

The Way of Holiness Made Plain.



BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

CONTENTS :

	PAGE.
GOD OUR REFUGE	121
ANN PRESTON	122
THE TRAGIC SCENE.....	123
ANECDOTES OF THE REV. WM. TENNENT.....	123
THE GOSPEL.....	126
THE HIGHER LIFE : HOW ATTAINED.....	127
AN ANSWER TO FAITHFUL PRAYER.....	128
ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.....	129
HEAVEN A PLACE OF REST.....	132
HOW GOD LED ME THIS FORTY YEARS.....	133
DEATH OF MY SISTER.....	135
CROQUETING.....	137
DIVINE GUIDANCE.....	139
THE VOYAGER.....	140
JOHN BURNS.....	140

RICHMOND HILL :

JAMES MANN, NEWS, BOOK, AND GENERAL JOB PRINTER.

1879.

The Way of Holiness *Made Plain.*

—+—
BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.
—+—

God Our Refuge.

If life's pathway was all sunshine, the way smooth, pleasant, no obstacles, no snares or temptations, trials, bereavements, or sorrows, darkness and woe, then there would be no need of a refuge; but the sin of disobedience brought its train of miseries, and poor wretched man, driven from his paradise, lay helpless without a covert from the storms and tempests of this life, nor from the wrath of his Maker, whose loving favour he had forfeited for a moment's pleasure. And, O, how many all along the world's history are doing the same, sacrificing not only the loving favor of a kind and gracious God here, but eternal felicity in the boundless eternity just at hand, for a bubble on the wave. But God in his infinite mercy provided a place of safety for His banished ones, in the gift of His son, as a rock or secure refuge, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. So boundless, it reaches all mankind, open to all who will enter, nothing to be given up but self-will, which was taken from God in the sin of our first parents; turning from our own way by true repentance, and

accepting Christ as our only hope for safety, receiving the gift of God, salvation from all sin, inward as well as outward corruption, yea, saved from all things that offend. The security of the child of God none know, save those who realize it. What a privilege to feel that the innumerable evils of this life have no power to move from this rock. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."—PROV., xviii. 10. "A strength to the poor and needy in distress, and refuge from the storm."—ISAIAH, xxv. 4. "A shadow from the heat, a covert from the tempest."—ISAIAH, xxxii. 2. And in this life storms and tempests are the lot of all; sooner or later they will fall upon our pathway. Reader, are you in that covert? If so, you are safe, with adverse winds blowing, property swept away, and friends turned foes. He being a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, bereavements sore may overtake you, nearest earthly ties severed, if in Christ they are not lost, but gone before, and you can sing:

Give joy or peace, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day.

Ann Preston.

Water lasted in the well for over two years. How memorable to those who were witnesses to the great fact, and being spared the hardship of bringing the water from a distance. There was another circumstance similar, which occurred in the year 1874, in the well, on the premises of her present abode. The dear sister grew ill, and the weather having been very dry, the well went dry also. But she trusted in her Heavenly Father as before, and believed that water would come in the well. She said to a neighbor woman, "My Father says there is water in the well now," but the woman doubted her. However, she persuaded her to go, and she returned with the pail nearly full. The woman tried to shake her faith by saying she got the pail full the first time instead of half a pail at a time; and the next

time my mother and a good brother, a neighbor, who had used water out of the well, both got a pail. The good sister said if they had not shaken her faith, that water would have remained in the well during all the time of her affliction, for God's promise never failed. "Her bread was to be given and her water sure." Have faith in God.

The Tragic Scene.

When the Redeemer was suspended in agony upon the cross, he was fixed to the fatal tree by the cruel nails which were driven through his hands and his feet. In this posture of ignominy and pain, the assembled rabble had a full view of the innocent victim; and from the position of the muscles of the body, and the great consumption of flesh which had taken place, by reason of continual grief, they could easily number the protruding bones. And such was their infernal malice, that "they looked and stared," with inhuman pleasure, at the wasted frame, the tortured limbs, the bleeding temples, and the grief-worn countenance of the mysterious and holy sufferer. Intuated men! little did they think that the salvation of a world depended on the tragic scene in which they were such guilty and prominent actors! But O how different is that look which the awakened sinner directs to Calvary, when faith lifts up her eye to Him who agonized, and bled, and died for the guilty! And what gratitude should perishing man feel, that from Him that hangs upon the ignominious tree, there is heard proceeding the life-giving and joyous sound, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." ISA. XIV. 22.

Anecdotes of the Rev. William Tennent.

Many other interesting and well authenticated anecdotes are preserved of this excellent man; a few of which will not fail to gratify the reader. Mr. Tennent was passing through a town in the state

of New Jersey, in which he was a stranger, and had never preached; and stopping at a friend's house to dine, was informed, that it was a day of fasting and prayer in the congregation, on account of a remarkable and severe drought, which threatened the most dangerous consequences to the fruits of the earth. His friend had just returned from church, and the intermission was but half an hour. Mr. Tennent was requested to preach, and with great difficulty consented, as he wished to proceed on his journey.

At church the people were surprised to see a preacher wholly unknown to them, and entirely unexpected, ascend the pulpit. His whole appearance, in his traveling dress, covered with dust, and exhibiting a long and meagre visage, engaged their attention and excited their curiosity. On his rising up, instead of beginning to pray, as was the usual practice, he looked around the congregation with a piercing eye and earnest attention; and after a minute's profound silence, he addressed them, with great solemnity, in the following words:—"My beloved brethren, I am told that you have come here to-day to fast and pray, a very good work indeed, provided you have come with a sincere desire to glorify God; but if your design is merely to comply with a customary practice, or with the wish of your Church officers, you are guilty of the greatest folly imaginable, as you had much better have stayed at home and earned your three shillings and sixpence, (at that time the stated price of a day's labor.) But if your minds are indeed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and you are really desirous of humbling yourselves before Almighty God your Heavenly Father, come, join with me, and let us pray." This had an effect so uncommon and extraordinary on the congregation that the utmost seriousness was universally manifested. The prayer and the sermon added greatly to the impressions already made, and tended to rouse the attention, influence the mind, command the affections, and increase the temper which had been so happily produced. Many had reason to bless God for this unexpected visit, and to reckon this day one of the happiest of their lives.

The following letter, written by a nephew of Mr. Tennent, the

Rev. Dr. William M. Tennent, relates a very remarkable incident :

“ABINGDON, Jan. 11, 1806.

“Sir,—The anecdote of my venerable relative, the late William Tennent, of Freehold, which you wished me to send you, is as follows :

“During the great revival of religion, which took place under Mr. Whitefield and others, distinguished for their piety and zeal at that period, Mr. Tennent was laboriously active, and much engaged to help forward the work, in the performance of which he met with strong and powerful temptations. The following is related, as received in substance from his own lips, and may be considered as extraordinary and singularly striking.

“On the evening preceding public worship, which was to be attended the next day, he selected a subject for the discourse, which was to be delivered, and made some progress in his preparations. In the morning he resumed the same subject with an intention to extend his thoughts farther on it, but was presently assaulted with a temptation that the Bible, which he then held in his hand, was not of divine authority, but the invention of man. He instantly endeavored to repel the temptation by prayer, but his endeavors proved unavailing. The temptation continued, and fastened upon him with greater strength as the time advanced for public service. He lost all the thoughts which he had on his subject the preceding evening. He tried other subjects, but could get nothing for the people. The whole book of God, under that distressing state of mind, was a sealed book to him ; and, to add to his affliction, he was, to use his own words, ‘shut up in prayer.’ A cloud, dark as that of Egypt, oppressed his mind. Thus agonized in spirit, he proceeded to the Church, where he found a large congregation assembled, and waiting to hear the word ; and then it was, he observed, that he was more deeply distressed than ever, and especially for the dishonor which he feared would fall upon religion through him that day. He resolved, however, to attempt the service. He introduced it by singing a psalm, during which time his agitation increased to the highest degree.

When the moment for prayer commenced, he arose, as one in the most perilous and painful situation, and with arms extended to heaven, began with this exclamation, 'Lord, have mercy upon me.' On the utterance of this petition, he was heard; the thick cloud instantly broke away, and an unspeakably joyful light shone upon his soul, so that his spirit seemed to be caught up to the heavens, and he felt as though he saw God, as Moses had done on the mount, face to face. He was carried forth with an enlargement greater than he had ever before experienced; and on every page of the Scriptures saw its divinity described in brightest colors. The result was, a deep solemnity on the face of the whole congregation, and the house, at the end of the prayer, was a place of weeping. He gave them the subject of his evening meditations, which was brought to his full remembrance, with an overflowing abundance of other weighty and solemn matter. The Lord blessed the discourse, so that it proved the happy means of the conversion of about thirty persons. This day he spoke of ever afterwards as his harvest day.

I am yours, with esteem,

WM. M. TENNENT."

The Gospel.

And now the Gospel, borne on every breeze,
Speeds o'er the land, and sweeps the rolling seas!
Her trumpet sounds from oriental shores
To regions which the western orb explores!

Lo! superstition's altars are o'er-thrown,
While pure Religion calls the world her own!
Lo! sons and daughters from remotest climes,
Confess Messiah, and adjure their crimes!

Lo! holy prayers and virtuous actions rise,
Sweeter than clouds of incense to the skies;
Pride, Force and Fraud, renounce their baneful reign,
And man restored, shall Paradise regain.

The Higher Life : How Attained.

Observe, our entire consecration brings us, so to speak, on believing ground ; that is to say, when, without any hesitation or reservation, or limitation, we yield submission to the Divine Will,—when we have the witness of our own spirit to the entirety of our surrender (because the Divine Spirit never witnesses to what our spirit can attest), then we come where God can fulfil His will, which is “even our sanctification.”

Now, at this point, where, enlightened respecting privilege, we hunger and thirst after righteousness ; aye, where we yield ourselves to give, go, do, dare, sacrifice, suffer, or die for the sake of the Lord Jesus,—still un sanctified, we rest ourselves, our faith, our all, upon Jesus, upon the truth, the power, the blood, the mediation of Jesus (we know of no other foundation for faith than the work and worthiness of the Infinite Christ), and while our faith rests there, the Holy Ghost, who is distinctively the Sanctifier, usually comes with the truth of the Lord Jesus (“Sanctify them through Thy truth.” “Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you”), and so applies this in our consciousness, as that we feel, know, and enjoy is verity, power and preciousness as never before, and are able to say, moment by moment,

“Tis done ! Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.”

This is not done once for all and for ever. The blessed Holy Ghost does not sanctify any soul for a day, or an hour, or even a minute together, but only during the passing moment. The holiest and best man, speaking according to his consciousness, which is necessarily confined to the passing moment, would say, “Thy blood cleanseth” (observe, it is in the present tense.) Another moment is given, and it cleanseth. Another moment, and applied by the indwelling Spirit, it cleanseth ; and so it cleanseth moment by moment.

An Answer to Faithful Prayer.

As one of my master's daughters was attending special services, being held in Thornhill church, in the year 1867, she had five dollars in her pocket. On her way to church she lost it. In the morning I had prayer for the first time in the little family, and God had given me this Scripture: "All things work together for good to them who love God," and I knew that I would see it before bed time. But I little thought what was in it; for me to see such an act of faith before me might have over-thrown me at once. Still it pleased God in his infinite wisdom to hide from me the act of faith I had before said would work together for good, not knowing what a battle was coming before Satan and prayer, for the devil hated me to commence family prayer, and in order to overturn my faith in God's word, he thought he would put down prayer in this christian home. But God employed this money, or rather made use of the losing of the money, to raise up the faith of the members of my own family, who had been somewhat put down through a false report of a man to a minister, who reproved me sharply for telling this report in the church; and it was after this battle that God let the money be lost, to show them that I had not lost my faith in God. This lady came home from the above-mentioned meeting, and on my inquiring if they had a good meeting, she replied, "How could we, when I lost five dollars?" They searched for the money along the way with a lamp, and I did not know at the time, or else I might have been put from having the old faith, for in the morning, you remember, God said, "All things work together for good." The devil soon took the advantage and said to me, "Now, does that work for good?" and one said to a child who was stopping with us, "Go to bed?" But the Spirit of the Lord whispered to me, "Have prayer." I said for the first time in my life, "Wait till we have prayer." She waited, and the lady read and I prayed, and endeavored to commit soul and body to God for the night. After the family retired I went to God alone and said, "Now, my kind Heavenly Father, this money is before thee and also thy promise, which said, 'all things.' Now this is one of the devil's schemes to pull down family prayer, and wherever this money is, keep it until morning, or else I will never have family prayer again. So I retired to rest, satisfied if I was to continue keeping up family prayer the money would be safe until morning. It snowed through the night, and just at day-break God had me awake; and the Spirit whispered, "rise and get that money that I have kept for you." I felt inclined to lie still and not listen to the monitor within; but loudly the Spirit spoke again, "Rise, for I only promised to keep it till day light." I rose from my bed at once, dress-

ed myself, and kneeled down, and this verse came to me, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Then I got up and was led to the spot where the money was lying, and I picked it up and said, "Thank you, Father." Then the enemy tried to persuade me it was just paper, and not the bill, for I never handled a five dollar bill previous to this, and I did not know the difference. Oh, how has God taught me.

" Oh, wondrous grace ! Oh, boundless love !

I went to the window of a good sister, in front of whose house I found the money, and knocked so as to wake her up to see if this was the lost money, and I said, "Rise up, till I give the devil a good hammering." We knelt down and thanked the Lord for his care, for the fulfilment of his promise, and for his wonderful condescension to a worm of the dust.

" Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace ;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

I returned home before breakfast, rejoicing in a God hearing and answering prayer, and presented the money to my young mistress.

ANN PRESTON.

Elijah the Tishbite.

Who baked the little cake ?

(1.) A widow. God told Elijah to go to Zarephath, for "I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." God might easily have sent Elijah to Obadiah, who had a hundred other prophets hid away, but he chose rather to send his servant where he could teach him and us that little folks may help great ones. You may be little and unknown, but there is a work for you to do. "What are you doing for the Lord ?" was asked a little boy. "Why, I am trying to make baby happy, so she won't cry and disturb my sick mother."

(2.) A widow who had a hungry child. Yes, she had a little boy, who very likely was sitting on the door-step, wishing his mother would come back and bake the cake, so that he might have his breakfast. It must have been very hard work for that mother, as she watched her boy's eyes glisten when he smelt the cake baking to think that he must not taste

it, but that it must be carried outside to that strange man. She had to deny herself ; and we must learn that we cannot do much good if we are not willing to deny ourselves.

(3.) The little cake was baked by a widow who obeyed the Lord. The story tells us that God had commanded her to feed the prophet. We don't know how the command had come, most likely in a vision, but the woman knew that the Lord meant her to do it. And so when she went out of the village to gather a few sticks in the wood the prophet was there, and asked her first for a cup of water, and then to bring him a bit of bread as well. Oh, how her heart would ache as she thought of the handful of meal ! She had only a handful, just enough to make a little cake, then hunger and starvation for her and the boy ; and even that handful of meal is to be eaten by a stranger. But then she had the commandment of God, and with it the promise, "The barrel of meal shall not waste." Now, what must she do ? It was her faith that helped her to obey. It would be much easier for us all to obey if we believed what God says.

Who Ate the Little Cake.

(1.) A holy prophet. You have heard of Elijah ; he was one of the best men that ever lived, and was able to make even the wicked king Ahab tremble before him. At that time most of the people were idolaters, and would have liked to have killed all the faithful ; but God did not think there was any soil holy enough to make a grave for Elijah, so he took him to heaven, as you know, without dying. But while he stayed in the world he must eat and drink. God had therefore bade him go to live in a secret place by the brook Cherith, and we are told some birds used to bring him bread and flesh night and morning.

(2.) The little cake was eaten by a man mighty in prayer. St. James tells us that "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain ; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." The famine came in answer to Elijah's prayer. How came he to pray for such a sad calamity ? I will tell you what I think. We do not read that the prophet offered this prayer in private. No ; very likely he came to some grand ceremonial where the priests of Baal were offering some sacrifices to their filthy idol and the grand solitary champion, for God told them of their sin, and then knelt down and prayed that it might not rain, and so could say, as we read in the first verse of this chapter, to Ahab, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I

stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word "

Who Paid for the Little Cake.

(1.) God. So he could afford to pay a large price. That poor widow was well paid. She and her son did eat many days. She might have refused to help the prophet, and then she would have eaten the little cake, and the meal tub would have been empty, and they must have pined away. Cannot you fancy her making the cake, after she had scraped out the barrel, and then taking it to the man of God, and hurrying back to look into the meal-tub, and lo! there was still a handful of meal, enough for another cake! So day by day they were fed. God gives large interest for money lent to him.

(2.) It was God who paid for the little cake, so there was no fear of pay stopping. Very likely for the first few days the good woman would fear that some time or other she would go to the meal-tub and find it empty, but it never was. The people who lived about would wonder to see them so comfortable, and perhaps would ask the little boy how his mother did to feed him so well. But all his answer could be: We have only a handful, but there is always a handful. It may be that there are some boys and girls who don't know how they are to be fed next winter. Perhaps you may come to the last crust, but while there is a God in Heaven and your heart can trust Him, there will be a bit to eat. "Mother," said a poor lad, "I do believe God hears me scrape the flour barrel, for whenever it is quite empty somebody sends us some potatoes."

Jesus comes to you just as Elijah came to the poor widow. You know what the prophet wanted. he wanted her all. "Give me all that thou hast, and I will give thee all I have." Jesus says something of the same kind: "Give me thy heart, give me thy love, and I will give thee mine. Only love me with thy powers, and I will love thee now and forever." Don't give your handful of meal to any one but Jesus. The world will like to have it, Satan will like to have it; but what will they give you in return? You cannot take any one else into your heart who has so much right to be there, nor can you find any one else who will do so well for you as he will.

Faith is spiritual eyesight. You all see this room, the scholars, teachers, &c., you know they are there. But some present know more than that,—know God is here looking at each heart, Christ is here calling you to come, God's Spirit is here to teach your souls. They know this because they have faith.

Heaven a Place of Rest.

“ There shall be no night there.”

Is it not worthy of notice that there shall be no night in heaven ; but how is this to be ? Why the Lord God is the light thereof, and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun. I would ask, Why is it so many walk in darkness, when God has promised to give us the light of life ? Now if we have this light, in us we have a little heaven below, for God is the light, and in Him is no darkness at all. The true Christian lives to God alone, and to him alone he dies ; so then whether living or dying we are the Lord's ; one family, one household, only divided in our homes. We sometimes have part of the family present, and part absent, but still is the family not one, though not all present in one place.

One family we dwell in Him
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream
The narrow stream of death.

Then, if God is the light of heaven to His saved ones, why not the light of earth to His faithful followers. The natural sun does not give light to the mind, neither does it give light to the soul. A man in trouble for his sins may see as much sunlight as may dazzle his eyes, but what of that to a dark benighted mind, if God do not pour eyesight into his spiritual vision. He may see men as trees walking, but if he cannot see the Sun of Righteousness, it profiteth him nothing, for still he languisheth for the light of God. Is the light of heaven and earth then one ? God made the sun to give light by day and the moon by night, and he divided the day and the night ; now is the light of the moon as the light of the sun. You will observe that the moon was called the lesser light, but because it was, did that say it was not God's handiwork ? Now the Christians upon earth have a little less of God than when in His more immediate presence ; but is that any reason why the light is not pure and unsullied ? The light God gives us is first pure and then unsullied ; it gives us to feel warmth and love and peace ; and God's love is a satisfying portion

M. L.

The inward experience of religion cannot be separated from the practice of goodness.

If Christ is in us, he avails for us ; but if not, not.

One sin purposely indulged, and habitually practised, a sure sign that we are unconverted and unsaved.

How God Led Me This Forty Years.

Dear brethren and friends, I have gone through the former part of my forty years' leadings, and I now commence with yesterday, the last of my imprisonment from my Father's house. I never was so glad to get to the church of God, notwithstanding my sufferings in going after an absence of two years and a half, only during the time that Brother Fawcett was in England which is two years ago, when Brother Carroll ministered to this people for about two months. Now, just as plain as God enables me I will make this mystery to be understood. There had arisen some hardness against Sister Ann Preston, among the members of Thornhill church concerning a revelation of God to herself in the time of her affliction, before mentioned, and in the time of the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Keough, it caused the work of God to be hindered. But God let it all pass by during his ministry, and the good sister suffered on and said but little, although it was continually sounding in our ears, "Sister Ann has hindered the whole work of God, because she and her neighbour wont speak to one another." Sad indeed is the fact that this should be the case, but this was God's strict command to her: "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord." Now, I am not censuring a living person, but I am stating plain facts, and in honor of God's glory I say, May God help me to do justice to the leadings of Him with myself during these past three years. The reason why I was forbidden of God to go to the church was this: I went to a prayer meeting on the 10th day of January, in the year 1877, to tell how God had dealt with me. The minister rose up after his first prayer and gave out the subjects for prayer. Well, there was no harm in this, but it was right so far. He next said he hoped the brethren would keep to these. Right again, and I believe pleasing to God. But God did not say it was right for the minister to say, "We'll show them the glory has not departed from Israel, as some would prophecy," referring to a written message the Lord of Hosts sent him, inviting him to bring this former strife up before the officials of the Church, and the important thing of the message was this:

It he did not be obedient to the Lord, He would come upon him quickly, and remove the candlestick out of its place. He misunderstood the meaning of the message, and he thought he was to be smitten, and so called forth trial on himself, for the Lord shewed me in a vision of the night, that I was broken off from his sermons, during his ministry on Yonge Street Centre circuit. I was removed out of the church because the work that God had called me to was misunderstood. The first prophecy is fulfilled in your ears, and I, the candlestick that was removed out of the church, have returned. Now you may ask, How can this thing be? Does not the word of God say "Forget not the assembling of yourselves together?" This scripture has often been quoted to me during my stay out of the church. I thought I could give no fuller account of it than I did in the June number of this publication, in the story of Elijah the Tishbite: special waiting for special service. Read it again, if you have not seen the full meaning of it, for to my mind it is as clear as the sun. How could God let his weak servant sit in church and hear his work preached down? That I suffered martyrdom for this may astonish you at first sight, but as I pass along to show clearly why I was put from going to church, I think you will understand it better. In the first place if God had permitted me to go to this church he would at once have broken his covenant, which was: They put down my servant Ann, but I, the Lord, wont let them put down you, for my glory is at stake. Now remember it was not Ann, nor I, but God's glory; and if it had been only my name that was evil spoken of, God would have said, "Forgive them;" but it was the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity that was blasphemed. In the name of the Triune God, tell what God said at the time: it is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. They first called all my sufferings 'a silly thing'; next, they called all the messages 'a silly thing;' then, worse than all, they called the first book 'a silly thing.'

God was so angry that he withdrew from them the general revival of His work. He did not take away or withdraw His spirit from his own faithful followers, for he would not do that and leave

himself without a church, but He said that in the days of its present minister—I refer to the time that this prediction was written—the work would not be revived. But to return to my going out of the church : I never met the man nor the Christian that could so offend me as to make me take my departure from this Zion ; but who was I to disobey ? my kind and loving Father's voice, for if I were in the fold and wanted to keep there I must obey the voice of the Good Sheppard, or no more leadings for me ; if I disobeyed once I could not be guided any longer. Jesus says, " If ye love me keep my commandments."

Death of My Sister.

Sister Ann Richardson was killed on the 1st of June, 1879, on her way to the house of God, the church militant, to bear testimony for Christ in the class-room, as she had been wont to do for over thirty-six years, since God pardoned her sins, under the ministry of dear old Father Hails, as he was generally called, and known in the late Methodist New Connexion church ; but he has long since gone to his reward, and many of his children too ; others are on the way, some preaching the unsearchable riches of the glorious Gospel of the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. I believe the class-meeting to her earnest soul was ever a Bethel. Oft her language was : "I have been there, and still would go, 'tis like a little heaven below. So much did she prize this blessed means of grace—the glory of the Methodist Church—that she would not consent to give her hand to the man that she loved and esteemed above all others on earth, without his promise that he would always accompany her to the class-meeting, her favored means, for she well knew the power of that blessed means to draw and win to Christ. He was a man of sterling principles, and was brought up under the influence of godly parents, for his father was a class-leader, and though he was unsaved himself, his promise was kept. He told me afterwards it was the hardest thing he ever did ; but her punctuality, perseverance, and cheerful spirit, held him to it.

For over seven months they walked four miles every Sabbath to class meeting, to the nearest church, which was comparatively new, called Hail's, on the broad road of Manverse. They had no society in their own neighborhood or a Church of any denomination. A Presbyterian minister came occasionally to hold service in a lodge room. She invited the Methodist minister to their home; he also took up an appointment in the lodge room, and commenced a series of meetings. Her husband there received the converting grace of God. The same night they both got ready, and started to his father's and her's, their parents being neighbors, a distance of nearly eighteen miles. They got there about daybreak with the joyful news that his sins were pardoned, and he was adopted into the family of God. On their return home he at once erected the family altar, which was never broken or marred till he took his flight from Calvary to Zion's Height. In October, 1860, after a few short years of active work for the Master as class-leader and other official duties, he was killed by the falling of a tree. He had labored hard to get a house for the Lord. The desire of his heart was granted, for the Church was complete all but the fence. On the Monday previous to the opening with two or three men he went to the bush to get timber for the fence. The last tree when falling lodged in another, the top of which bounded back and struck Brother Richardson on the head, and in a moment he was not, for God took him. What a shock to her, when her husband, who went out in health a few hours ago, was brought in a corpse. His language in the class-room the day before was: "Friends, by the grace of God I am living by the moment," and how well for him now. God who is ever the strength of His people was her support in this dark hour of bereavement. He was her light even in the darkness, and a present help in this hour of need; and he enabled her to gird on her strength, leaning on the arm of Christ, who had been to her a perfect Saviour for four years, for she and her husband at the Millbrook camp-meeting in 1856 had laid their all upon the altar that sanctifies the gift; and they daily, and I believe hourly, walked with God. Now she was left with two fatherless boys, one three and the other five

years old, to train and bring up for God. Her chief desire through life was that not only her sons but her neighbors might know Christ and serve Him, and for this she lived and labored. It was evident to all who knew her that self was crucified, and the sanctifying grace of God ruled her daily life. She was always ready at my call, day or night, to minister to the sick and dying. Her home was always open to the minister of the Gospel, and a hearty welcome was ever extended to a stranger in the church. These little deeds of Christian courtesy, we believe, will not soon be forgotten by the many who received the loving grasp of her hand, for you felt her heart was in it, and with a large share of her Master's spirit she went about doing good, as she had opportunity; nor were her household duties ever neglected. Her house was set in order, and she was ever prompt in all she said. Mr. H. remarked the first time he had visited her home, as we drove away: Your sister's movements through the house seem to say she has a work to do in the world, and is bound to do it. God gave her the gift of song; she used it for His glory, and learned the new song on earth of Him who washed her from her sins and redeemed her from the earth. No doubt to-day she is singing it anew, and makes one of the hundred and forty and four thousand whom John saw that sung before the Lamb, Glory and honor, dominion and power, be unto the Lamb for ever and ever.—*To be continued.*

Croqueting.

As I returned from Toronto a few weeks ago, on my way home I heard of the croquet in my yard. I said to the person who told me: "Well I said enough about it last summer, and I will not say one word against it." But while I thought over the writing of last winter I came to the conclusion that it might be right for the people of the world, and it might not bring condemnation to formal professors, but this playing croquet of the ministers, mentioned in the February No., would hinder me from ever writing another book, for it was the word of inspiration

I never in my life, even before I received the blessing of sanctification, dare play either chequers or croquet; and do you think I dare do it now? I am not finding fault with those in the world who have lots of time to waste, for they perhaps might better be at an amusement so harmless in itself as at something worse. But there is a seed time, and blessed be God there is a harvest; and I for one would not like a harvest of wasted golden hours laid up for me. My Christian friends, do not count me as your enemy, for these are the words of the Lord. God says to me: "Take that pail and go for that water," and I promptly obeyed His voice. As I returned with the water God speaks to me again: "Say, those yards would be a good place for a prayer-meeting." If you before you commence to play croquet would say the Lord's own prayer: "Lead us not into temptation," I think you would see it is wrong to play it, for it is temptation to greater evil. The drunkard says: "one glass more;" the dancer says: "one round more;" the card-player says: "one game more;" the croquet-player says: "one game more;" but the Bible says: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." I once read a story of a young lady who was an only daughter. She was brought up to take pleasure in dancing. By and by she went to visit her uncle's family, and they were opposed to this course of training. While there she became convinced that she was a sinner, and she repented of her sins. She knew well that she could not indulge in this silly amusement, and at the same time live to God; but she determined to let Christ reign over her, and cost what it would she would be the Lord's. She for a time kept the solemn covenant; but after she returned home her mother thought religion too gloomy a thing for her, and hence she tried to persuade her to attend those halls of revelry and vice. She prevailed on her to attend just one more, and for this purpose she got her a costly dress which was richly adorned with costly trimmings. She attended once more the ball room: but God said to her mother, "That's enough for you, worse than heathen mother; I will lay your idolized daughter down and teach you and other like foolish mothers a never-to-be-forgotten lesson."

The daughter, when on the verge of eternity, and suffering excruciating pain of not only body but, what is still worse, mind, said to her devoted but mistaken mother, "Bring here that dress," and turning her ghastly eyes to her, said: "Mother, do you see that dress?" The mother feared to look at it, but how awe-stricken when the dying voice of her daughter uttered in her hearing, "Mother, that dress was the price of my soul." What think you of a harvest like this?

M. L.

Divine Guidance.

Those whom God guides here, He glorifies hereafter. How many would wish to be guided by their own counsel here, walking just as they please, who yet would have God receive them to His glory at last! Whose counsel art thou seeking for the day on which thou art just entering? Where will the path thou art making out for thyself lead thee? O, christian, how many a time has painful experience taught thee the bitterness of following thine own heart's counsel, in opposition to, or instead of that of thy God himself! And will thou be so beguiled? No, though the way be narrow, it is the only safe one. What are the greatest hardships here, compared with the glorious future? Let me then, once and forever, renounce my own will and way, to follow Thee, my God. Let me look daily and diligently to the chart of Thy word, and yield myself to the leadings of Thy Holy Spirit; and so doing, rest assured that "Thou *wilt* guide me with Thy counsel here, and afterward receive me to glory"!

Judas got near enough to Christ to kiss Him, and yet went down to damnation.

You should be in earnest about seeking God. He was in earnest when He gave His Son to die for sinners. Christ was *in earnest* when he hung upon the cross.

*The Way of Holiness Made Plain.***The Voyager.**

Day on the waters divinely is breaking,
 As with an angel's smile chearing the night :
 Bland on his brow the fresh breezes awaking,
 Thrill the sick voyager's breast with delight.

Round him expands the wide plain of the ocean,
 Plough'd by the vessel's impetuous keel :
 Swift he approaches, with joyful emotion,
 The heaven that soon all his sickness shall heal.

Thus, when the voyage of time shall be over,
 Toss'd on whose billows heart-sicken'd we lie ;
 O, on eternity's morn to discover
 Landscapes in paradise brightening nigh !

Then all the troubles, at present so bitter,
 Will but enhance the enjoyments at hand ;
 As the rough passage but renders the sweeter
 Comforts that soothe us on reaching the land.

John Burns.

I saw in a vision of the night three stars, one representing my then departed father. The first star I saw was a very small one, and then the Lord showed me a larger one, and oh, what refulgent rays appeared round and round the second star ! The Lord then said, "Do you see what a little star your father is ? Do you know how he buried up his talents ?" Thus I was led to see his crown without a star, for I saw no rays from this star which represented a crown. Then I saw in this the meaning of this scripture ; One star differeth from another star in glory. Brethren you are either planting stars in your crown, or weaving for yourselves a starless one, if any at all. Consider yourselves and see which you are doing !

One reason why we don't have more answers to our prayers is because we are not thankful enough. The divine injunction is, "Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and supplication, *with thanksgiving*, let your requests be made known unto God." Some one has well said there are three things in this verse : careful for nothing—prayerful for everything—thankful for anything.