

THE

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## THE YEARS OF GOD.

Gleaming with a solemn glory,  
In a monody sublime,  
All the years of God are waiting  
For the dying throbs of time;  
Waiting till the years of shadow—  
All the sorrow-haunted years—  
Pass, to be no more remembered  
'Mid the music of the spheres.

Whirling their eternal cycles,  
Come the endless years of God,  
Beauteous in their hallowed seasons,  
Where no mortal feet have trod;  
Endless in their glad profusion,  
Garlanded with fadeless flowers,  
Ah, the years of God are waiting  
To succeed these years of ours.

Holier than the southland summers,  
Brooding in the lap of night,  
Brighter than the sun at noonday,  
Flooding all the land with light;  
Sweeter than the sweetest pleasures  
That can cling to earth's low sod,  
Are the joys that wait the faithful  
In the endless years of God.

In the untold seas of glory,  
'Neath the glow of heaven's bright sun,  
Runs a law of compensation,  
For each duty nobly done;  
And the pearl-white gates are entered  
By the pilgrims' feet who trod  
All the thorny ways of earth-life,  
Waiting for the years of God.

All the heartache, all the sadness,  
All the sorrow-haunted years,  
Will be banished, and a gladness,  
Thrill through glory's shining spheres;  
And each heavy burden carried,  
Every path of duty trod,  
Will be wings by which we hurried  
To the endless years of God.

May our Prince and Saviour guide us  
In the paths that lead to heaven,  
From each snare and danger hide us,  
Furnish strength for duties given;  
May He ope at last the portal  
Leading up from earth's low sod,  
And may we, sublime, immortal,  
Share the endless years of God.

—*Messiah's Herald.*

## REAL FREEDOM.

“I call that mind free which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light, whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven; which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instructions from abroad not to supersede but to quicken and exalt its own energies.”—CHANNING.

How the essentials of Pentecostal truth, one after another, appear in various forms as desirable possessions, now as snatches of apparently intuitional knowledge, again embodied in aspirations, and not infrequently, as in the above quotation, as the outcome of long intellectual research, coupled with close and wide observation of men. This true liberty, here cognized as through a glass darkly, is seen in its perfected image in Pentecostal truth. For where the Spirit of the Lord is, in this Pentecostal sense, there and there only is true individual liberty.

The mind made free, by absolute abandonment, to follow the Holy Spirit as guide paramount, does not, in the very nature of the case, “content itself with a passive or hereditary faith.” For it proves *all* things, even the dogmas of its own denomination, and holds fast only that which is good. It digs down far below the strata of formulated creed