

"I desire my gowns, cassocks, sashes and bands may remain in the chapel for the use of the clergy attending there. I desire the London assistant, for the time being, to divide the rest of my wearing apparel between those four, of the travelling preachers who want it most, only my pelisse I give to the Rev. Mr. Creighton; my watch to my friend, Joseph Bradford; my gold seal to Elizabeth Ritchie.

"I give my chaise and horses to James Ward and Charles Wheeler, in trust, to be sold, and the money to be divided, one-half to Hannah Abbot, and the other to the members of the Select Society."

"Is it reasonable to believe that such relics, if they existed, would have been sold at auction? Every relic he had was desired by his friends. By every presumption there was no public auction of John Wesley's effects. That his receipted bills should have been sold—a part of this story—is absurd beyond belief.

"So far presumption. Enough if there were no more.

"We shall now proceed to prove the story false by Wesley's own words. See Wesley's words, volume 4, page 398: Friday, June 18, 1773. 'I went to Ballymena, and read a strange tract, that professes to discover "the inmost recesses of Freemasonry," said to be "translated from the French original, lately published at Berlin." I incline to think it a genuine account. Only if it be, I wonder the author is suffered to live. If it be, what an amazing banter upon all mankind is Freemasonry! And what a secret is it which so many concur to keep! From what motive? Through fear, or shame to own it?"

"Any person with a grain of reason can see that John Wesley knew nothing whatever of Masonry. No more thoroughly absurd yarn was ever spun—whatever may be the mistake that gave rise to it."—*Sci.*

Tobacco Poisoning.

For eleven years my hand was sorely afflicted with a loathsome disease. Its first appearance consisted of four or five very small watery pimples. They increased in number till they could hardly be counted, and each day became more troublesome. Instead of a thin, watery fluid, they now began to exude a thick, offensive matter, and the physicians called it an aggravated case of salt rheum. My hand and wrist became one mass of sores and scabs. I spent some \$300 doctoring with physicians and patent medicines, yet nothing seemed to give much relief; but in three months after tobacco was stopped the disease began to leave, and to-day there is not a particle of it to be seen about me.

Two years ago I met a veteran minister of the Gospel who had a sad experience in the use of tobacco. A tumor formed under his arm; a surgeon opened it, and the contents smelled worse than a stinking old pipe. It was a tobacco tumor!

So far as my investigations have gone, I have found that tobacco is a great cause of salt-rheum and cancers. I have not found a case of cancer where the sufferer or the parents did not use tobacco. And mark you, that tobacco is the one great cause of sudden deaths in men who die in the prime of life, and whose exterior appearance seems to denote perfect health.

Tobacco-using should be considered a crime, and when its deadly work is more fully known, a parent will no sooner allow a child to eat and smoke the poisonous stuff—tobacco—than to play with a venomous snake.—*Sci.*

Monthly Testimony Meeting.

[N. B. Send or short testimonies for this column.]

We would like to awaken a much wider interest in our monthly testimony meeting.

My own soul has been much encouraged. I am seeing the possibilities of divine grace to be wider and deeper than ever before, and my soul is reaching out for deeper communion with my adorable Saviour. Ed.

I have for many sweet years been on speaking terms with my Lord, who by the way "talks back" to me by an outward token or sign; many times daily He "breathes the breath of God" literally anew into my soul and body till "this earthen vessel's filled."—Extract from a private letter from G. L. B. to J. L.

Experience.

Twenty-five years ago I read a description of Beulah by Payson. He said that the birds sang day and night; the flowers were ever in bloom; the air was laden with music. I could not at all understand it. I thought it must be in heaven. There could be no such an experience or place on earth; and how my heart longed for Home, heaven, to be free from sin, to be victorious through everything. I was so tired of fighting with inbred sin, and I used to sing with tears running down my cheeks, "Take my poor heart and let it be, forever closed to all but Thee," and then after all still clung to some idol of my heart. After over twenty years of life in Beulah land, I can say the picture is not over-drawn. It cannot be: the glory of that habitation is beyond description, its beauties thrill and fill my soul to-day, and inspire me to help some one else over. It has not meant a life of ease and self-pleasing; it has not meant a life free from trials, temptations and sorrow, but it has meant and is a life of victory through the blood of the Lamb, and the power of an indwelling Christ in the person of the Holy Ghost. To-day I am enjoying the corn and wine and oil of the Promised Land. I am "going down the other side of the mountain," they tell me, but I say, nay. I am standing on the top and it is lit up with gleams from the Glory-land beyond.

Mrs. E. RISDON.

Rev. J. McD. Kerr,
Redlands, Cal.

Mr. Kerr.—For fear that I may not do it orally, let me write to you, telling you how glad I am that you and your brother came here and that I strayed into the meeting to listen to the singing.

Yesterday in answer to prayer, I lost a load I have been carrying for several years, and had the assurance that I was once more enjoying God's favor, and it means so much to me.

You see it was this way: I have avoided revivals for a long time. They made me feel so miserable, and I felt there was no use going to the altar because I didn't believe I could get this sanctification or whatever you call it. I had tried it a number of times but something was the matter. Your meetings made me wretched, and Thursday night I resolved to come no more when your brother said something—I've forgotten what—about a teacher. That one word helped me, and the thoughts of

my duties and responsibilities—for I am a teacher—made me heart-sick, and I prayed that God would show me what the matter was, but I wouldn't go to the altar. I began making an analysis. Is it because I am not in earnest, etc.? Finally just before going to meeting last Friday night, I read a chapter and asked God if it were lack of faith, to give me faith, and as a sign to take away that feeling of condemnation last night. He answered most graciously. I went to church with a song in my heart and a testimony welling up. That hasn't been my experience for a long time. I attended the morning meeting to-day that I might tell of it. I did and have had a precious day. It was so simple. To think that I almost missed it! I am so glad I am in shape to handle my forty or fifty. I have found it especially hard when I have been far away from my Saviour. If perchance the Kerr brothers would remember a California teacher in prayer I would be very glad, for I shall bear them in grateful remembrance. Cordially yours.

[The above was written with no thought of publication, hence we withhold the name, but it shows how easily a soul may be drawn to Christ and saved. The Lord make us more than ever soul-winners. We pray that this teacher with her fifty may have many stars.]

Scripture Cake.

4½ cups of 1 Kings 4:22.
1½ cups of Judges 5:25 (last clause).
2 cups of Jeremiah 6:20.
2 cups 1 Samuel 30:12.
2 cups of Numbers 17:8.
2 tablespoons of 1 Samuel 14:25.
Season to taste of 2 Chron. 9:9.
Six of Jeremiah 17:11.
A pinch of Leviticus 2:13.
½ cup of Judges 4:19 (last clause).
2 tea-spoonfuls of Amos 4:5 (baking powder).
Follow Solomon's prescription for making a good boy, Proverbs 23:14.
Bake over a good-fire and you will have a good cake.

God's Purpose for the Young Man.

Russel H. Conwell tells the story of riding once upon an engine in the western part of Pennsylvania. The engineer was showing how to put on the steam, and told him how on a locomotive, years before, he had been unable to shut off the steam. They were going down that road at a great speed. Dr. Conwell asked him how he felt and what he thought when he found he was unable to press the lever home and shut off the steam. He said: "I was not so anxious about the speed at which we were going. I knew the fire would die out and the steam would decrease, but my great anxiety was about a switch which was around a curve about twenty miles below. If that switch was right, I would be right; everything depended upon that." He said that when he turned that curve, and came within a few hundred yards of that switch, he saw the white light, and knew it was all right. While he was working at the lever to get it back in place, his anxiety passed because he knew he was on the right track, and that the road was clear.

Dr. Conwell added: "The purpose of God seems to be in saving a young man's soul, not so much to stop his speed, not so much to shut off the steam, as it is to get him switched upon the right path."—*Sci.*