

is wholly inadequate to express a manifestation of Christ which did not formulate itself in words, but in the mighty overwhelming pulsations of love. The joy for weeks was unspeakable. The impulse was irresistible to speak of it to everybody, saint or sinner, Protestant or Papist, in public or in private. At the time of this writing, seven weeks from the first manifestation, the ecstasy has subsided into a delicious and unruffled peace, rising into ecstasy only in acts of especial devotion. I find no fear of man nor of death. I can no longer accuse myself of unbelief, the root of all sin. What may be in me, below the gaze of consciousness, I do not know. I must wait till occasions shall put me to the test. It would not be wise for me to assert that all sinful anger—there is a righteous anger—is taken away, till I have passed through a college rebellion, or something equally provoking. If sin consists only in active energies, I am not conscious of such dwelling in me. If sin consists in a state, as some assert, I infer that I am not in such a state, from the absence of sinful energies flowing therefrom, and more especially from the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. I have had no other direct witness than that attesting Christ's love to me. My personal friends do not need to be informed that the doctrine of entire sanctification as a specialty has not been my hobby, but rather my abhorrence, in consequence of the imperfect manner in which it has been inculcated and exemplified. Hence if there is anything in this experience confirmatory of that doctrine as a distinct work, considering my former attitude toward this subject, my testimony is something like that of Saul of Tarsus to the truth of Christianity. If I have any advice to give to Christians, it is to cease to discuss the subtleties and endless questions arising from entire sanctification or Christian perfection and all cry mightily to God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This is certainly promised to all believers in Jesus.

Oh that every minister and layman would inquire the way to the upper room in Jerusalem, and there abide till tongues of fire flame from their heads!

IN WANT.

REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

"The poor ye have always with you," begging. They are in want of bread, of clothing, of sympathy, and of the helping hand. They weep, they sigh, they complain that the world is cold and heartless.