

us to Gethsemane to watch and pray, or to Calvary to suffer and die with Him. Here we recoil and do not choose to know Him. Instead of manifesting Himself at once as the meridian sun, He will perhaps appear only as the morning star. Brother Brocas, do you not see it is not all you can do, nor all the holiness you can attain unto, can give a title to heaven? I hope you are following after that holiness without which no man can see the Lord."

Mr. Brocas.—"I would not be without that knowledge, however small it is, which I have of the scriptures, and of Christ as He is there revealed, for thrones and dominions; but I know this will not give me a title to heaven, or prepare my soul for its pure enjoyment. No! but love is of God; if our love is made perfect we shall have boldness in the day of judgment. I can say to-day, I know that I have passed from death unto life, because I love the brethren, I love the love-feasts, and I love the class-meeting. I profess to be one of those whom the Calvinists style 'inconsistent beings,' who believe the inbeing of sin can be destroyed before death. Were I to say, 'no spot of guilt remains in me;' 'I have no sin;' I should deceive myself and the truth would not be in me. But my sins are confessed; they are lamented with an humble broken heart, and the promise is, such 'shall be cleansed from all unrighteousness;' yea, and 'perfect holiness in the fear of God.' At this my soul rejoices; my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God. Yes, sir, I believe in Him; and the promise is, 'Whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed,' &c. I call upon the name of the Lord; it is amazing that He suffers it; but so He does. He has promised whosoever calls on the name of the Lord shall be saved. The promises of God are all on my side; at this my soul rejoiceth to-day; yea, and I will rejoice. Were I to tell you how happy I sometimes am, it might offend some. O what views I sometimes get in private of Him in whose presence seraphim veil their faces. The Calvinistic divines may call it cant and all a delusion; but my longing soul longs to describe the rock, *the firm rock*, on which He has set my feet. My lisping, stammering tongue has a thousand times tried in vain to describe the high way—the only way—which leads to heaven, holiness and God."

Mr. F.—"My dear, shall we sing that beautiful new song of Mr. Toplady's—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.'

Mr. F.—"Yes, my dear; let us all sing. [They sing the hymn.] How strange it is that one who could write so bitterly against Mr. Wesley, and who could accuse me of being atheistic because