

"DOST THOU BELIEVE?"

(JOHN ix. 35.)

Dost thou believe I gladly gave
My very life thy soul to save;
That thou from sin art justified,
And God's demands all satisfied?
Yea, Lord.

Dost thou believe from Death's domain,
That I, a Cong'rour, rose again;
That now I live thy cause to plead,
On thy behalf to intercede?
Yea, Lord.

Dost thou believe all power is given
To Me on earth, to Me in Heaven?
Believest thou I hence will be
Just what thou needest, Soul, to thee?
Yea, Lord.

Dost thou believe that as the clay
Within the potter's hand to-day,
So I can mould and fashion thee
"A chosen vessel unto Me?"
Yea, Lord.

Dost thou believe, by love divine,
I can subdue that will of thine,
Till every wayward wish and thought
Into captivity is brought?
Yea, Lord.

Dost thou believe that I will come,
And in thine heart take up my home,
There by my presence purify,
And cleanse, and keep, and sanctify?
Yea, Lord.

According to thy faith 'twill be,
Things greater yet thine eyes shall see,
Till thou thyself at God's right hand,
Faultlessly perfect soon shalt stand.

—*The Life of Faith.*

CONSECRATION may thus be said to be rather the assuming of an attitude, than the performance of an act. It is the first act of a number of similar acts, which make up the habit of the life; just as the beginning of a straight line is the first of a series of dots. It is the habitual answer of the soul's Yes to God. It is the perpetual assent and consent of the entire nature to the claims and gifts which the eternal love of God is ever making. It is the vibration of the chords of the heart to the rhythm of eternity. It is the determination of the freed servant to be nailed to the blood-stained door-post of his master's house, in token of his resolve to be his slave for ever.—*Scd.*

CONVENTION AT KESWICK, ENGLAND, FOR THE PROMOTION OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. R. CRAWFORD JOHNSON.

An open-air service was held each evening in the Market Place at half-past eight o'clock; and at one of these services I heard a converted publican tell the story of his conversion. He said he had kept a low public-house in Burton-on-Trent for twenty or thirty years. He had never entered a place of worship; but one day a tract by Bishop Ryle was put into his hand, which was the means of his conversion. As soon as he found peace, he began to tell every one what the Lord had done for him; and, of course, he told his wife, who said she would like to be as happy as he was. "Well, lass," he said, "there is nothing to hinder thee. Kneel down here," and in twenty minutes there, in that tap-room, the publican's wife was happy, trusting in Jesus as her Saviour. She went out at once to tell her friends and neighbors, and in her absence the publican went into the yard for two things—a ladder and a saw. The ladder was for the purpose of taking down the signboard in front of his house; the saw for the purpose of cutting it in pieces, in order that he might consign it to the flames of his kitchen fire. When his wife was returning home, she saw a dense smoke issuing from their house; and, alarmed, rushed in and asked what was wrong. "Oh, nothing," said the husband, "it's only the devil's smoke." The Lord prospered his new work as a bricklayer, so that in a short time he was able to build a new house, on the front of which he intended to put this text: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." When the story of this new house with its new sign got abroad, a minister went one day and asked if this report were true. "Oh, perfectly true," replied Harry; and, as the minister began angrily to censure him, he added, "I lived here for the thirty years, going to hell myself, and keeping this public-house, which has caused the ruin of many others in Burton-on-Trent, and you never came to remonstrate with me about my sin and wickedness till now, when I am trying in a small way to make amends for the evil I have done in this neighborhood, you come to borge and scold me." Then the minister turned to his liveried servant saying, "Come, he is too ignorant and too stupid;" and so left him; returning, however, shortly afterwards, his