

CONTRIBUTED.

**THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. SIN-
NER SAVED.**

PART II.

How he got to sanctification row.
For several reasons, I was very loth to leave Mr. Pardon's house; moreover, some living there told me that they were suffering from the same disease as I was and never expected to get rid of it before they left this world; others said that I might grow out of it by degrees, and that I ought to be very careful as to diet and work and not expose myself to any of the sickly odors that we sometimes felt around Salvation street. One day, however I met with a few on Salvation street who had been residing at Mr. Pardon's but had moved on for "higher quarters," as they called it, which I found meant Sanctification Row. They told me how they had been banded, just as I was, before they left for where they now resided, and, furthermore, they said that now they knew what good health and happiness really was. I made up my mind to start, but right there a Mr. Carnal mind did much to dissuade me; also, I had what I might call a fierce encounter with one Mr. Self. He made various objections to my leaving; I understood why he argued so, for I did much business with him on Salvation street.

At length I made a good start. One day I met a good friend and guide in Mr. Full-surrender. He used much Holy Writ in his conversation, and from that showed me that the hardest place to climb in getting to Sanctification Row was an incline right in the beginning of the journey, called Consecration Hill; yet, he assured me, many went up even that singing psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs. I found it was so. The pathway itself was plain and pleasant enough, but there were several whom I encountered that did much to daunt me and make me doubt. Mr. Reasoning-mind was busy trying to show me that I could not expect to get rid of my malady, because it was constitutional, and though I might alleviate my sufferings by taking such tonics as prayerfulness and diligence, and taking regular exercise under the direction of one Dr. Good-life, yet, entire recovery was impossible in this world. However, Mr. Believe-the-Word told me not to heed any one because the Great Physician had declared if I kept close to Mr. Full-surrender, I would not get astray. Having, at length, reached the top of Consecration Hill I caught a glimpse of Sanctification Row, and already felt that the pure bracing atmosphere more than made up for my pains in climbing. Just then I met Mr. Simple-faith and his friend Humble-mind; they led me right to the door of Dr. Holiness's mansion; on the knocker I saw the same words, "Only Believe," and a plate with the same advice as I saw at Mr. Pardon's, but in brighter letters. I knocked and the door seemed to open of its own accord, and a comely looking maiden named Perfect-peace bid me welcome, and close beside her was her companion Perfect-love. In the mansion, which was superb and spottless, was every thing needful to accommodate the inmates. It was nothing less than a king's banqueting house, I saw that at a glance. And there was a banner over it with one word inscribed, "Love." There were sweet musicians singing psalms, one I now remember, "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King." I was very glad that I had come hither and resolved to abide here for life, and greatly wondered that I had tarried so long without coming, and now wonder and regret that so many others do delay in coming to reside with Dr. Holiness.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

On Friday afternoon, Nov. 23rd 1883, the quiet community of Burton, N. B., showed unusual commotion, as there gathered at the residence of Mr. Cyrus A. Burpee, a large concourse of people whose mien and deportment indicated some sad and unusual occurrence. Persons of all denominations, rich and poor alike, old and young, had been drawn together for several miles around as if by common consent, to testify their regard for the worth of some departed and sympathy for others filled with sorrow; for here lay confined side by side, awaiting the solemnities of Christian burial, all that was mortal of the comparatively young wife and mother, stricken down by congestion of the lungs, admonishing them, that "in the midst of life we are in death," and all that remained of the aged and giddy matron whose name had been a household word for two or three generations, and who, though scarcely seeming to grow old had still more suddenly and

similarly been called to her reward, coming "to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." The occasion was suggestive; and in the constrained absence, by fever, of the pastor, Rev. Silas James, it was most suitably improved by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, of Sheffield, who preached in Pinegrove church near by from Eccles. 12th 7th, and was assisted in the accompanying obsequies by the Congregational minister of Sheffield and the Baptist ministers of Upper Gagetown. The salient points in the life and Christian experience of the deceased may be thus summarized:

MRS. CYRUS A. BURPEE.

Ariana, beloved wife of Cyrus A. Burpee, and daughter of the late R. Hoben, Esq., died Nov. 20th, 1883, aged thirty-five years, leaving her husband and two sons, besides a large circle of relatives and friends, to mourn their irreparable loss. She had been carefully trained to fear God and keep his commandments, but did not experience converting grace till 1869. In the following year she joined the Methodist Church, exactly thirteen years from the day of her death. At that time, after diligent examination and intelligent conviction respecting the Scriptural mode, she was baptized with water by Rev. G. B. Payson; and through her subsequent career witnessed a good profession of faith in Christ and devotion to his service. In the family circle her disposition, naturally amiable and sanctified by grace, appeared to great advantage and, while rendering her other intrinsic qualities of unspeakable worth to her immediate household, endeared her greatly to all that knew her. She died as she had lived, humbly and gratefully trusting in the "crucified" but "risen" Saviour. May the divine Comforter, that cheered her in life and death, graciously uphold the bereaved, while refusing "to be comforted, because she is not."

MRS. MARGARET BURPEE.

Margaret, relict of the late Moses C. Burpee, departed this life Nov. 21, 1883, aged eighty-one years. She was converted of sin in early life, under a sermon preached by Rev. Wm. Leggett; and by grace through faith soon after rested on Christ for salvation. She immediately joined the "Society," and remained a constant member of our Church while she lived. She was married at twenty-five years of age, and survived her partner twenty-eight years. Called to discharge the duties of mother to a son of Mr. B. by a previous marriage, as also to ten children to whom she gave birth, she performed these with great tact, prudence, and fidelity; and though all died in childhood or youth excepting two sons and two daughters, these grew up to profit from her unremitting attention to her family's interests, and to appreciate that tireless devotion which she had cherished for all and each of her children, long as any lived or as she had opportunity to promote their good. Intimate acquaintance with her domestic life, for some years, made the writer acquainted with her sterling worth in her home circle. Inheriting many of those striking excellencies which characterized the grand old Puritanic stock from which she had sprung, duty meant something real and was cheerfully met at whatever cost. Conscience was too sacred a thing to admit of trifling with what was wrong or in any degree doubtful. Her regard for the Bible as God's word and the sanctuary as His house was great and both loving and reverent. When fully assured of having her feet fixed on the rock Christ Jesus she was often painfully impressed with a sense of her utter unworthiness and though conscious of being but the "bruised reed" and "smoking flax" would confidently declare that "a bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory;" so that her Christian experience through early and middle life was not so much joyous and emotional as a lowly waiting upon God, a diligent and patient expectation from him and childlike trust in his word. She had recognized the voice of Providence, calling her again and again by the angel of death entering her happy home to set her "affection, on things above;" but especially after the blessed departure of her husband in the confidence of faith, declaring "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and nine years later on of her much loved daughter, Mrs. G. S. Milligan, in the triumphs of faith gratefully asserting, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," she seemed to be drawn upwards to a higher plane of religious experience and into sweeter and more intimate fellowship with the spiritual and unseen. To me, seeing her and hearing from her occasionally through the years since then, her calm but persistent faith appeared to have put on a more joyous attitude, or I might say, while patiently waiting and watching for the summons

of her Lord, she more sensibly realized her citizenship was in heaven. A little before her spirit ascended, she repeated those favorite lines: "I'll praise him while he lends me breath." Her memory will be long prized by many, especially by Christian ministers, for whom her home always offered cordial hospitality.

G. S. M.
St. John, N. F.,
April 15th, 1884.

1782-1882.

The following List of contributions to the Centenary Memorial Fund is published by order of Conference. The Secretary very much desires, wherever published the lists from any circuit are found incomplete, to receive the name of later contributors, with the amounts subscribed.

The list includes unpaid as well as paid subscriptions; but it is expected that ministers of the several circuits will obtain and be prepared to pay over the amounts yet due at the ensuing district or Conference.

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IS IT TRUE?

Here is a story for the Society for Psychical Research. It was told a few days ago by a late manager of a Rhoads colliery, who is said to be a thoroughly trustworthy man, to a Welsh journalist. Sitting one Sunday morning with three comrades in the lodge-room at the bottom of a shaft, he was suddenly seized by an irresistible impulse to ascend at once, which impulse he told to the other man, who, however, refused to go. While talking, a drop of water from the wall above put out the lamp of one of the men, obliging him to ascend. When he returned, the impulse, stronger than before, again prompted the manager to urge their ascent, and again while talking a drop of water falling into the lamp again put the light out. In consternation they gave the signal to be lifted up, and no sooner had they reached the open air than a terrible explosion took place, shattering the shaft, and filling it with debris, which could only be removed after some months of hard labor. This remarkable incident stands by no means alone, forebodings and dreams having warned the same miner at various times of coming danger.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

BREVITIES.

A man whose best works are always trampled under foot—a carpet manufacturer.

A lady lately offered four prizes to the scholars of the Boston schools, for the best historical essays. Three of these prizes were taken by girls in the Latin and High schools.

"Now I feel like Madame Patti," said Bismarck, smiling grimly, as he surveyed a table-load of floral tributes sent to him on his last birthday anniversary.

Life is a voyage, where we aspire only to halting places; when we reach them, as they are either too warm or too cold, we must set out again on our march.—*French Wisdom.*

We laugh to see a flock of sheep jump because one did so; might not one imagine that superior beings do the same by us, and for exactly the same reason?

Ya will observe this, the devil never offers to go into partnership with a hazy man, but you will often see him offer to jine the lazy, and furnish all the capital besides.—*Josh Billings.*

A young lady informed her friend on the train, the other day, loud enough for others to hear, the depth of the hem on her graduating dress for next June. It will be decided important matters in time.

An old agricultural correspondent writes us to know "whether hogs pay." Some hogs pay and some do not. Quite a number take the paper several years and then send it back marked "Refused."—*Exchange.*

The Burlington *Hawkeye* says: "And still, year by year, the standard of college education is raised higher and higher and higher and higher and higher. Columbia has just organized a banjo club."

In the depth of the sea water is still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

A little fellow, with a tall, stalwart wife was asked by a friend if the contrast between them didn't often expose him to mortifying remarks. "Oh, I do not mind that," he said, cheerfully; "but since Sarah's grown near-sighted I have to look sharp for fear she'll step on me."

When I go out of doors in the summer night, and see how high the stars are, I am persuaded that there is time enough here or somewhere for all that I must do, and the good world manifests very little impatience.—*Emerson.*

Geo. W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, a man of great wealth and liberality, is besieged almost every hour of the day by beggars of every description. His private secretary says that as many as 200 begging letters are received in one day, and that the total of the applications for money made to the *Ledger* publisher by letter often averages \$20,000 a day.

Passenger: "How long have you been employed on the street-cars?"
Driver: "Fifteen years—barrin' whin I was sick."
Passenger: "You must be a great favorite with the company?"
Driver: "Ha! ha! D'ye see that old gray mare I'm drivin'?"
Well, we both fell sick together at wunst, last winter. They sent fur a docter for the horse, an' they sent me my resignation."

Many a fellow who stood high in school breaks away from books as soon as he enters college, and goes to the other extreme. This is nature's method of seeking relief. He has mental dyspepsia, and every opportunity that offers for physical play he accepts. He cannot help it, and he ought not to be blamed for it, because it is the natural law.

The death of a clown in a circus ring, with his audience innocently laughing at his dying struggles, is sufficiently shocking, but like most things has its parallel. Many years ago a famous English diver gave exhibitions. He used to climb a tall spar or flag pole, and dive off the top of it, and before taking the leap he was in the habit of giving a representation of hanging with a noosed rope. One day, however, the noose slipped round behind his ear, and he could not liberate himself. And so he struggled to death there at the top of the pole, the last sounds in his dying ear being the cheers of the crowds who were applauding the wonderful faithfulness of his acting.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Scrofula is so called from the Latin *scrofula*, a pig; from the supposition that the disease came from eating swine's flesh. It is often inherited from parents, and leads to abscesses, ulcers, sores, debility, king's evil and consumption. The case of the Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiaraton, who suffered 23 years from scrofulous abscesses, is one of the most remarkable on record. Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after the best medical skill had failed.

Foreigners own 20,941,000 acres of the United States.

LIONS ABOUT.—It is a dangerous thing to trifle with a lion. A darkey preacher once told his hearers that he thanked God that the devil went about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour. He might catch a poor fellow who didn't know that he was near him, but when he heard the roar he could get out of the way, if he didn't he deserved to die." So when one hears the wheeze or cough which tells of the old lion of consumption lurking around, he should fly and get Minard's Liniment and use it freely on the chest and take Minard's Honey Balsam internally, and get out of the way of danger. These preparations are well known, having been tried for 30 years and are acknowledged by all who use them to be unsurpassed in their soothing and healing properties.

Gatling, the inventor of one of the greatest slaughtering machines of modern times, is described as a benevolent looking old gentleman.

Chapped hands. A few drops of Johnson's *Analgine Liment* rubbed into the hands occasionally will keep them soft and free from soreness. Soldiers, sailors and fishermen should remember this. It is the best Liniment in the world for any purpose.

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