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The Way of Holiness Made Plain.

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BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

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The Way of Holiness

Made Plain.

BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

The Higher Life : How Attained.

Is not the higher Christian life the great need of the Church? Is it not a conscious and confessed want of personal experience? We acknowledge that we prefer to look at this matter from a practical rather than a theological stand-point. For instance, we pass through a religious society. There are perhaps associated some hundreds of members; we converse with them in a spirit of kindness and candor. We satisfy ourself that very many have a religious experience. There are sincere desires to do the divine will; there are earnest, aye, and measurably successful efforts to do that will. These friends have occasioned joy. God blesses them in their closets, in their prayer circles, and under the preached word. They would not on any consideration relinquish their trust in Christ or their hope of Heaven. Nevertheless, as they themselves confess, their experience is not round, strong, full, abiding, and altogether satisfying. There is something that they consciously need. They want a more vivid and abiding sense of heart purity before God. They lack the ability to go steadily and successfully

forward in the path of obedience, growing constantly in grace and in the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus Christ. They crave the life more abundantly that will constrain and enable them to talk for Jesus. They desire the full and glorious liberty of the sons of God. They cry out for a deeper and more blessed rest in Christ, the rest of conscious safety, of humble faith, and of perfect love.

Now, beloved reader, what is the experience that they need and desire in comparison with what they have and profess? Is it not a higher Christian life? Is it not what, in New Testament phrase, we denominate "perfect love," or entire sanctification? How is this to be realized? We answer, by an entire consecration of ourselves to God, and an acceptance, moment by moment, of Christ as our full and perfect Saviour. Observe, first, by an entire consecration of ourselves to God,—that consecration, of course, including body, soul, life, talents, and everything. But just at this point some one will inquire for the difference between the consecration we made of ourselves at the time of our conversion, and the consecration that our entire sanctification calls for. This is an interesting question. The distinction, as we think, will develop in four particulars:

First difference—When we came to God for pardon we brought and offered powers that were dead, and only dead in trespasses and sins; but when we would realize the experience of entire sanctification, we consecrate powers that are permeated with the new life of regeneration. Hence, says an apostle, "Yield yourselves unto God as those who are alive from the dead." And again: "I beseech you, brethren, (he is addressing Christians,) that ye present your bodies," *i. e.*, your souls and bodies, a part being put for the whole, yourselves, "a living sacrifice." This is the first distinction.

Second difference—When we dedicated ourselves to the divine service at conversion we seemed to mass our offering, and said very sincerely and earnestly:

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

But when we would sanctify ourselves unto God with a view to this richer and deeper experience, then with the illumination received at conversion and characterizing our regenerated life, our consecration becomes more intelligent, specific, and careful. It is not merely myself, as before. It is now these hands, these feet, these senses, this body with all its members and powers; it is now my soul with its ennobling faculties, its understanding, judgment, memory, imagination, conscience, will and affections. It is now all my talents of time, influence, energy, reputation, home, kindred, friends, worldly substance—everything. Upon all we have and are, we specifically and honestly inscribe, "Sacred to Jesus," covenanting to use all in harmony with the divine will. Some at this point have been careful to write upon prayer the several items that were included as well as the several obligations that were assumed in this fuller consecration of themselves to God.

Third difference—When we would thus specifically sanctify ourselves unto God there is likely to rise up in the mind or before the conscience some peculiarly trying test of obedience. This is varied in different experiences. It may be a little thing, a very little thing, but it is not on that account any the less formidable. Eating an apple amid Paraisical scenes would seem, from a human standpoint, to have been a very little thing; and then observe, it was a test required of one who was living before God. Adam failed in the test—a failure that brought death into the world and all our woe. So the test that infinite holiness may lay upon the regenerate may be a little thing, perhaps something connected with our appetites, or with our adornments, or with our associations, or with our services. The question may be: Will you give up that doubtful indulgence, a something in which you regard your own inclinations rather than your soul's good and God's glory? Will you take your place with the entirely devoted and consent that those around shall say reproachfully, "He is one of the sanctified?" Will you lay aside the last weight and the sin that does so easily beset you? O, it is hesitation or reluctance upon just such points that will explain very much of the feeble, halting,

sickly religious experience and Christian life that characterizes too many of the professed disciples of the Lord Jesus.

Fourth difference—This will appear in the object or end of the two consecrations. When we came offering ourselves to God in the first instance it was that we might obtain pardon. Now, we specifically yield all, including the doubtful indulgence, with a view to heart purity. Then, groaning under a sense of our guiltiness, we said, "O, wretched man that I am." We wanted to be lifted into the relationship and admitted to the privileges of dear children. Now we come as children having the spirit of adoption, not for pardon or peace—these are not our conscious need—but we come for a more perfect submission to the divine will, a more satisfactory sense of heart purity, an increased ability to do or suffer all the will of our Father in Heaven, and a deeper and more blessed rest in Christ.

Observe, then, these four features as belonging more especially to the consecration required of the regenerated. Now, with this thorough sub-mission, this entire consecration, there must be an acceptance moment by moment of Christ as our full and perfect Saviour. This will of course involve an exercise of faith, implying that salvation in all its stages and phases is "not of works, lest any man should boast." If entire consecration were entire sanctification, then our sanctification would be of works, for the consecration is our work; but it is through the precious blood of Christ and the power of the sanctifying Spirit rendered available by an exercise of personal trust in the Lord Jesus.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Anecdotes of the Rev. Wm. Tennent—Continued.

After he was able to walk about the room and to take notice of what passed around him, on a Sunday afternoon his sister, who had stayed from Church to attend him, was reading the Bible, when he took notice of it and asked her what she had in her hand. She answered that she was reading the Bible.

He replied: "What is the Bible? I know not what you mean." This affected his sister so much that she burst into tears, and informed him that he was once well acquainted with it. On her reporting this to her brother when he returned MR. TENNENT was found upon examination to be totally ignorant of every transaction of his life previous to his sickness. He could not read a single word, neither did he seem to have an idea of what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention he was taught to read and write as children are usually taught, and afterwards began to learn the Latin language under the tuition of his brother. One day as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos he suddenly started, clapped his hand to his head as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. His brother asked him what was the matter. He said he felt a sudden shock in his head, and it now seemed to him as if he had read that book before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak the Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived that he regained a perfect knowledge of the past transactions of life, as if no difficulty had previously occurred.

This event at the time made a considerable noise, and afforded not only matter of serious contemplation to the devout Christian, especially when connected with what follows in this narrative, but also furnished a subject of deep investigation and learned inquiry to the philosopher. But the most extraordinary circumstance remains to be told. While in the state of suspended animation already described, he was not only still conscious of his existence but of his entrance into a superior condition. When MR. TENNENT was earnestly pressed by his friends to communicate his views and apprehensions upon the interesting occasion he discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings at the time; but being importunately urged to do it he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described. "While I was conversing with my brother," he said, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I entertained for my future welfare, I found myself in an instant in another state of existence under the direction

of a superior being who ordered me to follow him; I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought, 'Well, blessed be God, I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears!' I saw an innumerable host of happy beings, surrounding the inexpressible glory in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng, on which he said, 'You must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless seemed to me not more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly." He added: "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world and the things of it for some time afterwards, I was that person. The ravishing sound of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears when awake for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it could command my serious attention."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Delightful thought! that the very first act of Christ's intercession in heaven should be a prayer for us gentiles! And still more delightful it is, that this prayer has been so mercifully heard, and that so many islands of the sea have been gathered to Christ! May "all the ends of the earth remember, and turn unto the Lord!"

Adam Clarke.

When Dr. Adam Clarke was about six years old, an occurrence took place which deserves to be recorded. At that time his father lived at Maghera, where he kept a public school, both English and classical. Near where Mr. Clarke lived was a very decent orderly family, of the name of Brooks, who lived on a small farm. They had eleven children, some of whom went regularly to Mr. Clarke's school: one, called James, was the tenth child, a lovely lad, between whom and little Adam there subsisted a most intimate friendship and strong attachment. One day, when walking hand in hand in a field near the house, they sat down on a bank and began to enter into very serious conversation; they both became much affected, and this was deepened into exquisite distress, by the following observations made by little Brooks. "O, Addy, Addy;" said he, "what a dreadful thing is *eternity*; and, oh how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burnt there for ever and ever!" They both wept bitterly, and, as well as they could, begged God to forgive their sins; and they made to each other strong promises of amendment. They wept till they were really ill, and departed from each other with full and pensive hearts!

In reviewing this circumstance, Dr. Clarke has been heard to say: "I was then truly and deeply convinced that I was a sinner; that I was liable to eternal punishment; and that nothing but the mercy of God could save me from it: though I was not so conscious of any other sin as that of disobedience to my parents, which at that time affected me most forcibly. When I left my little companion, I went home, told the whole to my mother, with a full heart, expressing the hope that I should never more say any bad words, or refuse to do what she or my father might command. She was both surprised and affected, and gave me much encouragement, and prayed heartily for me. With a glad heart she communicated the information to my father, on whom I could see it did not make the same impression; for he had little opinion of pious resolutions in childish minds, though he feared God, and was a serious conscientious churchman. I must own, that the way in which he treated it was very discouraging to my mind, and served to mingle impressions with my serious feelings, that were not friendly to their permanence; yet the impression, though it grew faint, did not wear away. It was laid deep in the consideration of eternity; and my accountableness to God for my conduct; and the absolute necessity of enjoying his favour, that I might never taste the bitter pains of eternal death."

Without Holiness No Man Shall See the Lord.

What is this holiness that we are told is the only preparation for Heaven? "Without it," says the apostle,—and God is speaking to us through His servant,—no man shall see the Lord." Do the people of ours and other lands think of the truth of this wonderful declaration, "no man?" May I ask: Where are holy men to be found? I trust there are some who are upon the highway which it cast up for the ransomed. But, alas! how few, and oh, how lamentable it is! So few in the Christian churches understand this glorious doctrine; they seem to shun talking about it. They are, it appears to me, afraid to meet its claims, for when God purities a heart and comes and dwells there, no sin can ever enter. The first sin we commit turns the Master out, unless at once repented of. Now, I will give you the experience of a man who was, in every sense of the word, good as far as his faith and knowledge went. He ever argued that no man could live without sin in the world. It was to him according to his faith. Not many minutes before his death he was able to say, "Jesus is precious." Was it not that man's privilege to live with Jesus in his heart and ever saying, Jesus is precious.

What is it to be a Father in Israel?

To be a father in Israel we must have the mind of Christ, for "I and my Father are one." Is it right to say 'father' under all circumstances? I say decidedly, 'no.' It would be a positive mockery for a man or a woman out of Christ and serving the devil to address the Almighty as his or her Father." "Ye are of your father the devil while his works ye do;" but Christ said, "The works that I do shall ye, the followers of Jesus, do also." "All praise, all honor to Jesus," says Paul. All the good that we do, all the good that is in us, is from the blessed Jesus, for there is none good, no, not one. "For though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ yet have ye not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel."—1st COR., 4. 15. These were the words of PAUL to the Church at Corinth, or rather to his brethren in the Church. How true are the words, "though ye have ten thousand to instruct or to teach you, and have not Christ, their teaching or preaching is vain." It must be

Jesus, the first and the last
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home.

No Discharge in this War.

Fight the good fight of faith ; lay hold on eternal life. The Christian's life is a warfare, but it is a glorious battle. There are many battles to be fought, but oh, what glory we bring to God when in the hottest of the battle. We say, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him." Dear bereaved ones,

Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. No person can fully understand the way in which God can and does lead his people, for God's people are a peculiar people, a chosen generation, also a royal priesthood, and it is their glorious privilege to see God in nature, in His works, and in His providence. He bows so low as to dwell in every personal believer, and if he has the entire person at or under His control then He sets up His throne and rules there.

Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

It is the privilege of the true believer to have so much of heavenly mindedness so as to hold such communion with God that he may walk and talk with Him. To have so much of the divine nature that it will enable them to be filled with the mind of Christ and to be in some measure like Him, is part of the legacy that God left to His people. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."—1 JOHN, 3. 2. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—HEB. 1. 14. The word of God is plain on this point, for God ever ministers to His people's wants, and we are told that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. One proof that the heavenly and the saints on earth are closely united is :

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

Elijah the Tishbite.

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, in his comments on this lesson in the *S. S. Times*, says :

We should believe when we cannot understand. ELIJAH might wonder why he should be sent into the wilderness, and especially he must have marvelled how the promise about the ravens could be fulfilled. But this was not his business. The birds were God's, and the brook was God's, and the wilderness was God's. "So he went and did according to the word of the Lord." So let us obey and trust. When the path of duty is clear to our conscience let us leave our safety with Him who says, "Fear not, for I am with thee." "Trust in the Lord, and do good ; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

Seasons of retirement and waiting, equally with seasons of active service, should be welcomed when divinely appointed. Very often we see that special working is preceded by special waiting. Moses spent forty years in the wilderness of Horeb before his great mission to Pharaoh. John the Baptist, the second Elijah, was in the seclusion of the desert when he began his work. Jesus, after his long seclusion at Nazareth, spent forty days in the wilderness of Judea before entering on his public ministry. Paul spent three years in Arabia before he began his apostolic labors. And so Elijah went into the wilderness, that by meditation and prayer he might be fitted for the great struggle on which he was to enter. It is often harder to wait than to work. When God bids it is as true service to be silent as to speak, to sit still as to traverse the earth. Let us not murmur at any privation or seclusion in any wilderness if God sends us there, and so fit us for better serving Him.

All God's creatures serve God's saints. If, as some suppose, the ravens were Arabs, it was quite unlikely that such wandering thieves would so care for the prophet as daily to bring food during many months. If they did it was by the special direction of God. And so God could equally dispose the ravens, contrary to their nature, to supply the prophet morning and evening with food suitable for him. We are in a universe which God pervades, and where all things serve Him. What seems most unlikely to render help may become God's minister. The most trifling events have often effected most important deliverances to God's people. We have better messengers than birds. God commanded the ravens to feed Elijah, but "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee to keep thee in all thy ways." "Are they not all ministering spirits?" "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him."—*To be continued.*

An Act of Faith.

In the depth of winter I was so ill off for water, I said to my master that I feared I would lose the blessing of holiness by the trouble I had getting water. He was looking at the well and turned to me and said, I might get water into the well if I were willing. I asked him how, and he said if I was what I professed to be, that is, if I had the faith, referring to my former faith. You see he had the faith that I would receive the blessing of the thing I asked for, and it is the privilege of God's people to have what they ask for. This made me go directly to the Lord and try Him and put Him to His promise, viz: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." This was before I retired for the night. In the morning the first thing I did was to take the pail to the well and let down the bucket, and, miraculous as it appears, I drew it up full of pure water and took it into the house. "Now," said my master, "why didn't you do that long ago, and not give us so much trouble?"

Humblety Before God.

The Lord is king alone,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humbled there.

In meek submission own
Jehovah for your king,
And still before his righteous throne
Your prayers and praises bring.

For holy is the Lord,
Judgment and grace surround
His steadfast seat; and in his word
Eternal truth is found.

Great God! tis thine to spare,
To pity and forgive!
Oh, grant that we, in faith and prayer,
May seek thy face and live.

*The Way of Holiness Made Plain.***Just Over the Mountain.**

I read of a lovelier clime
 Than earth with its summer array,
 Beyond the dark mountains of Time
 It stretches in beauty away.

The smile of our God is the light
 That giveth each hue of its flowers,
 And mantles each beauty-crowned height
 With sunlight more tranquil than ours.

Just over the mountain it lies,
 The sweet summer land of the soul,
 And beneath those beautiful skies
 No storm-cloud ever shall roll.

A pilgrim and stranger I roam
 In search of that country afar;
 I read of a mansion, my home,
 For beauty as bright as a star.

The city prepared of our God
 Hath dwellers within it, I know ;
 Familiar its streets are now trod
 By those I have loved here below.

Just over the mountain it lies,
 And often in vision I see
 The house of my Father arise,
 The home of my kindred and me.

I journey by faith o'er the hills,
 I wind through the valleys below,
 I sing 'mid the storms and the ills
 That pilgrims must suffer, I know.

Oh, shall I some bright sunny morn
 Look down from the summit of bliss,
 A pilgrim to angelhood born,
 Escaped from that country to this.

Just over the mountain it lies,
 And there is the home of my heart;
 And sight of it gladdens my eyes
 And bids all my sorrows depart.

And shall I the city behold,
Whose builder and maker is God,
Whose walls are of jasper and gold,
Whose streets by the angels are trod !

Shall I through the emerald gate,
From earth and its desert of sin,
Pass on to my angel estate,
With Jesus forever shut in ?

How God Led Me This Forty Years.

I enjoyed much of God's love at times, and was ever struggling after this holiness of heart; but I had many besetments and drawbacks. One of my greatest hindrances was that I had no help at home, or at least no sympathy in any of my hours of spiritual darkness. I liked sympathizing friends, but I had very few friends that I could bear to tell all my doubts and fears to. One good sister, who was ever a good friend to me, I got great comfort from. She has long since passed to her reward in the better world, and although she was not quite clear on the blessing of holiness, yet she loved the good and the holy and tried in her feeble way to stand up for Jesus. This sister I told many of my trials to, but when God sanctified me I seemed to draw all my comfort from him alone. I carried everything to him, and many times in a day I poured forth my wants on my knees before the Lord; but the good seed, which was sown in the Sabbath School in my native land, was stored up in my memory, and knowledge as well as love, enabled me to run in the way of God's commands, for I relied on his written word for guidance. As I arose from my bed each morning I expected that God would give me a suitable portion for the trials or triumphs of the day. On one occasion I went out to a store and met a man with whom I had often conversed. God's spirit said, "Tell that man what God has done for you." I tried to do so, although I was not so bold for the Lord as I should have been. But this man could not believe that any person could live without sin. I then felt

the force of this scripture, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," for the cleansing blood was applied to my conscience continually, and the inner man was kept in perfect peace. I failed to do my duty at this time, for the man said to me in reply to my telling him that I thought I was going to die, "You have to live to sin more." It came to me in a moment, "Tell him you live to sin no more." But I was afraid of censure and reproach, and God has enabled me to understand His word, and remember this Scripture: "Whosoever is ashamed of me and of my words, of him will I be ashamed," &c.

The Funeral of John Burns.

On the morning after his death I was summoned to attend the funeral of my beloved father. He was laid out in his own clothing, and on his body was the shirt God showed me to make nearly twelve months before, and commanded me to not let any machine sewing be found on it. This was a mystery to me, but it was a far greater mystery why the Lord should condescend to let me know so fully his will as to tell me to take buttons off a garment of my own to put on it, so as to show how much he loved me; for God said afterwards that he would have given his life to have seen me. But this was what I never expected, for the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, and yet condescends to talk with His people below, said to me as my father left my dwelling in Thornhill, "Those grapes are black," referring to some fruit I had handed to him. It then came to me to give him a small piece of cheese. The Holy Spirit said, "Grapes are black, and the cheese is mouldy. Do you see there is the coffin and the mould." This startled me, and after I had bidden him good-bye in my own house, and said to him :

Here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where parting is no more.

I went to the front door and watched him as long as I could see him, and as his last foot was set in the Thornhill stage, God

said, "You've said a last good-bye to your father," and so it proved. The Rev. Mr. Caswell was in attendance at his funeral, and took for his text these words: "And he was not, for God took him." He was very respectably buried, and notwithstanding the cold and the suddenness of his departure from earth, many of the kind friends of the circuit attended his funeral, but I, myself, God forbade to go; and my eyes have never yet seen the place where he sleeps. On one occasion I passed close by the cemetery, but God said, "Go not to his grave to weep there." Perhaps if I had been allowed to stand by his grave I might have found my flesh too weak to withstand the trial, and hence broken God's command, for He at this time allowed me to shed no tears; and so abundant was the grace of God at this season that I never shed a tear. God knew that I was weak of myself; but he gave me grace according to my day; and now for the present I say farewell to my crucified but now glorified father. He sleeps on yon western hills, quiet and alone. And it appears to me that

Worlds would not bribe him back to tread
Again life's weary waste,
To see again his day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

His home henceforth is in the skies,
Earth, sea, and sun, adieu;
All heaven's unfolded to his eyes,
He has no sight for you.

The All-Sufficient Saviour.

I was called of God in the year 1877 to visit a friend of mine, who was in dying circumstances. He, previous to this, had been a member of the Methodist Church, and I have no doubt enjoyed the love of God shed abroad in his heart, but removing a distance from the Church he left off going to class and got back into the world, went into by and forbidden paths, and, of course, was a backslider from God. Still, God never left him without good desires, a consciousness of his duty to Him, and

the necessity of being saved. He was a kind and obliging neighbor and friend, but up to the time of his last illness was destitute of saving grace. To bring him to repentance, God, who is ever rich in mercy, brought him to a bed of death, and while I for one have very little faith in death-bed repentance, yet he, I have no doubt, found Christ. But O! what strugglings in moments of bodily anguish! I heard him murmur only once while I stood by his dying bed, and, putting these words to him, "Can you not lose sight of everything but Christ?" He replied: "It's pretty hard for me when I think of my family." I earnestly lifted up my heart to God every moment for His salvation, but I was commanded of God ere I left my dwelling to not kneel down to pray with him, and many others as well as him. I will tell some future time how this was. He was visited twice during his illness by a minister, and several times by a good local brother, who was made a great blessing to him. But still he doubted and feared for his future happiness. God gave me these words to say to him: "Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth." The Lord applied these words by His own Holy Spirit, and they sank so deep into his heart that he said to his partner, "I am trying to get that 'look.'" This was on the Wednesday previous to his death, and God so blessed him on Thursday morning that he called his family and his brother-in-law to tell them what great things God had done for him. He said, "If I had strength now I would tell to all around what a dear Saviour I have found." As I am commanded of God to give all the particulars in a future work and in God's time, I would just say: Thomas Grainger was a sinner saved on a death-bed. "Glory be to Jesus," says my soul, and I pray God to bring sinners to Himself anywhere and everywhere, only save lost men and women from trampling on offered mercy, till they, likewise, come down to die. None need despair. Only come just as you are, and whatever circumstances you are placed in, there is a willing Saviour.

M. L.



Anecdote of the Rev. John Wesley.

MR. DULEY was one evening taking tea with that eminent artist, Mr. Culy, when he asked him whether he had seen his gallery of busts. MR. DULEY answering in the negative, and expressing a wish to be gratified with a sight of it, Mr. Culy conducted him thither, and after admiring the busts of the several great men of the day, he came to one which particularly attracted his notice, and on inquiring, found it was the likeness of the Rev. John Wesley. "This bust," said Mr. Culy, "struck Lord Shelburne in the same manner it does you; and there is a remarkable fact connected with it, which, as I know you are fond of anecdotes, I will relate to you precisely in the same manner and words that I did to him." On returning to the parlor, Mr. Culy commenced accordingly: "I am a very old man; you must excuse my little failings; and, as I before observed, hear it in the very words I repeated to his Lordship." "My Lord," said I, "perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists." "O yes," he replied; "he—that race of fanatics!" "Well, my Lord, Mr. Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken; but he always refused, alleging, as a reason, that he thought it nothing but vanity, indeed, so frequently had he been pressed on this point that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea. One day he called upon me on the business of our Church. I began the old subject of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness. 'Well,' said I, 'knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for every minute exceeding that time you shall receive a guinea.' 'What,' said Mr. Wesley, 'do I understand you aright, that you will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken?' 'Well, I agree to it.' He then stripped off his coat and lay on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted to him ten guineas in his hand. 'Well,' said he, turning to his companion, 'I never till now earned money so speedily; but what shall we

do with it?' They then wished me a good morning, and proceeded over Westminster-Bridge. The first object that presented itself to their view was a poor woman crying bitterly, with three children hanging round her, each sobbing, though apparently too young to understand their mother's grief. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Mr. Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debt by eighteen shillings, which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy. They then proceeded, followed by the blessing of the now happy mother. On Mr. Wesley's inquiring of Mr. Burton, his friend, where their charity was most needed, he replied he knew of no place where his money would be more acceptable than in Giltspur-street Compter. They accordingly repaired thither, and on asking the Turn-key to point out the most miserable object under his care, he answered if they were come in search of poverty they need not go far. The first Ward they entered they were struck with the appearance of a poor wretch who was greedily eating some potato skins. On being questioned, he informed them that he had been in that situation, supported by the casual alms of compassionate strangers, for several months, without any hope of release, and that he was confined for the debt of half a guinea. On hearing this, Mr. Wesley gave him a guinea, which he received with the utmost gratitude; and he had the pleasure of seeing him liberated with half a guinea in his pocket. The poor man, on leaving his place of confinement, said: 'Gentlemen, as you came here in search of poverty, pray go upstairs, if it be not too late.' They instantly proceeded thither, and beheld a sight which called forth all their compassion. On a low stool, with his back toward them, sat a man, or rather a skeleton, for he was literally nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed to be riveted to the opposite corner of the chamber, where lay, stretched on a pallet of straw, a young woman in the last stage of a consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side, which was quite dead. Mr. Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance, but it was too

late, for the unfortunate female, who expired a few hours afterwards from starvation, as the Doctor declared. You may imagine, my Lord, that the remaining eight guineas would not go far in relieving such distress as this. No expense was spared for the relief of the now only surviving sufferer. But so extreme was the weakness to which he was reduced that six weeks elapsed before he could speak sufficiently to relate his own history. It appeared he had been a respectable merchant, and had married a beautiful young lady, eminently accomplished, whom he almost idolized. They lived happily together for some time, until, by the failure of a speculation in which his whole property was embarked, he was completely ruined. No sooner did he become acquainted with his misfortune than he called all his creditors together, laid before them the state of his affairs, and showed them his books, which were in the most perfect order. They all willingly signed the dividend except the lawyer, who owed his rise in the world to this merchant; the sum was £250, for which he obstinately declared he should be sent to jail. It was in vain the creditors urged him to pity his forlorn condition, and to consider his great respectability. That feeling was a stranger to his breast, and, in spite of all their remonstrances, he was hurried away to prison, followed by his weeping wife. As she was very accomplished, she continued to maintain herself and her husband for some time solely by the use of her pencil; and thus they managed to put a little aside for the time of her confinement. But so long an illness succeeded that event that she was completely incapacitated from exerting herself for their subsistence; and their scanty savings were soon expended in procuring the necessaries which her situation then required. They were compelled to pawn their clothes, and their resources failing, they found themselves at last reduced to absolute starvation. The poor infant had just expired from want, and the hapless mother was about to follow it to the grave, when Mr. Wesley and his friend entered, and, as I before said, the husband was so reduced from the same cause as to be with difficulty saved. Mr. Wesley having acquainted himself with the case, went to the creditors and informed them of it.

They were beyond measure astonished at what he had to tell ; for so long a time had elapsed without hearing anything of the merchant or his family that some supposed him to be dead, others that he had left the country. Among the rest he called upon the lawyer, and described to him the wretchedness he had witnessed ; but even this could not move him to compassion. He declared the merchant should not leave the prison without paying him every farthing ! Mr. Wesley again visited the other creditors, who, considering the case of the sufferer, agreed to raise the sum and release him. Some gave £100, others £200, and another £300. The affairs of the merchant took a different turn : God prospered him ; and in the second year he called his former creditors together, thanked them for their kindness, and paid the sum so generously advanced. Success continuing to attend him, he was enabled to pay all his debts and realize considerable property. His afflictions made such a deep impression upon his mind that he determined to remove the possibility of others suffering from the same cause ; and for this purpose advanced a considerable sum as a foundation fund for the relief of small debtors, and the very first person who partook of the same was the *incororable lawyer* "—*New York Christian Advocate*.

None but such as are taught of God can thus express themselves, in sincerity, in reference to the precepts and promises of God's word. The carnal mind will ever desire and prefer carnal objects. When, therefore, Divine and eternal things are preferred to the perishable objects of creature enjoyment, it is a happy proof that the mind has become the subject of a quickening and Divine influence. Such a preference for God's word is a high evidence of acceptance, and a striking proof of meekness for the heavenly state.

