

the devil enters the human spirit, and from the fact that true believers are filled with the Holy Spirit we see how he can be kept at safe distance at all times. James says in his decisive way, "resist the devil and he will flee from you." Now the person who by being filled with the Spirit is united to the living vine, and is in Christ and Christ in him, is so filled with him who is the truth, that lies will not deceive him, so filled with moral power, that he is more than a match for all his enemies. If it is only by first giving way to the flesh, that satan can get any advantage, and being filled with the Spirit, is to have the flesh completely conquered by its antagonistic conquerer, where is the room for fear? Paul says, "walk in the Spirit and ye shall not obey the lusts of the flesh," and to say that notwithstanding our union with Christ, the devil has such access to our spirit as that unknown to our consciousness we may be under his influence, is to destroy the possibility of holiness. The master said, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." We are His brethren sharing in and fully participating in all his moral victories. The Master has bruised him, we trample on his bruise fragments of power. The Holy Spirit in us is omnipotent, the unholy spirit, who is without us, is only a creature whose power is limited. So we are *more* than conquerors!

B. SHERLOCK.

THE TRUAX "HERESY."

CHARGES have been laid, the form of a trial had, and a verdict of guilty found against myself within a few short weeks. It all seems so strange that I scarcely know how to write even a brief note about it to the EXPOSITOR. Heresy! what a dread thing it has been in the past—how it has been used as a lash, a thumbscrew, a torturing instrument, to force men into conformity with the mighty (Carlyle would say *brutal*) majority. How

men otherwise strong have quailed before this threatened charge, this stigma, this odium. And yet what a veritable bogie it is, what a mere scarecrow, when one dares to look it squarely in the face. When I look at the daily press and see how seriously they—and the public I presume—look upon this term in this closing decade of the nineteenth century, I marvel indeed, and wonder how much longer the world is to continue this child's play, one half its inhabitants hurling the epithet *heretic* at the other, and the other half returning the same epithet with interest. Amusing truly, but also tragic in its effects, especially in the past. Happy are we that men have no longer the power to torture and burn, for the spirit of the legalist and creedist is precisely the same in this day as it was in the past. I have only this word to say as to the merits of the case. The Methodist church has really been on trial in this case and it has practically decided that according to its standard it is heresy for a man to teach that we can *know* and *do* right. This is the head and front of my offending as was brought out clearly in the trial. Personally the term *heretic* has no more terrors for me than the term *Prince*. Saturday, the closing day, of the trial or debate, at the conference at St. Catharines, was one of the most tranquil and peaceful of my life. So far from believing that either suspension or expulsion can impair my usefulness or hinder my work, it will simply open a wider door to a more extensive field. My call to the ministry is just as valid without parchments as with them. I am neither a hero nor a martyr, but a very plain man with a plain work to do, and so long as God lives and I obey Him, neither men nor devils can hinder that work.

A. TRUAX.

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"Those love truth best who to themselves are
true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do."