

etc., we, from some years' experience in this spiritual Canaan, respond—All's well—Walk in the Spirit—Abide in the Vine—Press on towards the mark! The danger is all behind! Don't even look back! The Pentecostal walk is a Bible in itself! In the land where the Lamb is the Light thereof caution is unnecessary! Be careful for nothing! The heresy is purely imaginary. This cry has been going up in the face of the onward march of Christianity, to check the progress of Christ's triumphant hosts for nearly twenty centuries. Be courageous. Embark into the Red Sea, take the risk of the engulfing of your reputation, your social standing in the community, your relationship to the Church. Pass the "regulators" trample them under your feet, if they insist on standing in your way. The Lord Jesus had no mercy upon those who would neither enter in themselves, nor suffer others to enter. He cleans out the temple of the money changers. He scathingly denounced hypocrites. Pass the regulators. The Holy Ghost, that King invisible is Regulator enough. True, He may have His regulators within the Kingdom. But don't get the devil's spurious regulators mixed up with the Lord's regulators. A stranger will they not follow. I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say.

H. DICKENSON.

THE PURE IN HEART.

Bishop J. P. Newman, speaking of vital Christianity, says: "When I was on the banks of the Jordan, I filled two vials with Jordan water. The water in one I filtered with charcoal, and there it is, as transparent as crystal. Shake the vial, and yet the water remains transparent and beautiful. Look at the water in the other vial. It is just as beautiful, just as transparent.

But at the bottom of the vial there is the eighth of an inch of sediment, and by shaking, it becomes roily. So it would not do to shake some men; it would not do to shake some ministers. And in this settled state there are too many

who fancy they are cleansed and clarified, but who do not wish to be shaken up. There are, however, men and women on this earth whom the devil may shake, but the waters will not be roiled; for they have been clarified."

A DANGEROUS WEAPON; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE.

A very attractive appearing young girl she was, as she entered the "Door of Hope," shortly after it was opened. Though her countenance denoted refinement and culture, her heart was scarred with sin, and from the unnatural glitter of the eyes one could clearly perceive the nature of the principal trouble (the very nervous movement of her hands told it as well); not drink, but something even more dangerous and subtle—the morphine and chloral habit.

Through the persistent cruelties of a wicked husband, she had acquired the taste for these drugs; first it was only to drown her sorrows in forgetfulness, and then the cravings for them became so great that the downward course was entered into almost unconsciously. Certainly the horrors that awaited her in the continuance of them, nor the completeness of the slavery were never imagined for an instant. Finally, in desperation, when awakened to the fact of her awful situation, other things were resorted to, which need not be recorded here.

Hearing of the Home, she decided to come. Her stay was short. Only a few days after entering, on account of a most persistent falsehood, she angrily left, giving notice to no one.

About a year later, on Thanksgiving night, she stopped at the McAuley Mission, had a conversation with Mrs. McAuley and confessed the whole thing, adding, as she closed, "I have not had one happy moment since, no matter where I went, how reckless I was, or what I did, that lie would haunt me day and night."

She had fully determined to put an