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I ONLY ASK.

I ONLY ask, oh, blessed Lord, that *Thou*
Wouldst smile on me;
I care not, if upon no other face
A smile I see.

I only ask, that I *Thy* gentle voice
May ever hear;
It matters not if other lips should speak
No words of cheer.

I only ask, that in the paths I tread,
Thy hand may guide;
Safely I'll walk, though earth's companions all
Should leave my side.

I only ask, within my soul, *Thy* love
To fully know;
Happy, though human hearts should ne'er
on me
Their love bestow.

Thus, guided by *Thy* smile, *Thy* voice, *Thy*
hand,
Thy gracious love,
Content, I'll linger here, till called to dwell
With thee above.—*Sel.*

☞ See announcement of Annual Convention on page 194.

1894.

THE New Year is provocative of serious thought to the most superficial of thinkers. As one after another the sands of life run out, and as we contemplate the fact that we cannot know how few or how many are left, this mingling of certainty and uncertainty gives a kind of fascination to our cogitations.

Will we or will we not welcome another New Year is a question which none can answer with absolute certainty.

But prolonged thought concerning this fact of uncertainty affects the legalist and the spiritual after very dissimilar patterns. To the former it simply results in helping

his schoolmaster to fix additional stings to his lash, for the more he thinks the more he is reminded of past failures and of the need of increasing his already too heavy burden of pious resolutions, rules and regulations—a burden which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear.

To the spiritual, however, thought concerning this thing, no matter how intense or prolonged, simply and only emphasizes the fact that another year has been passed in the uninterrupted society of our *elder brother, and the spirits of just men made perfect*, and is prophetic of a similar history for all future time, or eternity.

As God rested from his labors, so the sons of God enter into like rest, and so the years swing round, not now so much the section of a life-time as one of the cycles of eternity; for he that is spiritual *hath* eternal life.

Behold then the mighty contrast between legality and spirituality accentuated by recurring New Year's days! Reader, do you know to which class you belong? Reflect for one short minute, and inexorable logic gives you your rightful place.

Does the rapid flight of time tend to urge you on to greater labor in the Master's vineyard for the current year, and to the admission of the slightest lack in the past! then, be assured that this, the crack of your schoolmaster's lash, claims you for his own. Submit to the lash. Admit his right to urge you on. But avoid, as you would the potion of death, to assume the status of the spiritual. This would be to take to your bosom the hope of the hypocrite with which to perish. Your only hope of future escape into spirituality is to recognize the scorpion whip, and admit your legalistic state. Downright honesty on