boston some time ago, and reported that since sixty years ago \$25,000,000 had been received and expended by it to evangelize the world. But the shameful fact remains, that the liquor bill of the United States is \$900,000,000, and the tobacco

bill \$650,000,000 more, "not every sixty years, but every twelve months," which is sixty times as much money for the devil in one year as the grandest missionary society on this continent could collect for the Lord's work in sixty years! And shall we ignore the stinging fact—oh, tell it not in Gath!—that the wretched Mormon sect has more missionaries to-day than has the American Board of Foreign Missions!

The *Christian Union* says: "The annual increase of population far exceeds the number of conversions to Christ. The State of New York has more heathen by deliberate choice within her borders than there are members of churches in the heathen world. And while from 100,000 to 200,000 are supposed to be yearly evangelized, the total number no more than equals the annual victims to alcohol in the three Christian countries of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States."

A recent issue of the *Missionary Review* gives these facts: "In the year 1800 the common estimates rarely placed the population of the world as high as 800,000,000. Let us suppose it even 1,000,000,000—an estimate that would be usually considered extravagant. Of this 1,000,000,000, it is claimed that there were 200,000,000 Christians of all kinds, Greek, Romish and Protestant. This leaves 800,000,000 of the non-Christian population of the world in 1800. The present population is reckoned by the highest authorities at about 1,400,000,000. Of these, 400,000,000 are claimed as nominal Christians. Suppose these to be all true Christians—and none will claim that—we have 1,000,000,000 yet, unsaved. That is, there are 200,000,000 more souls to be reached and rescued by the Gospel than there were in 1800," now ninety-five years ago.

Says Rev. D. T. Taylor: "We boast of the light disseminated by the press, forgetting that it is Satan's agency as well as God's: forget that in Great Britain the immoral, infidel and blasphemous publications each year reach the issue of nearly 40,000,000 (*Edinburgh Review*), which is more than all the publications of all the religious societies put together,—Bradlaugh's vile, atheistic weekly alone circulating 250,000 cop.es. We forget that a single, secular, novelistic journal at New York outnumbers in its weekly issues all the religious journals and periodicals in New England,—forget that seventy-five per cent. of the papers and books of our time are light reading of a frivolous kind, devoted to fiction and nonsense, and do not lead the mind to God,—forget that of the vast number drawn out from the twelve million books in our public libraries from ten to twenty are novels where one is religious,—forget that a venal, corrupt, pernicious spirit pervades much of the press, which outpours perpetually a stream of unchristian thought, destructive of godliness and poisonous to the minds of our youth, by which there is created and fostered a dislike to all real life, and a contempt for all real good. In much of the press, fun and filth rule the hour."

The Truth says: "The most careless eye cannot fail to perceive the fearful desecration of the Lord's Day, which is almost wholly given up to diversion or business, and which, if unchecked, will speedily leave no audience to whom the Gospel can be preached. Christians themselves are carried away by the wave that will surely dash the Church like a broken wreck upon the rocks. Twenty-five years ago a Christian could scarcely be found who would read the Sunday papers; to-day they are not only taken and read by a large majority of church members in Ameri-

can cities, but by many ministers. Twenty-five years ago a Christian received discipline if he travelled on the Lord's Day, except under the pressure of necessity; now it is the rule for professed Christians to start upon a considerable journey on Saturday, so as to save time. It is in the pulpit, indeed, that the work of disintegration and ruin most rapidly progresses. The more boldly a preacher denies the inspiration of God's Word, the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and the future punishment of the wicked; the more adroitly he leaves out all flavor of the Gospel in his sermons and substitutes the greatness of man; the more impudently he advertises sensational topics and clap-trap performances worthy of a clown, the more certainly he draws a crowd, and is lauded to the skies by the secular press, which is conducted almost wholly in the interests of infidelity. All of this may be ridiculed as a croaking of a bird of ill-omen, and it will be asserted again and again that the world is growing better every day. But if it is really growing better, it has a poor way of showing it, while the daily papers are loaded to disgust with the record of crimes, and immorality is rolling away the very foundations of society, and the Church is obviously losing her hold on the masses of the people."

The *Congregationalist* having received answers from twenty-nine ministers to a circular sent out making inquiry as to the observance of the Sabbath in New England, says: "All testify to degeneracy and deplore results. Desecration has increased, and morality also decreases. Religion is losing its authority, and the state of the community is becoming worse."

Rev. Dr. Kitteridge, Chicago, Presbyterian, says: "It matters not in what direction you look, sin is on the

increase, and the Church is losing ground in her conflict with sin ; she has almost ceased to be felt as a power. If a majority of our church organizations were to-day to become extinct, the world would hardly know it."

Rev. J. I. Swander, Freemont, Ohio, referring to ecclesiastical amusements, says : " They are ripening an epoch in the world's history, when Jehovah will again speak in thunder tones similar to those which began to shake the Continent of Europe in the dawning of the Reformation. What shall the harvest be if we continue to seal with the sanction of heaven the principles and practices of hell ? The old landmark between two distinct orders of human character is passing away. Sheep and goats feed in the same range of pasture, and there is, consequently, not much apparent difference in their respective wools. Progressive euchre and retrogressive religion move hand in hand. The most popular amusements are common to both saint and sinner. Both parties seem disposed to meet on a common level, and form a treaty of peace. Zeal for God ! Heaven have mercy upon such willing victims of deep delusion ! The only value of such religion is its prophetic utterances. They reveal the inward emptiness of mere nominal Christianity, and foretell the ultimate marriage with genuine iniquity. May the chariot wheels of God's beneficent providence move on with rapid speed, and bring the inevitable crisis."

The late Hon. J. B. Finch, speaking of the United States, says : " There is not a large city in the land that is not controlled by its grog shops."

Says Bishop Foster : " Rum engenders poverty, poverty and rum engender crime. From the Government rum-shop the wild beast hunts his prey. Is Christendom

struck with judicial blindness that she sleeps? Are her eyes holden that she cannot see? There are armies marching and countermarching, with banners on which are emblazoned Dynamite, Anarchism, Communism, Nihilism, No Sabbath, Down with the Church and State, recruited from the dram shop and officered from the kennel. Are we so deaf that we do not hear the tramp of the gathering legions? Nations that fatten the wild beasts of passion will be devoured by the wild beasts of rapine and ruin."

M. Jolly, an eminent French doctor, says: "There is in France an increasing tendency to mental diseases generated by the increasing consumption of alcoholic drinks; and in proportion as liquor drinking increases, so do paupers, vagabonds, beggars, suicides, idiots, dwarfs and murderers increase."

Rev. Dr. Parker, of London, in his book, "The Inner Life of Christ," says: "England was never baser in her morals in many public aspects of her history than she is at this moment."

The recent revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of the immorality in high quarters, certainly goes to confirm this statement.

"In all civilized nations," writes Dr. Morselli, of Italy, "suicide has gone on increasing more rapidly than population."

In the United States, in Australia, France, Italy, England and Ireland, and all Christian nations, statistics show that insanity, as the result of crime, is rapidly increasing.

Mr. Moody said, in a recent sermon at the Tabernacle: "You say the world is growing better. What a thrill of horror the Parkman murder sent through society! Now a hundred Parkmans might be murdered in a week, and it would produce no excitement."

Henry Ward Beecher speaks in the following scathing terms: "All the frame-work of society seems to be dissolving. On every side we find men false to the most important trusts. Even the judges on the bench are bought and sold like meat in the shambles. One must go into court with a long purse to obtain justice. The judiciary of New York stinks like Sodom and Gomorrah. Men say they hardly know a court in which to trust a case. It is no longer an honor to sit on the bench, for if the judge be an upright man, his character will be contaminated by the great majority of his associates."

H. Grattan Guinness, in his late work, "Light for the Last Days," says: "The religion of these last days has been well called a baptized heathenism; Christian in creed, heathen in practice."

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the *Sword and Trowel* for December, 1887, says: "A man of God writes us as follows: 'You cannot well overstate the spiritual death and dearth which prevail in the provinces. Where the "minister is successful" no Unitarian would be offended with the preaching, and where "not successful," we see a miserably superficial handling of the Word without power. Of course there are valuable exceptions. What can be expected as to spirituality in the Church when deacons are better acquainted with "Hamlet" and Irving's acting than with the Word of God? And what about the next age, when the children are treated to pantomimes, and a taste is created for these things?' This brother's lamentation is of a piece with hosts of others which load our table. They come from men who are second to none in spiritual weight. Either these brethren are dreaming, or they are located in specially bad places; or else there is

grievous cause for humiliation. We will not go deep into this question, it is too painful. The extent to which sheer frivolity and utterly inane amusement have been carried in connection with some places of worship would almost exceed belief. We call the attention of our readers to the fact that *doctrine* has been the ground of battle in the Down-grade struggle which has been chosen by our opponents, but on the matter of prayer-meetings and worldliness they have been prudently silent. The Lord our God is holy, and He cannot compromise His own glorious name by working with persons whose grovelling tastes lead them to go to Egypt—we had almost said to Sodom—for their recreations. Is this walking with God? Is this the manner in which Enochs are produced? It is a heart-sorrow to have to mention such things; but the work of the Lord must be done faithfully, and this evil must be laid bare. There can be no doubt that all sorts of entertainments, as nearly as possible approximating to stage-plays, have been carried on in connection with places of worship, and are, at this present time, in high favor. Can these things promote holiness, or help in communion with God? Can men come away from such things and plead with God for the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of believers? We loathe to touch the unhallowed subject; it seems so far removed from the walk of faith, and the way of heavenly fellowship. In some cases the follies complained of are even beneath the dignity of manhood, and fitter for the region of the imbecile than for thoughtful men."

Rev. H. Bonar, D.D., says: "The religion of the day is an *easy-minded* religion; a religion without conflict and wrestling, without self-denial and sacrifice; a religion

which knows nothing of the pangs of the new birth as its commencement, and nothing of the desperate struggle with the devil, day by day, making us long for resurrection-deliverance, for the binding of the adversary, and for the Lord's arrival. It is a *second-rate* religion,—a religion in which there is no largeness, no grandeur, no potency, no noble-mindedness, no elevation, no self-devotedness, no all-constraining love. It is a *hollow* religion, with a fair exterior, but an aching heart,—a heart unsatisfied, a soul not at rest, a conscience not at peace with God; a religion marked, it may be, by activity and excitement, but betraying all the while the consciousness of a wound hidden and unhealed within, and hence unable to animate to lofty doings, or supply the strength needed for such doings. It is a *feeble* religion, lacking the sinews and bones of hardier times,—very different from the indomitable, much-enduring, storm-braving religion, not merely of apostolic days, but even of the Reformation. It is an *uncertain* religion, that is to say, it is not rooted in *certainty*; it is not the overflowing of a soul assured of pardon, and rejoicing in the filial relationship between itself and God. Hence there is no liberty of service, for the question of personal acceptance is still an unsettled thing; there is a working *for* pardon but not *from* pardon. Hence all is bondage, heaviness, irksomeness. There is a speaking for God, but it is with a faltering tongue; there is a laboring for God, but it is with fettered hands; there is a moving in the way of His commandments, but it is with a heavy drag upon our limbs. Hence the inefficient, uninfluential character of our religion. It does not tell on others, for it has not yet fully told upon ourselves. It falls short of its mark, for the arm that drew the bow is paralyzed.”

Says the *Christian Herald*: "It is a fact that about in the same ratio that the cause of experimental religion declines, immorality and vice increase."

The *Philadelphia Times* says: "Honesty has fled from the world, and sincerity has fallen asleep. Piety has hidden herself, and justice cannot find the way. The helper is not at home, and charity lies sick. Benevolence is under arrest, and faith is nearly extinguished. The virtues go a-begging, and truth has long since been buried. Credit is turned lazy, and conscience is pinned to the wall."

Says the *Hornellsville Times*: "The records of the past have never presented a more fearful and corrupt state of society than now exists throughout most parts of the United States. The newspapers from every quarter are becoming more and more loaded with the records of crime."

The *North American* says: "From the terrible evidences of human depravity which develop themselves from day to day, we begin to think that our cities are rapidly descending to the level of Sodom and Gomorrah."

The *New York Herald* says: "Crimes of all descriptions are on the increase, especially those of the blackest dye, the increase being much greater than the proportionate increase of population."

Says the *Expositor*, a political paper: "Crimes, unprecedented in number and unequalled in atrocity, fill every section of our country with horrors, exhibiting a hardened barbarity, in their details, only to be exceeded in the bosom of demons," etc.

Says the *Scientific American*: "It is admitted by all parties that crimes of the most outrageous and unprecedented character abound throughout the country, and probably throughout the world, to a degree wholly unparalleled."

The New York *Tribune* says : "The telegraph wires bend under their weight of woe ; the old earth quivers with throbs of agony from the centre to the pole ; cities are shaken down, countries are engulfed ; fair domains are overflowed with red-hot lava ; wife is arrayed against husband, mother against child, son against father."

The pious Robert Pollok, author of "Course of Time," many years ago clearly foresaw the times in which we live, and thus graphically describes them :

"Meanwhile the Earth increased in wickedness,
 And hasted daily to fill up her cup.
 Satan raged loose, Sin had her will, and Death
 Enough. Blood trod upon the heels of blood ;
 Revenge, in desperate mood, at midnight met
 Revenge ; war brayed to war ; deceit deceived
 Deceit ; lie cheated lie ; and treachery
 Mined under treachery ; and perjury
 Swore back on perjury ; and blasphemy
 Arose with hideous blasphemy ; and curse
 Loud answered curse ; and drunkard, stumbling, fell
 O'er drunkard fallen ; and husband husband met,
 Returning each from other's bed defiled ;
 Thief stole from thief ; and robber on the way
 Knocked robber down ; and lewdness, violence,
 And hate met lewdness, violence, and hate.
 O Earth ! thy hour was come."

Rev. D. I. Taylor says : "Ours too is an age of gigantic thefts. The enormous scale on which this crime proceeds, has no parallel in the past. Somebody stole a million of dollars from the exchequer of Russia. Then Kentucky was robbed of some two millions by state officials, and

South Carolina suffered in a similar manner a theft of some millions. A New York bank lost three millions by theft; in about two years defalcations in Philadelphia reached an equal sum; while in Boston in but a few months the frauds and thefts aggregated the sum of three millions. All this was eclipsed by the infamous Whiskey Ring, that, conscienceless as ever, stole from the Government the sum of six or seven millions of dollars. On a still greater scale of crime Tweed and his gang stole the vast sum of twenty-six million dollars from the city of New York, while in the Old World the managers of the Glasgow Bank, not to be outdone in rascality, stole thirty million dollars from the Scotch people. To cap the climax of giant thefts, the city of New York is again said to have been robbed of the sum of thirty-three million dollars by a ring of its officials! Search all history and you cannot find another such showing as this. The awful record is reserved for this last evil time.

"Not all the lesser thieves are known—not all are caught. A host are yet outside of prison-bars, and many are in the Dominion. Says Dr. Talmage: 'The reason some men don't steal \$200,000 is because they don't get a chance.' There are honest men yet, but the spirit of theft fills the world to-day, and is a ruling principle with a large and growing class."

Rev. Joseph Cook says: "Out of every 10,000 deaths in Europe, seven are murders—but out of every 10,000 deaths in the United States, twenty-one are murders."

"Since 1850 we have had very accurate statistics, and it will not do to say that the apparent increase of crime in the United States is the result of increased diligence in the exposure of it, and not of the increase of crime itself. I take up statistics from an authoritative work and read

that the deaths from drink in every thousand of the population are, in England, two every year; Scotland, three; Ireland, two; France, two; Switzerland, three; Sweden, six; and in New York, my native state, twelve. (Mulhall: Dic. Stat.) The divorces and separations in every thousand marriages were in 1880, in England, two; Scotland, three; France, nine; in Massachusetts, forty-five. The ratio of murders per million has of late in England been 711; in Ireland, 883; in France, 796; Germany, 837; in the United States, 2,460. What countries are worse than ours? Only Italy, only hot-blooded Spain exceeds us in the proportion of murders to the population. Italy has 3,024 and Spain 3,200 against our 2,460. What is worse than all this is that, throughout the range of Christendom represented by England, Scotland, France and the United States, the number of divorces between 1870 and 1880, more than doubled in each of the countries."

Mr. Andrew D. White, United States Minister to Brussels, says the number of deaths by murder in America are more than double the average of the most criminal country in Europe, and year after year that number increases. Even Italy and Corsica, where crimes of violence are frequent, are below the United States in the proportion of murders to the population. Four thousand murders occurred in the United States during 1890, and in 1891 the number increased to 6,000. The greater number of men who committed these crimes are still at large, and statistics show that only one murderer in fifty suffers capital punishment.

"It would take to all eternity to bring the millennium at the rate that modern revivals progress," said the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher before a ministerial convention,

"And he," says Rev. R. Gilbert, "who waits to see the 'good time coming,' when holiness shall become popular, may outlive Methuselah."

Rev. Robert Atkins, of Liverpool, England, speaks on this matter thus: "Preaching in ceiled houses, Sabbath after Sabbath, to the same congregation, appears to me but little better than mockery, when the awful state of Christendom arises before me, overshadowed as it is with the cloud of Almighty vengeance. . . . Apostasy, apostasy, is engraven on the very front of every church; and did they know it, and did they feel it, there might be hope; but, alas! they cry, 'We are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing;' and this blasphemy is added to apostasy."

Dr. Talmage thus describes the destructive, violent classes of to-day: "He owns nothing but a knife for universal blood-letting, and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, and no hell except what he can make on earth! He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps Emperor William of Germany practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and if he had the power would climb up until he could drive the God of heaven from His throne—the universal butcher. In France it is called Communism, in the United States it is called Anarchism, in Russia Nihilism. That last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash-up. It would make the holding of property a crime; it would drive a dagger through your heart and apply a torch to your dwelling, and turn over this whole land into the possession of theft and lust and rapine and murder." (Sermon, June 6, 1886.)

“And what are all these difficulties between Nihilistic, Communistic, and labor organizations, on the one hand, and capitalists on the other? The active operations for a struggle among all nations, with frauds in high places everywhere, but developments towards the events described in Dan. xii. 1-3, resulting in ‘a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation.’”—*Sel.*

President C. A. Blanchard, of Wheaton College, says :

“Secret societies of various kinds have existed for centuries, but never were they so multiplied, so various, so powerful, or so injurious to society as at present. Religion, Protestantism, Temperance, Insurance, Patriotism, College Friendships, and Labor, all are now harnessed to the car of Secrecy, and altogether are popularizing a principle of organization which among the ancients was the peculiar possession of idolatrous priests, and among moderns used to be the distinguishing mark of bands organized to defy and override civil authority.

“An inspection of the directory in any great city of the United States will show that the lodges now outnumber the churches of Jesus Christ by hundreds. In Chicago, for example, the churches are about three hundred, the lodges almost one thousand. The membership of the lodges is overwhelmingly male, that of the churches largely female, another element which has to be taken into account in any intelligent consideration of this subject. There is a proverb that, “Nothing lies like figures.” Yet figures can speak truly if fairly dealt with. Masonic bodies claim about half a million adherents, Oddfellow lodges almost as many. The Knights of Fythias, a new order, already is said to number nearly three hundred thousand members ; while patriotic, temperance, and insurance orders already

boast of hundreds of thousands of initiates. It would seem hardly needful to say that an intelligent public should have clear and definite information respecting such a cluster of organizations, especially since they are all constructed on one principle, and are, in their effect on church and state, practically identical."

Disraeli said years ago: "In conducting the governments of the world, there are not only sovereigns and ministers, but secret orders, to be considered, which have their agents everywhere,—reckless agents, who countenance assassination, and, if necessary, can produce a massacre." If this were true then, it is more true to-day, when orders binding their members to secrecy are so vastly multiplied. It is true, as Charles Francis Adams has said, that "a more perfect agent for the devising and executing of conspiracies against church and state could scarcely have been conceived," but the subject is of the first importance for other reasons.

We have Masonry, with its murder of Morgan; the Clan-na-Gael, with its butchery of Dr. Cronin; the Mafia, with its bloodshed at New Orleans; Mormonism, with its cold-blooded Mountain-Meadow Massacre; and many others of a similar character too numerous to mention.

The *Wesleyan Methodist*, of Syracuse, N.Y., says: "The murder of Dr. Cronin is opening the eyes of a startled public to the true character of the terrible lodge system which, in numberless forms, and for numberless professed purposes, has been tolerated until the very foundations of our social, civil and religious institutions are dangerously undermined. What does it indicate when in the State of New York the number of criminals under sentence now, or quite recently, for offences against the public welfare aggregated eighty-six women and 3,800 men?"

“For the following significant statistics of lodges, as compared with churches, in various cities,” writes the author of “The New Era ; or, The Coming Kingdom,” page 128, “I am indebted to Dr. Graham Taylor. They were compiled from city directories :

	Population.	Churches.	Lodges.
Buffalo1888-9	240,000	144	218
New Orleans1888-9	216,090	178	270
Washington1888-9	203,450	181	316
St. Louis1888-9	450,000	220	729
Worcester1888-9	85,000	54	88
Boston1890	448,477	243	599
Brooklyn.....1890	853,945	355	695
Chicago1890	1,099,850	384	1,088

The *Index*, a local Methodist paper, published at Sanborn, Iowa, says : “The United States pays annually, through all societies, \$5,000,000 for the salvation of heathendom. The same country pays annually \$6,000,000 for the support of its dogs.”

The *Bombay Guardian* puts it thus : “Is the world getting better? We hope that it was never much worse. The government statistics of the United States show that there were over thirteen million of divorces in the nineteen years, 1867-86.”

In speaking of the “Tendencies of the Age,” Rev. Wm. Reddy, D.D., says in a recent number of the *Guide to Holiness* : “In regard to national characteristics, the tendency is to recklessness and political corruption. The political parties seem to be intent on political partisan pre-eminence, irrespective of national integrity and the well-being and safety of the nation. Of course it is claimed by the parties that they are aiming at the best good of the

people, but the bribery, the catering to the liquor influence for auxiliary support and patronage; the subserviency to Romish influence for the suffrage of voters; the scrambles for office and plunder; the great 'combines' of corporations for monopoly and gain; the strifes between capital and labor; the venality of the political press; the bad morality of the leaders of parties, and the popular and corrupt customs of society, all go to show that we are falling—aye, *have fallen*—upon 'perilous times.'"

"There is a tendency on the part of ministers to dilute and emasculate the Gospel; to substitute literary, historical and moral topics for pulpit discussion; and what is called the 'live subjects of the day' for the revealed doctrines and themes of God's Word. Salvation from all sin; the personality and mighty working of the Holy Ghost as the counterpoise and remedy for the evils of society, are seldom presented. 'Doing' 'Christian work,' so-called, and external activity in such work, are strongly emphasized. But Christian work is the 'working out' of what the Holy Ghost works within. 'From me is thy fruit found,' saith the Lord. Work without life is legalism; it is the sap which produces the fruit.

"There is a tendency to superficiality in regard to religious experience. Repentance, self-denial, separation from the world, cross-bearing, justification by faith, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, 'the witness of the Spirit,' and entire sanctification are rare topics in the average pulpit; and some of the most popular evangelists practically ignore these scriptural themes in their revival instructions. In place of these, a manifestation of a desire for salvation, by the lifting up of the hand, or the bowing of the head, or coming forward to an altar for prayer, is taken as

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evidence of conversion, and they are reported as such accordingly. These converts in connection with union meetings are assigned to particular churches, or are received into the local church as converts—while the subjects themselves soon find that ‘they have no life in them,’ and either relapse into indifference, and become sceptical as to real experience, or remain nominal members of the Church, and are mere ‘lumber on deck,’ with no power over sin, or power to influence others to turn from ungodliness; ‘Salt without savor,’ ‘Clouds without rain,’ ‘Trees whose fruit withereth.’

“There is a tendency to lower the standard of real, scriptural, spiritual life to a semi-religious worldly level, to meet the growing tendency to superficiality. The amusements that are introduced and tolerated in various churches, and apologized for by the ministers and members, are in evidence of this tendency. Church festivals, entertainments and novel worldly expedients to draw and hold young people, and to raise money for religious purposes all tend to weaken religious convictions; to arrest in the hearts of converts and church members the aspiration of the soul for spiritual good; to suppress Christian testimony; and to annihilate the distinction which Jesus made between those that ‘were not of the world’ and those who are of the world.

“The outcome of these tendencies is to be deplored. They neutralize the plain, wholesome and soul-saving truths of the Gospel as preached by God’s faithful ministers; they tend to discourage the faithful, intelligent and conscientious among God’s ‘little ones,’ and to ‘grieve whom the Lord hath not grieved.’”

The editor of the *Golden Rule* says: “The Protestants

are outdoing the pope in splendid extravagant folly in church building. Thousands on thousands are expended in gay and costly ornaments to gratify pride and wicked ambition, that might and should go to redeem the perishing millions. Does the evil, the folly, the madness, of these proud, formal, fashionable worshippers stop here? These splendid monuments of popish pride, upon which millions are squandered in our cities, virtually exclude the poor for whom Christ died, and for whom He came specially to preach. No wonder God withholds His holy influences! No marvel the heavens are brass, and the earth iron!"

The *Advent Watchman* says: "One of the religious papers tells a story in relation to church gambling, which contains a lesson worthy of repeating. A member of a church went to his pastor and entreated his personal intercession with his favorite son, who had become ruinously addicted to the vice of gambling. The pastor consented, and, seeking the young man, found him in his chamber. He commenced his lecture, but before he had concluded, the young man laid his hand upon his arm and drew his attention to a pile of splendid volumes that stood upon the dressing table. 'Well,' said the young man, 'these volumes were won by me at a fair given in your church; they were my first venture; but for that lottery, under the patronage of a Christian Church, I should never have become a gambler.'

H. L. Hastings, in his preface to "The Reign of Christ on Earth," makes the following powerful remarks: "Where shall we look to find the tokens of the speedy dawning of the hoped-for day of peace? Shall we look at Christendom, where for every missionary sent forth to convert the heathen, a thousand soldiers are trained and supported

that they may cut each other's throats? Shall we look at the dense masses of godless, hopeless toilers, who journey on in darkness to perdition, in the chief cities of boasted Christian lands? Shall we look at those nations which claim to be mentally and morally in advance of all the inhabitants of the globe, but who spend more money for strong drink than they do for bread, and whose yearly expenditure for all religious and secular instruction, and for all purposes of Christian charity, would not pay for the cost of the intoxicating drinks consumed by them in a single month?

“Shall we look to the centres of Christian civilization, where squalor crowds on splendor, and where Lazarus still lies, licked by dogs, hard by the rich man's gate; where in the midst of lavished wealth and wasted treasure, thousands of helpless women make their dire election between hunger and shame, starvation and damnation? Shall we explore the great cities of Christendom, where, surrounded by sky-piercing steeples and sweetly chiming bells, poor motherless, friendless outcasts wander wet and weary through the midnight hours, scorned by Simon the Pharisee and his proud wife and silk-robed daughters; finding no way to draw near to Him who calls the heavy-laden to come and rest; no place in the rich man's house to bathe his feet with penitential tears; no path open but the downward way; no gate ajar but the broad gate that leadeth to destruction? Shall we visit the gorgeous temples erected to Him, who more homeless than the foxes and the birds, was cradled in a wayside manger, and was buried in a stranger's tomb,—but the price of whose blood bought a potter's field where *strangers* might be buried?—we shall find by the smell of mint, and

anise, and cummin, that the tithes are promptly paid by the proud Pharisee whose 'God—I—thank—thee,' echoes through the sounding aisles ; but shall we not also find Fraud and Greed sitting side by side in the chief seats of the synagogue, and unclean reptiles swarming like frogs of Egypt, while the tables of the money-changers still stand right side up, and no scourge of small cords drives the buyers and sellers from the sacred place ?

" Shall we look to China, along whose borders a few mission stations twinkle like tapers in the midst of a darkness wide and almost impenetrable ? While we rejoice at the salvation of some in the far-off land of Siniu, let us not forget that every passing day witnesses the horrible death of not less than one thousand Chinamen, diseased, debauched, and degraded, murdered, damned, by the use of that opium which is raised and sold by the British Government, and forced on the unwilling heathen by Christian England at the cannon's mouth and at the bayonet's point ; and that while the British and Foreign Bible Society reports an income of *one million of dollars* per year for the diffusion of the Word of God, the Christian Government of Great Britain derives an annual income of *forty-five millions of dollars from the opium trade.*

" Shall we turn to India with its myriad populations, where the rulers of this same Christian nation long barred the way against the Gospel of Christ, which has at last effected an entrance, but where intemperance and dissipation have made such havoc that, to use the words of Archdeacon Jefferies, a missionary there, 'for one really converted Christian as a fruit of missionary labor, the drinking practices of the English have made fully a thousand drunkards in India' !

“Shall we look at the far-off islands of the southern seas, where heathenism has been banished by the light of Gospel truth, and barbarism has given place to an enlightened civilization? We shall find that those races which lived in health and strength in spite of barbarism and cannibalism, are now slowly dying out from unreportable diseases and vices, unknown in their barbarous condition, but which have been brought to their shores by sailors from Christian lands, and which spreading like the gangrene of hell, are eating out the sources of the national life.

“Where shall we go to find the evidence of this glad era of universal peace and blessing which is proclaimed as so sure to come and so near at hand? It is easy on platforms and at anniversaries to speak of the spread of the Gospel and the diffusion of the Word of God, and in this we do rejoice and will rejoice with joy unspeakable; but while many are exhibiting to delighted assemblies these gracious tokens of divine favor and blessing, who keeps an account of the statistics of the work of the Prince of Darkness, the god of this world? A company of Christian people assemble and congratulate themselves upon the rescue of a dozen or a hundred men from ruin in some great city. Suppose on the other hand all the dealers in strong drink, and the panders to vice and crime should gather themselves together and count up the victims ensnared, the hearts broken, the homes desolated, the lives blighted and the souls ruined by their infernal craft; suppose their annual reports were issued in which they gave the number of drunkards made during the year, the number induced to take the first glass, the number of murders and suicides due to their terrible traffic, the souls enticed from paths of innocence and peace, and led in ways of darkness and of

death ; suppose that such a report could be laid upon our tables fresh from the press, or suppose it should meet us as we read our morning papers ; suppose along with it were placed the statistics of wealth lavished by Christians on vanities and follies, set over against the amount doled out for purposes of Christian endeavor ; would not such an exhibition as this speedily cause us to hide our faces in the very dust, and instead of boasting of the work accomplished, cry out to God for mercy and help ?

“ We have no doubts or misgivings regarding the importance or the success of Christian efforts, nor would we for one moment discourage those ardent souls who, with their sickles in their hands, are entering this wide-spread harvest field. But facts are facts, and it is well for the Christian soldier to know that he is summoned to service more stern than sham fights and dress parades ; that the warfare of the Church is a mighty struggle with overwhelming odds against her ; and that only the Captain of salvation can give victory to His saints. It is useless to shut our eyes to sins and dangers which exist on every hand. It is easy to talk about converting the world, but do those who talk about it know much about converting men ? Do not some of them need converting themselves ? Let them enter into this work with all their souls, and it will not be strange if with others who have tried the experiment, they conclude that the world is a wrecked vessel, doomed to go down, and it is their business to launch the Gospel life-boat and rescue all they can.

“ But if the world is not converted, will not the Gospel then prove a failure ? That depends upon what is to be expected of it. If the life-boat was intended to keep the ship from sinking, then it proves a failure if it only saves

the crew. If the Gospel was to effect the eternal salvation of all mankind, then failing to accomplish that work is a failure of the Gospel. If the Gospel was to convert the world, it will prove a failure if that is not done. But if the Gospel was preached 'to take *out of* the Gentiles a people for His name,' then it is not a failure. If it was given that God might in infinite mercy and love 'save *some*,' then it is not a failure. If it was given that every repentant sinner might have eternal life, and that every good soldier might receive a crown of glory, then it is not a failure. If it was given that an innumerable company might be redeemed '*out of* every kindred, and tongue, and nation, and people,' then it is not a failure. If it was given that the vales and hills of paradise restored might teem with a holy throng who shall be 'equal to the angels, the children of God, being the children of the resurrection,' then it is not a failure. If it was given that the elect might be brought into one great family of holy ones, then it is not a failure."

Many other quotations might be given, all showing the lamentable decline of vital piety. The very sins which characterized the time of Noah, are rapidly developing at the present time. Truly there is abundant and growing need for every Christian to cry fervently, "O Lord, revive thy work; in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy."

Meanwhile God's judgment lingereth not,
His promise He hath not forgot;
His words stand firm, and shall abide
Beyond earth's madness, rage and pride.
The cry of "peace" we heard so long,
Seems like an old forgotten song.

While Europe like an armed camp,
 Trembles beneath the soldiers' tramp ;
 While each device for death and blood,
 Seems dreadful as the wrath of God ;
 And all the skill of Tubal Cain
 Prepares to heap the earth with slain ;
 While groaning nations toil and strive,
 That men for deeds of blood may live ;
 And martial music sounds its strain,
 To lure them to the battle plain ;
 And monarchs, struggling, wilful, blind,
 To deeds of blood and strife inclined,
 March on along their dangerous path,
 That leads to judgment, woe and wrath.

Still long we for the day foretold,
 When lust of power and greed of gold,
 And strife and violence shall cease,
 And Christ shall bring the reign of peace ;
 When the predicted day shall come
 That brings a sinful world its doom :
 When, in some hour when all is peace,—
 When careless ones repose at ease,
 Secure, as when the deluge rolled
 O'er godless men in days of old ;
 Thoughtless, as when the tempest burst
 In flaming fire on Sodom cursed :
 Devoid of faith, devoid of fear—
 The Lord of glory shall appear.

Like lightning's gleam along the sky,
 Like coming bridegroom's startling cry ;

So in an unexpected hour
 The King shall come in God-like power ;
 And flashing through this world of gloom,
 Shall wake His people from the tomb,
 Shall call the nations round His throne,
 And take to glory all His own.

With trumpet voice, with thunder's roll
 The Judge shall take supreme control,
 Shall rule the nations with His rod,
 And thunder forth the wrath of God
 Against unrighteousness and sin,
 And fraud, and greed, and battle's din.

He listens to the mourner's cry,
 He lifts the weeping ones on high ;
 He hears the plaints of those distressed,
 He bids the weary come and rest ;
 He calls the nations to His feet,
 He gives the saints a welcome sweet.
 He says to them, " Come home, ye blest,
 Enter My kingdom, share My rest,
 And safe beyond earth's toil and strife
 Inherit everlasting life."

Roll on, O day of joy sublime,
 Thou consummating hour of time,
 When the long years of Satan's sway
 Shall end in God's eternal day ;
 When sin and sorrow shall be past,
 And joy and peace shall come at last ;
 And 'neath the circuit of the sun,
 God's will shall as in heaven be done.

—Sel.

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