

Accepting the Holy Ghost to teach them, as he taught our elder brother, Jesus, in all the truth of God, would solve the problem of the disunion of the sects. For twelve or fifteen years we have had this put to the test, till now there are upwards of a hundred representatives of the unity of the Spirit which Jesus prayed for, when he prayed that they might all be one, even as he and the Father were one. The oneness does not consist in the same truth being taught each individual. It does not consist in the method of teaching being uniform. All are taught by the Holy Ghost. Hence the unity. What can be true for a hundred is true for millions. This is the only basis of union on which any substantial success will be attained. All revolutions have small beginnings. Christianity itself consisted only of Christ, when they "all forsok him and fled." Nineteen centuries have produced millions of nominal Christians, but it remains for the movement within the C.H.A. to stand forth as representing with its hundred or more members and its thousands of learners Christianity in the pure, unadulterated form in which Christ planted it on the earth. We challenge a contradiction of this.

H. DICKENSON.

DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

KELVIN.—An Association convention will be held at Kelvin, commencing on Thursday evening, October 11, and will continue the three following days. For particulars, address John Cooper, Ranelagh P.O.

VARENCY.—A convention will also be held in the Plank Road church, Varencey, commencing Friday, October 19, and continuing the two following days. For further particulars, address Wm. Wright, Varencey, Ont. All are welcome.

TRUST.

I CANNOT see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know he hath said: "Child, follow me;"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;

I only know God could keep wide the door;
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
And often have but strength to faintly pray;
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path—
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight!
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light,
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To see while here the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.

—*London Evening Magazine.*

As we were so closely occupied at Wesley Park camp-meeting, we thought it advisable to group August and September numbers of the EXPOSITOR together, as appears in this issue.

It is quite possible that we may repeat this experience for the next two months, for the following reason: We would like to present this gospel in compact form for the benefit of non-church goers, and from their standpoint.

This might require more space than one number gives, and hence the possibility of another double number.

If our friends should not receive the EXPOSITOR at the usual time, they may suspect that some such reason is the cause.