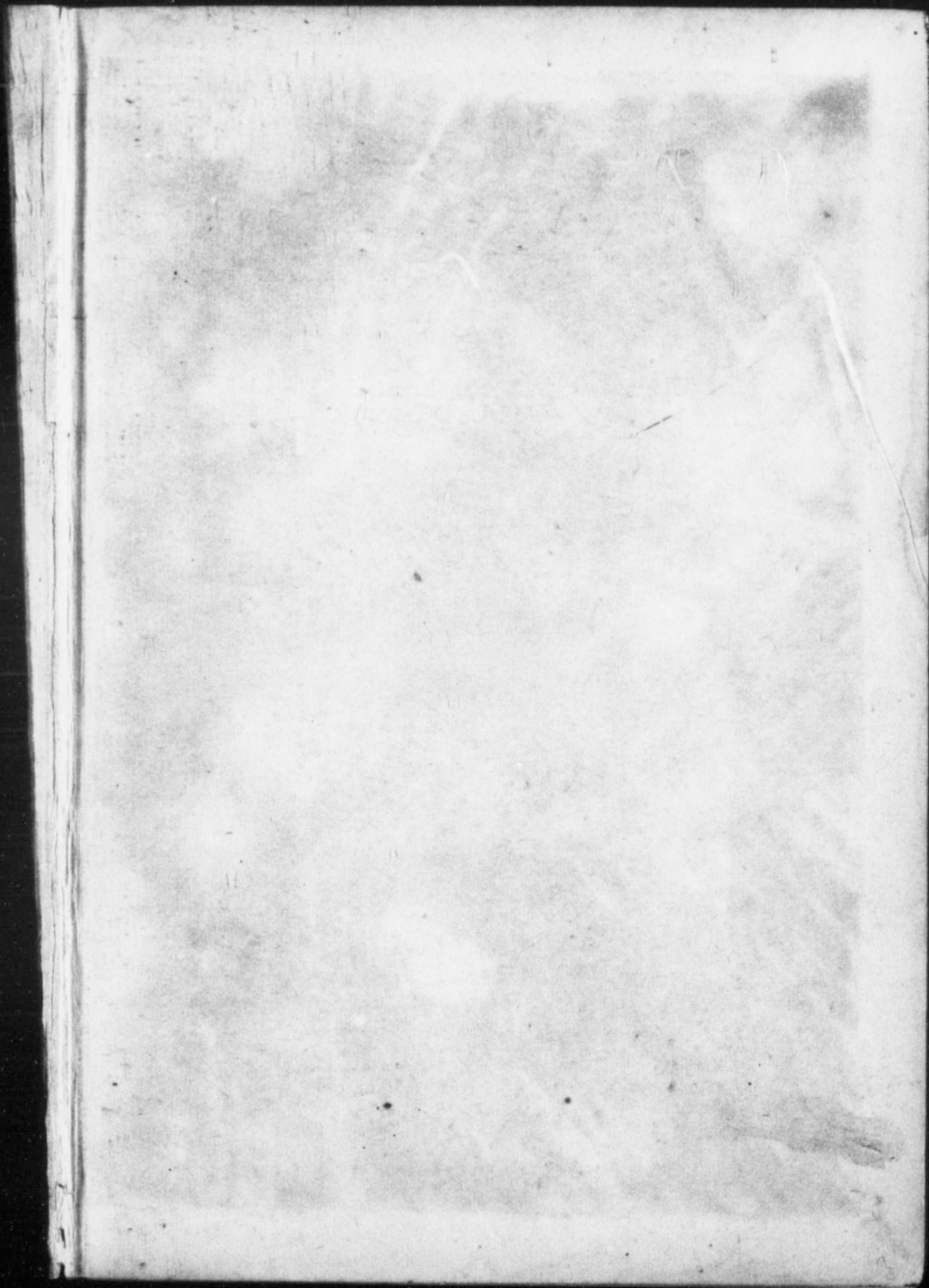
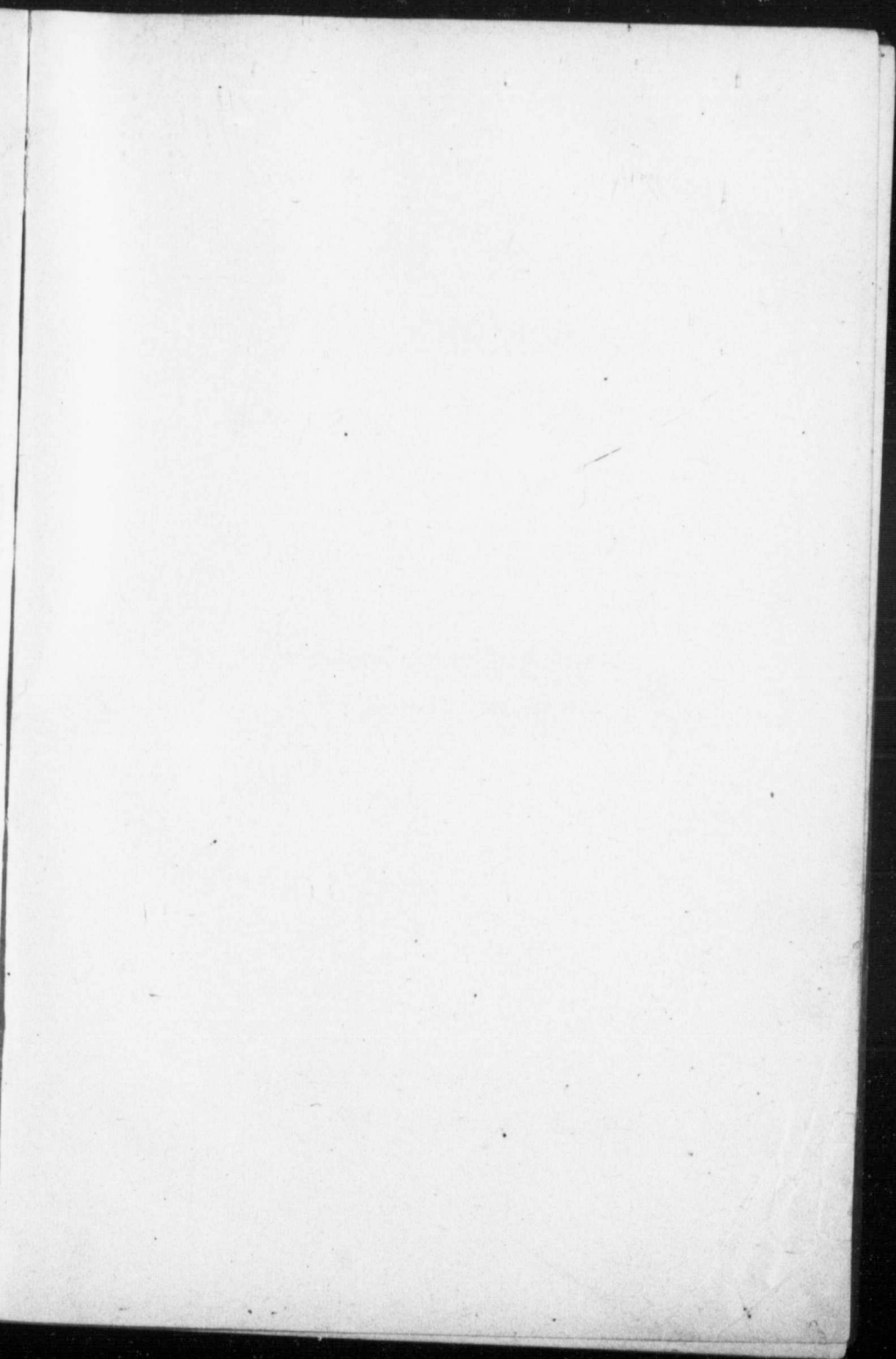


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MY LIFE, TRAVELS
AND SERMONS.

BY
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THE FRENCH EVANGELIST.

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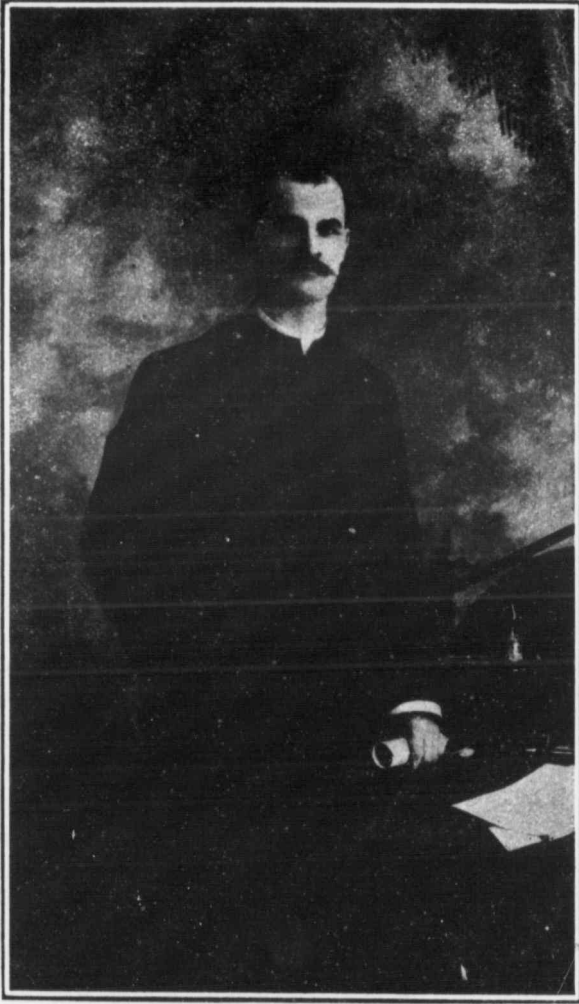
INTRODUCTION.

There may be said, with some degree of truth, that there are more books published than are read, and yet, doubtless, such will always be the case, while the world still hungers for books. There are many books, but there is need of many more, and that of such a kind as the author of "My Life, Travels and Sermons" has produced. We want living books, such as express the heart experience of men—books that help to lead men away from the bondage of sin and the flesh, out into the free life that belongs to the true children of God. We need books such as can demonstrate the possibility of life in Christ and Christ in the life, for every man who will accept the guidance of God as revealed in the Word of God. We believe it is the mission of this little book to lead men out into the fulness of a sanctified life, and as such we wish it God-speed in its great work for the Master.

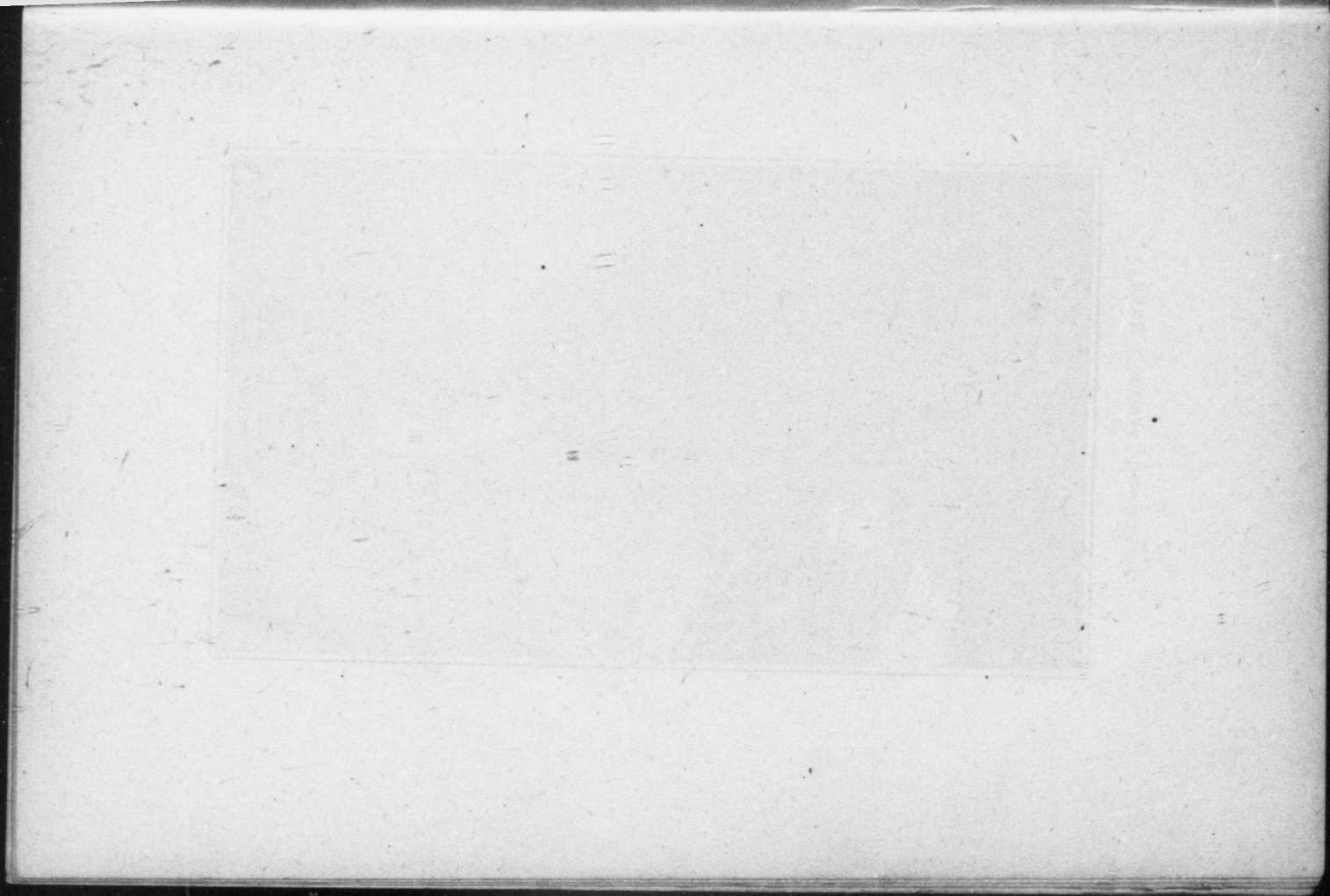
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FRANK COLEMAN, EVANGELIST.

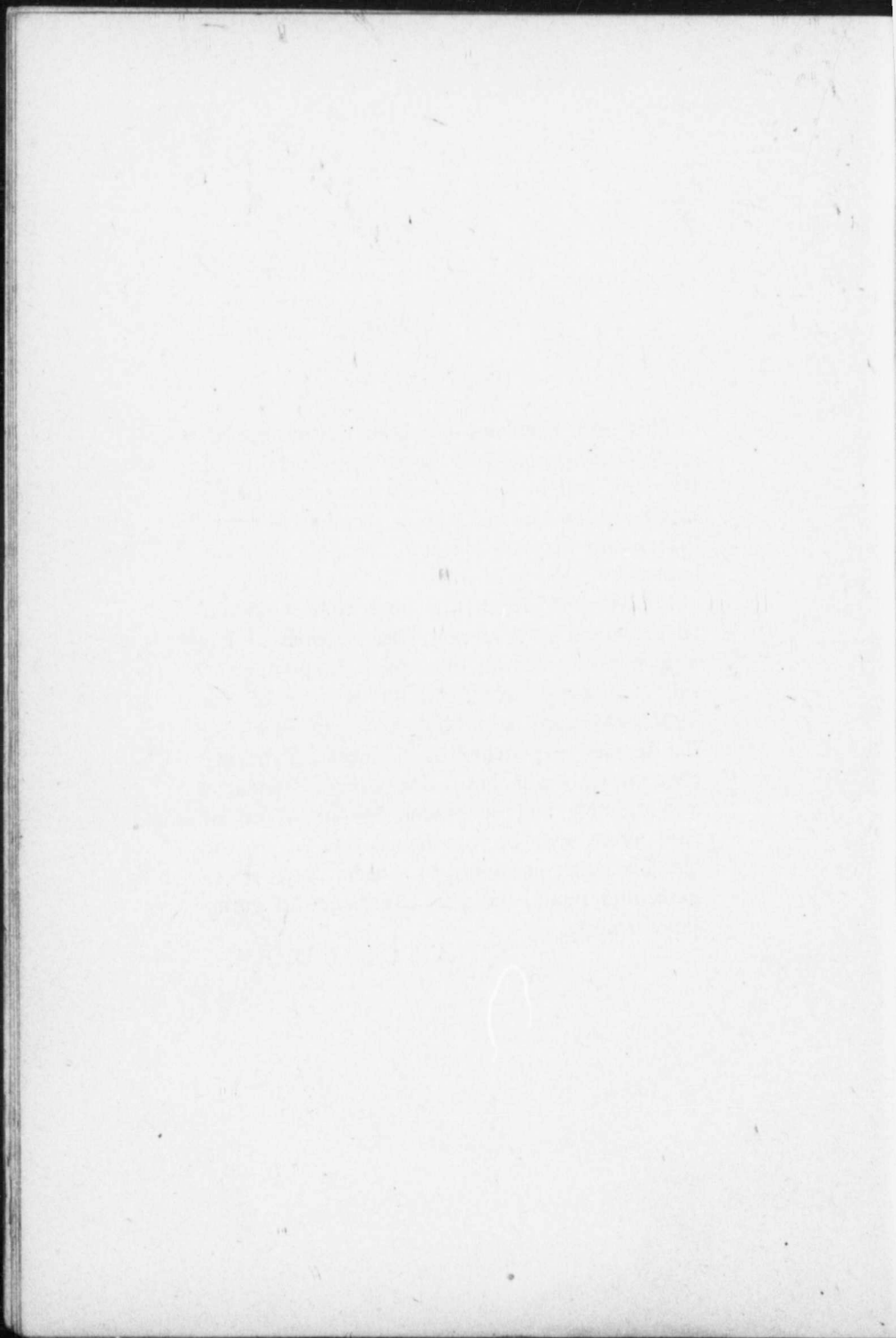


PREFACE.

This little handbook has been written for all classes of people who love the doctrine of freedom, and in it I try to tell my experience so clearly, and in such simple, condensed form, that many may be led into the full light of holiness.

I have not written this book that it should be presented as a literary treat to men of letters, but as a help to the "poor in spirit," and the "hungry-hearted," those who long for light, and have been hindered from receiving the blessed experience of holiness. I believe that all who will lay aside human standards and opinion, and be guided by the Word of God alone, will be convinced that it is the blood-bought privilege of every believer to gain, and retain, the glad experience of entire sanctification.

F. C. COLEMAN.



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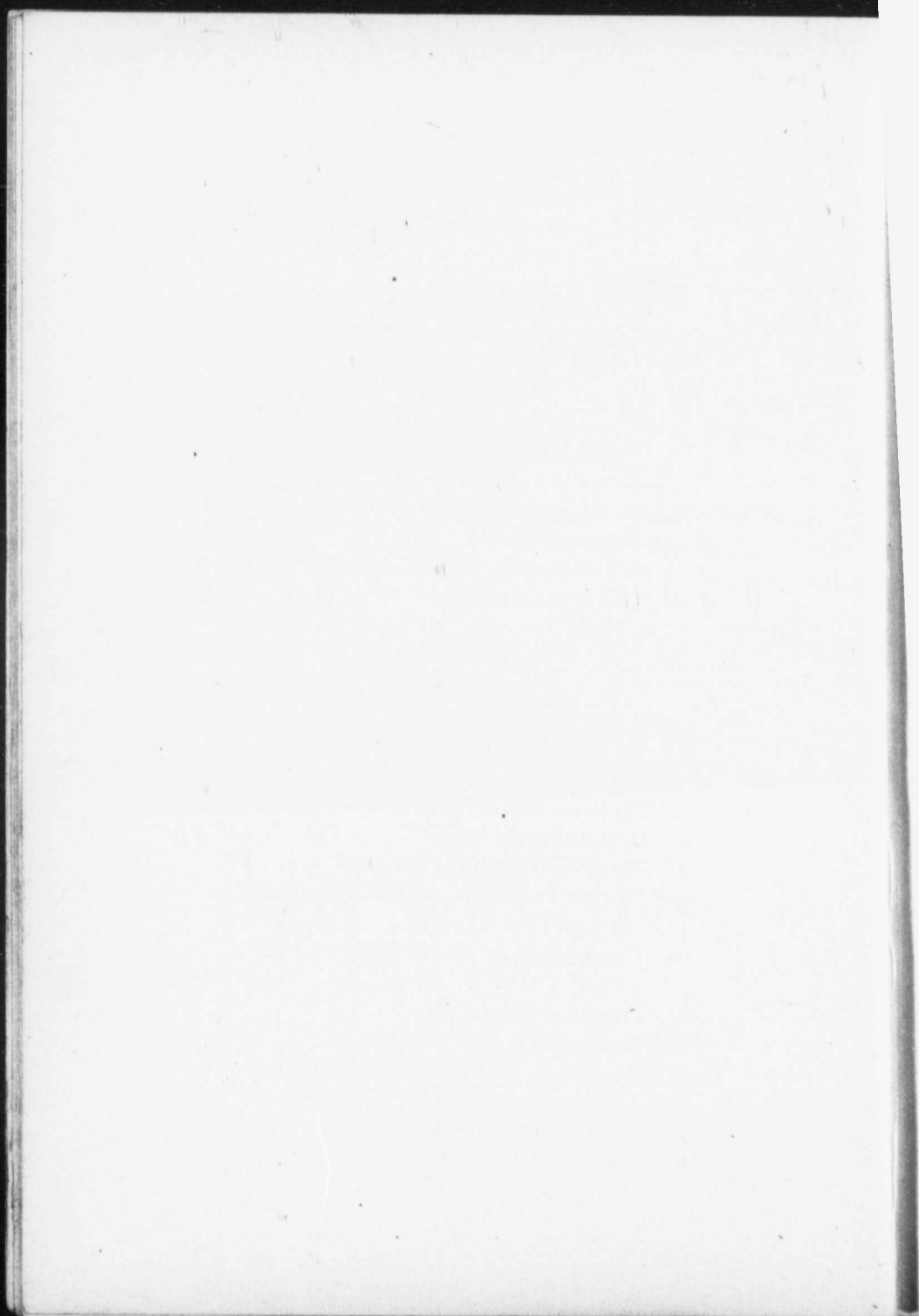
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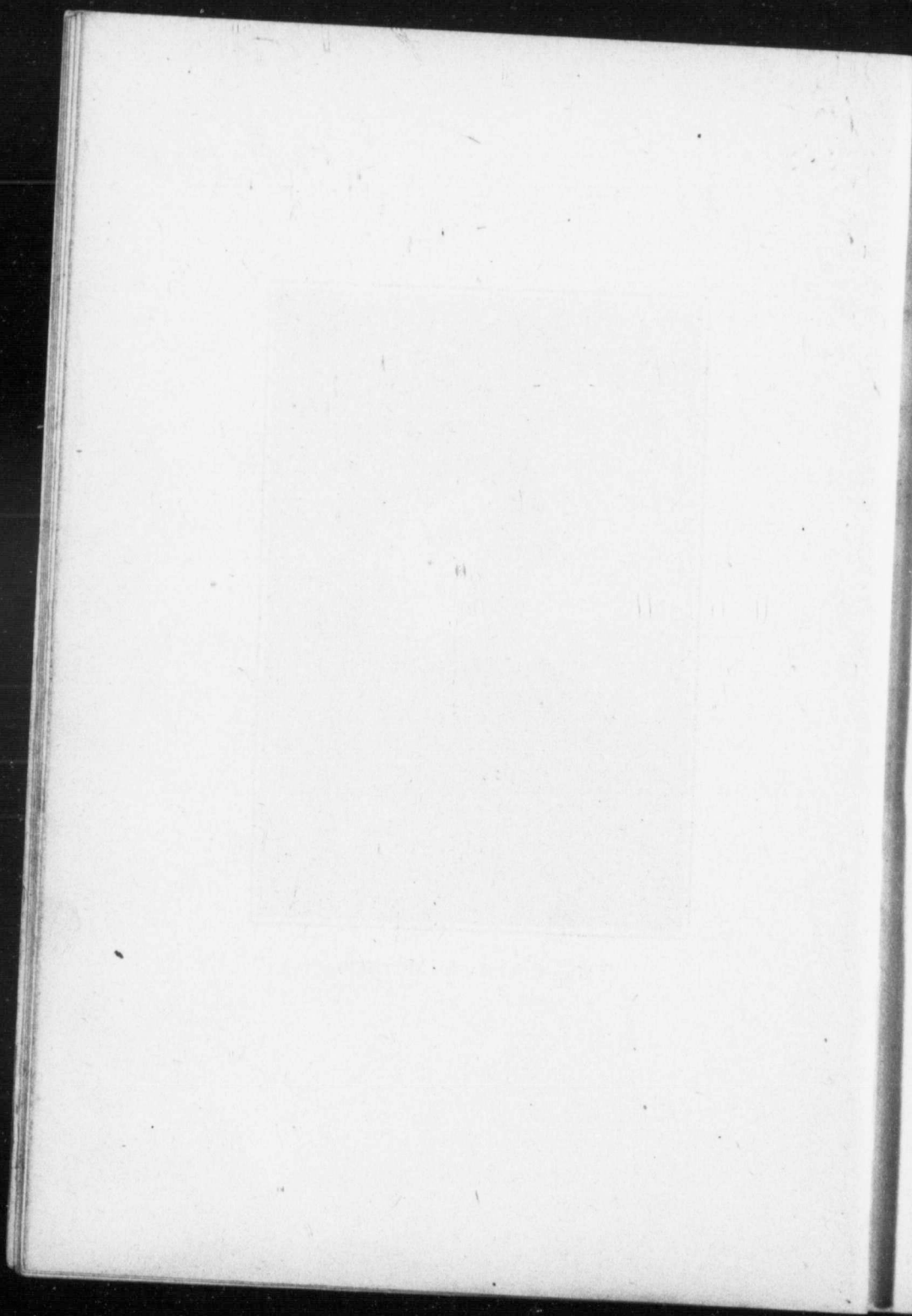
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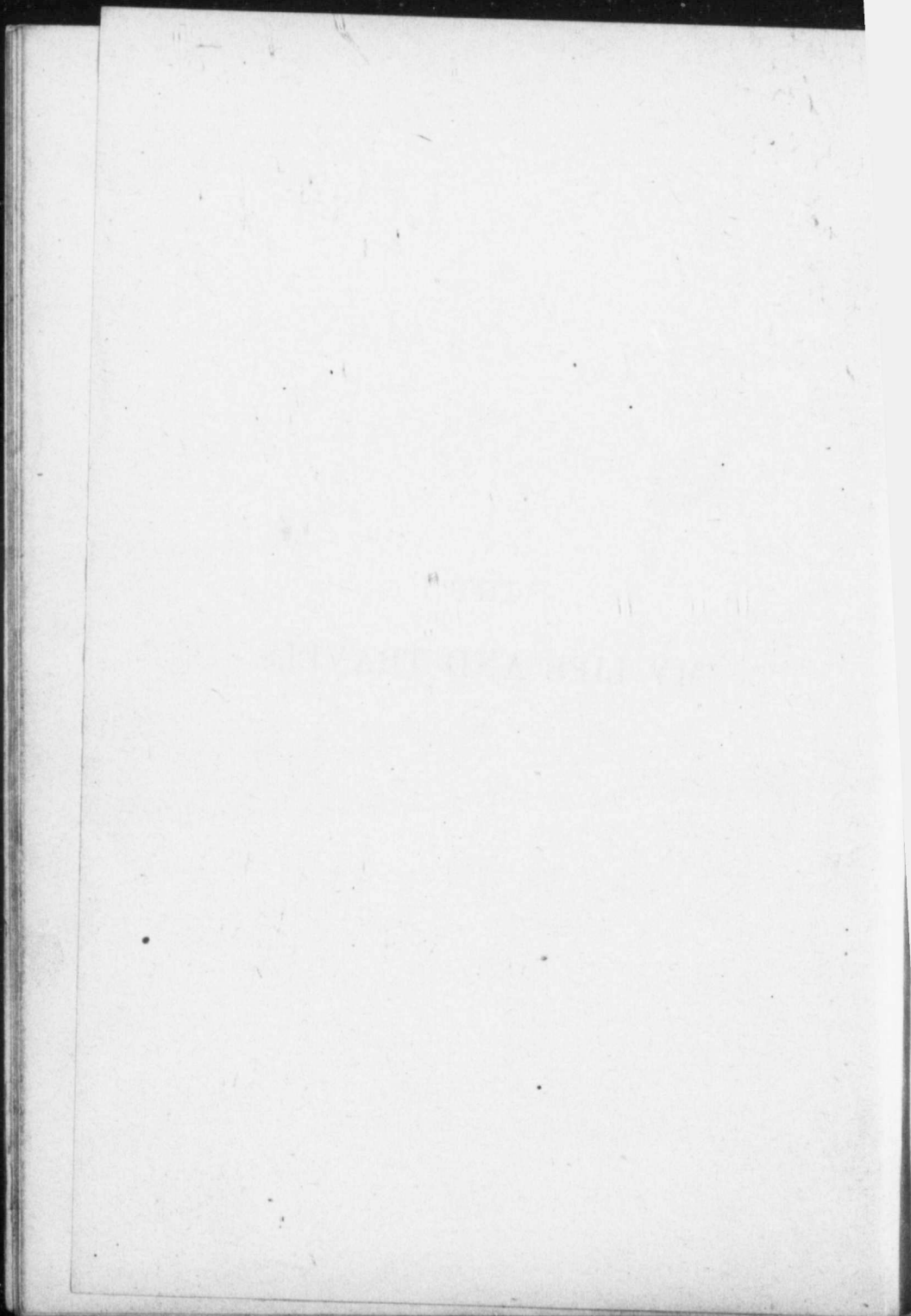


MR. COLEMAN'S MOTHER.



PART I.

MY LIFE AND TRAVELS.



CHAPTER I.

HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

My father, leaving the home of his childhood, in Lower Canada, at a very early age, did not return until his twenty-first year, when, to his great sorrow, he found his beloved mother dead and his father very ill. This illness proved to be his last, for in a short time he passed away to the great hereafter, leaving two sons to mourn his loss. There being no more ties to bind him to his home, father again went away. In the year 1863 my father married and settled in Toronto, in which city I was born. After my birth he moved to the country, where the most of my childhood days were spent. Oh, the happy days of childhood! Free, without care, trusting entirely to a kind father and fond mother! For in many respects, father and mother were kind and loving, and no doubt loved their children dearly. Our home had none of the refining influences of religion. Christ did not reign there. My parents being French Roman Catholics, they were not supposed to read the Bible, and, consequently, were deprived of the knowledge to be gained by all who read it. The Sabbath

was not observed in our home. Much unnecessary work was done both by father and mother. The sound of the axe was often heard cutting the needed supply of wood, and often, when the neighbors came in, the day would be spent in playing cards, and other amusements. The most implicit obedience was required from my sister and me by our father, which was perfectly right. But when obedience was not granted at the first bidding, oaths and curses would oftentimes follow. From my father I first learned how to play cards. Often until midnight, or the early morning, we would sit and play together. While it is true that father never attended church, and that I never saw him but once on his knees in prayer, it is also true that he was never seen under the influence of strong drink, and he taught his children to be industrious and honest. I remember once, when I was quite young, going into a blacksmith's shop on my way from school, and carrying from it, for a plaything, a small bit of iron. When my father found out what I had done, he made me walk all the way back (a distance of about a mile) and came with me himself, to see that I made a proper confession. The free country life about us, and the happy love of everything, inspired us, as my only sister and I frolicked and played, entirely satisfied with each other. When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky, and my happy heart brimmed over in those happy childhood days, little did I think that it was

possible for anything ever to come between us, to mar this home love. Yet the time came when I had to forfeit all this, as God, by His Spirit, taught me that I was a sinner; and I was led, by the same Spirit, to accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour. My parents, being Roman Catholics, understood not "salvation by faith," and my heart was never taught to receive Christ so.

Reader, have you children? Will they have to leave home to follow Jesus? Look to it, lest at the great Judgment it be said, "Through your harsh dealings and influence my soul is lost!" If not already in the Kingdom, brother, sister, I beseech you in Jesus' name to seek Him now, so that instead of being a hindrance to the precious young souls that are given to you, you will be able to teach them the way of life. For we are told in the Book of books that "It is impossible but that offences will come: but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

As I said before, my life was very happy until I was about six years of age. At this age, while listening to father and mother talk about heaven and hell, and the realities of each, as they sat by the fireside in the long winter evenings, the blessed Spirit of God applied it to my young heart, and I became awakened to the fact that I was not fit to enter

heaven, and, therefore, was a sinner. I felt the burden of my sins so much that many nights I sleeplessly lay with the thought before me that I was unprepared to meet God. Play oftentimes became uninteresting and undesirable, and this made me miserable.

One day I went to mother and asked her to teach me how to pray. She began then to instil into my heart and mind the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. I learned that all Protestants were lost eternally, and that only Roman Catholics went to heaven. How glad I was then that I was born in a Roman Catholic house. At her knee I learned "The Lord's Prayer," "Ave Maria," "Hail, Mary," "The Acts," and "The Confiteor." Alas! none of these prayers brought relief to my troubled soul. I then learned the Ten Commandments of God, as taught by the Roman Catholic Church, which are as follows:

- 1st. I am the Lord. Thou shalt have no strange gods before Me.
- 2nd. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
- 3rd. Remember thou to keep holy the Sabbath Day.
- 4th. Honor thy father and thy mother.
- 5th. Thou shalt not kill.
- 6th. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
- 7th. Thou shalt not steal.
- 8th. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

9th. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.

10th. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.

You will notice that in these the second commandment is omitted, and to make out the ten the tenth is divided into two parts.

Now, the commandments, as found in the 20th chapter of Exodus, in our Bible, are as follows:

1st. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

2nd. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.

3rd. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

4th. Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day

is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day. Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath Day, and hallowed it.

5th. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6th. Thou shalt not kill.

7th. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8th. Thou shalt not steal.

9th. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10th. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

There are six additional commandments of the church, which I will give, viz.:

1st. To hear mass on Sundays, and Holy Days of obligation.

2nd. To fast and abstain the days commanded.

3rd. To confess your sins at least once a year.

- 4th. To receive worthily the blessed Eucharist at Easter, or within the time appointed.
- 5th. To contribute to the support of your pastor.
- 6th. Not to solemnize marriage at the forbidden time (meaning Lent), nor to marry persons within the forbidden degrees of kindred, nor otherwise prohibited by the church, nor clandestinely.

The church teaches that the sacrament of baptism cleanses from all original sin, or what Paul terms the "old man," "the lust," "the flesh."

Anxiously and diligently did I study the catechism, in preparation for my first confession, for there is no pardon without confession. To confess, a priest is necessary; therefore, if no priest, we are left without salvation, consequently no heaven. What an awful teaching, to think that heaven is gained by prayers, penance, and money!

"But the way was dark and dreary,
When His face I could not see."

I then learned the form of confession. On entering the confessional, the sign of the cross is made, by placing the right hand to the forehead, then under the heart, then to the left and right shoulder, saying at the same time, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Then with bowed head and downcast eyes, you implore the priest's blessing in these words, "Bless me, Father, for

I have sinned," after which you repeat the Confiteor, which is as follows: "I confess to Almighty God; to blessed Mary, ever virgin; to blessed Michael, the archangel; to blessed John the Baptist; to the Holy Apostles, Paul, and Peter, and to all the Saints, and to you, Father, that I have sinned exceedingly, in thought, word, deed, and omission, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

This is a long way to the Throne of Grace. First the prayer is sent to the Virgin Mary, then to Michael, then to blessed John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles, Peter, and Paul, and all the Saints, and then to the priest. This is destroying the Scripture doctrine, which teaches "there is only one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus," and how willing God is "to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," and "He is the Propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." I. John 2: 2. It is necessary to tell the priest how long it has been since your last confession. If it be the first time of confession, he must be told; after which the child, whether male or female, discloses to the priest all things concerning both his or her private or public life, go through all the commandments, from the first to the tenth; and also from the first precept of the church to the sixth.

This undoubtedly gives the priest a great hold on his adherents. It has been said with truth,

by one writer, that one Roman Catholic priest has more power in a town than twelve Protestant ministers.

In the first six verses of the fourth chapter of the first Epistle of Timothy we read, "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer. If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine, whereunto thou hast attained."

Time went on; a little brother, and then a little sister, came to our home, and when mother got them baptised she allowed me to go with her to church. This was a memorable event in my young life, as I never before had the privilege of going, or of even seeing the priest. We just went to his house. My mother had told me that if I displeased the priest in any way he might pronounce a great curse upon me. I, therefore, followed her in trembling, and, in my fear, had forgotten to remove my cap. The priest, looking down, said to me,

"Take your cap off." This reminder so frightened me that I began tugging at the strings, but, in my fear and excitement, I could not untie them. At last, grabbing my cap by the crown, I dragged it over my head, breaking the strings in my hurry. There I stood before him feeling very guilty, and expecting every moment to hear the awful sentence. However, no more was said to me, and we went to the church. Leading me to a seat, my mother told me to kneel there until she returned from having the children baptized, and there she found me, kneeling, with my back to the altar, which she told me was a very wicked act. I went home feeling very sad that I was so sinful; and the eventful day, which I had looked forward to with much pleasure, had proved to be a failure.

I tried then, by learning all the prayers, (including the rosary), that home and neighbors could teach me, to get relief for my poor soul, but without avail. In talking to mother about it, she said I would be old enough soon to go to confession, and there have all my sins forgiven. How eagerly I looked forward to the time when this great burden of sin would be removed! I was taught to look alone to the priest as my guide, and was told that, after a time, I could take my first communion, which would be of much benefit to my soul. Gradually I became established, and by the time I was thirteen, I was a zealous and earnest defender of the faith, and very bitter against the various

Protestant denominations. Before this time I had never been either to a Roman or Protestant service; and yet I was a bigoted Roman Catholic. So plastic is the mind of a child, and so retentive is its memory, even from early childhood, that the mind of a young child can be trained in almost any direction the parents desire. Take a young tree, or plant; how easily it is bent, crushed, or trained upward. So with a child. Oh, parents, realize your responsibility in regard to the training of your precious little ones. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, is the command of Holy Writ.



CHAPTER II.

DAYS OF BOYHOOD.

Until I was thirteen years of age, most of my time was spent in attending the Public School. When I first commenced, at about the age of seven, I could not speak one word of English, our conversation at home all being carried on in French. Since that time I have often looked back and pitied the young lady teacher, who not only undertook to teach me the alphabet, but also how to speak the English language. I was called "the little French boy" at school by my teacher and the scholars. When the teacher wanted to call me up for a lesson she would have to do it by signs, not being able to speak French herself. At recess the boys would gather around me and ask questions in English, while I would talk to them in French, and then we would laugh together over our inability to understand each other. I was proud of my teacher, and was, I believe, a favorite of hers. She was very kind to me. I loved to attend the school, and looked forward to the time when I would be able to speak and read English. Some of the larger boys used to play tricks on me. One day they filled my dinner pail with mud, and although I was in this way deprived of my dinner, I never men-

tioned the fact to my parents, lest they should keep me home from school. More than once I was punished by my father for speaking English at home. He did not understand the language himself, and he had no desire that we should speak it, lest we should forget our mother tongue. Yet I anxiously persevered in its study, and when I knew the alphabet, and could count from 1 to 12, and from 12 to 1, I was a proud boy indeed.

Before I was a year at school you would scarcely know that I was the same "little French boy," for I could speak the English language quite fluently. As I grew older and stronger, desires would rise up within me to earn money of my own, and often I would persuade father to allow me, on Saturdays, to help the neighbors husk their corn. In this way I earned my first pocket money, which I would always proudly hand over to mother, while she in turn would spend it in buying books and clothes for me. At about the age of ten, while alone in the house one day, I conceived the idea of adding to my accomplishments that of chewing tobacco and smoking. Father's pipe and tobacco were lying conveniently on the window seat, so I first took a large chew of tobacco; then I proceeded to light the pipe and have my first smoke. Mother disturbed me by coming in soon after, so I laid down the pipe in a hurry, and swallowed the tobacco I had taken. Feeling drowsy soon after, I lay down by the fire and went to sleep.

I awoke in a deathly sickness. Mother was alarmed, supposing I had taken poison. So I had, but not just the kind she supposed. The house seemed to be whirling around, and I clutched the floor in my anguish. Soon after I recovered. It was at that time my father first commenced to instil into my mind the evils of tobacco. He described to me the way in which he was led into the habit, and warned me faithfully not to commence this evil practice. However, I thought I knew better than father. Others around me used it, and I felt that I would never be quite a man until I could carry around and use a pipe and tobacco of my own. When my father saw that I was not convinced by his arguments, he promised me a nice gun which he had, and which I was very fond of, if I would promise him never to use tobacco again. I promised, and I received the gun from my father, and determined, in my own mind, never to use tobacco again. For some time I remained faithful to my promise, but as my companions used it, the evil habit gradually fastened itself upon me, until almost before I knew it myself, at the age of thirteen I was a confirmed smoker. We moved, in the year 1875, to a nice little farm near Sydenham, Ontario. Here I had my first experience in plowing and breaking up a fallow with a yoke of oxen. The following year we again moved to a farm near Harrowsmith. I was then nearly twelve, and was very anxious to earn money for myself. One day when father was away, and I was out

in the field working, a man, who lived about eight miles away, drove along, and wanted me to engage to work for him for the summer months. Without stopping to question whether father would be pleased or not, I accepted the man's offer, and with light heart and fleet foot I ran to the house, and after gathering together a few of my clothes, I bade mother adieu. I was soon driving along the country road alongside of my employer, feeling very much a man, and elated at the thought that I would soon hold in my hand money that I had earned myself.

Home and parents were very dear to me, and every Saturday night I used to walk home, and never failed to find father sitting up for me, even though oftentimes it would be nearly twelve o'clock before I would reach home. In that part of the country oxen were principally used on the farm.

Before I left the farm that summer, a Methodist minister conducted a series of revival services in a schoolhouse near by. My employer being a Protestant, he and his family attended the meetings. Not wishing to make myself conspicuous, I went with the others, but remained outside. I would pass and re-pass the door, listening to the singing and occasional words that would float out to me from the lips of the preacher. My wages during the summer had been eight dollars per month. In the autumn I hired with another man nearer home, for the sum of thirteen dollars per

month. My work was ploughing with oxen. I was then thirteen, and was very large and strong for my age. Part of that winter I attended school, until the month of February, when a hotel-keeper near by persuaded my father to allow me to work for him until the spring, at which time my father promised me that I should learn a trade. I accepted the situation. Needless to say, I was delighted, and sleep deserted my pillow, as I lay making bright plans for my future.

My heart felt full of gladness as my father harnessed the horse and we started on our drive, and as we chatted together, he gave me good advice for the future. We soon arrived at the hotel. I imagine I can see him still as he placed his hand on my shoulder and said, "Frank, be a good boy." Simple words, but how dear, coming from a father's lips! My heart went out to him as never before, and I stood and watched him until he vanished from my sight.

Then came the new life amongst strangers. Oh, the temptations that presented themselves to me! Here I first tasted liquor, and first felt the allurements of a gay and godless life. From that time the desire for liquor was upon me, and an equal desire for a sporting time seemed to cling to me. Of course, I thought nothing of this kind of life, as all my friends and acquaintances followed, to a great extent, after the same things.

But Providence willed it otherwise than that I should stay at this place, for in a week's time

I got a telegram. Awful was the shock I received when I read of my father's sudden death. I immediately started for home. There I found mother standing by the window weeping, and the children clinging to her.

Scarcely can I describe the hopeless sorrow which I felt when I looked at them and gazed upon my father as he lay motionless in death. My mother told me that when he was returning from the town of Napanee, he had stopped at the village of Odessa, with the view of trading his horse. After supper, when he was backing out of the shed, he said to a man standing near, "Do you think that I made a good bargain?" The man answered, "I guess you made about twenty dollars;" and in the act of laughing over it, my father dropped. They carried him into the hotel, and called in the coroner, who pronounced him dead.

Before taking him home they sent a lady friend ahead to inform mother of what had occurred, but when she went in and saw everything in readiness for father's return, she had not the courage to tell her. The fire was burning brightly, the kettle steaming, and the supper was all ready and waiting on the table. Every little while mother would look anxiously out of the window, wondering at his delay. Just about dusk they drove along with his body, and when they came to the door she glanced out of the window and remarked that he had come, and was bringing company with him. Still the lady sat there unable to tell the awful news. But

just as the door opened, mother heard one of the men say, "Does she know yet?" Then, and not till then, did the truth dawn upon her that something had happened to him. But after they had brought him in, mother could not believe that life was extinct. It was the next morning that I received the despatch. How my heart ached, as mother and I looked upon him who had always been our comfort and stay. And to think that I had so shortly before parted with him and he seemed to be all right. I shall never, no, never forget it. If I had only known then of the Saviour's power to comfort in the hour of grief, how gladly I would have gone to Him, and realized the words of the poet—

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

As it was, I had to bear my trouble alone. What was most crushing to us all was that he had not made his Easter duties; and was, therefore, deprived of the right of being buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery.

During the last year of his life, owing to his having been troubled with rheumatism, we had become greatly reduced in circumstances, and,

therefore, were considered poor by the priest, who did not come to our assistance at all. We were, therefore left to the mercy of the Protestants that we despised so much. They, however, came to our help, and we buried him in the paupers' burying ground.

With hearts drenched in sorrow, we returned home. How lonely it was; no father to fill the vacant chair; no father to welcome us; no one to care for the little ones but mother and I.

One month passed thus. We then determined to move to the town of Gananoque, where two of my uncles lived. So, after selling out the remainder of our property, we moved to town, a distance of some forty miles. We drove to Kingston the first day, and the next day, about noon, we arrived at Gananoque, to the great surprise and delight of our relatives, who had heard nothing of our coming. We first went to my Uncle Cousineau, mother's brother, where we stayed all night. The same evening we went to father's only brother also. He had not seen father for years before his death.

How much we missed father when we took up house-keeping. Mother had very poor health, father's death having affected her very much, therefore the care of the whole family fell on me. There were seven children of us, the youngest, a little brother, having been born since we came to town.

When we got rightly settled, I worked one month with a farmer named Bill Reid, near Lansdowne Station. I then returned home,

as mother was very anxious to have me with her, and, to my great delight, I got a situation in a grocery and dry-goods store.

That same spring, 1878, I went to confession for the first time. For the last month we had been saying the Rosary, and as I had been attending church every night, conviction was deepening on my soul. On Saturday evening my cousin came to me and said, "Say we go to confession to-night?" I consented, and we started for the church, but on my way I began thinking about it, and the nearer I got the more I dreaded the ordeal. By the time I arrived there I was so nervous I could hardly speak. However, I made my way to a seat, knelt down, and began to pray.

There I knelt for a long time, and a great fear came over my soul. I began to watch the men and women going to and coming from confession. There seemed to be a great mystery pervading the place, and I had not the courage to go up when I thought of the holiness of it, and I such a vile and sinful creature in the sight of God. Besides, I did not know what the priest might say to me. But as I looked I saw young girls and boys, even younger than myself, going, and I thought that if they could go, why not I? So I arose, and with great solemnity made my way down the aisle to the priest, bowing as I passed the altar. After making the usual preparation for the form of confession, I, with great awe, unbosomed my heart to him. Confession was not such a

trial as I thought it would be. The priest asked me a few questions, and then gave me absolution by waving his hands gently over my head and repeating a prayer in Latin. Then he said in English, "Go in peace and sin no more." I arose, and with a light heart retraced my steps down the aisle and went home rejoicing that my sins were forgiven, and that what I had been dreading for so long had proved to be but an easy matter.

I now began to prepare for first communion. According to the teachings of the Roman Church, the Blessed Eucharist, under the appearance of bread and wine, is really the body, blood, soul, and Divinity of Jesus Christ, that is, after the priest pronounces, in the sacrifice of mass, the words of consecration, though it still retains its usual substance, it really becomes the very body and blood of Jesus Christ.

The priest taught that Christ is really and bodily present in two places: in heaven, sitting on the right hand of God, and in the tabernacle on the altar.

The preparation for first communion is considered very sacred and solemn, so with great reverence and devotion I prayed, and fasted, and went to confession, and did all in my power to make myself worthy of the reception of Christ; for it is a great sacrilege to receive Christ unworthily. I was also taught that this would be the happiest day in my life, if I received the Eucharist worthily; but the most miserable if I received it unworthily. The

morning that I had looked forward to with such joy and reverence at last arrived. It is the morning of the Precious Blood. About forty of us meet together, and walk, two by two, in a long procession to the church. The girls wear long veils over their heads, and are dressed in white, symbolical of innocence and purity.

The boys are dressed as nearly alike as possible. At last we are in the church. Then at the consecration and elevation of the host, every head is bowed in prayer. I shall never forget the awful hush and stillness that pervaded the church. At this very moment, the very Christ, body, soul, and Divinity, has come to the altar. A little while and the bell rings, which is a sign for the communicants to receive. We go to the altar rails, two by two, with bowed heads and eyes cast down, and kneel reverently. This was a very solemn moment for every child, as we believed that we really received the Christ. I returned to my seat, and the service continued; but when I left the church I felt very much disappointed and sorrowful, as I was taught that Christ was only with me while I was at the altar. A sad thought, that Christ only abides with us for a short time. Now I have learned to know that Christ, if we accept Him as our Saviour, will leave His presence with us always. For in Heb. xiii. 5, 6, we read: "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly

say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." And in the last verse of the last chapter of Matthew it is written: "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The most of my spare time was now taken up with looking after mother and the children, for at father's death (I being the eldest of the family) mother looked to me as her chief support and comfort, and I was glad that I was able to help her.

The hours in the store were very long, and it was often late at night before I could return home to my little brothers and sisters. Naturally I had a very weak will-power, and this gave the enemy great power over me for evil; consequently I was often led to do wrong, and then left in despair. My mind at this time was so much taken up with making money and getting along in the world, that it took away, to a great extent, the despondency I had on account of so often falling. I believe I would have almost gone out of my mind, because of my awful conviction of sin, had I not been so interested in my home, and the getting of this world's goods. It was now two years since my first communion. I began to lose all belief in religion. I saw the emptiness of it all, and I did not derive from confession that which I had expected. The consolation which I first used to receive was fast leaving me, and I felt

as though I was wandering in the dark. The only glimmering of hope that I had was that the time of my confirmation was drawing nearer.

Now I thought that I would be made a perfect Christian, and no more would I have that aching void, but that confirmation would satisfy the hungering after righteousness, which would give contentment to the inmost longing of my soul. I now thought confirmation would bring a change over my inner life, and looked forward to the time when the good in me would predominate.

The sacrament of confirmation is permitted to be received before communion, but, as a rule, Catholic children receive their communion first.

The church teaches that this sacrament makes us strong and perfect Christians. The holy oil mingled with balm, and blessed by the bishop on Holy Thursday, is called chism. The only preparation before confirmation is to make a good confession, and fervently pray that the Holy Spirit of God might descend on you. It is considered an awful sin to neglect being confirmed, as in this sacrament the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit are received, which are: Wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and the fear of the Lord. You also receive grace to confess the Catholic faith openly.

After the bishop confirms you, he gives you a stroke upon the cheek to recall to your mind

that confirmation strengthens you to suffer, and if necessary to die, for the church.

The long-looked-for day arrived. It is morning. I had spent a sleepless night thinking, with mingled joy and fear, of the great blessings I would so soon experience. I thought that soon I would feel God's presence within me, that I was coming nearer and nearer Him, for the bishop is considered to have more power with God than the priest, and I longed for the transformation which I thought would take place in my soul.

As we went to first communion, so we went to confirmation, in a procession to the church. I can remember with what feelings of holy expectancy I knelt at the altar rail; how I felt that the bishop was near and I dare not lift my eyes to look at him. I could see him as he pronounced a benediction on the first child in the row, and nearer and nearer he drew toward me. At last he stands in front of me and offers up a prayer in Latin; then he gives me a stroke on the cheek, and he has passed on to the next. My heart ceases to beat, and I can think of nothing. Presently the last child is blessed and we return to our seats. The service of Mass is celebrated, and we are exhorted and encouraged to continue in the faith. It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon when I got home, and I felt very tired.

Again I was disappointed, for confirmation brought me nothing. The desire to do evil was as strong upon me as ever. All my hopes had

fallen to the ground, and, as before, all was emptiness in my soul. I came to the conclusion that there was nothing in religion but forms and ceremonies. Now "I call them vanity and lies, and bind the gospel to my heart." But as I was taught that this was the only religion by which a man could enter heaven, I became wholly resigned and made up my mind that perhaps through the priest's intercessions and prayers, I might in some way enter heaven, believing that this was the only open door.

Shortly after this I gave up my situation in the store and went to work in a factory where the hours were shorter. One day as my chum and I were passing the saloon, the saloon-keeper induced us to go in and have a game of pool. One game, he said, would cost us nothing! My chum consented. I hesitated for a time, but afterward joined him. We found it so pleasant that first afternoon that we soon went again, and soon all our spare time and money went in the same way. After the first day we were charged ten cents a game, and sometimes a game can easily be played in ten minutes. The day I stepped across the threshold of that saloon was the day that I started to go down into the darkness and blackness of hell. God only knows what a young man learns when he frequents such places. As time went on I became one of the saloon-keeper's favorites, and often was entrusted with the bar in his absence. A shudder comes over me when I think of the sin and misery I beheld during my stay at this

place. Many men to whom I have sold liquor have died since, and, awful thought! I know not what their eternity is. Most of my associates at the factory drank. Often a perfectly sober man would saunter into the bar, lounge around and talk awhile; another man, an old acquaintance of the first, would happen along. Then they both take a drink, and treats would begin. Presently that man would become boisterous and begin to knock the others about and fight. Once I remember when every man in the bar was fighting at the same time. Oh! the awful swearing that rent the air! Men would often fall senseless to the floor. Gradually he becomes quieter, and finally we would have to carry him to some place where he could lie in quiet until he would recover consciousness. Oh to think of the homes that these men had left and the anxiety they were causing the loved ones that were most likely waiting and watching for them in vain! Reader, you can imagine you see a pale, white face come to the door and look in over the confused and excited crowd, and through the noise and turmoil hear a gentle voice say "Father!"

Perhaps it was a wife looking for her husband. Oh, the sufferings that are originated in these places, such as never will, nor ever can, be known in the world! I have in my memory now a fine good-hearted fellow, with a wife and large family, who spent much of his time and money at our bar. He became so confirmed a drunkard that he died afterward under the in-

fluence of liquor, leaving his wife and family with no means of support, but with the blackened memory of an unfaithful husband, and heartless father, who spent the money, so much needed at home, to support in luxury the wife and children of another. Oh, dreadful thought! I was the man who served him the stuff that helped to send him—where?—I know not.

It was a common occurrence for young men to come into the saloon, perfectly sober, with money in their pockets, and when all their money was spent—even before and perhaps while drunk—they would be pushed headlong out upon the street by the rough hand of the saloon-keeper. I have seen them lie as they fell thus for some time, and watched the blood trickle down the sidewalk from the cut in their heads caused by their fall. It is hard to make young men who hold a good social position, and who walk up to the bar for the first time to take a social glass, believe that they will ever come to this. Oh! young man, if you wish to remain a man and retain your self-respect, and continue to respect womankind as you now do, take the advice of one who has watched the physical and moral destruction of many.

Since God has lifted me up out of this slough of misery and degradation, my heart goes out in a great longing, and pity, to save, if possible, the multitudes of young men who are taking their first steps in this downward road, which the devil has paved for the certain destruction of both soul and body. I would say to the

young men, "Do not do as I did"; and when the saloon-keeper invites you in for a free game of pool or for a treat, give a decided "NO," and pass on.

One day my factory employer came to me and said: "Frank, I want a man that I can trust to stay in the factory at night to keep watch. Would you like the situation?" I thought a while, accepted the offer, and gave up the work in the hotel. I watched the factory at night, slept in the forenoon and put in the afternoon according to my own sweet will.

After a time I found employment for my spare time in the factory. Here I worked, both in the afternoon and night, for nearly eighteen months, when I took very ill of measles, which were raging in the town at that time. Our whole family lay sick. This was an awful time for mother. Night after night she watched over us, and with affection I shall always remember her faithfulness and tenderness during this time of affliction.

Milo, my youngest brother, was a very smart child, and much beloved by all who knew him. He always came running to meet me when I came home from work, with his little arms outstretched and his little face upturned to mine. He was a child possessed of those cheery, innocent ways which become so endearing to older people. In his little cradle he lay, and was very ill, but through all we thought he would recover. One day a great change came over him. He waved his little hands and seemed to be

trying to speak. We were all about him as he lay in his cradle, and as we watched him he quietly sank to sleep. After a while we put him to bed, and mother lay down beside him. She being very tired fell asleep, and when she awoke he was dead.

How our hearts were again filled with sorrow and how we missed him! No more did we hear his cheery prattle about the house. No more did we hear the patter of little feet coming to meet us. Everywhere about the house and everywhere we went we found something to remind us of "little Milo."

We buried him in the Catholic cemetery in the holy ground, with great confidence that he had gone to heaven. This was a great tie between us and eternity. Up to this time, mother and I wept a great deal over father's sudden death, and the way in which he was buried, and because of his being deprived of the blessings of the Church.

When we first moved to Gananoque mother had naturally unbosomed her trouble to the priest. He advised her to make a general confession to him of all the sins my father had committed which were known to her, and to receive communion for him, for the Church teaches that the living can do penance and act for the souls in purgatory.

At first after father's death my wages were very low. It took great economy to keep the family's wants supplied, for there were seven children of us. Yet we deprived ourselves of

many things to raise money to have masses said for the repose of father's soul. We could not bear the thought of his suffering in purgatory. It seems hard to think of this priest living on the fat of the land, with all the luxury and ease it is possible to get, wearing the best and carrying a gold-headed cane, and taking money from a poor widow for that which he knew he couldn't give. After death the minister may preach, and your friends may pray and persuade themselves to believe that you are in heaven, but look to it yourself, brother, sister, that you are sure of heaven. I beseech you, brethren, for Jesus' sake, to make sure that you are accepted of Him. Rest not until you have received the witness of the Spirit. Care not for the world or what the world may think of you. Let people call you what they like, but lose not your immortal soul: "For what will it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

When I recovered from the measles I shortly afterward gave up working in the factory, not being very strong. I accepted a situation and took charge of a billiard-room, I being an expert pool-player. Few men in Gananoque could beat me. In this place I first commenced to play for money. We would often gamble and drink until nearly morning. Mother never felt satisfied to have me out so late at nights, but I loved that gay, wild life. I made plenty of friends, and felt happy while with them. We often went on excursions and had gay times

together in other towns. My mother at last succeeded in persuading me to leave the billiard-room. By this time I was well steeped in tobacco, could drink freely, and was quite a gambler. Being out of work, I determined to see more of the world, so made my way to the city of Ottawa.

When I arrived in Ottawa, fortunately I fell in with good company. I succeeded in getting a good situation and boarded with an aunt, who was very kind to me. I remained there for eight or nine months, when my grandfather and grandmother, who were both very old, and who wished to visit my uncle in Norwood, asked me to accompany and assist them on the journey. I did so, and had a pleasant visit at my uncle's. Shortly after I returned home. My two cousins, whose home was in the vicinity of Toronto, were visiting in Gananoque, and persuaded me to return home with them. Thinking there was a good prospect of making money, I did so. It was a failure, however, and I returned home quite satisfied with what I had seen of the world, and willing to remain there. In the spring I hired with a Protestant farmer for the summer months. He proved to be a beautiful Christian. Night and morning the large family Bible was brought out, a chapter was read, and prayer offered. I liked very much what I heard read from the Bible. I did not hear much of the prayer, as my prejudice would rise up to such an extent I would put my hands over my ears to shut out the sound. Neverthe-

less, the good seed sown in my young heart in that home has never ceased growing to this day. One Sabbath I noticed that they had left the Bible on the window sill. In the afternoon they all went out for a walk. This temptation was too great for me. I went quickly up to the window, and taking the forbidden Book, hid it under my coat, and ran to the barn, where I hid myself in the hay loft and read eagerly all afternoon. I forget now what knowledge I gained; but what I read took a great hold on my mind. I was very much afraid that the people might return and miss the book, but to my relief I found that they were still away. I carefully placed the book back on the window sill, leaving it in the same position as I found it, or as nearly so as I could.

When I returned home, the Holy Spirit, Who had inspired that book I had been reading, went with me, and worked mightily upon me. He gave me an appetite for this spiritual food. My soul was hungering and thirsting after the truth. Oh, how I would have appreciated the help of a teacher, but dared not ask a Protestant for instruction. Like the two disciples going to Emmaus, my heart burned within me as Christ talked with me and revealed Himself to me. And day after day, as I pondered these things in my heart, I felt like the poet who said:

"Leave me not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear."

Oh, how good God was to me, when I was

groping in the darkness in my search of Him; and the abiding, genuine peace of religion, through what seemed to me then an accident, I now look on as providential.

While on these trips to the country, I could not help noticing the great difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics by the way in which they kept Sundays. The Protestants seemed to keep the Sabbath so sacred, while the Catholics, as soon as Mass was over, would begin all sorts of revelry, such as playing cards, fishing, and any kind of recreation. Many a time, when a violinist could be procured, did we laugh and dance and chat all afternoon, and think nothing of it. My ears were often offended at the awful swearing, for although being thrown a great deal where there was much profanity used, such as at the hotel, I never indulged in it much myself, and a dreadful oath always made me shudder.

Once when there were missionaries in the town I had hopes of receiving a great deal of light. Two Fathers opened special services in the Roman Catholic Church. Five services at least a day were held, with the object in view of reviving people, bringing them out to confession, and making their Easter duties. Usually when special services such as these were conducted, many who had become neglectful would turn again, and become reinstated.

The first of these services was at 5 a.m. for working men, who could not leave their employment to attend the day services. It was

surprising to see the crowds of men who would come at that early hour seeking light. Truly these men deserve credit for their great self-sacrificing zeal, and their example of persevering faithfulness.

I used to attend the early services and the night services. I also went to confession and communion while the Fathers were there. This also failed to satisfy the cravings of my heart, but I made diligent enquiries for help. The Fathers introduced to me a new kind of scapular, this one being far better than the one I was in possession of, because of its having five indulgences connected with it, while mine had only one. The indulgences are saints that you unite yourself with, and is like belonging to a society. The members have the rights of the society. So I purchased a scapular under the impression that I was going to be greatly helped in my soul. I also made my way to the gallery, where they were selling religious books, to see if I could purchase something to bring me help. After looking over all the books, such as the "Life of Joseph," the "Life of Mary," and so on, I asked them if they had the "Life of Jesus." They said "No," and from that moment I became intensely eager to learn something about His life, and I made up my mind that I would never rest until I knew more about the life of our Saviour.

I can now bear witness that I had a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For we read in the beginning of the tenth chapter of

Romans: "For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, that the man which doeth those things shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above) or, who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ from the dead). But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach: that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith, "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I dearly loved to ramble about the woods at my will. Ofttimes I would lie by the creek under a tree on the cool grass, and listen to the water rippling on the pebbles. I delighted to watch the little birds flying from tree to tree

and listen to them singing in all their joy and freedom. And perhaps again while watching the fleecy clouds floating in the blue sky I would lie, and think, and think, and think. I speculated on what I would do when I became a man. I thought of the money that I would earn, and the money I would save. I imagined what I would buy, and the kind of people I would associate with, and what I would do for mother and the little ones. At such times the woods would seem so tranquil and peaceful. The little insects and birds, and even the leaves on the trees as they rustled in the breeze, seemed to be whispering joy, joy, joy, and peace, peace, peace, and I wondered why was not man so. What was this spirit of discontent which lay in man's breast. Why could all people not live in harmony and peace? Why had I not this spirit of calm which seemed to be pervading and filling everything except my own breast? It was the result of sin. This dreadful burden of sin, which was weighing men down, was the cause of my discontent. Was there no remedy? Was I to go on forever like this: saying beads, doing penance, wearing scapulars, making confession, and yet no relief! I wondered if I would ever get to heaven. I longed for heaven, yet I knew that no sin would enter that place. I was told that the soul could be cleansed from much sin in purgatory, and that for mortal sin there is no escape from hell. The mortal sins are these: eating meat on Friday, missing Mass, murder, and the grosser sins. I saw people

living good lives, and I wondered why I could not live good like they did. My poor soul was longing for Jesus, but I did not know it, and I would lie there in those woods until I would become sad, my heart disconsolate, and my life dark and helpless. I was very fond of singing and knew a great many songs. Very often I would hear Protestants singing hymns. I sometimes also heard them praying aloud, but would never allow myself to listen to them, as I considered it a great sin. Roman Catholics consider it no sin to take part in playing ball, fishing, dancing, and such amusements on Sabbath afternoons, providing that they attend Mass in the morning. It was a common thing for me after I had attended Mass on Sabbath morning to return home, and after an early dinner, get out my boat and fishing tackle, and, with a sufficient supply of beer and whiskey, start off up the river with my young comrades to spend the rest of the day in fishing, drinking, ball-playing, and such like. Some have said to me, "Mr. Coleman, did the priest allow you to do these things?" I have always answered, "Yes, the priest himself setting the example." Father Kelly, our parish priest, when he went to St. John's Island to say Mass, was known more than once to take part in the games played there on the Sabbath, and it was reported around that he had been under the influence of strong drink more than once. When such priests are questioned about drinking whiskey to excess, the answer invariably is: "Don't do as I do, but

as I say." I might just say here, that in all the times I have confessed to the priest he never told me not to drink whiskey, but would always ask me if I had been guilty of drinking to excess. If not, nothing more was said.

My brothers and sisters were now grown up and earning money for themselves, consequently did not require so much of my support, and left me with less responsibility, and I for the first time since my father's death saw my way clear to learn a trade. I scarcely knew at first what to go at. A cousin of mine came over one evening and asked me to shave him, so I having nothing better, sharpened up an old case-knife and went at it. At last I got through, and I think I enjoyed it much more than he did, as he never wished to have it repeated in just the same way. I was so pleased with the success I had with my cousin that I decided barbering should be my trade. In less than one year I had learned my trade, and I set up a nice little shop of my own at Lansdowne Station. At this I worked very hard. Often it would be two or three o'clock in the morning before my work was done. Saturday was always my hardest day, the shop being often thronged until Sunday morning. It was during this time that I first met my wife. I got acquainted with her on the twenty-fourth of May, and in the following autumn we were married. I had never been known to keep company with a young lady before, and had never even been seen walking on the street with one. Though my life had been

rough in many respects, I had never been wanting in respect towards womankind. No doubt I was very ignorant concerning the rules of courtship, but nevertheless one evening she promised to be mine. My wife being a Protestant and I a Catholic, she kindly consented, after some persuasion, to be married by the priest; and on the first Sabbath the priest came out to Lansdowne Station to say Mass, I went to see him about marrying this Protestant girl. He urged me very strongly to have nothing to do with her, and gave me no decided answer as to whether he would marry us or not. I returned to my shop, thinking very seriously, and shutting myself up in my own room, knelt down, and took my beads to pray to Mary, the mother of God, and to the saints, desiring direction as to whether I should marry this lady or not; not desiring the curse of the church to rest on me.

Whether the saints answered me or not, I know not, but one thing I do know, that the longer I prayed the more determined I felt in my own mind that she alone should be my wife. I decided next to write the priest a letter informing him of my decision. He answered my letter telling me, if I was determined to marry, to come to Gananoque, and that after certain conditions had been met, he would marry us.

On the twentieth of July, 1886, I being now twenty-two years of age, we drove to Gananoque, a distance of eight miles, to the priest's

house. He read to us the rules with which we would have to comply. First we had to promise that if children should come to our home, we would bring them up in the Roman Catholic faith. Another was that I was never to attend a Protestant service. We agreed to these. There were many others, too numerous to mention. I then went to confession. At confession the priest told me that I could not have the blessing of the church on my marriage. He would simply marry me as a Protestant is married. Soon Miss Watts was called to my side, and she became my wife. My wife's parents were very much opposed to our marriage, for, she being a Protestant, they feared that the difference of religion might bring trouble to our home. Although my trade was prospering at Lansdowne, I still seemed to cling to Gananoque, as there my young days were principally spent, and there was the home of all my friends and acquaintances. So I gave up my business and moved back to my former home. Here I bought a comfortable house on Stone street, and secured a position as apprentice in a spring shop, where I remained for a number of years. As our health was good, and my wages afforded us a comfortable living, we spent our spare time in a round of gaiety and pleasure-seeking. Most of our evenings were spent visiting from house to house, playing cards, dancing, and singing. My wife, who was very fond of this kind of life, made it very pleasant for me. For three years our lives were spent in

this way—careless and happy, life was one round of pleasures, and in all this time the only thought that marred my happiness was that my wife was not a Roman Catholic. I never mentioned this thought to my wife, therefore we never disagreed on religion or any other important subject, and, as a natural consequence, our life was one of peace and happiness.

On the Sabbath we would leave home together, go as far as the corner, where we would part, she going to the Methodist Church, and I going to the Roman. The Methodist people would usually be dismissed first, and my wife would come and wait at the corner, near the Roman Church, until I would come out and join her. Then we would return home together. For a number of years my wife and I never mentioned religion to each other. Very often my wife would come to my church with me and wait in one of the pews while I went to confession. While at confession the priest would particularly warn me not to attend any Protestant church, or religious meeting. I tried to convince the priest that it might be better for me to sometimes attend the Methodist Church, with my wife, so that she might come more often to the Roman Church with me, and that in this way I might win her over in time to the Catholic faith. But the priest would not permit me to do so, fearing so doubt that I would be led astray. Although I never said anything to my wife respecting her religion, yet I felt anxious that she should reach heaven. I

was taught that there was no way there except through the Roman Church, and I naturally wished that she should have the same faith as I.

Gradually the opposition that was occasioned both among my wife's people and my own, on account of our marriage, lessened, until my wife's people and my own visited freely, were often at our home and we at their's.

My mother-in-law being an invalid, and Lansdowne being only a distance of about eight miles, we often drove out on a Sabbath and spent the day with her.

One day my wife got a letter stating that her mother was seriously ill. So she went down immediately and attended to her for two weeks. Then she came home again. She was only back a few days when she got a telegram announcing her mother's death. We all went down and stayed until after the funeral. The Rev. Cummins preached from the text, "What I have written I have written."

Singular to say, my wife had no Bible of her own. After her mother's death her sister found some money in one of her dress pockets, and the two girls thought that it would be a nice idea to keep the money as a remembrance. My wife decided that the nicest way to spend her share of the money would be to buy a Bible for herself. This she did. After we had returned from the funeral, and the girls were busy straightening up the house, I was out looking about the wood-shed, when all at once I espied an old torn book lying near a pile of

chips. It was soaked with rain, and its leaves were stuck together. I brought it into the house, and my wife told me it was a Bible. The covers were torn off, and all Genesis was gone, also nineteen chapters of Exodus. I looked at the first page, and there before my eyes were the words, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," and I read on through the commandments. I took this little book home with me, and night after night I was lost deep in the wonders which I found in it. Through the day, while at my work in the shop, I would think of what I had been reading, and longed to know for myself what the Catholic Bible was like, as I could not help but believe that there must be a vast difference between the two books.

CHAPTER III.

FROM ROMANISM TO PROTESTANTISM.

One evening, which is a memorable one to me, we were out to a dance in a Catholic home, and my wife happened to notice a Roman Catholic Bible lying on the table. She opened it and began to read. It was that chapter where our Saviour turns the water into wine at the marriage in Cana of Galilee. I noticed that my wife continued reading a long time, and noticing how suddenly serious she had become, I wondered at her thoughtfulness.

On my way home, I asked her what she had been reading. "Oh," she said, "I was just glancing through the Bible I saw there. I was reading in the second chapter of St. John; and, Frank, that chapter reads just the same as it does in our Bible; what would you think if both Bibles were the same?" I felt somewhat indignant at the question, and at the thought that there could possibly be any comparison between the two books. I thought that the Catholic Bible must be so much the superior. However, I said nothing, but determined in my own mind to have a Catholic Bible, and convince her some day of the vast difference there was between the two books. For the next week

religion was the chief topic in our home. We talked much on the subject, but both tried, I believe, not to hurt the other's feelings.

Going and coming from the factory, and while busy at my work, my mind was filled with conflicting thoughts. My life was just as great a mixture. One evening at the dance, another spent at the card table, and yet another thinking and talking earnestly on the subject of religion. Must this state of things continue? How should they be settled? What will be the end? I anxiously asked myself. I must confess, on looking back now, that I was then in a state of great spiritual darkness.

“ Oh, the darkness, how it thickened,
Like the brooding of despair!”

And yet I believe God was leading me. The Good Shepherd had come to seek and to save me; nor did He leave me until I was safe within the fold. Before this, my wife and I had reached the decision to each have a large family Bible of our own; but before purchasing them my wife urged me to first borrow a Catholic Bible, so that we might compare them, and if they were the same she economically declared that “one Bible would be sufficient for both of us.” I thought it a reasonable request, and determined to borrow one at the first opportunity. I would say here, that though Bibles are sometimes found in Catholic homes, they are never supposed to read them, as the priest is supposed to be the only proper interpreter.

My wife had given me to understand that if I could find the Roman Catholic doctrine in the Catholic Bible, she would be a Catholic as I was. So I borrowed a Bible and I searched, and searched, but could find nothing about confessing to the priest, or holy water, or praying to the saints. Nothing about purgatory (that place of punishment in the next world, where souls have to suffer before they reach heaven), nothing about Mass or transubstantiation. The only difference I could find was that one said "Repent," and the other "Do penance;" one said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee," and the other said, "Amen, amen, I say unto thee," and I turned over leaf after leaf, thinking that at every page I would find something about our doctrine, until I reached the end, but closed the book in despair, feeling that I had been awfully deceived, and I made up my mind I would not go to confession, or conform to any more rules until I had received more light, and was convinced of the rights of religion.

The Church's teaching is to pray to the Virgin Mary to intercede for us at the throne of mercy, and that she has great power with her Son Jesus, consequently the most of prayers are offered to her. I could find nothing of the Virgin having this power.

In the second chapter of John, 3-5, I read that at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, when they wanted wine, Mary said to Jesus, "They have no wine." Jesus answered, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not

yet come." You will notice she is not referred to as mother, but our Saviour only says, "Woman," and He calls God "Father." Nor could I find any place where He calls her "mother." In the fifth verse she tells the servants to do as He bids them, and in the twelfth chapter of Matthew, 47-50, we read, "Then said one unto Him, Behold Thy mother and Thy brethren stand without desiring to speak with Thee. But He answered and said unto him, Who is My mother? and who are My brethren? And He stretched forth His hand toward His disciples and said, Behold My mother and My brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of My Father Which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother." Though all reverence be due to her, and we honor her as a good and saintly woman, and a woman on whom the blessings of God rested, yet this chapter proves to us the corrupt teaching that the Virgin Mary is any more sacred than any other saintly woman. And after a careful study of the Holy Scripture, we fail to find a single passage which would cause us to believe this awful doctrine.

On the contrary, Jesus Christ is the only Mediator between God and man, for we read, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Therefore, we wish to impress our readers with the thought that thousands of people are being deluded by the teachings that they will get to heaven through the mediation of the Virgin Mary.

You will see in the fiftieth verse the possibility of being on the same level with her in the sight of God. The verse reads as follows: "For whosoever shall do the will of My Father Which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother." Reader, notice particularly the clause, "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father," thus agreeing with another passage, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine," and "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." This verse implies that we must be born again in order to become a brother, sister, or mother of Jesus Christ, Who becomes our Elder Brother.

We find Nicodemus coming to Jesus by night and receiving such instruction concerning this new birth. We read in the third verse of the third chapter of John that Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God," and in the explaining verse we read, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God," i.e., he cannot become an heir of God and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. This being born again engrafts us into the True Vine. John xv. 5 says, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches." This is the way we are adopted into God's family, and, brother, do not rest content until you have the experience which we read of in Romans viii. 16: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

Looking up, I said, "Wife, I am no more

a Roman Catholic." I stopped going to Mass, stopped going to confession, and refused to identify myself with any denomination. I became undecided as to the realities of religion, and sank rapidly in despair, which was so great I knew not which way I should turn to obtain light. It seemed as if no man cared for my soul, and gradually I sank so low that nothing could reach me, and I felt more and more that vain was all earthly help.

My Sabbaths were principally spent on the islands with my associates, drinking beer, playing cards, playing ball, and such like. Home lost its attractions, and as soon as I had had my supper, after my day's work was over, I would go up town, trying to drown the awful thoughts that pervaded my mind by walking about the streets and joining in the revelry. I hardly ever got home until half-past ten or eleven o'clock, and then went to sleep like a dumb brute, without ever saying a prayer, and arose the same way to confront the dangers of another day without the blessings of God upon me. At the same time I tried to cheer myself with the anticipations of the nearness of Christmas and New Year's holidays. We always made great preparations, and indulged in much jollity and gaiety at this season.

At last Christmas had come and gone again, and New Year's was a thing of the past. I sank deeper and deeper in sin. One night, after a day's sport, I was making my way homeward, walking very slowly and thinking over

the past. I looked up toward heaven, and I wished I had never been born. I wept when I thought of my ungodly life. My despair was so great that as I walked along the river the enemy sorely tempted me to put an end to my unhappiness by throwing myself in. But I thought of my wife, and my dear mother, and of how they would feel concerning this; thus the temptation gradually left me, and I went home to my wife.

Time went on. My life was still one of recklessness and discontent. Although I had lost all belief in the Roman faith, I still upheld the Church, and looked upon the Protestant religion as wrong.

During the past year I had occasionally attended the Methodist Church with my wife, and news of this had spread around among the Roman Catholics. I was severely blamed by them for doing this. I had lately become a member of the Oddfellows Lodge, and no member of that Lodge can, at the same time, be a member of the Roman Church. You will see by this that by joining the Oddfellows I had in this way severed my connection with the Church and become an outcast. Within the walls of the Oddfellows Lodge I saw more of practical Christianity than I had seen for years. Consequently at this time I received more help from them than from any other source.

Some time after this, special services were being conducted in the Methodist Church, by

an evangelist named Vermilyea, from Belleville. I had always despised these services, which the Protestants called "revivals."

My wife had never urged me to attend the Protestant Church, but on this occasion she informed me of the meetings, told me about the good singing, and asked me if I would like to go. After thinking it over, I decided to accompany her, intending to criticise and make light of the whole service. Before I had been there long the Holy Ghost began to do His work in my heart. The evangelist preached from the text, "Go forward!" and pleaded with the people, with tears in his eyes, urging them to give up all and follow Jesus. Numbers went forward and knelt at the penitent form. At last the service was closed and we went home. I did not make light of the service, as I had intended doing. Conviction was deepening in my soul, the Holy Spirit was doing His work. In a few nights I went again, and at the close of the service the minister asked all those who expected to get to heaven to stand up. Every person in the building seemed to rise but me. Just then the old Roman prejudice against the Protestant religion rose within me as it had not done for years. Someone beside me just then asked me the question, "Don't you expect to get to heaven?" More through shame than anything else, I then rose to my feet. Next night being Lodge night I did not attend, but a few nights after this, hearing that the revival services were about to close, I went to hear the

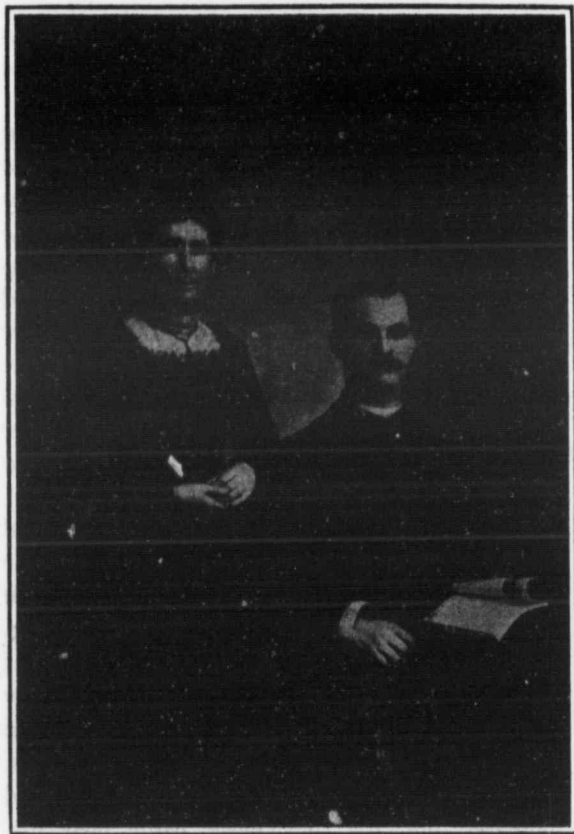
closing sermon. That service I think I will never forget while I live. The evangelist preached with untold power. My wife, through the day, had made up her mind to go forward to the penitent form that night. Accordingly, after the sermon was ended and the invitation given, my wife left my side and, with a number of others who, like her, had decided to give up all and follow Jesus, made her way to the penitent bench. Still he continued to plead, and conviction seized upon my soul. My knees seemed to knock together, and with this awful conviction of sin, there came a strong voice within me bidding me go to the front. Without realizing what I was doing, I walked toward the front and knelt down as a penitent sinner, willing to give up all for the Lord. I was still very sceptical about the Protestant religion, and as I sought pardon for my soul I offered up a prayer to God after this manner: "O God, if there is anything in this religion, give it to me!" There and then I felt the burden roll from my heart, and I realized that I was free. Testifying was a thing that I had always opposed, but now I stood before a large congregation, telling them with joy the glad news that God had saved my soul. Before, whenever I was in a Protestant house and they began to pray, I would put my fingers in my ears, so that I would not hear them. Now I listened with joy and gladness, and longed for the time to come when I could raise my voice to God in prayer and praise.

Some people have asked me what was the difference between having my sins forgiven at confession, and my sins being forgiven by the Lord. My answer has always been that the new birth was so real that God left me without a doubt that my sins were forgiven, and I have never had a doubt since, whereas before I had great efforts to make myself believe, and still I doubted.

I left the church feeling as I had never felt before. Everything changed, as in a twinkling. The streets, the houses, everything looked different. Everywhere I looked I saw nothing but joy, joy, joy. The trees, and all living things, seemed to say, "Praise the Lord!" Home was brighter now. I felt like a new man; a new life was before me. I now commenced family worship, and our first prayers were at our bedside. Now I would not say my prayers from my book, or on my beads, or make the sign of the cross. I had prayed so much from books, and knew so many prayers by heart, that I thought it would not be much of a task to pray aloud, but I had hardly started before I found it a great task, and I became silent. The Lord seemed to take my conceit from me, and let me learn that self must not pray any more, and God must be All-in-All to me.

My wife had gone forward with me, but had not got converted. She, nevertheless, began asking a blessing on our meals, and both our lives became holier.

The reader will know that naturally the news



MR. AND MRS. COLEMAN.

of my conversion soon spread itself all about Gananoque, especially amongst my associates, who were mostly Roman Catholics, and in a short time it reached my old mother that I had turned from the Roman Catholic faith and had joined what they called "Heretics."

My mother wept bitterly, for she thought that her boy had left the only true Church, and was lost eternally. There would be many prayers and Masses said for my return to the Roman faith, and for a short time mother treated me with great kindness in hopes that I would return again, and I have always been under the impression that the priest had been the means of turning her away from me, for when I remained unshaken in my religion, my mother became cold, and distant, and finally ceased to recognize me at all.

The enemy troubled me greatly with regard to my associates, as I was converted in the middle of a very gay career. We had been in the habit of spending our evenings card-playing, and such like. I was afraid that a party of friends would come to our home to spend the evening in this manner, and I was embarrassed as to how I would act under the circumstances. But the good Lord opened up this Jordan and delivered me, for they never came near me. They must have heard of my conversion. Oh, how good God was to me! Nearly all my shopmates were Romans, and you can imagine the commotion that would be raised as I entered the shop the next morning. Many that I met

on the street laughed and hooted me, and some cast a searching glance at me, and some smiled maliciously. Some seemed grieved at what they thought was my downfall.

I started my work as usual, and it seemed as if I needed so much help from God to sustain me in those trying times. I must say God did not fail me on that morning; He truly is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Our dinner hour lasted about an hour and a half. Before this I would always be back to the factory in half an hour, or less, and I would join the rest of the laborers in games, such as pitching shoulder stones, or horseshoes, and all such games. But this day I stayed at home and prayed that God would give me grace for the afternoon's conflict, and so just returned in time for work at one o'clock.

Gananoque is a great Roman Catholic community. My wife was afraid to have me go out at night for fear of something happening to me, for once or twice stones had whistled past my ears, thrown, I have no doubt, by some jealous Church member.

Shortly after my conversion, I purchased a Bible of my own, and finding it very inconvenient to find the places I wanted, I exchanged it for one with a thumb index, and I began to attend the different Protestant Churches. I usually carried my Bible under my arm. The Roman Church put it down that I was not right in my mind. Often when the minister would give out his lesson and text, I would search, and

search, but would have to give up until I would get home; then my wife and I would find it. Often I would ask the person sitting next to me if that lesson would be found in the Old or New Testament. Some of the people began to find out that I could not find the places, and many times I would see them watching me. At last I got so that sometimes, after looking over two or three pages, I would hold the book open in my hand and look down at the page, just as though I had the proper place. These were my disadvantages because of no early teaching and no Christian influence.

Many nights were spent studying the Bible. Nearly every night I would attend some religious meeting, for my hunger was so great after righteousness, and I felt I had been so long deprived of spirituality, that I must hurry and catch up the long-hidden knowledge. Sometimes I would hitch up my horse and drive to meeting in other places, often going as far as twenty miles. Oh, how I would weep when I read and heard of Jesus, as my first years were mostly spent in this way.

Never will I forget the first evening I went to class meeting. We had been going to public services all along, and someone said, "Why don't you go to class meeting?" I wondered what that was like. Class meeting was on Tuesday evening, and we made our way to the church parlor. There were only a few when we first entered, but gradually they kept coming. In the meantime some strange thoughts

pervaded my mind, as I did not know what was going to be done next, but made up my mind to do as the rest did. Finally an aged man came in and took his place in the arm chair, whom I afterwards understood was Mr. Crozer, the leader. After he had passed around the hymnals, giving me one, and giving me a shake of the hand, as much as to say, "You are welcome here," he gave out a hymn, and after singing, we had prayer. He then opened the big book and read some nice things from it, after which the meeting was turned into a fellowship meeting. My heart began to beat as I saw them rising, one by one. When it came to my turn I rose to my feet and said a very few words, feeling that I was doing my duty. The leader gave me special words of encouragement concerning my new connection, of which I was in great need. I felt that this meeting had been a great benefit to me, and every chance I got I attended a meeting of this kind, each one affording me much help and grace, especially when I was sorely tried by the enemy. When every friend turned his back on me I needed so much grace to withstand it all, so that I would not return to my old idols. In all my affliction God never forsook me, and I could speak in the language of the poet—

“ Though thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.”

So I kept growing in grace, and in the knowledge of God my Saviour.

After my conversion I had, with my wife, joined the church on probation. After three months we were received in full connection by the Methodist Church in Gananoque. Rev. Mr. Hughes, a grand, noble-hearted Christian minister, was pastor. These were the days when I endured hardship; having lost all my Roman friends, and not being very well acquainted yet with my Protestant friends, I felt that I was, in a sense, standing alone. None but God knows how much I was helped by Rev. Mr. Hughes and by the local workers of our church. I spent most of my spare time in studying the Bible and in secret prayer. I still had all the roots of the old carnal nature to battle with, which made it doubly hard for me. There were the roots of fear, anger, pride, etc. After I became converted I came to the conclusion that tobacco was a filthy habit, and that I must give it up. I had been a heavy user of tobacco from my boyhood. I both smoked and chewed it. I will never forget the Monday morning I gave it up. I filled my pipe to the top, as usual, and had my last smoke. It seemed to me that tobacco never tasted so sweet as it did to me that morning. After I reached the factory I promised the Lord that, if grace was given, I would never use tobacco again. He took the desire completely away from me.

My wife's father told me, about this time, of a great revival service going on down at

Lansdowne Station, conducted by Rev. Mr. Cummins, assisted by Sisters Birdsill and Mason. My wife and I drove down to attend them, and remained over Sunday. Miss Birdsill conducted the service on Saturday evening, along the line of Christian perfection. After the meeting was over I had a long talk with her about the second blessing, and how to obtain it. I gave her my experience along the line of conversion, and she informed me that there was a greater blessing for me, such as freedom from slavish fear, etc.; that the carnal nature might be totally destroyed, for we read in I. Cor. iii. 1, "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ." You see, they are still carnal and yet in Christ. That is where Sister Birdsill found me. You will notice in Romans viii. 6, "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." My reader will notice that the carnal mind cannot get to heaven. I. John iii. 8, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." In I. Thess. i. 23, we read, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly."

I seemed to feel the need of this blessing because of fear. I saw in I. John iv. 18, "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." I knew I was not there yet. I had peace, but not perfect peace; I had joy, but not perfect joy. I hadn't

that experience that the Apostle Paul had in I. Thess. v. 16, 17 and 18, where I could "re-joice evermore," "pray without ceasing," and "in everything give thanks." I saw it was my privilege, and I made up my mind to go forward on Sunday morning, seeking the blessing, and, according to Romans xii. 1, I presented my body a living sacrifice to God, and God did not turn me away. In less than one minute all slavish fear left me entirely, and I felt that I could say with the Apostle, "He whom the Son sets free is free indeed."

I went home feeling that I had an experience that I had never known before. I left my wife in Lansdowne for a couple of days. Now comes a very memorable event in my life. I got home very late at night, overjoyed at my great freedom.

The next morning I went to work, feeling more joyous than ever, and that evening I came home, and I was so taken up with this new experience that I dressed myself up and started off to the meeting and forgot to eat my supper. I went to our meeting and told them what God had done for me, and then went to the Salvation Army barracks the same evening to tell them also. I promised the Lord when He sanctified me that I would do this, and tell of the blessing I had received. The Sergeant who was leading the meeting said that he had not received this blessing, so he got right down on his knees among his people, sought and received the blessing. Finally, I was appointed

to conduct a class meeting on Sabbath morning. The reader will understand the feeling of inability that I had on conducting a meeting on such a short experience. I was hoping that there would only be a few at the meeting. The hour at last arrived, and I gave out a hymn, after which we had prayer, and then I read the first Psalm. I was a little nervous at first, but the Lord gave me strength and encouragement, consequently the meeting was successful, because of the presence of the Lord. From this time forth I had a keen desire to save souls, and would often speak privately with those who knew not the Lord.

I remember one evening I met my brother on the street, while I was burdened for his soul. We talked till nearly eleven o'clock, and, to my great surprise, he gave his heart to the Lord a few days afterwards. I took him to my home, and we had a pleasant time. I must say here that he had no less to contend with than I had; he being much younger than I, the world had a great hold on him. Many times since I have seen him stand on the street corner, and sing and give his experience.

Often I myself have worked for God by testifying wherever I got a chance, holding meetings here and there, both on the street and in the field. Many of my old associates would come to the meetings when I was going to speak, and as soon as I was through they would leave the building. One day, at the factory, the men began talking to me about the change

that had taken place in my life. In a short time they surrounded me, and wanted me to return to my old religion. I told them I was willing to, on conditions that their doctrine could be found in their Bible. I also said I would go with them to the priest's home, and would take my Bible with me, and ask him where the apostles heard confession, and used holy water, or took money for prayers, or even said Mass, for on the contrary, Jesus sent them to preach repentance. Jesus said, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and "This Gospel is without money, and without price."

I soon found out I was not wanted at the priest's home. For a time the whole topic of conversation was, "Who can know their sins are forgiven?" and while these days were very testing to my experience, the Lord was always very present with me, and passage after passage of Scripture would come to my mind to encourage me. Sometimes, on Monday nights, the men would coax me to go into the hotel to have a social drink, and go back to my old habits. I have often thought since that that was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

I went home several times to see mother, and sometimes was led to read from the blessed book. One day my wife went to see her and found a big change in her. We think the priest brought it about. She said to my wife, "Tell Frank never to darken my door again, for if he returns I shall scald him." At first I was under the impression that everyone would

be glad to hear of my new-found joy, but I found it quite the contrary. Whenever an opportunity presented itself to me for work, I never refused. Sometimes the minister would be holding special services, and would ask me to take a service for him; consequently in this way I could work for the Lord.

I used to work all day and in the evenings hold services about three miles away. Here I received much persecution, and often they who opposed me would come and try to disturb the meetings. Quite frequently they would throw things in when the door would open. The Lord gave me grace to bear this, with many other things, and through it all I never felt a move of anger, or fear, or pride in my heart, for with the Apostles, in the forty-first verse of the fifth chapter of Acts, I could rejoice to know I was worthy to suffer shame for the Master's sake. When I think of what the Apostles suffered for the Lord, it makes my offences very light. I might just state here the persecutions of the Apostles:— Matthew was martyred in a city of Ethiopia. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, Egypt, till he expired. Luke was hanged on an olive tree in Greece. John was miraculously delivered from a cauldron of boiling oil in Rome, and banished to the Isle of Patmos, where he was permitted to witness the wonderful apocalyptic vision, and is probably the only one who died a natural death. Paul was beheaded on Nero's block without the gates of

Rome. James the Elder was slain with the sword. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle of the temple and beaten to death with a fuller's club. Andrew was crucified on a cross in Armenia, and preached to the crowd till he expired. Bartholomew was flayed alive by order of a barbarous king. Thomas penetrated away to the interior of India, and there suffered martyrdom by having a cruel iron thrust through his body. Through coming up out of great tribulation, having washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, we shall pass through the gates into the city, henceforth to serve close by the throne of God. My heart continually rose in prayer that God would spare them a little longer, until they would see the true Light.

One evening, when returning home from the service, a shower of stones followed me, and, praise the Lord, there wasn't one touched me. I simply believed that God would protect me, and "according to my faith it was done unto me." When the stones ceased to fly, and I had gone a little further, I knelt down by the roadside and prayed, thanking the Lord for delivering me.

After this I felt strongly impressed to go and hold meetings eight or nine miles away, but felt my inability to work alone. I prayed to the Lord to give me help, and He seemed to direct me to a young man who kindly consented to help me. The name of this place was Marble Rock. I might say that at this place no religious

services were held. The people spent their Sabbaths in drinking and revelry. This seemed to be the only place open to us. When it became known that I was going out to assist in revival services the opposition became great; even the new minister who had come on the field opposed me, and did his utmost to prevent me from spending my evenings and Sabbaths in this way. He told me that I should stay at home and learn from those who were able to teach me. I had tried to obey, but the Lord had revealed to my spiritual understanding the multitudes of lost souls going down to hell. It seemed to me that the harvest was so great, and the laborers so few, and I could not stay. For about one year the opposition I had to endure from Christian people was as hard on me as anything I had yet been called upon to go through. No doubt these people were honest, and their zeal for God's cause may have been as great as mine, but they were not aware of the burning desire God had implanted in my soul for the salvation of sinners.

One Sabbath, while I was absent, my wife being present, she heard the minister say, "Some young men, as soon as they get converted and can sing a few hymns, start off with the Bible and a hymn book under their arm, to hold meetings and teach others, while they need to be taught themselves!" While I loved the church, and the dear people who had helped me, I knew that there was an unmistakable voice within bidding me preach the Gospel. The opposition

rose so high at this time that every church, hall, and schoolhouse was closed against me. No place was left but the open grove or street corner. Many times during the past year I had availed myself of these privileges, with marked success.

As I said before, this young man kindly consented to help me in the services at Marble Rock. We had one service on Sabbath morning at 10.30, on a large hill. Many people came to the service. Numbers, no doubt, through curiosity, others to make light of it. We had morning and afternoon service, and a brother Oddfellow kindly consented to let us have his house for the night service. This was a memorable service to me. After my friend had preached, I gave out a hymn, and we made the damper of the stove our first penitent form. Five souls knelt that evening at the altar, and cried to God for mercy. On the Sabbath days for two years, these services were continued by us. My text book was the Canadian Hymnal. When I preached, it was generally from some such hymn as, "There is a fountain filled with blood," or, "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

On this hill I first met Brother Frank Goff, his home being only distant a few miles. It seems to me that I can see him still, sitting at the trunk of a large tree. He held up his hand for prayer, desiring to be remembered. Some time after this Brother Goff sold out his earthly possessions and went out as an evangelist. Thousands have since been converted through his instrumentality.

As people saw the good work that was being done the opposition gradually decreased, and I was given a schoolhouse to preach in.

One evening we were much disturbed by a number of young men in our meeting. I told them that we must have order. After the service was over a number of them laid wait for me on the road by which I usually reached my home; but the Lord took me home another way that night. To God be all the glory.

I still worked in the shop, but spent much of my time in this kind of work. Finally I was impressed to go and spend a week or two in giving my life's experience night after night. No doubt you will know that I had some hardships to endure. On one occasion, after securing a schoolhouse to deliver my lecture in, the Romans found out my intentions, and they succeeded in frustrating my plans by having the school closed; but a committee kindly rented me a hall, and after my lecture was delivered they refused to take pay.

Shortly after this a young evangelist was holding a revival about twenty-two miles from my home. I had been helping him, and on Sabbath morning I announced that I would return on the following Tuesday evening to give my life's experience. The night turned out rough and stormy, and the roads impassable, forcing me to stay at home. Afterwards I was informed that this night a number of men had prepared to mob me. I have always believed that God brought about this storm to protect me

from evil. Never before or since have I disappointed a congregation, and I was taught by God that He could protect me when I worked for His glory.

We used to have cottage prayer meetings in different homes in the town, calling ourselves "The Praying Band." Many times, when people have been seriously ill, they would send for us and have us pray for them. Never will I forget one Sabbath afternoon. While being greatly burdened for my own people, it seemed that the Lord revealed the lost souls to me as never before, and I received from Him what I had never yet experienced. I had never heard a sermon on the baptism of fire, but I knew I had it. I felt it in my flesh, and as a fire shut up in my bones that I could not stay. This made me more eager than ever to work for the Lord. I remember one Sabbath night I was many miles from home, and being caught in a storm, I did not get back until eight o'clock on Monday morning, too late to go to my work. I did not understand why the Lord allowed me to lose my forenoon's work, but I found out afterwards—He had something for me to do. A lady was passing away, and requested me to go and see her as soon as I returned. She wanted me to pray and sing for her, but the Lord took her away, and I expect to see her some day.

I now received word to go and hold revival services about eighteen miles away; so I went, and on the first Sabbath morning we had very good success. No less than four professed

salvation at that meeting. I worked there for about a week, while the enemy sorely tempted me to quit the work and go home. I thought it was the voice of the Lord, and I gave up the work, and went home with my mind fully made up to never take another service. I thought I would just go to meeting, go home, and confine myself to that. I thought the Lord did not wish me to do work in that way, and that I was dishonoring Him. My father-in-law for a long time had been anxious for my wife and I to go and live on a farm with him.



CHAPTER IV.

MY CALL TO THE WORK.

In a short time we moved on a nice farm in Springfield, a distance of about sixteen miles.

Here I sunk myself seven hundred dollars in debt. I had made up my mind to let no one know that I had been a worker, and presented my letter of recommendation to the minister, that I was a member in good standing. For a month or more I just went to church on Sundays and once through the week. The Rev. Mr. Robertson, who was our minister, heard that I had been in the habit of taking meetings, and asked me to take work at once. He appointed me to take the morning services at Rock Port, and God wonderfully blessed me and my hearers.

We commenced farming in March, and were getting along nicely with the work. The owner of the farm retired to Brockville, but tiring of retired life, returned and wanted us to give back the farm. This I did not want to do, as I liked outside work. I felt that God wanted me to preach, but thought that I could do it and work on the farm too. God soon made that impossible, and showed me clearly that He wanted me in the Gospel work.

On the following twenty-fourth of May my

wife and I drove out to see a friend, and on our return our horse ran away and pitched us both out of the rig. My wife received no injuries, but I had a couple of ribs broken, which made me unable to do my work. We were milking forty-six cows at the time, so in a few days after the accident my wife's wrists began to pain; the pain was so severe she could not sleep, and in a few days more the hired man took sick, leaving my wife's father to milk the forty-six cows.

It seemed impossible at this time to hire a man or woman. The owner of the farm still wanted it back, and offered to take everything off my hands, and give me one hundred dollars for the time I was on it. I accepted this offer and in a short time moved back to Gananoque in our own house again. In this way the Lord blocked my way for farming, and I felt more and more convinced that He had called me into the work, and yet I did not feel sure.

About six months passed away, and still the call was before me. At last I said, "Lord, if it is really Thy will that I should go into the work, give me some proof." I prayed a great deal over this, so one night I said, "Lord, if I am to go into the work, give me a dream in which I am conducting a meeting." When I woke up I had been right in the work. The devil had tried to make me think I would have dreamed that anyway, so I said, "Lord, Gideon had the second sign," and asked Him to let me dream the same again. Again I dreamed of

conducting a meeting. In the morning I said to my wife, "I have had a definite call to the work," but at night I prayed again and said, "Let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak this once. If You want me in the Gospel field let me dream that same thing over again." In the morning when I awoke I had been in a meeting all night, and since that time I have had either to preach or go to hell.

My reader will remember that at the age of fourteen I lost my father, and at the age of twenty-six I was converted, losing a mother's smiles and affections, and now I am leaving my dear wife for a while to preach the Gospel among strangers. But I am standing on that blessed promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

I now said to the Lord, "Lord, if Thou wilt sell my horse for me, I shall start on Thursday." I then left it all with Him, and on Wednesday He sent the man to buy the horse. This was a very trying time for me, but according to my promise, I gathered my clothes up, and was ready to leave by noon.

We had an early dinner, after which we prayed together. God only knew if it would be the last time, but, praise Him, it wasn't. My wife came with me part way to the station, and on a big hill we kissed each other good-bye and wept. We then parted, and I took the train for Aultsville, where I had a standing invitation to hold a meeting. I was all of seven months away from home, and in all that

time I never got lonely. Praise the Lord, I can now sing with the poet :

I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin ;
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

I was only at Aultsville a short time when I went to Winchester Springs, to help Rev. Mr. Sproul. There I met a great many fine people, who were very kind to me. And so from place to place, God gives me lots of friends. I had no trouble now in getting a place to preach, as one minister after another would write to me inviting me to come and help them.

Whole revivals were given into my charge, not because of my ability to preach, but because of the almighty power of God which attended each service.

Just before I went down into Lower Canada I had a good revival in the town of Prescott. My home was with Brother and Sister Whitney. May the Lord reward them for their kindness to me.

After closing the meetings at Prescott I took the train for Ottawa, and from there to Shawville, accompanied by a man who wanted me to hold special services in his community.

From the first time I felt called into the work my purpose had been to confine my labors to the French people of Lower Canada. Naturally, the first invitation I received from that direction I took it.

After we reached Shawville, late on Saturday night, we had a distance of about ten miles to walk before we reached our destination. As we climbed the hills and walked through the valleys on that memorable night, we would pass every few miles a small log house.

I was much tried on account of the distance between the houses and the apparent scarcity of the people. Surely, I thought, much cannot be accomplished here. Finally we reached home. It had been announced that I would preach three times on the Sabbath. In the morning service we had a small congregation, a larger number in the afternoon, but at night the building was packed to the door. The mystery to me was where the people came from. Throughout that winter I labored in Clarington district. The following spring I got a large Gospel tent and continued preaching through that district during the summer. As nearly as I can remember, I received less than one hundred dollars for my first year's work. Previous to my going out on this work I had earned good wages, sometimes earning as high as fourteen dollars per week; so my reader will understand that I was not working for money.

When I consecrated myself to the Lord for this work I had promised Him that as long as my wife was provided for, and I had the necessities of life—even though my food should be bread and water—I would not murmur.

While in Lower Canada my health became very poor; so that I was unable to proceed with

my work as formerly, and almost thought that if this should continue, I might have to give up the work; and yet it seemed too bad, as the invitations for me to go and preach were numerous. I was informed by two servants of God, that if I would look to God for health He would grant it to me. So I made known my desire to the Lord and asked Him to restore my health. In a short time my health was perfectly restored, and with thankful heart I continued my work with renewed vigor.

Revival work has been my choice, for the Lord has blessed my labors very much in "Throwing out the lifeline to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where we've never been."

In the autumn of 1897 I opened a new church in the suburbs of Shawville, and made my home at Mr. William McDole's. Never will I forget the fatherly and motherly care I received from that aged couple. I remained there six weeks; after which I went home on a visit, having been absent about seven months. I spent a pleasant time at home, including the Christmas holidays, for about three weeks. I might say here that altogether I spent about two years in Lower Canada and in the outskirts of Ottawa.

I remember while there a young French lady got converted. She was very clever, and one or two of her brothers were priests. She believed that her friends were determined to convey her away by stealth to the nunnery. She was not then living at home, but was among Protestant

friends. When she wished to attend church we would form a body guard around her, and see her safely to and from the church. She was much afraid to be alone a moment and would warn us not to leave her. One night her mother came to the church and tried first to coax and then to compel her daughter to leave her Protestant friends and return home with her. But to return with her mother meant to give up Jesus, and she chose rather to "Suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

A Catholic man and his wife were also soundly converted to the Protestant faith. His people strongly urged him to give up the Protestant faith, but it was useless to talk along that line to him, for he had experienced the new birth. About two years after his conversion God called him to the better land. I visited him on his deathbed and witnessed a scene I hope never to see again. During his last days his father, mother, and friends visited him, with the determination, no doubt, to persuade him if possible to renounce his new belief. The dying man lay there very weak in body, but strong in the Lord. A day or two after these things his spirit had fled. His remains were taken to the Protestant church on the day of the funeral. A large congregation assembled, for he was well known. The front seats, as usual, were left for the mourners, but no mourners came. His friends refused to pay this last mark of respect, and so strangers buried him. As I witnessed

this scene the thought strongly impressed itself on my mind : Some day you will be treated in like manner ; but I thought, what difference will it make as long as I have Jesus with me ? " When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."

I could relate many other instances if time would permit. Oh, the glorious victory of winning this class of people from darkness to light ! One such instance is worth the work of a lifetime.

Next I went with my Gospel tent to a place called Algonquin, and remained there for five weeks. Numbers were converted to the Lord. One young man, who attended our meetings, and made light of them afterwards, took very ill of typhoid fever, and in about twenty days he died. During his sickness he had a wonderful conversion. After sending for me, I went into his room, and he said, " Oh, Mr. Coleman, I was mean in that meeting in refusing to yield to the Lord !" He prayed very much, and God pardoned his sins. The last morning of his life, he told the people that he was ready to die, and, holding up his hands, said, " I see the Lord coming." In the act of kissing our Saviour he passed away. We think his conversion and dying testimony brought salvation to his wife, and many others. All the next week we had great victory. Whole families were seen at the altar seeking salvation. One lady converted in those meetings died shortly afterward, from consumption. In the last week

or two that she lived she did nothing but preach to all who came to see her. It was wonderful to hear her! Even hardened sinners, moved to the heart, would leave her bedside with tears. Another lady converted in the same revival was so bitterly opposed by her husband for attending, that he locked the door on her one night and she had to spend the night in the cellar. She told afterward that when the morning sun rose she felt sorry. God had been with her in that cellar as never before, and she had spent much of the night prevailing with Him in prayer for the conversion of her family. When I look back now and think how very little it was that I gave up for the Lord, and how wonderfully He has blessed my efforts in bringing many out of darkness into light, I feel lost in wonder, love, and praise. From Algonquin I went to Forester Falls, and held a revival there. One Monday evening, to my great surprise, after I had dismissed the congregation, a Presbyterian friend said to the people, "Be seated." When all were seated he walked forward to the front, carrying a large parcel. He opened it, and lifting out a beautiful fur coat, wrapped it about my shoulders, saying, "Here, Mr. Coleman, please accept this small gift from your friends."

My heart was filled with thankfulness. Many times since that coat has kept me warm and comfortable, and I want to say to the dear people of Forester Falls that I have the coat yet.

My next revival was on the outskirts of Pembroke, and from there I went to Beachburg.

While I remained at Beachburg I lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gracie. The town hall had been provided for me, and I gave them three weeks' meetings. Next I went to Shawville, and from there home. After a short rest at home I went to the outskirts of Carleton Place, and held a revival of five weeks. God gave us many souls. One evening the hotel-keeper, with a number of his friends, drove over to our meeting. When the invitation was given for seekers to come forward, the hotel-keeper came forward with the others. He was the worse for liquor. The next night, to the surprise of us all, he was at the meeting in good time, respectably dressed, and when the invitation was given, came forward again to the altar. That night he went home a converted man and gave up the business of selling whiskey entirely. He became an established follower of the Lord Jesus. Two years after this I was privileged to hold meetings in Carleton Place. This man's home being only about eight miles distant, he attended the meetings. I found to my delight that he was still pressing on in the good way. In this second revival his wife became converted. So much was accomplished in these meetings that almost directly one whole year's work was open for me. For some reason or other, perhaps because of my lack of ministerial qualifications, I generally have people attend my meetings who will not attend the ordinary services. This seems to be my field of labor. In the spring of 1898 I went home for the purpose

of having a rest, and of working a while to make some money for myself and wife. We were in need of a few little things for the house, and besides, we had a few debts we wanted to clear off. I had been home about a week when Brother Frank Goff, who had been laboring in Meaford, came to my home and asked me to return with him. Some money unexpectedly came to our home which made it possible for me to leave home at once. I rode on my wheel for a distance of two hundred miles or more, and on a Thursday I arrived at Mr. Dean's. They welcomed me to their home. Bro. Goff had a large Gospel tent. We first put it up on the 9th line, near Meaford. Before we had finished there we received an invitation to hold our next revival at Clarksburg. When the news reached Clarksburg, the opposition became so great that the man who had sent us the invitation mounted his horse in the night and came over to tell us not to come. We simply laughed and said, "If there are as many devils in Clarksburg as there are tiles on the roof, we will go anyway." One reason why we were so much opposed in this place was because we had carelessly left home without bringing any recommendations with us. On the next Sabbath we commenced our revival in Clarksburg. At first very few attended. Some called us Spiritualists, others Dowieites; and even the Christian ministers of Clarksburg warned their people to be careful about attending these meetings.

But with all this opposition the Holy Ghost

so accompanied the truth that in a short time the tent was crowded to the door. It was quite common to see as many as from twenty to forty at the altar seeking salvation at once.

As this was noised abroad the minister in charge began to attend and help in the services; for as soon as the Rev. Mr. Moore found out that we were men of God, he at once threw all his energies into the work. Bro. Smithson, a man who had been addicted to drink for at least twenty years, and who for the past ten years had not likely ever darkened a church door, was soundly converted in these meetings. His whole family had been attending the meetings before he commenced, and had been converted. He had threatened to lock his wife and children out doors more than once, if they continued to attend; and night after night he would make his way to the hotel to drink and carouse; sometimes, he and his companions would meet at his shop, where they would drink beer by the pail.

One day while working in his shop with his eldest son, his boy began to sing that beautiful hymn found in "Good news in song," page 233, entitled "Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love."

This hymn seemed to take such a hold of him that he could not get rid of it, and he inquired: "Son, where did you get that hymn?" "Why, father," he answered, "that is one of the hymns they sing over at the tent."

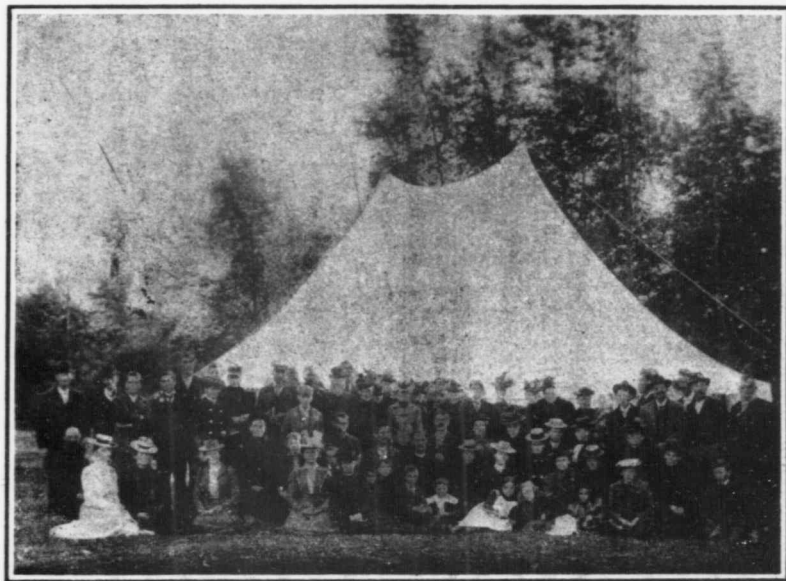
The words of this sacred song seemed to echo and re-echo in his heart, and he could not rid

himself of the thought that he did not possess this real peace—"the gift of God's love." At last, he thought, "I am going to get rid of this." So he went out in the orchard and had a smoke. But the pipe was not sufficient to smother the still, small voice in his heart. So he entered the house and inquired, "Where is that hymn-book?"

They gave it to him. He opened the book, and there before his eyes lay the hymn that had so troubled him. He read it through, closed the book, and went outside much troubled. "I will soon get rid of this," he said to himself, so he proceeded to take two or three drinks—thinking this would help him! But not so. Conviction only deepened; and I have heard him tell more than once that that night was a memorable one to him. The Holy Spirit so mightily troubled him that he wanted to come over to the tent in the night. He tells us that before morning he was in such agony of mind over his lost condition that it took four men to hold him in bed. The next evening he came to the tent, and just as he was entering, I unknowingly was giving out that hymn that had so troubled him,

"Sweet peace, the Gift of God's love."

I want to say, dear reader, that it was a great victory to see dear Bro. Smithson tremblingly make his way to the altar that night, with many others. He and his family have since become established Christians, and have joined the Methodist Church. Many times since he has



F. C. COLEMAN'S GOSPEL TENT.

found his way to the pulpit, and has preached to others the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Ask him to-day what his favorite hymn is, and he will tell you:

“ Sweet peace, the Gift of God’s love.”

In about four weeks we moved to Heathcote, a distance of about five miles, and I remained there with Bro. Goff about two weeks, after which I went home, having important business to attend to. When I had been home about a week I received a letter from Rev. Mr. Moore, of Thornbury and Clarksburg, stating that the Quarterly Board desired me to return and give three revivals in the three churches on his circuit. Some weeks after I returned and gave two revivals, one in Thornbury and one on the town-line. In this revival five of Mr. McCauslin’s family were converted. One of them afterwards became a preacher, and I believe God has mightily used him in the conversion of sinners, and in leading believers into the experience of perfect love.

The demands for me in other places were so great that I did not remain on this circuit for the third revival, but went to Tottenham, to assist Rev. Mr. Large on that circuit. My first revival there was at the Connor appointment. There I remained for five weeks, where God gave me some very dear friends.

At my first service about seventeen were present, but from night to night the congregation increased, until the building was crowded to the door.

God gave us many conversions there, and a number were led into the blessing of perfect love. A fine church was erected there at the close of this revival. I received an invitation to attend the opening services, but as I had only been home then for about a week, my wife would not listen to it. My next revival was in the village of Tottenham. My home was at old Mr. and Mrs. Williams'. I will never forget the kindness I received while there. God caused a great awakening to take place. After this Rev. Mr. Washington, who had been corresponding with me for some time concerning revival work, got me to go and assist him with a revival at Inglewood. A good work was done there, and despite the heavy snowstorms, large congregations attended. The wife and daughter of one family were converted, and the husband, who had not been inside a church door for (I think he said) over twenty years, not even to a funeral, was persuaded by his wife to attend. "Husband," she said, "I know if you would just come once you would enjoy these meetings." After considerable persuasion, one night he hitched up his horses and drove down. Then, without missing another service, he attended nine in succession. As the meetings at Inglewood closed then, he followed us to the next appointment, a distance of about nine miles, and came forward with the rest of the seekers for salvation. Before I left Inglewood, Rev. Mr. Washington and I visited his home. A number of his children were baptized and received into the Church.

So the good work of God went on. After this I returned to assist Revs. Large and Wallace, at Beaton, Ont., where a goodly number were born again and received into the Church. This being the month of March, 1900, I went home for a short rest, and in the month of April I returned to Mr. Dinsmore's home in Clarksburg, where I made myself a large Gospel tent and prepared for the summer's work. In May we set up my new tent in Mr. Dinsmore's grove, and on Sunday, the 27th, held the dedication service. We have always believed that no less than twenty souls were blessed that day. In that revival the power of God was manifested as I had not seen it for years.

Few of the services held there could be closed before twelve o'clock at night.

From there I moved to Mr. Hewgill's grove. It was a beautiful situation. I placed my tent alongside a clear-flowing stream. The birds sang in the branches above me and the grass beneath me was like a carpet. I was there assisted by Brothers Norman McCauslin and Frank Hewgill, who had been converted in my meetings recently, and had given their lives into this work. After laboring there for five weeks I moved to Duncan, a place three miles distant. Here I held the crowning revival of the summer. As there was no church here, the religious services were held in a small Orange hall, the English church minister and the Methodist minister preaching alternately once in two weeks. During our short stay in Duncan, I believe one



A GROUP OF YOUNG PREACHERS.

hundred and forty souls experienced the new birth, and at the close of this revival I felt strongly impressed that this people should have a church to worship in. So while a number of kind friends took down my tent and moved it to Clarksburg, where we were going to hold ten-days' meetings, I went around among the farmers, taking up a subscription for a new church. Mr. A. McKewen headed the list by donating the grounds and fifty dollars.. I met with such a spirit of liberality among the people that I had very little trouble in securing the promise of enough money to build a church. The people felt that a church was needed, and gave accordingly. So the stakes were set for the new church and the stone foundation laid that fall. At first the intention of the people was to build a frame church, but after consideration they decided that it should be brick.

In the ten-days' meetings held at Clarksburg we had three services a day through the week and five on the Sabbath. This series of meetings will never be forgotten by the Clarksburg people. I took suddenly ill in the closing service, and was carried from the tent in a semi-conscious condition to the home of kind friends, who took care of me until I recovered. As it was now somewhat late in the autumn, I put my tent away for the winter months and went back to assist Rev. Mr. Washington, who was now stationed on the Klineburg Circuit, near Toronto. We spent some rich times together in the services and in visiting from house to house.

As it was now near Christmas I took the train for home, and spent the holidays with my wife. On about the 28th of December, 1900, I returned to Collingwood. I had at this time almost a year's work ahead of me, and, besides this, I had refused fully a dozen invitations to hold revivals in churches.

Under the supervision of Mr. Pearson, the chairman of the district, and ex-chairman of the Toronto Conference, and to my mind one of the ablest preachers in the Conference, I held a short revival for about three weeks. My home while there was with Mr. and Mrs. Hilborn. These kind friends I will never forget.

During the previous summer months Mrs. R. J. Hall, a lady from New Westminster, B. C., who had been visiting her mother and friends near Heathcote, had been wonderfully blessed in our meetings held in the Gospel tent. Mrs. Hall, knowing that there was a great scarcity of evangelists in British Columbia, urged me to come out for at least a few months. "There is much work to be done there," she said, "and so few to do it."

From that time until the close of the revival at Collingwood I had made it a subject of much thought and prayer. I talked with the Rev. Mr. Pearson about it, and he said: "Mr. Coleman, if you should decide to go, I am aware that you are not connected with any Conference; consequently you will have no recommendation to that new country, and if you wish to accept, we will be pleased to give you a first-class re-

commendation from this district." At last I decided to return with Mrs. Hall to British Columbia.

I received from the different ministers the following recommendations:

January 15th, 1901.

This certifies that I am acquainted with Mr. Coleman, the bearer of this document. For about two years he has been holding Evangelistic services through these parts, and through his instrumentality many have been saved.

I esteem him, as I think all do who know him, as a man of God, and a zealous worker in His cause.

M. L. PEARSON,

Ex-President Toronto Conference.

Chairman of the District.

Indorsed by H. MOORE, Jan. 15, 1901.

Pastor M. C., Thornbury.

Inglewood, Ontario, April 12, 1900.

Bro. Frank Coleman held revival services for four weeks in February and March last in Inglewood. They were marked by the presence and power of God, and were fruitful in good results to the Church and to outsiders.

Bro. Coleman has special gifts for Evangelistic work. The emphasis with which he proclaims the doctrines and experiences, specially emphasized by the successful Evangelists and ministers of earlier Methodism, is an element of great power, and this, together with judicious management and a loving spirit, by the blessing of God, made the meetings a great success.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, B.A.,

Pastor.

To whom it may concern.

We are living in an age which seems to demand special qualifications for a special work. The more a person is engaged in special work, the more proficient they become in the same.

It can be truly said of Bro. Frank Coleman that he is a man of God, qualified by God the Holy Ghost for the special work in which he is engaged. He has labored with us in Beaton for a period of three weeks, and his work has been blessed of God in the building-up of the people and in the conversion of the sinners to Christ. We heartily commend our brother to any minister who may desire the help of one qualified for special work.

W. W. WALLACE,
Pastor.

Beaton, April 24, 1900.

On a bright Saturday morning in February, Mrs. Hall and her little girl, Marjorie, and I took the train from Thornbury to British Columbia. We were five days and nights on the journey.

This will be a memorable journey to me as long as I live. When we reached Winnipeg we had to wait there for about six hours. While waiting I walked through the principal streets of the town, but it was so cold I could not keep warm with two undercoats and a large fur coat on. As we passed over the prairies, I was told by those familiar with the route that the paths of the buffalo can still be seen.

The mountains, while still one hundred miles

distant, could be plainly seen by us. When I awoke in the morning, about two o'clock, we were in the mountains. Oh! those towering peaks, and yawning chasms! Looking backward I could see the long train winding snakelike along the sides of the mountains. Sometimes we would enter a tunnel, and in a moment would be enveloped in total darkness. Then suddenly the train would dash out into the bright sunlight. At last we reached the Glacier House, where the train stopped long enough for the passengers to have breakfast. Near this Glacier House there are thousands of acres of solid ice and snow, and the water running from beneath this field of ice and snow past the Glacier House, is a beautiful sight. I had been told by Mrs. Hall that the weather in British Columbia was warm, but it seemed to me the nearer I approached that country the colder it got. The evening before we reached New Westminster, I looked out and saw that the train was covered with ice; icicles were hanging from the sides. Mrs. Hall remarked, "To-morrow, about noon, we shall be in New Westminster." "Well," I thought, "the weather will have to change wonderfully if it is warm there." Sure enough, we reached New Westminster the next day. The sun was shining brightly, and the weather seemed to me to be as warm as summer.

I had intended resting a week after reaching New Westminster, as I felt tired from the journey. But, on the following Sabbath, I was

asked to preach in the Central Church in the morning by Mr. Betts, and in the evening the Westside Church by Mr. Bowell. I might say here that since coming to British Columbia I have found in the Rev. Mr. Bowell a true friend, one that has never failed me in times of need. He was then pastor at Westside Methodist Church, and my first revival was held there. A good work was done here among the people, and also among the Sabbath School children. After the revival closed the children gave me a surprise, by presenting me with a beautiful fountain pen. They had collected the money among themselves, and had commissioned Mrs. Gaudin to buy it for them. My next revival was at the Central Methodist Church. A grand work was done in connection with the Methodist College.

One young man, a sceptic, who was a law student at the college, got saved, and also received the blessing of perfect love. It was my privilege one evening to hear him read a chapter and give a short exhortation from the same. I want to say that it was a great treat to all who heard him. He has since given up his law studies. The last time I saw him he told me that he had decided to go home and prepare himself for the Methodist ministry.

My next work was at the Sapperton Church, where I held a short revival, thus paying a visit to the three Methodist Churches of the city. Before leaving the city I made myself a large Gospel tent, and also a small dwelling tent, at the home of Mr. Andrew Gaudin.

After my tents were completed I left the city for Chilliwack, where I had a standing invitation to attend the camp meeting which is annually held there. Before I was long there I was informed that I might expect to be asked to submit to an examination on doctrine, before the chairman of the District. The Rev. Ebenezer Robson was present during the examination, and he and the chairman, Rev. T. W. Hall, agreed that I was in strict accordance with their standards of doctrine. On this historical camp ground there are two large frame buildings, almost surrounded by a semi-circle of smaller houses, consisting of two or three rooms each, where the people live during their two weeks of camp life.

One of the large buildings mentioned above is used exclusively for the Indians, who assemble here sometimes in great numbers. It was interesting to see them, after the night service, sitting in circles on the ground around their camp fires, singing, until a late hour, the sweet songs of Zion. I had the privilege of preaching to them twice while there, Mr. Crosby, the Missionary to the Indians, acting as interpreter. I was privileged also to preach to the white people two or three times, and to take some of the after-meetings. We had a grand camp meeting. At the close I put up my Gospel tent in Chilliwack, where, for four weeks, we had good meetings. Since I had been out in this work, I have nowhere met with greater kindness than was shown me by the people of Chilliwack valley.

My next move was to Ladner, situated on the Fraser River, and about fourteen miles from New Westminster. This was a very busy time, both among the farmers and in the fish canneries. Some advised me to take a short vacation until the rush of work was over. This I did. During my vacation I made it my business to visit the different canneries. The first I visited was at Point Roberts. I will never forget the sight. I think there were five or six large scows loaded with beautiful red salmon. I watched the Chinese and Japanese laborers as they unloaded the fish and threw them into the large slaughterhouse. Each fish is separately dealt with. First the head, tail, and fins are severed from the body, then it is passed to another man, who thoroughly scrubs and washes it, under a constantly flowing stream of water. The fish is next conveyed in loads to another part of the cannery, where it is pressed into cans and the lids soldered down. This part is all done by machinery. These cans are then carried in truck-loads to the large furnace, where the fish is cooked and each can examined. It is then placed in the warehouse ready for market.

I had always had my doubts about whether canned fish was clean or not, but since seeing the way the work is done, all my doubts have been removed. It is only about once in four years that the fish in the Fraser River are so numerous as I saw them in the year 1901. I have only described my visit to one of the many

large canneries built along the banks of the Fraser. It was a real treat for me to see the hundreds of fishing boats dotting the surface of the Fraser River. To give my reader some idea of the multitudes of fish found here, I might say that often these large boats are filled inside of an hour. The fish are conveyed by scow-loads from the boats to the cannery.

I spent another part of my vacation digging clams out of the beach, with the Rev. Mr. Scott. I also spent a short time at English Bay, Vancouver. This is a summer resort, of which many people avail themselves during the summer months. Here, while the weather is warm, you can see numbers of both sexes in bathing from morning till night. I enjoyed the luxury of a sea-bath many times myself while there.

My vacation of two weeks being ended, I proceeded to Ladner, where I held meetings for two weeks. The beginning of a good work was done here. After promising them to return, I left for Vancouver, to assist in a ten days' meeting.

After this I went to Langly Prairie to assist Rev. Mr. Sharp. We had large crowds and grand success. My home, while I was there, was at Mr. T. Mufford's.

We next gave a week's meetings at Tynehead. Believers were helped, backsliders reclaimed, and sinners converted here. At our last meeting held there every person was forward, not one unsaved person remained away from the altar.



GROUP OF FRIENDS.

My last revival was held at Fort Langly. A few great victories were won here. This being the latter part of November, and as I had now been away from home almost a year, I began to make preparations to return for the Christmas holidays.

On November 23rd I took the boat for New Westminster. When I reached there I found a letter awaiting me from Mr. McKewen, Duncan, Ontario. My reader will recollect that this was the place where the crowning revival of my last summer's work in the East took place, and where the people had given so liberally towards the building of their new brick church.

The letter was from Mr. McKewen, informing me that their new church was almost ready to open, and that I should return and conduct the opening services. I sent Mr. McKewen word that I could be there for the opening on December 8th. From there I expect to go home for my Christmas holidays.

When I look back over the years, and think of the wonderful way in which God has led me out of "darkness into light," I look up to Him in deep thankfulness. And when I knelt with my back to the altar, when a little boy, unconsciously, it seems to have been a blessed prophecy, for in the future I did turn my back upon forms and ceremonies, the world and darkness, and faced around to the light of God.

I can say that even this book has been a great blessing to me already. In this great

work that the Lord has given me to do, there have been few thorns and many roses along my path.

It is with great pleasure that I think of all the people I have met, and from whom I have received such kindness. Although many have passed away to the better land, and many I shall never see again, they all have a warm spot in my heart. "O memory, priceless gift of God!" I am determined to travel this way alone, if I should have to, and on the great Judgment Morning, when the dead come forth, I shall come forth with my garments washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Now, dear reader, in conclusion, I would say, with the poet—

"I have tried many ways to the Kingdom,
But this is the best of them all;
It took all the shrinking from Peter,
And strengthened both Silas and Paul.

"When fast in the stocks of the prison,
I fancy I hear them both say:
'Oh, the toils of the road will seem nothing
When we get to the end of the way.'"

When leaving British Columbia for the East, I was given the following recommendations:—

"With pleasure I bear my testimony to the marked and continued efficiency of the labors of Evangelist Bro. F. C. Coleman during the past ten months. His first series of meetings in British Columbia was held on my circuit. While there, there were many remarkable con-

versions, and several backsliders were restored. The most marked feature of the work among us was the sanctification of believers, some of whom received the conscious infilling of the Holy Ghost, of Whose indwelling as a definite experience they can testify to this day. We had also a very blessed and widespread revival among the Sabbath School children. Brother Coleman is emphatically a man of 'one book.' His teaching is not only thoroughly evangelical, but intensely Wesleyan, being in perfect harmony with Rev. John Wesley's 'Plain Account of Christian Perfection.' While Bro. Coleman is well qualified by the grace of God to be helpful to any pastor who will give him 'right of way,' he is especially adapted to be useful among Methodists, as all of his presentations of doctrine are most surely believed among us, though, alas! seldom possessed and enjoyed.

J. P. BOWELL,

(Secretary of the B. C. Conference, and former pastor of the West End Circuit, New Westminster.)

New Westminster, B.C.
Dec. 2nd, 1901.

To whom it may concern—

This certifies that Bro. Frank Coleman has been engaged in evangelistic work on this District since last June. At our first meeting, on June 29th, Bro. Coleman willingly submitted to an examination conducted by Bro. Ebenezer Robson and myself, on the doctrines believed and preached by him, and we found Brother Coleman, as far as gone in his study, in strict harmony with our standards of doctrine, his

text books being the Bible, Wesley's sermons, Wesley's "Christian Perfection," and "Finney on Prevailing Prayer." Bro. Coleman has had marked success in the conversion of sinners, and in leading many professing Christians into a higher life. We believe Bro. Coleman has a wonderfully-rich Christian experience, and is a God-honored man. We wish him abundant success in his work.

REV. T. W. HALL.

Chairman New Westminster District.

November 22nd, 1901.

Sardis, B.C.,

November 23rd, 1901.

I have been pleased to be acquainted with the bearer, Bro. Coleman, the past summer, and to know that God has wonderfully used him in the salvation of many souls, and that his earnest efforts have led many of God's people more fully into the light, and to a clearer sense of their duty to God and the salvation of men. And I pray that God may bless our brother wherever he may go, and that he may long be spared to tell the "old, old story."

REV. THOS. CROSBY,

Indian Missionary.

To whom it may concern—

I have great pleasure in saying a word concerning F. C. Coleman, who has been laboring in this community for some time. I have had

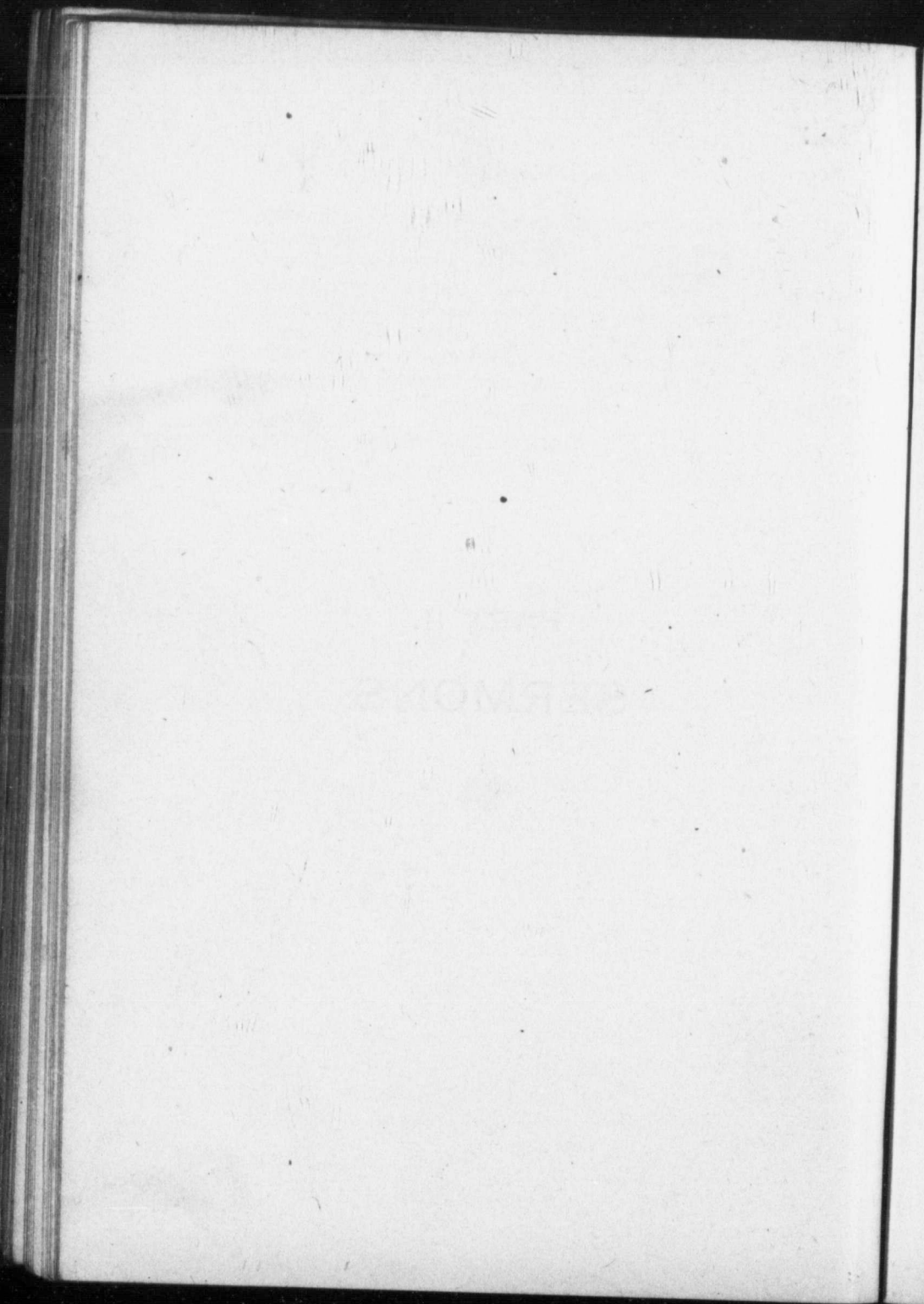
good opportunity to observe the methods and statements of doctrine of Bro. Coleman, and consider his methods highly commendable and his doctrines sound. Bro. Coleman's work is deep, sound, and spiritual, and I have great hopes of the stability of the Christian life of those who have been led by the Spirit into newness of life through the agency of our brother.

Cordially submitted,

Rev. W. J. SIPPRELL, B.A., B.D.



PART II.
SERMONS.



SERMON No I.

THE GREAT DAY OF HIS WRATH IS
COME.

“For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?”—Rev. 6: 17.

St. John was banished to the Isle of Patmos, and it was supposed that he would die from starvation. History states that he remained there for about two years. In the year 96 he was permitted by Nero to return to his church and people. It is supposed that while in Patmos he wrote the Book of Revelations. We think that he could not have spent his time in much better work. What a great blessing that book has been to the world! What was intended to be a severe punishment to John, and the church, turned out to be a great blessing. So you see “these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” Few people to-day have a proper conception of the wrath of God. They say, “The Father is merciful, great and good, tender, loving, and kind. Do you think He would bring one child to heaven and leave the rest behind?” So they reason with themselves, and expect God, at the last day, to take into heaven, without reservation, both saint and sinner.

The Apostle Paul said, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Let us look for a moment at God's dealings with men in the past. Let us turn to Genesis, and see how God dealt with humanity after they had been faithfully warned by Noah to renounce their wickedness.

God's wrath was poured out in the form of water, and all, save eight souls, who had not defiled themselves, were destroyed. Let us next visit the cities of the plains. We behold Sodom and Gomorrah, those beautiful cities, and I imagine I hear the inhabitants say, "God is love." But I look again, and what do I see? Fire and brimstone descending upon the defenceless heads and homes of the inhabitants.

History states that in the past, fifty-two cities, besides towns and villages, have been destroyed by earthquakes.

When the Israelites were journeying to the Promised Land, thousands of them were destroyed because of sin.

I imagine I hear my reader say, "Those calamities occurred in the old dispensation. We live in a new dispensation, and these things have been done away with."

Our Lord is the same; He has not changed. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Let me ask you to read the 9th chapter of Mark, where Jesus speaks of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched, and

then turn with me to the 16th chapter of Luke, and there behold the rich man looking afar off, and pleading that Lazarus might be sent with a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, for he said, "I am tormented in this flame."

Turn again to Rev. 21: 8, and listen to the words of this God of love, as He tells us what shall become of "the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars." God says, "They shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

The great day of God's wrath is not yet come. John the Divine, looking down through the great telescope of life, "saw the dead, small and great, stand before God," waiting to receive their sentence—some of eternal happiness and others of eternal woe. God has greatly favored us, by revealing to us, through the revelation given to John, the things that will surely come to pass. Before us, dear reader, lies the picture of the judgment, placed there by the loving hand of our God, so that we may not be deceived. In this we surely must appear. There, in mid-heaven, sits the Judge. A mighty angel spreads the book of God's remembrance. Appalling silence reigns. Man, angel, and devil stand motionless. Now from the Judge the long-expected sentence falls upon the wicked, and from His presence they are driven into endless night, to weep and wail for evermore.

Those who received the sentence of eternal

woe may weep for mercy, and methinks I can hear the cries of the eternally lost! The Judge now to the righteous turns, and approves them thus: "Come, ye blessed of My Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Where are the wicked? Come and see. There is the burning pit, and from the fire I hear, as it were, voices saying, "Have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame!" Across the fiery gulf, over which angelic pinions never passed, the damned see the heaven of boundless and nightless glory, which they have for ever lost. The day of mercy has for ever passed, and the reign of judgment has commenced. Where are the righteous? Come and see. "Lead me, Thou Illustrious One, to the Palace of the great King." What superb gates are these? These are the gates of Zion. What beautiful streets, and these jasper walls; how great and high! How calm, lovely, and changeless is the light of this city! These mansions, oh, how vast and resplendent! These golden streets, how glittering! What river is this, sweeping onward in majestic grandeur? It is the River of Life which proceedeth out of the throne of God and the Lamb. Oh, how sweetly those happy beings sing as they compass the throne of Him Who was slain for the redemption of the world, and how glorious now appear the wounds, which He received on Cal-

vary! Is this my Father's house? Yes, this is the saints' resting-place and home of the righteous. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

Dear reader, marvel not; the hour is coming that shall unshroud the dead, and throw wide the gates of Glory for our reception. "It is coming," says the Bible. "It is coming," whisper the saints, as they tread the way of life. "It is coming," shrieks Time, as he passes by on rapid wing. Yes, we know that the time is coming when we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ—that hour which shall place us among the hosts angelic, or groups infernal.

O God, prepare us each and all for that solemn change! Amen. •



SERMON NO. II.

OVERCOMING THE WORLD.

“Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.”—I. John 3: 9.

Someone has well put the following questions, with their wisely-drawn conclusions. If a man gets drunk, what is he? A drunkard. If he gambles, what is he? A gambler. If he steals, what is he? A thief. If he murders, what is he? A murderer. Then if he sins, what is he? Surely not a Christian!

There can be no doubt that a great many people who to-day call themselves Christians, are deceived by their own blindness. They pick out the trust passages in their little-marked, little-worn Bibles, and lull themselves more soundly asleep every day, in a self-begotten assurance of mercy. Such people as these often find their way into our testimony meetings, and Sunday after Sunday give an experience something like this: “I am thankful for what the Lord has done for me. I know I am very unfaithful, but I want to do better; and I thank God for the good desires He has given me.” Test this person, and he has to admit that he is not an overcomer. So far from the Bible standard of “more than conquerors through Him That loved us,” he is a little less than conqueror. His temper is great-

er than his strength; his fear will only let him testify on convenient occasions; his pride prohibits him from recognizing all his acquaintances; his malice succeeds in holding spite; his stinginess keeps him from giving cheerfully, and it may be he has secret sins he will not tell you of. He may not have all these failings, but "he that offendeth in one point is guilty of all."

Who dares to say, "I am a Christian, a member of the church of Christ—the bride, the Lamb's wife, arrayed in fine linen, clean and white," and yet continue in his un-Christian-like actions? Who can say, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and then follow the "thief that cometh up some other way"? Who can say, "I consecrate myself to Jesus," and yet be found partaking of the very follies the world loves? When Jesus said that His disciples were not of the world, He meant it. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father" does not consist in doing as we like all day, and asking forgiveness at night; it does not consist in offering God what is left after we have satisfied the flesh; but it is this: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." It means Jesus first, Jesus only, and Jesus always. It means "a heart for ever closed to all but Him." Not one whit less than this.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," is a passage often quoted, but

little practiced. Really, it seems as if it were anything but Jesus first.

“ Room for business, room for pleasure,
But for Christ, the crucified,
Not a place that He can enter
In the heart for which He died.”

True, many hearts will offer Him some place, but on the unexpressed, though understood, condition that He keep silent, only when they wish to display His virtue, or on such occasions as they might be afraid to walk alone. But since our Lord will never take up any abode unless it be free to Him, yea, and to Him alone, it may be that some false spirit of darkness, “transformed into an angel of light,” has taken up his abode in such a heart, and is persistently singing his lullaby of “Peace, peace !” wher. there is no peace.

There is a great deal of talk about faith in these days, but a great deal of ignoring that “faith without works is dead.” There is a great deal of talk about consecration, but very little working at it. In the enthusiasm of great conventions we love to sing Miss Havergal’s hymn—

“ Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.”

Too often, we fear, this hymn is sung by professors who use their lives, hands, feet, silver, talents, voices, wills, hearts, and love, all on their own business, and their own pleasure. They say, “Oh, for a thousand tongues to

sing!' and mostly use all the tongue they have to sing the praises of the devil. We do not think this language one whit stronger than the Lord Himself would make it, should He appear to-day.

Help me to walk through all my days,
As one who feels the Almighty's gaze.

The class of people found in our churches to-day, under the name of Christians, is a disgrace to any community, and an insult to God. Of people who let the love of the world overcome them, dare we say any less than the inspired John, "The love of the Father is not in them"? Oh, when will men have ears to hear, and hearts to understand? When will they realize that the religion of Jesus Christ is just exactly what He said it was; that it means to be despised by the world, persecuted, put to shame, sorely tried and tempted, but withal, "more than conquerors through Him That loved us"? "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Our God has been flashing His warning lights hither and thither, until we wonder that even the blind cannot see, but the lightnings seem only the more to paralyze the sight, the thunders leave the ears more deaf, and the tempestuous voices of judgment turn the heart more flinty, until the awful spectacle upon which the King of Glory looks down to-day is that of a church "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

Under the direction of the Holy Ghost, we believe, we have been trying to write what a Christian is not; and, under that same direction, we want now to speak of what a Christian is, and we shall just take Scripture for it. Jesus says, "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father Which is in heaven." This can mean nothing less than what it says. "He that is born of God doth not commit sin." "Oh," you say, "this harping about living without sin." Yes, and it is the same harping all through the Bible. God will have a people of "clean hands," or He will have no people at all. "I would thou wert cold or hot," He says. "Because thou art luke-warm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth."

A Christian, we believe, is just what John Wesley said of a Methodist—"One whose one desire is the one design of his life, namely, to do not his own will, but the will of Him That sent him. His one intention at all times and in all places is not to please himself, but Him Whom his soul loveth. As he loves God, so he keeps His commandments; not only some or most of them, but all, from the least to the greatest. He is not content to 'keep the whole law and offend in one point,' but has in all points 'a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.' Whatever God has forbidden, he avoids; whatever God has enjoined, he does. It is his daily crown of joy to 'do

the will of God on earth, as it is done in heaven.'” There is no lower state of grace than that of living without wilful sin. We read of no state lower than justification, and certainly we find no such thing as justifiable sin. Where can the now-a-day professors find Scripture principle to back up their sinning religion? It is a wonder to common sense, and is an error for which they will smartly pay, unless they repent before borrowed breath is lent to them no more.

A follower of Jesus is one who knows something of what it is to drink of the cup that He drank of; to go with Him through the garden, and keep with Him all the way. One who loves to sit at His feet and learn of Him, and who loves to go and do those things he has learned. He

“ Takes time to be holy,
Speaks oft with his Lord,
Abides in Him always,
And feeds on His word ;
Makes friends of God’s children,
Helps those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek.”

A Christian bears the fruit of a Christian. “ Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away.” If a branch bear not the fruit of the Spirit there is great reason for alarm. The Husbandman always finds the

fruit in its season when He comes to the branch that abides in the vine.

A Christian, we believe, never owns anything—he is only steward over his Lord's possessions. When occasion comes to spend money every cent of it goes with the blessing of God upon it. So far as he knows, he spends it just as Jesus would. He may make mistakes in judgment, but is free from sin of the heart.

A great deal of interest has been aroused over Sheldon's ideal Christian, and many have smiled at what they term "too good to be true," "impossible," etc. But let the scorner show us where Jesus preached a Christian life at all that was anything less than Sheldon's ideal "In His Steps."

A Christian has a single eye, and that fixed on Jesus; he has a mission in life, and he cannot be stopped in it. Of course, if he is stopped, he no longer goes ahead, and will only have to start again before he dare bear the holy name of a disciple of Him Who left the glories of His Father's home to die on Calvary.

A Christian is of a hospitable spirit. He may know very little of what men call wealth; but hospitality is no form with him. It is whole-hearted, and does not come from that trifling disposition that good-naturedly "puts the bottle to his brother's lips"—whether that bottle has passed over the blood-stained bar, or has been filled in the kitchen at home, it matters not—but it comes from that spirit that

always entertains, as if he were entertaining angels unawares.

A Christian can follow the consecration hymn right through, and live it to the letter. His life is all given over, fully surrendered to Jesus. He says, "Take it, let it be consecrated to Thee, Lord." Take my moments and my days—not to spend in discontented murmurings; not to be worse than wasted in picking out the faults of my neighbor; not to pass away at the card table, the parlor dance, or other such amusement; not to slip on into eternity while I am sinning and repenting, wandering from light to darkness and from darkness to light. No! A thousand times, No! Like Paul, I have no time to know anything, "save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Take my hands and my feet only to move at Thy commands. I want them to learn nothing but obedience and love. Take my voice—not to sing some new song the world may bring, but to "sing psalms," "making melody in my heart to the Lord," because "He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our Lord." Take my lips—I will guard them from slander, from the production of impure thoughts. So far as I know I will speak nothing but that which is right and pure.

"Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will.
Willing, should He not require it,
In silence to wait on Him still."

Take my intellect—no talent of mine shall be lent to the enemy of souls.

“Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite will I withhold.”

Take my will; no more shall I ask, “Would I like to do this?” but always, “Is it Thy pleasure?” The question shall not be “Whither?” but only “Whence?” Take my heart—no strange idol shall have one word to say in its ruling; its door is locked, and Jesus holds the keys.

“Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.”

I will abstain from all amusements and habits upon which I cannot realize God's blessing. I will follow the example of Christ so closely that I will never be found anywhere where my Lord would not lead me; never do anything He would not help me to do; never withhold anything He would ask of me; never sing any song that would not be melody to Him; never read any book that is not in harmony with the teachings of His book; never harbor a thought that my Master would be displeased to find when He searches the heart and reins; but “flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness; fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life.” “Steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.”

I used to pray, "Oh, help me, Lord,
That I may keep the narrow way,
And feed upon Thy living word,
And never, never disobey."
And then I'd say 'twas all in vain,
I never could such vict'ry gain;
But when I left the world behind,
And came, in faith, this grace to find,
Down at His feet, and pleading there,
I found that Jesus answers prayer.



SERMON No. III.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE OLD MAN.

“Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him.”—Rom. 6:6.

This old man is as old as Adam. He found his first home in the hearts of our first parents, and ever since he has been a welcome guest to their posterity.

We would impress our reader with the thought that before salvation can be obtained this crucifixion of the old man must take place, and for this reason so few people receive the new birth. You will have some idea of the old mode of crucifixion among the Jews, and what it meant to the criminal. There was nothing pleasant about it. Ofttimes he would weep and plead for deliverance, and would never go until compelled. The old mode of crucifixion among the Jews was after this manner: First the criminal was tied to the cross. Then the first nail was driven in. Oh, how he would groan and plead for liberty! Few people could stand and look on without being greatly moved, even though it was the unanimous feeling that he should die. Still, at the expense of all this, the crucifixion went on. When the nails have all been driven into his hands and feet, the

cross is lifted, and the criminal awaits his death with strong cries and tears. And now it is necessary that a body of soldiers be left on guard, lest his friends should come and take him down from the cross.

This is symbolic of the crucifixion that must take place before the new birth. We think this is what the Apostle Paul was trying to convey to his people when he made use of our text, "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him." The great majority of people have a very faint conception of what this crucifixion of the old man means. You will understand that there is a whole body of sin to be destroyed by crucifixion. When an individual makes up his mind to seek the Lord, the crucifixion begins. The heart's door is opened, and God's searchlight is turned on, and, as the sins are revealed, the penitent nails them to the cross. Not until his last inward foe is crucified does he obtain salvation. Then the new birth takes place. A sinner has a great many inward foes to be crucified—his slavish fear, his evil pride, his evil selfishness, his bigotry and malice and hatred and jealousy, and his ungodly temper, and these are just a few of the inward foes that must be nailed to the cross.

The great majority of people think they can obtain salvation on much easier lines than these, but we think this is a great mistake. If God expects crucifixion from one, He certainly does from all. And where people observe the Bible injunction, and go in for the old-time

crucifixion, they always obtain an unmistakable evidence of their acceptance. This is what causes people to rejoice and praise the Lord with all their hearts. They have received an experience they love to tell about, and, like the Apostle Paul, they can say, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation."

You will never find a clear witness of justification among people who ignore this crucifixion. But they live in that up and down experience :

Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting,
Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.

This is a sad state of affairs, under the Gospel light, for men and women to be groping their way in darkness, not knowing whither they go. It is very different from what the Apostle Paul tried to preach after his crucifixion on his way to Damascus.

We have two classes of people to deal with. For instance, two come to the altar. One ignores crucifixion. He will not crucify his fear, and give his voice up to God in prayer. Then his pride comes up and says, "You cannot pray; you will make mistakes, and the people will only make light of you." And so it triumphs, and he does not get the blessing. And if his spiritual advisers have not a proper conception of crucifixion, they will advise him to claim it by faith. They will turn over to the Gospels and quote passages such as, "He

that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," or, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life," or, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." They forget that this is only part of the plan of redemption, so they advise him to arise and testify that God has saved him by faith, and tell him not to doubt, but hold on, when he has nothing to hold to. So he leaves the altar without the crucifixion, consequently without salvation. Now, the individual tries to live by faith, without the witness of his acceptance. Watch him in life, and you will soon see that his life is no better, with the exception of being reformed from some of his grosser sins. He goes to church—not because he loves to go, but he feels it to be his duty. You might catch him in class-meeting sometimes, and, if so, you would almost gather from his looks that he was at a funeral. The fact of the matter is, he has no joy, no peace, nor no satisfaction. But by the time the class leader reaches him he is all in a tremble, but when urged to speak, he arises and testifies in an almost inaudible tone, and is glad when it is over. Some such professors take up family prayer, and some do not. We think it is immaterial whether they do or not, for we read in the Sacred Book that "God does not hear sinners, but if any man be a worshipper of God, him He heareth."

Yes, if you have watched such a person, you have already noticed that, at times, his temper gets the better of him, and his fear triumphs,

and so with all his inward foes. To spiritual people this is a sad sight.

Reader, you will observe that we stated that two came to the altar for salvation. You can see what the first got by ignoring crucifixion. Now, the other complies with our text, and crucifies the body of sin. When his fear rises up, he does not let it triumph, but nails it to the cross and prays; and so with every inward foe. And when he has crucified his last inward foe, and, by prayer, has prevailed, he is brought out into the light, and the infallible witness has reached him. He needs no one to tell him to believe, for the Spirit bears witness with his spirit, that he is the Lord's, and he is filled with joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. He testifies because he is in love with his experience.

Reader, watch this man also. You will soon detect that he is now under grace, and he keeps all his inward foes crucified, or suppressed. In fact, he could not retain his justification and do otherwise. You will find this young convert busy in the classroom and prayer-meetings. He goes because he would rather be there than anywhere else, and he is very active. He prays because he loves to pray, and he is in love with the fellowship meeting. Notwithstanding all this, he still has his inward foes to contend with; but he does not give over to one of them. He has them all nailed to the cross, and, by the grace of God, he keeps them there. Sometimes he will detect two spirits within him.

God says pray, and fear objects; and in order to retain justification he must obey God. Justification is nothing more or less than perfect obedience to the known will of God, and the moment he disobeys he forfeits his justification. So you see the importance of obeying God in all things.

Reader, you will notice there is a vast difference between these two men. The one is at liberty, the other is in bondage: the one prays because he loves to pray; the other because it is his duty; the one testifies because the love of Christ constrains him, the other is ashamed to refuse; the one has peace the world cannot destroy, the other has no peace at all; the one says, "The joy of the Lord is my strength," the other says, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" the one triumphs over his inward foes, the other yields to them. So these two men separate, to meet again at the final judgment, and who knows what will become of them?

So many professors of to-day think nothing of disobeying God, in what they call "little things." We believe they may have been converted years ago, but through disobedience have lost their joy, not knowing that the life of justification is a life of crucifixion.

Dear reader, if you have not passed from death unto life, we pray you, in Jesus' stead, be ye reconciled to God, for "our God is a consuming fire." Do not rest until God implants His nature and love in your soul to that extent that you can truthfully say, "I love the Lord,

with all my heart, and with all my soul, and
with all my strength, and my neighbor as my-
self." Then, and only then, can you sing :

" Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest."



SERMON No. IV.

“ HE THAT FEARETH IS NOT MADE
PERFECT IN LOVE.”

“ He that feareth is not made perfect in love.”
I. John, iv. 18.

“ There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment.” We suppose that among Christians to-day there is no greater hindrance than slavish fear; and yet we dare not say that they have never been converted. We see fear manifest in mostly every prayer-meeting, especially if people are asked to speak or pray. We think it is our privilege to live in a much higher state of grace than this. The Apostle John tells us that perfect love will cast it out, and we know that nothing else will cast out slavish fear but the love of Christ; and when we see men and women troubled with this, we always come to the conclusion that the perfect love of Christ has never reached their hearts. It is with this class of people, by the help of God’s Holy Spirit, that we wish especially to deal. We understand, by a careful study of the Word of God, that there are two works of grace plainly taught; and it is with the second work, and the Christian privilege of obtaining this great blessing, that we wish to deal. Those who profess to

have attained to this experience of perfect love are greatly opposed, as a rule; "because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be"; and, if it is true that there are two benefits in the atonement, the human heart will never be satisfied with the first, namely, sins forgiven. When Christians have never heard the doctrine of holiness preached, they struggle for years unsatisfied because of the carnal nature which still remains; not knowing how to get rid of it. God promises to satisfy the longings of every soul. Are you ready, dear reader, if Christ should come to-day—this moment—are you ready, or do you feel that some preparation is still necessary? Christ commands, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Our loving Saviour never gave His followers a command which He did not intend them to keep. It is gloriously possible for us to live in readiness for His coming at any moment. The question may be asked, How shall we prepare so that we may live in that state of continued readiness? To the person who has the knowledge of sins forgiven, and on whom now rests no condemnation, I would say, under every circumstance, has all slavish fear been removed? By this term, "slavish fear," I mean a fear that creeps over us when called upon to pray or speak. Oh! the thousands of Christians who suffer through slavish fear, not knowing that every

time they yield to fear, they are obeying the enemy of all souls, and in this way forfeit their position as children of God. They live out their day, sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, sometimes joyful, sometimes sad, and fondly cling to the thought that they are Christians. "Servants of God." "His servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."—Rom. vi. 16. It is not only possible to never be guilty of obeying slavish fears, but to have **them cast out of the heart, root and branch**, with all the other roots of the carnal nature which still remain in every heart after the actual transgressions have been forgiven. Christ came not only to forgive our sins, but to cleanse the heart—"To destroy the works of the devil." John the divine tells us that perfect love casts out this slavish fear. This is an experience above justification, for we must confess that justified people are troubled with slavish fear. "Oh! but," you say, "we know people who do not belong to Christ, and yet are not troubled with slavish fear in any way. They are bold to speak or sing or pray." Our answer would be: "The devil must be the author of their boldness. Let such ones humble themselves and come to God through the door of repentance, by the way of the cross, and they will soon discover that the seed of slavish fear has been planted in their hearts also, as it was in our parents after the fall, when they hid themselves from God. Fear is not the only

foe that believers are troubled with. Some justified people are troubled with the roots of evil temper, others with pride, some with selfishness, others with jealousy. There are many **other roots**, too numerous to mention, that are in the hearts of justified people, but never overcome them. We know that the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles taught this higher life. Jesus meant nothing less when He said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Multitudes of people are full of unbelief concerning this great doctrine of perfect love. They think that somehow, at the hour of death, they will be perfected in love, and so obtain an entrance into heaven, for most people know that the Bible teaches this doctrine of holiness, "without which, no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. xii. 14; and we want to prove by the Holy Scriptures that it can be obtained and retained in this life. See Luke, i. 74-75: "That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our lives." These passages ought to make it plain to any unprejudiced reader, that it was for this purpose Christ came into the world; that we might live in the world in the enjoyment of this perfect love all the days of our lives—not to be obtained at death, but now. Let us heed the Saviour's voice and obey. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in

to him and will sup with him, and he with Me." Dear reader, let us take a look through the Holy Scriptures, and prove, to our own satisfaction, this doctrine of perfect love. See Gen. xvii. 1: God calling the patriarch Abraham into this experience of perfection. God said to him: "Walk before Me, and be thou perfect." This took place many years after his conversion, for Abraham was converted when a child. You will also notice that Jacob was led into this great experience, after prevailing all night with God in prayer, about twenty years after his supposed conversion. Let us hear what David says about this higher experience:—Psalms li. 2, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." Can you see the two works of grace there? Transgressions in the plural number, and sin in the singular number, referring to the sin of the heart? When the sin of the heart is removed, then, and only then, can we say that our hearts are pure. On a little further, in the tenth verse, David prays for a clean heart, meaning the same thing—perfect love. Let us return to Matt. v. 8:—"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." And when the heart is pure, all impurity is removed. It could not be otherwise. The disciples were led into this blessing about three years after their conversion; for all holiness writers agree that, when the disciples forsook all to follow Jesus, they were accepted

of the Lord. It is true that there is no place in the Holy Scriptures describing the conversion of the disciples, but we think there is recorded something better. After the disciples had been on probation three years, on their return from a tour of preaching, Jesus tells them not to rejoice because of their success, but to "rejoice rather because their names were written in heaven."—Luke x. 20. We do not think that the names of men who were sinners would be placed in the Book of Life. In the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John we hear our blessed Lord say: "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in Me." This implies that they were already in Christ, and yet they were not sanctified, or made one, and in the seventeenth chapter according to St. John, Jesus offers up that beautiful prayer for their sanctification, or oneness; and over in the twentieth chapter of the Gospel by St. John and twenty-second verse, the blessed Lord, breathing on His disciples says, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." We believe they then received the internal evidence of their sanctification. The external evidence of their sanctification is found in the first chapter of the Acts, where they tarried with one accord for ten days for the baptism of fire. This proves to us that Jesus' prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel had been answered, where He prayed five times for their oneness; and the disciples, after receiving this

great experience, went about teaching it to others. See Romans xii. 1: Paul, talking to believers, desiring them to present their bodies a living sacrifice to God; and also second Corinthians, first chapter and fifteenth verse, where he tells them about the second benefit, or grace, as the margin reads. This implies that there are two graces—the grace of justification, and the grace of holiness, I Thess. v. 23: “And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.” The people Paul wrote to on this occasion were living in the grace of justification; and if you will read the whole chapter through it will prove to you that they were living there. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, tells them that he cannot speak to them as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I. Cor. iii. 1. You see, Paul tells them that they still have the carnal nature, and yet are in Christ. Rom. viii. 6, tells us “to be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace”; then, John iii. 8, tells us that for this purpose “the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil.” And Wesley, in giving his definition of entire sanctification, says: “It is a definite, instantaneous work of grace wrought in the soul, which cleanses the heart from all sin.” A person may judge himself to have attained this, when, after having been fully convinced of inbred sin by a far deeper and clearer conviction than that experienced before justification, and after having experienced a gradual mortifica-

tion of it, he experiences a total death to sin and an entire renewal in the love and image of God, so as to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks. Not that to feel all love and no sin is a sufficient proof; several have experienced this for a time before their souls were fully renewed. None, therefore, ought to believe that the work is done till there is added the testimony of the Spirit, witnessing his entire sanctification, as clearly as his justification. In conclusion, I want to give my testimony, that, after having lived one year in the grace of justification, I was led into the blessing of perfect love, that casteth out slavish fear.



SERMON NO. V.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST
AND FIRE.

“He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.”—Matt. iii. 11.

These words were spoken by the forerunner of Christ to His disciples, telling them what the Christ would do for His followers. We fear that many have a wrong conception as to what this baptism of fire means. We believe they are honest in their belief; but for lack of careful study of the Word of God, and because of early teaching, they have been misled. We fear there has been a great deal of mixing-up done, such as calling regeneration sanctification, and sanctification the baptism of fire. Our hearts bleed within us when we hear expressions such as, “The disciples were converted on the day of Pentecost,” or, “they received the blessing of holiness on that day.” We consider this a grave mistake. We have been fully convinced of the great necessity of getting out a sermon on this important subject. Having lived under this baptism of fire for nearly nine years, and having received it as a definite blessing, we love to teach it as such. We think when people study the Bible, under the Holy Ghost, along these lines, they will agree with us.

“He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.” This qualification is for soul-winning only. We think the disciples were converted about three years before the day of Pentecost, when they forsook all to follow Jesus.

Dear reader, you may not agree with us as to their salvation at that time. To some it would be more satisfactory if we had on record the words used by Christ when He forgave their sins, as we have in other cases, such as “Thy sins be forgiven thee!” “Arise and walk!” or, “Go in peace, and sin no more!” Dear reader, you will notice that after three years’ probation the Lord Himself said to them, “But rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven.”—Luke x. 20.

Previous to this Jesus had sent them out to preach the Gospel, and devils were subject to His name. We could not believe that God would use men who had no religion to preach the Gospel. Again, the fifteenth chapter of St. John’s Gospel will prove to any unprejudiced reader that the disciples were converted men. “Now ye are clean through the Word which I have spoken unto you,” (verse 3). Moreover, they were ordained of God to preach. “I have chosen you, and ordained you.” (verse 16). This proves to us that they were converted men; yet they had carnal nature to contend with. On one occasion John, the beloved, wanted Jesus to call down fire from heaven on a certain village in Samaria. “Lord, wilt

Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them?"—Luke ix. 54. At another time they strove as to which of them should be greatest. "For by the way they had disputed among themselves, who should be the greatest."—Mark ix. 34. Again, they forbade others to cast out devils in Jesus' name, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us."—Mark ix. 38. You will notice that they were troubled with slavish fear. "When the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews."—John xx. 19.

We want to prove to you that the disciples were all sanctified, or made one, before the day of Pentecost. You will please turn over to the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel by St. John, and listen to the beautiful prayer of Jesus for His disciples, that they might be sanctified, or made one.

The Son of God, the great Searcher of hearts, knew that the disciples were in need of this experience. He knew that Peter's pride was liable to cause him to contend with the disciples as to who should be the greatest; and that John's revengeful spirit might again tempt him to call down fire from heaven on some of his persecutors; and the doubts of Thomas had to be contended with. So they would not feel like rejecting sanctification. You will notice that after the crucifixion of Jesus the disciples were all together in one place, the doors being

shut for fear of the Jews. Jesus came and stood in their midst and breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost!" This, we think, is the internal evidence of their sanctification. Then, after His ascension, we find them returning to Jerusalem with great joy, and tarrying with one accord, in one place, for ten days, for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. We would like to ask you, reader, "Where could we find one hundred and twenty, or even twenty, in the churches of to-day, who would tarry with one accord for even five days for the baptism of fire?" We imagine we can hear them beginning to make excuses, after tarrying even for one day, such as: "I must go home; my wife will not know where I am. I want all the Lord has for me. Pray for me, that I may receive it as I go." So he leaves, leaving one less. After another hour two or three more arise and say: "Friends, we cannot stand this; we are so burdened for the lost; we think God can baptise us as well preaching as staying here. God is no respecter of places." And so they leave. Others continue making excuses, such as: "My family is in need of my presence and help." And they will quote Scripture, and say: "He that doth not provide for his own house is worse than an infidel, and has already denied the faith." And they leave, requesting the prayers of God's people that they may receive it as they go. But, thank God, it was not so with the disciples! They tarried until they received it. So does every sanctified man

that knows it to be his privilege to be baptised with the Holy Ghost and fire. You will observe that they had the blessing of oneness for, at least, ten days before the Day of Pentecost. This will prove to our reader that the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire is a blessing apart from sanctification. "And when the Day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

"He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." In other words, "Ye shall be endued with power from on high." This is not conversion, for the Lord does not baptise sinners with the Holy Ghost and fire. He just saves them from their sins. Even then He does not baptise them with the Holy Ghost and fire, because they have slavish fear in their hearts, and would be liable to quench the Spirit of God, and to bring disgrace upon His cause. If you still have the carnal nature to contend with, such as pride, hatred, jealousy, anger, bigotry, malice, fear, temper, and doubt, you had better go to the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and the seventeenth verse, and let your prayer be: "Lord, sanctify

me wholly!" before you go into the upper room to wait for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. So many come to our altars night after night, seeking the enduement of power for soul-winning, but cannot receive it because of unbelief. We think when a man is sanctified wholly he has fulness of faith, so that he can say to that mountain: "Be thou removed!" and it should obey him. And when he is there he has no trouble in seeking and obtaining the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. When men and women come to our altars seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, and begin to repent, we think it is evident that they have inward foes to be destroyed. Sanctified people have nothing to repent of, for their hearts are clean. They continually praise the Lord. The baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire is the equipment for soul-winning only. God gives it only to those who have obtained pure hearts, who would, if necessary, tarry ten days for this power. Jesus, the holy Son of God, had a pure heart, and before He went out into His holy ministry He saw His need of this baptism of power. "And, lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him." (Matt. 3: 16). How much more ought we to feel our need of it! A great many say this baptism is not for us, but for the Son of God only; but Jesus said, "With the baptism that I am baptised withal shall ye be baptised" (Mark 10: 39). You will observe that the

disciples did no repenting on the Day of Pentecost, but "were continually in the Temple, praising and blessing God" (Luke 24: 53). "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven" (Acts 2: 2). The baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire always comes suddenly. The disciples acted like drunken men. "Others mocking said, These men are filled with new wine." "For these are not drunken, as ye suppose." (Acts 2: 13, 15). And the house of Cornelius received it in the same way. "The Holy Ghost fell on them as on us at the beginning" (Acts 11: 15). Men who have this power are mighty under God to preach, pray, and win the masses.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire has three peculiar characteristics. First, power to see the lost going down to hell. Second, great boldness to preach the Gospel to them. Third, untold power to win them. Men with scarcely any education, under the Holy Ghost, cannot refrain from preaching it, even at the expense of English grammar. And though the more educated class criticise and deride them, still they preach, and win souls for God. They have no evil pride to keep down, consequently they can preach without much education. Like the disciples, they often have to pass as unlearned and ignorant men. Men who are not entirely sanctified to God, and consequently have evil pride, could not think of preaching the Gospel without a great education, and having their manuscript before

them, lest they should make an error in grammar before their congregation. We would like to see such come up with us, by the way of the disciples, through the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, into the upper room, and receive the baptism of fire for soul-winning. We think if they were carried away, under the Holy Ghost, into the deep things of God, they would lose sight of their manuscript, and feed their congregations instead of starving them. We would not leave our reader under the impression that we ignore education, but, on the contrary, we think we cannot have too much of it, when it is sanctified.

Dear reader, in conclusion, we pray you search the Scriptures and see what are your privileges in the Godhead, and embrace them; for we can never have too much power.

We see the masses in their blood,
Condemned in sin to die;
Endue us with the power of God,
To work and draw them nigh.
Amen.



SERMON No. VI.
PREVAILING PRAYER.

“And hast prevailed.”—Gen. 32: 28.

History states that Jacob left his home about twenty years before this, and was converted on his way to his uncles. (Gen. 28: 12.) He entered into a covenant with God, that if He would prosper him so that he would come back to his father's house in peace, of all that God would give him, he would give Him a tenth. (Gen. 28: 20, 22.) Notwithstanding all this, Jacob still had his evil nature to contend with, being still a supplanter. Now he is on his way to his father's home, and he fears that his brother may slay him, so he causes his wives and family, and his cattle to pass over the brook Jabbok, and he was left alone. “And there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.” (Gen. 32: 24.) Jacob said, “I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.” The Lord demanded that he should confess his old nature before He would bless him. When he confessed, the Lord changed his nature, and his name from Jacob to Israel.

We would impress upon our reader that Jacob's way is the only right way to prevail. Unless men and women adopt that plan they are never successful in that kind of work. We

fear that many of our professing Christians have a very low conception of what prayer is, much less prevailing prayer. We believe there is a vast difference between saying prayers and praying; some times men do not prevail when they pray. You will observe that Jacob prevailed in secret prayer. We believe it is not only the privilege, but also the duty, of every Christian to prevail with God in secret daily. There should be a set time for secret devotion. The world crowds hard upon us, and unless there is a time sacred to God, it will all be stolen from us by the cares of life. Of all things, our religious duties are most easily hurried out of their place. It was a custom among the Jews to prepare some sacred place in all their dwellings. If we have no place set apart, the probability is that the duty will be greatly neglected. A short, silent petition when lying on our beds, or walking by the way, does not meet the case. God loves to hear us pray when we get away in secret, and in agony of soul cry mightily unto Him. Christ used to do this. A grove, a mountain, or a garden were His frequented places. And if we have no such place we will have no secret prayer, as we fear is the case with many members of the church to-day.

Ezekiel went forth to the plain; Isaac made a closet of the field; Daniel, of the river side; Nathanael, of the fig tree; Peter, of the house-top. When you feel inclined to indulge in needless sleep, call to your mind the image of

the Son of God, before the morning had shed its rays of light in the east, treading His lonely way to the mountain side to pray. To you who bear the name of Christ, are you, in all honesty and good conscience, obeying His command? It is an indisputable truth that the man who does not pray in secret is no Christian. You may as well talk of a wise fool, a wicked saint, a sober drunkard, or an honest thief, as of a prayerless Christian.

"And hast prevailed." We think there is a great deal implied in that word "prevailed." Our forefathers brought about wonderful revivals through prevailing prayer. And we think that when the supposed church of God comes up to her high and exalted privileges, she will get away in secret prayer and accomplish wonders in the name of Jesus. Too many of the professing Christians require ten or fifteen minutes to pray before they come in touch with God. This should not be so. Every Christian should be in constant touch with the Almighty, so that, should an opportunity be afforded to work for Him, we are at our best for God at a moment's notice. We fear the church of to-day has done away with prevailing prayer. Her members have ceased to get blessed as of old. The early church had no trouble in bringing about flaming revivals, and it was all through prevailing prayer. A number of men and women would meet on Sunday morning, before preaching service, to prevail with God for the success of the services.

Mr. Wesley claimed he could pick them out in his congregation, and so can any baptised minister. Such people make it easy for the minister in charge to preach. It was a very common thing in those days to have conversions in every service, and the people of God were very much disappointed if there were not, and it caused a great searching of hearts among them. We are praying that God will speedily bring back the old-time prevailing power.

Some professing Christians tell us they do not know how to prevail. This is an unmistakable evidence that they have never been converted; for men who are converted know how to prevail—at least for themselves. This may appear to be strong language to some; but it is high time the churches of to-day should be mightily aroused. The people of to-day say that they have not time to pray. They are more in love with temporal things than with the things of God. This proves to us that they are worldly-minded. We could not expect that class of people to prevail for others, not having prevailed for themselves as yet. We understand that Mr. Wesley once said: "I have so much work to do to-day that I shall have to pray four hours to get it done." This is the spirit of every man of God, the more work he has to do, the more he prays. This is just the opposite from the worldly man. Our reader will gather the secret from this, that the reason men do not prevail is because

they have no salvation. Mr. Finney mightily stirred up the churches of his day along the lines of prevailing prayer; as did also Mr. Wesley, and all other Holy Ghost men in their day, and you will observe their opposition was great because of this. We would leave our readers under the impression that the devil bitterly opposes prevailing prayer, for it always means the overthrow of his kingdom; and if you will pray until you prevail with God, you may expect that all hell will be let loose upon you. Because of this strong opposition, men do not prevail, but simply say a few words in prayer and arise. We understand there is a vast difference between praying and prevailing. Prevailing is a continuation of prayer until you have received the infallible witness that your prayer is heard. Reader, you have noticed that after praying a certain length of time the impressions have been very strong to stop. These impressions nearly always come from the enemy. If you will just pray on through that dark cloud, even though the enemy sorely tempts you to stop, you will soon know what it is to prevail with God, whether it be for yourself or for others; and the oftener you prevail the easier it becomes.

Reader, have you ever thought of the great victory Jacob got when he prevailed? You will observe that even his wives were not permitted to be with him. We think that prevailing prayer implies being alone with God, separated from our nearest and dearest friends,

and there praying until we can feel that heaven is very near, and communion very sweet. We have strong faith that Jesus cannot say nay to us. Abraham had the secret of prevailing prayer when he prevailed for Lot, in Sodom. (Gen. 18th chapter.) The Children of Israel, being in bondage in Egypt, prevailed with God for deliverance (Ex. 3: 9), and God sent Moses, and it was a great victory to them that obeyed. We would not forget Joshua, the great prevailer, whose faith enabled him to command the sun to stand still (Joshua 10: 12). Elisha prevailed and received a double portion of the Spirit (2 Kings 2: 9). Hezekiah had fifteen years added to his life because of prevailing prayer (2 Kings 20: 1-6). Solomon, in answer to prayer, caused fire to come down from heaven, and consume the burnt offerings and the sacrifice; and the glory of the Lord filled the house (2 Chron. 7: 1). Isaiah, through prayer, received an experience that enabled him to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me!" (Isa. 6: 8). Daniel, in answer to prayer, was delivered from the den of lions (Dan. 6th chapter). Christ, "being in an agony, prayed more earnestly, and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." (Luke 22: 44). The disciples, after praying for ten days, prevailed (Acts 2).

"And what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets; who, through

faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. (Heb. 11: 32-34).

Have you ever stopped the hurry
Just to go alone and pray?
Have you "wrestled with the angel
Till the breaking of the day?"
Have you said, with grasp unyielding,
"I will never let Thee go
Till the heavenly windows open,
And the blessings o'er me flow"?



SERMON No. VII.

GLORIFY GOD IN YOUR BODY.

“Therefore glorify God in your body.”—I. Cor. 6: 20.

Our text is a command, and we think that God expects us to obey it as carefully as those other commandments, namely, “Thou shalt not steal,” or “Thou shalt not kill.” There are few people who ever think of glorifying God in their bodies. Once they make a profession of religion they think they can indulge in almost anything, even at the expense of dishonoring themselves and the cause of Christ. Peace with God, through Christ, evidenced by a life of holy labor for God’s glory, and the good of others, secures the highest possible happiness in this world. And, as a test of all our indulgences in eating, drinking, dressing, amusements, diversions, entertainments, or recreations, we should use the words of our text: “Therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God’s.” Some people never think that they dishonor God by attending the fancy ball, where the cotillion, quadrille, waltz, polka, and minuet are elegantly performed by superbly dressed and scented gentlemen tripping the light toe with the half-dressed,

light-heeled ladies, reeling and whirling to the enchanting sound of music till the dead of night or early morning. Ballrooms find ample work for divorce courts; floods of tears have followed the wake of public, fancy, and fashionable balls. Hearts, bleeding and bruised, have there received their deadly wound. When the sexes mingle in such dances, real modesty gradually withers; true virtue, the virtue of the heart, sickens and dies, and from its ashes often spring the scoffer and scorner of humble piety. Performers or defenders of mixed dancing, if they have anything at all to do with religion and attend any of our churches, will be at least lukewarm; but more probably those of whom the church is ashamed, and over whom it mourns, as lovers of the world more than lovers of God, and often stumbling-blocks to others. Depend upon it, the truly godly, the earnest, consistent workers in our Sunday Schools and churches, those who have experienced a change of heart, and try to tread in the steps of the meek and lowly Jesus, who sigh and cry over the sins of the people, will never be found defending or practicing dancing. We cannot glorify God in our bodies and conform to the world. Are they not amongst the worst of men, the most corrupt in heart and life, that devise these dancing parties? Loose in morals themselves, they have little regard for the morals of others, and a midnight revel with women is a sensual gratification just adapted to their sensual nature. In nine cases out of

ten, this is the true origin of all balls and all dancing parties; and it is sad to see how women are so willing to be caught in the trap. If these officious gentlemen had to dance by themselves it would be a jubilee dance—once in fifty years. Dear reader, have you ever noticed that these devisers of polkas and jigs have hitherto been consistent in one thing. I have never heard of them proposing to open even a charity ball, or any other dance, with prayer, imploring God's blessing to rest richly upon them while they dance. They have not yet dared to insult heaven by such an impious act. You never heard them praising God, or speaking of the cleansing blood of Jesus. If His name is mentioned at all it is used in blasphemy. Oh, how can we glorify God in our bodies and attend such places? And here is our point, "Ought any of our Sunday School scholars or teachers, any making a profession of religion in any of our churches, to sanction, by their presence, or defend in any degree, what they cannot and dare not ask God to bless?" Are we not commanded to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits, which are His, and are the obscene, mixed, midnight dances of the present day, to His glory? If they are not, what is our duty respecting them but to shun them, under whatever pretext they are devised, in whatever place they are held, as insulting to all true modesty, degrading to womanly dignity, and destructive of all true piety? Jigs and psalms, polkas and true pray-

ers, can never go together, and God's Word commands us to "flee youthful lusts that war against the soul"; and as we value our true happiness in this world, and our hope of reigning with Christ in the other world, to come out from among them, and be separated, at whatever cost, and rather choose affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Heaven has solemnly decreed, and, oh, how true are the words, that "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." That mixed dancing has been a snare to hundreds admits of no doubt, and yet, like every questionable indulgence, it has many defenders, and perhaps never more than at the present time. Some people are loud in their praises of dancing as a very healthy exercise, calculated to strengthen the lungs, develop the muscles, rectify the nerves, correct defects in walking, and produce elasticity of step; that it is a physical necessity, and education cannot be considered complete without a knowledge of dancing. These are the stock arguments used by parents who can afford to send their children to the dancing school, to be drilled in the precise, severe, artificial step, alike for all, whatever the difference in physical capability. The expense and trouble in learning having been great, of course opportunity must be sought to exhibit and show off the attainments, especially if at a marriageable age. Some professors of religion try to justify their opinions and conduct by an appeal to the Bible. They tell

us that Miriam danced, that David danced, that they danced when the prodigal son returned. We admit that Miriam did dance, and said as she was dancing, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously!" Her joy was boundless for the great deliverance God had wrought for long-oppressed Israel. David and the elders of Israel went to bring up the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord out of the house of Obed-Edom, to the tent he had pitched for it in Jerusalem, that mysterious sacred Ark, the visible symbol of God's presence, and so great was his joy that he danced before it, with all his might. And the dancing mentioned at the return of the prodigal son was indicative of joy at the return of the lost one. The Bible says there is a time to dance, but the dancing mentioned in the Bible was clearly a religious exercise, an outburst of exuberant gladness and gratitude for great blessings sent of God, or a solemn act of praise; but never performed by the mixed sexes, and never in the night; and they were regarded as wicked and infamous persons who perverted dancing from its sacred use. But those who try to make the Bible sanction their folly, will perhaps remember the cost of one dance mentioned in the fourteenth of Matthew. When Herod's birthday came, it seems to have been kept up, like many still are, in revel and riot; and the daughter of the wicked Herodias pleased Herod by casting aside her modesty and dancing before him, until he promised with an oath to give

her whatsoever she would ask, and she, being before instructed of her mother, said, "Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger." Herod sent and beheaded John in the prison, and thus the prophet and preacher in the wilderness, he that baptized the world's Redeemer in Jordan, and, according to Christ's own testimony, the greatest man born of woman, was cruelly murdered at the instigation of this dancing daughter of a wicked mother. Depend upon it, this atrocious event is not recorded as a mere link in the biography of John; it is a great moral lesson, teaching us that the most fiendish cruelty can lurk in the breast of half-robed gaiety, and that the dance of one may cause another to weep. If there is a place in the world when the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, may be seen in full bloom, it is in the ballroom. Some say, "There can be no harm in parlor dancing at home," but this is only the introduction; for oftentimes when a young person learns how to dance it is hard to tell where they will end, for some of the lowest on our streets took their first downward step in the parlor dance, at home."

SERMON NO. VIII.

HE THAT IS FILTHY, LET HIM BE
FILTHY STILL.

“He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.”—
Rev. 22: 11.

Filthiness becometh not the house of God, much less our bodies, which the Bible declares are the temples of the Holy Ghost. “Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?” I. Cor. 3: 16). We think that our text dwells especially on filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit. We have no direct command in God’s Word prohibiting the use of tobacco among professing Christians, but we think that, indirectly, God’s Word teaches that the use of tobacco will keep precious souls out of heaven; for God says, “He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.” Do not think, precious reader, that God will admit a filthy man among those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, for when Christ’s precious blood reaches the heart, it will cleanse him “from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.” We do not think it strange to see tobacco used freely in bar-rooms, and such places. I believe that bar-rooms, whiskey, and tobacco are inseparable;

but I know of no connecting link between them and righteousness, truth, and purity. Some men have thought that after they had found Jesus, they could still continue the use of the filthy weed, but I want to say that, after many years' experience in evangelistic work, I find where men do not give up every evil habit, they never retain the life, love, and power they at first received. Tobacco is not only a filthy habit, but it is injurious. When a person first commences its use, the system, recognizing the poison, makes violent efforts to get rid of it, the face turns pale, the limbs tremble, and the victim sometimes swoons away. In this way their poor bodies try to tell them that they are taking a poison. If they continue its use the nicotine soon deadens the nerves, and the system gradually leaves off these violent efforts, and expels it more quietly; but it is still a poison, and goes all through the system, doing much injury.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, one of the highest medical and scientific authorities of England, says: "Smoking produces disturbance (1) in the blood, causing undue fluidity and change in the red corpuscles; (2) in the stomach, giving rise to debility, nausea, and, in extreme cases, sickness; (3) of the heart, producing debility of that organ, and irregular action; (4) of the organ of sense, causing, in the extreme degree, dilation of the pupil of the eye, confusion of vision, bright lines, luminous or cobweb specks, with other and analogous symptoms affecting

the ear, such as inability clearly to define sounds and the annoyance of a sharp, ringing sound, like a whistle or a bell; (5) in the brain, suspending the waste of that organ, and oppressing it if it be duly nourished; (6) of the nervous filaments and sympathetic or organic nerves leading to deficient power in them and to over-secretion on those surfaces—glands—over which the nerves exert a controlling force; (7) in the mucous membrane of the mouth, causing enlargement and soreness of the tonsils, smokers' sore throat, redness, dryness, and occasional peeling-off of the membrane, and either unnatural firmness and contraction or sponginess of the gums; (8) on the bronchial surface of the lungs, when that is already irritated, sustaining the irritation and increasing the cough.

J. H. Kellogg, M.D., in "Health Science" leaflets, No. 16, says:—"Chemists, botanists, and physicians unite in pronouncing tobacco one of the most deadly poisons known. No other poison, with the exception of prussic acid, will cause death so quickly—only three or four minutes being required for a fatal dose to produce its full effect. The active principle of tobacco, that is, that to which its narcotic and poisonous properties are due, is nicotine—a heavy, oily substance, which may be separated from the dried leaf of the plant by distillation or infusion. The proportion of nicotine varies from two to eight per cent.—Kentucky and Virginia tobacco usually containing six or seven per cent. A pound of tobacco contains, on an

average, three hundred and eighty grains of this deadly poison, of which one-tenth of a grain will kill a dog in ten minutes. A case is on record in which a man was killed in thirty seconds by this poison."

"Hottentots use the oil of tobacco to kill snakes—a single minute drop causing death as quickly as a lightning stroke. It is much used by gardeners and keepers of greenhouses to destroy grubs and noxious insects—its proper sphere of usefulness. One of the greatest curses of the day among our young people is cigarette-smoking."

The same writer, in speaking of cigarette-smoking, says:—"We should remember that there always is present in cigarettes nicotine, a far more deadly poison than opium. Yet nicotine is not the only poison present in the cigarette. The tobacco prepared for cigarette-making has to be ground small, and so the better quality of leaves are never used. The refuse of the manufacturer is doctored up to the required flavor by the addition of rum and various drugs, especially opium. The wrappers in which this ground-up tobacco is rolled are supposed to be rice-paper, but, as this is expensive and a cheap substitute can be made by bleaching a very common grade of paper with lime, and then treating it with a preparation of essence of lead, many brands of cigarettes are thus encased. The result of holding this kind of paper between the lips is very harmful to the lining membranes of the mouth, throat,

and nose. The boy whose father has been a smoker can often smoke a cigarette without any inconvenience whatever, and, even if at first slightly nauseated by it, the sickness and headache soon wear off. It is an easily-formed habit. The use of cigarettes does not leave the strong odor on either the clothes or breath that tobacco in pipe or cigar does. It is therefore an easily-concealed habit. Children can indulge without the knowledge of their parents. It is an inexpensive vice, and, therefore, within the reach of children. There is sad reason to fear that many a cent or silver piece intended for the Sunday School collection-plate, finds its way across the counter of the grocer or tobacconist in exchange for the cigarette."

Dr. J. N. Nelson, of Danville, says:—"Cigarette-smoking is dangerous because of the fact that much of the smoke is filtered through the air passages and lungs, every whiff leaving on them a deposit of nicotine, which is a very deadly poison. Five years ago the only son of a wealthy New Yorker died at twelve years of age of excessive cigarette-smoking. The physician asked the father if he might not examine the remains. Consent was given, and the body was taken to Bellevue Hospital. It was found that the throat bronchial tubes, and even the smallest air cells, were perfectly black. They were covered throughout with a deposit of nicotine."

We are ashamed to confess that, with astounding rapidity, the cigarette habit is

spreading among our girls. In London a dealer told a member of the Union that he sold more cigarette packages to girls than to boys. In Toronto the aid of the police had to be invoked to break up a youthful gang of girl-smokers, who, during recess and after four, left school to gather in an adjoining churchyard.

Dr. J. S. Conhardt, specialist in nerve and heart diseases, Lincoln, says:—"Cigarettes not only poison the blood temporarily, but permanently disturb it. The heart is the hardest-worked organ in the body. If it has bad blood to live on, it becomes weakened and diseased. The nerves, fed by blood in which the red corpuscles have been greatly lessened in number, and the white ones half killed, will express their starvation in various kinds of nerve diseases." Dr. A. L. Munroe says cigarette-smoking boys are smaller in stature than others. They are usually emaciated and colorless. The heart becomes very weak and irregular in its beat and incapable of doing its work if any extra call be made upon its resources. With watery blood and a crippled force-pump to drive it through the nicotine-saturated tissues, with a dull brain and sluggish body, the youthful cigarette-smoker starts life sadly handicapped. One of the most serious results of the cigarette habit is that it creates a longing for stimulants, and soon starts the drink habit.

We would ask you, dear reader, to take warning from these reliable testimonies and refrain from these evil habits, which will injure

your bodily health, and, in the end, may cause you to lose your soul.

TOBACCO—A PARABLE.

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened unto a grain of tobacco seed, which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew, and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad, so that the huge and vile worms found a habitation thereon.

It came to pass in the course of time that the sons of men looked upon it and thought it beautiful to look upon, and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly. So they did put forth their hands and did chew thereof. And some it made sick; and others it caused to vomit most filthily.

And further it came to pass that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said, "We are enslaved, and cannot cease from chewing it." And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul, for they were seized with a violent spitting, and did spit, even in ladies' parlors, and in the house of the Lord of hosts, and the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby. And it came to pass that others snuffed it, and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they sneezed with a mighty sneeze, insomuch that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others wrought leaves in rolls, and did set fire to the one end thereof, and sucked ve-

hemently at the other end thereof, and did look very grave and calf-like, and the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever. And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth, and the merchants waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves therewith, and even the poor, who could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it. And the Lord was greatly displeased therewith, and said: "Wherefore this waste, and why do these little ones lack for bread, and shoes, and books? Turn now your fields into corn and wheat, and put this evil thing away, far from you, and be separate, and defile not yourselves, and I will bless you and cause My face to shine upon you." But with one accord they all exclaimed: "We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing, and puffing; we are slaves."



SERMON NO. IX.

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

“Quench not the Spirit.”—I. Thess. v. 19.

Our text implies that there is a danger of quenching the Spirit of God. We think that Paul was much afraid of this among his people. If there was a danger then, how much the people of our day should guard against it. We think that our text applies not only to the Christian, but also to the unconverted. Every lost spirit in hell has been guilty of this awful crime of quenching God's Spirit. We know that God the Holy Ghost came all the way from heaven to earth, to convince men of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. But the puny arm of rebellion is raised and humanity says to God, its maker:—“We will not have Thee reign over us.” The Holy Spirit of God does not leave, but works in other ways. Holy Ghost sermons are preached by Christian ministers and evangelists. People feel that God's Holy Spirit is dealing with them, yet they resist.

There are numerous other ways in which God deals with the conscience of men. Sometimes the idol of the home is taken, or some other calamity overtakes them, and they are compelled to think. I have said in my evan-

gelistic services more than once, while speaking to the unconverted: "If God only had His way in this meeting, not one would go away unsaved." I have watched the effects of the Holy Ghost on the hearts and consciences of men, and I have been led to say: "Oh! the goodness of God."

Unconverted people have told me at the close of a meeting, with tears, that they felt their need of God, but would not yield. So, again, God's Spirit was quenched.

When the Apostle Paul wrote this epistle to the Thessalonians, he was speaking to Christians, warning them against the danger of backsliding. Many of those who profess to be Christians think nothing of quenching the Holy Spirit, still they call themselves Christians. We have no difficulty in believing that the unconverted person, who is guilty of quenching God's Spirit, will be eternally lost. It is very strange how Christians can make themselves believe that they will be saved, and yet be guilty of the same sin. We read that "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom. viii. 14. This passage would lead us to believe that there are some who are not willing to be led by the Spirit of God, and, therefore, could not become the sons of God, or, if they are sons and refuse to be led by the Holy Spirit, they forfeit their sonship that moment. The blessed Spirit was only given to a few in the Old Testament, such as prophets, priests, and kings, and this was

what caused them to covet these offices. You will find that God in the new dispensation "has made us unto our God kings and priests."—Rev. v. 10. In this dispensation it is the privilege of all to have and to be led into all truth by Him, on condition that we do not quench, or grieve Him.—Joel ii. 28: "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh." See Acts ii. 17, where Peter refers to the above passage while preaching to the Jews at Jerusalem.

Christians should ever remember that God's Spirit is easily quenched, and cannot remain in the heart except He reigns there. When we talk of being led by the Spirit of God, we do not mean that we are led by every impression. So many make a great mistake right here. They think that if they do not obey every voice that comes to them, they will be guilty of quenching the Holy Spirit. John the Divine says: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God."—I. John iv. 1.

The enemy of all souls has won many a victory right here. He comes like a flash and leaves almost as quickly. If the impression is from God's Spirit, it will be in accordance with the Scripture and with a sanctified judgment. Any impression, therefore, which is not in accordance with Scripture and a sanctified judgment, must be rejected as from Satan.

How can we distinguish the voice of God from that of the enemy, and be always sure?

This is what we are going to try and make plain to all our readers by the right Spirit.

It is in the power of the enemy to approach a soul as an angel of light. Unless the individual is well fortified with Bible truths, he will suffer many defeats. We would say to our reader:—Never be in a hurry to obey impressions, but “try the spirits” whether they are of God. There is a way out of all these difficulties to the fully-surrendered soul. I would repeat, fully-surrendered, because if there is any reserve of will upon any point, it becomes almost impossible to find out the will of God in reference to that point, and therefore the first thing is to be sure that you really do purpose to obey the Lord in every respect.

There are two special ways in which God reveals His will to us : through the Scriptures, and by means of the direct voice of His Holy Spirit making impressions upon our hearts and our judgment. The first of these is the guidance to be found in the Bible. When our Father has written out for us a plain direction in the Bible, He will not of course give us a special revelation in regard to that thing. If we fail to search out and obey the Scripture rule when there is one, and look instead for an inward voice, we will open ourselves to the deceptions of satan, and he will not be slow to take advantage of us and bring us into error. When we find ourselves in any difficulty concerning guidance, the first thing we should do is to find out what our heavenly Father has to

say to us about it; but if after careful search we are not able to distinguish the voice of God from that of the enemy, the only thing we can do is to commit the whole matter to the Lord in an absolute surrender. Say "Yes, Lord, yes, only show me Thy will. I am eager and willing to follow wherever Thou dost lead." Then trust Him absolutely to guide. He will surely do it. Take, for instance, John 10: 3: "He calleth His own sheep by name and leadeth them out"; or, John xiv. 26: "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you"; or, Jas. i. 5-6: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." As soon as the world ceases to quench the Holy Spirit of God, that moment she will become reconciled to God. The sinner in his desperate state is busy every moment quenching the Spirit of God. For God's Holy Spirit is busy every moment reproving the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. It is very hard to make men and women believe that as long as they stand aloof from the religion of Christ, they are fighting against God.

Reader, are you converted? If not, you are continually raising your puny arm of rebellion against the Most High. Oh! "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God"; "For our God is a consuming fire."

SERMON No. X.

THE CHRISTIAN LADDER.

The Christian ladder is composed of four rungs, viz., repentance, faith, justification, and sanctification. Repentance is a godly sorrow for sin, produced in the heart of a person by the Spirit and the Word. This condition of the heart is the first essential to salvation. For reference along these lines see Luke 13: 3; Jonah 3; Psalms 51; Matt. 3: 2; 4, 17; Mark 6: 12; II. Cor. 7: 10; Acts 2: 38.

Faith is the second rung in the ladder, and without this faith it is impossible to please God. Heb. 11: 6. Paul makes this step very plain in Romans 5, 1, and in Romans 7. He describes the natural man under conviction, and leads him on to justification in the following chapter.

After these two rungs have been climbed, we reach justification, or the new birth. This change of state was plainly taught by Christ Himself in John 3. With this change comes a definite witness: Psalms 51: 12; Luke 10: 20; Romans 5: 1; Romans 8: 15; I. John 4: 13. In I. John 3, Rom. 6, Col. 3, we find how each converted person lives. Only he who lives up to the three last-mentioned chapters is a fitted candidate for sanctification, or perfect love. The carnal nature exists in the converted man

(I. Cor. : 1), but he receives grace from God to keep it suppressed, or, as Paul says, in Rom. 6: 6, this nature is crucified. In order to have perfect love, this carnal nature must be totally destroyed and cast out, as we find in the latter clause of Romans 6: 6. John Wesley describes this change as a definite, instantaneous work of grace, wrought in the soul, which cleanseth the heart from all sin.

By reading the following passages we find that all the way down through the ages God taught His people this second work of grace:— Gen. 17: 1; Gen. 32: 28; Ps. 51: 10; Is. 6: 7; Matt. 5: 8; 5: 48; John 17: 17; Acts 9: 17; II. Cor. 1: 15; Rom. 12: 1; I. Thess. 5: 23; John 15: 2; I. John 4: 18. By the evidence of the Spirit we know beyond the shadow of a doubt when we gain this rung of the ladder. For references on the evidence, read Matt. 5: 6; Acts 9: 17; John 20: 22; I. John 4: 18. Then may be applied the text: "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

No man should be deceived as to where he is living, when God's Word makes everything so plain.

The following is copied from Wesley in *Christian Perfection*, page 49:—

The holiest men still need Christ as their Prophet, as the Light of the world, for He does not give them light but from moment to moment—the instant He withdraws, all is darkness. They still need

Christ as their King. For God does not give them a stock of holiness. But unless they receive a supply every moment, nothing but unholiness would remain. They still need Christ as their Priest, to make atonement for their holy things. Even perfect holiness is acceptable to God only through Jesus Christ.



