

right and trust fully in the Lord, we need not be burdened." Another speaks of having to live on naked faith, or dry faith, for long periods of time. One replies: He does not "understand any such faith as that;" with him "salvation is a conscious joy and power in the soul." I need not enumerate examples. You are all familiar with what I am alluding to. It is a very rare thing to find the fulness of true, scriptural charity, and in a great many places in the Bible it is put as the crown of all religion, and in many places is mentioned as coming after full sanctification. See Col. iii. 8-15. Charity is a tender, loving regard to the smallest rights and feelings of others. It is not only the spirit of doing good, but of doing good in the best possible way; not only the spirit of testimony, but the spirit of testifying in such a way as to build up other souls. It is not only having a pure heart, but having the soul so flooded with love that our opinions, words, tones of voice and manner, are under the control of love.

Now suppose in any of the cases I have mentioned above, the person speaking were the child of one who spoke next, in what manner would the second person have spoken then? Love always seeks to save those it loves, but studiously avoids giving them unnecessary pain; and if believers were possessed of this sentiment, it would make every religious gathering a table of fat things, and a very garden of spices. It requires a great deal of charity to magnify Jesus in our testimony without in some sly way boasting of self. "Let love be without dissimulation;" "speak in love," "esteeming others better than ourselves." "Above all things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."—*G. D. W., in Christian Witness.*

ALMOST A TRANSLATION.

From the "WAY OF LIFE."

Fifteen years ago the Rev. L. Q. Allen, of the North Georgia Conference, had a cancer removed from his tongue by some of the physicians of Augusta, but the operation brought no relief, and he died in great pain a few months after. He left a widow and four children—three boys and one girl. One week ago to-day, one of these boys—now nineteen years old—was busy at his work in Gainesville, when he fell from a joist overhead across a sleeper below, injuring himself fatally. He suffered intensely for about thirty-six hours. Then began a scene in his bedroom that beggars all description. He had been converted at the age of ten years, and had lived a life of noble uprightness since.

From the moment of his fall he thought it possible that he might die from his injuries, but he said, "It is all right—I am ready to go." At nine