

The Way of Holiness Made Plain.

O, may all whose aid supplies,
 Balm, the sinking heart to cheer,
 Prosper, till beyond the skies,
 They the final plaudit hear.

Blest of plaudits, glorious meed,
 For the Alpha and the End
 Shall re-count each gen'rous deed
 When he crowns the stranger's friend.

The Mistakes Made.

What a mistake to think that God would banish his servant from home and friends to please the poor deluded people. As my sister Ann was blamed for all my mistakes, I would like to tell the beginning of this matter. It was a revelation of God to make me His willing servant. He said to me, in the hour appointed for prayer, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee if you do not pray." Like many Christians, I did not want to hear, for I did not like to perform, and I kneeled down by a chair and said these words: "Lord' are you going to take me away from my little children?" and God said: "That that is as dear to thee as thy soul, this night is required of thee, and that is my glory." This was a great trial, and I also made a mistake in thinking that God would thus deal with any weak and unwilling faith. I knew I was the Lord's, and that I was set apart for the before-mentioned work; but how God would accomplish this in and by me was as dark as midnight, but while it was dark to me it was all light to the Lord. But various were the mistakes. I thought the whole Church had so provoked the Lord by saying so much against the work, that God could not bear with it very long. But God, who was rich in mercy, and willeth not the death of any, bore with all my mistakes. Many nights I retired to rest, thinking they would be my last, and longing for deliverance to come.

O, Brethren, what crucifying pains I endured, but it was