

sessed by devils. Is it not possible for the Holy Ghost to possess humanity? Has the Holy Ghost any humanity?

H. DICKENSON.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

DEAR BROTHER BURNS,—As one of the children of the Canada Holiness Association, I want to give you a little of my past and present experience. As father of the Association I know you will be glad to hear from the children. I shall be brief though, for I suppose your time is limited. I was brought up by Christian parents. I never once saw anything inconsistent in their lives. They lived the Christianity they taught their children. If ever a woman walked with God in this nineteenth century, my mother did.

My own early conversion was too distinct for me ever to doubt the reality of religion; but if I had never been converted, my mother's life would never have allowed me to become an infidel. Hers was too genuine a religion for that.

Like many others, shortly after my conversion I was surrounded by walls of tradition and teaching that almost excluded the light. There were always two little windows though, during those twelve years of semi-darkness, that let in a little light. My own happy conversion and my mother's life would never allow them to be darkened.

Two years ago my mother was called home. I had not seen her for four years, and an unaccountable yearning suddenly seized me that I must go and see her. I arrived in time to have five or ten minutes' chat with her, when her spirit calmly and peacefully exchanged the mortal for something better. While my mother lived I felt that I had the prayers of the righteous that availeth much, and her death was the first real sorrow of my life; it stripped me of one source of security. It was my first lesson. I had come to a place in my life when I was secure, only by my own absolute faith and obedience. It seemed, for nearly a year after that, that heaven and earth had combined their forces against me. I was brought almost to the grave with

typhoid fever. I had scarcely recovered when my dear wife, who had tenderly and anxiously nursed me for seven weeks, was taken ill with the same fever, and in ten days was called home. But it was as I sat by the bedside of my two little ones, two weeks later, night after night, for many weeks, as they lay in burning fever, not knowing oftentimes whether they were in life or in death, that God taught me the most beautiful lessons of my life.

During all these afflictions I had never once murmured against God's providences, and I was then enabled to say, "Thou hast taken the dearest idol of my heart; these also are Thine, take them or spare them to me; Thy will be done."

They have fully recovered, with all their faculties; praise God for that.

No one but God and myself knew the hungry longing of my inmost soul for something satisfying. I seemed to understand God better than ever before, and, oh! if I could only get that wall you cannot live without, sin, torn down, what a happy man I would be. I did not know then that the Canada Holiness Association was in existence, or its teaching either. But just about that time God in His good providence sent one of your members into the shop where I was employed, and placed him right on the same bench with me. I had listened to almost every creed and denomination in existence, but none of them ever seemed to me to harmonize with Christ's life in every particular; and I knew Christian meant living the Christ life. I knew my Bible well enough to know that the Association's teaching was Scriptural; but it was at least two months before the battle of a full surrender gave me the final victory. And now I can say, Glory and praise to a kind Father for His guidance. I have lost sight entirely of the two little windows, nay, the whole structure is scattered to the winds, and the light streams in from every side, without a cloud to intervene. The sealed book is opened, the mysteries solved. The Holy Ghost is a living reality to me, by my becoming childish enough to believe, receive and obey.

LEWIS R. BORLAND.

19 Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill.