

LIGHT GIVEN.

HOW A DOUBTER ENTERED INTO REST.



HERE are many sincere persons who fail to obtain the blessing of perfect love because they do not clearly understand the nature of the blessing. They imagine it is a state of absolute perfection, and after struggling earnestly for a considerable time without success, they give it up in despair, doubting even the possibility of being sanctified holy. The following letter was recently received by a Wesleyan minister from one who formerly ridiculed the doctrine of sanctification. It may be of service to others who are in a similar state of mind.

Dear Mr. —, I think I ought to tell you just how I am now, for you have been very kind and helpful to me, and the books you have given me have been beneficial—indeed, I look upon them as so many friends. I believe I have told you it was on the 6th of last September I gave up my all to God—laid all I have and am upon His altar. I did not think of sanctification then, I only felt I had enough religion to make me miserable, and that I *must* have either more or less. The latter would make me despairing, the former seemed to necessitate the giving up my own will in all things. I determined on the former. It was like a fearful wrench, but I felt calm when I had done it. I think I only saw God in this light—a King who demanded submission on the part of His subject. God was a King to me—I did not feel He was my Father—I felt a subject, not a child. On the Sunday following this you preached on sanctification; it was your first sermon here. It set me thinking, and I listened to all that you said afterwards on this subject, and watched you to see if your life was consistent, if you were leading a life that would illustrate your preaching. I do not think this was right on my part, but I had begun to feel a sort of scorn for the religion of many young ministers. Thank God for making you to differ! I grew to long—oh! so much—to be holy, but I could not understand it. After some little time you gave me the tract, “What is it?” I read it, but no light came. I talked to you—you remember going to —? I did not know what more to do, for there was no “known guile or reservation” in consecrating myself to God. You gave me some more books; they only seemed to increase my thirst, and left me with nothing to quench it. I wanted to talk to —, but I just could not. I read the books through again [The Scriptural Holiness Series], many parts on my knees, “with strong crying and tears.” I have had weary times in my life, but none so weary as those. For the third time I began to read “What is it?”—(somehow I could not leave those books.) I reached the fifth page, and read, “Entire holiness is the principle of rectitude so established that there is no inward opposition to its sway.” I understood it then, it seemed so simple. I was kneeling, and I just looked up and said, “I have it, Lord.” I did not feel any great joy, but I know I felt just as a little child taking her father’s hand. I feel so safe with God. It has altered my whole nature. I have not spoken of this, but I used to laugh at the idea of being “sanctified,” and now I take every opportunity of saying I believe in it . . . And now, thank you, that is all I can say . . . With kind regards, I am,

Yours very sincerely,