

enquiry, she replied, "Just waiting by the River—just waiting by the River." To the venerable Mrs. Appleby—long known and tenderly loved—she breathed forth the last words which ever fell from her pale and quivering lips—precious, priceless words—words of holy faith and holy triumph,—"NONE BUT JESUS!"

"As the bird to its sheltering nest,
When the storm on the hills is abroad,
So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest,
To repose on the bosom of God."

Kingston, May, 1873.

G. R. SANDERSON.

A CAMP MEETING INCIDENT.



NUMBER of seekers were at the altar of prayer: some for pardon, others for purity. My attention was directed to an intelligent young man who seemed to be earnestly seeking the Lord. After some conversation with him I found that he had once enjoyed religion, but for years had wandered from his Saviour. Having pointed him to Christ as well as I could, I left him, believing that he took hold by faith on the promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," and directed my attention to others.

After a time a friend came to me desiring me again to speak to him, as he seemed to have let go his hold on Christ through the fear that he had been deceived. Turning to him again, the following conversation took place: "You think you are deceived?" "Yes." "Well, the deception must be either in yourself or God. You do not think it is in God?" "No." "Then it of course must be in yourself. Now the only way you can practice deception is by insincerity in presenting yourself to God. If you are not sincere in your approaches to Him, or if you keep back anything knowingly, you have no right to exercise faith; but if to the best of your knowledge you are sincere in offering your heart to God, then He has bound Himself to take it, and you have a right to reckon yourself the Lord's. In short, the extent of your sincerity is the measure of the confidence you may have that Christ does now accept you." He at once grasped the idea as a drowning man catches the life buoy, the conflict in his soul was hushed, and gradually he sank away into perfect rest of faith; his body even partaking of and sympathizing with the exercises of the mind, gradually yielded to complete exhaustion, until he became as helpless as a child. The incident attracted chief attention for the time being on the camp ground, and was of the most thrilling character. We record this incident for two reasons: 1st. To encourage those who wish to point seeking souls to the cross. The Lord always gives a word in season to meet the most difficult emergency. 2nd. In the hope that possibly some reader may be benefitted by the thought, that our sincerity in consecrating ourselves to God should be the real ground of confidence as to our acceptance with God. How simple this test, and yet how scriptural and effective! Do you believe you are accepted amongst the beloved? The reply should be, not a description of present feelings, but, I this moment consecrate myself to God! and He that says "Son, give me thy heart," implies in the command that He accepts the moment it is rendered unto Him.

B. N.