

We put our experience in the unqualified language of Jesus Christ, contending that they should accept it, as we do, on its face value. Many prominent holiness teachers pronounce on it as the language of devils, whilst others hurl at it with epithets neither creditable to themselves nor edifying to their hearers. Jesus declared that they who were ashamed of His words would be condemned at the last day. Let those professed followers of Jesus Christ likewise appropriate His words of command and promise in their public pulpit experience, without circumlocution or addenda, and we promise them they will spend no more time in flinging at us. For if the words are too strong for their experience, they will have their hands full in defending their hypocrisy, but if true, they will only be too glad of a little company in their sudden loneliness and isolation.

Ah, but there may be a secret fear in their souls that Jesus Christ will judge them, in the last day, by these, His words, and demand that they measure up to them, seeing He has made full provision for such possibility. True, and if this be the state of the case, and it is a foregone conclusion with them that they will not take this place of loneliness and isolation, come what will, then it is but natural that they should angle for the passing comfort arising from the effort to prove the impossibility of such a life. Verily, they have their reward. What if it be *all* their reward!

THE sufferings that God lays upon us are not mere rebukes, they are persuasions to think as He does, to bring our will, not into sullen submission, but into consenting accord with His own; which means to raise us from the instinct fellowship of a babe into the nearer and loftier union of judgment with judgment, purpose with purpose, pursuit with pursuit.—*Jenkins.*

EARLY DEATHS.—“Who gathered these?” asked the gardener, as he found some of his loveliest lilies cut. “I did,” replied the Master. Then the gardener held his peace.

TO HELP SOMEBODY.

BY J. GALLOWAY.

Just let me start out with one of Miss Havergal's precious verses, ringing like a silver bell in my soul:

“So now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in Thine,
And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not ask
To understand the wherefore of each lie;
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task,
Just to look up to Thee for every word:
Rest in Thy love, and trust and know that I am
heard.”

Yes, that is just how I feel about writing for magazines, or doing anything else. It is all according to the power that worketh in me, and what a wonderful power that is, and how pleasant the knowledge that we may be this moment, and every moment, the subject of its operations.

But I must stop speaking of this great life force as *it*: God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. I know of nothing of a spiritual nature outside of God. All my springs are in Him—He lives—He fills all space. I touch Him everywhere, behind, before, on my right hand, and on my left; I see God. I am hedged about with divinity. But what is the use of trying to express unutterable things? O Thou precious One, how poverty-stricken our vocabulary appears when we attempt to publish Thee.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, for what is going on just now, and yet, there is no special elation about this particular moment. Just a precious, confident resting in the inexpressible fulness of God. The certain knowledge that I am this moment measuring up to the high-water mark of God's will concerning me.

Does Heaven overlap earth, and take us in sometimes? Yea, verily, Heaven has commenced below, for

“There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere;
And time is eternity,
And here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day,
Are ringing bells in the far away.”

Don't I have any trials at all? Oh, yes, plenty of them. None too many, though. Don't think I could spare any