

Practical Papers.

PULPIT TALK.—No. II.

CHRISTIAN JOY.



What respect is Christian Joy an object of desire?

1. Because it is in accordance with the soundest philosophy. Joy is one of the primitive elements of our being. All healthy action, both of mind and body, is joy-giving. Pleasure is intended to be interwoven with the most ordinary instincts and appetites of human life; eating and drinking, for instance. Medical men tell us that, if our daily food be taken without relish, it lacks one of the principal constituents of a healthy nutrition. And the same remark applies either more or less to every conceivable condition of mind or body. Sorrow destroys the appetite, dries the bones, and prostrates the man. But joy is strength. The late venerable Thomas Jackson, when in his 82nd year, stated at a public meeting in Manchester, that he had not had a single melancholy hour in his life. Joy "doeth good like a medicine." It gives buoyancy to life, relish to duty, success to labour, and sunshine to everything.

If then joy is so intimately connected with bodily and mental well being, can we suppose that the soul, which is the seat of the emotions, the centre of power, the essence of the man,—that the soul in its noblest exercises is intended to be a stranger to its influence? Can we suppose that joy, which is man's strength in everything else, is man's weakness in religion? Can we suppose that joy, which gives health to the body, sparkle to the eye, nerve to the will, attraction to success, has nothing to do with the toils and triumphs of the soul? Do a healthy body and a healthy mind move in and feed upon an atmosphere of joy, and a healthy soul move in and feed upon an atmosphere of sorrow? No, it does not. The notion is philosophically unsound. Joy is as normal to the soul, as it is to the body. Natural joy is the strength of the one, the "joy of the Lord" is the strength of the other. My brother, sorrow will unstring the muscles and nerves of thy Christian character.

2. Again, joy is a *necessary result of a satisfactory Christian position*. It may be affirmed as a Scriptural axiom, that wherever there is true religion, there will be joy. Joy is one of the verifying evidences of the life of God in the soul. Indeed, as we have just now indirectly intimated, joy is an emotion which all feel at one time or another. The worldly man feels it while successfully prosecuting his plans,—the student feels it while intermeddling “with all wisdom,”—the sinner feels it, for even sin has its momentary pleasures. If then the human mind is the subject of casual joy, in the attainment of temporal good, and even in the practice of moral evil, what opinion could we entertain of our divine religion, if it had no power to arouse and feed this element of the human soul? What is that “thing of beauty” worth, if it be not a “joy for ever?”

A woman born blind, by surgical treatment has her sight given to her. But when she beheld the sun, and moon, and stars, the rocks, the mountains, the valleys, the fields, the woods, the rivers, in their richness, variety, and beauty, she was so completely overwhelmed that she positively went delirious. It is said of Sir Isaac Newton, that when any new discovery burst upon him, when he placed his finger upon truths which had been previously hidden from the ken of mortal, it produced such bewildering excitement, that he was obliged to leave his calculations to be wrought out by others calmer and cooler than himself. And if the sight of gorgeous nature turns one mind delirious, and if great discoveries in nature unfits another for anything like rational investigation, is religion altogether so tame with its attractions, and so unexciting in its discoveries, that while the philosopher is trembling with delicious enthusiasm, the Christian funereally hangs his harp upon the willows, and pensively broods like a captive exile in a strange land? No!

1. Our religion is a *religion of love*, and therefore one of *joy*. The love of Christ is a perennial source of the purest joy. “Does Jesus love foolish boy?” asked an idiotic lad of the Superintendent of the Idiotic Asylum, Essex Hall, England. On being told that he did, the poor child could not contain himself for joy. “Jesus love, Jesus love me,” he cried; “nobody love foolish boy before,” and as time passed on the consciousness of the love of Jesus made the lack lustre eye and grinning countenance of the boy to assume a look of intelligence, and his struggles to subdue the evil propensities of his wayward nature, showed that grace and peace had indeed found a lodgment in his heart.

“O love, how cheering is thy ray!
 All pain before thy presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away!
 Where'er thy healing beams arise:
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!”

2. Again, our religion is a *religion of faith*, and therefore one of *joy*. Dr. Gordon, of Hull, on his death-bed, wondered why Christians were not always rejoicing. He saw throughout the Bible the same great truth, that simple reliance on God is the means of attaining to spiritual joy. He said to those who stood by, “To believe that God loves us, wishes us to love Him, and does

everything to make us love Him, to regard Him as a Friend, a Brother, a Father, this must make us happy. As to doubts and fears, I could not have any. I might have many if I looked to myself, but this is impossible if I look to my Saviour. . . . Not only is *saving faith* a source of joy, but *providential faith*, or faith in God's providence, powerfully ministers to this holy emotion. There are times in many a good man's life, when temporal supplies seem to be altogether exhausted. Brother, did you ever know what it was to have no herd in the stall, no flock in the fold, no fruit on the vine,—did you ever know what it was to hang child-like upon God for your daily bread? Then you are no stranger to joy. I apprehend that the deliverances of faith are incomparably sweeter, and more purely exultant, than the overflowing treasures and abundance of sense. Do you see that poor woman gathering a few sticks, wherewith to cook, as she supposes, her last meal. "The barrel of meal shall not waste, the cruse of oil shall not fail," is the Lord's word to her by the prophet. She believes God, and though day after day she draws off her little stock of oil, and brings up her last handful of meal, yet the one flows as freely as if it ran from a fountain, and the other comes up as plentifully, handful after handful, as if she had a year's stock beforehand. The oil fails not, the meal wastes not. Each day has its sufficiency. Every time she lifts the oil bottle, and every time the hand of faith goes down into the meal barrel, and finds just enough, tears of joy would glitter and radiate on her cheek like jewels. Faith's provision for the day, is more joyous than that of sense for a lifetime.

3. Our religion is one of *anticipation*, and therefore one of *joy*. Dr. Watts' beautiful hymn, commencing with "There is a land of pure delight," in the last stanza gives currency to an experience much too common, "Could I but climb where Moses stood," &c. Here is the plain, there the mountain; here the wilderness weary and bare, and there "Pisgah's lonely mountain on this side Jordan's wave." "Could I but climb," says the poet; "could I," echoes the doubting and the fearing one; I am too low and earthly down here, the attraction and influence of the world are too strong in this turbid atmosphere. O "could I but climb where Moses stood?" But what does the other poet say, our own laureate? Instead of looking, and longing, and despondingly reiterating, "Could I but climb where Moses stood," he calmly breasts the mountain, and as the heavenly breezes fan his temples, and the green fields beyond kindle his enlarging eye, sings,

"The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope),
Of immortality."

Brother, is your religion joy-giving? If not, there is something defective about it.

4. Again, Christian joy gives *legitimate and abundant support in tribulation*. Many are slow to believe, that joy can be an abiding guest in the human soul. Reference is not now made to those who doubt the propriety of its existence, who think that a Christian is safer and better without it, but to those who really believe that there is such a thing, who give it a substantial existence, and who

venture to believe that a man's Christianity is no way imperilled by a prolonged and musical outburst of heavenly exultation. Many, even of this class, though convinced of the existence of Christian joy, look upon it as a transient, fugitive emotion,—essentially fluctuating and intermittent,—as variable in its temperature, as if the extremes of a Canadian summer and winter could be passed through in the course of a single day. Lovefeasts, fellowship seasons, and social religious gatherings, are regarded as the summertime of Christian joy; but in seasons of necessity, privation, and loneliness, they are disposed to think that if the mercury of joy is not absolutely frozen in the bulb, it is standing at a fearfully low temperature.

Such persons, however, greatly err. Joy is certainly ornamental to the temple of personal piety; but it is something more than that, it is one of the strong pillars on which the fabric rests. It may be a shining garment of glory and of beauty; but it is something more, it constitutes part of the soul's very bone and muscle. It may be a sweet harp in the day of gladness, but it is also a strong tower in the day of grief and desperate sorrow. It may be a beautiful nosegay, shedding its perfume on wings of sunshine, through the chambers of the soul; but it is also one of the heavy and richly-moulded columns which give grace and solidity to the edifice. Christian joy can not only exist side by side with the most gigantic sorrow, but it can actually carry it in its arms, and blithely trip along with it, as if it were only the weight of a feather. Indeed, there are times when joy is happier with sorrow than without it. A minister in England paid a pastoral visit to an afflicted member of his church. The prostrate man recounted his privations and described his sufferings. "Ah! my brother," said the minister, "I was once for six weeks in the most excruciating bodily suffering, but my fellowship with God was so sweet that I would gladly enter upon the same affliction, to have granted to me the same consolation." A converted Brahmin had, on embracing Christianity, lost his houses, his fields, his wells, his wife, and his children. The missionary asked him how he bore his sorrows, and if he were supported under them. "Aye," he said, "I am often asked that, but I am never asked how I bear my joys. The Lord Jesus sought me out, and found me a poor stray sheep in the jungles, and He brought me to His fold, and he will never leave me." "Most gladly therefore," said the man, who had the thorn in the flesh, "will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ, may rest upon me." "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

5. Again, *Christian joy* means *Christian boldness*. He who thinks himself the wisest man in the world, may be measured to be the opposite of his estimate; but the man who thinks himself one of the happiest men in the world, is in the main correct. Personal consciousness is the highest form of evidence. A man may err in his opinions, but not in his feelings. If he is happy, he cannot be persuaded that he is miserable, and *vice versa*. Consciousness is sure ground: a man may be drawn from almost every post of evidence, but when he reaches this, he stands.

The man born blind,—“One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see.”
 . . . Similarly, the man once spiritually blind, but upon whom the true light

has shone The joyless Christian is timid, and nerveless, and criminally retiring; but the man joyfully righteous, is as bold as a lion.

6. Finally, *Christian joy secures Christian influence.* It may be supposed, that faith is the great seat, and centre, and source of influence; that joy is only a personal thing,—an emotion with which a stranger intermeddeth not; that it is a sweet and quiet spring, where in happy seclusion, the soul drinks and dips its wings, and carols forth its notes of praise, rather than a majestic river, fertilizing, enriching, and distinguishing the territory through which it rolls.

A supposition this—very imperfect, and in some respects, decidedly untrue. Joy is a power of *unknown influence.* Were every Christian brimful of joy, the Church would be the great central sun of happiness. The tabernacle of God would be with men. Heaven would be seen on earth. What the world so fruitlessly seeks, the Church would possess. Zion would be the wonder of the earth. The mountain of the Lord's House would stand upon "the top of the mountains," "and all nations" would "flow unto it."

The Church would not only be the central sun of happiness, but a *fountain*, yea a *river of benevolence and soul-saving effort.* The treasures of wealth would be unlocked. The great Arctic Ocean of mammon, would become a warm and glittering sea of wealth, consecrated to God. Covetousness, that bane of the Church, and that curse of the world, would melt away like snow in summer. The missionary spirit would live and breathe in every member. Transgressors would be affectionately taught the ways of righteousness, and sinners would be converted unto God. And the whole Church, the ransomed of the Lord, would go to Zion with songs, everlasting joy upon their heads; and as for sorrow and sighing, they would flee away.

Banish, then, the notion that darkness and sorrow are the soul's strength and safeguard. Our strength, our safeguard, is the joy of the Lord. *By it*, the instincts of our nature are harmonized,—*by it*, we ascertain the kingdom ours,—*by it*, we glory in tribulation and take pleasure in infirmity,—*by it*, we speak with boldness the things which we have felt and seen; and *by it*, the Christian becomes a sun of heavenly influence and millennial beauty.

H. F. BLAND.

WHEN the Empress threatened to banish Chrysostom, he said, "That thou canst not do, for my country is in every clime." "But I will take away thy goods." "No," said he, "that thou canst not do, for I am a poor minister of Christ, and I have none." "Then," said she, "I will take away thy liberty." "That thou canst not do, for iron bars can not confine a free spirit." "I will take away thy life," said she. "That thou canst do in one sense," he replied, "but I have a life eternal which thou canst not touch."

THE PRESERVATION OF THE REVIVAL ELEMENT
IN METHODISM.

—
CONCLUDING PAPER.
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AMONG those things tending to the preservation of the revival element among us may be mentioned, further:—

3. *The continuance in full force of the old conditions of admission into the ministry.* As the ministry is, perhaps, the most important part of any church, so its character and influence are most important. If it does not possess the revival spirit the church will not. It is not sufficient that here and there should be found one who possesses this gift. Such a state of things tends strongly to what, in my opinion, is very undesirable,—viz., professional revivalists. The right state of ministerial supply is one where the awakening power is quite general; and where with this exists an intense longing to have a constant state of revival. A minister who is not at home in a revival, who is at his wits' end to know what to do when it comes, and who possesses no power to guide the enquiring ones, is sadly defective in the very highest ministerial qualifications. For what is he an ambassador of Christ, if it is not to save souls? The more fully he possesses the power to turn sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, the nearer he approaches the New Testament ideal. The power of sound exposition and of "confirming the disciples" need not and should not be the less present. Paul did all these.

The main conditions of admission into the ministry among the Methodists from the first were "gifts, graces, and fruit." We have always demanded the former, and have not been unmindful of their importance. The greater the gifts, both natural and acquired, the better. But these alone are an insufficient qualification for any ministry. To suit the Methodist requirement they must have "grace and fruit;" and from these, more particularly, arises the revival element in our ministry. Because they were present, revivals have been common among us; and when either of them shall be overlooked, the soul-saving power of the Methodist ministry will have declined or altogether departed. To continue this particular phase of our ministry is therefore necessary, in a very large degree, for the preservation of the revival element. It is not a thing to perpetuate itself by any natural law, but requires a most godly vigilance. It is possible to receive men into the ministry irreproachable in life, and with considerable or even great preaching power, who have no graces and who gather no fruit. Such men would have very little sympathy with our revival spirit. We must therefore continue to insist on these conditions, because they lead to or are ever connected with revival power. A doubt concerning the existence of either "grace" or "fruit" in a candidate for the ministry should be a very serious barrier to his admission.

Every thing that tends in the direction of ignoring these should be watched. Mere professional preachers should find no home in a revivalist church. The candidate should be known to have some of the spirit of revival about him. His piety, zeal, and usefulness need to be of a definite kind. If he purposes the ministry, let him be a worker—yea, a successful worker now. If he is not a regular attendant at prayer-meeting and at class-meeting, and alive when he is there, he is to be doubted. If he never prays in a prayer-meeting, if he won't work in a protracted meeting, if he acts on the rule of doing only what he is asked to do, and then, as if he conferred a favor on the church by his service, in my opinion he has not much of the spirit of revival about him. He will not make a worthy successor of John Wesley till he changes. There is no one duty binding on the church more important than that of guarding that its ministers shall be soul-saving men. The right or wrong performance of this duty is very far-reaching in its effects. Disregard the presence of the awakening power in those who enter the ministry, and soon we are robbed of a ministry of revival power.

4. *Preaching that aims at, and is suited to, the production of this result.*

It is not an easy matter to describe the kind of preaching that is best suited to keep up this high tone of spiritual life in the church. That which will at first secure awakening and the revival of religion may not, usually does not, possess all the elements necessary for the perpetuation of it. That healthy tone of spiritual life in the church where the revival spirit is operative, though no striking scenes of soul-saving occur, but where they are saved nevertheless, is the most difficult of all states to perpetuate. The kind of preaching, undoubtedly, has much to do with it. It is very certain that some kinds of preaching seldom or never produce a revival; and there are kinds which are as little calculated to foster the spirit of revival.

Allowing then that there is a good degree of this revival element retained among us, the question that concerns us is, What kind of preaching do we need to help to retain and to increase it? Will the type of preaching of the first fifty years of Methodism best serve that end? Undoubtedly it had in it some of the most important elements of successful preaching. It was pre-eminently plain and practical. It dealt largely, almost exclusively, in those great fundamental truths that surround the fact that Christ died for sinners. It presented Christian experience in its fullest and most attractive form. Whatever defects are seen in it when viewed with a philosophic eye, it cannot be denied that it was eminently calculated to produce awakening among sinners, and to lead them to God. It was suited to produce the results aimed at, and that did really follow. And I am strongly of opinion that similar preaching to-day would be attended with the same results. Its clear exhibition of truth, its earnestness, its unction, would make it effective anywhere, and at any time. I will not urge that the preaching of Wesley's day is just what is needed to-day. Times change; so that what was adapted to the circumstances of those times might not be suited to these. But the nature of man's need has not changed, nor has the truth which enlightens and saves; and if we are to keep our revival power, the preaching must be adapted to pro-

duce the same results. It must have awakening power in it, and it must lead to sound conversions. More, it must tend to the deepest piety and the most earnest activity. Preaching that accomplishes these will do its share towards the preservation of the revival spirit. But that which theorizes much, which is indistinct in its utterance of truth, which is indirect in its appeal to the conscience, can never be powerful to save. While not overlooking any truth of divine revelation, it must deal most in those things that are immediately connected with the sinner's salvation; such as man's sinfulness, the sufficiency of Christ's death as an atonement, the fulness and freeness of salvation for all, man's accountability, justification by faith alone, the necessity of regeneration, the necessity of holiness of heart and life, and the eternity of rewards and punishments. Where these are neglected, or even feebly presented, there will not remain a state of revival. The preaching that is sometimes called "hell and damnation preaching," it would seem must form no inconsiderable part of the preaching of a revivalist church. While it remains true, as in Apostolic times, that "the law was our schoolmaster" to bring us unto Christ, it will be following a very safe example to proclaim with all possible emphasis that "The wicked shall be turned into hell." Some, who are more afraid of alarm than they are of being lost, may complain, but only let the "terrors of the Lord" be proclaimed with lips bathed in love, and multitudes will heed the call, and will rise up to thank the preacher for his heroic work.

Equally important with awakening power in the preaching is the constant presentation of the believer's privilege to be made perfect in love, so as to lead the church to its attainment. Wherever this is extensively enjoyed, there the revival spirit will be in full glow. Its experience is the mightiest element in the church's life. Christian men and women, who love God with all their powers, can never rest while sinners are perishing around them. They must work to save them, and they have the best qualification for its accomplishment. Its presence is therefore most intimately connected with the revival spirit, and the preaching which does most to secure this experience, accomplishes much toward perpetuating the old and honored Methodism.

5. *United Evangelistic work*, in which all the church are led out in the exercise of all the revival power they possess. It would be a very inconsistent thing for a church making much of the revival element—actually possessing—and yet doing nothing to make it tell on the world in soul-saving. They should work for the most tangible manifestation of revivals, and should have them. It is perfectly scriptural to make efforts to promote revivals of religion; the main point to guard being, that the efforts shall be of a scriptural kind. Where there is a converted church groaning for the fullness of redemption, and a faithful ministry of the Word dwelling mostly upon the great practical truths of redemption, there will be a state of things resulting in the frequent outburst of penitent alarm, "What must I do to be saved." There is nothing better adapted to enlarge this spirit than the exercise of the church in this manner. It is a practical exemplification of the axiom, "Use grace and have grace." No state of piety is more fully in accord with the teaching of Scripture than that which develops great earnestness and activity. It is most

reasonable that the pent-up fires of holy love should burst forth in consuming zeal for the conversion of souls. If there is no such expression, there is danger that these holy fires may go out. The revival spirit must, so to speak find vent, or it will depart. It is God-like to see the church putting forth her mightiest efforts to save men; it is then that she preserves, in the highest degree, the endowment of power. And where every one is called out to do something to accomplish such a work, there will be the fullest possession of this divine gift. In such efforts the attention of the church, and of the world too, is specially called to the fact of an unseen spiritual power existing in and working through the church. It is a most tangible indication that she has a divine mission.

To say nothing about a thing is a good way to forget it; these efforts prevent the possibility of such a calamity. To talk about this matter and yet do nothing, would ultimately create doubt of the existence of such a thing as the presence of revival power. The world would see in the organic church little better than a secular institution, claiming distinctions and honors which it could not reasonably demand.

6. *The administration of the affairs of the church in such a way as to foster and encourage this feature of our church life*, and the constant recognition of it as an essential to our existence. I do not mean the mere exercise of a godly discipline, important as that is, but the use of the executive power of the church so as to protect rather than repress this spirit. We want to guard against such acts as brought into existence the Primitive Methodists of England, and by which the English Wesleyans ultimately lost the most vigorous type of their revival power. If a man, or a body of men, are disposed to work for God, by all means let them; and never tie their hands by unnecessarily close church regulations. So, if honors are to be bestowed, let them not be studiously conferred upon those who have no sympathy with this phase of our history. If a minister has this gift of revival power, and promotes the work of God, let not stationing committees keep him ever working up run-down circuits, while before his eyes they promote those who run them down, far above him. He is human and will be discouraged, and the church will lose the best of his power just where it seeks to get it. And if the people desire to have a ministry pre-eminently efficient, let not circuits clamour for men who put forth all their power only in one direction, viz.,—in the production of highly-finished sermons, over which the people laud the preacher and love their sin the more. The highest sermonizing-power is good, but soul-saving power is better, and should be recognized as the most valuable of all gifts. The executive bodies of the church can do much for or against this spirit by their mode of dealing with these sacred and weighty matters.

In every way by which we may hold in its fulness this element of our life and promote its extension, we are bound by every consideration to do so. For in proportion to its presence is the church mighty and prosperous. Let it live and operate, and it will make the church able to meet the demands of the world. It will then stand vindicated before the world as the kingdom which the God of Heaven set up.

S. BOND.

THE REVIVAL IN EDINBURGH.



NE hundred and thirty-two years ago, this spring, Scotland was enjoying a revival of religion under the labors of the zealous Whitfield. "Multitudes," says his historian, "met him at the landing at Leith, weeping for joy, and welcoming him with blessings. They followed his coach to Edinburgh, and crowded around him when he alighted, pressing him in their arms. His preaching stirred the whole city. The churches could not contain the people, and an amphitheatre, under awnings, had to be constructed in the park for their accommodation. He was called to the West, and made a tour of several weeks through its principal towns, preaching daily, and leaving a profound sensation wherever he went."

Never, since then, has Scotland been so thoroughly aroused by a religious revival, as during the last few months. The old and classic capital has again been the seat of this second "great awakening," and, as in Whitfield's day, when "his preaching stirred the whole city," so, under the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, all Edinburgh has been moved by the power of the Gospel.

HOW THE WORK BEGAN.

In October and November last, many earnest Christians of various denominations met together for special prayer. Believing that the Lord was about to pour out His spirit, an invitation was given to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the revivalists of Chicago, to visit them, and conduct a series of special services. The invitation was accepted, and at once these earnest brethren found themselves surrounded by an army of zealous workers from "all the churches." How could they help but witness a revival? United effort, united prayer, and united faith, will ever bring the blessing down!

So it proved to Edinburgh. A genuine wide-spread awakening was the result. The largest halls were filled, the spacious churches crowded, and every available room occupied by the eager multitudes, "to hear the Word." The following, clipped from an English paper, gives us an idea of this movement.

"A stranger visiting the Scottish capital during the last month of the year 1873, and looking with even a little care on the currents of human life flowing along its streets, would soon become aware of something unusual and remarkable. Every day, before noon, he would see moving lines of well-dressed people converging towards the largest hall in the centre of the town, filling its seats and crowding its passages. If he inquired into the purpose of this gathering, he would be told that it was a meeting for prayer. Before three o'clock he would perhaps see a similar crowd thronging westward, to fill every available inch of sitting and standing room in one of the largest churches of the city. These people, he would learn, were assembling to study the Word of God on one of the great themes of Christian life—such as the Holy Spirit and His work, or the Assurance of personal salvation. He would hear that in the evening the two General Assembly Halls, or one or two of the churches would be centres of similar gatherings, and that, in consequence of the multitudes who were desirous to be present, admission was to be by ticket, in order

to give a fair opportunity to all on successive evenings. Going, accordingly, to one of these churches, he would find it filled with an audience of the working classes; and if able to make his way through the blocked up entrance, he would find them eagerly listening to addresses on the subject of their everlasting salvation. Another evening he would be told there was a crowded meeting in the central Free Assembly Hall,—composed of young men exclusively.—to be addressed on the subject of salvation and immediate decision for Christ. One day there would be a large morning meeting of Christian young men, to be exhorted and instructed on the subject of work for Christ. On yet another, an evening meeting with children. And so on, day after day. The visitor inquires into the cause of this remarkable religious stir, and learns that it is connected with the presence of two strangers—Mr. Moody, and Mr. Sankey, both of Chicago, who are laboring together in the gospel, with one spirit, but with wholly diverse gifts, which they combine after a new way in the service of Christ. ‘Mr. Moody will this day (D.V.) preach the gospel, and Mr. Sankey will sing the gospel,’ is the announcement he reads in the daily prints.”

UNITED EFFORT.

A pleasing feature in the revival has been the hearty co-operation of “all the churches.” All the evangelical clergy have entered heart and soul into it, and men and women of all classes of society have worked side by side, and thronged the mid-day and evening services. One day Mr. Moody is found preaching to “six thousand working men,” another day addressing “an immense assembly of students,” and on another, delivering his message before “learned divines and professors of the colleges.” A friend speaking of the meetings, says—“It was beautiful to see D.D.’s and LL.D.’s sitting at the feet of a noble, plain man, like Mr. Moody. Says a writer in the *Sunday Magazine* :—

“It is wonderful how little opposition this movement has encountered. Whatever of opposition may be going on is confined to private circles and coteries; it has not found expression in any public form. Another remarkable feature of the movement is, that it embraces members of all classes. On the same week-day, at the daily prayer-meetings at noon, will be found two thousand souls of every rank and condition, from the titled lord to the laborer, or the street porter who steals in to enjoy “the sweet hour of prayer.” In the afternoon of the same day may be seen a West-end congregation listening to a Bible exposition on grace or on heaven. In the evening it is the waifs and wanderers, labor-worn and labor-stained, if not worn and stained by worse things than labor; that form the eager congregation in the Canongate. Now it is an audience of Sunday-school teachers; now of young men from the university, or elsewhere; now of shop-girls who cannot get a free hour till late in the evening; now of “mothers,” the aggregate membership of all the mothers-meetings in Edinburgh; now of children who delight to spend the forenoon of their Saturday holiday at “the meeting;” and to all of these God seems to give to Mr. Moody the power to speak a word in season, while Mr. Sankey’s hymns carry them up to the very gates of heaven.

“The ministers of the gospel have felt it a time of great quickening and enjoyment, and have come together regardless of ecclesiastical distinctions, forgetful even of keen conflicts in which they have only just ceased to be engaged. The Bishop of Edinburgh sent a circular to his clergy with forms of prayer, that they might unite in supplication for the outpouring of the Spirit. Strangers have come to Edinburgh from all parts of the country, eager to enjoy an hour of the united prayer-meeting, and to join in singing those hymns that have such a wonderful uplifting power. The student from the university, the soldier from the castle, the sailor from the port, the merchant from his office, the judge from the court, the lawyer from the Parliament house, ladies from the drawing-room, women from the street, have all come more or less within the scope of this remarkable movement,

and furnished a new proof at once of the omnipotence of divine grace, and its power to unite and assimilate all."

HOW THE WORK GOES ON.

From Edinburgh, the revival has spread to Dundee, Aberdeen, Glasgow, and other towns, and to scores of rural villages and hamlets. "From every part of Scotland," says one, "from the remotest Highland glens, as well as from Lowland towns and villages, came most cheering voices day by day, telling of a revival interest and calling for help."

At Dundee, where Mr. Moody labored after leaving Edinburgh, the power of God was remarkably manifested. The whole town was moved. At Glasgow, more recently, the same remarkable results have been witnessed. At one time, hundreds of weeping penitents thronged the Presbyterian and Wesleyan churches, while all the neighboring churches were crowded with anxious hearers. The old college church—where, in Whitfield's day, the zealous Dr. Gilley preached and prayed so earnestly—has lately been the birth-place of many souls.

One cannot but look back to a hundred and twenty years ago and think of that good old revivalist, the faithful Dr. Gilley, sending forth to all his parishioners his little weekly paper, informing them how the work of God was progressing in America, Holland, Germany, and at home, and exhorting them with burning words to live and labor for souls. Truly,—“He being dead, yet speaketh.” The memorable words that he uttered to his people, are proof of his intense zeal for souls. “Weep,” said he, “*Weep with me, if you are men and not stones!*” That church, in which a century ago he labored, is to-day resounding with the praises of scores of new-born souls!

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF IT.

At a recent meeting held in London, when some two hundred ministers and others, met to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the great Metropolis, many testimonies from most reliable sources, were given, as to the genuineness of the work. Dr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, said—“I think I speak within bounds in saying, that three-fourths of the Christian families have been blessed during the revival in Edinburgh. It has fallen on the head, and ran down to the skirts of the garment, and husband, wife, sons, daughters, servants, have all partaken of it.”

The Rev. Mr. McGregor, of Dundee, also said—“He could tell deeply-touching things did time permit. No evangelists could have done more to prevent excitement than Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey; but the result of their work in Edinburgh, so far as it could be ascertained, had been, that 1,500 persons in Edinburgh, and 420 in Dundee, had professed to give themselves to Jesus.”

The well-known Dr. Horatius Bonar, in a recently published letter, thus expresses his views in regard to the work:—

“You may wish to have my impressions of what is now passing in our city, and stirring our community so deeply. I give you these in as short a space as possible; asking you, at the same time, not to trust to my judgment, but to come

and form your own opinion, with all calmness, of that which from first to last professes to be a work of God, not of man ; yet, at the same time, a work which, as wrought by human instruments, may contain in it many of the imperfections of the imperfect agent. The homeliness of the earthen vessel does not prevent the treasure from being heavenly, nor make it impossible that the excellency of the power should be of God. It will not be denied that the thing which has so suddenly appeared among us, and stirred the placidity of our literary city, looks, in many respects, very like what we have long desired and prayed for ; so that the news of such a movement should not repel, but attract us, as being, perhaps, the very thing which we have been longing for. * * * * *

"I have been as regular in my attendance at the meetings as I could, and though I will not say that there was nothing which I might not have wished different, yet I have been struck with the exceeding calmness at all times—the absence of excitement—the peaceful solemnity pervading these immense gatherings, of two or three thousand people, day by day—the strange stillness that at times so overawed us ; and I felt greatly relieved at the absence of those audible manifestations of feeling common in former days. Rowland Hill was once asked the question, 'When do you intend to stop?' 'Not till we have carried all before us.' So say our brethren from Chicago. We say amen. This needy world says amen. Human wickedness and evil say amen. Heaven and earth say amen. The work is great, and the time is short. But the strength is not of man, but of God."

PRAYER FOR CANADA.

Would that we this side of the Atlantic, were enjoying such a universal awakening ! God is with us it is true, and souls, praise His name, are being converted ; but O for the great outpouring, "the Pentecostal power," which might come down upon us like a flood, and sweep all before it !

Can it be ? It can. God is more willing to give, than we are to receive, and to bestow, than we are to petition, As the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, in a recent issue, wisely remarks :—

"The great lesson of this, and the previous revivals that have followed Mr. Moody's labors in England, seems to us to be that the same earnestness and faith, the same faithful and pointed presentation of the truth to the conscience, will be followed by similar results. In one sense, the human agency is more important to us than the Divine, because the Divine agency never fails. It is the failure on the human side that hinders success. God's action is not arbitrary or regardless of law. Wherever the human conditions of success are fulfilled, God will never fail to vindicate His faithfulness, by giving His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. We too often speak as if all was ready on our part, and as if we were waiting for God to be willing, without realizing that our own unbelief, selfishness, and want of zeal for God prevent our receiving those showers of blessings that He is abundantly willing to bestow. He is ever waiting to be gracious. * * * * *

"It is just possible that we may, as Methodists, dwell too much upon the past. We may adopt the style and methods of those that have succeeded in other days. This will do us no good, if we have not the spirit that made these means mighty and effective. The fact that God is pouring out His Spirit, and making His Word quick and powerful in other places, should strengthen the faith of the workers for God in Canada."

O that the Holy Spirit may speedily descend upon us all, that preachers and people, being filled with the Holy Ghost, may witness a revival in all the churches, and see, with joy, thousands rescued from the thralldom of Satan and brought into the liberty of God !

"O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all our sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee we call,
Spirit of burning, Come !"

REV. J. RIDLEY.

“KEEP YOURSELVES IN THE LOVE OF GOD.”



THESE words, in common with many other parts of the Bible, set forth the sum of life's duties. They come home to the heart of the thoughtful as the words of God. They check us from stepping in the dark yet alluring paths of sin, and direct us on in the great highway of which Isaiah speaks.

It needs no elaborate line of argument, to prove that God is worthy of our love. His mercies abound. The witnesses of His goodness are very numerous—"How great is the sum of them!" Even the ills of life are not counter-witnesses. Many of these are not from God, so that He is the responsible author of them. Many are corrective. And could we comprehend the whole of His plan of government with man, judging candidly from what is revealed in various ways, the more fully would we be convinced that He is worthy of our love. In addition to these demands, which God's goodness has upon us, it is but just to consider the infinite perfection of His attributes.

But while God in himself, and in His government, is most worthy of our love, the love of God is not natural to us. Through sin, enmity has supplanted it. This state of the heart, is one of the fruits of the Spirit. "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." I would not here teach that religious life is all sentimental. It is practical, so that each Christian in his own sphere, is required to "give unto the Lord"—to glorify God in his *body*, as well as in his spirit. Love to God is to blend with our whole life. Do we need a true, saving faith? St. Paul, in setting forth this faith, speaks of it as a "Faith that works by love." Is the child of God to be long-suffering, kind, without envy and pride, also well behaved, even-tempered, grieved at sin, but pleased with truth and goodness, to bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things? The love of God is the central power of all these moral excellencies. Thus it is that love to God leads His "dear children" on in the path of life. In it there is an inspiration for the noblest manhood. Daring adventure may have charms for men of heroic natures; and with no other aim than that of pleasure, they may go up the dangerous mountain-path, or enter deep ravines, where reptiles crawl along the slime, and savage beast lurk for prey. But love to God gives man a loftier aim, and equal courage. He says, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth," for love has made him willing to suffer and to do or dare.

In the love of God, man finds his highest possible means of happiness, as well as the true spirit of obedience. It is generally admitted that man *actually* desires to be happy. But God has not made love to Himself, the only source of pleasure. To have done so might have interfered too much with man's free agency; and certainly, in such a state, we would be without many mercies which he now in love bestows. In the government under which it has pleased the All-wise One to place us, our allegiance is tested.

The faith that works by love, and the happiness resulting, are no exception. Consequently there is happiness elsewhere; and, as far as this in itself is concerned, a question of the soul often is, shall I enjoy "the pleasure of sin for a season," or choose the happiness of a godly life? However much the former may offer, God bestows upon those that love Him, richer joy, and fuller measure. Yes, with all its self-denial and crosses, yokes and burdens, the path of earnest Christian life is God's great highway of happiness on earth. Along this heavenly road, the ransomed of the Lord come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

The love of God should be constant. A door may swing on its hinges, the stately trees of the forest may sway to and fro, and the winds may blow when, where, and how they list. But love to God should know no change, save that of increase. In many instances in the lives of Christ's disciples' backward glidings seem to equal occasional advances. I have known men to run well for a season—during special meetings, and for a while after. Now a change begins: for the smallest reasons the class is neglected, the week-night prayer-meeting is not desired, and the quarterly meeting, with its lovefeast and sacrament, is only an ordinary occasion. Such a life of love to God falls far below the standard. The persons themselves may feel this, and sing:—

"Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove thee from my breast."

But where the flame of love glows constantly, such songs find no place in the psalmody of the heart. In the social friendship of life, we find many whom we love and esteem; and years of intercourse, revealing more and more their worth, attach us to them with bonds of ever-strengthening love. And can years of friendship with the blessed Saviour alienate us from Him? O no! Where the sentiment of love, and, may I add, the activity of love, wane, the disciple is sinking. And like the man who, a few years ago, was drowned in one of Canada's small inland lakes, while his feet were in the mud and part of his head above the surface; so these may perish with their feet in the mire, but their heads in sight, because their names have a place in the register of the church. Oh! that all sinking ones, like Peter, might at once cry out to Jesus, "Lord, save me!" Dear reader, "keep yourself in the love of God," and Christ will become increasingly precious. Although this world has many sinful forces to disturb your peace, you will be rapt in a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. This constant love is for us. St. Paul prayed that the saints at Ephesus, "being rooted and grounded in love, might be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that they might be filled with all the fulness of God." Here is stability and fulness almost beyond the grasp of faith. May both be ours!

The love of God should dwell in us richly. It doubtless will in the world beyond, where we expect to "see the King in His beauty." But this

most precious grace, or some of many graces, should overflow the earthen vessel. It is not sufficient that it be without dissimulation. It is not right to have the flame dimly burning. God says, "Love your enemies"—"love the brethren"—"love your neighbour as yourself"—but "love God with all your heart, and soul, and mind." He speaks of "perfect love," and of the "love of God perfect in us."

"O thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart."

So much is said in the Sacred Word about love, and in the world there is so much to be endured, and so much to be done in the spirit of love, that too much we cannot have. Life's great work cannot be accomplished without the richest possible measure of it.

To keep ourselves in this high state of spiritual life is our work. God will help us, "and that right early," when we do our part. He saw fit once to send ravens with bread and flesh to Elijah, but He has not appointed birds to furnish man with food. In our physical, mental, and spiritual life, working and living are companions. We are to work while the day lasts, for our daily spiritual bread. God sees with pleasure His children willing, trusting, and keeping their affections centred in Himself. For such faithful ones the Crown of priceless value is waiting, and a seat on the throne with Jesus is held in reserve, for it is written, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on His throne."

E. S. RUPERT.

HOW I ENTERED INTO REST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN MINISTER IN REGARD TO HOLINESS.



T is with a vivid sense of my personal unworthiness, and of my obligation to the God of all grace, that I yield to the earnest and frequent solicitation of much-prized friends by the relation of my experience. That I feel reluctance in doing this I do not deny; not, however, from any indisposition to give to the adorable Redeemer my poor offering of praise, but from a conscious shrinking from even the appearance of personal importance. If, then, I speak of myself at all, it is that I may the better magnify that sovereign grace out of which has flowed to my soul a new life of strength, of rest, of joy, and of triumph. I cannot describe all I have experienced of God's wonderful dealings; but I desire, with humility and gratitude, to say that He sweetly melted down my prejudices with His love, and shut my mouth for ever from cavilling at any difficulties in the way of faith, and from limiting the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, and the power of the Holy Spirit to keep us from all sin,

It pleased God in my earliest childhood to call me by His Holy Spirit. As far back as memory will allow me to go, I can recall seasons of great distress on account of sin. When other children around me were busy at play, I would often withdraw that I might find a place where I could weep before God in secret. The weary burden grew heavier with my increasing years. As fast as my mental powers were developed so as to understand in a measure the law of God, my condemnation and ruin became more alarmingly real. I cannot look back to this period of my life as men usually do. They were not to me days of mirth, but days in which childhood's laughter was turned into weeping and its buoyancy into heaviness.

My parents, who were intelligent, cheerful, and exemplary Christians, belonged to a branch of the Presbyterian Church, but resided at this time in a place remote from the sanctuary of their choice, and opposite a Methodist Church. Here I occasionally attended, and it was when only thirteen years of age that the burden of sin was removed, and I obtained peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. I remember the very place, time, and circumstances in which this wondrous change occurred. For many days I had gone sorrowing. I cried unto God for the pardon promised to the penitent, but He seemed deaf to my entreaties. One night, in the great congregation, I presented myself for prayer, but no peace came. I returned home, and retired at once to my chamber. The full-orbed moon was lighting it up with her silvery beams. I knelt near the window, and heard, or seemed to hear, the voice of One saying to me, "I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me." That promise was mine. It was my Father's assurance of a loving welcome. It was but a moment, and I was in His arms. It was a rapturous moment. All things were changed. Sorrow and sighing fled from my bosom. The Spirit of God witnessed with my spirit that I was born again. "Being justified by faith," I had "peace with God." I never afterwards had a doubt of my conversion. Even in the most unsatisfactory days of my Christian life I could not question the reality of the work of grace in my youthful heart.

In my twenty-first year I was ordained pastor of the First Baptist Church, West Philadelphia, then just organized. Here God greatly blessed my labours in the salvation of sinners. The Church for many years was favoured with frequent outpourings of the Spirit. I often marvelled how one so partially consecrated could be so successful. I am conscious now that I was proud of my success, and that it was needful for God to humble and afflict me. It is of the Lord's mercy that I was not consumed.

After a pastorate of fourteen years, I accepted a call to Newark, N.J. Here also God wonderfully blessed my labours, and hundreds were added to the Church. But O, how were all my services mixed with selfishness, ambition, and pride! A consciousness of this often filled me with shame and sorrow. Then I would make a new effort to improve my life by more watchfulness, zeal, and prayer; and although failure was sure to follow, yet, not knowing any better method, I would tread the same weary road over and over again.

Severe afflictions visited me. The sweetest voice of the household group was hushed, the brightest eyes were darkened in death; health failed, friends proved unreliable, hopes withered, the way grew rough and thorny. My unsanctified soul, instead of learning submission, became impatient of restraint, and sometimes murmured against the dealings of God with me, questioning His wisdom and doubting His love. These feelings did not always prevail. I had seasons of relenting. Mortified at the indulgence of unchristian passions, I could not refrain at times from weeping before God with true contrition of heart, but it was only to return to the same bitter experience.

After a residence of ten years in Newark, I returned, in the autumn of 1868, to the scene of my early labours, and became pastor of the Bereau Baptist Church, Philadelphia. I found the religious condition of the members of my new charge as unsatisfactory as my own. They were in a cold, barren, worldly state. I have seldom seen a church more broken and paralyzed. I grieved for them with tender compassion. This solicitude in their behalf produced a fresh consciousness of my own imperfections. I groaned under the yoke of inbred sin. I hated sin. I felt that it weakened my moral powers, grieved the Holy Spirit, interrupted my communion with God, and impaired my usefulness. One Sunday afternoon I entered my schoolroom in an unusually depressed state of mind. A sense of utter helplessness came over me. I seemed so weak, so deficient in every qualification necessary for success in the work of the ministry, that I longed for death to relieve me from the responsibility of my office. As my tear-dimmed eyes surveyed the school, I was painfully moved by the number of adult scholars who were unconverted. Amongst these were several of my relatives and my own precious daughter. I returned to my study crying, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

In February, 1871, Mr. Purdy, an evangelist, was holding meetings in the Methodist Church adjacent to mine, and I was invited by the pastor to attend these efforts to promote Christian holiness. I went, timidly at first, and yet I continued to go every afternoon for several days. There were Divine influences drawing me there. Many Christians from different churches attended, amongst whom were "devout women not a few." Day after day, with meekness and gentleness, and yet with unwavering confidence, they told the story of conflict and of ultimate and complete triumph through simple faith in the blood that cleanses from all sin; of their soul-rest and abiding peace; of the fulness of their joy, and of their power with God and man. At first I became deeply interested, and then my heart began to melt. I said "These Christians are certainly in possession of a secret of wonderful power and sweetness. What can it be? Is it justification? No; it cannot be that. I have experienced the blessing of justification; by it I have been absolved from all my past sins, and every privilege of a child of God, and every grace of the blessed Spirit, has been secured to me. But I do not realize that it has destroyed the power of inbred sin, or ended the "war in my members," or brought to me complete rest of soul. I have peace; but it is often broken by "fear" which "hath torment." I am conscious of loving God; but my love is a sickly, flickering flame. I have joy; but, like a shallow brook, the drought exhausts it. I have faith; but it is such a poor, weak thing, that I am sometimes in doubt whether it is faith at all. "I hate vain thoughts;" and yet they continue to come, and seem at home in my mind. I believe that Jesus saves from sin; and yet I sin from day to day, and the dark stains are everywhere visible. Prayer is inestimably sweet; but alas! to offer it often demands an effort. To work for Christ is felt to be a great privilege; but it frequently wearies me, or degenerates into mere routine. The ordinances of religion yield comfort and strength; but I find as often that all spirituality and power have retreated from them, leaving their channels dry. I sometimes get glimpses of "Him Whom my soul loveth;" but O, how soon the bright vision fades, and "He hideth Himself" is again the deep complaint of my heart! Now, these believers have an experience altogether different from mine. Once, it is true, they felt as I feel, and mourned as I mourn over broken vows, sinful tempers, intermittent devotions and repeated failures. But a wonderful change is now manifest. They are "rooted and grounded in love." "Being made free from sin," they now bring forth "fruit unto holiness." Having purged themselves "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," they have become "vessels unto

honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

My desires were kindled. An insatiable hunger seized my soul. To be saved from sin, to be cleansed from all iniquity, to have a "pure heart" and a "right spirit," to be "dead indeed unto sin" and "alive unto God," to be made perfect in love, and this not occasionally, but continually, even to the end of life, seemed too good to be true; and yet I saw it to be precisely that moral condition which the salvation of Christ implies, and for which my heart thirsted as the hunted roe "panteth after the waterbrooks."

Just at this point the meetings ended, and Mr. Purdy was compelled to leave for another appointment. Before leaving, however, a suggestion was made that he might be induced to return and hold meetings in my own church. This was a surprise to me, and I was not sure that my people would consent to his doing so. I left it to their decision, and to my further and still greater surprise not the slightest objection was raised. It was of the Lord.

During the ten days that preceded the meeting I was more than usually prayerful. I commenced a careful examination of the doctrine of sanctification. I reviewed my theological studies. I could scarcely think, or read, or pray on any other subject. I conversed with intimate friends of my own and other denominations. Nearly all of them pronounced the views advanced to be unscriptural and pernicious errors. They admitted the existence and universality of the disease, but could tell of no adequate remedy this side the grave. They allowed that the malady might be mollified, but affirmed that in this life it never could be perfectly healed. I searched the Scriptures; but alas! my "eyes were holden," so that I could not see that perfect deliverance from sin which God has provided, through the redemption of Christ, for His believing people. Those passages which require holiness of character, purity of heart, the entire sanctification of the spirit, soul, and body, I was led to regard as marks after which every Christian should aspire, but to which no one ever could attain; or else as figurative expressions, indicating that at conversion we are made, in some judicial sense, holy before God.

I found, however, that these views could not satisfy me. I had an intense longing for something better. The first day of our meeting came, and the church was well filled. I introduced Mr. Purdy as a brother who had been much blessed in promoting revivals of religion among the Churches, and expressed the hope that his coming would be made a blessing to us. I had many misgivings, and a secret desire in my heart that he would say nothing about sanctification, but bend all his efforts to the conversion of sinners. This, however, was not his way. Like a wise master-builder, he commenced to lay the foundation broad and deep, urging us by many convincing arguments and persuasive appeals to accept the doctrine of *Sanctification by faith*. After the sermon a number of persons bore testimony to the fulness and completeness of their present salvation. They represented several evangelical denominations—the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Friends, the Baptist; and there was a beautiful harmony in all they said. I had no reason to doubt the truthfulness of their statements. I might question, I thought, their logic, find fault with their theories, and criticise their phraseology; but how could I dispose of their *experience*? My heart was melted; my judgment was assailed as it had never been before. After the meeting I returned to my study, fell upon the floor, and poured out my soul before God. I did not pray for pardon, but for *purity*. I did not seek clearer evidence of my acceptance, but to be "*made free from sin*;" and that not in a judicial or theological sense, but by a *real, conscious, inwrought holiness*.

That night I was unable to sleep. I was completely broken down in heart before God. The vision of Isaiah seemed reproduced. "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. . . . Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." The morning at length dawned, and on every ray I seemed to read, "*Walk in the light, as He is in the light.*" "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts," as chanted by the seraphim, seemed floating through all the air. My justified soul was in love with this attribute of Jehovah. It appeared to me the most beautiful thing in the universe. As I thought of God, it was not so much his power, or wisdom, or justice, or mercy, that attracted my attention, as *His infinite, spotless Holiness.*

(To be concluded next month.)

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.

PART III.—PROGRESS AND POWER.

CHAPTER I.—STAGES OF PROGRESS.

STARTING POINTS NOT STOPPING PLACES.

(Continued from our last.)



THE *second question* is this, Admitting that the Christian life is one of stages, do all Christians pass through the same—the same in number and variety?

The answer is both Yes and No. Yes, if the question embraces only such stages as are essential to salvation. No, if it relates to such as have their occasions in the peculiar circumstances of individual life.

A glance must satisfy every disciple of Christ, that in the case of every sinner saved, unless filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb, like John the Baptist, there must be a period of conviction—a time when he is convinced of sin—else he never could repent and be saved.

And also the period of conversion—the moment when he does repent of sin, forsake the world, and become the Lord's, else he never would be the Lord's.

And a time, likewise, when he comes to the perception and reception of the fact that Jesus will cleanse him from all sin and fit him for heaven, else he never will be fitted for heaven; for Jesus alone can fit him, and faith alone is the condition upon which he does it.

These several periods may or may not be marked at the moments of their occurrence, and may or may not be remembered afterwards. They may be very unequal in the intervals between—sometimes all crowded into a moment, as in the case of the thief on the cross. Sometimes the period of conviction may last a life-time almost, and the subsequent stages all be passed through in an hour, as in the case of the brother of George Whitefield, who, after long years of gloomy forebodings, at last, while at the table of

Lady Huntingdon, caught from her lips the words that *Jesus came to seek and save that which was lost*, and in these words received Jesus by faith—and next morning was dead—already washed white and made pure in the blood of the Lamb, and presented faultless by the hand of Him whom he had so lately received as the seeker and Saviour of the lost. Sometimes the interval after the conviction may be only a moment before conversion, but a whole lifetime may be spent after conversion before learning that faith is the victory that overcometh; and at last, after terrible struggles and fears, like those of that wonderful man, Dr. Payson, he may in the evening-hour of life learn the great secret of the gospel as the way of salvation from sin, and have a peaceful—yea, a gorgeous—sunset of it.

So, also, these several periods may each be separated from every other and from everything else, so as to be clearly and distinctly described as stages of experience, or they may be so associated with other and peculiar circumstances of individual life as to be regarded by themselves and others as special incidents of their own peculiar lot in the world.

As for example, the case of

A NEW ENGLAND LADY IN THE WEST.

Before becoming the bride of the man of her choice, she had espoused the Bridegroom of the church. Indeed, in giving to him her heart with her hand, she gave him clearly to understand that it was a heart in which Jesus was enthroned. This he liked well—for he too had settled the great question of life first of all, long before becoming engrossed with the questions and cares of a settlement in the world.

So as they journeyed westward through the then dense forests of the new country, they had the company of Him who had proclaimed himself to Jacob at Bethel, and promised him never to leave him or forsake him until he should have done all that he had told him of. And when they threw up their log-cabin, in the unbroken wilderness, and kindled their first fire on the hearth, and prepared their first repast in their new forest home, and sat down for the first time to their table spread in the wilderness for them, the cheerful blaze in the heart toward God was brighter than the fire on the hearth, and they had meat to eat which was unseen on the table—their cabin and table, and all, like themselves to each other, were regarded as God's gifts, and held by them as God's stewards.

But days of darkness came. Children were born to them and given to the Lord from their birth—but it was hard for them, the mother especially, to lay them in the grave. The death of their first-born, with its multiplied sorrows, and the long weary watchings, induced a low long-running fever, from which, after many months, she recovered, but always bore the marks of it in two ways: first, in a weakened body weighed down with infirmity, and second, in a strengthened heart borne up by a trust and a peace never felt before.

Her murmurings and rebellions in the days of her trial had brought up to the surface all the deep sediment of sin, and startled her at the sight of herself, and her sickness had called up the judgment as at hand, and her own heart had condemned her as unfit and unready to meet the welcome of her Judge. She was afraid to die, but her struggles to prepare were as vain as any attempt could have been to remove mountains, until at last in sheer despair she cast the whole care of her sins—the cure of her sins, as well as their pardon—upon Christ, and was at peace. While at the same time she cast all her cares for her own health and the safety of her husband and children, and indeed every thing else, on the Lord: and when at last she rose from that

weary but blessed bed, she was changed to herself and to every bo
Calm and peaceful, placid and happy.

But then it was so connected in her own mind, and the mind of with the death of her child and her own illness, that it was always sp as a special result of the Lord's special chastenings upon her—alto; special thing—while in fact, hidden under the special circumstance case, there was the experimental apprehension of the way of salvatic sin by faith in the Lord Jesus, which was the hidden spring of the great change in her feelings, and the open fountain of her peace and good fruits abounding in all after life.

And this brings us to the second answer—No. No, to the question, Do all Christians pass through the same stages of experience? when the question embraces such stages as are peculiar to the special mission or circumstances of particular individuals.

While there are general features of likeness amongst all, each one has his own special mission in the world, and his own special occasions with God.

Not every one, like Abraham, is called upon to pack up all—strike tent and away for a strange land, of the very name and boundaries of which he knows nothing at all.

Not every one, like Abraham, is called upon to lay an Isaac upon the altar and lift the knife to slay him, and then to hear the angel voice that commands him to stay his hand, for God had prepared himself a lamb. Why? Because not every one is called to become the father of nations like Abraham, and the father of the faithful.

These experiences of the patriarch are peculiar to himself, because peculiar to his mission. And yet Abraham at some time, and in some way, had to pass through the period of conviction, and afterwards learn the way of pardon by faith, and also of purification in the same way; all the same as any of the multitudes who call him father.

Oftentimes, doubtless, there is in the wise providence of God a combination of that which is general with that which is peculiar, as in the case of the lady in the West. The Bethel scene in the life of Jacob is an instance of this kind. His peculiar distress in leaving his home and losing the heirship of his father's wealth, sold to him by Esau in the birthright for a mess of pottage, but wrested from him again by threatened violence, together with his fears for his own safety in the long, lone wilderness-journey before him, and his own sins rising up in accusation against him, and bringing with them dread of God's wrath, caused him to cry unto God in the bitter anguish of despair, as he was about to pillow his head on the stone and stretch his weary limbs on the ground for the night. And this made occasion for God to manifest himself to him, and unfold to him his purposes towards him, and his loving care and kindness over him. And this in turn called forth the vow of service from Jacob, and filled his heart with a joyous faith in the Lord.

Under all these specialities there was, all enfolded in their drapery, the one great generality—the youthful patriarch's conversion to God.

He went forth from Bethel a new creature, born, not of man, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God.

The third and last question relating to this topic of stages and starting points is this, Must all who are saved, then, pass through the stage of experience called for convenience second conversion?

The answer here again is both Yes and No. No, if by the question it is intended to ask whether every one or any one must have a time of deep anxiety and violent struggling, like many whose experiences have been sketched in these pages, followed by a moment when light breaks in, and joy springs up, and peace overflows, and doubt and darkness all flee away.

Any particular kind of experience is nowhere in the Bible made a prerequisite of salvation. He who really and truly believes in the Lord Jesus, will be saved whether he has any experience at all to relate or not.

Like the record of the patriarch ISAAC'S LIFE, there may be a life laid on the altar of God, by parental faith in infancy, followed in due time by a faith in the child, like the little boy-prophet Samuel's, as bright as an Abraham's and yet too early in its beginnings, and too steady in its unfoldings to be marked by memory or recounted in its stages; a life which life-long is a living sacrifice to God, unceasingly sending up the smoke of its incense from the glowing fire in the heart, kindled and fanned and fed by the Holy One of Israel, and yet with no particular Damascus road, or Bethel scene, to mark it from first to last. And who will say that such a life is any less the living epistle of God, or any the less the sure precursor of heaven, than the life of vicissitudes and vacillations, marked by a Bethel, a Mahanaim, a Jabbok, and a Shechem, like the patriarch Jacob's?

But then, on the other hand, if the questioner means to ask whether it is necessary for all to come to the point of trusting in the Lord for purity of heart to be prepared for heaven, the answer is *Yes*. For there is no other way under heaven to be purified but by faith in the Lord. And none but the pure in heart shall see God in peace.

This may be learned sooner or later in life, and with or without a distinct period of struggling, followed by the joys of knowing the glorious truth; but it is a point that must be gained, or heaven must be lost.

Millions have lived life-long in ignorance of it, trembling often and often at the thought of death and of their own unfitness for heaven. And at last, in the very last days, or hours, or moments, or seconds of life, the glorious fact that Jesus would purify them and present them whiter than snow in his own spotless robes, has been revealed to them, and all their doubts and fears have been swallowed up in the triumphs of faith.

GOVERNOR DUNCAN,

Of Illinois, is an illustration of this. For many years the Governor was distinguished as a Christian—a consistent member of his church. A rare and a shining mark, both for the jests of ungodly politicians, and for the happy references of all lovers of Jesus.

It is a very lovely thing, and only too remarkable, to see one occupying the highest position of honour in a State, himself honouring the King of kings. Happy is the people who exalt such a ruler to the places of power, and happy such a ruler in his exaltation, more, however, in the humility with which he bows to Jesus, than in the homage which the people pay to him.

His conversion was clear and satisfactory, and he renounced all merit of his own as the ground of his acceptance with God. The blood of Jesus, the Lamb of Calvary, was all his hope. He was firmly grounded in the atonement of Christ. And all went well until death and the judgment drew near.

About three weeks before the hour of his departure, he was seized with an illness which he himself felt would end in his death. And with the pronouncement of death came the question of fitness for heaven. He was troubled. His unfitness was only too apparent for his peace. The fever of his mind was higher than the fever in his veins—and alas, he had not yet learned that Jesus is the physician of unfailing skill, to cure every ill that the spirit is heir to. He saw plainly enough how he could be justified from the law that it should not condemn him; for its penalty had been borne already by the Saviour himself; and its claims on the score of justice were all satisfied. But he did not see that the same hands which had been nailed

to the cross would also break off the manacles of sin, wash out its stains, and adjust the spotless robe of Christ's perfect righteousness upon him, and invest him with every heavenly grace.

His perplexity was great. The night thickened upon him, his soul was in agony, and his struggles utterly vain. The point of despair is sure to be reached, sooner or later, by the struggling soul, and the point of despair to him who abandons all to Jesus is also the point of hope. The Governor at last gave over and gave up, saying in his heart, "Ah! well. I see it is of no use. Die I must. Fit myself for heaven I cannot. O Lord Jesus, I must throw myself upon thy mercy, and die as I am."

This hopeless abandonment was the beginning of rest to his soul. Indeed, it was the victory that overcometh. Soon the loveliness of Jesus began to be unfolded to him, and he saw that the way of salvation from sin was by faith in the Saviour. The fire in his veins burned on, steadily and surely consuming the vital forces of his manly frame; but the fever of his spirit was all allayed by the copious and cooling draughts given him from the gushing fountain of the waters of life flowing from the smitten Rock, and his joy was unbounded.

As his stricken and sorrowing family gathered around his bed for the last words of the noble man, he told them with a face radiant with joy that he had just found what was worth more to him than riches, or honors, or office, or anything else upon earth, "the way of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ;" and he charged them as his dying mandate, by the love they bore him, not to rest until they too—whether already Christians as he himself long had been, or not—had also found the same blessed treasure.

They asked him what legacy he wished to leave for an absent relative, whom they knew it was his intention to have remembered in the division of his estate.

"That is all arranged in my will," said he. "But tell her from me that I have found the way of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and if she too will find *that* she will find infinitely more than I could bestow upon her, if I should give her all I am worth in the world."

They mentioned the name of a distinguished fellow-officer and special friend of the Governor's, living in a distant part of the State, and asked if he had any message for him.

"Tell him that I have found the way of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and if he will also find it for himself, it will be better than the highest offices and honors in the reach of man upon earth."

So he died. "Oh, had he only known this before!" you say. Yes, that was just what he himself said. "Oh, had I only known this when I first engaged in the service of God, how happy I should have been! And how much good I could have done!"

How like the dying regret of Dr. Payson! Likening himself in the fulness of his bliss, as the chariot of fire which should bear him to heaven drew near, to a mote floating in the sunshine of infinite love, he exclaimed, "Oh, had I only known what I now know twenty years ago!"

And this might answer still another question, should it be asked as it often has been, viz. :—

How does it fare with all those professors of religion who live on to the end of their days without the experimental knowledge of the way of sanctification by faith?

Badly, of course, if they are *mere* professors, and not truly converted, as it is to be feared too many are. For they have not been justified, and therefore they cannot be either sanctified or glorified, but will be banished from the presence of God and the glory of his power for ever, and covered with shame and everlasting contempt.

But, if really converted, then the way of sanctification by faith in Jesus will be made plain in the evening of their earthly course, as in the case of Payson and Duncan, for if it is so with the leaders of God's host, will it not be also with the rank and file?

But oh, how much better it had been! How much better would it be in the morning of life! How much it would save! How much it would bless the world if it should be *twenty years earlier!*

A PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.



OW me in the dust, my Lord,
Till I to nothing fall.
Bow me in the dust, my Lord,
Till Thou art all in all.
Lay my tow'ring nature low,
Break and crush this heart of stone,
Till my humbled spirit bow,
And trust in Thee alone.

Nail me to Thy Cross, my Lord,
Pierce every limb of sin.
Nail me to Thy Cross, my Lord,
Till nature die within.
Take my carnal life away,
Let my sinful self expire.
Crucified with Thee, O may
I know no foul desire.

Bury in Thy grave, my Lord,
Entomb me in the dust.
Bury in Thy grave, my Lord,
My every evil lust.
Dust to dust, and earth to earth.
Sepulchred in grief and shame,
Ne'er let sin have second birth,
Or rise to curse Thy name.

Raise me up to live, my Lord,
The life of holiest love.
Raise me up to live, my Lord,
The life Thou liv'st above.
Let Thy resurrection's power
Throb and flame and fill my heart,
Till my raptured spirit tower,
To see Thee as Thou art.

Crown me with Thy glory, Lord,—
Thy diadem of grace.
Crown me with Thy glory, Lord,
Thy matchless holiness.
Yet, when crowned by Thee, "the Word,"
Crucified and slain for me,
King of kings and highest Lord,
I'll yield my crown to Thee.

Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All other life is short and vain ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give ;
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well ;
Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too ;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the True.

Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;
Hold up to earth the torch Divine ;
Be what thou prayest to be made ;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow Truth if thou the True wouldst reap ;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

—Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

ELI BEN AMRAM was one of the richest of his tribe. He had risen from humble circumstances to high honour—from poverty to great wealth. His ships floated on many seas, his merchandise was the produce of numerous lands, his fame resounded through all his nation. Yet did not the fortunes of Eli Ben Amram cause him to forget the God of his fathers. He was learned in the law of Moses, and in the traditions of the elders. He observed every feast and every fast. He paid tithes and gave alms. Moreover, he built a synagogue. Rich was the smoke of his morning and evening offerings, and frequent were his devotions.

But where is the perfect man? One precept did Eli Ben Amram forget to cherish in his memory—"Beware lest thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of my hand hath gotten me this wealth." He had sustained his aged parents in comfort; he had given his sister Keturah in marriage with a princely portion; he had bestowed on his younger brother Jorah a thousand pieces of silver wherewith to traffic: many had he befriended, and he thought himself better than they, inasmuch as he had wisdom to amass riches. He praised his God for blessings bestowed, while yet his soul vaunted itself in that he had turned those blessings to his own advantage—not remembering that the Lord his God had given him power to get wealth.

When Jotham, Ben Amram's only son had attained the age of manhood, his father gave him a purse of gold, and bade him go and make merchandise therewith. "Be diligent, my

son," he said, "be prudent, and be fortunate. A man's success depends upon himself; the blessing of God follows the hand of the diligent."

While he was yet speaking, with his son, a messenger arrived from a distant city—the bearer of a letter from his brother Jorah. Distress, sudden and severe, had fallen upon him; the hand of God was pressing him sore. Fire and flood had devoured his possessions. Sickness had weakened his strength by the way. He therefore entreated his brother Eli to lend him fifty pieces of silver, to preserve him and the wife and children of his bosom from utter ruin.

Eli was angry because his brother had become poor; and he said to his son Jotham, "I will send him six times as much as he asks, but, withal, I will rebuke him sharply, for he has been negligent. A wise and prudent man will guard against evil, or, foreseeing it, he will hide himself; it is the fool alone who, passing on, is punished. He will thrive well who looketh to his own affairs. Go, my son, entertain the messenger until I have written to my brother."

So Eli Ben Amram wrote a letter to his brother, full of bitter words; and putting into a bag three hundred pieces of silver, which afterwards he secured with his own signet, he sat down to await the return of the messenger.

Suddenly the spirit of slumber fell upon Ben Amram, and glimpses of the Invisible were revealed to him in visions. Before him stood a youth of noble and commanding form, clothed in flowing garb. In his hand he held a wand of ivory. A strange awe oppressed the mind of the sleeper at this vision; nevertheless, though subdued, his spirit sunk not in utter dismay.

"Eli Ben Amram" said the stranger; "canst thou avoid the poverty into which thy brother Jorah has fallen?"

Ben Amram smiled proudly as he replied "I have avoided it."

"Hitherto thou hast," rejoined the stranger; "or, rather, hitherto God hath prospered the work of thy hands, and given thee wealth. Ho may also withdraw it."

"The blessing of God," answered Ben Amram, "rests on the diligent and prudent man."

Wealth is not always a blessing," replied the stranger, "inasmuch as mortals

sometimes use it to their own hurt. Yet it is one of the good gifts of God, which he bestoweth on one and withholdeth from another. Eli Ben Amram, look on the past!"

The visitor waved his wand, and passed his hand over the eyes of the sleeper. Then did a thick mist fill the apartment, while a cold thrill agitated for a moment the whole frame of the boastful merchant. The mist divided, and Ben Amram saw, in distant perspective, the home of his childhood. Youthful forms were sporting round the well remembered hearth. He knew them to be his brother Jorah and his sister Keturah, while with another shadowy form he felt himself to be identified. The thoughts and feelings of childhood returned, and he lived, as it were, a double life—a grave and thoughtful man, and a simple, reckless boy. In that mysterious moment not only did this actual life pass in review before him, but shadowed on that mist were the good and evil influences by which, in those earlier stages of existence, he had been surrounded.

He saw that boy environed by perils and temptations—heedless and unconscious of them all, and yet escaping them. Another step in *that* course would have brought him within the grasp of death, when suddenly it was abandoned. Another movement in *this* direction would have plunged him into errors as fatal to the spirit, when without adequate apparent cause, he stopped and turned aside.

"Why doth the child avoid dangers, he knoweth not of?" asked Eli Ben Amram.

"Look more closely," said the stranger. And when Ben Amram looked, he saw, hovering above and around the boy, dim and shadowy, yet becoming more distinct the longer it was gazed on, the form of a Hand. It was this HAND he now saw which guided and upheld, interposed when danger was near, and averted the threatened stroke.

The boy became a man; and the HAND was still near him, protecting, restraining, controlling, supporting, directing. In the intricate paths of youth, in the rougher ways of manhood, its powerful yet gentle influence was alike felt. Ben Amram remembered circumstances of perplexity in which he thought he had been guided by his own wisdom, but in

which, as he now saw, the shadowy HAND had pointed to a right decision. Sometimes he had spurned its influence, and had fallen. Then the HAND had raised him, and continued its unwearied task. Sometimes its movements were involved in mystery; the mist would gather round, and he could see neither its operations nor its object; but still he knew that the HAND was there.

Ben Amram saw that HAND pouring wealth at his feet, which he might gather at will. It prospered his traffic. It gave him ships, and sped them safely and prosperously over the ocean. It defended him from losses, and assisted him in his schemes. It guided him in the choice of a residence, and directed him to the partner of his life. It gave him the desire of his heart. It raised him to honour and fame.

He saw the HAND beckoning as his brother's messenger drew near; and then the scene was obscured—the mist again filled the apartment.

"Eli Ben Amram," said the visitor, "thou hast seen the sign of the Invisible, upholding the hand of the diligent through the past. Look now upon the future!"

Again he waved the wand, and placed, for an instant, his hand upon the eyes of Ben Amram. The mist once more divided.

He saw his brother worn with poverty and wasted by sickness. He marked the anguish of his spirit as he read the reproachful letter. He saw the shadowy HAND over *him* also; but again the scene was changed.

A ship sailed upon a distant sea. That HAND raised the waves and winds to a storm, and impelled the vessel to destruction. The owner was impoverished—and he was indebted to Ben Amram for the sum of four thousand pieces of silver.

And now the shiftings of the scene increased in rapidity; yet still the HAND was there. Jorah repaid the three hundred pieces of silver; while Ben Amram's eldest daughter returned, a destitute and mourning widow, to her father's house. The ship in which his son Jotham sailed was attacked, the passengers were robbed and taken captive, and an exorbitant ransom was demanded. Ben Amram paid the sum, and Jotham returned home in rakedness

and want. Fire devoured the possessions of one debtor; blight and mildew destroyed those of another. Famine and pestilence wasted the land; the sources of commerce failed. Ben Amram's boasted sagacity seemed to forsake him: perplexed and bewildered, he felt himself unable to stem the current of adverse circumstances. His younger son Eliab risked his patrimony in a commercial adventure; it failed, and he lost all. His daughter Miriam was sought in marriage by one whose character and prospects appeared promising. The influence of the warning HAND were disregarded; and Ben Amram discovered too late that he had bestowed the darling of his heart on an unprincipled adventurer.

In all these changes that HAND was seen mingling, more shadowy and mysterious, yet still visible. Ben Amram saw himself, notwithstanding all his efforts, reduced to utter poverty; and then, through the mist, he perceived approaching him his brother Jorah. He shrank from him, for he feared to have his own reproaches cast back into his own teeth. But presently they met.

"My brother," said Jorah, "the good Hand of God has been with me, and has given me competence. Come, and share it with me; I have enough for thee and for me."

Then did Eli Ben Amram exclaim, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

At this instant the door of the apartment opened, and with his son Jotham entered the messenger of his brother. Ben Amram looked around him; the stranger was gone, and the mist had vanished. The letter he had written was before him. He consumed it in the flames of a lamp that burned on a hearthstone; and in its stead he penned a kind and sympathising message to his brother.

From that hour was Eli Ben Amram never heard to vaunt himself in his wisdom or his wealth; and if one praised his skill and success ("and men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself"), he would reply, "Nay, but it was the good Hand of my God upon me." And when he admonished his children to attend diligently and circumspectly to their affairs, he always added this precept: "Above all things, seek the guidance and protection of the UNSEEN HAND."

FULL SALVATION.

BY ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

BELOVED, are you thirsting for full salvation?

"I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain."

Does your dear Saviour desire your sanctification?

He prayed for me, oh, humble condescension! for us all He prayed, "Sanctify them through the truth."

Does God, the Father, want you to be fully saved?

He commanded, "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

Have you remaining impurity?

My soul, be true! there cleaveth to thee that which is not pure.

Can you be made all pure?

I dare not doubt the God that made and sustains me, and bought me with the precious blood of His own Son.

Do you firmly, irrevocably, and now resolve to seek until you find full salvation.

God being my helper, I will.

Do you hunger and thirst to be filled?

Praise the Lord, I do, for I know that they that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled.

Are you humbled into self-abasement?

O Lord, break my haughty spirit down until I am nothing, and Thou art all in all.

Are you consecrated to the Lord?

I do now "present myself a living sacrifice, *holy*, ACCEPTABLE unto God, which is my reasonable service."

Have you stripped yourself complete, and assigned all over to Jesus?

I do now make an entire, universal, unconditional surrender to God.

Have you forgotten nothing whatever?

Is your all, every item upon the altar?

Lord,
"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
And worship only Thee."

"Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render Thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but Thine
To all eternity."

Do you now *assuredly* know that your consecration is complete?

The sweet assurance fills my soul.

Are you looking up to God?

Upon my bended knees I am.

Do you believe the blood *can* cleanse?

There is power in Jesus' blood.

Do you believe the blood *will* cleanse?

A sweet confidence possesses me that it will.

Do you believe it both *can* and *will*, cleanse now, on condition of your faith?

"Faithful is He who calleth you, who also will do it."

Do you believe it both *can* and *will*, and *does* cleanse now?

I *do* believe it! It *does* cleanse! Oh what streams of peace fill my soul! Oh what sweet thrillings of divine joy! Oh ecstasy unutterable! Glory to the Lamb!

"Tis done, the great transaction's done;

I am my Lord's, and He is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on,

Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long divided heart;

Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;

Nor ever from thy Lord depart:

With him of every good possessed.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,

That vow renewed shall daily hear,

Till in life's latest hour I bow,

And bless in death a bond so dear."

—*Evangelical Messenger.*

"THREE EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF THE DOCTRINE OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.—*First*,—The universal sentiment of the most devoted and active Christians is, that they are living beneath their privileges. *Second*,—Opposition to this doctrine lessens in proportion as God's work is revived in the heart. *Third*,—Opposition to this doctrine lessens as we near death and eternity."

"RELIGION is not a round of duties, however conscientiously performed, but love for the person of Christ. Even zeal for His Word will not do in the place of this. Enjoying anything more than Him, even one's own family, has a degree of idolatry that is often overlooked even by good Christians."

"WHY," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

Editor's Portfolio.

THE SABBATH.

Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."—Exodus
xx. 8

HAIL ! Sabbath-day, the day I love the best,
The day appointed for mankind to rest ;
Thy cheering light I now behold once more,
After another week of toil is o'er.

Lord, keep away all wandering thoughts from
me,

And may I spend this Sabbath-day to Thee.

And now, while from my bed of sleep I rise,
And bow to pay my morning sacrifice,
Lord, take away each worldly thought and
care,

That I may worship Thee in secret prayer ;
And may Thy Holy Spirit's aid be given,
That I in Spirit may commune with Heaven.

And while I take Thy Holy word to read,
The guidance of Thy Spirit then I need ;—
O that its sacred rays of light divine
Upon the pages of Thy word may shine !
And may I there be taught to know Thy will,
And strength receive, my duty to fulfil.

And while, with those who in Thy temple
meet,

I bow myself to worship at thy feet,
Or join with those who tuneful voices raise,
In grateful songs of holy love and praise,
Or listen to Thy word,—O Lord, impart
Thy Spirit's power to fill my longing heart.

And when my Sabbaths here on earth shall end,
Lord, grant that I with Thee in heaven may
spend

A never-ending Sabbath ; there to raise
My voice in rapturous songs of endless praise
Throughout eternity, to Thee alone,
With saints and angels round Thy dazzling
throne.

—JAS. LAWSON.

INCIDENTS OF THE REVIVAL IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE question was asked by a stranger, "Who is conducting the work in Edinburgh?" His answer was, "No one; the Lord conducts it." With a calmness, earnestness, and simplicity which comes from the Spirit alone, each one seeks his or her place in the noon meeting, accompanied now by a Christian friend who has not hitherto been seen there, and now by a stranger from the country.

"I came with a heart full of prejudice," said an old minister the other day, "doubtful of the movement altogether, and ready to find fault. It was not long before I realized the power of God, and if their had been ice round my heart it had melted. I soon consulted with a friend how I was to seek the same in my own district."

"During the week (says the *Weekly Review*) Messrs Moody and Sankey have held meetings daily in Glasgow, and their services have attracted immense congregations. Daily noon and evening meetings are held in the churches and halls in different parts of the city and the suburbs. At most of the meetings Messrs Moody and Sankey have taken a leading part in the exercises, assisted by several ministers of different denominations in the city, and by gentlemen from Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Berwick, Belfast and other places. A gentleman from Edinburgh stated one evening that many feared that when Messrs. Moody and Sankey left Edinburgh the work would cease; but such was not the case; they were continued with gratifying results. Rev. Arthur Mursell, of London, at present in Scotland on a lecturing tour, frankly confessed that he attended the meeting 'with a full vessel—full of prejudice'—against them, but the simplicity and transparent genuineness of what he had heard and witnessed drove away all his prejudice."

The Rev. Andrew A. Bonar (Glasgow) says

of a men's meeting in the City Hall, admission by ticket: "The very look of the meeting was solemnizing, such a sea of faces, every face looking at the speaker with fixed and intense earnestness. 'Except a man be born again' was the subject. Mr. Moody spoke with marvellous power, and the Spirit assuredly was working, so that from time to time the whole mass of souls seemed moved and bent down under the truth. At the close those were invited to remain longer who were on the Lord's side, or wished to be. Above a thousand kept their places."

The *Times* even has lately remarked that the religious movement tends to destroy "that complacency with evil, one of our greatest dangers," and speaks of it as the means of bringing spiritual truths to affect powerfully the minds of the indifferent.

In Dundee, in seventeen days, Mr. Moody held about fifty meetings, and delivered as many addresses to audiences varying from one to two thousand, bringing out the old facts on which our Christianity rests with great earnestness and force. In connection with such efforts the singing of simple hymns is bringing the precious truth of the Gospel home to hearts that have long resisted appeals to the intellect.

THE GREAT NEED.

AN esteemed brother, sending an article for the Magazine, writes:—"I am sorry more of the friends do not contribute, [*i.e.*, to the Magazine]. Holiness is the great need of our Church at the present time. If it were preached more and insisted on more we should see greater prosperity. I am now seeing the benefit of it in my own circuit. I feel that a ministry that does not preach it and point out the way, and that is not capable of leading souls into it, is not a ministry that honors God and the work of Christ as it ought. It withholds a part of the remedy that sin-sick souls need, and is a ministry, also, lacking in much power of the Holy Ghost. The same is true of the membership. May the Lord prosper your work."

PREACHING HOLINESS.

FROM a beloved brother laboring in Ontario, we have a note, from which we make the following extract:—"I have just closed a four-week's service of meetings at ——. The Lord has given us showers of blessing, some 25 have united with the Church. My own

soul has been made 'like a watered garden.' I am trying to live and preach *Holiness* more than ever, and I find my heavenly Father faithful to his promises. I long to plunge deeper into God, and to enjoy more and more of His precious fulness. I feel as if we were on the eve of a glorious revival in Canada. Oh, may the Lord hasten it, and delay not His coming."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Solomon's Song Re-Sung, and other Poems. By ALFRED J. HAUGHT, Minister of the M. E. Church. Boston: J. Bent & Co.

"THE author has endeavored, in the remoulding of Solomon's Song, to sing for Jesus, and to produce such a volume as shall make an acceptable addition to the collection of sacred melodies used in the various services of the Church of Christ." The brief preface to the work, which we have just quoted, gives a fair idea of its scope and design. Though not of the highest type of *poems*, many of the pieces in this volume possess the essentials of good *hymns*, and the whole forms a valuable addition to the devotional literature of the day. We incline to the opinion that it will be prized as a companion in the closet, rather than as a collection of songs for the Sanctuary. The poem of "The Prodigal" is, we think, the best in the collection, and gives indication of poetic talent of no mean order.

"*Walk in the Light.*" By R. PEARSALL SMITH. London: Morgan & Scott.

ONE of the best little works on the "Higher Life" that we have read for some time. One of the chapters indeed (though not from Mr. Smith's pen) has just a *tinge* of Plymouthism in it, making faith a matter of intellect and will, but even this seems to have arisen from the intense desire of the writer to enforce the promise—"according to your faith be it unto you." Under the heads of Progress -Dangers—Holy Habits of Soul—The Christian's Shout—Failure—Love, the Bond of Perfectness—Suffering with Christ—The Baptism of the Spirit,—Mr. Smith has produced a most readable volume, and one which any Christian may read with profit. We will give the chapter on "Progress" in our next number.

ARTICLES RECEIVED.—"Nature and Grace," "Religious Disguises," "Modern Sunday Schools," "Make the best of your Opportunities," "Are you afraid of Holiness?" "Sonnets."—All these will appear in due time.

ALONE! YET NOT ALONE.

The words of this hymn appeared on p. 126 of April No. A friend, struck with the sentiment, has wedded the words to the following sweet and plaintive air.—Ed. "E. C."

Words by REV. D. WINTER.]

[Music by DR. BRISSEY.



Tranquille.

1. A - lone! yet not a - - - lone; For Thou, my God, art high;



Thou wilt not leave Thy child In this lone des - ert wild,



A - lone! for Thee to sigh.

2.

Alone! yet not alone,
With Jesus by my side:
"I love thee," hear Him say,
"I'm with thee day by day,
And shall with Thee abide."

3.

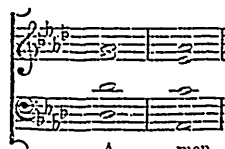
Alone! yet not alone,
The Comforter has come!
He fills my heart with peace,
Bids every trouble cease,
And gently guides me home.

4.

Alone! yet not alone,
In death I'll triumph too!
E'on now by faith I sing
"O death! where is thy sting?"
God's grace shall bring me through,

5.

Alone! yet not alone,
In Heaven I soon shall be!
There with the white-robed throng
Shall sing the new, new song,
And my Redeemer see.



A - - - men.