

sentiments in hymns; but we do maintain that they are more inconsistent than those they affect to pity as weak-minded or self-deceived for professing to have a faith which overcomes the world, the flesh, and the devil, and keeps their minds in perfect peace at all times. It is sad to hear some sincere Christians groaning over their spiritual maladies, as if there was no balm in Gilead and no Physician there; and in class-meetings to hear them bemoaning their sins, as if they had not an advocate with the Father, or as if the blood of Jesus could not cleanse from all sin. And thus they bring in a bad report upon the goodly land.

No wonder that unconsecrated people, when invited to attend the Gospel feast, "beg to be excused." Thousands there are of these faint-hearted ones who have escaped the thralldom of Egypt, crossed the Red Sea, drank of the sweet waters of Elin, and even tasted the grapes of Eshcol, but who, when commanded to go up and take full possession of the land flowing with milk and honey, are deterred because of the seeming difficulty. There are "Anakims" to contend with; and instead of looking to the "hills from whence cometh their strength," they look to their own native weakness; and, of course, very justly conclude themselves but as "grasshoppers," and still wander in the desert, feeding on a daily portion of manna, instead of feasting on the fat things of Canaan, that

" Land of corn and wine and oil,  
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blessed."

One of the many "Anakims" which bewilder these timid ones is the theory, that as sanctification, or Christian perfection, is a growth in grace, it therefore cannot be a distinct blessing. And some even misinterpret portions of Scripture into teaching that because human nature is prone to evil, there is therefore a necessity for sinning, and speak disparagingly of those who profess to enjoy a blessing which seems to condemn their feebleness of Christian life.

We speak what we do know by experience, that sanctification is as distinct from conversion as an ear of corn is from the stem on which it grew; or as a cistern of water, however large in quantity or pure in quality, differs from a fountain or flowing river.

The joy of a newly-converted soul is proverbially happy; but when this joyous feeling subsides, as it usually does in a longer or shorter time, then begin the groanings and lamentations in which the generality of Christians indulge, instead of exercising that faith in the merit of Jesus which would make their peace flow as a river. The Lord visits them occasionally, and manifests himself to them as He does not to the world, and thus they have seasons of refreshing; but they have not an abiding peace, they have not attained to the rest which remaineth. As soon as a trial of their faith comes, then all their goodness evaporates like the morning mist or early dew. They are continually looking to themselves and their own helplessness, instead of looking unto Christ, who is the Captain of our salvation, and rejoicing to know that by grace they are able to do all things.

No Christian should rest satisfied until he has an abiding consciousness of being raised superior to every conflict by a simple, unwavering faith; and enabled to live with a conscience void of offence in all things; and know by experience that there is no condemnation to those who walk not after the flesh; and be able to rejoice always, even in tribulation; and not only be resigned, but acquiesce in all the dispensations of God's providence, believing that *all* things work together for *good*. What a pity it is that so few practically believe the literal meaning of such hymns as—