

THE OLD DOCTRINE.

"THE great themes of Methodist preaching in early times were Repentance, Faith, and Holiness: may it in this be *semper actum*."

SALVATION BY SYLLOGISM.

PLYMOUTHISM had its votaries in the neighborhoods where Mr. Collins labored. His biographer has some pregnant paragraphs on the subject:—

"The salvation of a soul is heart-work, not head-work. It begins with a broken heart, it becomes a peaceful heart, it issues in a holy heart. Salvation cannot be learned off, or got by rote. 'Did Jesus die for all men?' 'Yes.' 'Are not you a man?' 'Yes.' 'Then did not Jesus die for you?' 'Yes.' 'Do you believe that?' 'Yes.' 'Is it not true that he that believeth shall be saved?' 'Yes.' 'You believe: then, clearly, you are saved.'

"Ah! this salvation by syllogism is a delusion. 'Jesus dies for me,' mistified into the mere premiss of an argument in an impenitent life, is as worthless as any Shibboleth bigot ever framed. Precious truths so held are in *mortmain*, and are harvestless as seed corn in a mummy's hand. Thousands can get through the narrow steps of that poor mental exercise only to realize that in its bosom lies a sophism, and that its conclusion is a lie.

"Woe befalls any church multiplied by such accessions; as John Bunyan would say, 'They have tumbled over the wall, not come in at the Wicket Gate.' A Gospel minus repentance, a salvation without conviction of sin, a faith without trust, an assurance by logic, and a religion without holiness,—what will it all issue in but an eternity without hope?"

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

THE following remarks of Mr. Spurgeon on 1 John i. 7, are excellent, and closely connected with the subject of Holiness. The extract is taken from a sermon preached on December 3rd, 1865:—

"You perceive that it is written in the present tense as if to indicate continuance. It will always be so with you, Christian. It was so yesterday; it was 'cleanseth' yesterday; it is 'cleanseth' to-day; it will be 'cleanseth' to-morrow; it will be 'cleanseth' until you cross the river. Every day you may come to this fountain, for it 'cleanseth.' Every hour you may stand by its brim, for it 'cleanseth.'

I think there is sanctification here as well as justification. I am inclined to believe that this test has been too much limited in its interpretation, and that it signifies that the blood of Jesus is constantly operating upon the man who walks in the light, so as to *cleanse him from the indwelling power of sin*; and the Spirit of God applies the doctrine of the atonement to the production of *purity*, till the soul becomes completely pure from sin at the last. I desire to feel every day the constantly *purifying* effect of the sacrifice of my Lord and Master. Look at the foot of the cross, and I am sure you will feel that the precious drops cleanse from all sin."

SOMEBODY IS PRAYING.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Old Folks" department of the *Interior* relates the following story of the great revival which occurred in Orange County, New York, in the summer of 1828:

In one of four churches—all Presbyterian—the work began without any known cause. The inquiry was made: "Who is praying? This work must be in answer to somebody's prayers." After the work had progressed for some time, it was learned that two old church members, who lived one mile apart, had made arrangements to meet half-way between them in a piece of thich bushes every evening at sundown to pray God to revive his work. Their prayers were answered, and one hundred and fifty were added, during the months of July, August and September, to the church, proving also that God will revive his people and save souls in busy portions of the year as well as in times of more leisure, when his people pray. The above facts prove most conclusively that no genuine work of grace ever occurs except in answer to prayer. My experience goes to prove that whatever means the Lord has given us, diligently used in faith believing, he will bless. I mean the prayer of faith, accompanied with all suitable means.

He liveth long, who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the dusty wayside of life, smg-ing merrily all day and all night, and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.