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ENOUGH.

I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without Thee!
But O the tenderness of Thine enfolding!
And O the faithfulness of Thy upholding!
And O the strength of Thy right hand;
That strength is enough for me!

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know
All fulness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills, in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need; and so
Thy grace is enough for me!

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone;
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining;
Thy promise roll is all my own—
Thy word is enough for me!

The human heart asks leave; but now I
know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real and full and marvelous affections,
So near, so human; yet divine perfections
Thrill gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me!

There were strange soul depths, restless,
vast and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea;
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou art enough for me!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear. It is in the cracks, crannies and gulfy faults of our belief, the gaps that are not faith, that the snow of apprehension settles and the ice of unkindness forms.
—*G. Macdonald.*

THE TILSONBURG HOLINESS
CONVENTION.

The eighth annual Convention of the Canada Holiness Association was held, as announced, in the Methodist Church of Tilsonburg, on the fifth and three following days of the present month.

The number of delegates in attendance was slightly in advance of previous Conventions, whilst the attendance of friends in the town, especially in the evenings, was good.

As a general description of the whole Convention, we think we can safely say it was the best thus far held by the Association.

The weather was delightful—"Regular Association weather!" was the remark frequently made by those who had attended former meetings. The reception of the friends by pastor and people was all that could be desired. Perfect harmony prevailed in all the sessions. Deep, all-pervading interest was manifest throughout, and satisfactory results gladdened the hearts of all. In short, we can say that all who were privileged to be present, as they look back to the Tilsonburg Convention, can heartily subscribe to the language used by Father Ames when making his farewell remarks: "A feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined."

As usual, great variety was the order, each meeting differing very noticeably from all the rest. There were fewer preaching services than at former Conventions, testimony being the chief feature of the services. The last evening was given up entirely to those who had failed to secure an opportunity to give