

love inexpressible flowed in from Christ the fountain, and she was beyond measure happy. Her conversion had been bright, but not brighter than this her second conversion. At once the desire that all might know of this the Christian's precious privilege, rose like the waters of a spring newly opened, filling her heart to the brim, and ready to overflow. She sought opportunity to make the matter known. But now arose a practical difficulty. What should she say she had experienced? A few friends were to meet socially, a parlour gathering, to talk by the way of what the Lord had done for them in bringing them hitherto in their pilgrimage. She became perplexed, really distressed with the question, "What shall I tell them? Shall I tell them I have experienced entire sanctification? I never felt my unholiness more or so much. Shall I say I have been made perfect? That would indeed prove me perverse, for I never saw my imperfection so clearly, or felt it so deeply. I see Christ a perfect Saviour, and he is mine, and all I want; but I am a perfect sinner, needing a perfect Saviour indeed. I cannot say I am perfect. What then shall I say? For I must witness for Jesus. I must try and get others to trust fully in him."

In her perplexity she appealed for advice to a friend, who wisely counselled her that she had nothing at all to do with the question of perfection, least of all to profess herself to be perfect. She had only to tell what a sinner she herself was, and what a Saviour she had found.

This gave her relief at once and for ever. And although now for many years she has been a constant, faithful, earnest, successful witness for Jesus, testifying the things, and none other than the things he has done for her, she has never felt herself under any necessity to profess Christian perfection, nor yet has she felt her joys and comforts or her usefulness one jot the less for steering clear of that profession, but greater. She has the *liberty* as well as the *fulness* of the blessings of the gospel.

The purpose of these illustrations is not controversy with those who hold the Oberlinian or the Wesleyan views of this matter, but simply to take up a stumbling-stone out of the way of the many thousands in Christendom, who are deterred by it from gaining the higher heights and deeper depths of the knowledge and love of Jesus, as a Saviour from sin. If it were not for this, the question of perfectionism might sleep for ever, without one word of awakening from the writer. And now his object will be fully gained, if in these brief remarks and few illustrations, the facts shall be clearly and fully made known, that none need fear the necessity of running into perfectionism, in pressing for all the fulness of the riches of the grace of God.

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NEAR GOD.—Lately I have experienced a very sweet sense of God's presence. It is as if He was in the same room with me—the same as a friend might be; and although I might not be speaking directly to him, or even thinking of him, yet I should know that he was there, and would hear all I should say. It is just the same with God. I feel to be living constantly by His side; and although I may not be praying to Him every moment, yet I feel that He is with me, supplying my every need, and that I can turn and speak to Him far more easily than to any human being. For is He not more truly my friend than anyone else?

I like to be on speaking terms with Him, and not feel that I need a tremendous amount of preparation before I can go to Him.—*The King's Highway.*