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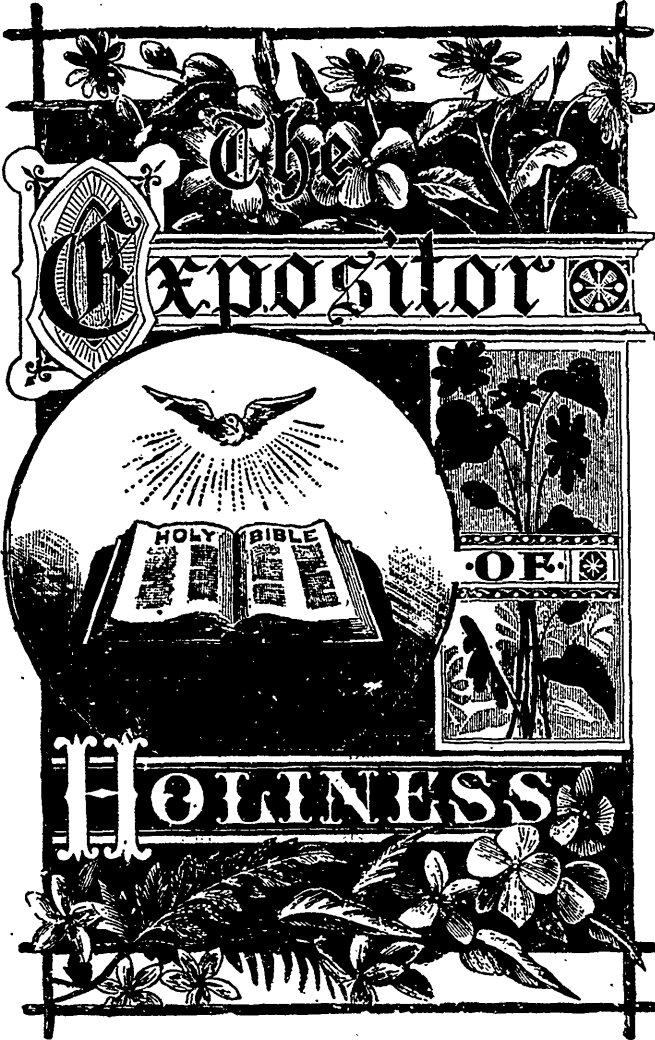
EMMARDEL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. POSTAGE PAID BY PUBLISHER.

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1892.

No. 9.



Toronto:

Published under the Auspices of the Canada Home Association.

PRINTED AT OFFICE OF THE "CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN," TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO

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## CALENDAR OF ASSOCIATION MEETINGS.

Every Tuesday, at 3 p.m., at 207 Bleeker St. A hearty invitation is extended to all to attend this meeting. Friends are free to come late or leave early when they are not able to remain during the whole service, which usually continues for two hours. Strangers in the city will easily find the place by taking any Sherbourne Street car as far as Howard St., and a very little inquiry at that point will suffice to find the place, as it is quite near.

Every Saturday evening, at 8 p.m., in a hall in the new building called Yonge Street Market, corner Yonge and Gerrard Streets, entrance on Gerrard Street.

Every Monday, at 8 p.m., at the residence of Mrs. Hughes, 25 St. James' Avenue.

Every Sunday, at 3 p.m., at the residence of Mr. McMahon, Parliament Street.

At Summerville, at the residence of Bro. Harris, every Wednesday, at 8 p.m.

Otterville, at the residence of H. Titus, every Monday, at 8 p.m.

At Hagersville, at the residence of Erastus Hagar, every Saturday, at 8 p.m.

At Galt, at the residence of J. K. Cranston, 24 Oak Street, Sunday, 3 p.m.

In London, every Sabbath, at the residence of Bro. Couké, 243 Wellington Street, at 2.30 o'clock p.m.

Hamilton, at the residence of Miss Fitzpatrick, 44 Gore Street, every Friday, at 8 o'clock p.m.

At Linwood, in Band Room, rear of the Methodist Church, every Saturday, at 7.30 p.m. Leader, Bro. Kennedy.

At Markdale, every Sabbath, at 10 a.m., and every Tuesday, at 8 p.m., at the residence of H. A. Harris.

At Cross Hill, every Friday evening, at the residence of William Petch.

At Bothwell, at the residence of Mrs. Kerr, Tuesday, 3 p.m.

## THE SO-CALLED "GALT HERESY CASE."

THIS book, containing a full account of the trial of the Galt friends, with two remarkable letters written by an independent onlooker, can be had by applying to J. K. CRANSTON, Galt, Ont. The original price, 25 cents, has now been reduced to 10 CENTS PER COPY, or \$1.00 per dozen. Reader, can you not accomplish something in this Revival by distributing some of them?

THE  
*Expositor of Holiness*

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1892.

No. 9.

CHRISTMAS.

It was the calm and silent night !  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to night,  
And now was queen of land and sea !  
No sound was heard of clashing wars ;  
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,  
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago !

'Twas in the calm and silent night !—  
The senator of haughty Rome  
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,  
From lordly revel rolling home !  
Triumphal arches gleaming swell  
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway  
What wrecked the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago !

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor :  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fallen through a half shut stable door,  
Across his path. He passed, for naught  
Told what was going on within ;  
How keen the stars ! his only thought ;  
The air how calm and cold and thin,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago !

O strange indifference ! Low and high  
Drownd over common joys and cares ;  
The earth was still, but knew not why ;  
The world was listening, unawares !  
How calm a moment may precede  
One that shall thrill the world forever !  
To that still moment none would heed,  
Man's doom was linked no more to sever  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago !

It is the calm and silent night !  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness, charmed and holy now !  
The night that erst no name had won,  
To it a happy name is given ;  
For in that stable lay new-born  
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago ! —*Sel.*

TO OUR READERS.

We are still unable to write any articles for the *EXPOSITOR*, having suffered a severe relapse during the past month. However, we are again steadily progressing towards health.

We were able to be present at most of the sessions of the Annual Convention, but as we write this just on the eve of publication we can make no further allusion to it than to say, that God was with us, as heretofore, making it a glorious success.

DR. RYCKMAN ON REGENERATION.

"Justification and Regeneration: Their Relation and Distinction, and their effect upon Consciousness and Life." Such is the title of an article in the current number of the *Canadian Methodist Quarterly*, and written by Dr. Ryckman, of Ottawa. The article is a very interesting one, clear, racy and elegant, and seems to be inspired by a paper written by the Rev. T. L. Wilkinson, which also appeared in the *Quarterly*. In the interests of truth, we wish to offer a few

criticisms upon the above article for the thoughtful consideration of readers of the EXPOSITOR.

And first, as to his theory of justification. Two methods are discussed by the Dr.: the one adopted by him is this, in his own words, "The second method by which a man can be justified is that of being accepted as if he were just, when he is not." This justification, according to Dr. Ryckman, is synonymous with pardon, for, he says, "The penitent sinner who believes in Christ is freely pardoned, his punishment being remitted, that is, not inflicted; and, he is said to be justified because he is treated, for Christ's sake, as if he were not a transgressor, as if he were just." So far as we are able to judge, this is the full meaning of justification, according to the Doctor's article. But does this cover the whole ground? If pardon and justification are one and the same act, it might cover the ground so far as the past of our life is concerned, but how about the present and the future? How am I to be justified at the present moment it justification refers to the past only, as pardon does? In other words, how am I to live a *justified life* and so be ready every moment for the coming of the Lord, as Jesus has taught me to be? The truth of the matter is, Dr. Ryckman's justification makes no provision whatever for the present moment, the assumption being, seemingly, that no man ever was, is, or can be actually just, and every man, therefore, always was, is, and will be unjust, but will, nevertheless, be treated as though he were just. Does not this look like the thin edge of the Antinomian wedge? What, then, is justification according to the plain, straightforward meaning of the term? We answer it is nothing less than being made just or righteous. No other meaning is ever given to the term, save in theology, where many a term is wrested from its proper meaning. If Dr. Ryckman insists that the past cannot be made just or righteous, we quite agree with him, and, therefore, we insist that we cannot be treated as though it were righteous. But the past can be forgiven, or blotted out, so that the forgiven one may be made righteous *now*, and kept righteous

for all time to come. A man's life, before his conversion, does not rise up to condemn him in the end, not because it is justified in any sense whatever, but because that part of his life is forgiven, and he stands justified before God and the angels, because from the time of his being made just he lived a justified, or just and righteous, life. But a just man may fall. So he may, but if he does there's one remedy, forgiveness, and then going on to live a just life again. Still, if persons insist that forgiveness is justification, we will not quarrel; but all the same, there is a wide difference between justification which means forgiveness of sin merely, and a justification which means approval of my life now because it is a just, righteous and holy life. But would not this be justification by works? Not at all. We rather prove by our deeds that we are justified by faith, because it is alone by the exercise of simple faith in God that we can get power to live a right, just or righteous life. See the Epistle of James. Dr. Ryckman argues that we are required to treat our neighbor as though he were righteous, when he is not, and quotes "Forgive our debtors." We do nothing of the kind. While a man trespasses against me I treat him as a trespasser, and in no other way. I expect him to repent if I am to forgive him. If my neighbor steals my money and stabs my cattle, I watch him as I would watch any thief, and expect him to ask my forgiveness before I grant it; even though I may have the spirit of forgiveness in my heart all the time. But when he repents and asks pardon, which is freely granted, what is the result? Why, the result is that he becomes an honest, just and righteous man in his conduct toward me, and now I treat him as such. On the one hand I am not to reproach him with the past, which is forgiven, and he is not to steal my purse nor injure my cattle, for the moment he does I shall again treat him as a sinner. Even so God deals with us, only when He pardons the past He gives power and grace that we may "go and sin no more," which we cannot do for our neighbor. But while we are sinners He treats us as sinners, and whilst our lives are just and correct He treats us

as righteous persons, but not a moment longer.

Now, as to regeneration: the Doctor says, "It is the work of God in the soul by the Holy Spirit, which begins the new life in Christ Jesus." He further states explicitly that "when, by the Holy Spirit, a man is regenerated, the work of renewal is not complete and perfect." The reason or cause of this incompleteness must be carefully noted, "The question is not," he declares, "what God desires or is able to perform, nor simply what is best for man," but "it is in view of the fact of human nature that it is said that the work of regeneration is not complete at first. The will is renewed, unquestionably, but it is not entirely unselfish and submissive at the commencement of the new life. The affections are changed, it is true, but it is just as true that they are not purified all at once," and more to the same effect.

Now, what is to be thought of all this reasoning about human nature and its laws preventing complete renewal at regeneration? It looks to us suspiciously like the old, old story of unbelief. Time was when this very same argument, viz., the laws of the human mind, was advanced to disprove the possibility of the new birth itself, and with just as much force and reason, too, as the Doctor now uses it to disprove the completeness of that great work. For, surely, if the natural laws, habits and inclinations of human nature cannot prevent the sudden and instantaneous changing of that nature; then, by what possible method of reasoning can it be shown that they can prevent the completeness of the change, and the entirety of the renewal? "Regeneration," the Doctor admits, "is a glorious change. The subject becomes a new creature, with new joys, new affections, new desires, new motives—all things new, but whilst he rejoices with great joy in what the Lord has wrought within him, he is painfully aware of the fact that *sinfulness yet remains.*" What beautiful consistency! Everything renewed but the sinful nature, which sinful nature is precisely the only thing that needs renewing, for, if the tree be good, so will be the fruit.

Surely this is the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out.

The Doctor further affirms that the incompleteness of the work of regeneration is matter of consciousness, and further strongly asserts, "that the testimony of consciousness must be ignored by any one who claims at the moment of the new birth he was blessed with a perfect salvation," meaning by this, "a perfect faith, a pure love to God and man, an unalloyed humility," etc. The Doctor further insists that feelings of *envy* and *dislike* toward a neighbor, and, I presume, of anger and revenge also, are quite normal and consistent in the Christian, provided he does not yield to them and break out into some overt act of transgression. What about this matter of consciousness, then? We answer, that if we go to the new convert direct and get him to answer in harmony with his experience, and not consult his creed, he will *not* speak, nor think, nor dream of there being any defect or incompleteness in the work of renewal, but he will have perfect faith and trust in God, and perfect love toward his neighbor.

He may, however, give the opposite testimony, for one of two reasons, or, perhaps, for both. First he may speak of defect simply because he has always been taught that the work is defective, when, of course, his testimony is nothing more than the repetition of a creed, and has no meaning; and secondly, persons may very easily attribute failure to continue in a given experience to some defect in the experience itself. This we believe to be the real explanation in most cases.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Wesley did *not* teach that any lack or incompleteness of regeneration was a matter of consciousness, especially at the beginning of the new life. He, on the contrary, taught that so far as consciousness was concerned the young convert would be most likely to suppose that he was perfectly saved. Mr. Wesley's theory was that Satan, after losing a subject, resorted to a clever trick in order to regain possession of his captive, and so lay dormant or inactive for a time, and then pounced upon the unsuspecting victim unawares; and thus regained possession of him by stratagem. All of which, however, is

pure speculation, and settles nothing whatever.

An explanation can be given which will harmonize reason, common sense, experience and the Bible. We believe it is this: If Christianity is to be a success, two things must be clearly apprehended from the start. 1st, Man must be saved, renewed, regenerated or justified by divine or supernatural power; 2nd, he must be preserved, or kept renewed and justified by the same power. Again, we must be made acquainted with the method or means to be used in obtaining salvation, and also with the means to be used in retaining it, for God will work along the lines of our intelligence. We must *learn* the way of life, for "My people (often) perish for lack of knowledge."

Now, men are pretty generally convinced that they are to be saved by grace alone through faith. So far the coast is clear. But have we yet learned how to be *kept saved* or justified; whether by faith alone, or by faith and works combined, or by works alone? Is there any certainty about being kept at all, as there is about being renewed and justified? We maintain that there is very little clear teaching along this line. The inevitable result therefore is failure to stay *renewed* or to abide in Christ. The battle concerning conversion is pretty well fought out, and pretty fairly won. Men now see that they are, through the exercise of faith, to be born of the Spirit. They have yet to learn that the one and only way to continue *born of God* is to walk in the *spirit*.

He who would follow Christ has clear sailing until he is converted. His evidence of salvation is clear and satisfactory. He is conscious of no lack or want. But now comes the tug of war. He is saved, but how to keep saved? He is in harmony with God, but how to maintain that relation? He has the witness that he pleases God, but how to keep that witness? He has received Christ Jesus the Lord, but how to abide in Him? He has received the spirit of adoption, but how to walk in the Spirit? Of all these things, which at bottom are but one thing, he is as ignorant as a Hottentot, and so are his neighbors. It would be the miracle of all miracles

if he should succeed under these circumstances.

And yet he may succeed for a time—for a day, a week, or even a month. But failure is certain. When? Just as soon as an issue arises which makes it necessary for him to appeal to some certain authority or guide in order to decide what is right. For instance, his neighbors want him to speak in every meeting. His intuitions do not agree with them. Who is right? To whom shall he appeal to decide? He does not know, and so he almost certainly yields to the pressure of public opinion and drops at once into legalism concerning testimony. That is to say, he falls from grace as the Galatians did; or he has certain desires and appetites, not necessarily wrong, but then he is afraid they are. To whom shall he appeal to find out for certain? He does not know that the Holy Spirit *alone* convicts of sin and also of righteousness, and teaches all things; so, fearing that he is wrong, he finally decides that he is, or his neighbors decide for him, and so he falls into condemnation.

Now, how easy for such a person to accept the doctrine, taught from almost every pulpit, that the defect in his experience is the result of incompleteness in his new birth, of impurities still remaining in his nature, rather than adopt the true theory, which is that he simply failed to walk in the Spirit.

But, behold again, to what straits the Theologian is reduced in explaining his theory of "defective regeneration." In his History of the French Revolution, Carlyle describes the work of the National Assembly, elected to draft a new constitution, as the work of "perfecting their theory of defective verbs." A mighty task, indeed, not unlike the task of the theorist toiling in the effort to perfect his theory of "defective regeneration." In speaking of the effect of a change of heart on the life, the Doctor says, "The first is freedom from sin, not freedom in the sense of entire cleansing therefrom, but . . . . in the sense of freedom from the power of a master tyrant. Before conversion the sinner is a captive, a slave. . . . In the hour of conversion the captive is set free,

the chains of the slave are broken, *the wristlets are upon his hands and the fetters upon his limbs*, impeding his progress and giving him pain and burden, but he is free (?) He goes whithersoever he will, and he wills to walk in the right path. He does whatsoever he will, and he wills to do the right thing." Behold, ye saints, and angels, and holy martyrs, what a freedom! Wristlets and fetters! How rapidly he will run in the right path with fetters on his limbs, and what excellent service his hands will accomplish for his new-found master whilst they are still bound with wristlets. Oh, ye dusky African slaves of the South: how much more glorious is your liberty than that of the Christian, for ye did not go forth with wristlets and fetters. How much mightier was Lincoln than Christ?

The Doctor says, "to commit sin implies choice, volition and effort." Does it always? We are persuaded many sins are committed quite involuntarily. A man abuses me shamfully, so that in a moment I am returning railing for railing. I certainly did not will to do it, much less make any effort. Am I not guilty therefore? On another occasion I knock the man down quite involuntarily, but is it no sin then? Certainly it is. Why? Because I have no business to be in such a condition or to have such a poor Christian experience that I can be so surprised into committing involuntary sins, or any other kind. Again we read, "The Christian wills and tries to avoid sin." The same might be truthfully said of thousands who are not Christians, including many heathen.

As to the second effect of regeneration on the character, it is shown, according to Dr. Ryckman, "in efforts, more or less earnest and persistent to perfect a Christian character." At last we have it. The theory of a defective regeneration is to be-perfected indeed. The Christian is to lift himself out of his defective regenerated life into a perfect one by—*tugging at his bootstraps*. Of course room is made for faith somewhere in the dim distant future, near the millennium, but for the most part it is done by tugging.

South Cayuga, Ont.

A. TRUAX.

### ABRAHAM BELIEVED GOD.

And it didn't wear him out, or even make him tired to do it. What a lot of credit the old patriarch gets for believing God. Judging by the fuss we make over his faith, one would think that the Lord scored a great triumph when Abraham walked out on His naked word. It does seem strange that a man could immortalize himself by simply believing one who cannot lie. I do not think that it ever occurred to Abraham that he was doing anything wonderful, and while I would not rob the grand old man of one of his laurels, yet I do not think that he deserves a medal for his conduct, or that it is even necessary to recognize his faith by giving him the ordinary vote of thanks.

Is it really a clever thing on our part that we have confidence in God's Word. It is the highest wisdom we know, but is it an evidence of any special ability? Not a bit of it. The people who believe God should be the commonest kind of pedestrians, and not entitled to any private mark. It should be so fashionable to believe God that the only place in which an unbeliever could be found, would be in a glass case in a museum.

Yes, Abraham stood head and shoulders above his fellows for the doing of a thing which was to him as natural as eating, drinking or breathing. He became the friend of God and the Father of the faithful without half trying. How do I know? Well, simply because it is so written of him. We are told that when God made a most unlikely statement to him, he staggered not at the promise through unbelief. Notice, the old man didn't even *stagger*, to say nothing of going off in a swoon. If the patriarch had spent restless days and sleepless nights in an endeavor to believe God, or had consumed a lot of time in trying to work up his faith, the chances are that he would not have been recorded as the friend of God.

Abraham *believed* God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. His entire theology consisted in believing God. He did not merely *assent* to the Divine command as being proper, just and good, but he *believed* it, and was



ready to move when it touched him at the point of action. Multitudes of people fancy that they believe God, simply because they assent to truth in a general way, but when it comes to practically appropriating the truth to plain, unvarnished, every day life, they fail. To believe God, is to rest upon Him at all points where the promises touch us.

Who has not felt that life is a great struggle, and that existence is not worth the effort we make to retain it? The constant strain we are under to secure even the temporal necessities of life, yea, the getting of our bread and butter, becomes a perplexity and wearies us. Now, why is this? Simply because we really do not believe God. During the conflict some of us may have felt, Oh, that I had some one to guarantee my supplies. If some wealthy and willing man would but come along and promise to stand by me through every emergency, life would be worth living after all. But no such great heart happened our way, and we have felt doomed to wrinkles and gray hairs, and have concluded that our way was through the valley of Baca.

Oh, fools and slow of heart not to believe God. Oh, blind as bats and deaf as adders, not to see and hear the millionaire who has actually come our way and offers to become responsible for all our need. What inexcusable stupidity not to believe God.

The best part of our lives is spent in a struggle for bread and lodging, the very things which are not to give us anxious thought, as they are guaranteed by Almighty God. We are to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and our board, clothes and lodging will be thrown in. But we usually seek first what we shall eat, what we shall drink, and the wherewithal to be clothed, and hope to have a little of the kingdom of God thrown in. To get a living appears to be our great life work, and if the Lord can get anything out of us over and above that, so much the better.

The difference between Abraham and us is that he believed God and we don't believe Him. There is no use squirming over it. I am talking facts. Some of us can't trust God for a week's board or

a suit of clothes, and we limp around as though our God was hard up and had found it necessary to put us on short allowance. If we really believed God, we would run the heavenly race and put a cheerful courage on.

I like the way the cobbler put it when asked by an old friend whom he had not seen for many years, "What are you doing now?" "Glorifying God," was the answer. "I mean what are you working at?" "Glorifying God" said the cobbler. "No, no, you don't understand me, what do you do for a living?" "I glorify God, was the reply," "but I mend shoes to pay expenses." That is the way to talk. That shoe-mender believed God, and had taken life right end first.

I can't for my life see how the man who believes God will have to fast for dinner and tighten his belt for supper, unless for the purpose of aiding his digestion. God has made Himself liable to supply our need of whatsoever sort it may be, and to the believing soul there can be no lack. Believing God means meat and potatoes to those who need that sort of food. Believing God means suitable clothing to those who have gone through their last suit. Believing God means health of body, according to the Divine mind, which should satisfy the most particular. Believing God means suitable furniture for the home (a piano included, if we need it). Believing God means travelling expenses when it is necessary that we go abroad. Believing God means being engaged in the very work for which we are adapted, and having all the success which God can give us under the circumstances. Believing God means continual triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil. Believing God means that everything in this lower world is on the alert to work industriously for our highest good.

Believing God is far ahead of British and American gold, as a security, as heaven is ahead of hell. Believing God is to possess all and abound, and the men who do not believe God ought to be so scarce that they will be considered rare curiosities when found. I wonder if our unbelief does not astonish the very devil. I believe it does!

Finally, believing God means a constant Hallelujah in the soul, so big that it cannot be all seen or heard at one time. But what is the use of trying to point out the security of the man who believes God? My limited vocabulary falls so very short of doing it that I shall stop right here and now.

J. GALLOWAY.

### FAITH.

We presume Solomon, or whoever wrote the Proverbs, knew what he was writing about when he wrote, "the fear of man bringeth a snare."

We say, "whoever wrote the Proverbs," advisedly. Many people have so little reliance upon God that they imagine if the Bible or the authenticity of any book of the same, is attacked, God is attacked and forthwith a mighty trembling for the safety of the ark is set up.

It is a wonderful thing to realize that if modern research does shake the foundation upon which any book of the Bible rests, or that if sceptical scientific investigation does even shake the very foundation on which the Bible itself rests, we say it is a wonderful thing to realize that still the everlasting arms are around you, and the rock still under you feet. We have got where we can examine the most trenchant criticism of the Bible, or of any book thereof, made by a scientific critic or rampant scoffer, and say none of these things move us. Our faith in God is an integral portion of our being. We could as readily doubt our own existence as doubt God. The strength of our faith in God depends not so much now upon theological dogmatizing about what faith is, or intellectual discernment between the various kinds of faith, as upon what God has done for us. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." Till we trusted God to enable us, in a positive sense, to do right every moment generally, and each moment specifically, our faith in God was very much after the nature of the boy, who, when discoursed to by his Sabbath School teacher, and the nature of faith illustrated by the production of

an apple and a tea cup with a request that he might close his eyes while the former was placed under the latter. On being told that the apple had been placed under the tea cup and that to believe his teacher was faith, and on being asked now what is faith, his reply was, "faith is an apple under a tea cup." For all practical purposes, the faith in God of a great many people might as well be an apple under a tea cup. Their faith is no earthly use to them. It trembles at every touch. God has apparently done so little for them that they are at least not "glad." When the very existence of God is called in question, by the arch enemy, can you truthfully point back to an unbroken record of "kept by the power of God through faith," or, lacking this proof, which is invincible, have you to debate whether God exists or not, just at this critical time. Ten to one but that the enemy will come in like a flood. A theoretic pointing back to the historic death of God's Son eighteen hundred years ago, without that death having advantaged your life sufficiently to enable you to please God consecutively, is useless. We used to depend upon theory alone for our salvation, and when our faith in God was attacked would resolutely point to the creation—the universe—some intricate piece of human mechanism, such as the eye, as evidence of God's existence, and thus aim at defeating the assault of the sceptical devil, but, now, all we have to do, is to say, "behold how great things the Lord has done for us in our life—he has made the desert to blossom as the rose"—and thus resisting the devil he invariably flees. Reader, is your salvation theoretic or practical. If saved, what are you saved from? Is your salvation a salvation from sin or to sin, or both? Is it an absolute or limited salvation, or neither? Do you believe that God can save you from sin, or that He saves you and leaves you to "endeavor" to keep from sin, to struggle with sin and the devil till death without a single moment's conscious knowledge of victory over sin, because if you admit that victory can be obtained for one moment, then why not for two, and if two, why not *ad-infinitum*? Resolutely face this problem

independent of the creeds. The fear of the "theological" man, as well as any other kind of man, will bring a snare. If you are a Protestant, protest against priestly domination as to what you should believe. Let God regulate your belief. Let Him, not the creeds, not even the Bible, teach you. He may use the Bible, but it will not necessarily be some moth-eaten human interpretation of the same. You have the right of private judgment, have you not? God gave you that as an inalienable right. Can't you form, or let God form for you, an independent judgment as to whether there is salvation from sin provided? The creeds hold you to a past of failure. We admit the strength of their testimony. But, forgetting the past, what about pressing on? Can you afford to carry the weight of those portions of your creed, which God, through your conscience, tells you are false? Do you want an unbroken record, unstained by sin? Is to please God your one aim in life? Or do you live partly to please self, and the balance, God? Life is short. Have faith in God. In time past we used to pray systematically morning and evening, that our faith might be strengthened or increased. During the said prayers we used to fight a theological battle, occasionally, as to whether "strengthen," or "increase," was the Scriptural term. Now, we never pray that prayer. We desire now neither the increase nor strengthening of our faith. Faith is the gift of God—one of the fruits of the spirit. Having accepted of the spirit we have just the faith that God is the author and finisher of. We are pleased with God's handiwork. We have just the requisite amount of faith this moment, and every moment, that we need. We have God. Faith in God, cannot be separated from God. Since we ceased troubling ourselves about the nature of faith, and cared less about having it strengthened or increased, and cared more about the words of the Lord Jesus, "have faith in God," our life has been a success. Success in life is also one of the things that can only be spiritually discerned. No one can spiritually discern who rejects the Holy Spirit.

H. DICKENSON.

## THE GOSPEL IN CORRESPONDENCE.

I append a copy of a letter which I have just written to a Methodist minister, a brother beloved, and one who is abundant in labors for the cause of Christ. It would be a breach of confidence to publish his letter, and I change even the initials of his name, as his letter was private; but my answer I regard as of public importance, and I think it will answer misapprehensions concerning this matter existing in many minds, and hence I send it for publication.

T. S. L.

March 16th.

MY DEAR BRO. A.—Your letter of February 12th came duly to hand and interested me very much. The letter did not seem to need any special answer, and so it has not received any. I am impressed, however, this morning to write you a line in reference to the matter contained in your letter. Now I know you to be a man of good understanding, and also intensely interested in spiritual subjects; I, too, claim to be deeply interested in spiritual matters, and am supposed to be as thoughtful as the average man, and yet, notwithstanding this, you read the December EXPOSITOR and get the impressions you state, and I read it and get quite a contrary impression. Alas, poor humanity!

You know the illustration of the horse, the cow, the sheep, the goose and the swine, all feeding in the same pasture and drinking at the same stream, and how the grass and water in the one case made beef and hair, in another goose flesh and quills, and in another pork and bristles, etc., etc. And really your experience and mine is just a similar illustration of the same principle, providing we are both equally honest. I saw nothing inconsistent in Brother Burns' articles in that December number, but on the other hand I saw splendid consistency. Am I therefore "Brother Burns' puppet," as you put it? I do not think I am, and further, I *know* I am not. There is no doubt about the fact that justification is THE GREAT epoch in the life of the Christian. Do you deny it? Nor does the Christian ever become more a child of God than at that moment. Many have, and the majority do, attain to the Pentecostal life after conversion; and yet in the majority of such cases it is because of faulty teaching that this is not entered upon at conversion.

The converts on the Day of Pentecost doubtless did enter immediately upon that life, and just as clear the converts under Philip's preaching at Samaria (Acts viii.) did not enter upon that life until Peter and John went unto them and preached the Holy Ghost to them. These converts then received the Holy Ghost, and it was a blessing "after conversion," but had Philip preached as Peter and John did, I am of the opinion that they could have received Him "when they believed." Please read the record carefully as a part of my letter. This harmonizes with Wesley, for he said that "perfect love" could be received at the time of justification, but that he had never met a person who did so receive it. But I have met persons, and doubtless you have also, who did get that blessing when they were converted; and our facts are just as good as Wesley's, and, as is clearly seen, such facts do carry out his theory that the blessing can be received at conversion.

I use the terms "perfect love" as meaning the conscious indwelling of the Holy Ghost, or what the apostles called "receiving the Holy Ghost." Hence, when THE EXPOSITOR begins to emphasize the fact that the New Testament *ideal* of conversion includes the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that there is *no need* for any subsequent blessing to make the life constantly well-pleasing to God, it is simply Wesleyan in its orthodoxy, for Wesley said such an experience was possible. How much better it is to hold up this life to penitent sinners, as attainable in the beginning of their career, than to make two blessings *necessary*. How much will be saved to the Church of God, how much less the number of backsliders, if this life were held up for young converts to live! Of course, when we meet with persons like the converts at Samaria, or like Paul met at Ephesus (Acts xix.), who have not received the Holy Ghost in this sense, that is another matter. We simply then tell them of the inheritance that they have not received, and urge them to its possession.

This, I insist, is Pauline and Wesleyan, and is common sense. Why you can doubt it is beyond my power of imagination, but I do not call you names nevertheless. I do not say, "poor deluded Brother A.," as you do "poor deluded Brother B." The dear brother who thus receives your commiseration I believe to be a level-headed, scholarly, holy man of God; but he clearly writes in a language you do not understand. Whether you or he are to blame, is not for me to say, but it is worth while for you to give it

serious consideration and get special light from God concerning it. I, too, did look upon him in the same way, and was as conscious of honesty as I am now, but the Lord clearly revealed to me that I was wrong, that the obscurity was in me and not in him. Just lift yourself up above your theories and read Brother B. *sympathetically*, with faith in God for that particular object, and see if you cannot get the key that will unlock him. It is true he is a parable, and so, you remember, was Jesus, and some of His best friends said, "this is a hard saying, who can bear it," and many others ceased to follow Him because they could not understand His teachings. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you," was to those that did not understand Him simply ridiculous nonsense, but sublime truth to those who did. Jesus came teaching the old doctrine in new form, and narrow men could not take him in, and so it has been from that day to this; when God has raised up a man to proclaim the spirit of eternal truth, in new language with new terminology, the men of the stereotyped school have always, in the change of the letter, failed to discern the Spirit. Jesus purposely mixed his hearers up in the letter to test their knowledge of Him in the Spirit. By this method he sifted the chaff from the wheat. "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God, but unto those that are without these things are spoken in parables, that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand." There is no doubt in my mind that just as Jesus acted in person, so He has often called men to act who have been raised up for some special purpose, and I think Brother B. is one of them.

When you say "there has been misguidance, or lack of guidance, in the Association," I think you are mistaken. I have kept more particular notes of the work of the Association than you can be expected to have done; my opportunities for judging have, I think, been more than equal to your own, and I suppose your powers of discernment are not so much superior to my own to make any argument out of, and with all the light I have I can see that the Association has been wonderfully guided of God. It is really marvellous how the members have been taught; what marked improvement there is in their statement of their experiences; how little wild-fire and extravagance is seen compared to what there used to be. Then the power of the members to propagate the Pen-

tecostal experience is wonderfully increasing. There are hundreds now where there were only a few. In a great many churches throughout the land there are representatives of this Acts of the Apostles kind of Christianity, and these churches are all mortgaged for the Holy Ghost, for you can't kill these Pentecostal Christians, and they propagate the experience—slowly but surely. The converts do not backslide, and I am looking forward to the day when the Methodist Church will be captured and possessed with "another comforter" whom Jesus sent. As I write, my heart thumps within me with this expectation. But I know too well that "there will be wars and rumors of wars before that great and notable day of the Lord."

I should be sorry—I should wish I had never been born if I were one to oppose this work of the Holy Ghost, and so will all who do oppose it. Jesus, our blessed Saviour, is never more exalted than when the Holy Ghost is honored, for His work it is to exalt Jesus, and He always does it. And now pardon me, dear Brother A., when I say that your work would be a thousand fold more abiding if you honored the Holy Ghost more in your teaching and preaching; if you taught the people His personality, and instructed your converts in the fact that their bodies are His temples and that He lives there to guide them into all truth. I have often prayed for you and Brother D., knowing that you wield a great influence, and I covet you for this Pentecostal life and teaching.

With kind regards, I am

Your Bro.,

T. S. LINSOTT.

EXTRACT FROM DR. HERRON'S SERMON ON THE DYING SELF.—"A man's ability to die unto himself, measures his likeness to God."

We become like God to the measure that we pour all there is of us into others. There is no other way of reaching the throne of God's righteousness than through the dethronement of self. Only the self-dead man, is the God-alive man. The dying self is the growing Christ. Self-living, of whatever sort, by whatever name we call it, by whatever religion or philosophy we disguise or defend it, is the essence of sin. And the scheming to get all Christ has to give, without gratefully giving unto Him all our beings, or doings and havings, is the religious selfishness, which is the heart disease of the Church to-day.—Copied from editorial correspondence of "Zion's Herald." M. H. B.

## LIVING IN CHRIST'S TIME AND NOW.

What is the difference between living in Christ's time and now? The main difference is, those who lived in Christ's time were guided by Him, while we are guided by the Spirit.

Why was the Spirit sent? What were to be the greater things that we should do than the disciples, and that because Christ went to the Father that He might send the Comforter? What did the Spirit do on His advent into the world? What was His mission at Pentecost? Why was it that the promise was given that he was to remain with man forever?

The best production of Christ's time was word guidance. The best production of the Spirit's time is spirit guidance, with its concomitant spirituality. Word guidance produced legalism, Spirit guidance produced spirituality. Is legalism a good thing? Yes, in the absence of a better, but by the DEEDS of the law shall no flesh be even "justified," let alone sanctified, cleansed, etc., which latter are made imperative by the projectors of the holiness creed movements. What is that better thing—the more excellent way? Spirituality produced by the Spirit's guidance. Why is it better? Because Christ ordained it for this dispensation. If he had intended us to be guided by the Bible He would have stated the fact. If by Himself, He would have stayed with us on the earth. He would not have sent the Holy Ghost. But it is expedient that I go away, He says, because if I go not away the Comforter will not come.

When the disciples came to Jesus and said, "Lord teach us how to pray," He gave them a form of prayer. Did He intend to create by this act generations of formalists and legalists—made formalists and legalists by slavish observance of this form of prayer? What need of the Spirit's guidance in the matter of prayer if this prayer was for universal acceptance by the generations during the Spirit's dispensation. If we were to be mere imitators of the Lord Jesus, why was the Holy Ghost sent at all? Was not the example of the Lord Jesus

enough for coming generations? The Lord Jesus Christ Himself thought not. He sent the Comforter to take the place of His words—His example—Himself. Were not His presence, His word, His example, good things? Yes, in the absence of better. Whence all this carnal striving—the legalistic effort to please God? Because salvation being of grace is rejected. Ye will not have this man Christ Jesus to rule and to reign over you. But is there no room for “works,” “striving,” “law?” Yes! Christ said, “I must work the works of Him that sent me.” “Strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many shall seek to do so and shall not be able.” Men are fond of laws of their own making, but object to come under “law” to the Spirit. “Law” to the Spirit is the only proper form of law in this the Spirit’s dispensation. The “striving” necessary to enter in, spoken of by the Lord, is a cessation of carnal striving—a dropping of the hands—a simple “looking” to live. In the same way as the Lord worked the works of Him that sent Him, so must you and I momentarily follow the Spirit’s guidance. He then becomes responsible for the works. The only form of legalism that can harmonize with justification in this the Spirit’s dispensation, is legalism to the Spirit. But this is just the legalism that the devil does not want the Lord’s children to adopt, in the absolute sense. Modify it, harmonize it with the words of the creeds, and it is all right. Don’t reject the words of the Lord Jesus that you may come under law to the Spirit, and the jog-trot of so-called orthodoxy is maintained and everything is well.

Reject the law of the Spirit and you crucify Christ afresh. Many don’t realize it—don’t intend to crucify Christ. Many of the Jews did not intend to crucify the Son of God, but they did it, and to-day the veil is still over their eyes. Are there not many modern Jews who are rejecting the Spirit, as the ancient Jews rejected Christ? The ancient Jews would accept Jesus in His time if He would conform to their ideas and set up a temporal kingdom. Modern Jews will come under law to the Spirit if it will not destroy their old notions. They

don’t like the traditions of the elders interfered with, even if it be by the Spirit. The “old way” our fathers trod, we must tread, even if it be a departure from the Pentecostal way and directly contrary to the law of the Spirit. But may not our fathers “old way” be the “Pentecostal way?” Yes, if the Spirit is supreme—has absolute right of way, and you are recklessly abandoned to Him and don’t condition His guidance with the words of the Lord Jesus or your preconceived creedal notions. Is the Spirit God? Do you believe it? Is He at your side this moment? Are you under law to Him? Is obedience better than sacrifice? Is your obedience to the Spirit’s law spasmodic or continuous? Do you please God by this obedience? Would you rather have lived when the Lord Jesus was on the earth than now? Are you looking for the Lord’s coming in some way that interferes with your reckless obedience to the Lord who is here now? There is a unity in the Trinity. There cannot possibly be any diversity in the ways of the three personalities in the God-head. The finite mind has not yet solved the mystery of the Trinity, nor is it likely to. But the finite mind can be submissive—can be obedient. You can only obey that which you know. If the orders of the Spirit to you are not numerous, then there are fewer orders to obey. Cease dead works. Cease efforts after obedience. Cease carnal striving. Exclude mediators between God and man. Forsake tradition where tradition interferes with the Spirit’s guidance. The lineal descendants of the twelve tribes of Israel are numerous enough on the earth without you being added to the number. Drop Phariseism. Be willing to be persecuted for righteousness sake. Let your righteousness exceed that of the Pharisees. Touch not the unclean thing. Anything that interferes with the Spirit’s guidance must necessarily be the unclean thing. Be willing to live “now,” for “Behold now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.”

H. DICKENSON.

“Be Godlike in your business and business-like in your godliness.”

## LETTER No. 2.

To a Methodist Minister in Ohio. A Private Letter of Public Import.

BRANTFORD, ONT., Feb. 25th, 1892.

MY DEAR BROTHER H.—Your letter of 13th inst. came to hand in due time. It seems to be the mind of the Lord that I should answer it to-night.

Your letter puts me in mind of a story Beecher used to tell about a certain animal who before swallowing his victim used to lick him all over. You flatter me in a way that looks to be excessive on my financial articles in that Maryland paper, and then you proceed to use me up so badly in the after part of your letter on the spiritual teaching of my last letter to you, that one would think I was a goner entirely. If you are correct, spiritual truth is so subtle, and, especially in its higher forms, that language is a poor thing to convey one's exact meaning or shade of thought. This difficulty is also multiplied greatly in my own case, from the fact of my unskilfulness in the use of language, and my limited vocabulary. So, with the double difficulty athwart my path, I have totally failed to convey to you my real teaching. It is also possible that your preconceived opinions, to some extent, have colored the glasses through which you look. Certain it is, you do invest my remarks with a coloring that I fail to see in them. You think my teaching "involves infallibility," but I know that it does not. There is only room for one man of that kind, and that poor fellow lives at Rome. The only absolute Being in the world is God; the rest, including angels, are fallible, according to my opinion. And yet John xvi. 13, "He will guide you into all truth," I take to be absolutely true. That is, the Holy Spirit undertakes to guide the Christian into all truth of all kinds, under all circumstances, that God has designed, or that the Christian needs at any given point of time, or at every point of time. That is, taking it for granted that I am walking with God, and trusting the Holy Spirit to guide me with the simplicity of a little child, then He does so guide me, so that I know as much about any and all subjects as God expects me to know, or as it is possible for me to know at any present moment. This is only common sense after all, for what teacher, if he knew the exact capacity of a child, would set him a task beyond his limit, or would fail to be pleased with him, if he had been true to the guid-

ance of the teacher, and had acquired knowledge up to the measure of his ability? So, the Guide Divine sets us our tasks each day, He being personally present to instruct in all problems that confront us, and so "walking in the Spirit," trusting not to our own understanding; that is, not walking in the flesh, we have the consciousness that we please God, and have that day been "guided into all truth." He teaches us, generally in a natural or normal way (but we cannot limit Him in this), much as a child learns to read. C-a-t does not spell vat, nor rat, nor hat, and only spells cat. Now, if a child calls it vat, or any other wrong name, from one standpoint it is a mistake, and yet that mistake is the first step to the truth. To learn that c-a-t does not spell vat, is making some progress toward learning that it spells cat. In the same way it is wrong for a boy to say "twice two makes six," and yet it is a wrong that leads to right; indeed it is a necessary wrong, which really means it is right, that is, it is the necessary normal way of learning. It is utterly impossible to learn without making blunders, and a wise teacher, when the scholars make mistakes which lead the soonest to the truth, is pleased with the mistakes, or at least with the scholars for making them. None will deny that Jesus was Divinely guided, and yet if he *learned* the carpenter trade, he sawed some boards too short, and planed some crooked. If he *learned* the multiplication table he made many mistakes, as every other boy had done from the time of its invention until now.

But God was His teacher and guide into all truth. If the guidance of Jesus by the Holy Spirit was consistent with His *learning*, or not knowing certain things at certain stages of his experience, it cannot be inconsistent for others not to know more things, and yet be guided. I am conscious that I know very little, and am a thousand leagues from any claim of infallibility, but I know that the Holy Spirit is my guide absolutely, and that I do nothing but what is according to His will. Whether each opinion I form is technically correct or not, I cannot doubt that each opinion is among "the all things" that work together for my good, whether correct or otherwise. The Blessed Spirit is with me all the time, and His exclusive employment in the particular space I occupy is to take care of me, and I know He does it. He does it so completely that I am fully satisfied, and I look on His guidance and listen to His teaching with rapt admiration. Today and to-morrow I walk by faith, but when these two days have become yesterday,

and the day before, God's guidance becomes positive and absolute knowledge, so that the facts of the past are an accumulation of evidences of the wisdom of walking in the Spirit, and so "what we have felt and seen with confidence, we tell." The older I get the more I see the need of modesty in expressing mere opinions, and I confess I hold opinions with a much less tenacious grasp than I used to, but positive knowledge is another matter entirely. When a man *knows* a thing, he can laugh at the opinions of a thousand wise men who may *think* to the contrary.

If I am eating an apple, and it is sweet, what is it to me that a thousand men, each of whom knows a thousand times as much as I do, declare it is sour. They argue from its color, the tree it grew on, the kind of skin, etc., etc., that it must be a sour apple; now, don't you see, I can smile at the whole of them, for I know it to be sweet. For thus expressing myself you say I am "egotistic," but you are simply one of the thousand who express an opinion on a matter of which I have actual experience, *i. e.*, knowledge. It is not immodest for a man to speak with confidence on matters of fact, and my experience is a fact.

But is this not the "Ghost of Antinomianism?" No, certainly not. That doctrine counts a thing, so that is not so in fact; but our experience is that "the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" that is, we do the will of God to the very letter through the power of the Spirit. I tell you, my brother, this life is glorious certainly, and leaves nothing to be desired. It is "the perpetual motion" of the spiritual life that the philosophers have been seeking, but have not discovered.

I am sorry that I cannot come over and help you, as you kindly invite me. The way is not clear, but when it is clear I shall come. With kindest love to Mrs. H. and yourself,

I am,

Faithfully your Brother,

T. S. LINSOTT.

"HAPPINESS which does not spring out of holiness is evanescent and ruinous. There is something awful in the maniac's laugh, and when all the joy that a man knows belongs to this world, it is little better than that of one bereft of reason. 'As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of fools.' Like the burning of brush it may be very bright, but it soon gets out in darkness."

"CERTAINLY I WILL BE WITH THEE."

*A Bible Study.*

BY F. E. BERNARD.

When thinking of the wanderings of the children of Israel, it has often struck me that the key to all their blessed experiences lay in that promise to Moses: "Certainly I will be with thee." (Ex. iii. 12.)

The promise was first to Moses himself; and how exactly it fitted his case.

Once Moses had thought he was equal to the task before him. In all the ardour of self-confidence he came before his brethren as their deliverer, and was mightily surprised that they understood not, "how that God by his hand would deliver them." But they did not understand, and he had to fly the country, and away in the desert learn that it was God, not he, who should deliver (iii. 8.). Forty long years of training and humbling were needed ere he was brought to that point of nothingness at which God could take him up and use him.

When at last sent forth to the work by God, no longer self-confident, but deeply sensible of his own utter inability (iii. 11.), he goes with the promise, "Certainly I will be with thee." And what was implied in that? Just this—that another should take the responsibility; be the Wisdom, Guide, and Supply of every need. God would use Moses, but only in God with Moses was there deliverance.

The promise was given to Moses in answer to his first objection when God gave him the commission to go unto Pharaoh. "Who am I," he says, "that I should go unto Pharaoh?" All the answer lay in the promise, "Certainly I will be with thee."

Moses' next difficulty, as to what he should say when asked the name of Him who gave him his commission, was met with the words, "I am that I am." The One who should be with Moses was the "I am," the self-existent One, whose existence and whose presence with him comprehended and secured all that Moses could possibly require, and all that was required to bring the enemy into subjection.

In reply to the third objection, "They will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice" (iv. 1.), signs are given which prove that God has appeared unto His servant and is with him (iv. 5.).

The fourth objection, "I am not eloquent, . . . I am slow of speech, and of a



slow tongue," God meets with the very specific promise, "I will be with thy mouth" (iv. 10, 12). But Moses cannot trust the Lord so far, and to another has to be given the honor which it was the desire of the Lord to give to him, the honor of being the Lord's mouth-piece. Is it not at this point our trust often fails? We will not trust the Lord with our lips, and so it has to be that another takes our crown (Rev. iii. 11).

But the promise was surely not only for Moses, but for the children of Israel also—for Moses and the people for all their wilderness life; and see how it fits the different stages and the different circumstances.

In Egypt the promise to Moses is confirmed to the people in somewhat different words—"I will bring you out . . . I will rid you . . . I will redeem you with a stretched out arm" (vi. 6). He was there to do it, and none should stay His hand.

In the setting forth from Egypt there was no hurry, no confusion, for the Lord was there to bring them out (xii. 51); no fear, therefore, from any delay which might be caused by their getting into the order of an army (xii. 51; xiii. 18—order is God's law). If He could afford to wait, they could. "He that believeth shall not make haste" (Is. xxviii. 16).

Fairly out of Egypt the Lord's promise, "Certainly I will be with thee," is confirmed by that visible sign, the pillar which followed them all their journey through (xiii. 21). And was not the change of the pillar from a pillar of cloud to a pillar of fire just a picture, whilst also a sample, of the way in which God with them adapted Himself to each separate emergency?

Soon the people find themselves in great straits. The enemy behind, the sea before, what shall they do? Every course looks equally hopeless. The command is, "Fear not," yet there seems every possible ground for fear. To "Stand still" would appear like deliberate acquiescence in being destroyed by the enemy, yet there is nothing to do but to stand still. To "Go forward" would seem like going to certain death by drowning. Yes, but God is there. That "Fear not" is the word of one who has provided against the cause for fear. That "Stand still" is the command of One who can be trusted, and who is so glad when we have come to an end of all our human efforts, to the point of despair, that He may show us His salvation. That "Go forward" is the word of One who is as equal to dividing the sea in front as to slaying the enemy behind.

Just here He shows how He adapts Him-

self to each several need at one time, as at different times. "The pillar . . . came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other all the night" (xiv. 20). Yes, and He was there to take off the chariot wheels of the Egyptians and to fight for His own against them, and He overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea" (ver. 27).

As the people pass on, great and varied are their needs; but each need brings out the sufficiency of the Lord to meet it—He is there, and that is enough.

"When they came to Marah, they could not drink the waters of Marah, for they were bitter" (xv. 23). But the Lord was there, and the extremity was not beyond Him; He knows well what to do, and in healing the waters He takes the opportunity of teaching them that He is their healer too, and that the condition of health is obedience, and the prelude to obedience is hearkening to His voice.

A little farther and the need for bread arises—a hopeless-looking case here in the wilderness, certainly. But the Lord was there, and it was all right. "My God shall supply all your need" (Ph. iv. 19), His resources are infinite.

Then arises lack of water—almost worse than lack of bread—and to all appearance there is no help. But the Lord was there; that is enough. Water shall not be wanting. It is easy to Him to fetch it out of that rock, the most unlikely reservoir.

But now comes the enemy, Amalek, in another form—defeat, death stare them in the face. But still the Lord is there, and still this is sufficient. He can deal with men, as well as with inanimate things, as the event proves.

Well, these are but samples. It were an interesting study to look up the different occasions through all the forty years of this history where there was dire need, and to human sight no supply, and see how because God was there all was right.

Yes, and if they would but have believed it, and as the next generation proved, God with them was really equal to those "giants" in the land of Canaan, those "cities walled up to heaven," for His plan was the extermination of enemies, rest from them, and He never had a plan to the carrying out of which He was not equal.

And here we are reminded of Joshua, who should lead them into the land of rest. What was the promise to him? "As I was

with Moses, so will I be with thee" (Josh. i. 5). "So the Lord was with Joshua" (vi. 27). We could trace instance after instance through the book of Joshua, as through Exodus, in which His presence was manifested in a marked way, in which He adapted himself to the special need, was there to meet the special lack. The waters are crossed, the walls fall, the enemies are slain. Why? Because human resources are sufficient? No; because the Lord is there.

And may we not also, each one, claim the promise to Joshua, "As I was with Moses so will I be with thee." And further we have, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 20); and "How shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. viii, 32)—all we need is included in Christ. Whatever this day's emergency may be, what we need to meet it is just God, and He is entirely equal to it.—*Divine Life*.

#### REMARKS.

Whether we may claim the promise to Joshua or not, depends on the validity of our inferences as to how special promises made to servants of God in Old Testament times, to encourage them in the special enterprises to which they were appointed, may be used by us. But, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," is a promise uttered by the Lord Christ, and by its very wording meets our needs in these days. "All we need is included in Christ." Certainly His promise of the Holy Spirit as a gift from the Father to all believers, see John vii. 38, 39, and His last discourse to His disciples, provide for all we need. For he takes of what is Christ's, and shews it to the believer, (John 16), and that is how the Christian can now appropriate Christ to himself and find Him to be wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. "What we need to meet this day's emergency, is just God." Certainly God, as He is revealed to Christians, God the Holy Spirit, who guides believers now, not by a visible pillar, but by His indwelling the soul. "And He is entirely equal to it." Most undoubtedly.

B. SHERLOCK.

#### DRUMMOND'S "GREATEST NEED OF THE WORLD."

This little pamphlet has had a wide circulation, and doubtless by this time might almost count its readers by the million. It will do an immense amount of good, for its ideas are much in advance of those that have been largely current in the religious world.

He mentions some false methods adopted by some who endeavor to live a holy life: the method of effort, struggle, agonizing; which is as wise as pushing the boat you are sailing in to make it go. Concentrating effort on one sin at a time, copying the character of Christ bit by bit, making rules for your life, and resolving to live by them, he stigmatizes most justly as "perfectly human, perfectly natural, perfectly ignorant, and perfectly futile."

The true method, which he rightly recommends, is that described in the 18th verse of 2 Corinthians, third chapter (R.V.): "We all with unveiled face reflecting in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit." He goes on to give a most beautiful and truthful exposition and application of the text, all but the latter sentence. He would (rightly) substitute character for glory in the text, and says, "Stand in Christ's presence and mirror his character, and you will be changed. Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning, aye, two minutes, if it is spent face to face, and heart to heart, will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake, or for any one's sake." True, blessedly true; and with similar insight and correctness he says, "Our communion with Him is a spiritual companionship." And remembering his Confession of Faith, and Westminster Catechism training, it cheers and surprises when he avers that "You cannot sin when you are standing in front of Christ. You simply cannot do it. Sin is abashed and disappears in the presence of Christ." It is evident that the men who

condemned the Galt *heretics* were not disciples of Prof. Drummond.

I mentioned above, that he expounds the passage that he quotes, all but the last sentence—"even as by the Lord the Spirit." The closing words of the pamphlet are these, "Geology is still toiling to-day at the unfinished earth; and the Spirit of God, which brooded upon the waters thousands of years ago, is busy now creating men, within these common-place lives of ours, in the image of God." This last remark, evidently written as much as a graceful closing, as it is for any teaching purpose, is all that he has to say of the Holy Ghost, to whom the Master has committed the whole work of the development of His people's spiritual character. This, anyone who reads what the Master said concerning Him, can see at a glance. He it is, and He only, that makes the communion about which Prof. Drummond says such beautiful things, a possibility and a glad reality. Why pass Him over with a rhetorical simile? Why not explain about the "Bringing all things to your remembrance whatsoever I (Christ) have said." Why not say some beautiful word about, "He shall take of mine and *show* it unto you." Such would have been in the line of his thought, and would help to answer the question which will arise in the minds of *some* of his readers: How am I to get into the communion of which you speak?

The Professor has become beautifully independent of the current phrases and ideas of traditional religionism, but he is still at one with the majority, in being without the consciousness of the indwelling God the Spirit, as pentecostal and post-pentecostal Christians realizes Him. He is earnest and brilliant in speaking of the process; one complimentary, but cursory remark is all he gives to Him without whom the process is an impossibility.

Let not the "knights of the Holy Ghost," cease their testimony by word and pen until the Church gets back to the platform on which the Master built it in A.D. 33, and then will Christianity be Christianity indeed, lifting all its votaries into the experimental knowledge of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

B. SHERLOCK.

## DOING THE WILL.

Belief in the Lord Jesus Christ is the foundation of all the creeds of Christendom. The government of God is theoretically recognized in them all. Where this belief and this government is absolute, there is no room for error. It is where finite man limits the infinite God that error creeps in.

Christ taught when on the earth, that His disciples should DO His Father's will, "as in Heaven so on earth." "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that DOETH the will of my Father which is in heaven. Every one that DOETH, these words of mine shall be likened unto a wise man," etc.

It certainly would be absurd for the Lord to teach that "doing the will," was necessary if He made no provision by which we might know infallibly, and at all times, what that "will" is.

But He has made ample provision. He did pray the Father as He promised. The Comforter did come at Pentecost, and we have no record of His going away again. In fact Jesus distinctly promised that the Comforter would not go away again, but that He would abide with us for ever.

Certainly, forever includes "now." Then we have now a teacher who was to "teach us all things." What the will of God is must be included amongst the "all things."

To be taught what the will of God is, by the Holy Ghost, is one thing; to be taught what the will of God is, by the Bible or the creeds, is another. Neither the Bible nor the Church can mediate between us and the Father. There is one mediator between God and man; Himself man, Christ Jesus.

One of the missions of the Holy Ghost then is to teach us absolutely what the "will" is.

To be taught what the will of God is directly by the Holy Ghost, is one thing; to be taught what the will of God is, by man, is another. Jeremiah prophesied a time when they should teach no more every man his neighbor—but that all should know the Lord (as a teacher exclusive of man), from the least unto the

greatest. John records that Jesus referred to this time when He said, "They shall all be taught of God." David understood this when he said, "Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God."

The Spirit's dispensation was evidently referred to, and is this not the Spirit's dispensation—not pre-eminently, but actually so?

In this matter then, how does finite man limit the infinite God?

By crying, "Behold the creed," instead of, as John the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb!"

By crying, "Our creed is the Apostolic one," instead of "Behold the Teacher sent from God, who taught the Apostles." But says one, do you not seek to teach by your writing? We aim at nothing more than getting man acquainted with the Great Teacher. Then will they need no teaching from man. God may use man to direct a bow at a venture, but we utterly repudiate the charge of teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.

With the teaching that God may have to do through our writing, we have nothing to do. We assume no responsibility. Our care is cast upon the Lord in this matter, and our bread upon the waters. With the publication of what we write, we have nothing to do. We assume that the Editor of the EXPOSITOR will be taught of God in the matter of inserting or rejecting any articles from our pen. It is for us to "do the will," to be taught of God in the matter of writing; it is for him to be taught of God and "do the will," in the insertion or rejection of what we write. Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.

How does finite man limit the infinite God, we ask again?

By dictating to man what the will of God is concerning him. Let anyone undertake to worship God in a Baptist Church, and see how soon the necessity for immersion, as the "will of God," will be pressed upon him. Let such a one state that buried with Christ in baptism has been taught to him by the Great Teacher as meaning baptized with the Holy Ghost, and see how soon the choice will be made by the great bulk of the members of that Church, between ex-

alting him into office, and cold shouldering him out of that Church.

Let anyone venture into a Presbyterian Church, and when opportunity is given, truthfully testify that he "does the will" on earth as angels do it in heaven, and see if attempts to limit God will not be made. The "will" of God cannot be done unless you sin daily in thought, word, and deed, he will be taught, and woe betide him if he hesitates accepting this teaching. Let him, according to the mind of God, of course, be courageous enough to reiterate his truthful testimony about "doing the will," and it will be interesting to observe with what magical celerity that stately structure—the Church fence—will be erected to hedge in the flock, and preserve them for hereditary orthodoxy. Let him in the same Church assert by his actions that the acceptance of the Holy Ghost as the one and only guide, was to him the "doing this in remembrance of me," that the Lord Jesus enjoined, and he will be, as we have been, waited upon, and expostulated with, and the "will of God" concerning him clearly pointed out—we mean pointed out from the hereditary orthodox standpoint—and it may be his name will be removed from the Church roll. Let a Methodist remain away from class six months, and according to the mind of God, of course, adopt a policy of "do nothingism" for the same prolonged period, and see how soon the backsliders' penitent bench will be pointed out to him.

Even the clergy are not exempt from this dictation. An Episcopalian clergyman of this town, according to the mind of God, we presume, invited a non-conformist brother to officiate at one of his services, and at once "finite man" knew what the will of God concerning the offending brother was, and for a time the vials of Church censure were poured out through the denominational organs, etc., upon his devoted head. Orthodoxy attributes all the aforementioned cases of guidance to the devil. The Holy Ghost would only guide, according to the Baptist's ideas, to "immersion." He could only guide the Presbyterian Church attendant to confess his sins daily, and at the "times and seasons" indicated by

the elders, to surround the table of the Lord. He would always guide to attendance upon class, and His law is a policy of dosomethingism, instead of do-nothingism. Orthodox Episcopalianism would say the clergyman was deluded of the devil when he invited his non-conformist brother to step within the consecrated precincts, sacred to the feet only of the confirmed and ordained priest.

What relation does the Holy Ghost bear to the Church?

Is it the case that in the Church the wind bloweth where it listeth, or does it always blow in the one direction, and that one the traditional orthodox one? If the Holy Ghost teaches me something, what must I do with the teaching, if it differs from the teaching of the creeds? Must I let God be true, and every man a liar, or must I let the creedists make God a liar? It is positively true that the Churches consider they have a monopoly of truth. It is crystalized into the creeds? Each Church considers it has the monopoly. While they have a policy of live and let live, yet in their hearts they believe every one who does not believe as they believe is wrong. We are not at war with the Churches. We are an integral member of the same. We believe the Church is faithful to the light she has received. We are hopeful for the future. Already the thin red streak that heralds the coming dawn can be seen across the horizon. The personality of the long neglected Holy Ghost, the mission and offices of the Guide, are being proclaimed everywhere. Theoretically, already the Church is sound. But if "these people" would "only believe," and not practice what they preach, there would be no commotion. The fluttering in the dove-cotes would not take place.

H. DICKENSON.

*Zion's Herald* says: In one of the essays of James Russell Lowell, in which he has to do with the attempt to justify slavery from the Bible, he says, "Such strange things have been found in the Bible, that we are not without hope of the discovery of Christianity there, one of the days."

## FROM ARTHUR'S "TONGUE OF FIRE."

The order of the Christian Church ought to be such, her outward framework so constructed, that she shall not be as a building which, though it looks more cheerful when there is life within, yet will stand when there is none; but rather as a body which falls the moment the Spirit forsakes it, and tends to decomposition. No church should be otherwise constructed than in entire dependence on the presence of the living Spirit in all her ministerial arrangements. Her frame ought to answer to no definition that would suit an inorganic body; but to answer exactly to the celebrated definition of an organic one, namely, "that wherein every part is mutually means and end." The pervading presence of the Spirit should be assumed, so that if it be absent, the pains of death shall instantly take hold upon her, and the cry be extorted, "Lord, save or I perish!"

B. SHERLOCK.

"A minister can never be responsible for success, but he is responsible for power; responsible not only for presenting the truth to the people—in which many seem to think their responsibility terminates—but responsible also for this, that the truth he presents be not dry, but accompanied with the energy of the Spirit. If the Spirit be in the man, shining upon his soul with the light of God, more or less of holy fire will go with the word. A frame having muscular strength, without nervous energy, a countenance with linear grace without expression, a needle for the compass, without magnetism, are not more defective than is the statement of religious truth without the accompanying power of the Holy Spirit. This power was pre-supposed in the man's first entrance on the ministry. He stands there by virtue of his solemn declaration before God and men that he felt it in his heart, and he is bound to stir up the gift of God within him, to keep his lamp trimmed and his light burning, and evermore to be replenishing with holy oil.

"This power has but one source—the Spirit of God in the soul of man. It is the one thing that cannot be feigned. . . . You may as well attempt to feign life in a dead eye, or music in a cracked voice, as to

feign the power of the Holy Spirit in a soul that does not habitually wait at the throne of grace, until endued with the power from on high."—*Sel.*

### WHY NOT?

Why not leave them all with Jesus,  
All thy cares,  
All the things that fret thee daily,  
Earth's affairs?  
Pour out all thy sin and longing;  
He hast felt  
Need of human love as thou hast,  
And has knelt  
At his Father's feet, imploring,  
For the day,  
Strength to guard against temptation  
By the way.

Why not leave them all with Jesus,  
On his breast  
Find a balm for all earth-suffering,  
Peace and rest?  
Ah! He knows thou has striven  
To walk right;  
Longs to make the thorny pathway  
Clear and bright.  
See, he bathes thy feet, all bleeding,  
With His tears!  
Give to Him thyself, thy burden,  
And thy fears.

### THE MINISTER'S CHRISTMAS PIE.

E. CRAFT COBERN.

The minister's family were gathered in the kitchen around the cook stove in the little parsonage of Flint Hill, each busy with some evening task, even to Brownie, the four years old, who was seriously plying the darning needle, making a dress for Dromie, that was the short name for Andromeda, the cat.

Mrs. Stevens was hearing the twin boys recite their lessons, and George, the elder brother, at home for the college holiday vacation, set apart by himself engaged in earnest thought.

Soon he sighed heavily and glanced up at the clock which sat on a shelf against the wall, with her arms crossed over her yellow battered face, muttering like a witch her spell upon the flying hours.

"Eight o'clock," he called to the group of workers, "Come, put up your books mother, I want to have a family council to-night."

"Hark! there is father," exclaimed Mrs. Stevens, as the patter of hoofs and the rattling of wheels sounded above the shrill scolding of the wind.

Presently the husband and father entered, damp with rain and mud, and shivering from the chilly night air.

"Mrs. Murch is dead," he replied in answer to the questions that greeted him.

"Poor woman! Light dawned at last, and I felt the blessing of my ministry even when carried on, as it is, in constant self-denial for you and me, though you look cosy enough now," smiling quietly upon the little company.

"It seems so good to have George at home, and I so dread his going again," the mother said, looking fondly toward the eldest son.

"It is possible that I may not go again," George responded.

"Not go again, and you are within six months of graduation!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens.

"I want to talk to you about this matter. The doctor has told me that I could not endure another six months of such hard work as I have been doing for the past three years, and indeed I have felt that I am breaking. The physician said that I might be able to complete my course, but thought the outside work I am doing necessary to keep me in college, too much for me. You help me now more than you ought, so I must give up this year and see if I cannot get enough ahead to keep me swimming the next semester."

"Then you cannot take that professorship offered you, and the money that you could spare from your salary would be so much help to us. I thought—I thought then I might have a girl to help me for a little while, I am so tired." Mrs. Stevens' lip quivered slightly, then she laughed nervously, "Just see how selfish I am! It was my own disappointment I thought of first."

"Poor little mother," sighed the minister, laying his hand upon his wife's, "sometimes I am tempted for your sake to lay off the yoke, but you would not consent to it."

"No, no! It is hard, but every night I can sing in my heart,

"One more day's work for Jesus  
How sweet the work has been."

But George must finish his year, and he must not kill himself either with overwork."

"How much extra would carry you through?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"Fifty dollars for the remainder of the year might answer. I could do a little when I felt especially well," replied George.

"Fifty dollars. I might sell Billy, he would bring just about that amount, and walk to the out points this winter," said the minister.

"Never!" exclaimed his wife, "with weak lungs it would mean a widowed and orphaned family; you must devise some other plan than that. I meant to get a new cloak you know, but I can wear the old one, and that will be ten dollars toward the amount."

"I think we can make things stretch a little farther. No one ever guesses the elasticity of a dollar bill until he has tried this stretching process, but it is rather weary work, isn't it, wife?"

Mrs. Stevens replied with rather a serious smile and all was silent until Ed, one of the twins, who had been drumming on the window and looking out into the dismal night, turned and said hurriedly, "I gathered two bushels of nuts and earned a dollar to buy a sled with, but George can have it, and I'm going to bed." Ed's lashes were sparkling, and there was a streak on either cheek that marked the course of two big tears, signs which the mother and brother both noticed.

"Here, Dordie," prattled Brownie, trotting up to him, hugging her most precious treasure, "Dordie tan have Dromie and folkses 'ell buy her for money."

George gathered the baby and cat into his arms, hiding his face in her fluffy hair.

"It is too much," he said huskily. "I cannot accept such sacrifice from you all. If ever a fellow ought to love his family, I am the one. There, Brownie, we won't talk of this any more to-night, but we will see if we can not think better after our good big Christmas dinner to-morrow."

Soon the lights were all out and the younger people were sleeping; but the father and mother talked long and anxiously, and the Christmas had almost dawned before they ceased to think and pray.

"Hi there! Hello!"

"Some one is calling," exclaimed Mr. Stevens, rising from the breakfast table and hastening to the door.

Oh, it's Brother Beeman. Can't you come in, Brother Beeman?"

"Not now," was the response, "Mary was bakin' Christmas pies, an' she sent this taste to Brownie. An' Mary says she's not even to break off a bit of crust till dinner. An' then I thought as maybe a bit of meat wouldn't come unhandy, here's a piece of beef," said the farmer reaching down under the seat and handing eight or ten pounds to his pastor.

"Well, Brother Beeman, how can I

thank you"—"Don' want any. Git up Jack!" and the farmer giving Jack a quick touch of the whip was soon out of hearing.

"There comes Myrtie Osgoode," observed George, who had finished his breakfast, looking up from the book he was reading.

Myrtie came in without ceremony and began her errand. "Ma said as she was a master hand at bakin' pumpkin pie and maybe Ed an' Ed would like a taste, so she baked a pie for each of 'em in a pattie but they mustn't eat 'em till dinner." Myrtie laid down the pies on the breakfast table then slapped her hand over her mouth to suppress a giggle as she went out.

"I declare," exclaimed George a few minutes later, "here comes stingy Ellis."

"My son, that is not respectful, to say the least," remonstrated his mother gently.

"Stand corrected, but he deserves the name nevertheless."

"Mornin!" the visitor called to Mrs. Stevens, who stood in the door to receive him.

"Can't stay. Jerushy sent a pattie pie to George. It's only a bite, but it'll taste all the better 'cause there ain't much. No, can't come in."

"I declare, isn't this a coincidence? Three people all sending pumpkin pies baked in pattie tins," laughed Mrs. Stevens, as she closed the door and set the fourth pie on the pantry shelves. "If two more people are moved to do the same thing we will have one apiece."

The noon hour came. All the morning one after another of the parishioners of the Methodist Church at Flint Hill called upon the pastor and left a pattie pie as their visiting card, till thirty golden dots stood in a row ready for the Christmas dinner.

"I wonder if the pies will indicate the character of the makers. Auntie Chase's ought to be very sweet and spiced just to taste. Mrs. Flinn's ought to have a good deal of spice and very little sugar. Mr. Ellises' ought to have nothing but the pumpkin and milk in it, and that should be pretty skimping."

"Now, George," said his mother, pinching his ear playfully, "never look a gift horse"—

"Stars!" cried Mr. Stevens, clapping his mouth,

"What is it?" asked his wife, while all the others forgot their pie except Brownie.

"The under crust must be"—began the minister.

"My teef," wailed Brownie, who had taken a vigorous bite.

"What does it mean?" George asked, as the others bit cautiously into their pies.

"Look, father!" shouted Ned, who had scraped the filling out of his crust, "here is a silver dollar."

Mrs. Stevens hurried to the pantry and returned with as many pies as she could carry.

They were all quickly searched and each yellow heart contained a silver coin.

"Now George can go back to school," Mrs. Stevens said, the tears coming into her eyes.

"I wonder who did it?" Mr. Stevens queried thoughtfully.

They soon discovered, for that afternoon Auntie Chase came puffing up to the parsonage door, her round face beaming with good nature.

"I did it," she replied in answer to their questions. "I know as how you was considerable pushed with George in school and all, and I said, how can I get money out o' rich folk as stingy Ellis and several more? An I said to myself, jes' fix it some how as they'll think they're doing somethin smart. So I conjured a bit an' thought o' this."

—Sel.

## NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

BY REV. A. J. JARRELL.

(Preached in Trinity Church, Savannah, Georgia, January 3rd, 1892.)

TEXT.—"And seeing a fig tree afar off having leaves, he came, if happily he might find anything thereon; and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet." Mark xi. 13.

Leaves are a great blessing to trees and to men. A tree without leaves is a tree without life. Strip it of its leaves, and you need not leave it, either branch or trunk, or root. Leaves are the lungs of the tree. The roots feed on the soil, and the leaves feed on the atmosphere. Take care how you top your trees and lop their branches. When spring time comes and the warm sun wakes them to life, they will need all the lungs they can command. If stripped of their branches they cannot reproduce their lungs, and thousands smother and die. Leaves are a great blessing to trees.

But they are a greater blessing to men. They feed and fatten on gases that would be death to men if not taken up. Men and leaves are made for each other—each taking up what the other throws out. Malaria

never steals upon our homes like an invading army, until the cruel axe has felled the forest. Many an arrow by day has been quenched in a leaf; many a terror by night has been stopped by a leaf; the pestilence that walketh in darkness halts at the forest, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day is vanquished when it gets among the trees.

The disastrous floods that sweep over our land are due first of all, to the wide-spread destruction of our forests; next to defective systems of farming. Great floods and great thoughts are as closely related as "wilful waste and woeful want." Relief from both, in part at least, is found in trees. The "Forestry Commission" comes none too soon.

"Woodman spare that tree,  
Touch not a single bough."

God made that oak. It is barbarous to cut it down without cause. Abraham pitched his tent under an oak. Elijah laid down under a Juniper tree. Zaccheus climbed into a Sycamore tree. "And on either side of the river was there the tree of life which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Leaves are a great blessing to trees and to men.

But of all things, a fruit tree, with "nothing but leaves," is most worthless and out of place—no matter where it stands. The axe and the flames come in quick succession; and they ought, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

### BARRENNESS NOT CONFINED TO TREES.

Would to God such folly were confined to trees. But, alas! There are men by the thousands—born to intelligence and nobility—made only a little lower than the angels—with an inalienable birthright to immortality—created to be kings and princes in the kingdom of God—men, who feed and fatten on the bounty of God and yet produce "nothing but leaves."

### THE MAN OF GOOD WISHES.

First, among these comes the man of good wishes. He is always wishing something; and his wishes are all good. He wishes the world to be better; he wishes everybody was better; he even wishes himself better. And he is honest. Balaam was not more so when he wished he might die the death of the righteous, and that his last end might be like his.

James and John were not more so, when



they wished they might sit, one on the right, the other on the left of the Master when He came in His kingdom; but they were willing to pay the price, and obtained their places—both on the right hand of the throne of God. The good wisher was one so eager to know the cost of eternal life that he came running through the public streets and knelt at the Saviour's feet, begging to be told; but when he learned the price, he went away sorrowful, sorrowing most of all that salvation was not cheaper. It was one of these very men the Saviour followed beyond the confines of the world and told us He is still wishing there; "and in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torments," and wished he had been a better man; wished he had one more chance to hear the Gospel; wished he had one drop of water to cool his tongue; wished Lazarus would go and warn his five brethren; wished that not one of them would ever come to that place of torment. Poor Dives! He is wishing yet. But his wishes have always been "nothing but leaves."

#### THE MAN OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Next comes the man of good resolutions,

"The day glides swiftly o'er his head,  
Made up of—" good intentions and resolutions.

He always did intend to do better, and he always will intend to. He resolves every day and every year, that he will be a Christian, yet each day and each year find him great leagues farther away from God. But this does not stop the current of his resolutions. That stream never stops. Like Tennyson's brook it sings:

"Men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

There are certain seasons when it overflows all its banks. There is always a flood in time of sickness and death. A prominent man in no mean city of Georgia said to me: "Mr. Jarrell, I wish you would pray for my wife and child; ask your church to pray for them; they are at the point of death. Assure your brethren that if God will only spare them, I will serve Him all the days of my life." Through the goodness of God the wife and child were restored to health, and he soon was well of his resolution. They were "nothing but leaves." The morning after the earthquake, two men rushed up to me and gave me their hands to serve God from that moment. I lived in that city six months longer, but never heard another word from either one on the subject. Ripkle mustered all the courage he

had and made a most heroic resolution to quit drinking. He was so elated to find he had that much will-power left that he went on a big drunk for joy.

Pity there was ever more than one Rip Van Winkle! Jacob S—— was a friend of mine. I met him on the street at nine o'clock in the morning and said: "Why don't you come with me to a better world?" "O, Mr. Jarrell, I am resolved to go with you sometime but not now." That night he was brained with a hatchet. Let no man say I am crying down good resolutions. They are good things—as good as leaves. They are "*nothing but leaves.*"

#### THE MAN OF GOOD BEGINNINGS.

Above and beyond either of these is the man of good beginnings. *He has actually started.* The truth is he has done a great deal of starting. If it were not for the fact that there is obliged to be as many stops as starts, he would long ago have been high up on the way to heaven. As it is he is at the very foot of the "Hill Difficulty." I shook hands with him when I left A——, six years ago. He made a good start when I went there; he had done the same with every preacher before me, and was repeating the experiment with my successor when I left. His race was run with me in six months in spite of all I could do, or say, or pray. Still I was glad he made the start—hope he will keep on making them; perhaps he will die sometime while he is on the move.

"Remember Lot's wife!" A noble beginning was hers—just as noble as righteous Lot's. She went clean out of her house (drawn by an angel's hand), beyond the gates of the doomed city—far over the plain—but she never reached a place of safety.

No king ever ascended a throne under more auspicious circumstances than Saul, the son of Kish; none ever had a more ignominious downfall. "Pliable ran well until he plunged into the Slough of Despond;" and he ran just as well afterward, but in the opposite direction. The saddest thing in the Church, through all the ages, has been the "looking back" of multitudes who had put their "hands to the plough." The first great shock I ever felt to my sense of religious propriety lasted like a chill for days and weeks. I was only eleven years old. I saw a mature man join the Church—I saw him baptized in a creek. And in one month I heard him swearing like a Turk. That was his first and last start. His next move was feet foremost, with three men on either side.

In the palace at Venice is a long line of magnificent portraits. They are the princely rulers of that famous city for generations. But one of these spaces is empty—the semblance of a black curtain falls over the place where the face ought to shine. One of the rulers was convicted of treason and beheaded. The mourning void perpetuates his shame. Of the empty portraits that would hang in the Halls of Glory—If such mementoes were permitted there? “*Nothing but leaves.*”

A LEAF UNKNOWN TO BOTANISTS BUT FAMILIAR TO PASTORS.

A singular face rises up before me as I close these sketches, yet I have seen it in every congregation I have served. I can best describe the man by quoting his language: “All men may know that when I do become a Christian I mean to serve God with all my might. I am not going to be like the Christians I see around me.” No, he is not going to be like them. Would he were like the least of them that are Christians at all. But he will never get that close to God. He will stay where he is until the scene closes—avowing to the last what a paragon he intends to be when once he makes up his mind to the task. I have seen many such during my pastorate, but never one have I known to become a Christian.—*Guide to Holiness.*

RANSOMED—NOT RUINED.

The first time I preached in London after my conversion, I found it very cold and hard. There was no hearty response, or “Amen,” such as I was accustomed to hear in Cornwall. On the whole, the sermon to me was like a discouraging battle: and I was not sorry when it was over.

In the vestry the Vicar said that he thought I was very excitable, and that his quiet people had been too much agitated.

I was rather surprised at this, for I thought they were very far from excited. However, I may have been mistaken. While we were talking, there came a loud knock at the door. The Vicar said, “Come in;” and a gentleman entered in a great state of perturbation. He was exceedingly excited, and said, “Oh, sir, do help me. What shall I do?”

“There,” said the Vicar, “did I not tell you—”

“Oh, sir,” interrupted the stranger, “I am sure you can help me. I have been in distress about my soul for over three weeks.

I have been tempted more than once to shoot myself, and to-night I have been thinking of drowning myself in the river.”

“Sit down, my friend,” I said, “let me understand your trouble. What is it all about?”

He answered, “I was awakened under a sermon from the text, ‘Choose you this day whom ye will serve.’ I was much alarmed at what I heard, for I felt I had not been serving God, or even trying to do so. I have been serving the world; and, what is worse, I am so tangled up in it that I cannot get free. There is nothing but ruin before me, if I give up the world; and perdition, if I do not. It has nearly driven me mad!”

I said, “I do not think that God desires to ruin you, or anyone else. His desire and will is to do you good, both in this world and the next. He cares for you and yours far more than you care for yourselves. You had better trust Him.”

“But suppose I trust Him, and He takes away everything I possess. Why, I should be a ruined man!”

I replied, “But on the other hand, suppose you keep all your possessions, and go on as you are. What will become of you then?”

“Oh, I knew all about that too. That is the very thing which distracts me. It will just drive me out of my mind.”

I continued, “David said, ‘Let me fall into the hand of God, and not into the hand of man’ (see 2 Sam. 24: 14). Ruin or no ruin, if I were you, I would give myself up to God.”

“Then, again,” he said, “you see I am such a sinner. I have been sinning against light and knowledge.”

I answered, “Did you hear that hymn we were singing in church just now?”

“What, that last hymn do you mean, ‘There is a fountain filled with blood?’”

“Yes,” I replied, “that one.”

“Why, yes,” he said, “I have known that hymn ever since I was a child. I have been well taught, so that my sin is all the greater, you see.”

“My dear man, you do not know that hymn yet. It does not say that sinners plunged beneath the Thames, but sinners plunged beneath the blood, lose all their guilty stains.”

“The dying thief was a bad man,” I went on to say, “and yet his sins were pardoned through that blood; and there may you, though vile as he, wash all your sins away. I advise you to go to this fountain, cost what it may. There you may get rid of your sins, and become God’s child. Then be sure

He will know how to provide both for you and yours."

"I never thought of the meaning of that hymn," he said, with some surprise.

"God has awakened and shown you what a sinner you are, on purpose that you may come to Him for forgiveness. Come now, everything is ready. The dying thief believed. Why may not you?"

After a little more persuasion this troubled man fell upon his knees and begged of God to forgive him. He pleaded with a loud voice, to the evident astonishment of the Vicar and his churchwarden. Seeing that I was in no way alarmed, they remained; I suppose to witness what would happen next! There was only one thing to happen. I urged the man on to pray, and when his prayer was deep and earnest enough, I assured him of God's answer. I said, "God would not offer pardon to a sinner such as you, and then refuse you when you come. Thank Him."

He had not turned in that direction long before the dear man's soul was set at liberty, and he began to rejoice and praise God. He rose from his knees, and came forward to shake hands with me, and no doubt would have turned to the Vicar and churchwarden to do the same; but they had fled, leaving us to find our way out of the church as best we could.

Lost in wonder, love and praise, my friend looked at me, and said, 'I do not mind now what happens to me; I can trust God, and I will. Lord, help me.'

I assured him that "God does not show us our faults to ruin us, but to save and set us free. Quietly trust Him. Do not put your hand to anything that you see is wrong, or that is against your conscience. Rather lose the benefit which might accrue from such an action; it will be no real benefit to you."

He went away a changed man, at peace with God, and determined to follow the Lord, come what might. After this, whenever he heard of my being in London, he found me out, and his testimony was, "The Lord is good. I am not a ruined man; but happy and prosperous. My business is changed, and my wife is happy too. It is a blessed thing to be on the Lord's side."

Some ten years after this man's conversion I was telling his story to illustrate a point in my address, and remarked that I had not seen my friend lately, when a voice cried out from the audience, "I am here all right, thank God."

This voice startled some timid people, but

added weight and confirmation to the subject I was urging.

We should never give way to despair, for that is unbelief in a dangerous form, but when we come to our extremity turn to the Lord. Our extremity is His opportunity. He that believeth is not confounded. The blood of Jesus is certain in its pardoning efficacy. The dying thief was forgiven while that blood was still warm and flowing. Multitudes of persons have been forgiven since, and multitudes more will be, through the same. It is true, as the poet says, that blood

"Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more."

—*Rev. Wm. Haslam, M.A.*

#### LING CHING TING.—THE CONVERTED OPIUM-SMOKER.

BY REV. S. L. BALDWIN, D.D.

In 1863, as the Rev. S. L. Binkley was preaching one day in the Mission Chapel at Ato, in the southern suburbs of the great city of Foochow, China, a man about forty years of age, seeing the chapel doors open, strayed in out of curiosity, and took a seat with the congregation. He listened with great attention to the preaching; and, at the close of the service, when all the rest of the audience had gone out, he made his way up to the altar, and said to the missionary, "Did you say that Jesus (I never heard of Him before: I don't know who he is); but did you say that he can save me from all my sins?" "Yes;" replied Mr. B., "that is just what I said." "But," the Chinaman responded, "you didn't know me when you said that; you didn't know that I have been a gambler and a sorcerer for many years; you didn't know that I have been a licentious man; you didn't know that I have been an opium-smoker for twenty years, and every one knows that any man who has smoked opium for that length of time can never be cured of the habit. If you had known all this, you wouldn't have said that Jesus can save me from all my sins—would you?" "Yes;" replied the missionary, "I would have said just what I did; and I tell you now that Jesus can save you from all your sins."

The poor, sinful Chinaman was bewildered. It seemed to him impossible of belief. Yet there was a charm about the very idea of a Saviour, who could deliver him from all his

sins. He went away in deep thought. The next day he sought Mr. Binkley at his residence, to talk with him about this wonderful Saviour; and day after day, for many days, he came, examining the proofs of Christianity, and bringing his objections to be solved by the missionary. But one day he came to the missionary's study with a radiant countenance, exclaiming as he entered: "I know it! I know it! I know that Jesus can save me from my sin; for He has done it!"

He had a great battle to overcome his habit of opium smoking, but seeking help from his new-found Saviour, he soon conquered, and said, "I don't want to smoke opium any more; I don't want to do any of the evil things I have been doing; but I want to go and tell the people of Hok-chiang that Jesus can save them from their sins." When his friends heard of his purpose, they tried to dissuade him, saying, "Don't go down there; the people are fighting there all the time; they will soon take your head off, and that will stop your preaching. If you will preach the 'foreign doctrine,' stay here at Foochow and preach it where you will be safe." But he replied, "No; I must go to Hok-chiang. The people there need the gospel, and they are my people. I came from there, and I must go and tell them about Jesus."

There was no time for a college course, or for theological training. He went out with the Word of God in his hand, and the experience of his Saviour's love in his heart. His simple message to the people everywhere was, "Jesus can save you from all your sins; I know it, for he has saved me from mine?" He suffered much persecution—stoned in one place, pelted with mud in another, beaten in another, he pressed on with indomitable energy, proclaiming everywhere his simple message of salvation. Many listened to his earnest words, and became followers of Christ.

After a time he was caught by his enemies in the city of Hok-chiang, and brought before the district magistrate, with false charges against him, and false witnesses to testify to them; and the too-willing heathen magistrate sentenced him to be beaten with two thousand stripes. This cruel sentence was executed with the bamboo upon the bare back of the victim.

I well remember the day when he was brought to our Mission premises, apparently almost dead. I well remember the sorrowful countenance of our good Scotch physician, as he came out of the room, after ex-

amining his patient, and said, "I don't think we can save him. I never saw such terrible injuries from beating. The flesh on his back is like quivering jelly. But we will do our best to save him." I remember how I thought over some of the comforting words of Jesus, as I made my way toward the room, that I might try to comfort my brother in his great distress; and I remember, too, the smile with which he greeted me, and how he, speaking first, before I had a chance to say anything, said: "Teacher, this poor body is in great pain just now; but my inside heart has great peace. Jesus is with me; and I think perhaps he will take me to heaven, and I will be glad to go." And then I could see the old fire flashing again in his eyes, as with effort he raised himself a little from his bed, and said, "But if I get up from this, you'll let me go back to Hok-chiang, won't you?"

He was in a precarious condition for some time, but soon began to mend; and before the missionaries thought he ought to leave the premises, he was off again to Hok-chiang, preaching to the very men who had persecuted him, and with such effect that some of them were converted, and became members of our church in that city.

He continued to preach with much energy and success for a period of fourteen years. He was ordained by Bishop Kingsley, in 1869. Soon after he was appointed to Teng-tiong in 1876, finding himself very ill, he went to his native island of Lam-yit, hoping to improve in the sea breezes, and under the care of physicians there. But when, after some weeks, they told him that his case was hopeless, and that he could not live many weeks, he said: "Then I must go back to my station. I only came here in hope of getting well, so as to do longer service; but if I cannot, then I want to go where my work is, and die at my post." So, in his feebleness, he made his way back to Teng-tiong; and when he could no longer stand to preach, he sat down, gathered the Christians close around him, and talked to them of the love of Jesus, and his power to save from sin.

On Saturday evening, May 19, 1877, he sang two verses of the "Saturday Evening Hymn," beginning,

"To-night all worldly things we clear away;  
To-morrow, keep holy the Sabbath day."

Finding himself unable in his weakness to sing more, he slowly repeated the last lines:

"Resting on Jesus, my heart has no fear;  
I shall reach heaven, my evidence is clear."

Casting a look of tender affection upon his family and the Christian brethren who were present, he gave them his parting blessing, and in a few moments, peacefully breathed his life away, leaving hundreds of converts to Christ, and among them a score of native preachers, brought into the church through his labors.

Mr. Binkley was obliged to return to the United States, by the illness of his wife, before he had been two years in China. I remember how the tears flowed down his face, as I stood with him on the deck of the steamer which was to bear him away, and he said, "I can't bear to go home, when I haven't yet been able to do anything for Jesus here." But in leading this one man to Christ, our dear brother was honored of God in doing a work which will go on in increasing power while the world lasts.

Our last reports show over seven hundred members, over five hundred probationers, and over fifteen hundred adherents in the Hok-chiang district. Does it not pay to preach the Gospel to the Chinese?—*Sel.*

#### FORGOT HIS BROOM.

Years ago there was a crossing sweeper in Dublin, with his broom, at the corner; and his highest thoughts were to keep the crossing clean and look for the pence. One day a lawyer put his hand on his shoulder and said to him:

"My good fellow, do you know that you are heir to a fortune of ten thousand pounds a year?"

"Do you mean it?" he said.

"I do," he said, "I have just received the information. I am sure that you are the man."

The man was convinced; he left his corner, he walked away, he forgot his broom, and he made haste to seek his inheritance. Like the woman of Samaria, who "left her water-pot" by Jacob's well and hastened to the city to proclaim the presence of the Messiah whom she had seen, so this poor man, filled with strange thoughts of wealth and plenty, forsook his labors and forgot his broom.

But are there not many who talk of their title to a heavenly and eternal heritage who yet hold fast the broom and cling to all the cares and trifles and follies of this wretched world? O man of earth, look up? God has provided some better thing for mortals than worldly gain or worldly good. Drop your muck-rake, forget your broom, and seek an eternal heritage, a never-fading crown.

#### SNATCHED FROM A LIVING DEATH.

"Do take me, lady, do take me with you. I want to leave this bad life, and be a Christian!" These touching words were uttered by a high-caste Hindoo girl whom we had found with a poor Mahomedan family, in the heart of the native city of Allahabad, India. Mrs. Dennis Osborne had called at the mission house, and asked me to go with her in search of this girl, about whom she had heard. We had found the place, and had entered the low door of the mud hut, and were sitting in the court yard under the shade of a banyan tree, and had been listening to the sad story of the poor girl. Her stately bearing, erect form and beautiful face, contrasted greatly with the dismal surroundings. She told us her name was Jessudar. She was the second wife of an uncle of the king of Benares. Her husband was wealthy, and, being a gentleman of rank, they lived in great splendor, as is the custom in the East. The first wife was much older, and, being childless, became much attached to the little girl-wife her husband had brought in to share their home, being about twelve years of age. On a grand religious festival, a trusty servant of the family was asked to take Jessudar to bathe in the Ganges river.

Decked with elaborate and expensive jewels, she started with her attendant, in great glee, having no idea of the doom which awaited her. Before they reached the banks of the river the servant betrayed her into the hands of a wicked woman, who led her away, and sold her to one engaged in the traffic. She was soon stripped of her beautiful clothing and rich jewels, and thrust into a room where other young girls awaited the same fate. She was, in a few days, bought by a wicked wretch of a man, and carried hundreds of miles away from her home into a life of shame and suffering. Her tale of horror and cruelty, endured after her purchase, can not be written; but as she revealed it to us our hearts ached within us, and our cheeks burned with indignation, which, in turn, were laved with tears of sympathy for the poor wronged girl before us. She then turned to us, and asked us to save her.

Mrs. Osborne felt unable to take her into her family, and we told her she would have to wait until we could arrange for her. Then, turning to me, she fell at my feet and began pleading to go with me.

"Jessudar," I said, "I will come again for

you." "No," she replied, "when this wicked man hears you have been here, he will hide me where you can never find me, and I will never see your face again. Do take me with you now." I felt God had placed her in my hands, and I must take her, although I had only my sleeping room I could call my own. This I shared with her until I could find a place of safety for her.

Soon spies were all about me. I knew it not. The day permission came, I left on the evening train to take her to the girls' school, Lucknow. I drove to the railway station in a closed conveyance. As I threw open the carriage, and was about to step out at the depot, I was met by a mob, led by a Mohammedan man, who had been bribed to recapture Jessudar. They were determined to take her from me, but I clung to her, until, in a few moments, Brother Dennis Osborne appeared on the scene, called the police, and the mob soon dispersed. In company with this kind friend and his wife, I entered the station, purchased my ticket, and bidding them good-night, boarded the train with my rescued girl with me. As we slowly moved along the platform, a tall figure sprang forward, and, thrusting his hand through the window, grasped the girl by the arm, and would have dragged her out, had I not laid hold of her, and held on until the motive power of the train had so increased as to compel the man to let go.

It was the Mohammedan leader of the mob again. How I thanked God for deliverance. And how very near the Saviour was during the long hours of that lonely night. As the sun rose next morning I came into Lucknow. How welcome was the sight of our mission home and school. This, however, was not the end of the struggle. The superintendent of police, an English gentleman, took up the case in our behalf, and prosecuted Jessudar's former captor, who was soon arrested, and a most disagreeable court case ensued, which, though so unpleasant, uncovered much hidden wickedness, and three of the principal perpetrators of the awful traffic were brought to justice. Jessudar's husband had spent several hundred rupees in searching for her; but, failing to find her, thought she had been murdered and cast into some well. As Jessudar appeared in court, her mother's screams, as she recognized her lost child, pierced every heart. When the case had ended, and the judge had pronounced sentence, he then asked who would take charge of Jessudar until she should become of age. He turned to her

husband; but he sadly shook his head, saying: "Her caste is broken; she can never enter our home again." Her mother, with tearful eyes and throbbing heart, gave her daughter one last look, saying, "An outcast forever! I dare not touch my child!" The judge asked again. Brother Osborne stepped forward and spoke for us: "She is ours, we will take her."

She was soon placed in that delightful home and school, the Bareilly orphanage, where she developed into a faithful student and an attentive inquirer after the truth. She was afterwards brightly converted, and became an earnest Christian teacher. I remember well when we taught her her first prayer. How dark her mind seemed, and how my heart went out to God for her soul, asking Him to make her a child of His, and that I might live to know her to be a beautiful Christian woman. God has wonderfully answered prayer. She is now an earnest Christian, letting her light shine for Jesus among those who know Him not. There are hundreds of these little girls stolen from their homes every year, and it is a part of our mission work to save them. But few realize the grandeur of orphanage work. I am sure all would want to take part in it if they did.—*Ram's Horn.*

## CONVERSATIONS WITH CHRIST.

BY G. W. SIBLEY.

If I were asked what is the thing which the devil, the world, and the flesh try hardest to prevent Christians from getting, I should reply, conversations with Christ. I say this from my own experience, and from observations of all the Christians I have ever known. A quiet, unhurried speaking to Jesus alone, and hearing His replies, this is what every Christian needs every day, and what many get only once a month, or more seldom still, or never. It is so easy to go to services, and listen to prayers, and to join in them. It is so easy to sing to Him, or to pray to Him with others, or to think that we are doing so because we feel refreshed and helped by it. But what if it should turn out that it was a mistake of ours to imagine that we were actually conversing personally with Him at those times, and that we were only talking or singing for other people and ourselves to hear.

I tremble for people who only pray in churches, or with other Christians present. Communion services are very blessed helps

and means of grace, but they are not necessarily conversations with Christ, nor is preaching, or teaching, or working for Him. You may be a most religious person, busy all day long about God's matters; you may give time, and money, and thought to Him, and yet you may never converse with Him. And the danger is that if you do not converse alone with Him each day, you will certainly get thoroughly wrong altogether, and that when He and you meet you will see all your work crumble away, and yourself left naked, suddenly waked up to the fact that you and your Saviour are strangers to each other. It will be a horrible surprise to you that nothing should remain of all the work on which you spent your life, the solemn words, "Without me ye can do nothing" having been forgotten by you.

He meant that you should have talked to Him continually about everything you did and everything you cared about, and should have been always conscious of His sympathy, and oversight and working. But instead of that you talked only to men and women, and made shift with their sympathy and advice and help. He meant you to have told Him your anxieties about your son, and He would have ended them; but you only consulted your friends and matters got worse. He meant you to have asked Him for light about that doctrine which you could not understand, but you went to books to get it explained, and you became more uncertain than you were before. He would have satisfied you. He meant you to have confessed to Him that secret sin, and He would have forgiven you and cleansed you; but you confessed it to your clergyman or minister, and it torments you to this hour. He meant you to have committed to Him that painful illness, and He would have been your physician; but you trusted your family doctor only, and got no relief. He meant you to have asked Him how much money you were to give away; but you settled that yourself, and settled it wrong. He would have been your counsellor about the profession you chose, the situation you accepted, the servant you engaged, the books you read, the friendships you formed, but you chose other counsellors, or did after your own choosing, and all has been failure.

May the Holy Spirit strike the scales from your eyes now, and may you arise from your enchantment, and take Christ now as your personal friend and counsellor.—*Bible Standard*.

He is true to God who's true to man.

## JESUS ONLY.

"I've tried in vain a thousand ways  
My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,  
But all I need the Bible says  
Is Jesus.

"My soul is night, my heart is still,  
I cannot see, I cannot feel,  
For light, for heat, I must appeal  
To Jesus.

"He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads—  
There's love in all His acts and deeds,  
All, all a guilty sinner needs  
In Jesus.

"What though the world despise and blame,  
I'll go in spite of guilt and shame,  
I'll go to Him—because His name  
Is Jesus."

—*Selected.*

## "GO AND TELL JESUS."

Some years ago a Christian lady came to me in great distress, and said, "Sir, I have such a burden on my heart. I am engaged in a boarding school; there are many pupils and I know I ought to tell them about the Saviour's love, but I cannot. It seems as if a padlock were on my lips; I cannot speak of Christ, and it is a burden on me every day."

I said, "Do I understand your case? You love Christ?" "Yes."

"You want to speak for Him?" "In-need I do."

"You cannot?" "Cannot say a word."

"And is that a burden to you?" "Indeed it is."

"Well, now," said I "do not tell another soul on earth what you have told me, but go and tell Jesus. Instead of asking help from man, go and cast the burden upon him. He lives to baptize you with every power you want. Just go and tell Jesus what you feel, and leave the whole matter with Him."

I saw no more of her for some weeks, but the next time she came to see me, instead of the face looking as if she were weighed down with a burden, it was radiant with joy.

I asked her, "How is it with you now?"

"Oh," she said, "I did as you told me. Instead of speaking to man about it, I flung the burden on Christ, and it is gone! I can speak for Him now. My tongue is unloosed and I can praise God."—*Rev. Dr. Clemance*. (London).

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