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# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
POETRY: HIGHER .. .. .	253
SCRIPTURALNESS IN TEACHING HOLINESS .. .. .	253
TRYING TO FIND OUT THE LEADINGS OF THE SPIRIT .. .. .	255
HOW TO GET COMPANY ON THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS .. .. .	256
INCIDENTS BY THE WAY .. .. .	257
WAY NOTES.—BY REV. B. SHERLOCK .. .. .	258
MARVELLOUSLY HELPED!—BY M. BRIDGMAN .. .. .	258
CHRISTIAN PERFECTION .. .. .	259
THE WEALTH OF THE TRUE BELIEVER.—BY REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D. .. .. .	260
A WORD TO SEEKERS AFTER HOLINESS.—BY REV. S. L. BRENGLE .. .. .	261
CHOICE EXTRACTS .. .. .	263
POETRY: OVER AND OVER AGAIN .. .. .	265
THANKSGIVING ANN.—BY KATE W. HAMILTON .. .. .	265
ONE WOMAN'S WORK .. .. .	268
REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE—A RAILWAY LESSON .. .. .	269
POETRY: GUIDANCE.—BY E. HARRIET HOWE .. .. .	270
BAND TIDINGS .. .. .	270
BAND CORRESPONDENCE .. .. .	276

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## CALENDAR OF HOLINESS MEETINGS.

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Every Tuesday, at 3 p.m., at 205 Bleeker St. A hearty invitation is extended to all to attend this meeting. Friends are free to come late or leave early when they are not able to remain during the whole service, which usually continues for two hours. Strangers in the city will easily find the place by taking any Sherbourne Street car as far as Howard St., and a very little inquiry at that point will suffice to find the place, as it is quite near.

Every Saturday, at 8 p.m., at Bloor Street Church. This meeting is easy of access by Yonge or Church St. cars. It is one of the best holiness meetings held in the city, and we would particularly invite strangers who wish to attend one of our meetings to come.

Every Saturday, at 7.30 p.m., at Dundas Street Church.

Every Saturday, at 8 p.m., at Woodgreen Church.

Every Sunday, at 3 p.m., at 111 Avenue Road.

Every Sunday, at 4 p.m., at Berkeley St. Church.

Every Monday, at 8 p.m., at 284 Robert St.

Every Monday, at 8 p.m., at Queen St. Church. This is led by Dr. Ogden. Is well attended, and will well repay strangers visiting the city for attending.

Holiness meetings are held in Tilsonburg, Welland, Montreal, and some other places which we will place in the calendar so soon as we receive details.

THE  
**Expositor of Holiness**

AND

**BAND WORKER.**

Vol. V.

APRIL, 1887.

No. 10.

For THE EXPOSITOR.

**HIGHER.**

Higher in our mode of living,  
Higher in intelligence,  
Higher in the daily practice  
Of the use of common sense ;  
In using judgment for ourselves  
Of what is really good and wise,  
In seeking daily light from heaven,  
That we may higher rise.

Higher in our ministrations  
To all who are in need,  
Higher in our constant efforts  
To sow the gospel seed,  
Showing how we sympathize  
With grief in every form,  
Leading those to trust in Jesus  
Who are the most forlorn.

Higher in our social pleasures,  
In the means that we employ  
To secure for fleeting moments  
Little gleams of passing joy ;  
Higher in acts of self-denial,  
That we can practice every day,  
Helping some poor struggling soldier  
In the blessed narrow way.

Higher in the sweet communion  
We enjoy with Him we love,  
Striving always to be ready  
For our happy home above ;  
Seeking for the Holy Spirit  
To baptise our hearts with fire,  
Waiting for the welcome summons,  
Come, beloved, come up higher.

E. A. I.

Kincardine, Feb. 11th, 1887.

"I hope Brother C. is not ashamed to preach full salvation, receivable now by faith. This is the word which God will always bless, and which the devil peculiarly hates ; therefore he is constantly stirring up both his own children and the weak children of God against it."—*J. Wesley.*

**SCRIPTURALNESS IN TEACHING  
HOLINESS.**

There is really more in this expression than is generally meant. Many presume that a doctrine is scriptural because there is one passage in the Bible which clearly teaches it. Now, suppose we grant this, although it should be so granted with much hesitation, nevertheless it would not be scriptural to place such a doctrine side by side with one which is founded on a hundred passages.

Hence, we argue that the relative importance of scriptural teaching should, amongst other things, be judged by the importance given to it in the Scriptures themselves. And yet this reasonable, self-evident truth is constantly set at naught by writers and teachers of holiness.

We have noticed many instances of this in our exchanges, as also in the public teaching and preaching of leaders in the modern revival of holiness, and we propose to offer a few friendly suggestions for general consideration concerning this matter.

It will be noticed by readers of the EXPOSITOR, that more and more we have felt called upon to bring the subject of the "Promise of the Father," the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, to the front, in our writings.

This was not our design when we commenced, but has grown gradually upon us, until now we recognize the special need of constantly emphasizing this all-important doctrine.

Fearful lest in stepping out of the ordinary current of thought in so doing we should be unscriptural, we have been driven to still closer examination of the Scriptures concerning the whole matter,

and in so doing some very startling facts have been brought to our notice in the modern teaching of holiness. One is that the *relative* value given to doctrines, in the Bible, is seldom observed in modern writings and pulpit utterance on the subject of holiness.

We have carefully gone over the books of the New Testament and found one hundred and fifty-six passages referring to the "Promise of the Father" as a distinct gift, apart from, or over and above all others. Now, accepting this as the standard value of importance to be attached to this doctrine, we think it not out of place to judge of the relative importance of other doctrines by the number of references thereto.

Let us now take an excursion amongst the various teachings of holiness writers and preachers, and we will be somewhat startled, if not edified, by our observations.

Take the subject of the *baptism of fire*, for instance, and we find it but twice mentioned. And in this case the same words of John are simply repeated by two evangelists, so that, virtually, there is but one allusion to fire as connected in any way with the baptism of the Holy Ghost. That is, whilst the apostles—judged by their writings—never used the expression, modern teachers use it so freely as often to make it the most prominent of their expressions in teaching holiness. Is this *Scriptural* teaching?

Again, take the dress question, which has but *two* passages directly bearing on it in the New Testament, and therefore its relative value, when compared to the baptism of the Holy Ghost, is as one to seventy-eight. That is, that any professor of holiness should make reference to the Pentecostal fulness of the Spirit seventy-eight times to every one allusion to dress in its connection with the subject of holiness. We ask, Is this *Scriptural* proportion kept up at holiness camp-meetings, and in holiness literature?

And now we come to a subject which will awaken the watchful, jealous fears of some of the very best teachers of holiness. We refer to the doctrine of heart purity. Judging of its relative value, as a doctrine, as compared with the doctrine of the fulness of the Spirit, by modern teaching, as exemplified at holiness

gatherings, and in holiness periodicals, we would expect far more prominence given to it by the writers of the New Testament than to the other.

But what is our disappointment to find that whilst the figures 156 represent the relative value of the one, eight represents that of the other. That is that the first Christians, judged by their writings, only regarded the doctrine of heart purity, being cleansed from all sin, as a twentieth part of the value of the other, and that, therefore, modern preachers, to be scriptural, should preach twenty sermons on the Pentecostal fulness of the Spirit, to one on the doctrine of being cleansed from inbred sin. Would not this, we ask, revolutionize the present teaching of the subject of holiness?

But, further, if these eight passages be examined minutely, they will not be found nearly so explicit in teaching the doctrine of cleansing from all sin as a second blessing, as that of the gift of the Holy Ghost is in the other passages.

In dwelling on this latter thought we remark further, that we are impressed with the fact that the apostles evidently regarded the gift of the Holy Ghost in Pentecostal fulness, as the distinct second blessing. So clear does this appear to us that we think no sincere lover of truth can arise from the close study of the numerous passages which refer to this subject without sharing this conviction with us.

But the case is very different when we study the eight passages which more or less remotely refer to heart purity as a second blessing, subsequent to justification; for in every instance there is a lack of definiteness which suggests doubt as to whether or no the teaching of the passage is, that being cleansed from inbred sin was, in the mind of the writer, the great second blessing of the New Covenant.

Indeed the thought will intrude itself, that heart purity is classed with love, joy and peace as simply one of the graces of the Spirit, and that exalting it to any higher place than one of the many results of the reception of the Pentecostal gift of the Spirit, is to be out of harmony with apostolic teaching.

We are aware that it is argued that

one cannot be cleansed from all sin without receiving the Spirit in His fulness. But this is not the point we are touching. Nor are we arguing against any other inferential reasoning, but are drawing attention to apostolic practice in the relative value they gave to distinctive teaching concerning the reception of the Holy Ghost as the promise of the Father. And we freely confess, that we do not find that modern teaching harmonizes therewith, nay, there seems to be a very wide difference between them. And we further maintain that the subject is of serious importance, and calls for a halt and a re-examination of the whole subject.

Apart from the doctrine of the inspiration of the apostles, there remains the fact that they were intimate with Christ, and were fresh from His minute instructions concerning the things pertaining to His kingdom, and therefore, they were most competent to assign the true relative value of the doctrines of the New Dispensation. When, therefore, we find leading modern holiness teachers giving more time, to say the least of it, to making prominent heart purity, that is, cleansing from inbred sin as the great second blessing, than they do to the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and then recollect that the the apostles gave nineteen-twentieths of the time to the latter, as compared with the former, we must be excused if we go back to the teaching of the writers of the New Testament as the more scriptural of the two.

We shall not be misunderstood by real lovers of Christ in these remarks, as though we were, to any degree, disparaging the grand work done in the interests of God and humanity by these very teachers we are criticizing. In pressing the subject of holiness on the Church, we do not find it necessary to depreciate, in the least, the grand work of those who preach justification alone. Much less is it in our hearts to do aught else than to glorify God in behalf of the teaching which has thrown such additional joy and activity into modern church life. Nevertheless the advice is scriptural still: "Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."

## TRYING TO FIND OUT THE LEADINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

We are often asked the question, "How are we to know the mind of the Spirit in the activities of life, when wishing to do the will of God in all things?" Many say they have great difficulty in distinguishing between the voice of the Spirit and other voices. Others say we are trying hard to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit, but find it very difficult to know exactly what they are. We have had to do with a great variety of experiences of this sort in earnest seekers of the Pentecostal fulness of the Spirit.

But in them all we detect a radical error. It is this, viz., that the perplexed one is ever undertaking to do too much. It was distinctly said by the early Christians that the Holy Ghost was given "to them who obey Him."

Notice that all that was required of the follower of Christ was the acceptance of the promise of the Father, and implicit obedience to all His loving requests. Hence it follows that His work was to make plain to them His wishes, when prompt, loving obedience was their part of the work to retain the Comfortor. Trying to find out His wishes has, therefore, no place in the reciprocal relations between us and the Holy Ghost. When the Holy Spirit does His work so carelessly—presuming it to be possible, for the sake of argument—that we have to *try* to find out His meaning, then, evidently, there is no call for action on our part.

In ordinary business life the employee who has the ready excuse for work unperformed, that he was spending his time in trying to find out the leadings of his employer, that is, in trying to find out what he really wanted him to do, would obtain scant courtesy at the hands of his master. Fancy a train despatcher sending out a train of cars in the face of instructions concerning other trains on the same track, which he could not succeed in deciphering. No, we emphasize the statement, that where trying to learn the leading of the Spirit is in order, active obedience is not called for.

We are only called to obey the voice of our Divine Guide when we hear that

voice clearly and unmistakably. He who made us can approach near enough to His workmanship to make known His wishes so that there shall be no need of mistake therein. We do not hesitate to say that all the demands of God concerning obedience are fully met when we obey Him in those things where His voice is both heard and *known*.

Upon close examination it will often be found that trying to know the leadings of the Spirit—we confess to a dislike for this expression—measuring not to know His voice, because the way of obedience does not look inviting. It is simply the effort to excuse disobedience by throwing the blame off ourselves upon another.

Our advice to these trying ones is, proclaim to God and to yourselves, when you can truthfully, your utter willingness to obey the Spirit in His minutest instructions, with perfect recklessness as to consequences, and then hold yourselves in readiness to make good this profession of faith. If now there be an apparent call to obedience, in any direction, but you feel that you have honest doubts as to the genuineness of the call, proclaim with continued confidence your readiness to obey, and wait for clear, unmistakable evidence as to the Divine nature of the call to action. There is no condemnation in this attitude of the soul. Condemnation comes either from unwillingness to know the voice of the Spirit, or failure to obey when we clearly know it.

Therefore, as a conclusion of the whole matter, we maintain, that trying to follow the leadings of the Spirit, that is, *trying* to hear the voice of our Guide Divine, is no legitimate part of Christian experience, and should be thrown aside once and forever.

#### HOW TO GET COMPANY ON THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS.

1st. By visiting places where inhabitants of Beulah dwell. And this is all right when the Spirit and not man leads: then it results in mutual blessing—not otherwise.

2nd. By inviting others to visit us. And this is also highly profitable when it is the Lord's will that it should be done, and the result is sure to be satisfactory.

But neither of these two methods look to permanent companionship. The *visit*, in either case, must come to an end, and then the sense of loneliness is intensified; the very joys of temporary heart communion with fellow-inhabitants of the

“Land of corn and wine and oil,  
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest.”

makes the feeling of isolation more realistic when the last lingering farewells are past.

What the heart of the believer craves, however, is permanent fellowship with those who are one with us in Christ Jesus.

Now, the very best way to secure this permanent heart-union, this complete companionship in Jesus, is to have them raised up around you; is to be the agent, in God's hand, of bringing some of those amongst whom you live into the fulness of the Spirit. And this will be done so soon as *you* are filled with the Spirit, so soon as you have obtained and retained your own personal Pentecost.

But, peradventure, you say, “I am fully saved!” Are you, we ask, so filled with the Spirit that there is no conscious lack at the present moment? Would you find it difficult to Amen the prayer, “Lord, give more Holy Ghost power for service?” Do you feel like arguing about this thing, and questioning the propriety of our thought concerning this matter? Be content, dear friend, for in your case at least it has served its purpose to explain, if you will accept the lesson, why you are lonely. So soon as such language appears to you the very essence of reasonableness, because it fits in with your experience of pentecostal fulness of the Spirit, then you will find God's hungry children will begin to come to your door to be fed.

You will then no longer have to give testimony, concerning holiness, to retain the blessing; but testimony will, when called for, be a loving service, with all the joy in it which you will find in pointing seeking souls to their full privileges in the gospel.

But why undertake to describe the indescribable? for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the

heart what God hath laid up for His children, but it is revealed by the Spirit in pentecostal fulness to them who receive the Holy Ghost, and walk in Him, even as the early Christians did—and only to such.

Lonely one! adopt this best way to secure companionship in your journey along the highway of holiness, so shall your walk be close with God, and heaven shall be so blended with earth that the dividing line will no longer be a forbidding torrent, but scarcely a visible line.

### INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

**WESLEY PARK.**—We attended the semi-annual meeting of the directors of this grand undertaking. We are happy to be able to say that everything is being done for a very successful summer campaign this year.

A programme of services of a very satisfactory character is, under the labors of the new President, assisted by his committee, being prepared, and will shortly be printed in attractive form, and scattered broad-cast on both sides of the line.

Amongst other prominent workers, the services of the now well-known Sam Jones have been secured for a couple of days, in the early part of the season.

**A HOLINESS CAMP-MEETING.**—What will interest our readers chiefly is that a union holiness camp-meeting has been arranged for after the following pattern: The Newark Holiness Association, of which Bro. Daniels, the President of Wesley Park, is President, and the Canada Holiness Association have arranged to carry on a union holiness camp-meeting for ten days, during the first half of the month of August. An advisory union committee will care for the interests of the meeting, the two Presidents of the Associations having charge of the services on alternate days.

**BRO. COLLING.**—On our return from the Park we were able to pay a flying visit to the Secretary of our Association. We found him recovering from a very serious and prolonged illness, of three or four months duration. At one time dur-

ing his sickness fears were entertained by his physician of a fatal termination.

We rejoiced over his evident convalescence, but most of all in that he was not walking in darkness concerning God's dealings with his body.

How grand the satisfaction, when even in the serious afflictions of the body God takes us into His confidence, and explains to us the necessity, in the interests of His kingdom, that we also help to fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ, for His body's sake, which is the Church.

**ST. CATHARINES.**—Here we also spent a few hours, and not without clear, unmistakable design on the part of the

“Leader of faithful souls and guide  
Of all that travel to the skies.”

To a superficial observer it would seem that the labors of former years in the interests of the definite experience of holiness had ceased to be productive, and that the outlook was not hopeful. But we were directed to a faithful few, and we found that a seed still served Him, and as we talked and prayed together, we realized that “it shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation.”

**LINKING TOGETHER.**—We felt, on our return, in bringing these lonely ones before the meetings in Toronto, we were enabled to establish a union of far-reaching import. For, as our faith and sympathy went out for them, we realized we could ask large things in their behalf, and claim them, in the interests of Christ's kingdom.

**THE CITY MEETINGS.**—These, during the past month, have been, to a marked degree, increasing in interest and power. Some kind friends made a present of a dozen chairs to the Tuesday afternoon meeting, rendered necessary to accommodate the increasing numbers in attendance. But what is best of all, one after another steps into the full liberty of the children of God, and testifies to the gladness of heart and perfect satisfaction attendant on their faith.

It is precious to see Jesus on the cross as the all sufficient atonement for our sins; but more precious to see Him on the throne of our hearts driving out every evil thing, and reigning over all the little kingdom within.



## WAY NOTES.

BY REV. B. SHERLOCK.

The following is an extract from a printed circular announcing a "Parochial Mission or Series of Evangelistic" services now being held in Gorrie, Ont., in the English Episcopalian church of that place:

"The object of these services is: 1. "The arousing of the thoughtless and indifferent in order that they may flee to Jesus to escape the wrath to come. 2. "The quickening of believers, that they may be led to whole-hearted consecration to Christ, that with souls at rest in Him they may 'serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of their life.' Only God the Holy Spirit can bring about such a result as this, and the sure word of God is 'Ask and ye shall receive.'" It is encouraging to find that in that body, which has been so much under bondage to forms, the need and possibility of the "higher life" is making itself felt. Methodism must not allow those outside her pale to outstrip her in the acceptance and exemplification of Scriptural holiness.

We were privileged to conduct a four days' holiness meeting at Holstein, Ont., some six weeks ago. Meetings did not commence until the evening of the first of the four days, and during the remaining three days stormy weather thinned the attendance. We were enabled to hold three services each day, with great blessing to ourselves, and the good Lord gave us the joy of seeing a good proportion of those who attended blessed with the "fulness." A local preacher, especially, went blessedly and definitely over the boundary and into "the land of corn and wine and oil." May God keep them. The pastor, Bro. Husband, and others acknowledged that great good was effected.

The Goshen band, or a part of them, consisting of three young ladies, have recently been working with Rev. W. Shannon on the Teviotdale Mission at "Union" Church. Full congregations attended for several weeks and from fifty to sixty or more conversions are reported, including

all ages from the child of tender years to the grey-headed grandfather. These workers are some of those whom we in connection with our devoted colleague, Rev. J. Kennedy, were enabled to lead into the experience of perfect love within a few days after their conversion, at a meeting held about three years since in the Goshen Church, Peel Circuit, now Stirton Circuit. God has honored them by giving them, since that time, more than one hundred and fifty souls, within a distance of not more than twenty miles. Let new converts be pressed quickly into full salvation, and much of the trouble that often annoys the pastor of a church after an ingathering will be avoided, and the church, instead of relapsing into a Satanic reaction, will thrive and prosper. Their own home church at Goshen does not suffer for their outside work for Jesus, but lives and grows more than the average.

## MARVELLOUSLY HELPED!

SHALL BE THE HEADING OF A FEW THOUGHTS.

My eye fell upon the facts of the many ways deliverance had come to God's children, while reading from Miss F. R. Havergal. She says, "Is it not wonderful that God should help us at all!" I was at a glance led to see the many ways in which deliverance had come even to me. The seas of apparent hindrances had given way, and, lo! I had walked over on dry land. The furnace of persecution had been heated; but the Deliverer was there, and not the smell of fire was to be found. In perils by land when in youth, but the mighty Jehovah was nigh to save. In perils by sea; but He that speaks and the winds obey, said "Be still!" and deliverance came. Then, once more, in perils among false brethren, and what do I hear? "Lo! I am with you alway." And so on through life's journey.

The loneliness of a stranger, treading this pilgrimage along the wilderness that leads to the Promised Land, at times passes before the natural vision; but all along I see the path has been lit up by the Divine. The word of promise—so sure—has been a light to the weary

but sturdy, forward traveller—illuminating the pathway. No shadow of doubt, or dark cloud of despair, has blighted hope, or turned aside from the narrow way—the way of holiness—that must lead to the City of our God—the New Jerusalem; and so I am constrained to cry out, “Oh, the depth of the riches of grace, love, and mercy, of such a wonderful Helper in every time of need!” Surely it is marvellous in our eyes, and I am led to ask, “Why this yearning for souls, this desire to be active?” Thank God, if He keeps us realizing, amid the busiest work, that we have no power of ourselves to help others, as long as we say, unreservedly, “My help cometh from the Lord,” the help will come.

“The Lord hath done great things for thee,  
All through the fleeting days;  
Jehovah hath dealt wondrously—  
Lift up thy heart and praise.  
For greater things thine eyes shall see,  
Child of His loving choice;  
The Lord WILL do great things for thee,  
Fear not—be glad—rejoice!”

This seems to sum up the past, present, and future; and should we not look for greater things? I do, because of the promises. Now, faith is the substance of things not seen as yet, but hoped for.

Oh, that all the children of the King might grasp the promises, and become partakers of all the fulness of the gospel!

I find, in looking over the past sixty years of gospel light and privileges, joy has not been the leading thought or aspiration of a yearning soul, but to know God as perfectly as man can on earth; to understand His law—His will—His way, as revealed in His written Word; to be a Bible scholar, able to comprehend all the privileges, and to attain to all the fulness not only of the spiritual supply, but the length and breadth, the depth and height of the knowledge that is stored away in that Book of books for God's children. And now, as life's work is closing up, I find it has not been in vain; this thirsting after hidden treasures that may be dug out of those mines of gold; the living water, the bread of life, to give strength and vitality to the worn pilgrim,—I say, from the standpoint of sixty years' experience, it has not been in vain. This longing is satisfied daily, by believing, obeying, and then receiving; and

thus it becomes a glorious way. The only source of sorrow is, that *all will not* come and take of this salvation, so free, so full.

M. BRIDGMAN.

### CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

My last and most deliberate thoughts on this head are in these words:—

1. “Perhaps the general prejudice against Christian perfection may chiefly arise from a misapprehension of the nature of it. We willingly allow, and continually declare, there is no such perfection in this life, as implies either a dispensation from doing good and attending all the ordinances of God; or a freedom from ignorance, mistake, temptation, and a thousand infirmities necessarily connected with the flesh and blood.

2. “First. We not only allow, but earnestly contend, that there is no perfection in this life, which implies any dispensation from attending all the ordinances of God, or from ‘doing good unto all men, while we have time,’ though ‘specially v<sup>o</sup> to the household of faith.’ We believe, that not only the babes in Christ, who have newly found redemption in his blood, but those also who are ‘grown up into perfect men,’ are indispensably obliged, as often as they have opportunity, ‘to eat bread and drink wine in remembrance of Him,’ and to ‘search the Scriptures;’ by fasting, as well as temperance, to ‘keep their bodies under, and bring them into subjection;’ and, above all, to pour out their souls in prayer, both secretly and in the great congregation.

3. “We, secondly, believe that there is no such perfection in this life as implies an entire deliverance, either from ignorance or mistake, in things not essential to salvation, or from manifold temptations, or from numberless infirmities wherewith the corruptible body more or less presses down the soul. We cannot find any ground in Scripture to suppose that any inhabitant of a house of clay is wholly exempt, either from bodily infirmities, or from ignorance of many things; or to imagine any is incapable of mistake, or falling into divers temptations.

4. “‘But whom then do you mean by one that is perfect?’ We mean one in whom ‘is the mind which was in Christ,’

and who so 'walketh as Christ walked; a 'man that hath clean hands and a pure heart,' or that is 'cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit;' one in whom 'is no occasion of stumbling,' and who accordingly 'doth not commit sin.' To declare this a little more particularly: We understand by that Scriptural expression, 'a perfect man,' one in whom God hath fulfilled his faithful word, 'From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you: I will also save you from all your uncleanness.' We understand hereby one whom God hath 'sanctified throughout, in body, soul, and spirit;' one who walketh in the light as He is in the light, in whom is no darkness at all; and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son having cleansed him from all sin.

5. 'This man can now testify to all mankind, 'I am crucified with Christ: Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' He is 'holy, as God who called him is holy,' both in heart and 'in all manner of conversation.' He 'loveth the Lord his God with all his heart,' and serveth him 'with all his strength.' He 'loveth his neighbor,' every man, 'as himself,' yes, 'as Christ loveth us;' them, in particular, that 'despitefully use him and persecute him, because they know not the Son, neither the Father.' Indeed his soul is all love, filled with 'bowels of mercies, kindness, gentleness, long-suffering. And his life agreeth thereto, full of 'the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labour of love. And whatsoever he doeth either in word or deed, he doeth it all in the name,' in the love and power, 'of the Lord Jesus.' In a word, he doeth 'the will of God on earth, as it is done in Heaven.'

6. "This is to be 'a perfect man,' to be sanctified throughout: Even 'to have a heart so all flaming with the love of God,' to use Archbishop Usher's words, 'as continually to offer up every thought, word, and work, as a spiritual sacrifice, acceptable to God through Christ.' In every thought of our hearts, in every word of our tongues, in every work of our hands, to 'show forth his praise who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light.' O that both we, and all who seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity, may thus 'be made perfect in one!'—*Wesley*.

## THE WEALTH OF THE TRUE BELIEVER.

BY REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D.

"*Thou art rich.*"—REV. ii. 9.

These words constitute a part of Christ's message to the Church in Smyrna, a church whose members were very poor, so far as worldly possessions were concerned, and were also subject to great tribulations through dire persecutions from the civil authorities and their enemies around them, tribulations which were to be endured for an indefinite period in the future.

In view of all these impressive facts, Christ tells them "they are RICH," and exhorts them to "fear *none* of the things which they should suffer." They had only, through grace, to continue steadfast until the close of this short life, and they would receive at His hands a crown of glory, on the one hand, and to all eternity they should not be "hurt of the second death" on the other.

Christ had taken a careful inventory of the estate of these believers. He had taken into full and exact account all the tribulations and trials of faith which they had endured, were then enduring, and would endure in the future of their lives, on the one hand, and on the other, the ever enduring consolation and good hopes which they had in *present* possession, and the infinite and eternal weight of glory in reserve for them in the endless future which awaited them in the kingdom of glory above. The result of the unerring inventory under consideration was an infinite balance in their favor. They were rich—every believer among them who was holding fast his integrity. "I know thy works and tribulations and poverty; but thou art RICH."

Dear Christian, for I speak now only to such as have not "cast away their confidence," who *are* walking with God, and whose fellowship is (now) with the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, have you taken and are you accustomed to take, a careful inventory of *your* estate as a believer in Jesus? Take into full account *all* the deprivations, calamities, pains, sicknesses, and fiery trials which have befallen you in the past, what you may now be called to

suffer, and the worst that can await you in the future of life. Then set over against all these, the everlasting consolations, good hopes, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, which has kept your heart and mind by Christ Jesus in the past, which you enjoy in present fruition, and which awaits your future in life, on the one hand, and on the other, "the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" kept in reserve for you, when Christ shall come to you, and receive you unto Himself that where He is you may be also. Nor should you leave out of the account the immortal virtues which "the sufferings of this present time," as they are patiently endured, are continuously generating, developing, strengthening, and perfecting in your character. In view of such facts and considerations, we cease to wonder that Paul, after taking a similar inventory of his estate in Christ, assures us that he "gloried in tribulation," and "took pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake."

This, Christian, is the hidden secret of perfect content under all allotments of Providence, of being "kept in perfect peace," and "always rejoicing," even when "as sorrowful." And this is the Divine lesson which every person of the Sacred Trinity is ever present to teach you.—*Divine Life.*

### A WORD TO SEEKERS AFTER HOLINESS.

BY REV. S. L. BRENGLE.

"The greatest obstacle to your entire sanctification is 'an evil heart of unbelief'" (Heb. iii. 12-19; iv. 1-3).

Recently, as I passed down the aisle after a morning service at one of our holiness conventions, I met a sister, who was evidently in great spiritual distress, with intense hunger for full salvation. A lady, who had lately experienced the blessing of heart purity, was endeavouring to point her to Jesus, but with little success. After a few moments' conversation, I felt assured that she was ready to accept the blessing, and so we knelt in prayer; but for some reason our prayers did not prevail. I then asked her if she were sure her consecration was complete.

She at once declared it was; she was willing to die for it.

"Then," said I, sister, there are three things you must believe. First, do you believe God is able to sanctify you wholly?"

"Yes."

"Second: Do you believe he is willing?"

"Yes."

"Then, with your perfect consecration, there is but one other step to take, and the whole work of grace will be done. Will you believe that He *doeth* it? For the promise is, 'Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive [are receiving], and ye shall have.' Will you believe this?"

"But I do not feel that He does."

"That makes no difference, sister; your faith must precede all feeling."

"But I cannot believe that He has done it."

"I do not ask you to believe that He has done it, but that He is doing it, in answer to your present faith. You *must* believe that He doeth it, if ever you get the witness of the Spirit. Say, 'I will believe God.'"

"Well, I will try."

"No, that will not do; you must believe, not try to believe."

"Well, I am determined to struggle on till the blessing comes."

"No, sister, your struggles will do no good; you must believe; and, until you do this, you are making God a liar."

"But shall not I be lying to say I will believe, when I do not feel like it?"

"No, 'for faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God;' and the word of God to you is, 'Now are ye clean through the word I have spoken unto you.' 'Ask, and ye shall receive;' 'He that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' These words you must trust, just as you would trust the words of any friend; rely upon them, rest in them, exult over them. The fact is, you will continue to feel just as you now do, until you believe God for this work, or backslide from the light you now have into deeper darkness than you ever knew. Sister, you say you have given up all—your hopes, plans, prospects, your likes and your dislikes, your home, friends,

husband, yourself—in a ‘perpetual covenant, never to be forgotten;’ but you have still one thing to give up, and that is your ‘evil heart of unbelief.’ You are now on Jordan’s bank, and are looking over into the promised land,—the land of rest from inbred sins, and the strife of sinful tempers that war against the soul. Will you go over, or will you refuse to believe God, and go back into the wilderness, to miserably perish there? I will tell you, and this lady who has been talking with you tells you, that you can take this land by simple faith in God. Caleb and Joshua told the children of Israel that they could take Canaan. These faithful (full of faith) two looked at God and His promise, remembering the mighty deliverances of the past, and they declared, in the strength of their simple faith, that Canaan could be possessed at once. But the multitude forgot God and His promise, and His past faithfulness, seeing in their unbelief only the giants and the walled cities, and their own weakness, declaring that if they did go over Jordan, they would be destroyed,—they, and their wives, and their little ones. So, in their unbelief and hardness of heart, they turned back into the wilderness to wander for forty weary years, until every one of the adults had perished, save Caleb and Joshua. And these two men, still full of faith, went over with the younger generation, and possessed the goodly land. O sister, beware of unbelief! I assure you, if you will believe God, and walk patiently before Him, firmly resisting all doubts, ‘He that shall come will come, and will not tarry’ (Heb. x. 36, 37). God will keep, and will give the unmistakable witness of His Spirit, as soon as you get a fixed habit of faith, and have proved your determination to honour Him, by steadfastly believing His word, without regard to the state of your feelings.”

At this point we left the sister, for our prayer and the conversation had been prolonged from the morning meeting to within twenty minutes of the afternoon service. We left her in great darkness, but in the hands of a God of love.

Then she and God began to reason together. Said she, “I had hoped that the prayers of those holy people would pre-

vail for me;” but God said, “Looking unto Jesus, who is the author and perfecter of your faith.” He told her plainly that she must deal personally with Him for her full salvation, and that this transaction was not imaginary, but real, and must be by faith.

Then she saw distinctly that no human power could save her; as she must die alone, be judged alone, so she must be saved alone. She must deliberately cast herself on Jesus for salvation, or be finally lost. And then and there she fully and resolutely committed her soul to God, and said, “I *will* believe.”

Jesus said, “If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.” Infinite things lie hidden away in that phrase, “If any man *will*.” No soul is saved that does not *will* to believe God; and every soul that is given up to God can believe, for faith is simple confidence in, and *agreement* with, the revealed will of God.

“But,” says some one, “how shall I know that I have given up all for Him?” If you really mean business for eternity, you will submit to God, and when you have submitted, your own consciousness will assure you of that fact. It surely will; and, besides the witness of your own consciousness, you have this promise of God, “And if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you.” If you have not yielded all, and you are honestly seeking light, He will reveal it unto you. Bishop Taylor, of Africa, says, “All the feeling I ask, in order to the maintenance of a perfect faith in Jesus, is the consciousness of my perfect submission to His will.”

That evening I saw the sister again, and asked her to come to the altar. Said she, “I will go with this lady by my side—for her, but not for myself; for I have committed myself to God, and shall trust Him, till the witness of my acceptance comes.” I silently praised the dear Lord, for I was sure He would not disappoint her, nor keep her waiting long.

The next day she was in the meeting; her face was full of sunshine. It was evident that the days of her mourning were ended, and her everlasting light had come. At the earliest opportunity she arose, and related her experience, telling

us that in the night God awoke her with a kiss of love, and gave her the clear witness of the Spirit that she was entirely sanctified, putting glory in her heart and alleluias on her tongue.

Dear seeker, entire consecration is not entire sanctification. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." There must be entire consecration, unwavering faith, and a frank, artless confession of both to Jesus. This is a man's part, and, when these simple conditions are met and steadfastly maintained against all contrary feelings God will suddenly come into His holy temple, filling the soul with His presence, purity, and power. This twofold work constitutes the one experience of entire sanctification. When this experience is yours, at your very earliest opportunity confess it before men; put yourself on record before three worlds. Give all the glory to Jesus, confidently assert your faith in Him, and He will keep you against every assault of the adversary, "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."—*The King's Highway*.

#### CHOICE EXTRACTS.

TAKE LIFE IN EARNEST.—I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to always be on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talking about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depth of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation—but I want a sign which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, in what

cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.—*Dr. Arnold*.

There is no book which can take the place of the grand old Bible of our fathers. The Bible is an infallible guide. It is a book which must be studied by the electric light of the Holy Ghost in order to be seen in all its beauty. The tallow candle of mere intellectualism is too dim a light with which to explore its recesses. The Bible, moreover, is nothing to us unless we make it a part of ourselves.—*Adalbert Beach*.

A SAVIOUR FOR ALL.—A friend, who is with me, has been telling me of a class of little boys he teaches at Philadelphia, on Sunday nights. One evening, a newspaper boy met him in the street, and said, "O, Captain, I'm mighty glad to see ye. There's poor Billy, he's so badly, and so wants to see ye." My friend went with the little boy, and found Billy lying on some rags in the corner of a wretched room, very, very ill. Billy was so delighted when the Captain went in! The room was dark, and Billy, with a feeble voice, said, "I'se here, Captain—I'm mighty glad to see ye." My friend was filled with pity for him, and asked him if he could send him a nurse, or some medicine or some nice food. "No, Captain, it wasn't that I wanted ye for. I wanted to ask ye two questions. The first is, Did you tell us the other night as how Jesus died for every feller?" "Yes, I did; for Jesus Christ tasted death for every man." Billy then said, "I thought so. Now, I've another question: Did you tell us as how Jesus Christ saves every feller that axes him?" "Yes," said my friend; for every one that asketh receiveth. Billy replied, with a very feeble but happy voice, "Then I know he saves me because I axes him." My friend paused to wipe away the tears that gushed from his eyes, and then bent down to speak to the boy. But Billy's head dropped back on the pillow of rags, and his happy spirit had gone to Jesus. He is there at the feast; and "yet there is room"—room for every one that asks—room for you!—*Newman Hall's Sermons*.

"GO AND TELL JESUS."—Some years ago a Christian lady came and said:

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

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

"Yes."

"You want to speak for Him?"

"Indeed I do."

"You cannot?"

"Cannot say a word."

"And that is a burden to you?"

"Indeed it is."

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

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

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

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

**THE WAY OF THE CROSS.**—Only the first step on the way of the cross is painful. Our greatest cross is the fear of crosses. We have not the courage to carry our cross, and we are very much mistaken; for, whatever we do, the cross holds us tight—we cannot escape from it. What then have we to lose? Why not love our crosses and make use of them to carry us to heaven? But on the contrary, most men turn their backs upon the crosses and fly before them. The more they run, the more the cross pursues them, the more it strikes and crushes them with burdens. He who goes to meet

the cross, goes in the opposite direction to crosses; he meets them, perhaps, but he is pleased to meet them; he loves them, he carries them courageously. They unite him to our Lord: they pacify him; they detach him from this world; they remove all obstacles from his heart; they help him to pass through life, as a bridge helps us to pass over water. A good man once complained to our Lord that he was persecuted. He said, "O Lord, what have I done to be treated thus?" Our Lord answered him, "And I, what had I done when I was led to Calvary?" Then the man understood; he wept, he asked pardon, and dared not complain any more.

Our Lord is our model; let us take up our cross and follow Him. Let us do like the soldiers of Napoleon. They had to cross a bridge under the fire of grape-shot; no one dared to pass it. Napoleon took the colors, marched first; and they all followed. Let us do the same; let us follow our Lord, who has gone before us.  
—*The Cure of Ars.*

**HOW TO GET FAITH.**—I hear a great many people say: "How am I to get faith? I would come to Christ, but I don't know how to get faith." It would take months and years to get that. Now, I was a long time getting faith. I was anxious to work for the Lord, but wanted faith. I wanted to get faith, but I went about it in the wrong way. I prayed for it, and did nothing else. That ain't the way to get faith—to pray for it, and neglect the Word of God. The way to get faith is to know who God is; and I never knew a man or woman that was well acquainted with God that wanted faith. Some one said to a Scotchwoman, "You are a woman of great faith." "No," she says, "I am a woman of little faith—but I have a great God." Now, would you just turn a moment to the 12th chapter of the Gospel of John and the 31st verse: "But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." Now, the whole Gospel of John was written for one purpose. John took up his pen, and he wrote that Gospel that we might believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and that, by believing, we might have eternal life. And so, instead of praying for faith, and mourning because we haven't got faith, let

us study the Word of God, and get acquainted with the God of Israel, and then we will have faith in Him. You can't find a man or woman that is acquainted with God, but that has strong faith in God.—*D. L. Moody.*

### OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn ;  
I always find in the Book of Life  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill ;  
I must grind out the golden grain ;  
I must work at my task with a resolute will  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
That run through a single hour.  
But the morning dews must fall,  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part and perform it all  
Over and over again.

Over and over again,  
The brook through the meadow flows ;  
And over and over again  
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain ;  
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,  
May count if we try again.

The path that hath once been trod  
Is never so rough to the feet ;  
And the lesson we once have learned  
Is never so hard to repeat.  
Though sorrowful tears may fall,  
And the heart to its depths be riven  
With storms and tempest, we need them all  
To render us meet for heaven.

—*Selected.*

### THANKSGIVING ANN.

KATE W. HAMILTON.

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite

in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:

“Thanksgivin’ an’—

“Johnny, don’t play dar in de water, chile !”

“Thanksgivin’ an’—

“Take care o’ dat bressed baby ! Here’s some gingerbread for him.”

“Thanksgivin’ an’ de voice o’ melody.”

You laugh ! But looking after all these little things was her work, her duty ; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments ?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann : her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be now to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could scarcely tell ; they only knew she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early usual breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a fine batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen window ; and Thanksgiving Ann’s “Bible money” was still in her pocket.

“Didn’t ask me, nor give me no chance. Just’s if, ’cause a pusson’s old an’ colored, dey didn’t owe de Lord nuffin ; an’ wouldn’t pay it if dey did,” she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and “catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy.” And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied in his chase. “Wa-ll, I came up with him—told ye I would give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget ; and he said ’twas a generous jonation—equal to your master’s ; which proves,” said Silas, shutting one eye, and



appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just offhanded as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little aforehand, as other folks will dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does;" and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thankgivin' an' de voice o' melody,"

she began in her high, weird voice; but the words died on her lips—her heart was too burdened to sing. "Only three dollars out'n all her 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebby I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows when I'se here all de time, and sees de good clo'es, an' de carr'age, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks, an' hosses, an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happen when de time comes, an' no prepration at all! Sure 'nough, He don't need her help. All de world is His; an' He send clo'es to His naked, an' bread to His hungry, an' Bibles to His heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' and starvin' der own dear souls. Well—'tain't *my* soul! but I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'." "The idea of counting up one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remained one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn, one day; "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes. Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young no-'count gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole massa he lef' me to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a

pair of ole shoes; an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin', and den I went bare-foot; an' 't's jist the way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison. "Jist what I thought, didn't treat me with no kind of reverence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person another," said the lady smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Master likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside *one-eighth*. "'Cause if dem old Israelites was tol' to give *one-tenth*, I'd like to *frow* in a little more, for good measure. Talk 'bout it's bein' like a tax to put some away for such things! 'Clare I get studyin' what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's an' thinkin's dat I mos' believe dey weigh double when dey does go.

"O de Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!  
De Lamb of Calvary!  
De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,  
An' intercedes for me."

And now another call had come. "Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. "However, we gave all we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work. "'Spose I needn't fret 'bout other folks' duty—dat ain't none o' my business; yas 'tis, too, 'cause dey's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Tain't like's if dey didn't call darselves His, neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side. "Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner." "Sartin, I'll give you a'l dar is," she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose a cry:

"O, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?" "And I?" "And I, too!"

"Help yourselves, dearies," answered the old woman, composedly, never turning to see how often or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there when, near the dinner hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen and a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly.

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?" "No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too; and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever before been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," Thanksgiving said, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast this morning," began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes, neither—nor vegetables of any kind!"

"Laws, yes! But den a body has to think about it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same with taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, and I didn't happen to have much of nuffin'. 'Clare! I forgot de bread! and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made biscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough; but dat kind o' makes a body feel 's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted ter get dinner for yer all o' my warm feelin's, when de time come. Cur'us how things make a body think o' Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy,' an' what shall I render to de Lord for all his benefits to'ard me.' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches."

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?"

"I suspect there is a 'method in her madness," replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning contents; but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish. "Dat's all! De chilren eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I'se sorry dar aint no more; but I hopes you'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lips for a moment and then asked quietly: "Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Wall, dar now! s'pose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone; "b'lieve I will, next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de bes' right to 'em; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened to be on hand was so much freer an' lovin'er a way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear's if dey fared slim, an' I spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife, when they were again alone. "Yes, I see. An object lesson with a vengeance!" "And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with a troubled face.

"She *is* right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is His direct gift; and all our hopes for the world to come are in Him. We profess to be not our own but His; to be journeying towards his royal city; and that His service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment and ease, and apportion nothing for the interest of His kingdom, or the forwarding of His work, but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem very like faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, bu have been too indolent, careless or selfish to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner-table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their

Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found, required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters"

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes: "Ann, now, I suppose, you are satisfied?"

"I'se mazin' glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but *satisfied*—dat's a long, deep word; an' de Bible says it will be when we 'awake in his likeness." And she went in with her old song upon her lips:

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice o' melody."

#### ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

For months now, a quiet, modest, maiden lady, of middle life, has been observed in the Police Courts of London, sitting on the benches reserved for the public, who, when a peculiarly distressing case came up with reference to some poor unfortunate girl, was reported in the papers as "expressing a desire to receive the prisoner, which offer was gratefully accepted." The name of this quiet person was quite unknown to magistrates and the public until very recently. What could she want of these graceless outcasts of her own sex, who came from time to time to the surface of the police dock? It transpired, a few weeks ago, that she was a Miss Stride; that early in life she had met with "disappointments," and her future had been shattered; and then, instead of devoting herself in sour misanthropy to tea and her cat, she took an humble lodging, and set out upon her life journey with one of the noblest resolves that ever actuated a feminine breast.

She went out upon the highways and byways of vast London—oftenest upon the byways—and brought back to her little rooms one after another of those poor forlorn castaways who throng in such saddest procession in the streets of all great cities; and she shared her bread with them—her bed with them; gave them no solemn lectures; but, by very loving kindness, with sisterly sympathy, with gentlest, tearful appeal and encouragement, above all, by

winning them from despair to hope, from hope to actual amendment and honesty, she imparted a new life to what was a living death. Her noblest deed was her sacrifice. Within a year, out of some seven hundred and fifty pounds, mostly given in charity, and to which was added her own and a benevolent companion's pitiful income, she gave a home, food, clothes, medicine, and doctor's care, and a new and happy life to three hundred and seventy-five girls, poor, painted, and poisoned, and ragged, and patched wretches. In two-thirds (two-thirds!) of these cases the cure was complete, the disease was subdued, the new life was permanent and blessed. And how was it done? "God will forgive us everything," says some one, "everything but despair." Miss Stride never despaired, were her subject the most blasphemous and hideous young virago of the Seven Dials. She saw that they hated the "stuccoed reformatory and penitentiary system." Her most triumphant reformations were of females, over whom the prison chaplains most obdurately shook their heads. They needed, indeed, no chaplain, but a sister. And a sister, the gentlest, most loving, most considerate, most tenderly anxious, they found in the "disappointed" maiden lady, Miss Stride. And what potent charm used she? What clairvoyance and magnetism were hid at the little house, No. 17 Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square? The enchantress herself lifts the veil. Here is what she discovers to us:—

"'Tis only through the heart the germ of goodness is not quite stamped from nature, and the knowledge that every honest door in the world is not shut against them, that they can realize the possibility of shaking off the life of a vagabondage, and recover the beginning of those sentiments of womanly dignity and worth erroneously supposed forever gone. My home is no *refuge* or *rescue*, but the quiet, unassuming household, where I think I may say tranquility from the turmoils of a tumultuous world outside exists—the passage to commencing life anew."

Well, in doing this work, Miss Stride has "failed," pecuniarily; every remnant of her once respectable fortune has vanished—has gone as leaven into human lives, making them sweet. Whereupon great-hearted London arises, and "subscribes for Miss Stride's relief;" but everybody knows that subscribing for Miss Stride, means saving more castaways—lifting more souls out of the mire of despair.

It seems an easy thing to do, this hiring a house, some here in a quiet purlieu, fitting it with second-hand Kidderminster and auction-bought furniture; then strolling out in the streets—speaking to the poor, painted woman, who goes hurrying by with ghastly smiles, and inviting her home to supper and bed; but it is really hard, and one must be brave, and most lowly-hearted to do it. Yet that it may be done is very clear, and that it has its rewards is certain; for in what happy tones does not this dear English-woman speak! And a London paper says that her plain face is luminous with a settled expression of cheerful content.—*Sel.*

### REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

William Lines, living near Warren, Ind., was considered the wickedest man in all that region—awfully profane, and said to be an infidel. He is a man of some means, has a wife and nine children. Was gloriously converted to God June 29th, 1884, at the Tabernacle meeting in Warren. At the time of his conversion he was completely cured of pain in his head and legs, from which he had suffered for fifteen years. Not a day in *fifteen years* without pain in his head. Some nights the pain in his limbs would be so severe, he would be compelled to rise from bed, and walk the floor. He would walk, and curse his legs. He never had a recurrence of the difficulty till a few months ago, which he regards as the result of disobedience.

Only one church member besides Bro. L. was at the prayer-meeting in the little school-house, and several young people unconverted. The other brother refused to read a Scripture lesson, to pray, or speak. This continued for two successive appointments. The third evening Bro. L. was a little late, and some Christian people had returned home, leaving none there but the young folks. No meeting that night. When Bro. L. entered his own house he set down his lamp, remarking, "There! I'll never take you to the school-house again." He then laid down his hymn-book, with the same remark; and then his Bible, repeating the same words. Soon retired to his bed, and in ten minutes he had as severe pain in his head as ever in his life! In agony, he spent a sleepless night. Refused to rise in the morning for breakfast. About noon he reached from his bed, and took up his Bible. He says the Lord opened it for him, and his eyes fell at once upon John, v: 14, "Be-

hold, thou art made whole. sin no more, lest a worst thing come upon thee." He then yielded himself up in perfect obedience, the pain was all gone, and has never since returned. Bro. L. is again very happy, and ready to go anywhere, or do anything for his adorable Saviour.—C. E. R. in *Conservator*.

### A RAILWAY LESSON.

It was a hot, dusty day, when a stylishly dressed young man entered the train, who wore a stiff, white hat, patent leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs, the shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and the cinders blew in at the open door and windows. The heat and dust made travelling, even for strong men, almost unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman: "Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby a while. You look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised; the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner. "Oh, thank you, sir!" said she tremulously. "I am tired." And her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! it's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest awhile. Have you come far?" "From the Black Hills" "What! By stage?" "Yes; but my babe was well when I started. I was on my way home to the East. My husband, my husband —" "Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man, in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crape on the little travelling hat.

By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms. "Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?" "To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily ar-

ranged a shawl over a valise and prepared to lie down in the seat "Ah, yes, I see! And you haven't money to go in a sleeping-car, have you, madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers. I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep." "So it is. I'll surrender it to you now" (with a cheerful smile).

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said, in a clear, earnest voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land, and have had Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman" (pointing at the sleeping mother) "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead; her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping car, and is all tired and discouraged. What will you do about it?" "Do," cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! take up a collection." (The American citizen's last resort in distress.) "I'll give five dollars."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around, and the way the silver dollars and the quarters and the ten cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good. I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke and the money was given to her. She tried to thank us all, but failed; she broke down completely. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

More than one of us in that car took that little lesson to himself, and I learned that even stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart.—*C.H.S., in Companion.*

"Let us get back to two simple things—the blood of the Lamb and the tongue of fire, almost all else is dead lumber."—*Sel.*

## GUIDANCE.

BY E. HARRIET HOWE.

Long I sought the Heavenly Guest,  
Long I prayed for His return;  
Lacked I wisdom in my quest,  
And I knew not where to turn.

Then how tenderly He led me  
From the clouded way to light;  
With His gracious hand He fed me,  
Kept me by His power and might.

Gratefully to Thee I'm owing,  
For Thy wondrous love to me;  
Strangely fond my heart is growing  
Of its fellowship with Thee

Tarry with me, Heavenly Friend—  
Sweet to me Thy presence is;  
To my thirsty soul, O send,  
Abiding fulness of Thy bliss!

With Thy blessed children, Saviour,  
This rich gift I ask of Thee:  
Perfect in my heart for ever  
All Thy love has purchased me.

## Bard Tidings.

### NOTES OF WORK.

BY REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

I staid three weeks at Lyn, enjoying the hospitalities of Rev. J. E. Richardson, at his quiet parsonage. It was a time of great political excitement—said to be unprecedented. Political meetings were held in the village, and others in the county-town of Brockville, close by, attended by crowds of people. The air was full of the struggle. The Premier of the Dominion was present in person at one of the Brockville gatherings. All this, joined with very unfavorable weather and travel, seriously affected our services. But we held on to them, and the interest gradually rose. There were a few clear-cut conversions, and much blessing came to God's people. I was threatened during my stay at Lyn with a serious attack of illness. One night will long be memorable for the suffering of its weary hours—bordering on delirium. But God helped me. Such wonderful relief came by the following night as filled my soul with gladness and praise. And with bodily succor came great spiritual blessing. Such a sense of God's nearness and helpfulness, such an assurance of Divine good-will, such

an intimation of coming blessing in this work, as filled my soul with light and rest and triumph.

#### FARMERSVILLE.

All this time dear Bro. Mahood was busy at Farmersville with his associate workers. Once, in my weakness and suffering, I sent over to him - some fifteen miles—for help. Sister Stacey came for a few days and did good service. I had also hoped for other workers to join me at Lyn, but this was overruled, wisely no doubt. Sisters Raymond and Bryant, from Gananoque, volunteered a week's help, which was timely and welcome. A service well attended and full of blessing, on the night of Friday, Feb. 25, closed our campaign at Lyn. Next day Mr. Henry Richardson drove me across country to Farmersville.

#### SHOWERS OF BLESSING

Were falling on this village and surrounding community. And they continued to fall. Details of this remarkable movement were given in the EXPOSITOR for March, so I need not reproduce them. I staid two weeks in the place, sharing the hospitalities of the Parsonage. The heart of the pastor, Rev. Geo. Rogers, was greatly cheered by this visitation of "the Day-spring from on high," O what scenes of thrilling interest are associated with these "times of refreshing!" Confessions of sin—social and domestic alienations healed—evil habits abandoned. One old resident remarked that the revival had "played the mischief" with billiards! I should think so; and, let us hope, with drink and tobacco as well.

#### A MEMORABLE DAY.

My last Sabbath with this dear people will never be forgotten. In the morning the rite of baptism was administered to one eighteen persons. Then, after timely words by the pastor, a multitude of communicants gathered at the table of the Lord. At night it was impossible for the crowd to find accommodation in the church, so the lecture-room was used at the same time. And next night I farewelled. Since then, Bro. Rogers writes me: "We had three profitable meetings after you left—conversions each night. Over one hundred have joined our church on probation, including Messrs. James, Taplin, Riley, Dr. Cornell, and others in whom you took special interest. Last night I opened meetings at the Washburn school-house. Thirteen of our young people accompanied me, and did good service. We shall have conversions. God bless your work."

#### JOURNEYINGS.

After arranging for Sister Nettie Judd and Bro. Frank Forsyth to pass over to Toledo, to begin work there under the leadership of the Rev. W. J. Hewitt, whom I wired to come on from Lancaster, I took stage on Tuesday, March 15th, for Mallorytown, and boarded the train for Gananoque. Here the pastor's devoted wife had arranged for some thirty converts to meet me at the parsonage that evening. It was a quiet, informal, profitable gathering; and, with characteristic hospitality, our hostess had refreshments served to the company. Next day, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hall, I passed on to Kingston, and staid over night there. This gave me an opportunity of meeting with, and hearing for the first time, the celebrated Sam Jones, who lectured in the City Hall that evening, on "Character Building." The dear fellow seemed tired, and was, perhaps, hardly up to his average. But he did us all good; at least it was our own fault if otherwise.

#### SYDENHAM.

Having wired Bro. Mahood to expect me on Thursday, I accordingly took train at noon of that day to Harrowsmith. Here Rev. S. D. Chown, B.A., met me, and we drove together, some four miles, to Sydenham. Bros. Mahood and Brokenshire, of Kingston, had been operating at this point for ten days, and with gracious results. At night I found a commodious church crammed with people, and in the after-service the lecture-room was filled for an enquiry-meeting. Next night these experiences were repeated. I also preached a funeral sermon, at Bro. Chown's request, on Friday afternoon. Thought to stay for the Saturday night service, and arrive into Kingston on Sunday morning, to begin a campaign that afternoon; but the snow was leaving fast, and fearing there might be no sleighing in the morning, I passed over to Harrowsmith, taking train for the city.

#### KINGSTON.

I write these notes in the comfortable home of Henry Cunningham, Esq., a long-tried and faithful member of our church. Himself and family have extended their hearty hospitalities to the stranger. Rev. J. W. Sparling, B.A., is pastor of the Sydenham Street Church. Both pastor and people heartily co-operate in the work now in progress. Dr. Stirling has joined me from the west; and yesterday, Bro. Charlie Pool

dropped off, *en route* from St. Paul, Minn., to his home at Compton, Que. I also passed Miss Hall and sister, on Saturday last, to Harrowsmith, to begin a campaign there in association with Bro. Mahood. They remained there one week, to be followed by other workers, themselves commencing (D.V.) at Prescott, on Sunday, March 27, with Rev. Geo. McRitchie, Chairman of the District. A hearty invitation from Rev. H. F. Bland, Chairman of the Perth District, is unavoidably held in abeyance. I would once more ask the prayers of all readers of the EXPOSITOR, on behalf of myself and this great work. It needs more than human wisdom to manage it, more than human strength to carry the burden of it, more than human courage to face its difficulties. But in all these needs "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me."

#### CONCLUDING NOTES.

Brother Frank Forsyth came over to me from Toledo, on March 23rd. His father, mother and family connections have been known to me for many years. Brother Charlie Pool was taken down with measles four days after his coming, and at this writing is comfortably housed and cared for in a private room secured for him at the City Hospital. Then Brother Dunsmore came on from the West, and was passed to Harrowsmith, as associate worker with Dr. Sterling. On Monday, March 28th, Brothers Bird and Clemens arrived from Quebec, the former *en route* to the Missionary Training School, at Niagara Falls. Then Brother Ranton reported from the West. The coming of these dear brethren was all of God. For the work has opened out so fast in this section of country that their co-operation is all required to overtake it. To-morrow, Sunday, April 3rd, our workers will be operating at some nine or ten points in Eastern Ontario.

LATER: The work at Sydenham Street Church, Kingston, was encouraging. Crowds of people in attendance, a fine spirit in the services, but not a rush of conversions. Among the converts, however, were some cases of exceptional interest. I am giving a week of work to the growing suburb of Williamsville, where a new brick church has been erected, and a large Sunday-school has been gathered under the vigorous superintendence of Brother Abram Shaw. Rev. F. W. A. Meyer is pastor. I have just received a pressing call from Manitoba for help, and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have for some time been asking for the introduction of Band work in these Provinces. Should it be laid on the heart of any reader

of the EXPOSITOR to render financial help in meeting these applications, one or more of them could be promptly undertaken.

#### ONTARIO ITEMS.

WATERDOWN.—A Band-worker writes: The church here is in a fine state spiritually. The pastor states that at his last Quarterly Meeting all who joined the church at the close of our Band services—more than a year ago—were at the communion, excepting those who were away from the neighborhood.

A Band-leader writes: Rev.— wants me to help him. He says L— is the hardest spot he has ever struck. He cannot get the people out to church, either on Sunday morning or during the week. It is an old country community, and they love their beer. I feel my weakness very much in going to such a place, but this precious promise comes to me, "It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect."

One of our most successful Band-leaders writes:—Thursday, Friday and Saturday were days of severe and searching dealing with professors. Oh, it was a burden for me to bear, but Jesus has carried me through.

A Band leader writes: I find it more trying to get the Church converted, than I do outsiders. God bless the Church. Dear brother, can there be nothing said, nothing done to arouse the ministry. Oh, the needs of these dead Churches. May the dear Lord raise up a people who are not afraid to work. Sometimes I feel so tried. Then I think of what Jesus suffered, and I take courage. Well, we are working away, and God is with us. I don't know how long we will be on this circuit, perhaps two or three weeks. Calls are already coming in to me for next November.

VARNA.—God has been blessing us abundantly this winter. We have been holding cottage-meetings all over the township, and I have seen many turning to the Lord. Some of them had the form of godliness, but without the power. I love to work for Jesus. He is precious to my soul, and just now I feel that my sins are under the blood. Glory to His Name! Pray for our little Band. We long for the opportunity to see you. God bless you and all the workers.

THOS. WILEY.

SPRINGHILL.—Jesus is very precious to my soul this morning. There have been forty seekers here in a little more than a week; and I am quite sure there could have been more could we have handled the congregation—but the church has been so packed, it has been a difficult matter to get to or speak to anyone. The seekers have had to climb over the seats to get to the altar. Those that have come out are very bright cases.

Later: March 21.—The dear Lord has wonderfully blessed me in helping sinners into the fountain; and quite a few of the church members have been reconverted. As one result of the work here, the church building will have to be enlarged. We have come to King, and opened here yesterday afternoon. Had two very good meetings, with one seeker at night. Praise God! The church here has a stylish name—Metropolitan—but is not a stylish building. It was built of logs, in the year 1850. There are some grand Christians here, and we are looking for great blessing.

Your boy,  
GLEN.

LANBETH.—Grand work here. Yesterday, March 6, was a wonderful day. There must be about a hundred who have professed conversion. I do praise God that He is giving us all the young men. Conversions clear-cut, and the converts going right to work. Afternoon meetings well attended, and church crowded at night. We are looking for a grand work this week. As a Band we are well, thank God; and, leaning on Jesus, we are proving the promise, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."  
J. W. CHAPMAN.

COPENHAGEN.—The Lord has blessed us with a great awakening and quickening of the Church, and a good number of precious souls converted to Jesus. We closed on Friday evening. The church was crowded, and the Spirit of the Lord was among us. Blessed be His Name for all His mercies toward us! I have come on to Port Burwell. Began work yesterday morning. Had a very good time. In the evening I took the meeting in the Baptist Church, after their usual service.  
J. G. TATE.

PARK HILL.—I am home for a few days. We had much blessing at Belgrave. One night nine young men came out boldly for Christ. On the two following nights there were seventeen each night, and on the next

night nineteen young men and four young women. Some sixty grown people besides over thirty children found Christ during the services. On the last meeting we offered a temperance pledge, and about 130 signatures were got. Many who signed had been leading very dissipated lives. We also got up an anti-tobacco pledge, and a good many names were attached to it. The wife of one of the hotel proprietors was converted and signed the temperance pledge. Her husband also promised to give up the whiskey business and give his heart to God. A beer-peddler came to the place to sell some of his trash, but could drive no business. Asking the reason, one of the hotel keepers told him "All the people in Belgrave had become Christians." This is the night appointed to organize a local Band. May God keep the converts faithful.  
ROBERT SIMPSON.

HARROWSMITH.—The work sweeps on. Bro. Mahood and the Misses Hall are doing grand work for God here. The Church swung out loose for the first, last night. Special consecration was made, and it was grand to see our forces go down and plead with sinners. Bro. Mahood is a good man. The negligent and lukewarm get angry at him. But he refuses to take a back seat, and when the people see themselves aright, they come around and thank him. We are sorry to part with those your friends. They go on to Prescott at once.

G. A. BELL, Pastor.

DUNCANVILLE.—We had over 120 seekers. I think about a hundred came into the light. There were some grand conversions. Our farewell service was crowded and tearful. After the benediction had been pronounced, a grey-headed man made his way through the crowd, weeping, to the altar. We farewelled at Metcalf, with five seekers. The people on the Metcalf Circuit had become very dear to us. We have come on to assist Rev. W. Pearson, at North Gower. Have held two meetings, and we are believing for a good work. Have obtained eight subscribers for the EXPOSITOR. We are praying for you.  
GEORGE REID.

WHEATLEY.—Arrived here last Friday. Interest increasing. Full church last night. We are expecting to see many souls saved. Bro. Sedweek comes here to help us for a couple of nights. May God bless his coming. He talks of resting for a while. One of your Bands labored here about two



years ago. I believe you spent a couple of days with them. I am stopping at the place where you made your home—Bro. Derbyshire's. God bless you.

W. G. STEPHENS.

LEAMINGTON.—We have been holding two meetings a day. The outlook is good. Some forty have made a start. There have been two sudden deaths here since I came from *delirium tremens*. The editor of a paper and a young merchant.

LATER:—The church has been greatly stirred. There have been between sixty and seventy seekers. A local Band has been organized. Some thirty-five have joined it—leading and influential persons. Had a good closing up and left the pastor, Bro. Bryers, to push the lines.

J. H. SEDWEEK.

PERTH ROAD.—Opened here last night (April 3). Meetings have been going on for more than a week. Great blessing came to us last night. Eight precious souls came forward seeking the Saviour. All glory to His Name! We are working for a grand harvest. The Lord has moved the people mightily in Sydenham, and we believe He is going to do it here. Pray for us, dear brother.

H. C. DUNSMOKE.

Later, April 7: We are now having a glorious outpouring of God's Spirit, after weeks of hard work and agonizing prayer. Quite a number are presenting themselves as seekers. All glory to God, and to Him alone!

JOHN RAINE.

LASKAY.—Since I last wrote you, I have been taking a short rest. Jesus is precious to my soul. We closed at Teston a week ago last Sunday. Had a gracious work there. Forty-seven precious souls found peace in believing, making nearly a hundred on that circuit during our stay. When I think of the dear Lord using such a poor ignorant creature as I am to bring sinners to His feet, I often have to weep for joy. We have now begun work with Rev. H. McDowell, on the King Circuit, with good prospects. GLEN H. McLACHLAN.

TOLEDO.—The Church is filled every evening. Professors are being awakened, and sinners are giving themselves up to God. Three fresh cases last night, and fourteen stood up for prayer. The Lord was with us. We praise Him for what He has done, and for what He is going to do. We are asking for many souls, and I believe our prayers

will be answered. I am in the Lord's hands, and willing to do all I can to save souls. I praise Him for the love He has given me for souls. I care for nothing else, if I can only be used by the Master. More than once a day I ask the Lord to fill you with His love, baptize you with power, and give you strength for the work. How grand it is to have such a Saviour to lean on. He is my all.

Later: Bro Hewitt leaves this morning, March 30th. He cannot stay longer. We have grand meetings. Over fifty have been seeking Christ. Six new ones last night, and several stood up for prayer. There have been some very bright conversions. The Lord is with us in great power.

NETTIE JUDD.

SYDENHAM.—We had a holiness meeting on Monday night for Christians and converts only. House nearly full. Dealt straight on this line for some time. Then exhortation. Then, "All who enjoy the blessing, stand up." About eight rose. "All who want it." Nearly all sprang to their feet at once. To test them still more, I said, "Now, only those who feel a great need and anxiety for a pure heart come to the front as we stand to sing." Such a rush for the altar I never saw. In less time than I can describe it, they were packed three deep. Such groaning and pleading for full salvation! At the close a great number testified to having been cleansed from all sin. I feel sure, if we have a solid work done on this line, it will be a guarantee of mightier things in the future. We are getting a better hold on the people every night. Men are coming. All glory to God.

W. STACEY.

NORTH GOWER.—Have been here three weeks. Have had seekers every night since coming. Last night altar filled. We are working two appointments this week. An aged man, who was gloriously saved, has gone to his long home. We pray for you daily.

GEO. REID.

PORT BURWELL.—The Lord is blessing us in this place. The church is packed to overflowing at every service, and precious souls are coming to Jesus. The afternoon meetings have resulted in much good—Christians been quickened and backsliders reclaimed. Sunday last (April 3), was a day long to be remembered. Many had to go away, unable to get into the church. Brother and Sister Conolly are still with me. J. G. TATE.

ALYMER.—I have been here for over two weeks, and we are having much of the Spirit's power. A few of the devil's best workers have come out on the Lord's side. One old man, a wonder of mercy, 77 years old, who had lived in infidelity all his life. We need your prayers. We are looking for many conversions. J. S. JENKIN.

PRESCOTT.—The work here has begun grandly. The people come out in crowds compared with what the pastor expected. There have been several seekers, and there is much deep conviction. Thank God. The Christian people are at work with a will. There is a good deal of church prejudice here. May it be removed. Dear brother help me bear this burden to the Lord.

April 3:—Yesterday was a golden day for the people of this church. General fellowship meeting in the morning. We turned it into a praise service and had great blessing. Mr. McRitchie preached on the New Birth; I spoke for a few moments after him, and Miss Hall sang a solo. So we closed the morning service. At night we had a good break. The people were surprised to see some of the wickedest men in the place make a start.

H. W. L. MAHOOD.

HARROWSMITH.—We had a grand break last night. Some ten or eleven forward seeking pardon. Conviction is deepening. Many more are anxious. We are trusting God for a good week. Bro. Ranton and myself are well, though tired, and God is with us. O that we may be filled and kept humble! We are praying for you.

JNO. H. CLEMENS.

SYDENHAM.—The pastor, Rev. S. D. Chown, writes: The Lord continues to bless us abundantly here. Last night, March 28th, not less than twenty persons cheered us by announcing their determination to seek Christ. The work does not seem nearly done yet, and we would like a continuance of your helpers. From the beginning, I have counted on them staying till the work was done. The people have learned to love Brother Stacey, and he has done grand service. Brother Brokenshire is here and doing well. He will remain this week. But yesterday he was out at Stoner's Corners, and the Lord seemed to lay the people there on His heart. Why not make thorough work here, when the country seems before us, and people are

coming to Christ at the rate of fifty a week. Many, who are like keys to certain sections of the community, are just about yielding. Please give this your prayerful consideration, and pray for us while we will not forget you.

### QUEBEC ITEMS.

KENSINGTON.—Our last point of labor in Quebec was Kensington—Rev. A. Logan, pastor. The few Christians there were anxiously praying and looking for a work of God in their midst, and came out to greet us on the first night of our arrival, there being very few others present. But night by night the congregation grew in numbers and the meetings in interest, as the presence of the Lord was manifested in our midst and hearts were brought under the power and influence of the Holy Spirit. Several were hunted out of their refuges of lies to find a shelter in the Rock of Ages, and to trust in Jesus Christ rather than their baptism, church membership, experiences and other pious substitutes for the salvation of God. Young and old, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, came into the kingdom of God together. The quickening of backslidden Christians, the tears of penitence mingling with tears of joy, as salvation was realized—the breaking of the chains of sinful habits long indulged in; the family altars long broken down set up again, and other tokens of a real work of God, surely made heaven glad and encouraged the pastor's heart, and cheered his people on to more zeal and faith in God's service. Our last service reminded us of Ontario—a scene rarely witnessed in the Eastern townships—with gallery and aisles both filled—a sight rarely seen in that church, at any rate. Many who were never seen in the church were, no doubt, attracted by Bro. Clemens' sweet singing. Early on Monday morning we bade farewell to our kind hosts—Bros. Watterson and McComb, and left Quebec after six months of much blessing in that province and Vermont. "Thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph."

HANDLEY BIRD.

HUNTINGDON.—The roads are beginning to break up, but the congregations are fair. We have the most extraordinary influences working against us here. An abortive revival stirred the place two years ago, and nearly the whole town professed conversion; but the leaders turned out badly, and

the whole thing "fizzled." Still, the Lord is laying hold of the people despite it all, and on Sunday morning we had a melting time. Again, on Tuesday night, there was a great shaking amongst the dry bones; the front of the wide lecture-room was lined with seekers, and we shouted "Glory!" But as yet we have not reached the young men, and are pleading with God to lay hold of them and bring them into the captivity of Jesus.

HANDLEY BIRD.

KENSINGTON.—Glory! Glory be to God, who always causes us to triumph in Christ!

"Light after darkness, sun after rain,  
Sheaves after sowing, gleam after gloom;  
After long agony, raptures of bliss,  
Right was the pathway leading to this."

We had a time of labor, tears, and trial to both faith and love and patience; and but for the memory of our God's faithfulness and love in the past, might have been tempted to be discouraged. When we first came here, a week ago, our congregation would hardly make more than a corporal's guard; but the Lord began to bless, and now the house is filled night after night. And better still, praise God! so is the enquiry room or platform railing, with precious souls seeking the Lord. The church is very small, and so also the community, so that our field of labor is limited; but this is a gracious work of God's Spirit, and we rejoice in the manifestations of His presence night by night. My voice has nearly given way, and I am about used up. Bro. John needs a rest also, and as soon as we can leave here we must quit work for a season to recuperate.

HANDLEY BIRD.

HENDERSONVILLE.—Just a line before we leave, which we expect will be on Monday. The Lord has been good to us here. On Monday night the altar was filled, half of the seekers being heads of families. All glory to God. Whilst we are having such victories, the devil is by no means quiet. One of the members of the Church had a dance at his house last night at his daughter's wedding. The Church is carrying too many Jonahs. If not thrown overboard they will sink the ship. Lord, help us to be bold like Elijah or John the Baptist, and tell the people the truth. I long for a real old-fashioned Methodist meeting. We never hear an "Amen" or "Praise the Lord" in these parts. What about our camp-meetings? God bless you and give you many souls.

JOHN H. C. EMENS.

SHERBROOKE.—The pastor, Rev. J. Tallman Pitcher, writes: So far, every one who came out fully for the Lord when you were with us has continued faithful.

### UNITED STATES ITEMS.

NEW HAVEN, MICH.—The number of converts increases. Whole families are coming. I cannot describe the meetings. The whole country round about is moved, and the people anxious about their souls. Over 130 have come to Christ. Miss Frazer and I must rest next week. We are tired out. Am patiently waiting for camp-meeting to meet you all. God bless the workers.

BESSIE SCOTT.

LUDLOW, PENN.—The pastor, the Rev. D. P. Irwin, writes: The work done by Bros. Moody and Hathaway is still going on. No more dancing in Jo Jo. A sufficient number to pay the "fiddler" did not attend, so the Hall is closed. We have a building of our own there now. The first services were held in it last Sunday evening. I am very sorry Bros. Moody and Hathaway did not return to us, as several points of importance were then ready to receive them, and it would so have inaugurated the work here that several more evangelists would have been needed. But most of our preachers have got help from other sources, or labored as best they could without any help, and have, several of them, been obliged to close their meetings, being completely prostrated from overwork.

NEW HAVEN, MICH.—Glorious victories here. Over a hundred souls in one week. Praise the dear Lord. We are tired out, but *can't rest*. More calls are coming in. We pray for sinners every day at noon. Join us. Miss Frazer unites with me in love to all comrades.

### Band Correspondence.

COMPTON.—I am always anxious and pleased to read of the success of the Bandworkers in the welcome EXPOSITOR. The interest here continues good in our week-night prayer-meetings. Your visit to us resulted in great good. Hoping you may be spared to carry on the work for many more years. Your brother in Christ,

S. J. CRAIG.

**GOD'S LEADING.**—I go (D. V.) early in April to Niagara to Mrs. Osborne's Missionary Training Home for two or three months of rest and study. Mrs. Osborne has promised to give me a start in Hindostanee which I am anxious to commence as soon as possible. I have just received another urgent call from India. A missionary there offers to open his home to me for a year till I know the language, and presents a wide field of labor. The message seems to be from God, but the way is dark. I know not where the funds for my passage are to come from, or my support when there. But surely the Master knows. Pray for me that my faith fail not. Yours, H. H. B.

**KING.**—I thank God, He is blessing all over. Grand times here. Precious, blood-bought souls are coming to Jesus. We have had a break in the ranks of the young men. Bro. Ranton joined us last night. He will remain till Saturday. If no further openings offer around here I will take it for granted that the dear Lord does not want me in the work any longer, and pack up and go home. If I can glorify Him more out of the work, all right. I want to be just where He would have me. We shall probably close here soon. The roads are beginning to break up, and you know that in the country about this time of the year it is almost impossible to do anything. I know you will pray for me that God may give me light. He will. Jesus is so precious to me this morning. Oh, how sweet it is to be led by listening to the voice of the Shepherd. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." Your boy, GLEN.

**PRESCOTT.**—We had to drive into Kingston on Saturday because the train was delayed, and we were determined not to be left if it were possible. We arrived in Kingston about 12 o'clock. I should have liked to have seen you, but we were tired after the drive, and so we just went to the British American for dinner, and then took the 1.40 train for here. Arrived all safe, and were met at the station by Rev. G. McRitchie. He is a genuine man, and it will be a pleasure to work with him. The opening services were all that we could expect. In the Sunday-school, in the afternoon, almost all the scholars came out and presented themselves at the altar with their teachers. It was a melting scene. Superintendent and teachers, and boys and girls kneeling together at the altar. Mr. McRitchie preached in the morning, and I spoke for a few minutes. The Lord gave

me a message and I delivered it. We had a Band service in the evening. There was a big crowd present. The service was impressive and heart-searching. Miss Hall did her duty, and was a great help to me throughout the whole service. The work here is going to be heavy, and only a mighty effort will turn the tide in our favor. Oh, I do see my weakness so much. Never did I feel weaker than I did when I went into the church last night, but praise the dear Saviour He sent power in my weakness and made me strong.

When do you think you can come over and help me? H. W. L. MAHOOD.

**BELGRAVE.**—I must commence my letter with a shout of "Glory to God" for what He is doing here. We have had over two weeks of very hard fighting, but victory is ours through the precious blood of Christ. The Lord has been with us in mighty power. There were some twenty adult conversions during the first week or ten days, besides many children. Some of these cases were very encouraging and striking. Persons who had spent their whole life in dissipation are now rejoicing in the cleansing power of the blood. Rev. N. S. Burwash, the pastor here, is a noble man, and very zealous worker. We have set apart every Tuesday forenoon for fasting and prayer, and the Lord has blessed us abundantly. Last Sunday night's congregation was the largest the pastor has seen here. From fifty to seventy-five young men have been in attendance at the services, and at first we could not reach them. There are two whiskey "dives" here. One of the proprietors especially is a very faithful servant of the devil. After our services he would gather the young men into his den and mimic the sermon and the testimonies of Christian people. But God is stronger than the devil, and night before last there was a break among these young men. Nine of them came forward pleading God's mercy. And last night, all at one move, *seventeen* came forward at the first invitation and knelt at the foot of the cross, besides some fifteen or twenty more through the congregation who stood up for prayer. We are believing that all these tokens are but the droppings before the shower. A business offer comes to me from Parkhill, but I cannot leave this work. I feel that the Lord wants me in it, and His will I must and will obey. I am looking to Him for guidance, and leaning and trusting on His strong arm. We go to Ebenezer next week, when I will write you. ROBT. SIMPSON.

CALDWELL, OHIO.—It has been quite a while since a letter passed between us. My heart says to-day: "Oh for a thousand tongues" and a thousand lives to give in carrying the tidings of salvation to the ends of the earth. I have become greatly interested in missions. Not until recently have I begun to realize the mighty work to be done in lifting up the benighted millions of the earth. But I believe God wants me at home, though I would most willingly go wherever the dear Lord would send me. Still my will is His, and His mine, so there is no disagreement whatever between us. I have no idea of where you may be, but would love to step into one of your evening services, and am sure you would welcome me should I come. I wanted to come back last fall a year, but the "Spirit suffered me not." I *felt* He was leading me then, I can *see* why He did it now. My work this winter has been greatly blessed. Have been in a number of towns and country places; all near home.

There has not been a remarkable work done in this place, but a number of souls have been saved, a few believers sanctified, and many quickened. Oh, these dead churches! How hard to do anything for them. I believe the greatest hindrance to the onward march of the Redeemer's Kingdom is the indifference of *lukewarm* professors. I have been preaching for three weeks here—every night—and the Lord has helped me. In my extremity has come His opportunity. Truly "Our sufficiency is of God."

I pray more than all else concerning myself that I may ever realize my weakness and His strength. I would love to see the dear comrades, and unite with them again in singing and prayer.

I suppose you are tired and worn much of the time under the heavy strain of all your work. I find I must often go to Jesus and simply tell him the burden is unbearable, and I must leave it with Him. None but God knows the travail of soul through which I have passed, and yet I needed it, and need it yet to make me see the value of the things with which I am dealing. Love to all.

In His service,

ALEXANDER LAMB.

FARMERSVILLE.—I trust you are having a good work at Kingston. May God give you many souls. The interest keeps up on this circuit. Our young people are doing well. Over one hundred have joined on probation, and others have not yet decided. We com-

menced work immediately at the close of our Farmersville services, at Washbourne's, a school-house about five miles out of the village. The young people helped me from the first. Up to Thursday night last, ten had come out on the Lord's side. I then felt I must close the services, as I was threatened with serious sickness; but our young friends said that would never do, as several were on the point of yielding. They promised to go the following evening and conduct it by themselves, which they did with Mr. Porter at the head, and seventeen started that night. Glory to God! They went again Saturday night, when another came out, and yesterday afternoon at my nearest appointment to it, many of the Washbourne's converts attended, and nine or ten spoke of being of the seventeen who came out on Friday night.

I know you will rejoice with us. We do not forget you in our prayers. Yours truly,  
GEO. ROGERS.

KING.—I am sure you will be glad to hear that God is giving us a glorious work here. In less than two weeks about fifty have professed to find peace through believing in Christ. Praise God forever. The Church members have been greatly blessed, and are getting to work.

It is wonderful the way the Lord is blessing us both in our own souls; and I find that the more of His love we have shed abroad in our own hearts the more we can do for Him, and the more He can use us.

I might just say that three of the hotel-keepers' children—two young ladies and one young man, about twenty-eight or thirty—have been savingly converted to God in the meetings. Praise God forever.

Pray for us, dear brother; I know you do, and I do know God is answering prayer.

Yours, fully saved,

JAS. R. AIKENHEAD.

MORDEN, MANITOBA.—Our Band work is doing fairly well. I could wish we had some inspiration along this line by a visit from your own workers. I am persuaded it is just what is needed in this new country. If we could have a visit from you, how are the expenses generally met? We pray for you, and rejoice in your continued success. Ask your congregations to pray for Manitoba and the North-West. What a grand thought—"This country for Jesus." Yours in the hope of the gospel,

THOS. LAWSON.

ARVA.—We closed one of the most blessed meetings we have ever held, in Lambeth, on Wednesday night, March 16th. I have no doubt but there were two hundred converted. Praise God forever. Grand lot of young men and women. The last night six men past middle-life were at the altar for the first time, all of them fathers and prominent men in the neighbourhood, besides some mothers. All professed to find peace. The dear people would scarcely let us away, but I could not possibly stay longer. Our afternoon meetings were seasons of great blessing. Toward the last we would have about two hundred out to the afternoon meetings. At night people would come an hour early in order to get in. Sometimes we would begin half-an-hour before the time. Praise God for His goodness. We came on here yesterday. We are at the Ark Church on St. John's Circuit. A dead place. Pray for us. We sang last night, "God is going to wake up the dead." I believe He will. Oh, dear brother, you don't know how weak I feel in this work. But I am leaning hard on Jesus. The dear Band are quite well, but much worn. My prayer this morning is, Lord help me. Christ is all-in-all to me. Glory be to God!

The Lambeth people are a very kind people. They did all they could to make us comfortable. God bless them. We were there three weeks. Now, dear brother, pray for me. Yours, in Jesus,

J. W. CHAPMAN.

JAFFA.—This is the third year I have been in the work, and have seen many souls born into the kingdom of grace. Glad to be able to say that this year has been the most successful of the three. Praise God. It was very hard fighting here for about a month. Only a few scattering ones came in, but they were of the right stamp, and were so filled with the love of God that they could not rest until they made it known. Now I can report the great things the Lord is doing in our midst. Friday, Feb. 25th, was a memorable night; never will be forgotten, I think. As soon as the invitation was given, a large number came forward, the altar being filled in a few minutes, and others taking their seats because of the power of the Spirit of God resting on them. Good meetings every night since. Souls saved every night up to last night, when we closed with over forty who professed to have found the Saviour. Ever remember me in your prayers, beloved brethren, that God's blessing may accompany the word

more and more, that we all may see greater victories won for Him in the future.

Yours, in Jesus,

J. S. JENKIN.

HAWKSTONE.—I reached home last week. Left Bro. Curzon working at Stromness. God gave us some very powerful meetings. There were many clearly converted, and the church members were revived, some of them throwing away their tobacco. Good news continues to come from George Reid and Charley, of the work going on where they are working. I rejoice in the perfect peace Jesus gives my soul day by day.

JAS. SARGEANT.

STROMNESS.—Bro. Sargeant and I left Forks Road and came here on Feb. 26th. The dear Master blessed our labors at that place, and in spite of a desperate opposition thirty-six came out for God. A local Band has since been organized there, numbering about twenty, mostly bright young converts. You will rejoice with us that the Lord is using His weak instruments in this place also. We are having powerful meetings. The prospects at first seemed dull; no visible results for about a week, but, praise God, His word was not spoken in vain. Twelve have left the ranks of sin and Satan and are now walking in the Gospel light. Our meeting last night was one of great power. The whole congregation was moved. Pray for this place.

Bro. Sargeant left here for his home this morning. May God bless him. I not only found in him a warm brother in Christ, but a spiritual adviser also.

Bro. Trott and I are praying for you and all the workers. Oh, may God baptize us all with His Holy Spirit!

Yours, in the battle,

GEORGE R. CURZON.

STROMNESS.—Not a day passes over my head but I think of you, and my prayer is that God would bless you and keep you. The dear Lord has been very precious to my soul since the last time I wrote, and, after much praying and heavy lifting, He has given us the victory in Stromness, and once more I see the head of the serpent bruised. About twenty-five have come to the Saviour, so far, and most of them, I believe, are really converted and saved. To God be all the glory; and I do thank God that in my own experience it is victory after victory.

Dear brother, is it not so that only those engaged in the conflict can know the joy of the victory?

The life of a soldier must be tame indeed when it is spent in drilling and shifting from one barracks to another; but how different when engaged in active warfare. It may be hard and trying for the time, but oh how sweet the result—so I find it in my experience. As a soldier of Jesus Christ, I want to be in the active service. I want to fight. I am willing to endure hardness, (2 Tim. 2. 3), knowing that it will make the victory sweeter. I have been feasting on that sweet verse, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God? And we are." (Rev. Ver.) I do thank God that I am no longer a child of the devil, but a child of God. Not merely adopted, but His born child, being born of the Spirit—born again. This thought gives me greater confidence that God will hear me, and care for me. For is He not my loving Father? and am I not His child? And I know that no earthly parent can love as God loves, or watch as God watches, or care as God cares for His children. I feel that if I did not love my Heavenly Father I would be ungrateful indeed, and I praise Him that it is a joyous, sweet thing for me to do when I consecrate myself to Him for service.

God has ever been kind to me, although I did not recognize it. When a child, if I did wrong my earthly father would chastize me for it, although it always caused him pain—for he loved me—but I thought then he did not, and now that I am converted I realize how much he really did love me. So it is with my Heavenly Father. Until I gave myself fully to Him I did not recognize the love He had for me, but I thank God I see it now.

ARTHUR.

SYDENHAM.—I am here engaged in the blessed work with Brother Mahood, and happy all the day. Opened here Sunday morning, Bro. Mahood being sick with a severe cold. I took the morning service. Had the Christians kneeling around the altar at the close of the service. A blessed time, the power of the Holy Ghost was felt. Had good meeting for children at Sunday-school in the afternoon, and was joined by Bro. Mahood in evening service. God was with us all the day, and used the weak to confound the mighty. My whole heart is now in the work. I have been called to it by God, and am already greatly blessed myself. Glory be to His name. I am now familiar with several of the Band pieces, and like them well. I am thankful for a good strong voice. Bro. Mahood is

much better, and last night made it hot for the lukewarm and cold professors. He was evidently led by the Spirit, and there was a great rustling among the dry bones. People don't like it. Don't understand it. But we are trusting and believing, and God is speaking through us to the people. Glory to His name.

Yours, in love for souls,  
J. BROKENSHERE.

LONDON.—I have great reason to praise God for His continued mercy to me. I am spared to serve Him a little longer, and I know He loves me still. Pen cannot describe the feelings of my heart when I remember that it was by the faithful employment of your Band agencies that, under God, I received this bright hope for eternity. May God spare you in health to carry on this work. This winter I am taking up a course at the Forest City Business College here. Pray for me that I may be stronger and more faithful in my allegiance to Christ.

THOS. S. HUGHES.

NEW HAVEN, MICH.—Sister Fraser and I have left Richmond. This place is six miles from the above town. It seemed so hard to leave the brothers and sisters and unsaved ones in Richmond, but Bro Whitley was expecting us to come and storm the forts of darkness in this place. So we opened fire here Monday evening. The dear Master gave us one hundred and eighty souls in Richmond. Praise His name. Already five have sought and found the Saviour here. Monday evening the church was pretty well filled; twenty-two testified, and all the *working* Christians filled the altar, and re-consecrated themselves to God. The altar was full of seekers for clean hearts. Jesus blessed them. Yesterday forty came to the afternoon meeting. We repeated the precious promises of the Master. More than twenty testified; two came and found Jesus. Then in the evening the church was almost crowded, thirty-eight spoke, and three came to the altar. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow. We are expecting great things here. Remember us at the throne of grace. We remember you and your workers and work.

The Lord is laying it on the hearts of some of the dear young men who came out in Richmond to leave *all* and follow Him, to become fishers of men. God bless them. Oh, praise God for His goodness to such weak children.

BESSIE SCOTT.

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