

us that in the night God awoke her with a kiss of love, and gave her the clear witness of the Spirit that she was entirely sanctified, putting glory in her heart and alleluias on her tongue.

Dear seeker, entire consecration is not entire sanctification. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." There must be entire consecration, unwavering faith, and a frank, artless confession of both to Jesus. This is a man's part, and, when these simple conditions are met and steadfastly maintained against all contrary feelings God will suddenly come into His holy temple, filling the soul with His presence, purity, and power. This twofold work constitutes the one experience of entire sanctification. When this experience is yours, at your very earliest opportunity confess it before men; put yourself on record before three worlds. Give all the glory to Jesus, confidently assert your faith in Him, and He will keep you against every assault of the adversary, "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."—*The King's Highway*.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

TAKE LIFE IN EARNEST.—I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to always be on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talking about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depth of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation—but I want a sign which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, in what

cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.—*Dr. Arnold*.

There is no book which can take the place of the grand old Bible of our fathers. The Bible is an infallible guide. It is a book which must be studied by the electric light of the Holy Ghost in order to be seen in all its beauty. The tallow candle of mere intellectualism is too dim a light with which to explore its recesses. The Bible, moreover, is nothing to us unless we make it a part of ourselves.—*Adalbert Beach*.

A SAVIOUR FOR ALL.—A friend, who is with me, has been telling me of a class of little boys he teaches at Philadelphia, on Sunday nights. One evening, a newspaper boy met him in the street, and said, "O, Captain, I'm mighty glad to see ye. There's poor Billy, he's so badly, and so wants to see ye." My friend went with the little boy, and found Billy lying on some rags in the corner of a wretched room, very, very ill. Billy was so delighted when the Captain went in! The room was dark, and Billy, with a feeble voice, said, "I'se here, Captain—I'm mighty glad to see ye." My friend was filled with pity for him, and asked him if he could send him a nurse, or some medicine or some nice food. "No, Captain, it wasn't that I wanted ye for. I wanted to ask ye two questions. The first is, Did you tell us the other night as how Jesus died for every feller?" "Yes, I did; for Jesus Christ tasted death for every man." Billy then said, "I thought so. Now, I've another question: Did you tell us as how Jesus Christ saves every feller that axes him?" "Yes," said my friend; for every one that asketh receiveth. Billy replied, with a very feeble but happy voice, "Then I know he saves me because I axes him." My friend paused to wipe away the tears that gushed from his eyes, and then bent down to speak to the boy. But Billy's head dropped back on the pillow of rags, and his happy spirit had gone to Jesus. He is there at the feast; and "yet there is room"—room for every one that asks—room for you!—*Newman Hall's Sermons*.