

The Higher Life.

WITHOUT SPOT.

I WOULD be pure, like some clear brook,
 Upon whose crystal brink
 The wood-birds stand and bow themselves
 To shadows, ere they drink ;
 So would my heart transparent be,
 Showing clear depths, O Lord, to Thee.

I would be pure, like some sweet flower
 That holds its gem of dew
 In stainless cup, to be exhaled
 By sunbeams ever true :
 So would my heart its incense bring
 In chalice pure to heaven's King.

I would be pure, like some white cloud
 Floating in ether blue,
 Showing upon its amber crest
 Heaven's light to mortal view ;
 So would I have my spirit be
 A mirror of God's love to me.

I would be pure, like drifted snow
 Upon some mountain's breast ;
 Sinless, like daisies fair that bloom
 Where pale dead children rest,
 O Jesus ! wash me in Thy blood,
 That I at last may see my God.

SANCTIFICATION.

That the doctrine of sanctification is expressly taught in the New Testament, none, we presume, will deny ; but that many professing Christians have very confused ideas upon the subject, is equally true. Indeed, some are so prejudiced against the doctrine, that the mere mention of it is offensive to them, and its advocates are looked upon as well-meaning but deluded enthusiasts. Even these persons, however, must admit that there is a state of grace attainable in this life, that is spoken of in the New Testament as a sanctified state, and to which it is the duty and privilege of Christians to attain. But the question presents itself, What are we to understand by this state ?