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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK "BORN OF THE SPIRIT;" OR, GEMS FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE ***

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“BORN OF THE SPIRIT.”

OR

GEMS FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

**A
MIRACULOUS CONVERSION.**

THRILLING MANIFESTATIONS OF THE
ALMIGHTY'S POWER.

To Save the Sick, Feed the Hungry, and Clothe the Naked.

OUR GOD IS UNCHANGEABLE.

ARE THE DAYS OF MIRACLES PAST?

ANSWERED BY THE AUTHOR,

REV. ZENAS OSBORNE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ELDER MOSES NATHANIEL DOWNING.

“We use great plainness of speech.”—Paul.

“And the common people heard Him gladly.”—Mark.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.
JOHN JOHNSON & CO.
1888.

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INTRODUCTION.

One of the specialties of this age is book-making. This argues demand. This demand, especially in the realm of morals and religion is based, partly on the prevalence of erroneous theories and the importance of their refutation; partly on the necessity that renewed and increased emphasis be given to the word of God; partly on the existence of what is called "advanced thought," and partly on the fact of a great reading public. Then let the good work go on. The servants of sin and error are busy and persistent in pushing their productions to the front. Let the sons of "grace and truth" magnify their office, and "hold forth the Word of Life." The demand for good and useful books will increase as long as error increases, as long as truth and the Church of Christ are antagonized.

Of all human interest that of the soul is paramount. The truth which leads to its possession is priceless. The vehicles of truth are various and many. Truth is the enemy and exterminator of error, and when harnessed for war it pursues and overtakes its foe, and victorious, it shines the brighter, and is the more appreciated by the contests through which its laurels are won. "The words of the wise are as goods, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies." The preservation of their words is a sacred boon to the world.

The author of "Born of the Spirit," or "Gems from the Book of Life," has hit on a taking title for his book, and without doubt, the careful and thoughtful reader will find that it is fully justified by the subject matter of its pages. It is with great pleasure I introduce Mr. OSBORNE to the reader. I have known him nearly thirty years, and have been associated with him in the work of God in the Susquehanna Annual Conference of the F. M. Church over twenty years. He is known to be an able minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. He has a religious experience. He has been "born again, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The many years he has spent in the Gospel ministry and his deep Christian experience have not only enabled him to gather many "Gems from the Book of Life," but also have qualified him to speak with no uncertain sound on the topics treated in his book.

The arrangement of the work is admirable, being in short chapters, each one complete in itself. May it have a wide sale, not only throughout the denomination of his choice, but also in thousands of homes in the "regions beyond." And wherever it goes may it demolish error, encourage Christian faith, inspire Christian zeal, intensify Christian love; and may the author, having grown gray and nearly worn out in the service of Christ, find at the resurrection of the just not only that he is counted among that redeemed throng, but also that his "Born of the Spirit," his "Gems from the Book of Life," has, by the blessing of God, added a multitude to that count.

M. N. DOWNING.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., April 24, 1888.

DEDICATION.

To the memory of her who became my companion when we first set sail on the domestic voyage of life, and who for seventeen years, by her amiability, Christian integrity, and faithfulness as a wife and mother, made home earth's Paradise; and subsequently to her who for nearly twenty-five years has stood so heroically with me in the joys, sorrows, toils and sufferings consequent upon an itinerant's life; and to the dear children given to us by these sacred relations, who now, as the infirmities of this uncertain life are coming upon us with sure and certain tread, manifest in the silvery locks, furrowed cheeks, bedimmed vision—all indicating that our sun is rapidly descending the western slope, so tenderly care for us in bearing the burdens of life, and lovingly provide for our comfort, is this work sacredly dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

My reasons for writing and publishing this book are:

1—I believe that the Lord wanted me to. The burden has been on my heart for years to do this very thing.

2—I have a great desire to perpetuate the glory of God for the miraculous power displayed in saving one, who had been so great a sinner as me, and for so many years in the toil and conflict of life, leading me beside the still waters, and into green pastures; delivering me out of the hand of my enemies, and all their expectation again and again; bringing re-enforcements when it seemed that all supplies were cut off.

3—On several occasions for miraculous deliverance from drowning, when others perished, and for the preservation of life on other occasions, when nearly kicked to death by vicious horses, and badly bruised by them.

4—Living on the old battle ground, where so many battles were fought between “The Buffalo Regency” on one side, and God’s militant host on the other, and being so well acquainted with both sides, and the questions involved, which resulted in the formation of the Free Methodist Church, and in the order of Providence I was making the Rev. John E. Robie a call when the Buffalo Regency met in council, and determined upon the expulsion of all that endorsed Methodism clean and clear; and then, on the other side, I was often present at Bro. Amos Hard’s when councils of war met, and determined to stand by the “old landmarks,” however much it might cost them.

Truly, there were giants in those days. A nobler class of saints never wore a martyr’s crown than those of the old Genesee Conference. Their memory is still precious.

5—To encourage precious souls that have taken the narrow way, that have left old associations that had in days gone by been as dear to them as life, but for conscience sake and the glory of God, had forsaken all and cast their lot in with the unpretentious, whose aim and object is to do all the good possible to the souls and bodies of men, and gain the skies at last. And to persuade those who really desire to be just what God designed we should be, and want all the light and help possible to do likewise, cast their lot in with the few, if the Holy Spirit leads you in that direction. It pays richly to follow the *Pillar* of fire, even though it may lead in peculiar ways. It is the safe way.

Every article written in this book has been, we humbly trust, the promptings of the Spirit for the salvation of souls and the building up of the Redeemer’s Kingdom.

6—It has been frequently stated that the days of miracles are past, and that we are not to expect any very great displays of God’s saving power in these days of light and culture; but these expressions are not in harmony with a thus saith the Lord and experience. My conversion was just as marvelous as St. Paul’s, and what I have passed through, and have seen of God’s power on others for more than thirty years, has been just as miraculous as the healing of the lame man at the beautiful gate, or the man that was blind, whom Jesus touched, “and lo, he saw men as trees walking.”

That double cure mentioned in this volume was just as great a marvel as the expelling of the legion of devils from the men of “Gadara.”

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I.

A TRANSLATION.

“Once I wandered in the maze of error,
In the downward road;
Oft my soul was filled with fear and terror
When I thought of God.
Jesus saw me rushing on to ruin,
Offered pardoning grace;
And I left the way I was pursuing,
Turned and saw his face.

CHORUS—

Now I feel my sins forgiven,
Through th’ atoning blood,
And I have a blessed hope of heaven,
Glory be to God.

I am glad I ever found the Saviour,
Now I’m fully blest;
There are pleasures in His pardoning favor,
Joy, and peace, and rest.
I’m standing on the holy mountain,
Near Salvation’s pool,
And the waters from the bursting fountain
Cheer my thirsty soul.

I’ve left earth’s vain and fleeting pleasures,
Bade them all adieu;
And I’m seeking now for heavenly treasures,
Lasting, pure and true.
Glittering toys of time, farewell forever;
To you I’ll not bow;
I will leave my blessed Jesus never;
He’s my portion now.

I will tell Salvation’s pleasing story,
While I live below,
And I’ll try to spread my Saviour’s glory,
Everywhere I go.
When the word is from the Master given,
‘Child, from toiling cease,’
I expect to find a home in heaven,
Home of endless peace.”

When young, I was “trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” Well do I recollect some of the first lessons taught me by my parents—such as “Our Father which art in heaven,” and “Now I lay me down to sleep,” and others of a like character. These were in the morn of life, printed upon memory’s tablet. I always believed there was a divine reality in the religion of Jesus Christ. I do not recollect a long time when the Spirit of God did not strive with me, and often powerfully; so that frequently I felt that I was the chief of sinners. I would often resolve to seek the Lord, and when the time came I would procrastinate for a more convenient season. Thus I grieved my heavenly Father for thirty-two long years.

I wonder that God spared my unprofitable life so long. My father was a lover of the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus. He had great respect for the Sabbath—hence the children were not allowed to play and frolic about on the Lord’s Day. I praise God for these early, godly impressions. Well do I recollect, when a very small child, sitting in my little chair, and singing with my father these beautiful lines, “O, how happy are they who their Saviour obey,” etc.

At the age of eight I went with my father to a quarterly meeting, held in a barn. While the saints were upon their knees in prayer, I was upon my knees calling upon the name of the Lord. I felt something going through me like lightning, producing a heavenly sweetness; also that I had suddenly been put in possession of wings, for I felt like flying. As I look back upon this scene, I have no doubt but that God’s blessing was upon me on that occasion. I was frequently under such deep conviction of sin that I could not sleep nights. These seasons of deep conviction continued with me until I was converted to God. After these seasons of conviction I became more hardened in sin. On several occasions I was brought near to death by disease, drowning, and in other ways. If being delivered from the jaws of death in a variety of ways is evidence of our election, then I am elected, for I have been thus delivered. I praise God that our election has a different foundation—even JESUS CHRIST—the Saviour of men.

At the age of twenty, I agreed with some of my associates to go forward to the mourners’ seat for prayers, as the preacher had said that the next night would close the meetings unless there should be a move among the sinners. We did not want the meetings to close, neither did we mean to get religion at

that time. I loved to attend religious meetings, not because it was *right*, but to *see* and be seen, and to enjoy the society of kindred spirits. The night arrived in which we had agreed to make a move, to prevent the meetings from being broken up. Meetings had been run for several weeks, without any apparent success, until *the* night in which we had agreed to move. After preaching, the invitation was given to any wishing religion. One of the company went forward, and then another. I thought of my word; I had agreed to go. It was an awful moment with me. I thought that we were trifling with the Almighty. I would have given worlds, if I could, to be out of the scrape. I shook from head to foot, like Belshazzar of old. I was completely covered with sweat, so terribly was I exercised. The company had all gone; I was left. I started; had all I could do to get to the seat. God overruled this for His glory. Some twenty-five went forward that night. The meetings went on with power and profit. Many were converted to God. My condition was painful in the extreme. For several days after this I seemed to be on the boundary line between the two worlds, and about to be ushered into the everlasting burnings. Whenever I closed my eyes to sleep I seemed to be surrounded by the damned in hell. O, what a view I had of the lost! How I seemed to hear the wailings of despair, and realized that this was the doom of the wicked. After this I became more wicked than before. I was a complete adept in wickedness. I had been free from all parental restraint from the time I was about twelve years old. I mingled in all kinds of society; hence I had an excellent opportunity for learning much of the evil that exists at the present day. I learned too much.

I wonder that God did not cut me off in my sins, after grieving his spirit so long. *He is not willing that any should perish.* I had felt for several years that I should not have the strivings of the Spirit but once more, and then, if I did not yield, I should be left to myself, abandoned of God.

On the fifth of February, 1857, God met me in the road. These words came with great force to my mind: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve. *Come, decide the matter now.* If you mean to serve the devil the remainder of your life, say so right *here.* Have this matter *settled forever.* If you mean to give yourself to God, do it *now!* This is the time."

These were awful moments to me. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." I was pressed to a decision. My immortal spirit seemed to balance between heaven and hell. Heaven, with all that is lovely, joys immortal forever at God's right hand, seemed to be clearly presented on the one hand; and the damnation of hell on the other. *Which will you have?* I resolved from that time, henceforth and forever, to seek after and serve God with all my redeemed powers. That evening I erected a family altar, and commenced calling upon the name of the Lord. The next morning I thanked God for keeping me and mine through the night; and when seated around the table I thanked God for the food prepared for us. This was really a great cross. I had *vowed* to God, the residue of my life should be spent in His service. I continued to seek the Lord by doing everything I thought a Christian ought to do. I made it a specialty to get religion. I cried unto the Lord with all my heart, and the more I prayed the worse I felt. For three days and nights I was wrestling with God in prayer. I confessed my sins. I did all that I could. After continuing in this way for about three days, it occurred to me that there was no mercy for me. I had sinned away the day of grace. These were truly awful moments to me. No hope! No mercy! No salvation! Right here the spirit whispered to my aching heart, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" and blessed be God, right here I was enabled to believe that Jesus Christ was my Saviour. My weight of guilt was gone. Joy and peace filled my heart. Old things had passed away, and behold! *all* things had become new. I sprang to my feet and praised God aloud! At this point in my experience, my feelings are well described in those beautiful lines of Dr. Hunter:

Sinking and panting, as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, "O, save me, Lord, from death!
Immortal Jesus, hear me!"

Then, quick as thought, I felt Him mine,
My Saviour stood before me!
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, Glory! Glory!

Oh, sacred hour! Oh, hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee!

And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where first I was forgiven.

II.

I WANTED TO SWEAR;

OR, HOW I KNEW THE DOCTRINE OF ENTIRE HOLINESS, AS TAUGHT BY JOHN WESLEY
TO BE TRUE.

My conversion to God was as clear as the sun at noon-day; "Old things passed away and *all* things became new." As I looked out the next morning upon the fields and woods, all seemed to be praising God. My soul was completely ravished with his love. I had been "translated from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of God's dear Son." I was emphatically a new creature in Christ Jesus; all the aspirations of my soul were changed. I wanted to tell everybody what the blessed Jesus had done for me; I felt like crying continually, "*Behold the Lamb!*" God helped me to tell the story of the cross, which kept the fire burning within—Glory to God! "As I came to Zion, songs and everlasting joy was upon my head," and in my heart. For days

"Not a cloud did arise to darken my skies,
Or hide one moment, my Lord from my eyes."
"And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again."

I thought that I never should have any more bad feelings; I expected to rejoice evermore. This state of things continued about three weeks; when at family prayer in the evening I was very much blessed. "Heaven came down my soul to greet, and glory crowned the mercy seat." I was praising God with a heart overflowing with love, when suddenly my *jaws closed*; I wanted to continue praising God, but could not; my jaws were set together like a steel trap; *they would not open*. I thought it would be some relief if my wife or sister would pray. I tried to turn around to see why they did not, but could not; I was immovably fixed on my knees. I began to wonder *what was the matter*. The devil told me it was a *paralytic* stroke. I said, "Yes, I guess it is;" then darkness came upon me. I did not feel quite as well after that. The next accusation was I had got a fit of *apoplexy*, to which I said, "Yes, I guess I have;" then darkness spread over me afresh. *He* said that I was a fit subject for apoplexy, and probably I was very near my end, as they generally died with the third fit. I consented to all he said as true, and before this passed off I was feeling bad, *all through ignorance and unbelief*. I do not know how long I remained in this helpless condition, but when I came out I felt that I had been shocked with a heavy battery. While in this condition I was in full possession of every faculty of the mind, and remember distinctly all that occurred. I was a disbeliever in the power of the Holy Ghost to slay people, notwithstanding I had been accustomed to seeing such things from youth, but really believed it to be mesmerism or excitement. After I came out of this it occurred to me that perhaps what I had just experienced was the power of the Holy Ghost; and if so, I had done wrong. I went immediately to have the matter settled. I told my father that I wanted to be right, and if what I had just passed through was the effect of the Holy Ghost, let it come on me in the same way again. I felt it coming as before; and *he* that said it was a fit of apoplexy, now said, "Look out, it will kill you." I sprang to my feet and *cried* to the Lord to stay his hand. It seemed to me that I could not live under the pressure, under that weight of love that God was letting down into my soul and on my body. I went to bed, but not to sleep. The accuser was after me; he told me that my duty was very plain. "Ever since God converted you, you have been continually asking Him to bless you; it has come very near killing you, and will if you continue in this way; *now* you must ask God *not* to bless you." I very soon learned that these suggestions were from the devil; and that to be the Lord's entire, to follow the Lamb whithersoever he would lead us, was to place ourselves in direct opposition to the mass of those that profess the religion of Jesus Christ. I began to realize that the religion of Jesus Christ *was peculiar*, unlike the world; and if I saved my soul, I must be peculiar. The question came with force: *Are you willing to be peculiar for God?* My spirit seemed to be willing, but the flesh rebelled. I thought much of my good name. Now I saw, that to be a *real* child of God, was to suffer and bear reproach. O, how I writhed in agony. What! to have my good name cast out as evil, *to be misunderstood*, considered as *filth*, rejected of men. Here was *dying*; this was *painful*, to bring all my powers to submit to the will of God. I thought, when I was converted that I had given all to him; but here was something that I did not see at that time. I had commenced a pilgrimage, and had no disposition to go back. I had left *Sodom*, and still the command was ringing in my ears, "*Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed.*" As the light was shining upon me, *and the way*, and after much wrestling in prayer, not only my will responded to the will of God, but I could say all through me—

"Lord, obediently I'll go,
Gladly leaving all below."

After this my peace flowed like a river.

"Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song."

I lived in a heavenly atmosphere, far above the common walks of life. Glory to God and the Lamb forever! for a salvation that has *life* and *peace* and *joy in the Holy Ghost*, amen! and amen! The fire burns while I write—bless the Lord! I believed that Jesus saved me from *all* my sins. I did not understand

the nature of inbred sin. I had felt nothing but love to God and all mankind. *The roots of old depravity had not yet been disturbed, hence I did not believe they existed.* I was soon to be tested upon this point.

Soon after my conversion I had placed in my hands several works on holiness: Wesley, Wallace, Foster, and Mrs. Palmer. On examining these books I felt that I had got in the *first* blessing all they claimed for the *second*. I was soon to learn that justification, though clear and positive, *did not remove the roots of bitterness*, the remains of the carnal mind.

About four weeks after my conversion, one cold day in March, I wanted to move a stove of the Clinton air-tight pattern from one room to another with the fire in it, just as we were using it, as it was cold, and the only stove we had up. I laid my plans, and commenced the job in earnest. I succeeded in getting the pipe in position and the stove moved, but now came the tug of war. The pipe would not go together as I expected. I had been feeling remarkably good, but suddenly my feelings underwent a tremendous change; I seemed to be all on fire; and like Mount Vesuvius, just ready to belch forth fire and lava. You ask, dear reader, what was the matter? Why, my pipe would not go together; and besides, I pinched my fingers, the smoke filled my eyes, and yet the pipe would not unite. Again and again I pinched my fingers and smoked my eyes until it seemed to me that I should *burst* if I did not curse and swear with all my might. I set my jaws together like a steel trap, lest I should give vent to the *smoke* that raged within. I finished my job, and away I went, to where no eye but God could see me. I fell on my face and cried for mercy. This element in my heart gave me more pain than anything I had ever met with. O, how I loathed myself. I saw clearly the nature of my *disease*. Old depravity was at the bottom of all this difficulty. The tree had been cut down, but the roots were all there.

Dear reader, these roots may not have affected you just as they did me; but if you are not *sanctified wholly*, they are there, in the heart and will, when the hot breath of Apolyon comes upon you, strive for the supremacy. This experience brought clearly to my mind, the doctrine of *sanctification* as taught by John Wesley. I commenced in earnest the study of the Bible, to learn God's will in this matter. I found it full of holiness. I saw that it was not only my privilege to be made holy in this life, but a *positive* command: "*Be ye holy, for I am holy.*" My conviction for this blessing was deep, clear, pungent and abiding. O, how my soul cried out after a clean heart. I said that if the religion of Jesus Christ did not take out all sin from the heart, it was a failure.

Blessed be God! I have proved that Jesus Christ can save to the uttermost. In fifty-eight, at a camp-meeting in Bergen, N. Y., I was enabled to give myself fully to God, and to claim Jesus Christ as my full and complete Saviour. O, how I felt the blood washing and cleansing my heart, from all the remains of the carnal mind. When the blessing came I was lost to all surrounding objects; but what communion I had with the Father and with the Son, and with the Holy Ghost. Light shone all through me. I could see every part of my moral being; and O! how clean and pure; *those roots* were gone. My soul cried out—

"'Tis done, Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless,
Redemption in Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

III.

ABOUT MY TOBACCO.

For years prior to my conversion to God, I had firmly believed that "strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." The consecration to be made in order to receive the grace of God and eternal life seemed to me to include every thing: all we think, speak or do. To meet this demand, my business relations had to be given up. I had used tobacco about twelve years; but in making my consecration to God I left this out. It had never occurred to me that it was wicked to use it; in fact, I had never heard or read that it was. I had associated with the Methodists from my youth up, and knew that her preachers, class-leaders and stewards used it; and having an exalted opinion of them, had come to look upon the practice as harmless. And yet it did seem to me that preachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ ought to be clean and pure. God the Holy Ghost, let me see, the first time I used it after my conversion, that it was wrong for me to use it. As I put the filthy stuff in my mouth, the Holy Spirit said, "What do you do that for?" This came with such force that I was very much startled. I replied that I used it for the dyspepsia. The Spirit said, "You have no dyspepsia; and if you had, tobacco would not cure it; it rather creates it."

I then tried to hunt up other reasons for using it, as the Spirit of God continued to press the question, "What do you use it for?" But all my reasons were completely upset by the clear reasoning of conscience and the Holy Ghost. I now perceived that God was trying to teach me the way of life more perfectly. He said, "You have given yourself to me, to be mine entirely." I said, "Yea, Lord, all is thine." "Your body is a temple for the Holy Ghost; you are to be temperate in all things; nothing must enter it that defileth; tobacco defileth it. All you possess belongs to God—your money, your time, talents—all are his, and must be used for His glory; hence you cannot spend your money for tobacco."

A great many ways were pointed out to me in which I could glorify God in a proper use of what He had given to me, instead of an investment worse than useless. Every time that I used it after my conversion, until I wholly abandoned it, this same controversy was kept up. In reading the Bible I found it condemned the practice. I became satisfied that I had got to abandon either the one or the other—my tobacco or Jesus Christ. I could not remain justified and defile myself with it.

Now came the giving up process. I resolved to do it gradually, lest I should be made sick, for the tempter told me that would be the result. I then threw away my box, and carried what tobacco I had down cellar, determined not to use it but three times a day, and thus by a gradual process work a cure. I soon wanted a chew. Down cellar I went and took the weed; it never seemed to taste quite so good before; so self suggested the idea of putting a little in my pocket; I might want a little very much; so I put a little in my pocket; and thus I continued to do until my tobacco was all gone; and instead of carrying it in a box, or in one pocket, I had it in nearly every pocket about me. Oh, how mean I felt when I was brought to a realization of my bondage to such a filthy habit. It had wound its slimy folds about me so long that I seemed to be completely within its power.

But here I resolved to try the strength and power of grace divine. I now determined to be a free man; sink or swim, survive or perish, living or dying, I meant to have the victory over this habit. I got down before God in the dust, told him all about my weakness, and about my miserable habit, and cried, "O Lord, deliver me from this filthy, wicked, intemperate habit, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Blessed be God, help came. I got the victory. Oh, glory to God and the Lamb forever and ever. Every band was severed; I was free, and blessed be God, I have walked at liberty ever since. I have never had the least desire to use the weed since I was delivered from my bondage to filth. Since then I can sing—

"Now I am from bondage free,
Every chain is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven."

IV.

THE PLAGUE OF NARCOTICS.

A part of this article is from the pen of Dr. Talmage. He said that America had some as bad plagues as those of Egypt, and characterized narcotics as follows:

"In all ages the world has sought out some flower or herb or weed to stimulate, to alleviate, or to compose its griefs. A drink called nepenthe calmed the nerves of Greeks and Egyptians. Theben women knew how to compound it. Nepenthe passed away and next came hasheesh, manufactured from Indian hemp. Whole nations have been stimulated, narcotized, and made imbecile with the use of accursed hasheesh. Visions are conjured up gorgeous and magnificent beyond all description, but it finally drags down body, mind and soul. I knew one of the most brilliant men of this city (Philadelphia) taken captive by this drug. Friends tried in vain to save him. First body gave way, then his mind. He became a raving maniac, blaspheming God into a starless eternity.

OPIUM is the scourge of nations."

In 1861 we used 109,000 pounds. In 1887 not far from 1,000,000 pounds. At the present—1888—we have, beyond doubt, more than 1,000,000 opium consumers. That is appalling! Don't think that those are merely barbaric Asiatics.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, after conquering the world, was conquered by opium. There are thousands, more women than men, who are being bound body, mind and soul by this terrific drug. There is a great mystery about some families. You don't know why they don't get along. The opium habit is stealthy, deceitful, deathful. You can cure one hundred drunkards where you can cure one opium eater.

Have you just begun to use it for the assuagement of physical distress? I beg of you stop! The pleasures at the start will not pay for the horrors at the end.

MORPHIA is a blessing from God for the relief of pain, but it was never intended to be prolonged for years.

Statistics show that there are opium eaters in this country exceeding a million. With some hydrate of chloral is taking the place of opium.

BARON LIEBIG knows that one chemist in Germany makes half a ton of hydrate of chloral a week. There are multitudes taken down with this drug. *Look out for hydrate of chloral!* You never heard a sermon against opium, but it seems to me there ought to be ten thousand pulpits turned into a quickening flame, thundering Zion's warning against this black narcotic.

You all know what botanists describe as NICOTIANA. You know it as the inspiring, elevating, emparadising, nerve-shattering, dyspepsia-breeding, health-destroying tobacco. I shall not be offensively personal on this subject, for you nearly all use it. You say that God made it, and it is good. Yes, it is good to kill moths, to kill ticks on sheep, to strangle all kinds of vermin, to fumigate pestiferous places. You say God created it for some particular use. Yes, so He did henbane, and nux vomica, and copperas, and belladonna, and all those poisons.

You say men live to be old who use it. Yes, in the sense that the man lasted well who was pickled. Smokers are turned into smoked livers. You should advise your children to abstain from it, because the whole medical fraternity of the United States and Great Britain pronounced it the cause of wide-spread ill-health. Drs. Agnew, Hamilton, Woodward—the whole medical fraternity, Allopathic, Homeopathic, Hydropathic and Eclectic denounce it. The use of tobacco tends to drunkenness. It creates unnatural thirst. The way that leads down to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell is strewn thick with tobacco leaves. *That man is not thoroughly converted who has not only got his heart clean, but got his mouth clean also.*

BEN. FRANKLIN said he never saw a well man in the exercise of common sense who would say that tobacco did him any good.

THOMAS JEFFERSON argued against the culture of tobacco.

HORACE GREELEY said: "It is a burning stench."

DANIEL WEBSTER said: "Let those men who smoke go to the horse shed."

One reason why there are so many victims to the tobacco habit is because so many ministers smoke and chew. They smoke until they have bronchitis, and then the dear people must send them to Europe. I can name three eminent clergymen who died of cancer in the mouth, an evil caused by their tobacco. There has been many a clergyman whose tombstone was covered up with eulogy, who ought to have had an inscription, "Killed by too much Cavendish." Some smoke until the room is blue, their spirits are blue, the world is blue. The American clergymen who are indulging in the habit should repent. How can a man preach repentance when he indulges in such a habit. I have known *Presbyteries and General Assemblies and General Synods* where there was a room set apart for ministers to smoke in.

It is time we had an anti-tobacco reform in the *Presbyterian*, the *Baptist*, and the *Congregational* churches."

Thank God there is one church, the FREE METHODIST, that has a pure ministry. *They* are not defiled by "*narcotics*." None are received into the Free Methodist Church that use tobacco in any way, in the ministry or laity.

V.

A CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

The Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is a system of instruction. It contemplates the instruction of the ignorant until the whole world shall be enlightened; until the knowledge of Christ shall cover the whole earth as the waters cover the sea. It makes provision for having this instruction perpetuated. God provides for every department of this stupendous work of bringing this wicked world back from her revolt to Christ and God. To this end the ministry were appointed. Under the old dispensation God appointed men to preach and teach. They were termed prophets. They spake as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost. Enoch was a preacher. He taught the doctrine of a general judgment, the resurrection of the dead, and a just retribution for our conduct in this life.

He taught the duty of repentance of all wrong deeds. He enforced his preaching by a godly life. "He walked with God!" "God spared not the old world, but saved Noah, the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness." In these far off ages they were blessed with teachers. Abraham was a preacher of righteousness in his day. Other patriarchs said of him: "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." Samuel, Elijah and Elisha were of that number that taught the people.

The Christian dispensation had in its very beginning teachers appointed directly by divine authority. Take one text among many: Eph. 4:11-13. "And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."

Again: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

God has ordained that by a holy ministry the Gospel shall be preached, and the world brought back to Christ. Thus far the call to the ministry has been stated by way of preface. God makes choice of His own laborers for this, the grandest of all positions in this life, preaching the Gospel. We cannot take this responsibility upon ourselves, if we do we are simply hirelings, as is the case, we fear, with too many that occupy the sacred desk.

Many, I have no doubt, have been called to the pulpit by their parents. They have looked upon the ministry as an exalted and an honorable position, and have entertained an all-absorbing desire that their boy should preach the Gospel. They may have been pious and devout people, but have made a very common mistake of supposing their desire to be the voice of the Spirit calling their boy to the ministry. In order to meet the obligations of the ministry, what God requires, and what the people demand, the call to this high and holy position *must* come from God. In these days of compromise and corruption there are too many pulpits, instead of being a light-house erected upon a dangerous coast, to warn the mariner of their imminent danger, giving an uncertain sound.

God's ministers have all been called into the ministry. They have not taken it upon themselves. It has come to them like an awful night-mare in the still hours of the night; when about their daily cares; sleeping or waking; journeying by land or sea; among friends or foes; whether suffering from poverty or abounding in wealth; woe is me if I preach not the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This will look like a stupendous job, almost like an insurmountable task to the person truly called of God to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. At the same time they will feel, O, how poorly qualified I am for such an undertaking. And the more they look at themselves the greater the burden seems to grow. To be an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ, chosen of Him, commissioned to treat with a rebel government, those in open rebellion to His divine majesty, is higher honor than was ever bestowed upon any other mortal. The crowned heads of this world might well envy the very smallest man or woman that wears the royal diadem that Christ puts on the brow of His servants. To me, there was always a sacredness connected with the ministry of Christ. From my earliest recollection I have looked upon the minister of God as occupying the very highest position and receiving the highest honor awarded to any of earth's subjects; and how men thus called, can come down from so high and holy a calling to mingling in the rottenness of the day, is a profound mystery to me, and how men can consent to be put in a semi-nude state, cable-towed, hoodwinked, and then take upon themselves obligations too horrible for humanity, and by those professedly called to be a minister of Christ, to me is certainly incomprehensible.

The Master says, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." When God calls a man to preach it embraces all there is of the individual, with all possible development: mental, moral and physical; so that the man of God will improve every chance of doing good and of getting good, including hard study for the development of the mind; practicing the laws of health for the development of our being for greater efficiency in the Master's service.

The word of the Lord is: "Study to show thyself approved unto God." Success comes on this line of action. I believe that the minister should study and write as though the whole thing depended on this for success; and then he should pray as though everything depended on prayer; and when he gets into the pulpit he should trust alone in God the Holy Ghost as though entire success depended on help from above. On this line the stream of salvation will flow into the pulpit and into the pew, and the results will be the salvation of precious souls and the sanctifying of believers. Glory to God. Amen.

We are to glorify Him with our physical powers, as these belong to Him. Hence, we will carefully study ourselves, the laws that govern our own being, eat and drink, labor and rest so as to produce the greatest development for His glory.

The mission of the minister of Christ is of the utmost importance, because it has to do with those

that must live forever with God and angels and the redeemed of earth in the world that is to come, or with those that reject Christ and everything that is good, and together are cast out into outer darkness, where the flames of their torment will ascend up for ever and ever. And then to think that a single word, or look, may change the destiny of a soul! Well might the apostle exclaim, "And who is sufficient for these things?" The Gospel must be proclaimed with great tenderness of spirit, and in deep love for the souls of those that are in their sins; love that is all aflame for the perishing. A minister should keep as near the head of the church as possible. He should pattern after the Master in simplicity, in naturalness, in literalness, in appropriateness and in holiness. As He is in the world, *so are we*, so clean and pure; morally speaking, the minister should be transparent—Christ shining out in all his ways—looking, speaking, doing the right thing at the right time and in the right manner. Speaking as one that must give an account in that day for words uttered. Looking like one that has been with Christ and learned of Him. How often a word from the man of God has been like the pouring of oil on the troubled sea. A man called to minister in holy things must remember that he is a peacemaker. In almost every place there is a marvelous chance to stir up strife. This must be avoided. "Study to show thyself approved," says the apostle. Appropriateness is an essential element in the minister of God. A congregation of idiots could not appreciate a discourse on moral philosophy. Neither would a mass of unsaved men and women enjoy a sermon on entire holiness!

Much labor has been lost, and the work greatly retarded, because of unwise action. Words, style, or the manner in which it has been presented, has been so presented, that opposition has been aroused, and the work of soul-saving has been greatly hindered, if not entirely destroyed.

A great many have been driven from the penitents' altar because of unkind treatment at the altar. They were sinners, to be sure, and came to the altar as such; and in their great distress of mind, before God had a chance to do much for them, some unwise person would, in commanding tones, ask them to pull off their feathers, gold, or something attached to their person. This would have been proper at the right time, but the hammer came down before the iron was hot. The results were in these cases they flew off in a tangent, mad. The blacksmith knows about how hot his iron must be to work and weld; precisely so with human hearts; they must be under the direct rays of the Holy Ghost and kept there until made tender, then it can be worked. Glory to God! Brother, don't try to work cold iron—the iron of cold hearts. It will be in every case a failure. Keep baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. This has been your great need in the past. As you go forth to labor in God's vineyard, go with the baptism of power, love and the Holy Ghost. On this line, success will come.

Doubtless some are called to the ministry early in life. Samuel was called to the prophetic office when but a lad. It has been stated by a great many that labored long as ambassadors of our Lord Jesus Christ, that very early in life they felt an undefinable impression resting upon them, and at times this impression would be very strong, that some time in the near future, they would have to preach the gospel.

This was the condition of your humble servant. Early in life he felt that that would be his employment in after years. Of all the innocent amusements of childhood, what he called preaching to other children, to the chairs placed in the order of a congregation, or to a field of pumpkins, (for he would often do that) was to him greater diversion than any other kind of amusement.

At the age of fifteen I was standing near State street bridge, Albany, N. Y., a couple of officers were conveying a crazy man from the cars to the steamboat, as they were going down the river to Hudson with him. The crazy man caught hold of one of the chains used to draw up a portion of the bridge to let vessels through, screaming and making a great ado. This drew the attention of the people, as many were crossing, it being car time, so that in a moment the draw part of the bridge was literally covered. It was estimated that some three hundred, besides three horses, were on this part of the bridge. I moved along on to the bridge to see what the matter was. No sooner had I reached the highest point on the bridge, than it broke off on both sides, letting this mass of humanity suddenly into the water. I was suddenly hurled into the river with the rest. I had to swim some six to ten rods before I found anything that I could cling to. I came to a small boat into which I climbed, then onto a canal boat and went back where I could see that crowd of people struggling and screaming for life. This was an awful sight. Groups of men, from one to six or more were making a desperate effort for life. Without a moment's warning they were put in this awful condition, and now, eternity was staring them in the face. Presently the dead and dying were all around me. The thought came: "*Why was not I drowned with the rest?*" for some forty had passed suddenly into eternity. This answer came to the inquiry, "I have saved you to preach my gospel."

After years of wandering in sin, and man's estate had been reached, with family cares and responsibilities, I erected a family altar, sought and found the pearl of great price; and with this new experience came a strong and an abiding conviction that I must preach the Gospel. In whatever direction I would try to turn my attention, this thought would loom up above all others, "*Preach my Gospel.*" I had but little conception of the awful responsibility connected with the ministry. And yet I had some idea of the vastness of the work, and in looking at myself it did seem to me that I never could attain unto the ideality of the work as I then viewed it. I was timid, ignorant, culture limited. Can God qualify me for this exalted position? These were serious considerations. The call was as clear to me as the sun at noonday. Notwithstanding the clearness of the call by the Spirit, I was often making bargains with the Lord, as Gideon did. He would ask for a wet fleece, and the fleece would be wet. And then for a dry fleece, and the fleece would be dry.

In the beginning of my ministry I would say to the Lord something like this: O Lord, if Thou hast called me to preach Thy Word, give me a soul to-day, as evidence that I am called to preach. Asking for evidence of this character continued for several years; and I would say to the glory of God, that on these occasions souls were always saved. Though the enemy would often say: "That is no evidence, for these have been prayed for by these old saints for years. They were saved through the instrumentality of these gray-haired saints." For the time it would trouble me quite a little, so I would continue to ask for

evidences.

Every one truly called of God to preach His Gospel, understand some of the many obstacles to be overcome before he reaches the holy of holies, where, under a clear sky, with his eye on the Judgment, and the condition of the lost before him, he can proclaim the everlasting Gospel to perishing humanity, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. One of the greatest barriers to my entering upon the ministry, was my dear companion. While she was a dear, good woman, she could not bear the idea of her husband becoming a preacher; and would on all occasions when she thought the subject was going to be introduced, talk discouragement, and say to her husband, "I think that you would make a good class-leader but not a preacher." I was marvelously attached to my wife, because of her intrinsic merits; hence, her views of his duty to his family, to God and His church were very great obstacles to surmount.

The time came when, according to my vows, I must leave all and follow Christ, or lose my religion. What could be done! A field was opened, my services were wanted. Wife refuses to go; with light around the cross but a heavy burden on my soul, I took my leave of the dear home; yea, the dearest spot on earth, for there had nothing but love dwelt in that family circle. Parents and children were passionately devoted to each other.

I found myself very much at home in the work of the ministry. After an absence of six weeks I returned home, hoping that my wife had changed her mind, and would accompany me to my field of labor. In this I was disappointed. She was just as unwilling to go then as at the first. I returned to my circuit with a heavy heart. I felt that I was in God's order, so I asked the Lord to let my dear companion see it as in the light of eternity. After the elapse of another six weeks I returned for the same purpose, and with the same results as above stated.

I succeeded in getting her at this second visit home, to go with Brother and Sister Roberts to a camp-meeting which was coming off at Ackron, N. Y., and I returned to my circuit. Eternity alone can tell the soul burden and mental conflict during these days.

The camp-meeting had not been running many days before a fearful cyclone made its appearance. The sky put on her fearful robes of thunder and lightning, with other sounds of a dismal character. Darkness spread over the encampment. Nature was in strange commotion. Alarm and terror was manifested by nearly all that were at that encampment. As the storm came nearer and nearer, with the awful roar of destruction, suddenly an appearance, like an elephant's trunk, dropped down from the clouds above and swung around the circle of tents, throwing down seventy-five good-sized trees. Wife and a Baptist sister were washing dishes in the Buffalo tent. They were giving each other their experience. Said the Baptist sister: "If I should die this moment, I'm saved." No sooner had she said that than a tree nearly two feet in diameter was blown down from the inside of the circle of tents, going directly over the Buffalo tent, crushing it down, and with it the Baptist sister. All that saved the dear wife from the same fate was our little two-year old girl, hearing the noise of the storm, went to the tent door to see what the matter was, the mother going in great haste after her, escaped having the tree fall upon her. It was a narrow escape. There was only a step at that time between her soul and death. The Baptist sister was killed instantly. She had no sooner declared that she was ready to die, than she was ushered into eternity! How important it is to always be ready.

This awful scene caused many to turn pale with alarm for their future condition. Eternity seemed so near. Every one on the ground felt the importance of being saved, having a clean heart. They did not need much urging to commence the work in right good earnest. Among the many that were made wise by this awful storm and were at the altar seeking, in the very depths of humility, the blessing of perfect love, was my dear wife. She, with others, did not seek in vain. She found the blessing. She went down on the line of confession, and was mightily resurrected to a state of heart purity, by a living faith in the Almighty power of Christ to save. It was stated to me by those that were present, that the whole camp-ground shook when she struck the Rock! *Glory to God!*

At this time I was at a camp-meeting in another part of the state helping Bro. William Cooley. Hearing of the great blessing that my wife had received, I concluded that it would not be necessary for me to take another long trip, to go home to see if I could not persuade her to come with me, but that she would immediately pack up and move on to the big circuit with me, which, thank God, she did. But O, how changed! I had emphatically a new wife. I had always thought her the best woman on earth; now I knew that she was. We then saw eye to eye in the great work to which God had called us. And O, how precious the communion we had with each other and the Lord, during her brief stay on earth after this occurrence. In less than two years she peacefully passed away to be forever with the Lord.

I relate this circumstance to show what things we have to overcome sometimes, in order to enter the ministry. And then, how strangely God manages to bring us where our eyes may be opened to see just what he wants us to see. It is well expressed by the poet:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

More than a quarter of a century has passed into eternity since most of the events narrated occurred; and in looking over the past, and the way in which God led us into the ministry, the trials, conflicts, victories, and the many times in which He has marvelously delivered us out of the hands of all our enemies, and brought to our aid reinforcements, and just the help needed, and just at the right time, our heart goes out in wonder, love and praise.

The promise of the Lord to me was: "For as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." O, how comforting that Scripture has been to me. When on hard fields of labor, and when it

seemed as though very little if anything, accomplished, the above word of the Lord would come to my heart with such an assurance, and in such sweetness that I have been made to rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to me.

We are often placed in a position, allowing the world to judge, would call it a tremendous defeat. But in obeying the voice of God there is no defeat. We may not always see just what we have done, the good accomplished. Perhaps it is best we should not. Spiritual pride might find way into our heart and destroy us.

The command is, "Go forward." We are not to stop to analyze results, in order to get at exact accomplishments, but move on, laboring with all our might, and leaving results with God. In that day, and under the light of judgment fires, it will appear in all the grandeur of eternal blessedness. "Your labor is not in vain in the Lord." What precious opportunities God has given us of laying up our treasures on high. Look out in what direction you may, the fields are white already to harvest. Golden opportunities for doing good, and getting good, are constantly placed within our reach, and to be like our divine Lord and Master, who went about doing good, so must we, looking mainly for our reward in that day when He shall come to make up His jewels. O how blessed to hear in that day, "Well done!" Notwithstanding the glittering crown that often seems so nigh to the Christian soldier, he feels as expressed in the following lines:

"Let me stay; I fain would labor
In the vineyard of the Lord;
For the fields are ready whitening,
Jesus says so in His word.
Let me thrust the Spirit's cycle,
In the fields already white;
Let me blow the Gospel trumpet;
Let me do with all my might.

Let me stay and wear the armor
That my Father doth supply;
Let me cheer the broken hearted,
Help the pilgrim on his way.
Let me point the poor and needy
To a boundless store of grace,
To a mansion in the heavens,
Where the weary are at rest.

Let me stay and warn poor sinners
Of the danger they are in,
While by Christ they're unprotected,
Foes without and fears within;
Let me tell how Jesus loved them
When he died upon the tree,
When he cried in grief and anguish,
'Why hast Thou forsaken me?'

Let me stay a little longer,
Gathering for the garner great,
Golden sheaves, oh, precious jewels,
Stars in Jesus' crown complete.
Let me finish all my labor,
Then my armor I'll lay down,
And with Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
Ever wear a starry crown.

Then I'll range the fields of heaven,
And with angels ever sing:
Hallelujah! glory! glory!
Hallelujah to my King!
Then with white-robed seraphs worship
Round the Father's great white throne;
Always crying, Thou art worthy!
Oh my God, and Thou alone."

I apprehend that the richest spot in heaven will be given to those that have lived the nearest to Christ while on earth; that have been instrumental in turning many from darkness to light; that have been one with Him in the great work of human redemption; that have borne the cross, labored incessantly to bring souls to Christ and build up His kingdom on earth. It may have been in poverty, amidst great suffering, of physical ailments, in persecution; but the joy to such on earth exceeds that of all others; and in the world to come, "They shall shine as the brightness of the firmament forever and ever."

VI.

A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

How cheering to the heart of a good man to believe that God, the Infinite, loves, and tenderly cares for all the creatures which He hath made, and that He daily provides for, and feeds, and clothes the teeming millions of earth. How vast the conception that the Almighty this morning provided food for and fed, one billion, and five hundred million of human beings; and beside the fishes of the sea, and the birds of the air, and the cattle upon a thousand hills; and that this care commenced when the morning stars sang together for joy, and will continue through time, and to all eternity. He that created us is able to provide for all our needs, and to perpetuate our existence. It would be folly indeed, to suppose our Heavenly Father capable of creating us, but not able to sustain us. He that paints the lilies with rainbow tints, and covers the earth with its carpet of green, can supply all our need in this world, and in the world to come. Wherever in nature a real want is manifest, near by may always be found the supply. "My God shall supply all your need." To doubt His ability or willingness to do this, would be sinful. The smallest speck in creation is not lost to sight, nor removed from His tenderest care. "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." "And if He so clothe and beautifies the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cut down and cast into the oven, shall He not much rather clothe you, oh, ye of little faith."

He sends rain and sunshine, stormy wind and hoar frost, heat and cold, the changing seasons, causing earth to bring forth her increase for the sustenance of man and beast. Away back in by-gone ages, doubtless, the creator of this vast universe provided, or made ample provision for this earth and all its dependencies. I seriously doubt if a mistake was made or any need that might arise in any member of the human family, but that was thoroughly considered and all needful supplies provided for. "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Why then so much suffering, famine, pestilence, war, murder, and the great amount of evil arising from intemperance? These are all the results of sin, not the penalty for sin, but the legitimate fruit of sin; and God has provided a complete remedy for all the ills which flesh is suffering because of sin. Wherefore, He is able to save us to the uttermost, and to present us faultless before His presence, with exceeding joy. Suffering and need may be employed at times as a corrective agency, and in all these things we should learn wisdom and abandon all wrong doing and learn to do well. We read of some that were always learning, and never coming to the knowledge. Perhaps nearly all Christian men and women would endorse in a general way, God's providential care over His children, but doubt His special providences. Nevertheless, He does hear and answer prayer for special blessings.

When Peter was in prison prayer was offered for him, which God heard and answered, sending an angel to unlock prison doors, calling Peter's attention to the fact that deliverance had come; and in obeying the command, his chains fell off, and those massive doors, seemingly of their own accord, swung back, and he following his guide, was a free man, walking at liberty. When Israel had been scourged for three years and six months by a severe drouth, Elijah petitioned the Lord for help, special help! Rain, was the all-absorbing need at that time, and blessed be the Lord Almighty that hears and answers prayer, rain came in great abundance. Every answer to prayer, whether it be for soul or body, is a special gift or blessing from our God. But in every case, there must be on our part, a *special need*, and faith must be normal, believing, trusting, without any reserve whatever. If you have the reserve of a big farm, or bank stock, or cash in abundance at your command, it will greatly hinder your faith! hence, those in the ministry blessed with such means, never reach such depths of richness of experience, as those that are compelled by force of circumstances to trust alone in God. Ministers that have means to fall back on if things do not move to suit them, generally in a pinch, fall back *on means*! God has nowhere in His Word promised to supply all we want, but all we need. If a man is not sick, he does not feel much on the subject of being healed. If he is well clothed and housed he does not feel the need of clothes and shelter. If he is well supplied with food, or can at *will*, put his hand on the greenbacks, he does not have a very big feeling of need.

This class of characters never become spiritually educated up to the supreme summit of implicit trust in *Jehovah*. In order to prove the great Fatherhood of God, there must be on our part a consecration that is not only in word but in deed, and in truth, embracing all we have, all we are, all we ever expect to be, and a divine consciousness of the complete transfer made of all to Christ, and His Spirit with our spirit bearing witness to this holy transaction; then the heart will sing:

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

For nearly thirty years the author of this, has been like the birds of the air, trusting entirely in the Lord, for soul and body; and often blessings have come that were needed, when it seemed as though a miracle must be wrought in order to supply the demand.

When I came into the Susquehanna Conference, there were just four circuits: Rose and Clyde, Nelson and Fenner, Binghamton and Union and New York City. It was emphatically a missionary field. I left what seemed to be a good paying business, to preach the Gospel in this new conference. Although our work was largely among the poor, yet God marvelously cared for us, in providing for our souls and

bodies. Blessings came at times when greatly needed, as direct from God as the manna that fell in the wilderness to satisfy God's ancient people.

The last year that my now sainted companion was on earth, we were far away from markets. Her desire for food was very fluctuating. Occasionally she would want some kind of food that seemed impossible to obtain; but whenever she expressed a desire for any kind of food, it came. One morning I asked her what she could eat if we had it. She replied, "I could eat a brook trout, if I had it." My son, Lester, then about fourteen years old, was attending school in the place where we then lived. At recess he went back a little way from the school house, where was running a little brook, the outlet of springs: He saw therein a remarkably fine trout. By some means it was out of the main channel and could not make its escape. My son saw the situation, and remembering what his *sick* mother had said in the morning, marked the spot, and as soon as school closed he took the fish up to his mother. As soon as she saw it she recognized the hand of the Lord, and with a heart full of love and gratitude, and eyes sparkling with tears, we unitedly joined in thanking God for the supply so much needed. On another occasion during her sickness, when asked what she would like to eat if we had it, she replied: "I could eat some lamb, if I had it." It was in the month of March, and it did not seem as though such a thing could be had short of New York City. A farmer living some three miles away, had five lambs that were born in December or January. They were very nice and highly prized by their owner. The day my companion expressed a wish for lamb, the owner was moving them from one stall in his barn to another; one accidentally broke its leg; so the farmer was compelled to kill and dress it. While at this work and feeling very bad, he said a voice, as plain as human voice, and a good deal more impressive, said: "Take part of this lamb to Sister Osborne," which he did. Praise God!

The next circuit that we occupied was Seneca Falls, Auburn, Owasco, Niles and Canandaigua. I felt that God wanted me to live at Seneca Falls. My chairman thought that I had better settle at some other point, as the Seneca Falls pilgrims were very poor and discouraged. We went to Seneca Falls on Thursday, met the pilgrims at Sister McKee's. I think there were less than a dozen poor, discouraged ones. They received us with not a little indifference, and were sure that a house could not be found anywhere in the place. They said that others had been there looking for houses, but could find none. However, they were going to *leave it all* with the Lord. In this they were like a great many that I have met with, awful willing to let the good Lord do it all. They really believe that Jesus paid it all, consequently, let Him do it all.

This did not disturb my convictions that God wanted me to live there, and that He had a house for me at that place. I prayed much that night, and as Friday morning dawned upon us I felt all through my being that in such a part of the town there was an *empty house*, and that I could hire it. I knew but little of the place, but after prayers I started off in the direction of the *empty house*, according to my conviction. I came to that part of the town indicated by my feelings. I met a lad and said to him, "Where is that house where the family moved out a few days ago?" Said he, "Right around the corner." I moved on a few rods when I met another boy and made the same inquiry of him. He replied, "That house across there." It was really a neat house owned by a merchant's wife, they occupying the wing part. All the upright part, consisting of seven neat rooms, she wanted to rent until spring. Inside of ten minutes I made a bargain for the house, paid one month's rent, and the next week we moved in and remained there for two years. We had the house for six dollars per month, when a great many others wanted it and would have paid ten or twelve dollars per month.

I want to say a little more about this affair, as it was so clear a case of the Lord's doings; as clear as when Peter was led out of prison by the angel of God. I thought so then. I think so now, after the lapse of nearly twenty-five years, and look back to that event with the profoundest feelings of love and veneration for the special leadings of the Spirit of the Lord Jesus at that time, and all the way since. A gracious revival commenced from the very beginning of our ministry at that place. As we commenced house-keeping right away, I appointed a meeting for holiness at our house. In my notice of the meeting I excluded all that did not want something special of the Lord. The meeting was good and lasted until after ten o'clock. We had quite a struggle for a lady that came there expressly for her soul's salvation. She finally came through with a tremendous shout, and this she continued for some time. I had a sort of feeling that these shouts greatly disturbed my landlady in the other part of the house. Immediately after breakfast the next morning she sent for me to come in, she wanted to see me. As soon as I entered she looked me square in the face and stated in very emphatic language that I must procure another house immediately. Said she, "I did not let you have my house for public meetings. I cannot and will not have such confusion in my house. It was perfectly ridiculous—such a noise—such a pow-wow—husband and I did not sleep a wink all night, you must move right out." I looked her steadily in the face and said nothing until she had spent her force, and then made my statement. I knew my rights and purposed to stick to them. I said, "True, Mrs. Ingmire, you did not rent me your house for public meetings; it was not of that class—it was a select meeting. I stated from the pulpit that none need come except those that wanted something from the Lord. It was a meeting for holiness. You know the Methodists believe in that. (She was a Methodist.) We believe in being good—like our Master, who went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men." I then referred to that poor widow that God converted last night; what a hard time she had, caring for five little children, working late at night and early in the morning with but little to eat and poorly clad and without the comforts of salvation. I saw that she was deeply interested in my talk, and that I had the inside track. At this point I said, "Let us pray," at the same time dropping on my knees, I commenced praying for God to bless the work at Seneca Falls, and especially my landlady. She knelt while I prayed. The good Lord heard and answered prayer. When I came to the Amen, she responded, Amen. We arose. She said with tears rolling down her face, "God bless you, Brother Osborne, I believe the Lord sent you here; I think you will do good here; just the man needed." I assured her that God sent me there, and that I meant to do good, and bade her good morning. No more was said about our leaving the house, but they made much effort to keep us there; and when the first year was up, they circulated a petition for our being returned the second year. We remained there two years and God gave

us a continuous revival. For weeks souls were saved in every meeting at Seneca Falls, and at every point on this circuit we had a revival.

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

The people that we were laboring with and for, were very poor, so that we were compelled to pray the Lord's prayer daily: and blessed be the name of the Lord, He fed and clothed us. It would be impossible to tell the many peculiar ways that God had in supplying our needs. On one occasion my entire suit of wearing apparel had become badly worn and looked decidedly seedy. My coat was so feeble that it would not hold together under the arms, though wife had darned it much, and every time that I would raise my hand, when preaching, there would be an exhibition of cotton, which somewhat annoyed me. I prayed over the matter. I believed that God would supply my need. I said, “Lord, thy servant ought to be in a presentable shape.” It did not seem to me that in a country like ours, where there was such an abundance on every side, that God wanted me to go dressed so poorly. After much care, and thought and prayer, I called at the Post Office and received two letters. I did not open them until I reached home. My first letter contained a fifty dollar post office order. It seemed as if I could not believe my own senses. Tears of gratitude so filled my eyes that I could hardly read for the time being, while the Spirit said, “This means an entire suit of clothes.” Of course this sent afresh the doxology coursing, vibrating and thoroughly permeating all of our redeemed powers. O, how precious it is to live where God feeds and clothes the body and satisfies our immortal nature with Himself. Well might the poet sing—

“O for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break.”

Every law governing this vast universe, with all its intelligencies, are under the direct control of our Heavenly Father. Nothing is lost to His sight. “If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in Hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.”

Every effect has its own legitimate cause. It is not necessary that we should understand perfectly the law governing cause and effect in order to have implicit trust and confidence in God. Things about us may have a strange and a very forbidding appearance, yet we are to get good out of all the events of life. “All things work together for good to them that love God.” This will keep the soul cheerful and make life a pleasant pilgrimage. Having this constantly before our minds, that God directs or permits all of life's operations; and all for His glory, and the eternal well being of His dear children. Glory to God and the Lamb forever! “Heaven and earth would sooner pass away, than one jot, or one tittle, of His law, should fail.”

We believe God; the uncreated, that was, from everlasting, to everlasting; that was, away back in the eternal solitudes of nature. With this profound mystery before us, and mysteries all along the way, we have the revealed will of God before us, which makes the way so plain, that, “The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.”

How numerous the cases where God's special providences have been made manifest in delivering, in the time of great danger; in sustaining in the time of drouth and famine; when wasted and worn by disease. Truly, our God, is a present help, in time of need.”

In the fall of 1871 we were sent by our conference, and we believe by the Lord, to Philadelphia, Pa. We had felt, through the summer preceding, that we ought to go there in the fall. We arrived at our destination, and at Bro. Overing's about 6 o'clock P. M. As we sat down to tea, soon after our arrival, Sister Overing said to me, “Bro. Osborne, did you know that the small pox was very thick in this part of the city?” I said, “No!” I then asked, “How long has it been at work here?” She said, “About three months.” Immediately my appetite for food left me, as suddenly as the unwelcome news approached me. I arose from the table without tasting of any food—powerfully tempted. The enemy said to me, “You see now what a fool you have made of yourself. You have brought your family here to die of the small pox.” I thought for a few moments that I should sink. I found my way into the parlor and then into a bed-room. I fell on my knees and cried unto the Lord. I told the Lord that I came there in good faith, and I could not bear to have my family all destroyed by the small pox. While on my knees the Lord telephoned me in these words, “No plague shall come nigh thy dwelling.” I recognized the communication as coming from my Heavenly Father, and immediately replied in these words: “Yea, Lord, be it unto Thy servant according to Thy word.” The burden rolled off and I felt as secure all the year from that moment, as though pestilence and death were not in the city. It spread until every part of the city was scourged with small pox. Hundreds died every week with it, and thousands during the year. Wife and I visited those that were sick. Almost every day I was in a small pox procession; and all through the year I felt perfectly secure from all of its destroying power.

Thus was God's special providence made manifest in this fearfully alarming time of pestilence and death. Some two hundred thousand left the city in fearful alarm and dismay. At another appointment where our people were very poor and very much scattered, a rich man was saved and joined the feeble band. He agreed that if conference would let me stay with the poorest part of the circuit the second year, he would support the work, if it cost a thousand dollars, and beside, he would build a church for the pilgrims. This, doubtless he would have done, had he lived. He died soon after conference, having paid but one hundred dollars, leaving us to trust alone in God for our support. The house that we occupied was sold so that we were compelled to find another. There was just one house to be rented in the place for six months, the balance of the conference year, and this was owned by a hard-fisted

landlord, and he wanted his rent monthly in advance. What could I do? I had nowhere to look for help, but to God alone. I must have a house, and get out of the one I then occupied, or be turned into the street. What a dilemma! How it would look to have a Free Methodist preacher, with wife and children, as good as ever graced the earth, turned into the street, because *why?* I seemed to be forced to bargain for the house, and agree to pay monthly in advance. The price was eight dollars per month. These were days of sore trial and anxious care. Much time we spent on our knees with strong crying and tears before God for the salvation of souls, food and shelter. Three days before we were to make our first payment, just the amount came, and we secured the house. Money came so that we were able to pay our rent always on time, and with two exceptions, it came three days before time. This has not always been the case, when we have trusted in boards, official or otherwise. But when we have been shut up alone with God, we have fed on the good of the land—the finest of wheat, with honey out of the Rock.

A few years later on, we were shut up for trust, to a large official board. They managed the parsonage, or hired one, and were responsible for the rent, and we supposed that everything was moving along grandly—when one morning I was called out by an officer of the law, and then he read a paper stating that three months rent was due, and unless it was paid immediately, I was to be thrown into the street, kit and cargo. This hard-hearted landlord said to me when the bargain was made for the house, “the garden is good for nothing.” It was a large one, but it had not been worked in ten years; it had grown up to weeds and thistles, year after year, so I need not expect anything from that source.” I thought, how bad it would look to have the preacher’s back yard covered with weeds and thistles. I made up my mind that I would not let the weeds grow. I would have it plowed and worked—if no more. After it was plowed, I was impressed to plant it, which I did. I spent quite a little time in working my garden. The Lord wonderfully blessed it, so that it was the best in the place. I worked it with hoe and axe. This I had to do right after it had rained. I made up my mind that my field could be made fruitful if well worked, with God’s blessing. I have often heard it said that such places were so hard, that nothing could be done. They meant Spiritually. All such expressions indicate a small amount of faith. They seem to forget that “*all things are possible with God,*” “*and to him that believeth.*”

Our work has been largely of the faith mission character, and wherever the ministry and laity have gone forth in that spirit, victory has crowned their labors. Much has been said and written about India and Africa’s faith missions, but too little about home faith missions. Is faith needed in those darkened lands for the salvation of the heathen? much more is mighty faith needed for the cultured heathen of America. “*O, breath of Heaven, come on us, that these dry bones may live.*” I am satisfied that too many of us, have too little faith in the Almighty. We do not seem to take into our minds the fact, that, all power in Heaven, and earth belongs to Him, and He that spake world’s from nought, could, if necessary, create unnumbered worlds for the accomplishing of His designs in saving the human family.

Remember, O, remember precious soul, that with every felt need, your loving, Heavenly Father has the blessing in readiness, waiting for your contending faith to claim it!

“Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, ‘*The Lord will provide.*’

The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne’er be denied,
So long as ‘tis written, ‘*The Lord will provide.*’

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, *we triumph by faith;*
He cannot take from us, (though oft he has tried.)
The heart-cheering promise, ‘*The Lord will provide.*’

He tells us we’re weak—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne’er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, ‘*The Lord will provide.*’

No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown in Jesus’ name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, ‘*The Lord will provide.*’

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The Word of His grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
We expect to die shouting, ‘*THE LORD DOES PROVIDE!*’”

VII.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The elect, the Chosen of God, those who are ordained unto life eternal, are God's peculiar people; they were in the past, they are now, and will be for all time to come. Hear the declaration of Holy Writ:

"Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice, indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a *peculiar people*, or treasure, unto me above all people, for all the earth is mine.—Ex. 19:5. For thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God, and the Lord hath chosen thee to be a *peculiar people* unto Himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth.—Deut. 14:2." Then in 26th chapter and 18th verse the same thought is expressed: "And the Lord hath avouched thee this day to be His *peculiar people*, as He hath promised thee, and that thou shouldst keep all His commandments." The Psalmist caught the inspiration and gave thought and expression in like manner: "For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto Himself, and Israel for His *peculiar people*."

Under the blazing light of the new dispensation, with a heart and tongue all on fire with love divine, and vision turned upon the redeemed of God, he declares what God would have us understand more perfectly that, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a *peculiar people*; that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light; which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God; which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy."

The condition rendering God's people peculiar is of a twofold character—internal and external, and both internal and external are likewise of a twofold character, the positive and negative.

A person may be very peculiar, and yet be far away from God. There is much that is odd, very odd, yea, very peculiar, connected with some very good people which is no part of Christianity. A few years ago I had the pleasure of attending a Sabbath School Convention of the M. E. Church at Black River, N. Y. A part of the program was a discussion of this proposition:

"Shall we teach the peculiarities of Methodism in our Sabbath Schools?"

There was much said, but nothing that had any special bearing on the subject. Rev. Mr. D— said that he had a right to speak on the subject, as he was a Methodist, of Methodists parents; two of his sisters married Methodist preachers; and beside he had two brothers that were Methodist preachers, and his father's house was a home for Methodist preachers. He related many pleasant things that occurred among the preachers, and many peculiar things. He said there was one Bro. Lovice that was often at his home, a holy man. He really enjoyed holiness. At the table one day, mother, at the close of the meal, took the platter containing a custard pie, passed around the table and gave to each a piece. When she came to Brother Lovice, she said, "My dear brother, will you have a piece of pie?" He replied, "Yes, ma'am," holding out both hands, and received his pie in that peculiar way. This he related, and then said, "I believe in the peculiarities of Methodism." There are too many, I fear, who entertain similar views of the qualities that go to make up what constitute a *peculiar people*.

It is not eccentricity—though people lay much stress on that. It is not in being careless or indifferent, to any of the claims that God, or our neighbor has upon us; nor indifference in regard to our personal appearance. The dress question is one of great importance. God requires us to *adorn* our bodies in *modest* apparel. Now, to meet the conditions, some things are necessary: First—The color and quality of goods purchased. Secondly—The style or manner in which they are made. It is not for the glory of God to have your clothes cut and made so that all who see you would never mistrust your clothes were made for you, but for some person of a much larger make-up. There are some people who are real saints, but in their manner of dress, they have no respect for the "*terms*" *modest or adorn*. I maintain that the saints are the best-looking people the world has got, and they ought to dress the best. Thank God, some do! The material should be becoming, age, and condition in life, embraced in a thus saith the Lord. In the next place, garments should be made to fit. We should dress ourselves with care and neatness—not slovenly, or in a careless and untidy manner. Many seem to have no respect for the fitness of things, especially for how their clothes fit. We should be in a presentable condition: "*adorned in modest apparel*." Many have lost measurably their influence for good by their untidy, and utter disrespect of God's requirements in the matter of adornments.

A real saint, has the outside, and the inside of real salvation, which renders them *God's peculiar people*; inside, and outside, righteousness. It consists first, in having our sins taken from us—removed as far as the east is from the west, so that it has no more dominion over us, having our inner being washed and set free from all the remains of the carnal mind. This is preceded by a real death to carnality—a death which too few experience, but necessary in order to prove the heights and depths of love divine.

It is to be so dead to sin and self, that we shall be just like clay in the hands of the potter, fashioned by Him as he wills and we lovingly submit and say, "Thy will be done, O, Lord! my God, and my Redeemer."

To be a peculiar people, means *death* to the tricks and wiles of the devil—so that in presenting his claims with all his Satanic art, there is no response within, but a repelling power springs up immediately. He will tempt you to disbelieve in Jesus Christ, that is, don't expect Him to save you so thoroughly as some claim. He will persuade you if possible to tone down a little; but with this death, and this resurrection power, you are more than a match for him.

He will follow you all the way down to death. Everywhere he will present his claims, and with the

least possible chance, he will overcome you.

We are not above our Master. The world, with all its grandeur, will make its demands. As Christ was tempted to bow the knee, so will it be with us. The flesh will clamor for indulgencies, but the child of God that is dead indeed to sin and alive to Him, will overcome by the word of their testimony and the blood of the Lamb. The internal evidence that you are one of that family, *a peculiar people*, is grandly pronounced in the following manner:

The first noticeable manifestation after you have made clean your escape from the land of bondage and destruction, will be a *state of peace* that will thrill your entire being. This will appear strange, after the awful conflict that you so recently passed through. Coming into a state of reconciliation—everything about you will seem to be in a lovely mood. As you move on in the divine life, this state of joy and gladness will increase, so that your *peace* will flow as a river; and as you continue faithful in the grace already given, you will soon have what the Psalmist called "*Great peace.*" "*Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.*" That is, if you are sanctified wholly, made perfect in love, you have a peace that will not stumble over anything that may occur; the ungodly things that are on all sides will not turn you out of the direct way to Heaven. Everlasting joy belongs to this people; it comes natural to them, as rays of light from the sun, or as rain from the clouds. The command is, "Rejoice evermore." This would be impossible without a pure heart and a holy life. "The redeemed come to Zion, with songs and with everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

While the saints all have joy, they do not all have the same degree of joy; neither will they in the world to come. St. Paul says that "one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection." Holy joy is like a musical scale, with its added lines. Every note of praise has its positive, comparative and superlative development. The first note of holy joy that will be discovered in us will be in singing the songs of Zion. The redeemed come with songs; and yet there may be the joy, not only of the justified believer, but of the wholly sanctified. Glory to God. While this may be true, not all that sing the songs of Zion are blessed with this holy, triumphant joy. Only the redeemed have it.

The second degree of joy, in the natural scale, will be found in the hearty amen; especially if it be born of the Spirit. A great many amens were never born of the Spirit; they are counterfeits. How blessed are the sanctified amens. How rich the service that is well interspersed with them. The amen corners in our churches are of inestimable value; as much so as the Urim and Thummim in the Mosaic dispensation. It clearly revealed the presence of the Most High; so do the spirit-inspired amens. How encouraging the unctious amens to the saints. How it lifts the preacher while proclaiming the everlasting gospel. Oh, that God would baptize the church with more sanctified, Holy Ghost amens.

The note of praise running still higher in the scale of holy joy will be, "Praise the Lord." How little we hear of this, to what we ought to hear. But as we advance in the divine life, the praises of God will increase in our hearts, and upon our lips, and we shall feel like saying: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

The next higher note of joy will be "Glory." This will spring up so natural if you occupy just the right spot on the scale of experience. You cannot pump it up, if the well is dry. There must be living water in the well. Jesus said, "The water that I give you shall be in you a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

As you ascend the mount of holiness, the next higher note struck will be "*Hallelujah!*" This note is sweeter than honey and the honey comb. In order to understand music on this key, you must live in the promised land. Thus far in the scale of everlasting joy we have language to express in a very faint degree the heaven that reigns within. But there comes a condition in our onward flight when all the language employed by mortal beings fail to express the joy that floods the soul. St. Paul, master of the Greek language, which is said to be very expressive, could not give it in that, so, doubtless, he gave it in the language employed by angels. "For," says the Apostle, "Believing, ye rejoice with joy which is unspeakable and full of glory." That must be a little of the bliss that we shall know when we surround the throne; bliss without alloy; joy unspeakable and full of glory. "The joy of the Lord is our strength." God grant that the reader and the writer may have a great deal of this joy, regardless of the outer manifestation.

But in this condition of salvation, there will be outer manifestations; outer developments. Life is not an even spun thread. Rivers are not all the way through, the same, width and depth. The earth is not a dead level—a vast prairie—not all hill—not all valley, but a variety. The beauty of creation, is this endless variety. Who could bear to gaze forever on a vast plain, or mountain scenery? I believe that Heaven will be made up of change. It will take all of eternity to develop God's creative power. It is true, there will be some general features that will abide; it is so with Christian life; but outwardly there will be new developments, new manifestations.

"Good works," will be the most marked, demonstration. This people are "zealous of good works." The work of beneficence occupies a large place with all that truly belong to Jesus. In this they will be like Him, who went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men; feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, and so far as we have the power, helping in every legitimate way:

"The voice of charity is kind,
She thinketh nothing wrong—
To every fault she seemeth blind;
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.
'Tis not to pause when at the door—
A shivering brother stands:
To ask the cause, what made him poor!

Or why he help demands.”

Christian men and women are stewards for God. Their income, after economically providing for their own needs, goes for God’s cause. How this cause would move, if all that profess to be disciples of Christ, were thus actuated. The secret of living where the great Shechinah will shine full-orbed upon your soul; where, not a cloud will arise to intervene for a moment, to darken the soul’s vision, comes when you are under, and daily bearing the cross. What blessed opportunities are presented daily, for denying self, and making glad hearts which have long been in the deepest sorrow, and affliction. How we may cheer the broken-hearted, if we will, and help the pilgrim on his way.

The very best investments come on this line. But woe to him that is greedy of gain, that is constantly seeking to lay up treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. “Whatsoever a man soweth, that, shall he also reap,” is the fiat of fate; the unchangeable law of Him that made and controls all things on earth, and in Heaven.

This people will have another class of manifestations, peculiar and marvelous. When the Holy Ghost comes on an individual, as it will, when a complete surrender has been made, there will be at times, visible evidences of that fact. This manifestation will not be the same with every individual, neither will it be always the same with the same person. The Spirit’s operations are differently presented; some will fall—others will laugh—some will cry—run—jump—shake as with the ague—shout—praise God—sing—and in various peculiar ways, God the Holy Ghost will manifest Himself. This has been the condition of things in the church of God from the beginning down to the present time when the church has been alive in Him, earnestly seeking to do His will. But when a church is dead—plucked up by the root—cold, frozen, stiff, formal, backslidden, why, then they have things “*decently, and in order.*” There are lots of churches in these days that, a legally constituted amen, would give them all a severe run of fever!

I suppose that if David, the King of Israel, should come to worship with you as he worshiped before the ark, dancing with all his might, you would have him stop, or put him out. I have no doubt but that you would set as umpire and cry out fanaticism, wild-fire.

Jesus, on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, was followed by the crowd; the children that were there worshiped Him, crying out Hosannah to Jesus, the King of Israel! The old Pharisees then acted just as they have ever since when God blesses His children, requesting them to stop their noise. Jesus gently reproved them in the statement made. Said He: “If these should hold their *peace*, the stones would cry out.” How this truth has been verified again and again. When one people stop praising God in the way the Spirit directs and operates, then another is raised up to take their place, thus it has ever been. The Free Methodist church was raised up to take the place made vacant by others, to offer the tribute of praise in its various moods and tenses to the Lord Almighty. Beware how you put your hands on the Ark! Death comes on that line. “*Quench not the Spirit.*” Alas! the fumes of the dead killed in that way cover the land like a malaria, and the odor in many of our churches is stifling. O, for a breeze of salvation’s life and power on all the churches.

But to return. The man healed at the beautiful gate by Jesus Christ through Peter, went off leaping, and walking, and praising God. It must have looked very strange to those who saw it. A man, lame from his birth, performing in such a *peculiar manner*. Why did he not after the healing power came on him, walk off quietly? Why excite curiosity? Doubtless it was for God’s glory. If he had gone to his home in a quiet manner, but few would have taken notice of the circumstance; whereas leaping, and walking, and praising God, drew the attention of the people and of those who never had known him, to the marvelous fact, that a miracle had taken place on this man, and while their curiosity was in lively exercise, Jesus Christ was preached unto them as the Physician for soul and body. He wants the glory for what He does for our souls and bodies.

The day of Pentecost was a sample day of what we might have every day, during this dispensation, if the church wanted it and would put herself in the same condition to receive it, and doubtless with as peculiar, and marked demonstrations. On that occasion, it sat upon each like a tongue of fire, and they all began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. It has been said that some seventeen different languages were spoken on that occasion. What other outer demonstrations there were on that occasion we are not informed; but it is quite evident from what followed, there were some, for Peter’s denial of the charge of drunkenness would indicate the fact that they did take place. “These are not drunken as ye supposed.”

In every genuine revival the church has had from the very beginning up to the present time, powerful manifestations of God’s presence in a way calculated to arouse the most hardened and wretched sinner to a realization of their awful danger while in their sins, causing them to cry out from the very depths of despair, God be merciful to me a sinner. We often hear persons pray for the influences of the Spirit. Under certain conditions that would be right, but what we always need, is the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, just as it came on the sample day, and if I read the scriptures aright, the promise is that God will pour out of His Spirit in this dispensation, upon all flesh, not sprinkle us with an influence but saturate and fill us. For He says, “Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, *but be filled with the Spirit.*”

Methodism, in the days of Wesley, Whitfield, Asbury and Peter Cartwright, was marked by very peculiar outer demonstrations. Falling, like the dead slain in battle, was a very common feature. At a camp-meeting held in about the year 1803 in Kentucky, five hundred at one time fell under the power of the Holy Ghost. “Somewhere between 1800 and 1801, in the upper part of Kentucky, at a memorable place called Cane Ridge, there was appointed a sacramental meeting by some of the Presbyterian ministers, at which meeting seemingly unexpected by ministers or people, the mighty power of God was displayed in a very extraordinary manner, many were moved to tears, and bitter and loud crying for mercy. The meeting was protracted for weeks. Ministers of almost all denominations flocked in from far and near. The meeting was kept up both night and day. Thousands heard of the mighty work, and came

on foot, on horseback, in carriages and wagons. It was supposed that there were in attendance at times during the meeting from twelve to twenty-five thousand people. Hundreds fell prostrate under the mighty power of God, as men slain in battle. Stands were erected in the woods from which preachers of different churches proclaimed repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and it was supposed by eye and ear witnesses, that between one and two thousand souls were happily and powerfully converted to God during the meeting. It was not unusual for one, two, three, and four to seven preachers to be addressing the listening thousands at the same time from the different stands erected for that purpose. *The Heavenly fire spread in almost every direction. It was said, by truthful witnesses, that at times more than one thousand persons broke out into loud shouting all at once, and the shouts could be heard for miles around.*" The Methodist preachers that were at this meeting possessed some of the John Wesley ability to utilize whatever might aid in advancing the Redeemer's Kingdom, saw in the meeting just described a glorious opportunity, which they immediately embraced, and out of which evolved the notorious camp-meeting referred to in another place as a child of Methodism. Bishop Simpson said in a sermon that he preached to a large congregation of class-leaders at Philadelphia, Pa., from these words, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," "that the Methodists owed their success to this baptism; and what made them peculiar was the fire." This was a double blessing, producing intensity of life and action, with visible manifestations of God's presence and power often manifested in peculiar ways. I remember well for more than fifty years, how the Lord graciously poured out His Spirit on our beloved Zion. The times of refreshing, cries for mercy, the songs of praise, the amens and the glorious Hallelujahs that I heard half a century ago, come welling up in my soul as though it were yesterday. I attended a quarterly meeting at Albion, N. Y., in the old brick M. E. Church, L. Stiles pastor, in 1857. This was one of the original meetings gotten up by Rev. B. T. Roberts, and Rev. L. Stiles. It was a four day meeting. I had never been away from home before to attend a meeting of this character. I had a good deal of anxiety to know what kind of people I should see at that meeting. An old class-leader that lived near me was on his way to that meeting with me. Said I, 'Brother, what kind of folks will attend the quarterly meeting?' Said he, 'The very *cream* of the church.' As we came near the church we could hear the saints as they met each other coming in from the regions round about, greeting one another with 'Praise the Lord, I am so glad to see you, how does your soul prosper, well? glory to God.' Then would ring out Spirit-born amens. This was before the meeting had commenced. I was captured by these greetings. This meeting commenced at 9 o'clock A. M., with a prayer meeting, first was five minutes of secret prayer. In about two minutes an old gray-haired pilgrim got blessed, sprang up and commenced shouting glory, Hallelujah, with what I thought, unearthly power. He jumped to his feet and I to mine. He continued to shout, and I gazed with wonder, and shook from head to foot as though everything around me was moving heavenward. Very soon I got on my knees again and asked the Lord to steady my nerves, for I felt that I must have something, for the element around me was perfectly awful and solemn. I had been on my knees but a short time before a Bro. in the back part of the church sprang to his feet and with such lung power as it seemed to me at that time I had never heard before shouted with all his might—'Hallelujah'—and this he repeated until the house was full of glory, and of God. This was a Pentecostal meeting. Here the saints received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, fitting them up for the awful ordeal of expulsion from their own home, consecrated by the dearest ties of nature and grace; made dear by every recollection of bygone days. Here in the beginning of our Christian life, were *Spiritual fathers* and *mothers*, who cared for us with great tenderness and solicitude. Now, to be thrust out from our dear old home, simply because we loved her and were trying to maintain her rights, was cruel indeed. But God had a purpose in this, as much as He had in the selling of Joseph into Egypt. Benjamin must be cast out to man the LIFE-BOAT, to rescue the perishing. Nearly thirty years has come and gone with trials, conflicts, persecutions, broadside after broadside from the *old craft*, and other crafts, yet, the Captain has maintained his place at the mast-head, holding high the insignia that brought us to the front, 'HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.'" May his life and health be preserved for years to come to maintain the same work that he has so tenaciously held to in the past, amen. While others have been raised up to help in bearing aloft the banner of heart purity, noble men and women, our brother has not become puffed up by great prosperity, but maintains the simplicity of the gospel as in other days.

Rev. Amos Hard lived in the town of Murry, N. Y., five miles from Albion and four from Holly, I lived neighbour to him. Perhaps there was not another man in Genesee Conference that did so much to stir up war as Bro. Hard. As a Sister remarked on the old Bergen camp ground, "Bro. Hard is all heads and points." His relation to his church was supernumerary. This relation he occupied for twenty-five years, so that he was at liberty to go and come when he pleased. It was expected that when the Free church was organized, he would come right in, but he did not. If he had been expelled, as others were for doing some of the same work that he did, doubtless, he would have come in. There was just one thing that prevented his expulsion, and that was, his two sons that were in Genesee College. His character was arrested several times, and the only thing that saved his head from the axe, was his superior sons. It was argued like this, "You expel Brother Hard, and we lose two of the smartest students we have in the college," and the last time that our Brother was put through the crucible, it was added, "and the Free Methodists will get them." This statement I had from Sister Hard. His home was a rendezvous for those engaged in making war on church idols.

Much harm has been done to the cause of Christ by not properly estimating religious demonstrations. Some have laid too much stress upon them. While blessed in the past, they had peculiar manifestations, and then come to this conclusion, that, when blessed of God, they would always have the same outer demonstrations; and if they did not have the same, readily concluded that they were not right with God, when at the same time they had not knowingly grieved the Spirit in any way. The next step with them has been to cast away their confidence in Christ, quit doing duty and of course, they were soon far away from the Lord. We should always hold fast the profession of our faith, if we have not committed sin, regardless of everything else. If we have done wrong, hasten to make it right. The cause of Christ has suffered great damage and in many places it has been completely smothered by those that

sit in judgment and condemn every phase of experience that does not meet their preconceived notions of just how a person should act when blessed of God; condemning what may seem peculiar and strange because they do not understand it, is not wise. The Holy Spirit has been grieved, yea, *blasphemed* in too many cases in that way. Charges and conferences have been greatly checked, and in some cases dried up by the root, by harshly condemning *the Spirit's operations*. I have no doubt but that they honestly sought to remedy what they supposed was a serious difficulty—greatly hindering the work of the Lord. Their efforts were not blessed of God, and worked ruin, because they resorted to wrong measures. I believe that the devil has power to imitate the Spirit, especially in demonstrations. But suppose that he has? We need be a little cautious how we give him credit. John Wesley and others at Fetterlane fell into the same difficulty which grieved the Spirit and brought deadness to the work at that place, and leanness into their souls. They sought unto the Lord to know the difficulty and God let light upon them, just as He would do by you if you are guilty of a like offense.

Wesley and others made the following confession: "We acknowledged our having grieved Him by our divisions; one saying, I am of Paul, another, I am of Apollos; by our leaning again to our own works and trusting in them, instead of Christ, by our resting in those little beginnings of sanctification, which it had pleased Him to work in our souls, and, above all, *by blaspheming His work among us, imputing it to nature, to the force of imagination and animal spirits, or even to the delusion of the devil. In that hour, we found God with us as at the first. Some fell prostrate upon the ground. Others burst out, as with one consent, into loud praise and thanksgiving. And many openly testified there had been no such day as this since January the first preceding.*" (*Wesley Journal, Volume 3, page 140.*)

After confessing their faults, one to another, the blessing of the Lord came as on former occasions. Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ, is not the above remedy what we *need* among us, as a people? especially in some places. Wherever it has been tried, it proved gloriously successful. In fact, it is the only remedy for the like difficulties. A good square confession is always health to the soul, it works like a charm. If you have grieved the Holy Spirit, try it.

During more than fifty years I have witnessed a great many powerful revivals, and from what I have seen I come to this conclusion, that it is impossible to have a revival of God's salvation where the real burden of the Lord will rest on Zion, so she will feel a little as Christ felt when in the Garden, when such conviction will come on sinners that they will see themselves and their real danger, leading them to cry for life, without manifesting much that will be decidedly *peculiar*. But to stop and spend, or waste time in trying to regulate the Holy Ghost, is exceedingly foolish. You might as well try to regulate chain-lightning as it came from the clouds. When there is much fire in the furnace clinkers are formed, but you don't spend your time working at clinkers, it's the fire you want. A great many have tried to manage the train to suit their views of things, but the result has been in too many cases, a fearful smashup. Others through their blinded zeal have got on the train just in time to be side-tracked or ushered suddenly into eternity. How many have come into the Free Methodist church apparently with a desire to run this train according to their schedule time, but were soon side-tracked, or ceased to be.

God Almighty's train must be managed according to the *old time-table*. Jobbers—compromisers—and all that love and make a lie, off from the track at once. But few brakemen are needed on this train, but a premium is offered for first-class firemen. Beloveds, up with the brakes, and let the train move on, and don't become alarmed if she gets under big headway.

In 1863 Brother and Sister Cooley and the writer held a camp-meeting at Blood's Corners, N. Y. After the Sabbath we were helped by Brother and Sister Roberts. Brother James Matthews and others came in from a meeting that had just closed at Akron. It was a very hard place to run a meeting from the fact that in that section of country nearly all professed to be Christians, when it was plain to be seen that in most cases they were in a backslidden state if they had ever been converted, which was doubted. Crowds came on the ground and openly and in other ways opposed the work that we were called to do, that was to spread "scriptural holiness." On one occasion when Brother Cooley was exhorting a large crowd on this subject, a local preacher belonging to some church, jumped up and commanded Brother Cooley to stop at once, "they did not want to hear such stuff." Brother Cooley paid no attention to this but continued to exhort. Then the fellow turned on Brother C., and cried out with all his might for the Holy Ghost to knock our brother down. This he repeated, declaring they would not hear such talk. This was a hard fought battle field but victory came on this wise. On Tuesday night about twelve o'clock it was thought by a number of real saints that came on the ground from New York City, and from Illinois, and by those that had been there from the beginning that God could and would give the victory if we should make a more thorough effort. Accordingly twenty or more (and they were members of eight denominations) went into Brother Roberts' tent and engaged in earnest prayer to this end.

Our praying was characterized by intense earnestness, all that were in that meeting felt that way. Some took a very humble position, especially Brother Belden of N. Y. He was a Presbyterian minister. He confessed he had compromised, but would do so no more. He would preach a whole gospel the remainder of his life, if compelled by so doing to beg from door to door. It seemed to take us until four o'clock in the morning to reach the spot where faith sprang up claiming the Holy Ghost and the fire. At this point it came on all in that tent. It made no difference because we belonged to different organizations, all fell as slain in battle, except one. At this meeting our dear Brother Roberts fell under the power of God several times. He approached the person that did not fall to lay his hands on their head, but when his hands came within one foot of them he fell the quickest of any person that I ever saw fall. This was one of the most glorious meetings that I ever knew anything about. After this salvation flowed in upon us like a mighty river, souls were saved, believers were sanctified wholly, and the Free Methodists struck an abiding place at that time, and from this point it has gone out to bless others in regions beyond. In those days we made it a point to have the victory on all occasions. If at first we did not succeed we would try again, let the drill go down until we struck the living stream. There is no such thing as failure with those whose faith and trust is in God. "This is the victory that overcometh the world,

even our faith.”

Free Methodism is a child of Providence, born in due time. She is a spontaneous production of the Holy Ghost, and all legitimate children are made so by the same power. It cannot be learned from any other source. A great many come in with us from other churches, but when our machinery gets under full headway, they become alarmed at what they see and hear and then try to adjust things to their primary knowledge of the science. In trying to do this as preachers, they have gotten themselves and the societies over which they were placed into serious difficulty. Not having a natural induction into the science of Free Methodism, they did the best they knew, but when they should have raised the valve and let on more steam, down went the brakes, and when faith should have been encouraged, personal grievances were introduced. Now to illustrate—You may have carried a watch for many years and know much about the object of a watch, but if you were to go into a watch maker’s establishment to make watches, you would have to commence at the very foundation in order to know how to make a watch. It is precisely so in this science. To work understandingly and in harmony with it, one must be born into it, BORN OF THE SPIRIT. Our machinery is the very best ever devised, providing that it is well worked. It must be worked in order that its beauty and symmetry may be seen and appreciated. But if it is allowed to go on the dry dock, it presents a forlorn appearance. It is only when under sail with a stiff breeze, that her grand proportions are visible.

VIII.

THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH A NECESSITY.

Completeness in all the works of God are everywhere manifest. Harmony prevails in the vast system of worlds above, and all around us. By the aid of the telescope, we view with delight the increasing magnitude of those heavenly bodies, from the asteroid, up to that mysterious orb that gives life and light to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the worlds that move in space. The chain is complete. Every link is in its proper place. This is correct in both kingdoms. You may trace with profound interest the smallest insect that crawls upon the leaf to the giant mastodon that roams the forest. This law prevails likewise in the kingdom of grace. As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection. And when we stand upon the sea of glass mingled with fire, and gaze upon that innumerable company that have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, the law of necessity, and development will be manifest. Heaven would be very incomplete if this were not true. If there were none but arch-angels and matured saints; if the children of all grades, those just blooming into life were not there; if men and women with the feeblest intellect redeemed to God by the blood of the Lamb were not there, then indeed, the chain would be broken, and Heaven would be incomplete. What joy comes to the Christian parents, when compelled to lay their dear child, that had already given them so much real pleasure, away in the cold silent grave, to feel that we shall meet again, and be forever with the Lord.

We now come to a different consideration, that is, the Christian church or churches. This is of a twofold character, internal and external. It may have an existence where it does not appear externally; and what often has an external appearance as the church of Christ, may have no relation to Him. Nevertheless, it does possess the invisible and the visible organization. The invisible or spiritual church of Christ, is one, in Heaven, and on earth. The visible organization is manifold. She might well be compared to a family with many members, all striving to do the will of the parent. All have not the same office. Every branch of the Christian church have their mission, and will be required to do just what they are fitted for by nature, culture, and by grace. Where much has been given, much will be required. Responsibility measures up to the above rule.

The whole family of churches evolved one after another from the old Catholic church: and all, seem to have a mission in the world's drama. Just what that mission is, I am not able to define. Perhaps some are to operate as parasites on others. The mission of the church of Christ was to seek and save the lost and perishing. The Wesleyan Methodist church declares in her book of discipline that they were raised up to spread scriptural holiness over these lands; and while she was true to her mission, nothing could stand before her. Where ever she unfurled the banner of the cross, rebellion ceased, and Jesus Christ was crowned Lord of all. At least multitudes were saved to God and joined the ranks of the redeemed.

The doctrines of the M. E. Church were ordained in heaven, honored of God, and blessed to the salvation of millions. Her general rules were a strong tower; mighty bulwarks, rendering her when within that fortification impregnable. For nearly a century she stood the assault and rage of earth and hell without flinching, and the glory cloud did rest upon her. But the time came when she fell; not by the mighty invading forces without altogether, but by internal foes that she had taken to her loving embrace. Her manner of life is entirely changed, or nearly so. Humility has given way to pride and ostentation. The doctrines that she once placed such stress upon, the witness of the spirit, entire holiness, a confession of sin, restitution, plainness of dress, she now largely ignores. Those internal foes that she cares for so tenderly have robbed her of her Spiritual life and power. The glory manifested during the service of preaching, prayer or class-meeting, has in many places entirely disappeared. Beside the enemies already mentioned, she had taken within her pale, members that belong to speculative Free Masonry, who are opposed to Jesus Christ and his gospel; hence, war was waged within the church by this army of Satan, against Christ and His army, the saints. This division of purpose by the two armies within the church was everywhere manifest: each party, seeking for the supremacy. While the saints held tenaciously to the ancient land-marks which our fathers set, Satan's wing labored to introduce the new order of things.

One of the great mistakes made by this church is in receiving members that were never converted, but simply had a lukewarm desire to go to heaven when they had exhausted every round of earthly pleasure. Bishop Peck made this statement in a sermon that he preached a short time before his death, "I am persuaded that more than three-fourths of all the members in my beloved church, were never converted." A sad confession indeed; but observation proves his statement correct. No wonder, with these elements within, our mother sought to array herself in gorgeous apparel. What a contrast between these days of pomp, and vanity, and worldly mindedness, and the days of blessed memory, when arrayed in Christ's righteousness. No wonder that there was war in the church, when Susie and John came home from boarding school, backslidden completely from good desires, with the new order of things fresh in their minds, were ashamed of mother's old fashioned style, determined that there should be a change in the programme. So they commenced by banging mother's hair and putting rings in her ears and on her fingers. The bustle, put in its horrid appearance with extra yards of cloth, buttons, ribbons, all of which gave our dear old mother the appearance of a stranger. Of course, she was urged to comb her hair back as in the days of her simplicity, and decorate herself in modest apparel, without gold, or pearls, or costly array; but she was obstinate, and has been ever since.

The time was when the Methodists were a plain, clean, Godly class of people. Their churches were built plain with free seats, good enough for the rich, and none too good for the poor; and all were welcome, rich and poor. The principle that actuated them in bygone days was, the house of God should

be as free as the gospel we preach, and both as free as the air we breathe; and on this line the glory of the Lord was manifest in the salvation of souls, and in the sanctification of believers.

The new order of things brought with it a new order of church edifices; seemingly just to accommodate the rich to the great neglect of the poor! Of course, in all churches where the seats are sold, a few are reserved for the poor, and for colored people. After a poor man or woman have accepted the paupers' seat for a Sabbath or two, they get tempted over it, and stay away from church altogether; when if the seats had been free, they would have continued their attendance upon divine service, and likely been converted to God, and made a great blessing to the church, and to the world.

It is a tremendous mistake, the practice of dedicating a church to God, and then selling it out to whom? why, anybody that have a mind to buy it; and in a multitude of cases, wicked, ungodly wretches have bought the best seats in the house, giving them power over that society, so that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the preacher in the pulpit of such churches, is gagged; some subjects he dare not touch, because forsooth, his bread and his butter is at stake; that because of this system, millions have been kept away from the house of God and have perished.

One of the most embarrassing things the learned clergy of to-day have to meet constantly is, what shall we do with this great estrangement of the poor from the house of God?

My answer to the above proposition is, free churches throughout the land, baptized with the Holy Ghost, and with fire, will solve this mighty problem. This is the only solution.

Instrumental music is another innovation. The music that pleases God, is that which comes from a heart, consecrated to Him, inspired by love divine, springing up like a fountain of life; the spontaneous outgoings of the spirit. We must sing in the spirit, and with the understanding also.

This part of divine service should be free to all present, not marred by the instrument, neither by the select few. In this, we should study to show ourselves approved unto God. I cannot believe that He loves ignorance in the service of song, any more than in preaching His gospel. We should aim at the greatest efficiency in all the service rendered. This was the original plan as it came to our fathers. But with the new order of things came the organ, and the distressing few, to do the most precious part of divine worship.

Preaching the gospel was the means ordained of God for the salvation of the lost, and where this is done with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, the work is accomplished. God never ordained the reading of essays as a means to bring sinners to Christ. His prophets anciently spake as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost, and success crowned their efforts.

Carnal Amusements are a great hindrance in carrying forward the work of the Lord in any church. They grieve the Spirit and cause those that indulge in them to backslide and become worthless as laborers in the cause of Christ.

The Sabbath School should be the nursery of the church; and is, when the salvation of the school is the primary object. When time, talents and means are employed to that end, but if carnal amusements are held up as the object for which they aspire, then indeed, much of our labor will be in vain.

Camp-meetings are an American institution and a child of Methodism. Eternity alone can tell the good accomplished by these means of grace. Thousands have been attracted to God's leafy temple where the greatest amount of Spiritual freedom generally prevails, especially when ancient simplicity and earnestness prevails, because there is always something inviting, something grand and glorious about these God ordained gatherings. Can you imagine a place more lovely to behold, and to enjoy, than a beautiful forest dotted with Israel's tents, and a company of those that are in earnest to get to Heaven? the songs of praise, the shouts of new-born souls, and on every side to feel that God and angels are there. Truly, such a place has a charm for all that love the good and the beautiful. But when the camp-meeting becomes a place for trade and speculation, a place for visiting, for idleness and feasting, for airing one's opinions, for anything and everything but self-denial and earnestly seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost on their own souls and on the souls of the unsaved, then the ancient glory departs, and as a substitute culture in style, from the tent, to the magnificent cottage, the exclamations of holy joy in the electric amen—praise the Lord—glory to God—Hallelujah—give way to jesting, to light and trifling conversation, and to engaging in those things that produce the most fun. Then, indeed, it becomes necessary that another people should be raised up to do camp-meeting work as in former days, when the glory of the Lord rested upon this branch of Zion.

In too many cases the camp-meeting of to-day is simply a huge Pic-Nic! I believe the real difficulty has been, and is, in failing to preach, experience to live, and enforce sanctification, or perfect love. This was the central *thought* with this church, and should be with every Christian denomination. It should tower above every other consideration. It is true that the doctrine of holiness has become quite popular in some directions, but that kind that contains the cross that kills, and produces resurrection life and makes a complete separation from all carnality, is no more popular to-day, than it was in the beginning. This was the issue in the M. E. Church more than thirty years ago resulting in the foundation of the Free Methodist church. Other things came in which greatly enlarged Satan's army, so that on almost every occasion there was war. This continued with increasing force until the powers of darkness were in the ascendancy, resulting in the expulsion of some of the best of the old Genesee Conference had. This occurred in 1858. In one of Dickens' works, I think it is, this statement is made: "The first settlers of England were what are now, the Welsh that occupy Wales. They were at war with the Scots and Picts. Before this they had been harassed for a long time by the Romans. Now the Saxon comes in and makes war upon them, and then takes possession of the country, forcing the Britons back to the mountains of Wales; so, ever since the Saxon have been masters of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland."

This bit of history clearly illustrates the condition of our mother church. As the Britons were driven to Wales, so Christ and His followers have been driven out by the new order of things. Perhaps a streak

of salvation might be sandwiched in, in some country church; or in a classroom far away from public gaze, where if the ancient power and glory should come in, no one would be hurt. But this order of things that the ancient power and glory should have no more place in this church, was decreed by many in authority nearly thirty years since, which my ears heard, and my eyes have seen performed in the expulsion of the good and the true from that body. During this war I became acquainted and was for a time quite intimate with Rev. John Robie, then Editor of the Buffalo Advocate, the organ of what was then known as "The Regency Party." On one occasion visiting this Brother quite a number of ministers from this conference met in his office to do what they considered very important business, and that was to strengthen each other's hands in the horrid work already begun, in expelling every one in that conference that endorsed B. T. Roberts, Styles, and all that class that did not stand by the new order of things. This I lived to see accomplished, to the very letter, both in the ministry and with the laity. They not only expelled, but they bought up and removed all so far as they had the ability, that believed in the life and power of salvation, or "Methodism," as she was in the early days of her espousals to Christ, when the glory cloud was everywhere manifest. This work was not confined to the Genesee Conference, of making war on those that were true to their vows to Christ and to this branch of His church, but extended to other parts. Other Conferences are guilty of proscription, past, and present. That the forces which brought Methodism into existence, that gave to the world the grandest model ever planned for the salvation of the lost, should be forced to abandon its birthplace, is strange indeed. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!"

In this expulsion the best blood of the church was forced out; and by the spiritual law of gravitation they came together and formed a conglomerate, which they named, "The Free Methodist church." It has been called "The Free Methodist life boat."

The organization took place in perilous times. Many societies were being engulfed by formalism, and death. This life-boat was a timely aid to rescue the perishing. Thousands will thank God to all eternity for their salvation through this instrumentality. The casual observer might have entertained grave doubts in her ability to navigate the stormy sea of life, and cope with other crafts claiming to be engaged in the life saving service, but presenting sails of a decidedly different character; but no where drawing fire from the enemy, but worldly commendation. It is true, her external appearance did not, and does not, give to those that merely gaze upon the outer appearance, much to hope for.

When the Ericsson Monitor steamed up Hampton Roads, rebels laughed and our fleet were in great alarm, expecting complete destruction by the iron-clad Merrimac. She had already destroyed several ships. Now, what the rebels called the Yankee cheese box puts in her appearance just in time to save the balance of the fleet from utter destruction. The Monitor had a power out of sight that deceived those that merely saw the outside. This is true of our beloved church. When first launched, she was called a *Cheese* box—a Dug-out—an old Scow—a Theatre, and many other names she received. Nevertheless, wherever this life-boat touched in former days she took passengers aboard, some from the hedges, lanes, by-ways, the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, and many from other churches; and with former *equipments*, rebels are taken upon all seas for King Emanuel—even to-day.

It is an acknowledged fact, past and present, that the F. M. church has been of untold value to all other evangelical bodies, and to Christianity in particular—especially in the United States. It has caused them to consider in a new light the claims that God had upon His people, that holiness of heart and life was binding upon all. I have heard some of the most eminent for piety and usefulness in other churches say that above stated; and that they hoped the free church would continue to succeed, because of the great value she had been to them.

Her position as standard-bearer in all the moral reforms of the day, gives her a prominent position. *Our schools*, papers, periodicals, are all on that line. Other church papers have often used our editorials, but did not always give due credit.

We are under great obligation to the Almighty, for the schools that have been raised up to us; where the young may be educated in a pure atmosphere, and from these schools many are going out to bless the world with a richer experience; a life more completely consecrated, educated, mentally, morally, socially, and physically. In the moral and social rank, we claim the pre-eminence for our schools and for our literature. There was, and there is, and there will continue to be, a need, for a people to do just this kind of work; and while we continue humble and obedient, God will use us to this end. "But if we forsake Him, He will forsake us." If we turn aside to other Gods, He will cast us forth as a branch that is withered, and we shall be like other nations.

One of the most wide spread evils of the day, filthy in all its make up, disgusting in the extreme to a clean, well-bred person, robbing men of their manhood, and of their mental and physical powers, is tobacco. Forty years ago it was considered ungentlemanly to smoke in the presence of ladies, but now, in almost every mode of travel, on the street, in the stores, and in nearly all public places, ladies and all are insulted by the filthy fumes of the pipe or cigar, compounded with decayed teeth, and the deadly Upas of the saloon, forming a drug that produces mental derangement, insanity, crime, pauperism, poverty and shortens the life of its victims. The use of tobacco is a bar to membership in the F. M. C. In this, she stands supremely above all other churches. She is doing a glorious work in making war on tobacco, and exposing its effects on the human system. It has been said that some of our preachers were raised up to make tobacco a specialty, as it occupied a corner in every sermon regardless of the text. Well, suppose that is true, is it not a fact that all reformers dwell on the thing that needs reforming? Perhaps this class of preachers are better acquainted with this evil in its length and breadth, and know by a blessed experience the source of deliverance from the habit, and all longing after the same. Such preaching is worth a great deal more than that from those who never knew by experience the power of the habit, and the virtue of the blood that cleanseth from all sin, and all desire for the unclean.

Fashion brings its devotees into servile compliance with its most debasing demands. Those that wear

this yoke, are lost, to that which makes humanity lovely, good and beautiful. A remark so commonly made, "that you might as well be out of the world as out of fashion," is true of this class.

In adhering to this tyrant, millions of women and men have been ruined for life. Those that have labored to live so as to equal or go beyond certain others in matters of equipage, have been compelled to abandon, in order to meet fashion's demands, the honest mode of life, and resort to fraud and speculation to obtain what their souls lusted after.

Our jails, and portions of Canada, are largely made up of that class. The pressure brought upon men to supply the wife and daughters with fashion's demands, have driven them to the lodge, the gambling hell, the brothel—and the worst of all—the saloon! What can be more appalling than a lady martyred to fashion? from head to foot out of shape—distorted—compressed—pulled out—cut off in trying to fit the fashion plate. Alas! Alas! We are imitative beings. In this the poor ape the rich so far as they are able. If they cannot wear the glittering gems of great value, they will decorate themselves with shoddy finery. Is it not time to call a halt to this wicked, ungodly mode of life? For any man or woman to come out from this style of things, and endorse plainness in dress, and righteousness all the way through by precept and example, requires a holy heart, filled with love divine. And this manner of life pays bountifully in this present world, and will in the world to come, even life everlasting. During the past fifty years I have noticed those that the Lord blessed the most, and were the most useful in the church and world around them, were that class that conscientiously carried out in their lives the Apostolic plan already referred to.

There is much connected with fashionable attire that is supremely wicked. First, the cost of the material; secondly, precious time spent in its making; thirdly, the wearing of such is in violation of the word of the Lord. 1 Peter 3:3, 4. The only organized opposition to this mode of life is the Free Methodist church. She has stood like a beacon light for nearly thirty years, warning men and women of their imminent danger.

Holiness unto the Lord—is the key to the arch that spans the temple of the living God. It is that which gives symmetry to life and character, a state that we enter into when the soul has been swept and garnished by the Holy Ghost and the blood of the Lamb, which greatly enlarges our views of Christ and His powers to save, that brings perpetual sunshine to the soul, that makes earth a paradise, that causes flowers to bloom in the desert, and the water of life to spring from the flinty rock, and the heart of the needy to rejoice with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. It is food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and comfort to the weary and heavy laden. It is full of hope; big with immortality. Over this boundless plain comes the odor of Eden, fresh from the throne of God. This holiness is a state, an experience, "where only Christ is heard to speak, where Jesus reigns alone."

It does not reflect upon the character of others in their absence. It is long suffering, it behaveth not itself unseemly, is not provoked, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil, bears the burdens and responsibilities of life meekly, rejoiceth in the truth, believeth all that God hath said. This grace never faileth, but will shine brighter, clearer to all eternity. You may have the tongues of men and angels, and lack this experience, you are nothing but a sinner in the sight of God.

A church armed with this power is more than a match for all the powers of darkness. The first church under the gospel dispensation were poor, uneducated men and women. They tarried at Jerusalem until they were baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and with this blessing upon them the powers of darkness fled in dismay. Nothing could stand before them. It was said, "ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." This was literally true. Ancient systems of idolatry which had grown gray with age, melted away like the mist at noon-day as God's army advanced, and over every battle-field the blood-stained banner of King Emanuel was unfurled. Deserts were made to blossom as the rose, and woods, and fields, and rocks, and rills, all seemed to offer the tribute of praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful display of God's power in the salvation of the nations round about them. This power is forever the same, and when the church meet the conditions, it comes as on the day of Pentecost, with visible manifestations of His presence and power to save, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

I believe that the Free Methodist church was born of the Spirit. God owns her as a legitimate child. In every place where she meets the requirements, times of refreshing, and the salvation of souls are reported. No church, in my opinion, so fully meet the conditions on which the precious promises are made. She is an important *link* in the family of churches. May she ever reflect a certain light, live in the experience of perfect love, be true to all the vows that she has made to God, constantly making war upon the enemies works until every rebel flag shall trail in the dust, and Jesus Christ crowned Lord of all. Amen.

IX.

DREAMS AND PRESENTIMENTS.

“Man is fearfully, and wonderfully made,” with capabilities as boundless as eternity. This is true so far as our moral and intellectual make up is concerned. We may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, while this life shall last, and forever, in the life that is to come. Progression is the law of our being. God, who made us, has his own peculiar way of imparting knowledge to his children, or the creatures which he hath made.

In our public school system we have the primary, and the higher grades. It is so in the school of Christ; there is the primary, and the higher grades of instruction. The primary grade consists in what we learn from the schools, books, and papers. The higher grade is confined to the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Too many are satisfied with the primary grade, and treat insultingly the Holy Ghost. But where He is received with loving embrace, and allowed to have his own way, He will lead us into all truth.

Preconceived notions gathered from theological schools, very much interfere at times with our receiving and being instructed by the Holy Ghost. Science has done much to facilitate culture. News gathered from all lands, comes to us with lightning speed. The improvements of to-day annihilate time, and bridge over vast distances. In the evening we receive the doings of the morning in continents far away. But with all the improvements in science and art, it cannot compete with the Holy Ghost.

The great mistake of to-day, is substituting the arts, and sciences, and the wonderful discoveries made in Biblical literature, for the Holy Ghost and its teachings. There is nothing that can take its place. We can learn more, comprehend more, experience more about the things pertaining to our spiritual and eternal well-being in a moment of time, when under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, than can be gained in all coming time from every other source.

One pentecostal flash of the Holy Ghost on a consecrated heart, and mind, brings intelligence that all the culture of the day cannot fathom, nor in any way comprehend. Some people are afraid of this power, and being led of the spirit, because individuals have been mistaken, and were under a wrong spirit when they thought that they were really under the influence of Christ. It is true, we may be moved by a wrong spirit, our intellectual machinery is very sensitive to the touch of a good, or a wrong impression.

How shall we know when an impression comes upon us, from whence it comes? There are certain rules laid down in God's blessed book, which if we are careful to observe, we shall not go astray: “It will be a lamp to our feet, and a light unto our path.” God has not set us to navigating the broad ocean of life without chart, or compass. Thank God, we have a chart, and the Holy Ghost to make it plain; so plain, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. The impression that comes upon us, if it leads us to exalt Christ, it's all right.

The soul's pressure that comes on all at times, may be from either the following causes. Condemnation, conviction of sin, or an advanced state in Christian life; temptation, or a burden for souls.

1—If it be a burden of sin, the spirit will direct us to the sin for which we should repent.

2—If it be temptation of the devil—while he will accuse us of something wrong, he will be very indefinite in regard to what the thing is that we have done or have not done that was wrong. “He is the accuser of the brethren.”

3—If the pressure that comes upon us is for an advanced state in holiness, how our hearts will cry out after God, the living God! It will be thus expressed—“My heart-strings groan with deep complaint, my heart lies panting, Lord for thee; and every limb, and every joint, stretches for perfect purity.”

While the spirit of God comes upon all men, for he said, that, it should come to pass in the last days, “I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh; and one notable result would be, Dreams and Visions.” Not all dreams are chargeable to the Holy Spirit. The mind of man is supposed to be always in operation, though not under the control of our judgment, or will, when the body is asleep. God does make impressions upon our minds in our sleeping state, of things that are coming to pass, with the person thus impressed. We are sometimes conscious of the mind's operations when in deep sleep; when the spirit of the Lord may not have anything to do with it. It would seem that God often warns poor sinners of their danger by dreams; this being the only way seemingly, when the Holy Spirit can find way to their heart; as then, they are quiet; the cares of life are for a moment hushed into silence. The great difficulty in bringing sinners to Christ, is their constant stretch after the amusements, pleasures, and the riches of the world. So God, in his infinite love and mercy, comes in this way to the sinner, to warn him of his danger, and the sleeping state being the most favorable, reveals the on-coming storm.

Folger, Secretary of State, had a short time before he died, one of those alarming dreams. Political life had worn upon him so that he thought retirement from business, and a trip to the Bermudas necessary in order to regain health and strength. The awful scene presented to him in the dream completely changed his mind so that he gave up the contemplated trip. The dream as related by his near friends is as follows: “The steamship on which the party had taken passage was sailing along serenely; the sea was as smooth as glass, and everybody was happy, when suddenly a great dark cloud was observed on the forward horizon moving rapidly toward the vessel, accompanied by an incessant and terrific rumbling. The heavy cloud soon reached the ill-fated craft, overspreading the sea with the darkness of Egypt, great sheets of lurid flame shot forth in all directions; the vessel tossed and quivered, and the sea was lashed in mountainous billows. The Secretary saw the forms of his party and the crew

enveloped in fire, playing through the angry elements. Suddenly, he stood alone on the deck, with the vessel sinking beneath him into a sea of fire, and he awoke trembling like an aspen, and covered with cold beads of perspiration, to find that it was a dream." A short time after this, he passed suddenly into eternity, and for aught we know, just as he had lived, without Christ, and hope for the life that is to come.

Job had knowledge of the revelations of dreams from God, and that they were for divine instruction. He said, "When I say, my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrified me through visions." Nebuchadnezzar dreamed dreams, wherewith his spirit was troubled, and his sleep brake from him. I suppose that the King was so given up to wine, women, and debauchery, the only time that God could make an impression upon the wicked ruler, was when deep sleep was upon him. God warned Abimelech in a dream, not to come near to Sarai, "Abraham's wife assuring him if he did, he was a dead man."

"Jacob dreamed, and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

This dream was given to Jacob, doubtless to point out to him the intercourse that exists between heaven and earth, and the connection of both worlds by means of angelic ministry.

This doctrine is clearly taught in the old and new testament. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" It was probably a type of Christ, in whom both worlds meet, and in whom the divine and human nature are united.

The ladder was set up on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; for God was manifested in the flesh, and in him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Jesus Christ himself, took this view of the dream. He said to Nathaniel, "Hereafter ye shall see the heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of Man."

The Almighty appeared to Abraham in dreams, gave him instruction, and very encouraging promises; assuring him of boundless prosperity, to him and his seed, which should be as numerous as the sand of the sea, forever and ever, which he believed, and received the honor which comes only from God. And this honor which he received for believing what God said to him in a dream, will pass down to the latest period of time. O, what honor there is, in believing God, even life eternal.

God warned Laban the Syrian, to take heed to what he said to Abraham, either good or bad. So the Lord takes care of His own. Joseph dreamed, and he told it to his brethren, and they hated him, yet the more, and he said unto them, hear ye the dream which I have dreamed. For behold we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose and also stood upright; and behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said unto him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us; and shalt thou indeed have dominion over us; and they hated him yet the more for his dreams and for his words. And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, Behold I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun, and the moon, and the eleven stars, made obeisance to me—and he told it to his father, and to his brethren, and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I, and thy mother, and thy brethren, indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee, to earth? The history of Joseph is one of the most interesting contained in the oracles of God. It is replete with interesting matter, from beginning to end. I presume that Joseph knew the interpretation of his dreams when they were given. I think that with the dreams, came the interpretation also. When others dreamed, he knew what it meant.

What an impressive dream was that of Pharaoh, standing on the river's bank and gazing intently on that beautiful stream, when lo, he sees with wonder and amazement living objects emerging therefrom. They prove to be kine, fat-fleshed, and well-favored. And as he continued to gaze and wonder, other sights did appear more wonderful than the former scenes. Other kine came up from the river very lean and ill-favored, and they devoured the fat and well-favored, and as this scene passed he awoke. God sent an angel to warn Joseph in a dream to go down to Egypt and stay there until He, the Lord, should send them word to return, until the danger of Herod had passed. Pilate's wife warned Pilate to have nothing to do in condemning Christ, because she had suffered much in a dream because of Him this day! I suppose that the impression came upon her with such force and with such clearness that Jesus Christ, that was then before the Jewish court, was the true Messiah, the Lord of life and glory, He that came to make an atonement for the sin of the world, and this was doubtless in her wakeful moments. I suppose it is what would be called a presentiment. An intuition, a knowledge of facts that will occur, or that are now transpiring. It might be called a wakeful dream, or an inspiration. Just as the Almighty has in the past, and does now, and will to all eternity make known His will to the sons of men. And these divine impressions, whether they come in our wakeful moments, or when deep sleep is upon us, will always be in harmony with a thus saith the Lord.

Our intellectual machinery is so wonderfully made up with receptive powers so vast that God the Holy Ghost coming upon us, can, when it is for his glory, impart to us more in a moment of time, than we could receive from all other sources combined.

I remember how interested I was when passing the United States Mint to see them stamping the stars and spread eagle on the gold coin. It took a tremendous power to do it. So when the Almighty puts the stamp of divinity on us, knowledge comes with power and clearness, lasting as time. I can never forget the impression that came on me when a lad about fifteen years of age. I was distant from home about one hundred miles. Had been absent some four weeks. All were well when I left. I had a brother that I loved very much, away from home at this time, I visited him just before I left. This impression came on me as sudden as a flash of light, and with it this thought. "There is trouble at home and I must return as quick as possible." The impression was that some of the dear ones were very sick and that my presence was greatly needed. My feelings were intense, and my mind like the needle that points always

to the pole, pointed steadily toward home as the place where I should be. My employer did not want me to leave him and tried to discourage me from yielding to my feelings. I could not eat, nor sleep much. The *impression* that was on me was painful and for two days I suffered this intense agony before I got started for home. The only way of traveling in those days was by stage, or the two mile per hour on the Erie canal, or go on foot. I took each of these modes of conveyance, and after about thirty-six hours travel, I reached home to find a house of deep mourning. My dear brother that I loved so tenderly was dead, and the time for his funeral had just arrived. The people were there for the funeral service. They had written to me but it had not reached me. I knew nothing of my brother's sickness and death until I was within one mile of home. From whence came this impression that there was trouble at home, and that I must hasten to their assistance? I know that some entertain peculiar notions about the relation that mind sustains to mind, and the strong sympathy that exists between such minds, and the peculiar, invisible, and undefinable way such minds have of communing with each other. Whatever there may be in the above philosophy, I know not. But the impression that came to me on the above occasion I believe was from the Lord. During my brother's sickness he often called for me and would say, "Has not Zenas come yet?" At this time I was not a Christian, but a sinner, well rounded out. The promise made, "That in the last days God would pour out of His spirit upon all flesh" is true. I think that it came upon me at that time. Years after this occurrence, I had another experience, quite similar to the one just related. I was doing business for M. Tilden & Co., New Lebanon, N. Y. I had a wife and one child at this time, and was living in Canaan, N. Y. I had gone into the western part of the state expecting to be gone from home some six weeks. After an absence of about two weeks, an impression, or a presentiment, came on me with such force that I could not work, nor eat, nor sleep, and with this impression, came the thought that, wife, or my first born son was very sick. I had received a letter from my wife only the day before, stating that they were well and did not expect me home for at least six weeks. This impression came on me about four o'clock in the afternoon. My feelings were so intense, that I arranged my affairs, took the stage early the next morning, rode fifteen miles, and took the express train for Albany, where I remained all night, or the rest of the night, as we did not reach there until eleven o'clock. That was a night of intense anxiety, and mental suffering, for it seemed to me that my wife or child was very sick, nigh unto death. Imagine my feelings as I stepped from the cars on arriving at Canaan four corners, when one of my neighbors approached me with this question, "Mr. Osborne, is your boy alive?" The same hour of the day when the impression came on me, my dear wife was washing, she dipped out a pail of scalding water from the boiler, set it down, went out to hang out some clothes. My little boy, Henry Z., went up to the pail, pulled up his dress, and put his foot in this pail of scalding hot water. He screamed. His mother rushed into the house, took the boy from the pail; but oh, what a sight! The dear child's flesh drops off, in places, near to the bone. The boy went into spasms. The physician had doubts of his recovery. This was an anxious time for my dear companion; she wrote me right away, but I had not received her message, but the Almighty had telephoned me most emphatically, and I obeyed the summons, and found the impression was not a delusion, but a divine impression. After my dear child had so far recovered as to be considered out of danger, I returned to my field of labor in western N. Y. Was it not the Lord that made known to me the serious sickness at home, and inspired my heart to hasten to the suffering family? And was it not kind in the blessed Lord, to help in such a time of need? Truly, God is good, in all His works and ways; and His loving care is graciously manifested to all the creatures that He hath made. How much of earth's storm and tempest we might avoid, if we would only keep our eyes and our ears open to see and hear what God would have us see and hear.

During my pastorate at Seneca Falls, N. Y., I not only preached at Seneca Falls, but at Auburn, Owosco and Niles, N. Y. Every other week I would preach at Owosco and Niles on the Lord's day, and on my way back to Seneca Falls, I would stop at Auburn and preach the word of life, on Monday evening at sister Osborne's; and this was my home when at Auburn. On the occasion of which I now speak, I was requested to stop, and take tea at another place, where I had never been before. The family where I was to stop was made up of three persons, father, daughter, and an aunt of the daughter. Father and sister-in-law were perhaps fifty years of age. The daughter I should judge, twenty-five years of age, and a member of the M. E. Church in that place. I had never met with any of this family prior to this meeting, except *this* young lady, and her, only one week before, and that at a Quarterly meeting. I called at this place according to agreement to take tea, and spend a couple of hours before service. It was in mid-winter. I entered the house, the young lady met me very politely, took my hat and overcoat, and I took a seat. This was a well-to-do family; they had an abundance of this world's goods. The house was large, and well furnished. I had not been in the house five minutes, before a strange impression came on me, bewildering, sickening, and with it, came this thought, "unclean devils, unclean devils." It seemed to me that I should die, if I did not leave that house. I called for my hat and coat, and left. This woman followed me for several weeks, and always when she came near me, the same impression would come over me, unclean devils. Suffice to say, she was a bad woman. She had been too intimate with a married man, who was a class-leader in one of the churches. Was she actuated by the same spirit that those women were that followed Paul and Silas around and declared that they were the real servants of God; and is it not a fact, that the quickest way to destroy the work of God in any place, is to have doubtful characters, professedly, embrace it? and herald abroad the praises of the servants of God? And these persons being so well understood, their lives and their character so well pronounced as to become a stench in the nostrils of the community, and a tremendous bar to the progress of Christianity in every community where such exists. I am always troubled when some people endorse me, and feel like saying, The Lord have mercy on me now! God gave me great prosperity on this big charge, a revival prevailed through the two years. More than one hundred professed conversion at Seneca Falls, besides many were converted at the other points. At Seneca Falls, at one time during our stay there, souls were converted in every means of grace for several months, more than one hundred professed to be sanctified wholly. Some of the richest displays of God's saving power that I ever saw, was at points on this field of labor. Many that were poor, and wretched slaves to intemperance and licentiousness, were washed, and made clean during our stay here, gems were gathered in, that will deck the Saviour's Crown forever and ever. More

than twenty years have come and gone since we left that field of suffering, cross-bearing, and victory, and yet we would not have the time we spent there blotted out of life's work for any amount of earth's riches; and I want to record right here, while this subject is before us, praise and thanksgiving to my heavenly Father, for blessing us, and opening our eyes to see danger, and grace to avoid it, especially in the case referred to at "A"—I have no doubt, but that the devil in some way, wanted to use that wicked woman to destroy the work of God on that big charge.

Did not Bramwell have knowledge given to him to see the deception of the man that professed he wanted help for God's cause, when Bramwell was led to see, it was a bastard child, help was sought for?

The church has suffered much in the past by the deception of wicked men and women which might have been different, had the church been baptized with the Holy Ghost as it was her privilege to be. Peter saw at once the fraud practiced by Ananias and Sapphira and justly rebuked them. And what a blessing it would be to the church and the world, if the ministry, and laity, had the anointing—the eye salve of the Holy Ghost. I have been perfectly surprised at the success that these saintly appearing frauds have had in playing their tricks upon credulous, godly people. The real saint, the wholly sanctified, the pure in heart, have the eye salve daily applied; Yea, they carry with them, a bank note detective; their coin, is weighed and measured at sight. Perhaps all clearly saved people have not so clear a conception of character, and are not able to judge so readily, of their merit, or demerit as others. However that may be, I believe that all clearly saved people, have remarkable good judgment in regard to character as well as in other matters.

But to return to the theme before us, Dreams, Presentiments—Dreams come, when sleep is upon us, Presentiments come upon us in our wakeful moments; and both may be of the Lord as already shown, though not always. It is wise, however, to try the spirits, and hold fast to that which is good. I have had mapped out to me in my dreams, and I think by the spirit of the Lord, fields of labor that I afterwards occupied, as clear as a sunbeam; and the peculiar phases of my field of labor, and the peculiar characters of the new field, as though written out by the hand of inspiration. I will give but one or two incidents. Three months prior to my being stationed at Oswego, N. Y., I found myself in my dream at Oswego, on my way home from conference, to look over the situation, and arrange for moving on. I met a few, very poor saints, discouraged, and ready to give up and die out. I was told in my dream that I had better look at Brother L. H. R's. house, perhaps it would suit me. At this time Brother Robinson was preacher in charge at Oswego, and what was still more strange about this dream, this was his first year at Oswego, and some three months before conference. I was very much concerned about a four gallon jug that I had full of very rich, sweet milk. I was anxious to have it kept sweet. A brother pointed out to me a living stream that run near by, and said that I could put my jug of milk in that stream and it would keep. Conference sent me to Oswego that fall, and every step that I took in my dream came literally to pass, looking at the former preacher's house, and all, except my jug of milk. I soon discovered what my milk meant. The saints at that place had been very much soured up over the conduct of some laborers that they had placed great confidence in, so that the smut covered them deeply. I found my big jug of sweet milk just what they needed. The pure unadulterated gospel, was to them the sincere milk of the word. They received it gladly and grew thereby. In many of the fields of labor that I have occupied, I have previously occupied in dreams when sleep was upon me. A short time before, being stationed at Binghamton, God, by His holy Spirit when deep sleep was upon me, printed upon memory's tablet, that beautiful Parlor City; surrounded by those lovely hills, covered with green foliage; and those beautiful streams, clear as crystal, reflecting the sunlight of heaven; reminding one of that "stream that makes glad the City of our God." I saw Court street as clear as day; our church and parsonage; I also saw our society. At that time they were having a little that was unpleasant, a church trial. I saw the division of feeling, one party stood a little way off from the other, shaking their fists at the other party, but as soon as I approached them, they came together and all was lovely.

HEALING FAITH.

Much has been said and written on the subject of healing faith. God has said much on that subject for our benefit. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Many scriptures might be introduced bearing upon this subject; but the statement above so clear, and emphatic, will suffice. Genuine faith is begotten of the spirit. It is not born of simple desire. Here a great many good people have made great mistakes, they have had great *desires* for those that were sick, that they should recover—they have prayed to this end, and have gone so far as to make statements very positive that they *knew* they would recover, because God had told them so, when the facts were very clear—their supposed faith was nothing but desire. This has proved true in a great many cases, the subject of prayer passing into eternity soon after these positive statements were made. If they had had genuine faith, the sick would have recovered. In no case, have we ever discovered the Almighty arrayed against Himself, but in every operation we find it in exact harmony with a "thus saith the Lord."

Take the case of President Garfield. The nation prayed for his recovery. Many said—"He will recover," but he died. Why did he not recover? good people prayed for him—and thought—and said that he would be spared to the nation. To this I answer,—The prayer offered for him, *was not inspired by the Holy Ghost*; if it had been, God would have raised him up. The word of the Lord is—"The prayer of faith shall save the sick." *Doubtless*, the inspiration of this class was purely carnal.

The word of the Lord is, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." Now, a great many were united in praying for the President, and they were good people; but they put in an if in every prayer; and that if, in every case sums up a tremendous *doubt*, which reveals as clear as day, the lack of that faith, begotten of the "Spirit," which brings health immediately to its possessor. Faith begotten of the spirit is very positive: it amounts to a divine assurance—and utters forth its triumphant voice, "*It shall be done*"—and it is done. This kind, has no *ifs* in it. It makes its possessor bold to move on to the aid of the sick and suffering; and has an intuitive perception, that the "power of the Lord is present to heal." Good-will was, doubtless, the great incentive in the President's case. The scriptures very clearly indicate that the power of the Lord is not always present to heal; likewise experience by those that have been healed by faith, and have at times had faith that has brought health immediately to the bodies of others, are not always thus blessed. St. Paul, left his co-laborer, TROPHIMUS, sick at Miletus, which he would not have done, had he been in possession of that *faith*, which so wonderfully characterized his labors on other occasions.

William Bramwell, a man of mighty faith in the power of God to heal, had prayed for a certain person and God had raised them up in answer to his prayers on several occasions, but the last time that he was called upon to pray for this person, he could not, and said they must die, or that in substance.

I praise God, that I was ever put in possession of that *faith*, which brought health to my body, when sick, and suffering. When stationed at Utica, I was taken one Sabbath evening while preaching, with the dysentery. I was very sick until Friday. I had quite frequent bloody evacuations, with tenesmus, of a very severe character. My dear companion was very much alarmed in regard to my very dangerous symptoms, and thought she had better go for the doctor. I felt all through me—I want no doctor but Jesus. In that direction I continued to look. My symptoms became more alarming. Anxiety on the part of my family increased. Conviction with me, that Jesus Christ was coming to check disease, and heal my body, seemed to grow more and more like a living reality. Friday morning dawned upon us, and to all appearances, I was rapidly yielding in my physical powers, to the destructive power of the fearful disease that was preying so rapidly upon my body. After much solicitation on the part of my very precious wife, I consented to let her go after the doctor. A moment after she left the house, Jesus came—laid His hand upon me, and made me every whit whole: Bless His holy name! The doctor did not come until Saturday. He left me two very small bottles of pills, and charged me not to go to church on the coming Sabbath. However, I went to church, preached twice at Utica, rode twelve miles and preached, making three sermons; and with such a blessing, it did seem to me that my soul would leave my body if God should let another drop of love on me. Growing out of this, I had an experience where I knew what the statement meant, "*For I am sick of love.*" On another occasion after this, when sick, and much worn down by overwork, I went to the Murray camp-meeting with a view of recuperation. I felt peculiarly led of the spirit to go. On arriving there I was powerfully tempted to leave the ground and return home. As it was about tea time I was invited to take tea with an old friend. After tea we had prayers. The Lord blessed me—I felt better, but did not get the healing power on my body which I so much needed. I was very much helped all through the meeting. The day the meeting closed, Brother Roberts was tying up his tent, Sister Roberts asked me if I had received the help in my body that I needed—I said no; but while in conversation with her, the blessing came with such force that disease and weakness oozed out from the very center of every bone in my body, and instantly I was covered with perspiration; and for months after this, I felt as though I was made up of iron. I could preach, visit, sing, pray and study a good share of the hours out of every twenty-four. On a good many occasions, the blessed Jesus has wonderfully blessed, and healed, both soul and body. God has at times, touched my heart, and given to me faith for others, and in answer to prayer, I have seen them raised up to health. I have not always had faith for myself, nor for others.

I have been sick, have suffered pain, but could not cause the heavens to bend, seemingly a single inch towards my deliverance—when at the same time my soul was blessed and happy in God. I will mention a few cases where God in answer to prayer healed them almost instantly.

Twenty-five years ago our conference was held at Binghamton, N. Y. A number of preachers were kept at Sister Sparks. One of them was very sick, with an intense fever. We sat down to the table for our tea. The burden came on me for this suffering brother, I could not eat, and proposed that prayer should be offered for him. In a few moments the fever was checked, and a copious perspiration followed. The brother got up, took tea, went to church, exhorted after the sermon as though he had never been sick in all his life.

At a camp meeting, a sister, one of my members, tenting with the Rose pilgrims as we had no tent on the ground, was taken sick with what seemed to be, Asiatic cholera. Her case was so alarming after a night's suffering the Rose preacher came to me and said, Brother Osborne, that sister is so sick that you must have her taken off the ground as none can stay in the tent except those that wait on her. Instantly my faith took hold on God for her recovery. I did not know until that moment that she was sick. I went into the tent where she was. I saw she was very sick. I said to her, "you know that Jesus can make you well in a moment." She answered, "Yes." I said, "don't you think that He wants to make you well now?" She replied, "I think He will if you ask him." In less than three minutes she was on her feet praising God with all her might. She dressed herself, ate her breakfast, went about her Master's business and enjoyed the meeting the rest of the time as though she had been on Pisgah from the beginning.

Sister Francisco of Rome, was to all appearance, nearly used up with what a number of the great doctors called cancers. One in her throat, nearly choked her to death. Another on her upper gums. The first time that I visited her, I said, "Sister, you know that Jesus Christ can make you well." She replied, "Yes, but the doctors all say that I must die." She became so bad off—the odor emanating from the cancer was so offensive, that it was with difficulty that anybody could be in the house with her. I thought on several occasions as I went to visit her, this will be, in all probability, the last time that I shall visit her until I go to preach her funeral sermon. The last time I called upon her before she was healed, she said to me, "Brother Osborne, the Lord Jesus is going to make me well." I replied—"Praise the Lord, it is just like him to do so." Two days after this the Lord touched her; the cancer left her throat—dropped off her gum—and she ran about that part of the city and reported what great things the Lord had done for her. Immediately she went at hard work, and now, more than three years have passed away, and she is still strong and healthy.

Another case at Rome, Sister Conrad had been very sick for about two months, with fever and other difficulties. Her right lung had lost its power of action; her left arm had become paralyzed. The neighbors thought she could not live but a short time; the doctors considered her case hopeless. Wife and I thought that we ought to visit her that *Wednesday*. On that day she looked more like a corpse, than a living being. We sang, and prayed—The Lord was present to heal. Such a display of God's power to heal I never saw before. First she was made clear in the blessing of perfect love. This was glorious. After this, came a mighty wave of liquid love and fire—and health. When it touched the withered lung, how she did shout forth the praises of our God. This aroused the people in that region who came around to see what the matter was. Then the power struck the palsied arm, and that began to move about to the tune of "Glory Hallelujah," and this she continued for more than two hours. She got up, dressed herself, went to supper, ate a hearty meal, and slept the soundest, the sweetest, that night, that she had done for a long while before. She rose early the next morning, mended her husband's pants, ate her breakfast, and moved about as well as ever.

I must mention one more occasion when the good Lord wrought seemingly a miracle on my body, when very sick. I had just finished my fourth camp-meeting. At the last one I had taken the worst cold I think that I ever had. A severe rain the first night of the meeting had moistened all the bedding in the tent where I made it my home. The bed that I occupied, was wet from head to foot; I suppose that was the secret of my cold; it covered me from head to foot—and all through my being. The next morning after my arrival at home, and during the morning's hour of prayer and worship, the Lord touched the heart of my wife for me, and showers of blessings came down on my soul and body—and such an operation! My cold broke up like the breaking up of a river after a severe winter. It oozed out from every pore. If I had been put through one of *Dr. Strong's* Turkish baths, the operation could not have been any more marvelous.

The promises of God are for the comfort, and special benefit of the saints. The theory already advanced of faith healing, we believe is the doctrine of the Bible. We might introduce many more important experiences bearing upon the correct theory of faith healing, but what we have already said, may be sufficient.

There are other theories of faith healing, that contain some truth, and much error. For instance, the theory that in the atonement, a perfect state of health was secured for the body, the same as perfection for the soul. Some scriptures are introduced to substantiate this theory.

The following are some of them. "*The prayer of faith shall save the sick;*" and, "*Who, healeth all thy diseases;*" "*Ask and ye shall receive;*" and many others are quoted to prove their doctrine. I cannot see that they prove the theory. The experience of the saints in all ages prove the contrary. Job was a representative saint. God endorsed him as being correct according to His standard of righteousness. I maintain that *sickness*, is a part of God's plan for disciplinary purposes, just as much as changing seasons are necessary for the growth and development of vegetation. Suppose that perpetual sunshine was to cover the earth; it would soon become sterile, barren and desolate. For the well-being of the human family, and the production of earth's blessings to sustain the same, the changing seasons, sunshine and cloud, stormy wind fulfilling His word, are all necessary. We are so made up, that a great strain of prosperity, very much endangers our remaining meek, and humble, like our divine Lord and Master. Perhaps one scripture will be sufficient to prove this theory. "*Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.*" Sickness, is a tremendous scourge, and some people have a great deal more of that kind of discipline than they would have, if they were more studious, and tried to learn the lesson God designed.

The mind cure, falsely so called, is perhaps, the most subtle humbug of the day. While it contains some truth in small homeopathic doses, its heavy coating is profound deception. Its assumptions in the main, are false. Without going into a thorough analysis of this science, falsely so called, we proceed to notice what little truth it contains. It is a well-known fact to the learned, that the *mind*, has a marvelous power over all of our physical nature. Many have been made sick, by simple imagination. In times of pestilence, doubtless, one of the greatest means of spreading the disease, has been, the imagination. History tells us that men condemned to death have been given over to physicians in order to test the power of the mind over matter; and in many cases death was the result, where the patient was not harmed in any way, but simply made to believe that a vein had been opened in their arm, and that they were slowly, but surely bleeding to death.

Thirty years since, I was living in western N. Y. In the place Spiritualism was running high. A canal boat stopped, a man on board they thought had the cholera, they sent for a doctor. A spirit-medium near by heard the request, and without being asked, stepped aboard the boat, and went into the cabin where lay the sick man. The medium commenced about this kind of talk, "What are you laying here for you lazy fellow? get up, and go out on deck, or you will die sure," assuring him there was nothing the matter of him. He continued this kind of talk—would pull and haul the fellow, and finally succeeded in getting him on deck; and in a little while, he was declared well—and the boat moved on. The next morning, a neighbor of mine, strong in the faith of this humbug philosophy, came into my house just as we had finished our morning meal. The following dialogue ensued. "Now, Mr. Osborne, what have you got to say when spirits come right into this place and cure a man, sick, nigh unto death with the cholera?" I replied, "it was simply the power of mind over matter; and I can illustrate my meaning, and all there was of *that*. Here is my little boy, seven years old, perfectly healthy, he has just finished a hearty meal. Now, by the same process, I can make him vomit up his hearty breakfast." I commenced by telling him that he was sick! I repeated it. I made sickening faces, groaned and said, "Lester, you are sick!" Inside of three minutes, he vomited as heartily as though he had taken an emetic. This was accomplished without the aid of departed spirits.

The Wesleys were quick to discover the good there was in the surroundings of life, and utilize it for the Glory of God. The wicked in their Bacchanalian sports, used some grand tunes, for their songs of mirth. Charles Wesley said, "Music alas! too long has been pressed to obey the devil;" and many of these tunes he rescued from their perilous associations, clothed them in the garb of saintly purity, and sent them forth to bless the saints of all ages; and thus, men and women have learned something of the God given law that mind has over matter, and have connected to this power, the illegitimate monstrosity, born of delusion, and speculations, and named it "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, or MIND CURE."

Now, about how far, and in what way may we be benefited by this knowledge?

1—It is a well-known fact, that good nature, hopefulness, and cheerfulness, are great preventives to sickness. I believe that many are made sick by simple anticipation; and to disabuse their minds of such an idea, often works wonders.

2—Business men often use this power to create a panic in the "Stock market." On Wall street, N. Y., they have their Bulls and Bears. One class are ready to buy, the other to sell. One cry up stock, the other cry down stock, as the case may be. This procedure affects the market all over the country. Speculators understand this much of the "*Science*." It has been truthfully said, "That the children of this world in their generation, are wiser than the children of light." Oh, that we might be as wise, and press good out of all the events of life.

3—We should on all occasions, cry up stock! health for soul and body, and prosperity for Zion—Amen.

I have heard it said that one scurvy sheep, would affect the whole flock. A minister, class leader, steward, or any prominent member of a society, will, if always complaining, murmuring, fault-finding, breed death and desolation, where ever they go. Such characters, should never be allowed to enter a sick room. That class carry gloom and discouragement in their very appearance; and instead of being a comfort and help, they produce in many cases, a dangerous relapse. Preachers, sometimes, linger about the sore spots, until all, seem to be putrefication. Instead of looking at the fountain of life, its immensity, enough for each, enough for all, enough forevermore, and receiving its fullness in themselves, always ready to help others, come short by the former process.

Don't say much about your troubles; cry up stock to the best of your ability, and as God, and your conscience will allow, but don't report for the devil.

There is great force in always looking on the bright side of every question. But this, you cannot, nor will not do, unless you live on the sunny side of the Rock. It is right, and proper, to turn the attention of the sorrowing ones of earth to the bright side—yea, to the sun bright clime of Paradise, where the shadows of sorrow will never strike across our pathway; where the inhabitants will never say "*I am sick!*"

Here, is where the real saint lives, under the wing of the Almighty, "where God the Son forever reigns, and scatters night away."

This is not all in eternity, but on this side of the boundary line of time, we have the sunshine of heaven, and breezes from the land where flowers forever bloom.

Abstractly considered, aside from the influence the Holy Spirit has upon the Christian character and life, the mind has a marvelous power over our entire being; and this, has been prostituted, for worldly purposes. Here, is where the great wrong comes in. The term, "Christian science, or mind cure," is misleading. It does not claim to depend upon the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, for any of its accomplishments; but upon the knowledge they have of the power, the *mind* has over matter. To be a Christian science, it must draw its inspiration from Christ Jesus the Lord. Some of its advocates, openly,

and unblushingly deny the divinity of *Him*, and the glory of whatever is accomplished by this power, they give to humanity, and the force of nature, and some to departed spirits, and not to Jesus Christ.

As an example of Christian Science superstition exceeding anything attempted by the most ignorant advocates of patient Faith Healing, read the following, taken verbatim from a text-book on Mind Cure, issued by the president of the "New York School of Primitive and Practical Christian Science," who states that *his* school will be free from "eccentricity, pretension, and fanaticism!"

"PRAYER FOR A DYSPEPTIC."

"Holy Reality! We believe in Thee that thou art EVERYWHERE present. We really believe it. Blessed Reality we do not pretend to believe, think we believe, believe that we believe. We believe. Believing that thou art everywhere present, we believe that Thou art in this patient's stomach, in every fibre, in every cell, in every atom, that Thou art the soul, only Reality of that stomach. Heavenly, Holy Reality, we will try not be such hypocrites and infidels, as every day of our lives to affirm our faith in Thee and then immediately begin to tell how sick we are, forgetting that Thou art everything and that Thou art not sick, and therefore that nothing in this universe was ever sick, is now sick, or can be sick. Forgive us our sins in that we have this day talked about our backaches, that we have told our neighbors that our food hurts us, that we mentioned to a visitor that there was a lump in our stomach, that we have wasted our valuable time which should have been spent in thy service, in worrying for fear that our stomach would grow worse, in that we disobeyed Thy blessed law, in thinking that some kind of medicine would help us. We know, Father and Mother of us all, that there is no such a thing as a really diseased stomach, that the disease is the CARNAL MORTAL MIND given over to the WORLD, the Flesh, and the Devil; that the mortal mind is a twist, a distortion, a false attitude, the HARMATIA of Thought, Shining and Glorious Verity, we recognize the great and splendid FACT that the moment we really believe the truth, disease ceases to trouble us, that the truth is, there is no disease in either real body or mind; that in the mind there seems to be a disease is a false belief, a parasite, a hateful excrescence, and that what happens in the body is the shadow of the LIE in the SOUL. Lord, help us to believe that ALL EVIL is utterly unreal; that it is silly to be sick, absurd to be ailing, wicked to be wailing, atheism and denial of God to say 'I am sick.' Help us to stoutly affirm with our hand in Your hand, with our eyes fixed on Thee that we have no dyspepsia, that we will never have dyspepsia, that there is no such thing, that there never was any such thing, that there never will be any such thing Amen."—*Hazzard*.

Mrs. Eddy of Chicago, and others, have written much on "Christian Science." In some of her writings she disclaims affinity with Spiritualism; but according to my knowledge of the matter, it was evolved from that source. Some thirty-five years since, I sat with them in a seance, where a lady, almost gone with consumption was operated upon by the same treatment that the "Christian scientists" practice today. From a helpless, speechless condition she revived so that she was able to dress herself and walk about the yard. She continued to improve for about three months, then suddenly relapsed, and died.

Where disease has been located simply in the mind, which is often the case, some marvelous cures have been effected by this class of doctors; and because they found a supposed mental cause adequate to a cure in a few cases, leaped to a wild conclusion that all causes were mental, and would yield to the same treatment. They claim that our bodies are sensationless; they do not suffer, they have no pain, that all suffering is in the mind; then to work up a belief, that we do not suffer, and some are really made to believe that doctrine.

Whatever pretensions the teachers of this "Science," present to the public, as a curative power; and however much they may claim sympathy for the sick and suffering, the real gist of the matter seems to be, they are after cash. They charge enormously for teaching the "Science," and the same for helping the sick; as I have been informed, they do not teach, or give aid to the sick, without pay in advance. How unlike Jesus, is all such operations, who, went everywhere doing good, without money, and without price. Whoever heard, of a real child of God, asking pay, for going to pray to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for a sick brother, or sister, or the wickedest person on earth? We come to this conclusion, that, their foundation is on the sand; and not on the merits of the precious *blood* of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

XI.

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 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 these 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, a 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 any one. 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, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.” 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 *wilt* 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 glory to God! 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 the crib last night and healed my soul and body—glory to God! glory! glory! glory! forever and ever! amen! amen! 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!

XII.

JUSTIFICATION.

Justification implies pardon for our sins, past and present—something that God does for us; and regeneration is something done within us. Justification is generally understood to embrace both pardon and regeneration. They are, however, so near together as to belong to the same family; in fact, they are twins, and, taken together, they imply—first, reconciliation to God. In our natural condition, we are enemies to Him—made so by the sin of our first parents; secondly, by our own wicked works. “Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So, then, they that are in the flesh cannot please God.” Jesus says, “Without me, ye can do nothing;” so that in our natural, unsaved condition we cannot do the will of God. Reconciliation implies Godly sorrow for sin, and a confession of the same, and obedience to the divine law. “Who so confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy.” Again, it implies making wrongs right. If we have taken in deal, or in any other way, that which did not belong to us, we shall promptly restore. If we have wronged another in his character, we shall hasten to make it right. “Whoso keepeth the whole law, and yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all.”

Many are in the dark in regard to their Justification; but there is no necessity for that, for where this work is wrought in the heart there are evidences that are unmistakable. For, says the Apostle, “Ye have not received the Spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, ‘Abba, Father.’ The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.” Here are two unimpeachable witnesses to the fact of a man’s conversion to God. First, the Spirit of God witnesses to the fact; that is, God the Holy Ghost divinely impresses the soul that the work is wrought—an inward conviction that our sins are forgiven; that so far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Again, our spirit or our mind is turned inward, and being illuminated by the Holy Ghost can discern or perceive the great change wrought within; and the witnesses uniting declare the great transaction done, and the soul cries out instinctively, “I am my Lord’s, and he is mine.” Glory to God! Amen. Again the fact that the kingdom is fixed within, bringing forth its legitimate fruit—righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost—is positive assurance that reconciliation to God has been consummated. “That being translated from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of God’s dear Son,” the soul is exquisitely happy, and in joyous exclamation sings, “Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace of a soul in its earliest love;” and so long as the soul retains pardon, it can sing, “Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song, O, that all his salvation might see.”

Again reconciliation to God implies that we have renounced the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that we will not follow or be led by them. Here, is coming out from the world. The eye has become single to the glory of God, and the whole body is full of light. A justified soul has the light in regard to all the demands the Almighty has upon them and a determination to walk in it; hence, everything that is designed to please the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life, will be laid aside. We shall eat, drink, labor and dress for the glory of God, and, if in any of these practices, whether it be eating or drinking, chewing, snuffing, or smoking tobacco, there remains a doubt in regard to the right or wrong of the matter, we are under condemnation if we practice the same, and this extends to all the relations of life. “He that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin.”

A justified soul has light in regard to costly churches, and the modern mode of selling them to the highest bidder, and running them according to modern expediency. It will not engage in such work, neither will it endorse by its means or its presence, the worship of God, singing, praying, or preaching, by unhallowed lips. It will not join hand in hand with the secret oath bound fraternity, that in heart, and in life, are opposed to the Gospel of Christ, full of worldly speculation, pride, fashion, banqueting, revelry, mirth, trifling, worldly mindedness, having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof, from such, the command is to turn away, and the soul that is freely justified before God responds, “Lord obediently I’ll go.” Yes, Glory to God, it is in their hearts to turn from every abomination.

O, glory! Justification is a wonderful blessing! With this, we are enabled to keep all of God’s commands. It is not true, as commonly reported in religious meetings, by those professing salvation, that they are in the way, and yet, they are making zig-zag paths. “Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life,” and the justified soul has found it, and is walking in it. Hallelujah! The first introduction into the kingdom of grace, gives the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and not only so, they are happy in God. “Believing,” says James, “ye rejoice with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.” “Again, the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.” Glory to God for justifying grace. This takes murmuring, complaining, fault-finding, dishonesty, covetousness, hatred, ill-will, emulation, strife, wrath, jealousy, adultery, and every miserable thing, blue devils, and all out of a man.

Dear reader, do you enjoy this grace?

HOLINESS DEFINED.

We read this paper before the ministerial association of Oswego, N. Y., January, 1880. We give the paper, and some of its criticisms:

They gave me this scripture to write from. "*And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.*"—1 Thess. 5:23.

We formulated it in this way. What more did the prayer embrace than what they already had?

They were a Christian people. This they manifested. First, by their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Secondly, by their love for God and each other. And thirdly, by their keeping the commandments, and entertaining a blessed hope of a glorious resurrection.

In this epistle, the first I think that the apostle wrote to any church, he does not reprove them for any faults, or failures in their moral or religious character, which he was always sure to do, if the condition of things required it; but treated them as a pure church; manifesting at the same time, a strong desire that they should attain unto all that completeness of life and character, which God required at their hands; and that holiness, which will alone permit us to see his face in peace. "*And holiness, without which, no man shall see the Lord.*"—Heb. 12:14.

Do the scriptures teach a distinction between regeneration, and entire sanctification? They do. "And I brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. For ye are yet carnal; for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions are ye not carnal, and walk as men?"

"Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." In that wonderful prayer of the Saviour, "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth," the same doctrine is clearly brought to light.

The scriptures do assume a distinction between regeneration, and entire sanctification, or being sanctified wholly.

To sinners, God says—"Ye must be born again." To the regenerate, He says, "be ye holy, for I am holy." Unanswerable argument. These two classes of commands, in their various forms, are prominent through the gospels, and epistles. Different terms are employed in the scriptures to represent the same state, a perfect salvation.

Perfect love, perfection, sanctification, and holiness, are synonymous terms, pointing to the same exalted state of saving grace, enjoyed in this life. But while they all denote the same religious state, each one of them indicate some of its essential characteristics, and peculiar phases. These terms are significantly expressive of the *state*.

The term, "*sanctification*," has regard especially to the work of a complete consecration of soul and body to God. To "*sanctify*," means to set apart; to devote to holy uses. "*Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be ye holy.*"

The term "*perfection*," refers especially to the completeness of Christian character; its freedom from all sin, and its possession of all the graces of the spirit; completeness in kind. "Let us go on unto perfection."

The term perfect love points more directly to the spirit, temper, and element in which the wholly *sanctified* and perfect Christian lives. "God is love," and they that dwell in God, dwell in love.

In regeneration sin does not reign; in "*sanctification*," it does not exist. In *regeneration*, sin is suspended; in *sanctification*, it is destroyed. In regeneration, irregular desires, anger, pride, unbelief, envy, malice, are subdued; in "*sanctification*," they are removed.

Regeneration is salvation from the voluntary commission of sin; "*sanctification*" is salvation from the being of sin. "It is the will of God, even your *sanctification*."

This state of grace is both *permissive*, and *authoritative*. The cleansing stream is in reach of every believer, and the declaration has gone out, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. It is gloriously possible to touch the hem of his garment, and be made whole every whit." But secondly, it is the will of God in an *authoritative* sense. He requires us, to seek entire holiness. The length and breadth of the evangelical law, is this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and what is this but a state of entire sanctification," and what less could God require? I believe that all real Christians accept this statement, but disagree in regard to the time when this blessed work shall be accomplished. Many putting it at, or near death, while we, upon the authority of God's word say that *now*, is the acceptable time, "To day, is the day of salvation." This state of grace, bears its own legitimate fruit; and when Christians love the Lord with all their hearts, love the souls of men more than their own ease, or emolument, "and love each other with pure hearts fervently," their example speaks volumes, and preaches more effectively than words in favor of the cause they profess to love.

"Then they put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Then the gospel acquires an influence which wins its way to the heart of the multitude. The sacramental host of God's elect, clad with the panoply of God, saved from the corruptions which are in the world, and armed with holy faith and mighty prayer, hold in check the powers of hell, and triumphs over the most formidable, and appalling obstacles. In her infancy, when few in number, the church by her purity, silenced the objections of philosophers, and the power of persecution; successfully assailed the strongholds of superstition, and finally demolished the whole fabric of idolatry, which had been rendered venerable and sacred by the lapse of ages. She "quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness was made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." The simple preaching of the cross, by men "*sanctified wholly*" baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, backed up by a holy and self denying life, like an earthquake struck dumb a giddy and clamorous world, and carried terror to the very gates of hell!

Who can look back to the period when Christianity achieved her noblest triumphs, and see altars and

temples crumbling to dust, and the Gods of the heathen given to the moles and the bats, the church multiplied and increased under the bloodiest persecutions, martyrs going to the stake in ecstasy, and their very executioners converted by the grandeur of their example, and in their turn following them to the possession of the martyr's crown—who I say, can survey these scenes without feeling convinced that there is a power altogether unearthly in a life of purity and self-denial. A life, wholly consecrated, and completely "*sanctified*," heart and tongue set on fire with God's eternal love.

When the purity and simplicity of the apostolic age shall characterize the great mass of Christian believers—when the institutions of Christianity shall be strictly conformed to the original plan, and the members of the church shall stand forth completely armed with the "armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left," then will the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the Kingdom under the whole heaven be given to the people of the Most High whose Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him. Daniel 7:27.

If these be facts and who can say they are not? then, what is the duty of every believer? and especially every minister of the gospel, but to seek until he, or she obtains the blessing?

After the paper was read the chairman called on the clergy to go tell what they thought of the paper. Brother "B." was first called on. He was a Congregationalist. Said Brother B., "I was brought up on that *cream*, but I don't believe a word of it now."

Doubtless this Brother had been converted. His father was a United Brethren preacher, and believed in the life and power of salvation. This Brother had said to me previous to this that he and his father used to hold meetings with just such results and manifestations as you Free Methodist have. He was looked upon by the association as a *free thinker*.

Doctor D. T. was next called on. "Well," said the aged divine, "I sin every day in thought, word and deed. That is all I have to say about that paper."

A Congregationalist missionary to the churches of America, was present, having preached in the city the Sabbath previous.

When called upon to state his views upon the paper, remarked, "I take no stock in the doctrine discussed by the paper. If it means to feel good, there may be something in it and it's possible I have got it, for there are times when I feel pretty good."

Several preachers present would not venture a remark on the subject. The only one that endorsed the paper was Rev. Frank Beck, an M. E. preacher. He endorsed it heartily, backing up his argument by Scripture, Wesley and others; at the same time he was in bondage to oath-bound societies, and lacked that freedom and unction which every minister of the gospel ought to possess—might possess, if all was on the altar, accepted of God, set on fire of the Holy Ghost.

I was surprised with that intelligent, cultured, company of ministers, who manifested such ignorance in regard to what was meant, in being a gospel minister, or a real child of God.

Brother H. H. S., a Presbyterian, when asked what he had to say, replied, "I never met with any of those changes; and am satisfied with this—I have always been good. I think that I was converted before I was born, never since."

XIII.

A DIRECT ROUTE.

Many have a desire to see Jesus, but miss the route, and fail in the end. They say a great deal, and do much—but after all they fail. We read of one away back in the days when Christ was on earth, who desired to see him, and hearing that he was to pass that way hastened to the road where he was to pass, *and climbed up a tree*, in order as he supposed to have a fine prospect; but Jesus called him down. It is just so with many at the present day; they want to see Jesus, but take the wrong route! they climb up, —*i. e.*, they tell you how good they are; how much good they have done here and there. I heard a young preacher say, he went to Baltimore and converted two souls. His talk was full of self. Jesus was not the one altogether lovely with him.

It's down at the foot of the cross, where flows the blood, that bought our guilty souls for God. This brother like a great many, fail to touch the blood, consequently, they always dine on old manna.

The last I saw of him he was loaded down with old musty bread, gotten from the Gibeonites. Too many take this route and fail. The direct route to Jesus, starts from low down in the valley,—the place called *self-abasement*. It is true, that way down here, there seems to be clouds and vapor, mixed with mist, while the eye is turned inward, and especially while under the direct rays of the Holy Ghost we see our unlikeness to God,—our infirmities—our ignorance—our sins—our short comings, heart wanderings, and alienations from him; and as we confess these to God and our brethren, we grow less in our own estimation. And as we go down in this way—confessing to the very bottom, suddenly, and as by magic, the clouds disperse, shadows fly—the invisible appears to mortal eye—glory to God!

Would you see Jesus? come down into the valley of blessing so sweet! “He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.” “If we seek to save our lives we shall lose them.” God has opened up a new and living way; that is the route of repentance—and confession—and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” We need not be deceived in regard to our whereabouts. This route is paved all the way through with blood divine.

Then, too, the cross that *kills* is here; and this is always visible; and upon its beams are written: “He that would be my disciple, let him take up his cross daily, and come after me.” The direct route to Jesus is covered completely by the *cross*! Would you find it? Come down from your high perch! get off from your stilts, limber up; be child-like; leave off your affectation; talk natural, be just what you are; let God have you—and as quick as light from the smitten steel, you will find yourself in the direct route to glory; high above the storm and vapor—winging your way to the land that hath no storms.

XIV.

REST, BUT NOT LOITER.

There is a bridge crossing the river Thames, at London, and at one end of this bridge, there is a seat prepared for the weary pilgrim to rest himself; and just above this seat hangs a sign, with these words, "*Rest, but not loiter.*"

In the great plan of salvation, God has provided a mercy-seat, where all may find *rest*; rest to the weary soul; rest from the commission of sin, rest from the inbeing of sin, rest from all moral defilement;—rest from slavish fear, rest from the fear of evil tidings, rest from the fear of man; rest from the fear of what the people will say; rest from the fear of want; rest in prosperity, when all goes well, and in adversity when all goes ill, rest in the fire, rest out of the fire; rest in sickness, rest in persecution, in necessities, in cruel mockings, in stripes, in imprisonments; rest under all the ills which flesh is heir to; and, O! what a blessed prospect of *rest* in death—in the resurrection morn; rest, rest forever in the paradise of God.

How *few* have found this rest. The multitude are loitering about Christ, as in bygone days, for the loaves and fishes. You find them thronging holy places, and in fact, their names are on the church record—they call themselves Christians,—but, O! how destitute of *soul-rest*. They talk of rest, but how easily is their rest turned into unrest, their humility into vain pomp and show; their love into downright anger; their benevolence, into God-dishonoring covetousness; their separation from the world into commingling with those that hate God and trample his law under their feet. The lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, sits enthroned in their hearts. Many thronged the Saviour when he was on earth, but how few got near enough to touch the hem of his garment. On one occasion, a poor woman pressed her way into the crowd, touched the Saviour and found rest; yes, glory be to God, she found rest for soul and body. Hallelujah! We may rest, and not loiter.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Thank God! there is a place of rest. You need not be fretful, peevish, impatient, cross, proud, vain, fierce, heady, high-minded, jealous, full of deceit—evil speaking—tale-bearing, covetous, filthy, fearful, unbelieving. No! there is power in Jesus' blood to wash these all away, and give perfect *rest* to the soul. "For we which have believed do enter into rest."

How refreshing to the weary pilgrim, after the toils of the day are o'er, the sun sinking in the west, the shades of night coming on, to have a place of rest,—a place where the cares of life are for the time-being forgotten, and the mind is at liberty to roam the vast fields of thought, and revel in all the delights of fancy. How blessed it will be, after the toils and conflicts of life are o'er, to have an eternity of rest—to be forever shut in with God, "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Rest, but not loiter.

A LIVING SACRIFICE.

God requires a living, not a dead sacrifice. The time for sacrificial offerings is past. Jesus Christ suffered unto death, even the death of the cross, to redeem us from all iniquity, and to purify unto Himself a "peculiar people," and make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. God now requires, that we should be a complete offering to Him; soul, body and spirit: all we have, all we are, and all we ever expect to be, for time and eternity. We frequently say with our lips, but do we say it deep down in our heart:

"Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new."

This is just what God requires; hear the command: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies A LIVING SACRIFICE! holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is this good and acceptable and perfect will of God." (Ro. 12:12.)

Again, "Ye are not your own! For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and spirit, which are his." (1 Cor. 6:19.) The above expresses in general, what is implied in being, "A living sacrifice." Too many, are content with a sort of wholesale consecration; and too many we have reason to fear, keep back a part of the price. Let us, dear reader, look carefully at our offering, to see, if it be just what God requires, without blemish or spot, or any such thing.

First, Our memory: Is it devoted to God? Do we always, and under all circumstances, recollect God's commandments? Do we always inquire of Him, before engaging in any business transaction? Do we remember daily, to discharge our obligations, to God, our brethren and sisters, our neighbors, and all we have to do with? Do we always act out our religion, just what we profess before the enemies of the cross of Christ, as well, as when among His friends?

Second, The mind: We must serve God with our intellects. The mind must be cultivated for His Glory. We have no right to remain in ignorance. The command is, "Study to show thyself approved unto God." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy soul and with all thy mind." Our intellects must be cultivated; not to gain the applause of men, but that we may have more power to win souls to Christ, and build them up in that Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord; and not prostituted, to a time-saving policy.

Third, Our will: The will, to our intellectual machinery, is the same as the rudder to a vessel. This gives direction to the ship when under way, and if in the hands of a skilled helmsman, she goes just as desired. It is so with the will, if in the hands of the Holy Ghost, our minds will be guided into all truth.

Fourth, The eye: must be wholly sanctified to God, or else we shall be running after strange flesh, and strange sights. If the eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

Fifth, The ear: When fully consecrated will be quick to hear when God speaks, by His providence, His spirit or in His blessed word; but will not listen to reports of slander, not unsanctified music when offered up as worship to the great I am.

Sixth, The face: The index of the soul must be clean and comely. It affords great comfort and delight to look upon, especially when Jesus Christ is living and reigning in the heart; when the oil of gladness makes the face to shine; but how it detracts in beauty and expression, if the mouth be covered over with moustache, like worldly minded men. To me it is an expression of pride and vanity, as much as for females to cover their head with flowers and ribbons.

Seventh, The mouth: We must not allow anything to enter our mouths that would in any way defile our bodies knowingly. That class of food that proves injurious to the system we must not use; neither drink what hurts. Tobacco, used in any form, defiles; hence, we cannot use it and be a "living sacrifice."

Eighth, The tongue: Is an unruly member, full of deadly poison. No man hath ever been able to tame it without the grace of God; and with this it requires constant watching, held in with bit and bridle. O! how much it means to have a sanctified tongue; having our conversation always "seasoned with salt, ministering grace to the hearers."

Ninth, Our bodies: With all pertaining thereto, life, health, strength, family, friends, farms, bank and railroad stock, all are to be devoted to the cause of human redemption. We give ourselves up to do and suffer for the Lord Jesus Christ. God wants men and women thus devoted to His cause in every department of life. In the pulpit and in the pew; the merchant, the mechanic, the sailor, the scavenger, the manufacturer, teachers, servants to do the little work, mothers to rear families, presidents, statesmen, judges, and all rulers in authority.

Tenth, The results: When professors are thus devoted to the cause of Christ, a slumbering world will awake to righteousness, and not before. Then nations will be born in a day, they will learn war no more. The blood stained banner will be unfurled in every clime; Jesus Christ will reign from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

Are you a living sacrifice?

XVI.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

The law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. This is the route ordained of God, there is no other way. Both are necessary to our salvation. The law reveals to us our lost condition. We must be made to see our danger, before we will apply the remedy; the Gospel is the remedy. The law declares that we are diseased. "From the soul of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores. They have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." Isaiah 1:6.

The sight that God gives of our natural condition is not very flattering. The sinner is inclined to think himself pretty good, until God makes these revelations. Then, as the eye is turned inward, we are often overwhelmed as we gaze upon our own hearts when under the direct rays of the Holy Ghost. We loathe ourselves when God we see, and at the same time, we hear the law proclaiming, "That the soul that sinneth, *it shall die.*" Now the sinner is burdened with his own guilt. There seems to be a mountain's weight upon him, and from the very depths of his soul he cries out: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Rom. 7:24. I, that speak in righteousness, *mighty to save!* I from Edom, the land of Bozra, with garments dyed in blood. The sinner hears the voice; he listens—he looks away to Calvary—to the cross; he sees the bleeding victim, he hears words of comfort. "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Isaiah 45:22.

There must be harmony between the law and the gospel. If we deal in the law exclusively, we shall fail to get men saved to God. If we stop declaring the law, we shall fail to reach the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We must be made to know that we are sick, before we will apply the remedy. The servant of God must cry aloud, and spare not; lift up their voice like a trumpet and show the people their sins, and Israel their transgressions. The great mass of professors seem to ignore the law altogether. It has become very unpopular to tell the people that they are sinners, and on their way to hell, and unless they repent, they will surely perish. But on the other hand, they are made to believe, and that too, by preachers, that they are *naturally* very good, and that we almost confer a great favor on the Almighty, by letting Him bless us. A man will never give up his sins, until he becomes sick of them. Hence he should be made sick as soon as possible, and as sick as possible. Make him so, by declaring the law to him, that he will disgorge freely and fully, throwing up anything that caused a bilious state of soul. When this is accomplished, you can safely apply the gospel remedy, without much fear of a speedy relapse, or of healing slightly. There is not much danger of the disease returning, where the system has been thoroughly purged by law remedies. But to give the sweatmeats of the gospel to them that need the law, tends to aggravate the case, and make it worse. But, says one, does not the blood cleanse us from our sins? Yes, the blood is the foundation, *if we confess our sins* He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness—Glory to God! But to illustrate: In passing a marble factory we see a large block of marble upon skids. The block upon which we look is about eight feet long, five thick, and four wide. A set of gang-saws, propelled by steam power, are cutting this huge piece of marble up into slabs, about two inches thick. Above this piece of marble is placed a conductor of water, conveying it the whole length of the marble, and to every saw. On the top of this marble is placed a bushel or two of sand. The water falling upon this, washes it down upon the saws, causing them to execute their design more rapidly upon the marble. Now, to the point: Our hearts are naturally hard, stony. We have to be squared by the law; these saws represent the law. Whatever the law condemns, *must* be abandoned. The water falling upon the marble, represents the gospel. We need to mix in a good deal of the gospel with the law. The sand falling upon the saw is repentance and confession. To make the law cut, we need to confess our sins; this brings us directly to the blood. O, glory to God! Its good to live where the blood is continually dropping upon our hearts. Bless God for the squaring process of the law, and the polishing touches of the gospel. Brother, please mix well your preparations with a proper amount of law and gospel. After dosing out law, until your hearers are in a state of despair, introduce them to the banqueting house of corn and wine, and oil; let them feast to their heart's content, until "Old things have passed away, and all things become new."

KEEP THE SABBATH DAY HOLY.

The laws of God are not arbitrary. Every commandment is as reasonable as it is divine. *Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandments holy, and just, and good;* having as much regard to the well-being of man, as to the honor and glory of God. Their tendency in every instance is evidently beneficial; and he who breaks them, not only sins against God, but wrongs his own soul. They enjoin nothing but what is conducive to man's happiness, nor prohibit anything but what would ultimately injure him, so that the observance of every command of God, is as much our interest, as our duty.

The Sabbath is a great blessing to mankind. It is well adapted to his fallen condition. It gives him rest from labors, and anxiety, and affords him time to acquire a knowledge of his Author, and destination, and to prepare for that Eternal rest which is at God's right hand. *Therefore remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy: six days thou shalt labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor any stranger that is within thy gate.*

There are many ways in which we may break the Sabbath. It is not confined to buying, or selling goods, running cars, or vessels, cheese factories, or patronizing any of these on God's holy day; neither is it confined to blacking boots, shaving, getting up extra dinners, polishing stoves, or knives and forks. Truly in these God is dishonored, and his laws broken. We are not to visit on the Lord's day, except in a *real* cause of *mercy*. If to help the sick, or to relieve the needy, it is right; but if we neglect the sick on week days, *because we cannot afford the time*, or practice a little self denial, and take the Sabbath for this purpose, *we are guilty before God*.

Many seem to think they can visit a brother or sister on the Sabbath, and spend one, two, or more hours, in religious conversation. Is not the Sabbath, a day of rest? Ought we not, after attending the usual means of grace, to spend the remaining part of the day, in reading God's word, in meditation, and in prayer before Him. These hours, are sacred to every child of God, and should not be lost, or their sanctity destroyed, by *thoughtless visitors*. The day is often profaned, by visiting at church, before and after services. How painful, to see men and women, professedly saints, standing around the door, grouped together in the aisles, *visiting* on God's holy day. Brother, sister, ought you not as soon as you enter the church, commence a prayer meeting, and let it continue until time for preaching. How much better to enter upon this solemn service, with hearts burning with the love of God, and a faith that brings conviction down upon the hearts of sinners, and holds up the preacher while he is proclaiming God's eternal truth; where this is done the shouts of victory will be heard. *Works of piety*, may be done on the Sabbath, but we may not do our own works, or lean to our own ways. We are not to *travel* on the Lord's day, except on works of *mercy*, or on works of piety, and this may be determined by the necessities of the case. If to relieve the sick, or help the needy, all right. But is it right for those that attend our quarterly meetings, general or otherwise, to remain until after the morning service, and then hitch up, and drive five, ten, twenty, or more miles, on Sabbath afternoon and evening, to reach their homes; is it not in opposition to the law, which says, *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy*. I think it is. I know some that practice this, claim that it is *necessary*. Not long since, a load of "Pilgrims," (I think eight, or ten,) came to a general quarterly meeting, where I was stationed. Immediately after the morning service they commenced preparations for returning home Sabbath afternoon. They were urged to remain, and not break the Lord's day; they thought it *necessary*, and so they started, but were caught in a snow storm, and detained just as long as they would have been had they kept the Sabbath and remained at the meeting. There are other cases of this kind, where disappointment, and loss resulted from this course of action. But if there is no pecuniary loss by such actions, there is great loss to the soul, and to the cause of Christ. Another reason why one should remain over the Sabbath, is, all the strength of the meeting is needed on Sabbath evening; the interest of the meeting has been on the increase, conviction on the hearts of the unsaved has become more intense, some have almost decided to say, "I yield, I yield." God's saving power is hovering over precious souls, but it still needs, a steady, unwavering faith in God. A mighty faith, a united faith, and the whole faith of the church, to bring the victory; and just when help is most needed, (I mean human, for God works by means) the laborers are scattered in various directions, wending their way home.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasures on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasures, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

XVIII.

YOUR FRUIT UNTO HOLINESS.

A few years since, I visited the home of my childhood, after an absence of more than twenty years. Imagine my astonishment, as I passed along the way where my weary feet had often trodden in my childhood's days. A complete transformation had taken place. The wilderness had given way to well cultivated fields. It had truly been made to bud and blossom as the rose. The little log hut, once the home of the pioneer, had given way to stately mansions. The stillness that had formerly reigned in those regions, had passed away; and the hum of husbandry had taken its place. I realized that something had been done to produce this great change. Many a hard blow had been given in felling the trees; much toil in removing the timber, and burning up the underbrush. It then became necessary to introduce the stump machine, that the old stumps and roots might every one be removed from the soil. And then, what a transformation! I thought I saw in this a complete analogy of our natural, depraved condition, and the transforming power of the Holy Ghost. I realized, in *some* degree, the labor and suffering that had been given to produce these wonderful results.

My mind instantly reverted to Gethsemane; to Pilate's Hall; to Calvary; to the Crucifixion; the precious blood; its all-cleansing power to remove the foulest stains that sin hath made; and blessed be God! to remove all the roots of bitterness connected with our old man, *depravity!*

"His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me."

But then, how are we to avail ourselves of this glorious power? Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Without repentance, there is no approaching Deity. This must precede all acts of saving faith. Place it just as God has it.

Repent and believe the Gospel; and by this we understand godly sorrow, which will lead to a confession of our sins, and a separation from them, and restitution where possible.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from unrighteousness." Here is the secret of success. Repentance! Repentance! "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth them shall have mercy."

When old depravity has been thoroughly broken up by repentance, and the heart washed in the all-cleansing blood, then we have our fruit unto holiness. There will be a blessed realization that this consecration which we so frequently make with our lips, has been made with our hearts, and accepted by the Lord.

"Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind and will;
All my goods and all my hours;
All I know and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new."

Whether, therefore, we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, it will be done for the glory of God. Your fruit—unto holiness, and your end—everlasting life.

XIX.

WITHOUT NATURAL AFFECTION.

Has earth a scene more lovely than the family circle—father, mother, sons and daughters, well-bred, loving each other tenderly, and bending all their energies to do the will of God on earth, that they may finally gain the skies? I think not. Then how gladly they welcome additions to this lovely group. Baby, with its little pug nose, flaxen hair, ruddy cheeks, soft eyes, and such a sweet, expressible mouth, are sources of wondrous delight and admiration. How sad, indeed, must those families be that are not blessed with children. One of the grandest and most sublime features of the world that is to come will be the children. "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The family relation is recognized by the Almighty as a holy relation. He gives us to understand that children are a blessing, and not a curse. "Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord; and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them;" for they shall be "like olive plants around thy table." And yet there are a great many that are ashamed of God's blessing.

I wish right here to ask two questions, and answer them: What is the most precious thing that each generation has in its keeping? and what is that which it most neglects and undervalues? To both I make but one answer—*Children*. In this sinful generation it is considered by many a disgrace to give, or allow them to have a being, and they resort to methods highly objectionable to gratify their licensed sensuality. Thus they prevent life, or cause its destruction; I mean, they commit murder! The wrath of God is poured out on the nations for the awful crime of child-murder. The man that whipped his child to death a few years since, in Western New York, aroused the indignation of every human being that was made acquainted with the affair. No one blushed to call it by its right name—*murder*! And is it not murder to take the life of a human being at any age? and ought not murderers to be punished accordingly? Is it any the less a crime because it is fashionable, and millions are doing it? And is it not time the veil was drawn aside and light from the pulpit and the press let in upon us brighter than the sun at noonday, until public opinion shall be thoroughly aroused, and condemnation written on the guilty. To have children is a duty equal with any of the responsibilities of life. "Multiply and replenish the earth," was the command God gave to Adam and Eve; and this was repeated after the flood. God says again, "I will that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion for the adversary to speak reproachfully." Save us, O Lord, from false modesty, and give us natural affection, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

SOWING AND REAPING.

It is said that like causes will produce like results in all ages of the world. This is true, both in a moral and temporal point of view. If we sow wheat, corn, barley, thistles, we shall reap the same. Whatever our doings are, it will bring forth its legitimate fruit. "For whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." This has been clearly demonstrated in many places where costly churches have been built. The spirit of emulation has taken possession of the people, especially in church building. They desire greatly to go beyond their neighbor in this; and in most cases, they have gone in their planning operations far beyond their means; consequently, they are compelled to resort to the lottery department, pic-nics, sociables, banquetings, excursions, ice-cream, strawberry, and necktie parties, to carry forward the *grand* enterprise. One case will illustrate the many of this character; and yet, the results may not in every case be as sad as the one I now refer to. But nevertheless, pride, worldly conformity, spiritual death, will follow all such departures from the old landmarks. A society in this city have been struggling along for some years, in all the ways mentioned above, to raise money to build a costly church. The last banquet this society held (which was of the necktie order) proved very disastrous to some members of the church in their domestic relations, if not their eternal ruin. I took the following extract from the Sunday *Mercury*, which shows the nature of the seed sown:

"Of Twentieth street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, the brethren and sisters have been having a calico festival. By Sister Boyer, in New Jersey, the wrinkle was learned. Of the pattern corresponding to her apron, each sister deposited a gentleman's necktie. By the gentleman, for a quarter of a dollar, the sister whose apron the article matched the pattern of his purchase, he was permitted 'piously' to 'treat.' By Brother Broin the party was opened. Sweet Sister Carrigan the brother led out. The more neck-ties of different patterns a brother purchased, the more sisters of *course* he 'treated.' Among the heavy buyers were Brother Kent and Brother Hoffman. What worried Sister Hoffman was that the religious writer of the *Mercury* might 'be about.' Of Sister Busby the apron was the handsomest. Brother Roberts on six neck-ties made investment. So, also, did Bartine. Altogether the festival was a success."

This is about the way these things move; and—yet, there were things connected with this party of a grave character. A brother—a man having a family—a steward, and a leading man in the society, purchased a neck-tie. He very soon found a young damsel, whose apron corresponded with the neck-tie just purchased. He, of course, according to the rule of the party, was bound (to use a bar-room phrase), to "treat" her. She took his arm, and away they went to the place prepared for refreshments. The brother's wife was present, and while looking upon the scene, her husband, joking, trifling, spreeing—and that with a woman he had no right to—*no right within such relations*; she became disgusted, indignant, at such a departure from pure religion—yea, from common decency and respectability.

Late at night they returned home, the wife with injured feelings, the husband delirious from the effects of the exciting scenes that he had just passed through. We would gladly draw a veil over the scene that followed, but God must be honored, the truth must be told. The balance of the night was spent in unpleasant words. In the morning, the husband repairs to a drinking saloon and gets drunk, which he continues to do. His family—a wife and a very lovely daughter, eleven years of age, took the matter very much to heart, weeping and wailing almost incessantly, which brought on the daughter a violent disease, and in a few days, death! The wife is very much worn down by grief, and expects in a few days to follow the daughter. If we sow to the *flesh*, we shall of the flesh *reap* corruption. A mistaken idea prevails among many religionists, *that the end* (if it be a laudable one) sanctifies the means; and this prevails to an alarming extent; hence, the resorting to many ways condemned of God, and by most, if not all, our legitimate bodies, who declare lotteries to be gambling, and are prohibited by law; and, yet, many professors of the grace of God resort to this, to raise means to build costly churches, and carry forward what they call the work of the Lord. "Shall we do evil that good may come? God forbid!"

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days,
With fiends or angels spend?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death,
That never, never dies!
How shall I make my election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!"

Dear reader, remember every act goes to the account; every vain and trifling word; every misspent hour; every neglected Sabbath; every time Christ has been offered you and rejected; every gospel sermon that you have heard and have not given heed thereto; every profane word uttered; every lie told—yea, every act of life, and all the upbraidings of conscience, are treasures of wrath laid up for you to reap through all eternity! But if you have been sowing to the Spirit, life everlasting. Be not deceived, God is not mocked.

XXI.

TO ACTUAL SETTLERS.

Our government has been very generous in making a law, giving to every man a homestead, upon the simple condition that he will settle upon it. To enjoy this he must be an actual settler. He may talk much of the beautiful West, how inviting it is; how independent people become who go West; how strong his desires are to go, and that he means to go; but unless he packs up and moves on, he will never get there; he will never know anything about the grandeur of possessing a home in the West.

God has provided a home in the land of Canaan, the land of perfect love for all actual settlers. Holiness is a blessed theme; many love to talk about it, and speculate about the fruit that grows in that fair clime, where the sun never goes down; "a land of corn, and wine, and oil, favored with God's peculiar smile, with every blessing blest." There are no obnoxious weeds, such as anger displayed in kicking back; no pride, as seen in the wearing of gold, and pearls, and costly attire; no gay churches, too grand for the poor.

No, blessed be God, in that land of perfect love all is pure; the fountain-head is holy. Every desire is unto the Lord. The stream of life is without mixture, full of health and life eternal. But as lovely as this land may be, to possess it we must move upon it, *be actual settlers*. When we purchase a farm and pay our money for the same, we receive a warrantee deed, made out correctly, signed by proper authorities, and sealed by the government seal. It is precisely so with those that settle down upon a *homestead* in the land of perfect love; their title is made as clear as ten thousand suns could make it. The Holy Ghost writes, "Tis done, the great transaction is done; "thou art cleansed from all unrighteousness," and this produces a sensation and the soul cries out, "Glory to God!" Then comes a very comfortable feeling, "I am washed in the blood of the Lamb." "His Spirit beareth witness to this great truth, that we are citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem." "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God." A *homestead* or entire sanctification is one of the things that are freely given to us of God, and it is the office of the Holy Ghost to make us know that we have received it.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A few days since, while visiting the United States mint, I was deeply impressed with various objects of interest that I saw there.

The scales for weighing metals, to the amount of one hundred thousandth part of an ounce. The dies, for stamping coin, requiring a pressure of eighty tons. Here, I saw the coin used by different nations; some of great value, others of less. But what impressed me the most was a piece of money called, the widow's mite; supposed to be worth one half farthing.

I gazed with intense interest upon the widow's mite; and at the same time, my thoughts ran back to the time, when Jesus stood opposite the treasury, and saw the rich casting in their abundance, unto the Lord, when along came a poor widow, and cast in two mites. How little, I thought, as I compared "the mite," with the large pieces of silver and gold that were upon either side. I presume that many that witnessed the above transaction, recorded by St. Mark, thought, "how insignificant the offering." There was one present, whose eye of flame penetrates the very intents of the heart, thought differently. He, declaring to the multitude that, the poor widow's mite was in His estimation, greater than the large amounts cast in by the rich. There are reasons, *why*, the blessed Jesus put such high value on the widow's MITE.

First, she made sacrifice of all her living. She gave to the extent of her ability. In making her consecration, she did not retain a part, as did Ananias and Saphira; but placed herself squarely upon the Gospel platform, where she could fully trust the Lord, and claim His favor. Jesus says, "Give, and it shall be given to you; good measure pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with what measure ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

Second. She gave, CHEERFULLY—"For God loveth a cheerful giver."

"For if there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

Thirdly. She gave her mite, in faith; for what is not of faith is sin. She doubtless realized, that all of our offerings to God must be in faith in order to be acceptable. Many lose their reward in giving, because they do not give cheerfully, but grudgingly; not to the extent of their ability, nor as much as the case demands, or conscience, and the Holy Ghost says give; not in faith, but doubting, because an unwillingness on their part to walk in the light.

This class never prove the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; "pressed down, shaken together, and running over." Jesus says, "That it is more blessed to give than to receive." Glory to God!

Here, is encouragement to give of our substance as God hath prospered us. There is no investment that we can make with our goods that pays so well as to give to him that needeth; and especially, to the house-hold of faith. And to those that have but a mite to give, it shall receive its reward; if it be to the extent of our ability, if it be done cheerfully; and if in faith, because we love God, and the souls and bodies of perishing men.

XXIII.

ARE WE DRIFTING?

Yes I hope so—out into the ocean of infinite love; away from the dangerous reefs of formalism; away from the universal spread of pride and vanity; away from the devil's most successful snare, *secretism*; away from the abominable, filthy habit of whiskey-drinking and tobacco using, and all its slimy associations; away from the cramping, belittling, soul-destroying, man-debasing element—*covetousness*; far away from all longings after the world, its pleasures, its allurements, its honors, its riches, and plunging into all the fulness of God. It's glorious thus to drift; to have a consciousness that you abide in Christ; that you are growing in grace; that you are gaining on your enemies; that your faith overcomes the world; that you are taking greater delight, day by day, in the things of life and immortality. O, glory to God for the assurance that the saints have that they are getting nearer and nearer to God every day, drifting out into the great abyss of God's eternal love.

To the question so often propounded—"Are We Drifting?"—I can answer for myself, *I am*, according to the above. Glory to the Lamb forever! Although I am drifting, moving along with giant strides by the mighty waves of free grace, yet I never felt so completely anchored to Christ as now. I have a hope that is an anchor to my soul. It's cast to that within the veil, and it's both sure and steadfast. It holds my vessel steadily on her course, 'midst all storms of life. It matters not how high the billows may roll, how fierce the storms may beat against my frail bark, I am safe. I ride proudly above the waves, because I am anchored to the eternal Rock of Ages. Vessels often break loose from their moorings, because their anchorage is poor. It may be their anchor is dropped in the sand or mud. In either case, they will drift until their anchor takes hold on rock, or she drifts ashore and is wrecked. It is so with us. If our anchor is cast into any of the elements of this world, we shall drift, not into Christ, but away from him, and become *wrecks*. How sad it is to find wrecks all along life's way! to see those that were once saved of God, moving on to Mount Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they did obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing did flee away; but now, alas! How is the fine gold become dim.

Which way are *you* drifting? Do you enjoy perfect love? Are you as clear in your experience as when you joined the Church? Are you walking in *all* the light that God lets shine upon your heart? Does the light shine as clear as in bygone days? Do you have sensible manifestations of God's presence? Do you have the joy of the Lord? Do you really get blessed of *God*? Do you rejoice evermore? Do you in everything give thanks? Do you love the *cross*? Is the way that God leads you delightful? And can you sing—

"Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song?"

Now, can you, from the very bottom of your heart, say *Yes!* to these questions? If so, I think that you are drifting heavenward; if not, hellward.

Which way are you drifting?

XXIV.

PAP.

Webster says the word "pap" means "soft food designed for children or infants." Children, whose stomachs are weak and unable to digest hearty food, have to be fed on this. It requires but little effort of nature to dispose of this kind of food.

We have in Zion a great many aged infants that require this kind of spiritual provender. You feed them with the solid roast beef of the gospel, and immediately they are in cramps and spasms; and O, such wailings of displeasure. It is as true to-day as when St. Paul wrote to the Corinthian brethren, there are many that ought to be full grown men and women in spiritual attainments, but are mere babes, and have to be fed on infant's food; and the only way that many can be persuaded to remain in the church, or even to make a half-way profession of the religion of Jesus Christ, is to give them large doses of this precious diet. Many will hang on tremendously, and pull mightily, so long as they receive that attention and nursing that their infantile natures demand, but as soon as that stops then comes the chills.

The cause lies in the fact, they were not weaned. The Psalmist says, "Surely, I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child." If you want to spoil a child, indulge him in all that delights his fancy. Our heavenly Father knows better than to indulge his children in all their wants. He has promised to give us what we need—not all we want. "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The best discipline that we get in this life, is to learn to deny self. The direct route to glory lies along that line. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." A radical cure is experienced in bearing the cross. This will crucify us to self, and our longing to be rocked and dandled at the expense of everybody. Bearing the cross, helping the souls and bodies of men as they need, and as you are blessed with means and opportunity will cause you to outgrow all of your infantile notions. It is gloriously possible to be fully saved in this life; to run the whole length of the Christian race with joy and gladness; go on forced marches; yea, on the double quick, carrying heavy knapsacks of sorrow and affliction, rejoicing evermore, and in everything giving thanks.

VICTORY.

It is impossible to have a victory, until we have had a fight. It would be impossible to shout the shout of victory, unless it had been fairly gained. In order to win a victory we must fight. The route from earth to glory is through the battle field. "We must fight if we would reign." Thank God, we fight not against flesh and blood, but against powers, against principalities, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Many a Christian warrior comes from the field of battle with an inglorious defeat, because he fails to properly estimate the strength of his enemy. Nations have suffered fearful defeats because they failed to estimate the character and strength of their foes. When our rebellion broke out, Lincoln called for 75,000 men to put it down. A great many at the North said the 75,000 men could conquer the South before breakfast; but Bull Run told another story. What a sight! implements of war scattered all the way from Bull Run to Washington!

How many of Zion's soldiers have started out, full of hope and courage, giving promise of wonderful achievements, but alas! the very first foe, the skirmish line, and perhaps that was no more than a simple sneer from the devil, and defeat followed; like Ahab, pierced between the joints of the harness, they were borne from the field of battle on the litter of discouragement.

The hospitals all over the land are full of wounded soldiers; those who went into battle full of zeal, but failed to estimate the job they had on hand, were captured, and are now in the hands of their enemies. Ask such to shout victory! It would be for them an impossibility. They are prisoners of war.

God expects us not only to fight, but to win. We ought to go from every battle flushed with victory. The Word says, "Fight the good fight of faith; lay bold on eternal life." That is, obtain victory in every place; the closet, at the family altar, in the prayer meeting, when the word of God is preached, among the children, in the kitchen, parlor, trade and commerce, when laboring to bring poor sinners to Zion, paying your vows unto the Lord, helping on the gospel as God has prospered you with means, and in every place and under all circumstances, let victory be written upon your banner. It is shameful to suffer defeat. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." How sickening to simply play fight and never know what a square victory means.

God has provided for our complete success in every engagement. We may be clad with heavenly armour sufficient to make the weakest saint victorious. The idea of being on the sick list half or two-thirds of the time is extreme folly. If you have on the whole armour of God, you will stand complete in all the will of God, and never know defeat.

"Courage! your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew—
Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."

Think of it! The Master has overcome for you! Glory to God!

XXVI.

LOCK UP.

Boats, when running on canals, do not go far on a level, before they come to a lock. This is made of solid masonry, with two sets of gates, upper and lower. The water above the lock is from five to fifteen feet higher than the water below. In order that the vessel may pass through and pursue her journey, she must enter the lock, shut the lower gates, turn a wicket in the upper gate which will let in water from above, filling the lock, and raising the boat to the level above; the gates will then open, she will pass out and pursue her journey.

Now, is it not very much so in our religious experience? When converted, we enter the channel of life. We run on this level for a season; with some, much longer than others; all, perhaps, too long. On some canals, levels are very short; but all, that are born of the Spirit, very early in their experience come to a point where they must take advance ground, lock up! or go back. We must go into the lock, shut the gates behind us, leave no possible chance for retreat. This locking up might represent reconsecrating ourselves to God. In doing this, we ought to be very specific. Discriminate under the blazing light of the Holy Ghost. Humble yourself under the hand of God, by confessing your failures, making wrongs right, and God will lift you up. Be thorough. Do not be satisfied to run on the same experience, day in and day out; week in and week out; month in and month out; year in and year out. Alas! alas! how many run in this way, on the same level until it becomes a dead level! In some cases it would be impossible to tell whether there was any current either way. When we first enter the channel of life, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and not only so, but we glory in tribulation also knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope: and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." What we greatly need in many places among us, is to lock up into the faith that will give us access into the rich experiences that were once delivered unto the saints; Elijah, Paul, Hester Ann Rogers, Carvosso, Bramwell, Fletcher, Wesley, Madam Guvon, Muller, and a host of others. Then, the communion of faith and love will bear us up to things above. I said that to elevate a boat from a lower level to a higher one, water was let in from above. It is precisely so in the Christian life. If we aim at obedience, becoming more holy, of living a purer life, in walking in all of God's ordinances blameless, we must go often into the lock of crucifixion; then the water of life will come in from above in living streams, and our experience will be clearer than the noonday sun. Like the tree planted by the rivers of water, bringing forth fruit in its season, our leaf also will not wither.

I want to ask, my dear brethren and sisters of our beloved Zion, don't you think it is time that you locked up? Why tarry? Remember your vows to God and the church. Press for the mark! "Ye shall receive power, after the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Bend all your energies for the summit level.

XXVII.

SUCCESS.

Success in any department of life, depends upon the right use of right means; at the right time; in the right place, and in the right manner. Like causes will produce like results in all ages of the world. Hence the farmer wishing to raise wheat, breaks up the soil, sows his seed, and waits patiently for the early and latter rain with the assurance "that seed-time and harvest will not fail;" and with rejoicing he gathers thirty, sixty or a hundred fold into his barn. This is also true of spiritual things. Success is certain to the man called of God to preach, if he avails himself of the right means, employs them at the right time, and in the right manner.

1. The means to be employed is the Word of God; and this must come forth like a stream of fire, from a heart blazing with the love of God. The command is, "Preach the Word." Into this armory man may enter, and take to himself just the weapons that will give him victory on every battle-field. I thank God! he may be thoroughly furnished, and never know defeat. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect thoroughly furnished unto all good works." But there is more to follow; "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me by thy free Spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners *shall* be converted unto thee." Here success is based upon being *thoroughly* furnished with heaven's panoply, the blessing of a clean heart, and possessing the joy of the Lord. The more I search God's Word, the more I am convinced that he has provided means for the complete subjugation of this world to himself. He never designed that defeat should be written upon our banners, but that we should press the enemy to the very gates of hell. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Here is a declaration from God who cannot lie, that, if we go forth in his strength, having renewed within us a right spirit, the spirit that will cause us to weep over sinners lost, as Jesus wept over Jerusalem, and erring Samaria, with this spirit, clad in armor all divine, we shall come forth from every field of battle, bringing our sheaves with us. But in order to wield heaven's artillery successfully, an experimental knowledge of the same is necessary. "The laborer must first be partaker of the fruit."

2. As to time and manner. "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." In order to make full proof of our ministry, every redeemed power must be in complete harmony with God; employed at the right time, place, and in the right manner; by being instant in season, and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine.

And God who is ever faithful, will make us successful in winning souls to himself, and leading on believers to the promised land of perfect love.

XXVIII.

THEY MIGHT BE A SUCCESS.

There is, just now, considerable inquiry by some portions of the Methodist family, how to make their *class-meetings* a success—how make them more spiritual—how get the members to attend them.

I have a recipe which answers the above, and proves a success in all cases. In order to get a perfect understanding of the idea, I will relate a circumstance: When a boy I learned to hunt bees. The country was new, and bees were often found in hollow trees—frequently with a large amount of honey. In order to find where the bees lived, I took a box about ten inches long, six wide, and six deep, with a glass cover. I would place in this box about one pound of honey. I would then catch a bee from off some flower, and put him in the box with the honey, then put the box in some clear place where the sun could shine upon it. When the bee had filled himself with the honey, he would fly away to the tree where he lived, always going in a straight line. He would soon deposit, and return, bringing several more bees with him. These would fill themselves and fly away to the tree, deposit, and return, with perhaps an increase of fifty bees. By some process the bees would communicate the fact that they had found honey, so on every return trip their numbers rapidly increased, until it seemed the whole hive was after the honey.

Now, let a class-leader find the honey—get it in his own soul—the honey of perfect love—the real thing—not a guess so affair, but a positive holiness; holiness that comes by a perfect consecration, with a clear endorsement of the Holy Ghost; holiness that shines as clear as the sun at noonday; opposed to all pomp and display; arrayed against the devil and all his works; that is dead to the world and alive to God; holiness that has love divine in every element, running through every vein, and fibre, and muscle of his spiritual and intellectual being. This will be the real honey. Yea, sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. Then you will talk salvation—not simply about salvation,—you will talk *it*. The real honey will flow out in your words, and songs of praise, as water flowed from the smitten rock. A hallowed influence will attend you everywhere. “The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad” for you; “and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with singing.” Then your members will be charmed with your godly conversation. They will come to class to hear you talk of Jesus’ wondrous saving power—how he saves you from sin and sinning. And while you talk the fire will burn. They will catch the flame and carry the glad tidings to others, and they to others, until the whole church will be on fire with God’s love. This recipe is exceedingly good for ministers of the gospel, and in fact for everybody. Try it.

FEAR, OR THE SCARE-CROW DEVIL.

Farmers, frequently put up some frightful object in their corn-fields to scare away the crows—preventing them from pulling up and eating the corn. The devil works in like manner, to prevent honest souls from partaking of the real corn of the kingdom. He succeeds remarkably well, if by any means the saints are prevented from getting blessed, baptized with the Holy Ghost, and made all alive in Christ Jesus, and sinners converted to God. He don't care how much religion we profess, if we are only destitute of real piety.

He loves to have us profess a giant's grace if, in fact, we are empty. This scare-crow, when simmered down to a philosophical point, is *Fear*. It often presents the very frightful character of *Wildfire*, *Fanaticism*, *Nazarite*, etc. The Devil is exceedingly busy, on all occasions, at every means of grace, especially at quarterly and camp-meeting, to prevent the work of grace. One of the strangest things in connection with this work is that, the saints *professedly*, will help the Devil do his miserable work of unfurling the *scare-crow* banner. How many inglorious defeats we have as "Pilgrims," all through *fear*. Fear of what? Why, our reputation is at stake. Some are afraid the saints will shout more than is meet; others that they will jump too high; or the glory that is unutterable will become unmanageable in some way; or that the car of salvation will get out of the groove of modern quiet, still no excitement, sweet, precious holiness that disturbs nobody, kills nobody, resurrects nobody, leaving all in the cold embrace of death. From such we say, *Good Lord*, deliver us.

It is exceedingly distressing to be where the work is managed by men full of *fear*. If a saint happens to get blessed, their appearance, the peculiar noise made, the length of the amen, the terror produced among the unsaved, *all* must be critically tested by their rules of propriety. What we need is perfect love that casteth out fear; especially this tormenting fear.

He that feareth is not made perfect in love. "For God has not given us the spirit of *fear*; but of power and love, and of a sound mind." Thank God! we may be delivered out of the hand of our enemies, and serve him *without fear*, in holiness and righteousness before him *all the days of our life*."

"Give to the wind your fears,
Hope and be undismayed."

"For whom the Son maketh free, shall be free indeed."

XXX.

TRUST.

There are those that know what the word "trust" means; they know what it is to *trust* God for soul and body, for time and eternity. They have given themselves to him by a perfect consecration; not merely lip-work, but a consecration that has entered into their very life; every item has been carefully put on the altar, and then watched—the fowls kept away until fire from off God Almighty's burning altar has fallen upon it and consumed it. They have become a living sacrifice; dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God. They realize that they are not their own; that they have been bought with a price—even the precious blood. They are no longer carnally minded, but spiritually minded; no more seek after the flesh, but after the Spirit; no more desire the applause of the world, but the glory of God. Like the birds of the air, they *trust* God for their daily bread,—and glory be to his holy name, they are not disappointed. Cut off from every other resource, they lean with all their might on Him that is mighty to save, and help in every time of need. Though storms and clouds may gather about them, they are not dismayed, for above all a voice comes from Him who controls the winds and calms the tempest, saying "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

It is perfectly impossible to trust in God with all the heart, so long as we are trusting in earthly good, of whatever kind or character it may be. O, how precious it is to trust in God with all the heart, to have every shore line cut—launching out into the deep of his eternal love; drinking continually from the stream that makes glad the city of our God; trusting him every moment for soul and body, wisdom, and the spirit to guide us in all the affairs of life.

Trusting in God implies being saved to the uttermost—walking in all the commandments blameless! Trusting implies victory over all sin—the world, the flesh and the devil. Trusting implies peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

"Lord, I'm TRUSTING now in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary,
At thy cross I humbly bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me now."

SEEING EYE TO EYE.

The more I experience of light and love shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, the more I am led to believe that all that get fully saved see things in the same light; *i. e.*, eye to eye. I mean those things which are essential to faith and practice. If the Holy Ghost is our teacher and the things taught us are a knowledge of ourselves, our destination—how to secure eternal life—then all would receive the same instruction.

“Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth.”—St. John 16:12. “He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and show it unto you.”—St. John 16:14. “But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.”—St. John 14:26.

This teaching will be in harmony with God’s Word, and that the Holy Ghost will make plain to our understanding. Without this, the Word of God, so far as practice and experience are concerned, is a sealed book! But with the Holy Ghost shining upon the sacred page, all is luminous. Glory to God!

Worldly conformity, in all its moods and tenses, is as clear as sunbeams. This gives you an altitude of experience that all the real saints attain. Placing you where Moses stood, on Pisgah’s top, you view the surroundings at a glance. This experience puts away strife and an unholy ambition for position. It brings an end to controversy between preacher and members. He can preach the whole truth touching any point of faith and practice with an accompaniment of hearty amens, and the high praises of God, instead of murmuring and complaining. How many come into the church with the light shining upon them; they promise to walk in the light; they have let go of the world and renounced the hidden things of dishonesty; put on plain attire; given up their covetousness; have been a great blessing to the church and cause of Christ. But in an evil hour they have let go of Christ, and brought darkness upon their souls, and are now ready to condemn what they once endorsed. The reason why so many oppose the real work of God, is, because the Holy Ghost is not their teacher; if he was, they would see eye to eye with God’s real workmen. Then there would be “a long pull—a strong pull—and a pull altogether,” and the work of the Lord would move gloriously in all our borders. Rain would fall in all parts of the land. The wilderness would blossom as the rose; the voice of the turtle would be heard; showers of grace, the conversion of sinners, and the sanctification of believers would be an every day realization. Oh! for a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost on our beloved Zion, amen. How important that we see eye to eye! “How can two walk together, except they are agreed? What fellowship hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or he that believeth with an infidel.” In view of these facts we need to be exceedingly cautious who we receive into our communion, whether it be church, or what is commonly termed *social* relations. “But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one, no not to eat.”—1 Cor. 5:11. How, then, can the saint of God unite in holy wedlock with an unsaved person? How can a young lady, professedly a saint, keep company and allow herself to be waited upon by an ungodly man? How can a saint enter into copartnership in business relations, and allow the partner to keep rum and tobacco anywhere on the premises? If our eye be single, our whole bodies shall be full of light.

THE EDGE OFF.

There are many in these days that once enjoyed the keen edge of perfect love. It was round about them like a wall of fire. It was seen in their faces. It beamed out in sacred song, in fervent prayer; in their testimony it cut its way through like a two-edged sword, causing sinners to cry for mercy, and the saints to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It was manifest in the tone of voice; in the very look; it was not wanting in exhortation, and in preaching, the word was in power and in "demonstration of the Spirit."

It gave a freshness to all their labor, and they were emphatically "the lights of the world"—"living epistles, known and read of all men." Their experience was positive; nothing doubtful or misty, but the genuine ring of the pure metal. They passed current for one hundred cents on the dollar. They did not repudiate a single claim the Almighty had upon them, but endorsed the whole of God's Word from Genesis to Revelation; hence they lived under the direct rays of the Son of righteousness, causing even the desert to blossom as the rose. But now, alas! alas! how changed. The gloom of night is upon them. They go with their heads down like a bullrush. They make the same motions as formerly, but the power is gone, the edge is off.

O, my dear brother, sister, let me exhort you to edge up. Just put your head on the *grindstone* of humble confession; make all wrongs right, so far as you have the power and ability to do so. You will be perfectly astonished at the result, if you will just take the back track to the cross, and then renewedly consecrate your all to God for time and eternity. Rest not a moment until you are fully restored; until love, yea, perfect love, sits enthroned in your heart, and you can sing,—

"O love divine, how sweet thou art,
Now I have found my willing heart,
All taken up by thee."

THE OLD SALT-LICK.

When living at Dryden, I was very much impressed with an incident that came under my observation quite often. It was this: Just in front of my house was a lot which had been used a number of years for pasturing cattle. There was one spot near my house, where they had in the past *salted them*. But time and rain had, to all appearance, washed away every bit of salt! The place had been so thoroughly "licked," that neither grass nor weeds grew there. A horse was pastured in that lot during the summer of my stay there. Every day that poor old horse might be seen at that old "salt-lick," lapping the dry sand and gravel. I presume that same old horse had been pastured there when some kind hand had dispensed real *salt* to the beast.

I was led to reflect on this wise: How many that profess to be Christians, that once enjoyed the favor of God, and took great delight in meeting the saints, and hearing the words of life preached. These used to be seasons of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The real bread of life was broken with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, while shouts of victory and the divinely inspired amens were richly interspersed during these gatherings. Preachers once thought the Holy Ghost an indispensable in feeding the sheep—not only so, they placed the *salt* where it could be had, and the sheep liked it. How strange it is to see those that once fed on real manna, (salt) corn, and wine, and oil, now satisfied in *licking* dry sand and gravel—earthly pleasures; a religion that has no Holy Ghost in it; a simple skeleton, bones without meat; yea, the sensuality of a godless world. Is it not a fact, that multitudes, as specified above, feed on the *carrion* of this poor world, and call it salvation? and then wonder why they do not see such displays of God's power as our fathers did. Thank God—

"There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads."

A great many have said to me, "I have not had a square meal in a long time. We get occasionally a few crumbs." Bless God! our Father is rich. If you will pay the *price* you can eat the good of the land.

"Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below.
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow."

XXXIV.

BE POSITIVE.

The Bible is positive in all its statements. The religion of Jesus Christ is positive. All the work of the Spirit is positive; conviction, regeneration, the witness of the Spirit, pardon and purity, are alike positive; and so in every step in grace, from its beginning to its consummation in glory. Thinking, hoping, and guessing, that I am a child of God, is dispensed with in the work of grace. The real child of God has passed from the doubtful, misty, uncertainties, to a glorious realization of facts. We hear him exclaim, I know that my redeemer liveth, Glory to God! Again, whereas I was once blind, I now see. Once more, I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God. Brother, sister, dispose of your uncertain experiences, and get a positive, Bible holiness, bearing its legitimate fruit—righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

THE DEAD LINE.

During the great Rebellion, the rebels had, at Andersonville, a prison, or stockade, where our fathers, brothers, and sons were unmercifully murdered. Within this stockade was drawn a line, marking the utmost limits of their freedom, and this was called "The Dead-line." It said to the prisoners, "Thus far thou shalt go, and no farther." The penalty of death was inflicted upon all that approached this line. Many received the deadly bullet for daring to tread forbidden ground.

The Dead-line fairly represents this world, and the utmost limits of our freedom. When God created man, he placed him in Paradise, and put around him the "dead-line," saying "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Adam transgressed the command of God, and received the death-penalty. *Adam died.*

The Dead-line is still visible, and laid down in the great Statute Book, as the "broad way that leads to death." We see almost every day, men and women approaching the Dead-line, and death ensues. "Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God." Was it not strange, that our boys in blue, in seeing their comrades shot down daily for approaching this line, would go in the same direction, and receive their fate?

It is precisely so with many that profess the grace of God to-day. Women that were once saved in God, conforming to the divine command, "I will that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broided hair or gold, or pearls or costly array, but which becometh women professing godliness, with good works." But now, alas! how changed. The gold has become dim. Hearts that were all aglow with the love of God; tongues employed in giving glory to him, telling of his wondrous power to save; physical powers all devoted to the redemption of a lost world; goods and chattels, all consecrated to the grand end of life eternal; time and talents; yea, all my store, more shouldst thou have if I had more, was the language of their hearts; but now, alas! they have evidently been too near the "Dead-line." The odor of death is realized all through their ranks. It might well be sung—

"Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound."

Avoid the route that brings spiritual death! "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee," or anything as dear as the eye, for it is better to enter into life halt than to be cast into hell with all our members.

XXXVII.

PUMP-LOGS.

They are used for conveying water from the fountain to the inhabitants in the valleys below. Should they become decayed—rotten, the water must of necessity be greatly injured, if not entirely spoiled. Frequently whole communities have been made sick, and in some cases many have died in consequence of using poisoned water. Every minister of the gospel is a drawer of water to his congregation. But if ministers become rotten by coming in contact with foreign substances—such as jesting, filthy conversation, mingling in the society of the worldly minded, in parties of pleasure, joining hand in hand with secret oath-bound societies, doing all for policy's sake, preaching a gospel to please ungodly professors of the religion of Jesus Christ, or catering to the lusts and passions of the professedly unregenerate, wearing gold, sneering at those who profess to live without sin, treating lightly, or wholly ignoring the doctrine of being made holy in this life—they must be indeed rotten pump-logs. God expects that every minister, in his ministrations to the people, will convey the water of life *pure*. “Be ye holy,” is the great command; and through the foolishness of preaching God intends to save them that believe. “Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.”

THE END.

THE GRAVE, is the end of all men, so far as this world goes; especially, is this true in regard to the rich, they have their portion in this life; they make no provision for the great hereafter, or the life that is to come. With them, it is emphatically, "*Earth to earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust.*" They see nothing beyond the grave worth their time and thought; consequently they make marvelous, and very costly preparation for resting places for their bodies, and leave their souls, that must live forever, in bliss or woe, to chance. We give below the preparation that some of the millionaires have made for their bodies.

The death and burial of such famous men as Grant, Tilden, Hendricks and Arthur, and the recent removal of the remains of William H. Vanderbilt from the receiving vault in the Moravian cemetery at NEW DORP to its final resting place in the big granite tomb, awaken an interest in the instances where well known living men have made provision for their interment after death. All the beautiful cemeteries in the vicinity of New York, contain evidence of the care with which some men have arranged for their bodies a resting place after the soul has passed into eternity.

Woodlawn seems to take the lead. Although the late Commodore made no preparation for his grave except to own a modest little lot at New Dorp, and the newly constructed mausoleum of William H. Vanderbilt contains several catacombs, several members of the family have secured beautiful plots at Woodlawn. Among the mausoleums built here, is that of the late Frederick Butterfield, erected long before he died, which cost \$40,000.

OPPOSITE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S plot at Central and Poplar avenues, is that of William H. Appleton, joined by that of A. H. Borney. A little further along is a beautiful mausoleum of Westerly granite, built by Christian Hester, of Hester Brothers. Mr. H. H. Cook, the millionaire of Seventy-Eighth street and Fifth avenue, paid \$20,000 for a plot sometime ago, and is building a mausoleum which will cost \$40,000 more. A large plot on Beachlawn, conspicuous for a large figure of Hope eight feet high, mounted on a pedestal rising thirty feet high, from a base nine feet square, marks the burial plot of William H. Havemeyer. H. M. Flagler, of the Standard oil company, has a beautiful tomb built on a hill not far from that wherein rest the remains of Marshall O. Roberts, whose sarcophagus marks the same appreciation of art that characterized his life.

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, president of the Central Pacific railway, and one of the best known of the magnates of Wall street, has laid some curious plans for his grave. He intends that his remains shall be laid to rest at Woodlawn, in a mausoleum more pretentious and more costly and of greater proportions than any yet built. The stones that will be used in its construction he proposes shall each be of such enormous weight that no ordinary railroad car can carry them. They will be brought as near as possible to the cemetery by boat, and then rolled on immense rollers over the country roads to the site of the tomb. If they have to cross over bridges, they will be strengthened by new abutments.

JAY GOULD has made elaborate provision for the disposition of his body after death; but nothing for his soul. He has erected on Central avenue, in Woodhaven cemetery a costly and imposing structure. It occupies the highest elevation of the grounds, and commands a view of the 400 acres given up to *tenements* of the dead. The ground on which the mausoleum stands is 250 feet across, and is circular in form. It cost \$60,000. The mausoleum, the exterior of which is modeled after one of the most famous buildings that once stood on the Acropolis in Athens—the Parthenon cost \$50,000. More than 800 tons of Westerly granite was used in its construction. The building is 37 feet long and 19 feet wide, and is surrounded by Doric pillars, thirty in number. Five pieces of solid granite compose the roof, each piece being 30 feet long and 6 feet wide. The door is solid bronze and cost \$3,000. Within the mausoleum are twelve shelves or catacombs, divided by an aisle 10 feet wide, at the end of which is an ornate stained glass window, representing the heavenly choir. Each of the catacombs is 8 feet long and 2½ feet deep. A heavy slab of polished marble constitutes the face of each, and will doubtless contain the name and so on of the person whose body is deposited therein. Imbedded in each stone is a heavy bronze handle. No name will appear on the outside of the mausoleum to show who lies buried within. Many more rich business men of New York and other parts of this country have made like preparation for their bodies when they die.

LELAND STANFORD of California, is preparing a mausoleum of far greater pretensions than any other American; when finished, it will cost \$100,000. The site selected is a beautiful four acre plot in the Senator's grounds just outside San Francisco. The structure will be in the form of a temple, and will be twenty-five feet square. There will be a double row of massive granite columns supporting the roof of the portico at the front. On each side of the entrance will be a majestic sphynx carved from a single block of granite. Heavy bronze gates close the entrance, and within are solid doors of polished granite. The stone used is from Barre, Vermont. It will be finished inside with polished marble from Italy. Here will rest the millionaire, wife and son, and here will end their history.

CHARLEMAGNE, that in the eighth century, made Europe tremble by his political power, gave direction that when his body should be laid in the dust, it should not be like common mortals. He was therefore, arrayed in a royal mantle, and placed in a kingly chair. A crown crested with jewels, rested on his lifeless brow; his favorite sword, Joyuse, was by his side, and the open scroll of the gospels on his knees; and thus the mighty conqueror was left alone in his sealed tomb for one hundred and eighty years. Then it came into the mind one day of his successors to open this tomb and see how it fared with the great Emperor, and what had become of the riches of his grand mausoleum. So King Otho ordered

the sealed tomb to be opened, and with curious eye he entered this vault of death, CHARLEMAGNE sat there still! But Oh, what a ghastly sight! The royal robes were dropping away from the skeleton form. The crown had sunk over the skeleton brow, and this was the only mark of royalty left. Otho called, but the great Emperor was silent. He approached and touched the Monarch, but in an instant it collapsed into dust. No matter how great or prosperous our lives may have been here, all must end at last. Even a King's riches cannot bribe death and the mouldering graves.

How much better it would have been, had these millionaires consecrated their lives, their wealth, their influence, to Jesus Christ. They might have secured to themselves robes of royalty, and crowns, all immortal, that would not have crumbled at the touch of time, but grown brighter and brighter to all eternity. They bartered all for earth's gilded toys, O, think, of what they might have had, the unspeakable gift—a life in Christ.

ETERNITY!—
“What is Eternity? Can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?
Tell every beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits;
Tell every light-winged mote that strays
Within its ample round of rays;
Tell all the leaves and all the buds
That crown the garden, fields, and wood;
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce, when spring propitious leads
The new-born year—
Be this astonishing account
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed
Where'er their watery fleeces spread
Through all time's long-protracted tour;
Tell all the sands the ocean laves,
Tell all the changes of its waves,
Or tell, with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains.

Were there a belt that could contain
In its vast orb the earth and main,
With figures were it clustered o'er,
And not one cipher in the score;
And could your laboring thoughts assign
The total of the extended line:
How vast the amount, the attempt how vain
To read duration's endless chain;
For when as many years have run,
Eternity is but begun!
Then think, O man, and strive to attain,
The eternal life, the Immortal's gain!”

“What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

It may be due the patient reader to know that I was born July the 18th, 1824, in the town of Scipio, Cayuga County, N. Y. I received some of the advantages derived from the common schools of the day, but my most thorough drill has been the long and varied term of rugged experience, burnished up at the University of wide-spread observation. Having had the blessing of the Lord on my heart while writing this book, and writing, as we humbly trust, for the glory of God, we now send it out to greet the dear saints—with the prayer that all that read it, may be greatly blessed and made much better for so doing.

Yours in Christ,

REV. ZENAS OSBORNE.

Transcriber's Notes

The following corrections have been made in the text:

- 1 — 'convictions' replaced with 'conviction'
(My conviction for this)
- 2 — Opening quote marks missing in text.
(and the Congregational churches.)
- 3 — 'annointed' replaced with 'anointed'
(Touch not mine anointed,)
- 4 — 'intantly' replaced with 'instantly'
(The Baptist sister was killed instantly.)
- 5 — 'dephts' replaced with 'depths'
(the very depths of humility,)
- 6 — 'providental' replaced with 'providential'
(God's providential care)
- 7 — Opening quote marks missing in text.
(in time of need.)
- 8 — 'visted' replaced with 'visited'
(Wife and I visited those)
- 9 — 'eppointment' replaced with 'appointment'
(At another appointment where)
- 10 — Opening quote marks missing in text.
(anything from that source.)
- 11 — 'Abion' replaced with 'Albion'
(quarterly meeting at Albion, N. Y.,)
- 12 — 'Pentacostal' replaced with 'Pentecostal'
(This was a Pentecostal meeting.)
- 13 — Opening quote marks missing in text.
('HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.'')
- 14 — repeated word 'heads' removed
(Bro. Hard is all heads and points.)
- 15 — 'illustarate' replaced with 'illustrate'
(Now to illustrate)
- 16 — 'experiance' replaced with 'experience'
(in failing to preach, experience to live,)
- 17 — 'seperation' replaced with 'separation'
(and makes a complete separation)
- 18 — 'ascendency' replaced with 'ascendancy'
(powers of darkness were in the ascendancy)
- 19 — 'occured' replaced with 'occurred'
(This occurred in 1858.)
- 20 — 'harrassed' replaced with 'harassed'
(they had been harassed for a long time)
- 21 — 'Brittons' replaced with 'Britons'
(forcing the Britons back to the)
- 22 — 'Britton' replaced with 'Britain'
(masters of Great Britain,)
- 23 — 'Brittons' replaced with 'Britons'
(the Britons were driven to Wales)
- 24 — 'Advocats' replaced with 'Advocate'
(Editor of the Buffalo Advocate)
- 25 — 'Erricson' replaced with 'Ericsson'
(When the Ericsson Monitor steamed)
- 26 — 'where-ever' replaced with 'wherever'
(wherever this life-boat touched)
- 27 — duplicate 'a' removed
(consider in a new light)
- 28 — 'yerterday' replaced with 'yesterday'
(the same yesterday, to-day and forever.)
- 29 — 'accurser' replaced with 'accuser'
(He is the accuser of the brethren.)
- 30 — ending quote mark added
(descending on the Son of Man.)
- 31 — 'Pharoah' replaced with 'Pharaoh'
(impressive dream was that of Pharaoh)
- 32 — 'discoverd' replaced with 'discovered'
(I soon discovered what my milk meant.)
- 33 — 'possesor' replaced with 'possessor'
(immediately to its possessor.)
- 34 — 'be we' replaced with 'we be'
(in what way may we be benefited)

- [35](#) — leading “ mark not needed and removed
(As an example of)
- [36](#) — ‘philosopers’ replaced with ‘philosophers’
(the objections of philosophers)
- [37](#) — ‘sarificial’ replaced with ‘sacrificial’
(The time for sacrificial offerings)
- [38](#) — ‘billious’ replaced with ‘bilious’
(that caused a bilious state)
- [39](#) — ‘heep’ replaced with ‘keep’
(to keep it holy)
- [40](#) — ‘the with thee’ replaced with ‘thee with the’
(feed thee with the heritage of Jacob)
- [41](#) — ‘excedingly’ replaced with ‘exceedingly’
(The Devil is exceedingly busy)
- [42](#) — Opening quote marks missing in text.
(all the days of our life.”)
- [43](#) — ‘darknesss’ replaced with ‘darkness’
(and brought darkness upon their souls)
- [44](#) — ‘prisoners’ replaced with ‘prisoners’
(It said to the prisoners)
- [45](#) — ‘wordly’ replaced with ‘worldly’
(the society of the worldly minded)
- [46](#) — ‘paesed’ replaced with ‘passed’
(after the soul has passed into eternity.)
- [47](#) — ‘CHARLEMANGE’ replaced with ‘CHARLEMAGNE’
(CHARLEMAGNE sat there still!)

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK "BORN OF THE SPIRIT;" OR, GEMS FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE ***

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