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# The Way of Holiness Made Plain.



BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

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

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BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.  
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**Anecdotes of the Rev. William Tennent.**

(TAKEN FROM A WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.)

Although the following singularly interesting anecdotes of an eminently pious and useful minister were published some years since, both in America and in this country, it is presumed that they will be new to many of your readers; and those who may have seen them will be glad to have them preserved in your magazine. Their authenticity is unquestionable.

MR. TENNENT was born in 1705. His father, who was a minister of the Church of England, emigrated with his family from Ireland in the year 1718; having become conscientiously scrupulous of conforming to the terms imposed on the Clergy. In America he was encouraged to hope for a greater liberty of conscience, and of being more successfully employed in extending the kingdom of the Redeemer.

He was distinguished for his proficiency in the learned languages, and especially for his knowledge of Latin, which he spoke and wrote almost as well as his native tongue. He had

four sons, who all became ministers of the Gospel, and who received their education under his tuition, as did many other persons who afterwards became eminent in the Christian ministry.

WILLIAM, the second son, was about thirteen years of age when the family arrived in America. He applied himself with diligence to his studies, and made great progress, particularly in Latin. Being early affected by a sense of the importance of religion, he determined to devote himself to the service of God in the ministry of the Gospel. His eldest brother became Pastor of the Church at New Brunswick, in New Jersey, and was a very useful and popular preacher. WILLIAM, having completed his course in the languages, determined to study divinity under his brother.

At his departure from home, which was considered as his setting out in life, his father addressed him with great affection, commending him to the favor and protection of God, from whom he himself had received so much mercy. He gave him a small sum of money, as the amount of all he could do for him, telling him that if he behaved well and did his duty, this was an ample provision for him; and if he should act otherwise, and prove ungrateful to a kind and gracious God, it was too much and more than he deserved.

After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery, as a candidate for the Gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health and brought on a pain in his breast and a slight hectic. He soon became emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now in danger. He was attended by a young man, a physician who was attached to him by the strictest and warmest friendship. He grew worse and worse, till little hope of life was left. In this situation his spirits failed him and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. One morning he was conversing with his brother in Latin on the state of his soul, when he fainted, and apparently died. After

the usual time he was laid out on a board, according to the practice of the country ; and the neighbors were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician and friend returned from a ride into the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain; and, on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his hand into warm water, to make it as sensible as possible; and then felt under the arm, and at the heart; and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral should be requested not to attend. To this the brother objected as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. The third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success but by the doctor, who never left him either day or night. The people were invited again, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request for delay to one hour, and then to half an hour, and finally to a quarter of an hour. He had discovered that the tongue was much swollen, and threatened to crack. He was endeavoring to soften it by some emollient ointment, put upon it with a feather, when the brother came in about the expiration of the last period; and mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, manifested some resentment, and said in a spirited tone, "It is shameful to feed a lifeless corpse," and insisted with earnestness that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This of course put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour the eyes again opened,

and a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In about another hour life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of many who had ridiculed the idea of restoring to life a dead body.

MR. TENNENT continued in so weak and low a state for six weeks, that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery ; however, after that period he recovered much faster ; but it was about twelve months before he was completely restored.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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**Discipline.**

How soft, amid the anxious cares of life,  
 Surrounded by its daily hopes and fears,  
 Do we not lose our peace amid the strife,  
 And when we might have joy, how oft have tears.

And yet, we need life's daily discipline,  
 To mould into submission wayward wills :  
 Our hearts so foolish are, and prone to sin,  
 We slight the only balm for all life's ills.

We will not stoop to drink the healing stream,  
 Though parched with thirst and wearied with the way ;  
 Of earth-born happiness we fondly dream,  
 Though vain the search, we find from day to day.

Then is it strange a father's love should spread  
 With thorns and briars, a path beset with snares ?  
 And is it not in tenderest love we're led,  
 Safe in the narrow way, though hedged with cares ?

Yes! sure it is, though oft it make us shrink,  
And crosses many plans we've fondly laid ;  
Yet, we shall praise the Lord for every link,  
In all the chain of love His wisdom made.

Nor have we passed through one unneeded cross,  
Or waters deeper than He bore us o'er ;  
Nay, gain we've found, where oft we counted loss,  
And more his love we'll know on Canaan's shore.

Then let us cast our every care on God,  
In simple faith upon His love depend ;  
With sweet submission kiss the chastening rod,  
Sure only what is needful He will send.

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**The Death of John Burns.**

My beloved father was taken away from home and many of his earthly friends, to his eldest son's to die. He would never have been taken from his children and partner, as he was, only for not understanding the work God had called me to. The summer previous to his death he was distressed above measure, and especially when God called me to this work of writing. God saw fit to not only command me to write, but every spare moment of the Sabbath was devoted to this work. He could not understand how it was that I should be commanded to leave the Church, nor indeed did I then see the reason, only I knew it was God, therefore I was not able to explain to him this mystery. He did not like to think that God would deal thus with His servant, and it was such an out-of-the-way command that he grieved over it continually ; but the wisdom of God did not see fit to let him know anything concerning this thing. He grieved me very much on one occasion. He said, " If I thought it was God, I would not care if you would go to prison." But these "ifs" God don't like, for he knew in his heart that it was God, because he saw much of His goodness to me, and he

knew he had used me for good to him as well as to others. The only two things that he was afraid of were : lest I should go astray, and that would be a reproach on the cause of God ; and he could not bear to see me writing, lest it was imagination, and then Sister Ann and I would be castaways ; but that God who knows the end from the beginning, knew that he thought wrong on both these points. On another occasion he said, "If I were C. (referring to my husband) I would burn the writings." But God was not to be mocked, although I believe his motives were pure in wishing my Master's work burned ; still God was even more grieved than I was, for he said, "For this you shall not inherit the land, when I have done with your entertaining of my servants ; out of this shalt thou go and lie among strangers." But he little thought that he was saying a last good bye to his children and grandchildren, or that he would meet them no more till they meet in the world of spirits. He did not know that I who loved him had in my possession his death, written in his own house after my Master's writings were consumed to ashes ; for on the Monday after the midsummer quarterly meeting God said to me early in the morning, "Go down to your father's and pray," and this was the import of the prayer : Are you willing to burn those mysterious writings ? I was loath to part with them as I saw the great work God had for me to do ; but, as in all other of His strange commands, I had to obey or else grieve the Spirit of the Lord, so I cried out while on my knees, O Lord, I am willing, if it is your will. I rose up, went to where he was sitting, and said, "Look here, father." He seemed alarmed at what I was about to do, and said, "Don't, Isabella." But the command of my kind heavenly Father had gone forth, and in a moment the writings were in flames. Two other persons were present when the above scene transpired. Then in a vision of the night God showed me his departure from earth in a moment, and gave me this charge : Every place you see your father bid him good bye. This command I also was enabled to keep. Several times during the summer he left my dwelling, and so sure was I of his sudden departure from earth that I looked after him as far as I could see him lest I should

never see him again. But it pleased God to spare him through the summer in order to more qualify him for his approaching dissolution. Many were the wrestlings he poured forth into the ears of the Lord of Hosts. But I give one of the sad complaints he uttered in his own words, "Poor down-trodden Isabella. I wish she was in Heaven from among them," referring to the many untruths which had gone forth concerning this work of writing. On another occasion I was sent to his house to wrestle with him in order that he might receive the blessing of sanctification. We kneeled down with two other persons, and I felt it my duty to not rise from my knees until he would confess that he had received the blessing. After two hours of faithful wrestling with God in prayer, I believe God sanctified him throughout body, soul, and spirit, on the grounds of his confession of it publicly. I was instructed of God to tell him he was to go two places to confess what God had done for him. This he did, which nearly took his life; but it was a point of life or death, for God demanded his strict obedience, or He said that he would be a dead man before twelve o'clock that Saturday evening. He feared to disobey and still feared he had not the blessing; but he had it just while he confessed it, but no longer. He obeyed the Lord, and went the following Sabbath morning to the fellowship meeting to tell it there; but he was unable to confess all God had done for him. Shortly after he met with a severe trial in the Church, which put him from ever mentioning it more, and that was the last fellowship meeting in which he ever spoke, and if I am not mistaken it was the first. How careful older members should be to not turn aside weak ones. He was old, you may say, but he was but a babe in the blessing of sanctification, and therefore was easily hurt. I told him while speaking on the subject to not let this hurt him, for it did not have the least effect on me, but his weak faith staggered often, and this was a great inlet to temptation. The devil took the advantage of his weakness and made him believe that he lost the blessing. He followed him still further, for he was sorry that he ever made a confession of it. At all hazards he should have confessed Christ.



*The Way of Holiness Made Plain.*

Fear not, for they whom you now see,  
 Your eyes no more shall view,  
 Peace to your fears ! your father's God  
 This day shall fight for you.

And so it was, for the Lord fought for him, when he was not able to fight for himself, and forgave all those past mistakes, for He knew what great and severe trials he passed through, and but for the sufferings he endured the last two years of his life, it would never have appeared in print. The Lord was very good to him, after a long life of doing comparatively nothing, for He never left him nor forsook him. On a December Sabbath morning he was in his usual health, just two weeks after my mother arrived there, and was permitted to attend the small Church at the Nile appointment, then Brother Caswell's circuit, in the Township of Colborne. He listened to his last sermon upon earth. He remained for class, and the experience he gave them was clear and pointed. It was as follows: The Lord is my Shepherd, and I want to follow him more closely. I am a poor creature of myself, but God is all in all to me. He little thought that this was his last testimony for Christ upon earth. He returned home, and slept a little in the afternoon, as he did generally every day. My mother and brother went to Church in the evening, and the minister preached from these words: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see."—REV. 3. 18. When they returned home they found him sitting by the table with the bible before him, and he was moving one hand, preaching to himself, as he was wont to do when alone. The family partook of some supper after they came home, and he with them in his usual health, as they thought. He then accompanied my brother to the stable as they generally did before retiring, and then came in the house and went upstairs and knelt down in the lobby to pray. He continued in prayer about ten minutes, then undressed himself, got into bed, and talked of the sermon to my mother and said, "O! I often heard that preached," which were his last words; and then without a groan, or, I believe, a pain, passed away to the realms of light.

**How God Led Me This Forty Years.**

I then strove to live as became the gospel, and many times in a day my cries would go up to God for help to do His will, the burden of my prayers being the salvation of my husband and those of my friends who were still out of Christ. I think that I did not kneel down without presenting them before the Lord, and I was so afraid lest some of them would die in their sins and be lost forever, that I spent many sleepless hours especially for an unsaved brother-in-law, who I feared was on the way to destruction. Still I faithfully warned him, and the time arrived when God said: "Pray not for him." I was only a loiterer in the way to the kingdom, and I could not expect God to answer my prayers, when they were just a repetition of words, for words are not prayer; the heart must be in it, and very little of the world or the things of it must occupy the mind that draws near to God in faithful fervent prayer. It is too often the case that Christians draw nigh to God and present the service of lips, while the heart is far from Him. This must have been the way with my prayers, for if they had been prayers of faith, why were they not answered? One of them was answered in the deliverance of one of my friends from sin. But I must pass on to my own home. I left many things undone for the Lord, which I should have done; I attended all the outward means of grace, and I was scarcely ever absent from the class-meeting, but instead of going there to speak forth the praises of the Lord, I often complained of my coldness, heart-wanderings, and littleness of love. On one occasion I was tempted to give up, lest my complaining would make younger Christians stumble, but my good class-leader had great patience with me, and encouraged me to hold fast which I had lest another would take my crown. I fought all the time, but it was often in my own strength, and indeed up to the time of my sanctification my life appears to me to be a blank.

In answer to ten thousand prayers, God brought my husband into the Church, and through the instrumentality of Rev. C. Fish he was led to see his need of a Saviour. He thought once that I invited the good brother to come to the house to talk to him about his soul, but this step the Lord showed me not to take, for he never could bear the idea of being driven by any one. The wisdom of God was infinite, and even at that early period in my history showed me not to ask him even to attend the meetings that were being held; but I will never forget those meetings, for they were the honored means of raising up family prayer in many households among which was none, and this was made a great blessing to me, for many happy seasons I enjoyed around the family

altar. It made home better, and children better, and servants better, and although sometimes the children appeared noisy and restless, yet they felt the power of prayer, and I would conclude with the poet :

“Be it ever so simple, there is nothing like prayer.”

#### **The Child's Last Sleep.**

Thou sleepest, but when wilt thou wake, fair child,  
 When the fawn awakes 'midst the forest wild,  
 When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of morn,  
 When the first rich breath of the rose is born.  
 Lovely thou sleepest, yet something lies  
 Too deep and still on thy soft sealed eyes;  
 Mournful though sweet is thy rest to see—  
 When will the hour of thy rising be.

Not when the fawn wakes, not when the lark,  
 On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark—  
 Grief with vain passionate tears, hath wet  
 The hair shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet ;  
 Love with sad kisses unfelt hath prest,  
 Thy meek dropt eyelids and quiet breast,  
 And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,  
 Shall color all blossoms, fair child, but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one, that thou should'st die,  
 And life be left to the butterfly;  
 Thou'rt gone, as a dew-drop is swept from the bough,  
 Oh, for the world where thy home is now ;  
 How may we love but in doubt and fear,  
 How may we anchor our fond hearts here,  
 How should e'en joy but a trembler be,  
 Beautiful dust, when we look on thee.

#### **Christ our Salvation.**

Remember, it is not *thy hold* of Christ that saves thee ; it is Christ : it is not *thy faith* in Christ, though that is the instrument ; it is Christ's blood and merit. Therefore, look not so much to thy hand, with which thou art grasping Christ, as to Christ ; look not to thy hope, but to Jesus, the source of thy hope ; look not to thy faith, but to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of thy faith. We shall never find happiness by looking at our prayers, our doings or our feelings : it is what *Jesus* is, not what *we* are, that gives rest to our souls.

**The Whole Creation Groaneth, being Burdened.**

Are any of my readers groaning for full deliverance from sin? I ask your prayerful attention to the following: I groaned for deliverance from inbred sin for just twenty years. But, says one: "Did it take the Lord all that time to set you free from sin?" No; but it took me all that time to believe for full salvation; and I may be asked, how was that? Are some of the Church members of the present day saying, O, I wish I could find Him whom my soul loves. You must just do as the Lord enabled me to do: tell every Christian whom you meet, and especially the Lord himself, that you want to get so near to God that you can live without sin. You cannot get sanctification in a corner, but you must tell that you want it and then when you get it you must talk of it. Every one who has holiness in possession and wants to retain the precious jewel, must let their light shine, for it cannot be cloaked up. Do not, I beseech you, be afraid of your groanings being heard by your fellow-men. Do not let pride, shame, self, or the great adversary hinder you. Again: I may be writing to some who are in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. To these holiness is but as idle tales, and I would say to those persons who are living without God and without hope in the world, come to Jesus just as you are; fall down before Him and confess your sins, for without confession there is no salvation. The man in the Gospel said to the Lord: "If I have taken aught from any man I restore him fourfold, meaning if he had done his neighbor wrong or taken his character. But how much more does God require repentance when we rob Him of His glory, persecute His servants, hinder God's work, and take away the character of God's children, in order to hurt a work that we did not understand. Now, there are many things that we do not understand, and is it not better for us to let alone what we cannot fully comprehend? The best of people, the world says, make mistakes, but I am of the opinion that the Lord so leads His people that they are not always making mistakes. I tell you why they are not led by the spirit because

they go to things trusting in their own strength and wisdom, and finite wisdom is sure to err, but infinite wisdom is promised to every believer. God says: "I will give you a mouth and wisdom," and He means heavenly wisdom, for he has given each man and woman who has been blest with reason, some sort of wisdom. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable. The wisdom of earth is not pure, for it is tarnished by sin.

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### **What is Prayer?**

It is first the whole affections set upon Christ and Him crucified. There can be no true prayers where there is a divided heart. God is not like men: He is a perfect Being, and any worship that is acceptable to Him must be entirely pure and without blemish; for in the days of the blessed Master He took a scourge of small cords and drove out them that bought and sold. He told them it was written His house was to be called a house of prayer, but they had made it a den of thieves. What are the thieves which rob us of power in prayer, or whence do they come? The first thief I would mention is the love of the world. It follows the worldly man to his closet if he has one; but where the love of the world is the all important object with the man, he don't, it is to be feared, frequent the closet very oft. The second thief is this idol, self. Where there is this selfishness it robs the man of the spirit of prayer, for instead of looking to Jesus with the whole mind, his is thinking of something in or about himself. Is it not true that even professing Christians have oftentimes found their thoughts on some other object of worship, and how could this be acceptable service? I may mention a third thief: pride and selfishness are almost inseparable. Where there is this busy sin wrangling in the bosom there can be no true worship, for the person that approaches his Maker as the Pharisee did: "Lord I thank thee that I am not as other men are, unjust," &c., are not likely to be very low in their own eyes. We need not trouble to tell the

Lord our good works ; He Himself is the author of all good. Then another thief, and the most dangerous one of all the four I have mentioned, and that is evil speaking, and this is an offence above many, for it not only hinders our prayers but it seals our disunion with Christ. No man who speaks evil of his neighbor or their children can enjoy uninterrupted communion with God ; this severs the branch from the vine at once ; it does not require a length of time to do this. The moment we commit the act the light of God's reconciled countenance is withdrawn and the guilty persons in the dark. Another hindrance to our prayers and entire devotion to God is, fear. This manslayer, if I may use the words, for other sins have slain their thousands, but this has slain its ten thousands. How many men and women and even children would be in the Church to-day were it not for fear of scorn, or frowns, or angry words, or proud looks, and disdain on the part of the Church and the world.

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**A Christian's Reply.**

As I was conversing with a Minister once, I said I believed sanctification was obtained in a moment by some, for that was the way in which I received it, and that others might get it as a gradual work. The good man replied : Ah ! but there is a moment when sin dies. How true !

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**The Sanctification of Ann Preston—continued.**

Although convinced that she could live in the world and keep this great blessing, she was anxious to be away from earth amongst the great company of the just made perfect, to do which she thought she would fast. How mysterious to think of getting to Heaven by fasting to death ; but being so full of the spirit and in such enjoyment of peace and happiness she never thought of falling into temptation. When her master, who had been absent while she was having this marvellous

experience, came home, she had been fasting eight days, and would have sunk into the arms of death had he not stopped her. She asked God why He had not given this blessing to some learned person as the Doctor, her master, who could let the light shine before the world. The Spirit replied that he wanted to show that His grace could be sufficient to keep a servant sanctified amidst the hurry and bustle of the kitchen, and glorify God as much as a Doctor in his parlor. There are as good Christians in the kitchen as in the parlor or the study. Let fathers and mothers be warned to educate their children by this record of one taken from home and bound a servant to a stranger without knowledge or worldly wisdom, and consequently called simple by the world although a Christian. This verse of the poet which she often sang was applicable to her :

No matter how dull the scholar whom He  
Took into His school and gave him to see  
A wonderful fashion of teaching He hath,  
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith.

At this time God so illumined her dark mind as to show her how to work to please Him, and not to please men only as she had previously done. Her daily song now was :

My hands are but engaged below,  
My heart is still with Thee.

Her master on his return was very kind and pitied her in her weakness, although he was a very strict master and would not allow any disorder in his home, and was very angry with the others of the family for letting her remain so long without food. But she had meat to eat. The world knew not of feasting with Jesus. She was enabled to go on her way rejoicing without a ruffle in her temper. Where once storms reared and passions reigned all was calm and joy and peace. She had a very hasty temper, which nothing but the grace of God could not only subdue but completely destroy, and since she obtained this blessing, no matter how provoked, she never got angry. Often has she said there are neither living nor dead that have seen her angry. I believe this is a truth which cannot be denied, as

I have been an eye-witness to her life, and may I not say even more, a sharer of her sufferings to let me fully understand all the trials which this servant of God has come through. She had many temptations that she wasn't living without sin. If she spoke quickly to the children the devil would whisper, Now are you living without sin? Are you in a spirit of prayer? But she was in the hollow of God's hand, who never allowed her to be tempted above that which she was able to bear or resist. For seven years and a half she was so filled with God that she never woke but in the full enjoyment of God's love, clapping her hands or quoting scripture or singing a hymn. Her heart was fixed on God and Heaven all day long, and like David she mediated on His goodness all the night, and in her waking moments she held sweet communion with Him. Her mind was so filled with thoughts of God that she scarcely knew what her hands were engaged in, but God never allowed her to neglect any of her worldly duties. The glory of God was visible in everything around her: the trees and all His creation were sending up a hallelujah of praise to God and the Lamb. It was her delight to speak of this full salvation on every occasion, whether in the Church or in contact with the world, and in all the walks of life her constant desire was to show forth the glory of God. In whatsoever she did whether eating or drinking her eye was ever single to the honor of God's holy name. When tempted to think she had lost the blessing she went often to the looking-glass to see if Heaven was still shining in her face. During these seven years and a half she enjoyed unparalleled intercourse with God, and I believe never since the time of the Apostles had any one clearer views of God or understood more fully how God would condescend to talk with His people. Oh! wondrous grace. Oh! wondrous love.

MARY J. LUDFORD.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

“Meet it is, and just, and right,  
That we should be *wholly* thine;  
In thy only will delight,  
In thy blessed service join.”



**Only Believe.**

Suppose I had a watch, costly, serviceable, and greatly valued, the gift of a dear friend, the thing most precious of all my treasures, and that, on taking a journey, I am anxious to ensure its safety. I have a friend with whom I deposit it, and who promises to keep it for me; and I proceed on my journey without a fear or particle of anxiety, because I know that my friend is strong and trustworthy. This is faith in another person for the safety of what I value.

Suppose the watch had become disordered in its machinery, and refused to keep correct time,—that it had become irregular in working, going well for a time and then stopping,—that I had tried every means to remedy it and failed, and that the irregularity had been a source of inconvenience and positive loss. The friend to whom I entrust it happens to be a skilled watchmaker, and before I begin my journey I say to him, “I value this watch greatly, but it goes badly, and has given me considerable trouble. I have wound it up, moved the fingers, and done all I can, but without success. Will you see to it?” So I leave it to be cleaned or repaired, and its fault corrected, and go away confident that my friend’s skill will assuredly put all right. This is faith for restoration, added to faith for safety.

Suppose now, that years after, I lie on a bed of death, life’s fair prospects fading away, life’s work done, and a separation from all I love before me. There is my valued watch, and there is my little son, to whom it has been promised. There, too, stands the friend who has had the care of it before, and who has worthily fulfilled his trust. I take the jewelled treasure in my hand, and say to my friend, “There is my boy, and here is this watch, the value of which you know. I commit it to your care once more, to preserve it safe, to keep it in order, that it may be handed to my son when he comes of age.” And I have no fear but that my dying wish will be fulfilled. This is faith not only for safety and restoration, but for a future into which I cannot see.

Will you now, reader, put, in place of that watch, the soul with which God has endowed you—the most precious of all possessions, for, “What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” You are here in life, accountable and immortal, but because of transgressions, exposed to soul-peril. Eternity stretches out before you, death may be near, and the first question with you is, How shall my soul be safe? Have you learned the answer to this? *Trust your soul to Jesus.* Put it in his hands who is “able to save,” and without a fear or doubt, leave it there. This is faith in Christ for safety.

You become conscious now of other wants. The question as to personal

safety is settled. But your soul needs more. Oh, the pain, the grief, the unrest proceeding from indwelling evil! You are forced to see that there is much within out of harmony with God and your own convictions. Try as you will, you cannot make this saved soul go correctly. Unrest follows peace, and weakness takes the place of strength, and utter failure in duty alternates with the joy of success. Must this be a life-long trouble? Must you *always* bewail the "other law in your members, warring against the law of your mind, and bringing you into captivity?" Nay! Jesus is the Saviour—the restorer of the human spirit to harmony with its God. All spiritual irregularity proceeds from one cause, sin—SIN—and Jesus saves his people from that! Saves them fully, saves them now, whoever believes. Put your soul in his hands, to be cleansed and made right for service, and he will do the work! Be assured he can, and will, and does cleanse, as you are sure he forgives. Say, "He restoreth my soul," and every need being met by his fulness of grace, you will thus trust him for purity and fitness for service.

But the future! Oh, the changes, the trials, the difficulties to come! Who can say what lies between this and heaven? How can one who is perfect weakness stand? What guarantee has one who knows himself fickle and unstable that he shall endure? The way is beset with dangers. How do I know that I shall be faithful, and, passing through all, gain eternal life? Oh, brother! trust Jesus for this also! Lying before his eye, like a road on a map, is every inch of your future life. The way is strange to you, but familiar to him! and "He is able to keep you from falling." He promises to be your Saviour, in the fullest sense, *all the way through!* Will you not, once for all, place your soul in his hands, and leave it there, singing, as you step heavenward, "I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day!"

And this is what honors Jesus the Saviour, kills gloomy doubt, drives dark fear away, inspires assurance, makes the soul dwell in light, and bears it onward to heaven. The mistake of most is that that they are afraid to abandon themselves to a life of simple trust.

Reader, venture to believe in your Saviour for *all*. Dare to believe. Resolve that you will die rather than give up your faith. Then you will find yourself a conqueror. Nay, rather you will, with a deeper, truer sense of need than you have ever known, feel that there is One with you and in you, who does for you overcome all; and instead of the shame of defeat and the disheartenment of failure, you will joyously testify, "*Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ!*"—*King's Highway.*

**The Evil of Intemperance.**

For the past six years I have seen a great deal of the evil of this curse of all curses on humanity. I have found it at the bottom of all other crimes in my work in connection with the jail, as a teacher with the prisoners every Sabbath morning, and jail gate mission work with the Haven that has lately been adopted to rescue the perishing and abandoned. I knew nothing previous to this work of the extent of this demon amongst my own sex as well as the other. Some from the highest families in our fair Canada have been brought through its use to the lowest degradation and disgrace. Alas! for the professing Christians of the various Churches of God who can fold their arms, take their ease, and look on with apparent placidness. Yes, and nominate men into places of trust and power as rulers of the people, who not only use it themselves but advocate it as a beverage that fashionable society can not do without. Where is the spirit of Christ here? What does the word say: "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His." Away with all those who can take their glass and boast. They can stop there. My tipling friend take Paul's injunction: he would eat no meat while the world stood if it caused his brother to offend or is made weak. Ah, I fear many of you who can take your glass and stop at that will have your garments stained with the blood of the poor drunkards' souls. If any moderate drinker should perchance read this let me say, would to God you had listened to some of the heart rending tales from broken hearted fathers and mothers of their fallen daughters and sons. Me thinks you would never want to see another drop of the cursed stuff ever manufactured. Mothers of large families too have fallen a prey, and I have known them to sell part of the bread from their hungry children that have been sent them from charitable institutions. I might tell you of hundreds of families that have been ruined in our city by it; but I will just mention one, that of a young girl. Her father after losing his wife and mother of his five children moved to Toronto from a city on the other side. In good circumstances and a very respectable citizen the oldest daughter, about fourteen years of age, shortly after arrival was induced to take her first glass. From step to step she was led till her beautiful home was given up for one of sin and shame about one year ago. I prevailed on her to come with me to the Haven, as her term in jail, three months, were up; this was her fourth or fifth time of imprisonment. The morning I was to go for her to the jail she was dressed some hours, watching for me through the iron bars, poor unfortunate. I brought her to the Haven, a fine looking girl eighteen years of age, left her in care of the Matron, and went to see her father

if he would take her back. He positively refused, saying she was past redemption and wanted to save the remainder of the family. He told me he had paid her fine several times and brought her home, but in a day or two she would be gone. Again and again he had with a detective searched the streets and found her in some of the lowest dens in the city. The last time he brought her home he took her to some of the best shops, bought her any article of clothing she desired, thinking this would save and induce her to give up her companions and drink. All his efforts proved a failure. As soon as her clothing was made up she was missing. One evening a few weeks after when he returned from his office he found her drunk lying in the back yard wit' some of the meanest loafers in the city. The father was so enraged, he said had he had a gun lives would have been lost. Her brother, not two years older, when he came in from College took her in his arms, carried her to her well furnished room, had her washed, dressed and cared for by a nurse; but in three days was away. Her appetite for drunk was such that again and again almost every article of clothing was pawned for it. I saw no arguments that I could bring would induce him to take her back, and who could blame him. On the sons arrival home from College hearing that she was in the Haven he prevailed with the father to try her once more. But, alas, she was gone when we got back to the Haven, like the sow that was washed had returned to the mire. I came home with a sad heart; spent most of the night in prayer, for sleep was gone, this was on Friday. I said out of the fullness of my heart: Lord, bring her back to the jail again. The next Sunday morning when the van drove up to the jail with the prisoners collected from the various Police Stations she was the first one put her head out, only two days out of jail till she was in again. There are some old women now in jail that have spent most of thirty years there through drink. She put in her term. It fell to my lot to do the mission work of the Haven. Again she was brought to it and seemed more penitent, resolved to abandon her course of sin, and after a few days persuasion consented to go to the Magdalene in Hamilton, thinking if there she would be out of the reach of all her companions. I went to her father, he gave me money to procure some plain clothes. Her brother came for her and took her home to see them all before leaving for Hamilton, spent an hour of weeping together, hopes dead were now beginning to revive, that their lost one might yet be saved. She did well for a few months in the Magdalene; in some way she got the liquor again, committed a crime and is now in the Penitentiary. O, when, Christian brethren and sisters, will this traffic cease? Should we not pray that this great fountain of

iniquity might be stopped, that God's judgments, if nothing else will do, might stop the manufactory. I once thought a woman was out of her place to do anything in a public way for the cause of Temperance. I think now a woman that will not lift her warning voice as she has opportunity, in view of so many of her own sex that are dragged down to the lowest state of degradation and misery in this life and the dreadful hereafter awaiting multitudes, is not worth the name of a woman. God help us what our hand findeth to do, to do it with our might as unto the Lord, and not unto men, as I have written this.

F. H.

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### Effects of Fellowship.

There is no form of blessedness so full and complete as that which results from the fellowship of pure and kindred minds, in respect to objects of spiritual and happying mutual interest. Such a state is a primary demand of our social nature. Such is the strength of this principle within us that we can scarcely enjoy any form of good when separated from other minds. Happiness departs, and leaves us desolate and sad, when we have no kindred minds with which to sympathise. Such fellowship not only intensifies our joy, but has sovereign power to turn our deepest sorrows into the most perfect and abiding forms of gladness. Minds in fellowship become possessed to the full extent of their capacities, each of the blessedness that dwells in the heart of the other. "In fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ," the human spirit will, to the fullest extent of its evergrowing capacities, be filled with the blessedness that dwells in the Divine mind.

The most marked peculiarity, perhaps, of such fellowship is the perpetual *assimilation of character* which thereby arises between kindred souls. When two minds are in such endearing intercommunion, the virtues and excellences of each are perpetually taking form and embodiment in the character of the other. A mind of lower, in fellowship with one of higher order, is being perpetually raised to the conscious possession of the superior excellencies of the latter. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise" God, by bringing sanctified spirits into fellowship with himself, will be eternally elevating them to higher and higher resemblances to His own infinite excellencies, and to higher and higher fruitions of His own infinite blessedness. If we would be God-like in our character, we must seek and attain to that state in which "our fellowship shall be with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

