

He did not mean that they were to become critical theologians, but they should at least aim at clearness of conception, for confusion of thought would thwart them on the very threshold. It was there usually that the trouble began, causing hesitation and incredulity, and sometimes even open opposition to the truth with regard even to the mere possibility of holiness being attainable. Yet there was no obscurity around the truth as it came before them in the Scriptures, and too often the opposition, hesitation, and doubt originated in mere pride of opinion and of prejudice. No obstacle perhaps, could be more formidable to the attainment of a pure heart than this distorted view of the subject. Holiness could not successfully be sought at random. It was true that our blessed Lord was so gracious that he would not give to any sincere applicant "a stone" if he asked for "bread," but He did expect us, if we wanted bread, to ask for it specifically. Some made the mistake of thinking that personal purity was identical with the holiness of God. That was not attainable. God was infinitely and unconditionally holy. It was most important that they should keep in view and recognize the relation of holiness to every preceding blessing and stage of salvation—repentance, adoption, forgiveness, regeneration, the new birth. To attempt to gain a true view of holiness, and to disregard these stages, would be to commit a great mistake. These were all blessings from God, and we should not possess one of them apart from the infinite measure of the Lord Jesus Christ. All these preceding blessings might be said to be concomitants of holiness. And we should see all the parts blending and uniting until, like the colors of the rainbow, they formed one great beam of beauty. The Lord had been pleased to unite in holy wedlock, all the elements of salvation, that He might produce in us the most complete salvation from sin according to the provisions made in the Atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. Justification cancelled guilt, and put us in a new, a right relation towards God. Regeneration implanted within the soul a new element, and by-and-by there was the glorified state, which was, so to speak, the harvest home. Between the two—between regeneration and the glorified state—there was a place for holiness and purity. The sanctified state was a sort of river that received and drank up all the tributaries, not unlike the Mississippi, "the father of the waters," and then rolling on towards the ocean. They did not lose justification, repentance, adoption, regeneration, but had all these in their fulness; yet added to them, and making a complete unity, was the crowning blessing of a pure heart. To have this was to be emptied of sin, and to be filled with the Spirit. To obtain this it was necessary to hunger after it, for though a man might talk and write well about it for a lifetime, without the "crying out" and "thirsting" of which the Psalmist spoke, it would never be attained. If, however, we came, desiring to be filled with the Spirit, to be emptied of sin, and, according to the promise, to have "the blood of Christ cleansing us from all sin and all unrighteousness," we have just to submit ourselves to God, and simply to take what He offered.

On Friday afternoon Admiral Fishbourne in again presiding, said they were taught to pray for purity of heart, and it concerned them to know what the real difficulty was which people experienced in the realisation of this promise. There was ignorance of the breadth and reality of God's promises, and a want of faith in them. Their true pattern was the Lord Jesus Christ, and those who were so ready to speak of the difficulty of their surroundings should look to Him. He was the Son of the King Eternal, and yet He was brought up in a poor village as a carpenter! Could "any good thing come out of Nazareth?" people asked in scorn. Yet, in that despised Nazareth He abode until He was thirty years old. What right had any one to speak of difficulties when they devoutly "considered Him?" The power to make us like our Lord was graciously promised, and if we had it fulfilled in our own experience our lives would become divine. Our Lord, they must have noticed, always gave himself up to the Father's will in all things, and how much more should we? One of his earliest youthful sayings was the grand one, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" People were frequently heard saying, "We must copy Jesus!" But what did they really mean? We must be filled with the Spirit if we would really copy Him. It was Jesus only who could copy Himself, and it was only in proportion as we yielded ourselves to do His good pleasure that we were imitating God "as dear children," and could be said to be following Jesus. If we gave up self, all things were possible. There was nothing possible for self to do except to sin. It could think no good thought; it could do nothing except to mar the Divine image. What we had to do was to fall into God's plan; to submit ourselves to Him in all things, just to put ourselves

into the hands of the Lord, "as clay in the hands of the potter." The work He had assigned to us was that of being his ambassadors. We had no message of our own; it was His message we had to deliver; we had no duty save that of the king. We should be marring His plan if we attempted to order things otherwise. The world would be a happy and holy world if the Divine plan were carried out in it. There would be no war in the battle-field, and no tearing to pieces of character in private life, nothing but peace and good-will, and the Spirit of Christ reigning in and through all. All would be done for the glory of God. He would again say that the great hindrance to all this was self; for, even when we were full of earnestness and zeal, the idea crept in that there was still some good in human nature—that we are not altogether vile and worthless. Now, that idea must be thoroughly got rid of. God had said: "I will not give my glory to another." He would not allow of any admixture of self with his divine glory. In holy oil in olden time there was to be no admixture. Our Lord continually said: "The works that I do are not mine;" and he said to Philip, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. All he did was the expression of the Father's will, and power, and personality. And that was just what the Lord wanted of his people still. We are not truly representing the Lord Jesus Christ in proportion as we brought in our own spirit into the representation. A man might say, is it good to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to build churches, to engage in missionary efforts? Yes, but why? Did Jesus say, "I am so strong that I uphold all things by the word of my power; I can open the eyes of the blind, I can heal the sick, I can raise the dead. I am not going to stop in this poor Nazareth for thirty years?" No, Jesus did not speak thus, but on this wise, "Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." If we did not take all from Him we were re-uscitating self, grieving the Spirit, and shutting off one true power that would lift us effectually above self, and enable us to glorify Christ. People made for themselves a great difficulty when they cherished thoughts which arose out of looking from a merely human standpoint, instead of looking from the Divine side and at God's pledge to do what he had promised to do because it was bound up with his own glory.

The afternoon was spent in listening to further addresses. We may add that these meetings were not what is known as the Conference of the Association, but were of a similar character to many which have been held in and around London, and in many towns in the provinces. The Association has now an office in Exeter-hall, where committee meetings are held, and the correspondence is conducted.—*Meth. Recorder.*

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

The "Chronicle's" New York Correspondence has the following in reply to Goldwin's Smith's prophetic articles on the future of Canada and Annexation:—

Mr. Smith writes so well that we readily forgive his vagaries, and only regret that so accomplished a scholar should have so little sense. Though a professor of history, he seems to have acquired but little knowledge from its study. The advantage which would accrue to Canada by a union with the United States, as described by Mr. Smith, appear very plausible, but they are unreal. Canada is to day in a BETTER CONDITION THAN THE UNITED STATES.

Her politics are purer, there is less crime, and the country is not struggling under excessive and injudicious taxation. I believe if the statistics could be given of the cases of actual destitution in Canada they would be small in comparison with those of the State of New York, and the population is about the same. If the factories of Canada are closed and her commerce depressed, there is precisely the same condition of affairs here, and even worse. The imaginary tariff which was created to protect certain industries has utterly failed. The cotton and woolen mills and the iron works, which especially were to be benefited by the operation, have ceased to be profitable, and the most instances have been run at a ruinous loss. The merchant marine has been wiped out of existence by legislation, or perhaps the want of it. From that paradise of the Pacific, California, we also hear the wail of despair. The drought has dried up her valleys and her wheat has withered. The farmers see their crops withering in the soil and they live, not as peasants, without the power to save them. To-day the only products of the land which carry the gaiter are cotton, wool, grain and beef, and these are all sold at a ruinous price. With the exception of a few annually fertile districts, Canada certainly ought to be able to export grain

and beef as profitably as the United States, in fact she should have a decided lead. I do not think the people of the United States realize the extent of their financial embarrassment. It was not long ago that Gen. Butler declared that the city of New York could not be sold to pay the mortgage on its real estate. It is doubtful if Boston, or Philadelphia, or any of the other cities is in a much better state.

THE SHRINKAGE IN REAL ESTATE has been fearful. A short time since an extensive property on Fifth Avenue, which was considered as likely to keep its value and improve as any in the city, was sold at a loss of \$350,000, or one half of its original cost four years before. In New York to-day a man who has money idle trembles at the thought of investing it. Real estate is unproductive, the railroads are franks, the banks are unsound, and the insurance companies are a stigma upon the integrity of the people.

PREACHING IN SONG.

BY IRA D. SANKEY. I believe there are more ways of praising God than by singing hymns. There is another kind of singing which I observe here in Boston and elsewhere. It is put under the head of praise, while there is no praise in it at all. Singing to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; now this is solo-singing, or singing alone, as we have been doing here and elsewhere. I conceive that this kind of singing is not thoroughly understood by most of the people. That is to say, our understanding of it and theirs are not alike. If I should come here and sing a solo, as we shall have to-night some songs in that way, there is no praise in that; and in our prayers on this platform we often ask God's blessing upon the singing of praises, and we join together to sing his praise.

We scarcely ever ask a blessing on the preaching of his word in song. The mission of preaching and teaching in song is not understood fully. I believe that the hymns, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and "Ninety and Nine," and "What shall the harvest be?" do not contain a word of praise, and yet they are sung in all the meetings all over the country. I wish people would get the distinction that one class of hymns is to teach, and the others, such as "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and "Jesus, lover of my soul," are hymns in which the whole congregation can join in praising God. But for one man to sit here and try to praise God for this whole audience would be a strange performance.

Perhaps many wonder why I have sung alone to praise God. It is because I thought that by these sweet Gospel hymns I might reach some heart in the great congregations. I thank God that he has blessed his message as sung in these congregations. God has been blessing the message when it has been sang alone. I get testimonies almost every day from some poor soul who has received the message of God's love through these little Gospel hymns, and, therefore, I want the Christians to have faith that God can bless this way of delivering his message of love; and then we will all join more heartily in the days to come in singing the story of his love.

O, how we might go to the bed-ridden and outcast in this city, and sing a song for Jesus Christ! If you can not go to preach, to them, what a blessing would accompany the singing of one of these sweet Gospel hymns to those who do not come to these meetings at all! May God give us hearts thus to do! If we can not preach, let us go and sing for Jesus Christ. He has given thousands of you voices—better than mine, or those upon the platform, so that you can go and carry this message of his love.

A Western Journal says that one of their local judges recently had a lesson in spelling. The incident affords a "Spelling Bee" illustration. The witness before the court was Mr. Wood. "What is your name?" asked the clerk, "Otiwell Wood," answered the witness. "How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled judge. Mr. Wood replied, "O double T, I double U, E double L, double L, double O, D." The astonished judge thought it the most extraordinary name he had ever met with, and after two or three attempts to record it, gave it up, amid roars of laughter.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

But the land is wholly given to idolatry—it lies in the shadow of death. The few missionary stations are like specks of light in the illimitable blackness. The day has scarcely dawned. There are 12,000 native converts against nearly or quite 400,000,000. In my correspondence I have been putting the population at over 300,000,000, but I am satisfied it reaches nearly or quite up to 400,000,000. Sometimes, when I think of such a mighty and compact empire of Satan, a horror of great darkness falls upon my soul. It is the place where the Wicked One has his great stronghold now. He dominates it with an art and power that I have not been able to bring out in any adequate way in this correspondence. If God spares me, and gives me the opportunity, I hope to be able, after reaching home, to put into a form of statement that may give the church some sense of the horrible condition of souls here. A near view of it is appalling. It is the most fearful spiritual condition that my imagination has ever conceived. After careful inquiry among the most intelligent men, and those longest resident here, I am satisfied that China is literally without God—gods many and lords many there are; but of the Infinite and Holy Being, who is the Creator of all things and Judge of all men, they have no knowledge. They worship their own grotesque inventions—creatures of their own fancy, the miserable product of their own depraved imagination. The black plague of depravity is in it all. The degradation of it is unutterable, and the gloom and despair of multitudes of these worshippers is enough to melt the very rocks.—*Bishop Marvin.*

OBITUARY.

MR. MOSES TILLEY. Died at Shoal Harbor, Trinity Bay, N. F., on the 23rd of April, Mr. Moses Tilley, in the 60th year of his age. From his youth up he was under the influence of a godly training. In 1844 our dear brother yielded to the many calls of God, and after many struggles and much darkness, He woke the dungeon flames with light. He heard the still small voice thy sins are forgiven thee—

Accepted thou art He listened and heaven sprang up in his heart. In the year and spring of 1848, he removed from Hants Harbor to Shoal Harbor, thus being the first settler in this place, and from above date till the day of his death he proved a light to all by whom he was surrounded. His house was ever open for service, for years before a church was erected he conducted Divine worship in small outhouses.

In the year 1859, he with three others built a house for God, and only in eternity will it be known the many souls born for glory here. Our dear brother occupied this pulpit Sabbath after Sabbath with great success. Often was his voice heard warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. By his life and practice he preached Christ, labouring not in vain nor spending his strength for naught. Though he often sowed in tears yet he reaped in joy, and was instrumental in sending many souls to glory. Many through his work of faith and labor of love have gone to heaven to bedeck the Saviour's crown for ever and ever.

In the year 1869, he was prominent in the agitation for a minister, and in the year 1872 the Rev. Wm. Swann arrived, finding a good home under his roof. Yet his house has ever been open and a home for our ministerial brethren, and often have they been cheered with his counsel, and hospitality. No sacrifice or labour was counted with him too much, often three of the brethren in his house together. He believed in the promise that whatsoever he did in the name of a disciple would in nowise lose its reward.

It was not however till July 1876 that I became personally acquainted with our dear brother, and from that time up to his death I found a brother of sterling integrity, yet a father and a friend in a strange land. In varied meetings I listened with delight to his experience, and especially on New Year's eve I remember how his words touched every heart. He reminded us of the shortness of time and the probability of meeting no more on such an occasion, and now he has gone. "Was Jesus who called him away," He has gone to him who redeemed him, From night to the splendors of day.

May we not truly say a father in Israel has fallen. A pillar of the church is taken away. We shall miss him in the pulpit, in the home, in our walks. But our loss is his eternal gain. We cry a man is dead, Angels sing a child is born. His last illness was long and protracted, attended with acute and severe pain, yet he bore it with a Christian fortitude and the smile of Christian triumph glistened in his eyes. His experience the last days of his life was not characterized by outbursts of ecstatic rapture or joy. But a

calm settled immovability. His waters are deep thus he versed the surface. Being hid with God he was able to bear without the strenuous efforts of the st. his death bed he made several beautiful references to the firmness of the Rock of Ages. "I am going to heaven where I shall meet my numerous friends," I am waiting for Jesus to fetch me, all is well. Never did a murmur of complaint pass his lips. He often said: the storms will soon be over.

O what a mighty change. Shall Jesus's sufferers know, While o'er the happy plains they range, Incapable of woe. On the day of his death a brother said to him we did think you would live to see midnight, but you have lived to see the dawning of another day. His reply was "Ah yes it is a glorious dawning," and so it proved to be the dawning of heaven's light—the ushering in of eternal scenes. His death in regard to suffering was somewhat calm. A few struggles in the Jordan of death, and when safely over and first entering the threshold of Canaan's land—his face lit up with a smile, and he was in this world no more but safely landed.

Far away beyond the shadows, Of this weary vale of tears, There the tide of bliss is sweeping, Thro' the bright and changless years. His death preaches the power and force of vital godliness, and prompts the prayer O may I triumph so, When all my warfare's past, And dying find my latest foe Under my feet at last.

We payed our last tribute to his memory on Wednesday, April 25th, with the glad some prospect of meeting in heaven. SAMUEL SNOWDEN. Shoal Bay, N.F., May 10, 1877.

MR. WILLIAM BEATTEAY.

DEAR BRO.—One of our oldest church members has recently gone home to appear in the person of Mr. Wm. Beateay, who departed this life on the 14th inst., aged 69 years. As I had been acquainted with the deceased more or less, for the last 35 years, his family and the Rev. S. Ackman, desired me to write a short obituary of him for the WESLEYAN. About the year 1832 or 3 the Rev. S. A. formed the first Methodist class in Carleton, and appointed Mr. David Collins its leader, and Mr. Beateay was one of its first members. Thus was introduced Methodism first planted in St. John West some 45 years ago; and by God's blessing it has prospered more or less ever since. May it still be blessed with the dew of heaven; grow as the lily, and cast forth its roots as Lebanon. Bro. Beateay was truly converted to God, and enabled by grace given in answer to faith and prayer to hold fast his confidence in Christ to the end. His religious experience through life was deep and clear; his utterances in the prayer and class meetings were lively and animating; his faith loving and genial; and having a good gift in prayer and exhortation he was for many years much trusted and loved by our people as a class and prayer-meeting trustee and steward of our church. Bro. B truly loved all God's children and honored all godly ministers; he was strongly attached to his own minister and people, and always manifested a deep interest in the prosperity of the church; his choice. He was also a wise and constant advocate of temperance and order. As a man of business his judgment was sound and his ideas good; he was honest and faithful; enterprising, diligent, and able and successful. He was a house-builder and general contractor, our friend secured the confidence and patronage of the Carleton public.

I do not mean to say that Bro. Beateay had no faults or failings, but let blame and reproof where they ought—with dust in the grave. For the last seven years or so, our dear brother was afflicted with pain of body, caused by two accidents that befell him—then a fever, which was followed by several attacks of paralysis that gradually (but without much pain) took away his manly vigor, confined him to his home, and then brought him to the grave. But in all this time of the good Lord wonderfully blessed, comforted his servant, because he believed his God. He enjoyed peace and good hope in death. Glory to God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

During the affliction it was wonderful to witness the love and kindness, the care and anxiety manifested by his dear companion and children, and their use of every means calculated to relieve and comfort their loved one. He passed through the shades of death, all meet in heaven at last. O may I triumph so, When all my warfare's past, And dying find my latest foe Under my feet at last. G. M. BARRETT. Carleton, St. John, May 25, 1877.

B. C. T. or Is. Sec. is. N. Carried the day would. parture 58-67.) the vic only be The da the ing child's moment tions s infinite So r the bis tion, at fall of minacy nor fr but sol the cov may h called them sins. his fa reads pared mercie JUSTI is thru warned leathe rael fa made. unauth prohibi worship and eq Has G of heat men P Sacri ginal wh they ce tices v really o all oc mount altars in citis such o froued or "in IMAG these "tree," thing worsh word a figure female. We abom on we Rom. finite upon, his w and n digna of the an id late When heart worth. Tu ing e fifty sought have jah, there of w other Thou propi disti thing ers in tion n no pe his w penta faith boat, turn. We obse woul of e A H self of d that on t