

things. But it will be better understood when I tell them the trial of my faith was more precious than gold.

“AND HE, BEARING OUR REPROACH, SUFFERED
WITHOUT THE GATE.”

This is a subject of little importance as far as I am personally concerned, but there is danger on either side of me. In the first place, my Christian name has suffered reproach; in the second place, the sanctification I profess, and for nearly eight years have enjoyed. And then my children have been preached down, and my husband, I tried to help so many years, has been disgusted with the sermons; and this all came without offence. I spoke no evil of any man. Whence these slurs in the stage of our village? But what of all this! My Master suffered, so he did, wrongfully: so did I. But God forewarned them; yet they made this sad mistake. “Woe unto the world because of offences; but it must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man through whom they come.” What, calling down judgments on this people! What reproach could come for the word of God uttered in a prayer meeting? We’ll show them the glory has not departed from Israel. We’ll do it! Did Moses say, Lord, you’ll show them the man of God ought to be more careful in his presumption? It is just worthy of note that the only offence offered to either Pulpit or Pew was the word of God. But it is “quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword.

The Birthplace of John Burns.

My beloved father was born in Derryvere, near Dungannon, in the County of Tyrone, Ireland. He was early trained to read the word of God, and, the class-meeting being regularly held in his father’s house, he was taken into it every Sabbath morning.