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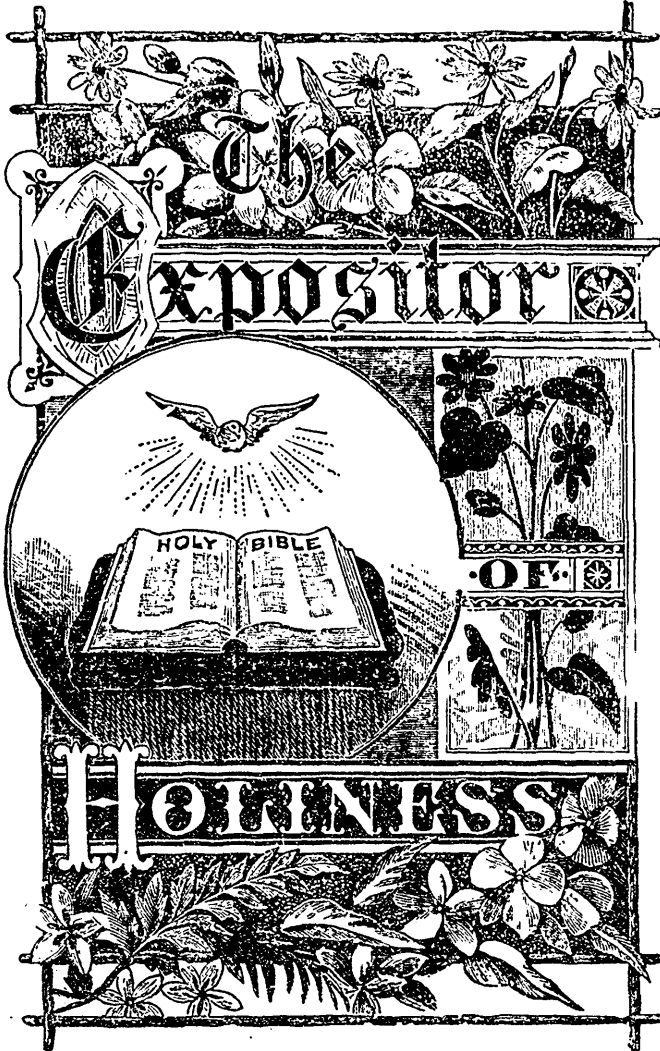
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No. 7.



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CALENDAR OF HOLINESS MEETINGS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE
Expositor of Holiness

AND

BAND WORKER.

VOL. V.

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COMPLETE.

BY REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A.

"Complete!" O sweet and heavenly word,
That sinless angels never heard!
Our stammering lips can scarcely spell it,
It needs a seraph voice to tell it;
Complete, not in myself, but thee!
"Yes, trusting soul, complete in Me!"

But I am weak and full of sin,
All bruised without and stained within;
How can it be that I be holy?
"Ah learn of Me, the meek and lowly,
My grace it is that sets you free,
Rejoice, thou art complete in Me!"

But see the past, with all its falls,
The past, with its unheeded calls;
The past, with all its wrong words spoken,
Its promises so swiftly broken—
"I bore that past upon the Tree,
Look up, thou art complete in Me!"

But I am frail, a thousand slips,
A thousand words from hasty lips,
Will fill my soul with grief and sorrow—
"Ah, foolish soul, thou shouldst not sorrow,
Just as thy days thy strength shall be,
'Tis thine to rest complete in Me!"

But I am blind, I shall but stray,
Or grope and stumble in the way—
'Mine hand shall hold, Mine eyes shall guide
thee,
And My bright angels stand beside thee;
Fear not, I gave Myself for thee,
And where I am, night cannot be!"

"Complete in Him!" and what is this,
But gate of pearl, that leads to bliss?
Life has no need, but Jesus fills it;
Life has no storm, but Jesus stills it;
Peace widens, deepens to a sea,
When I can say, "Complete in Thee!"

And when before the great white throne,
I reap the joys my tears have sown—
In loftier song I will adore Him,
And cast my crown of gold before Him;
And this my highest note shall be,
"Redeemed, saved, complete in Thee!"
—*Wayside Songs.*

1887.

Still another year is upon us and the momentous question will intrude, What shall its record be? First, what is the verdict of our own conscience concerning the past year? Is the remembrance of our Christian life during the past twelve months grievous unto us because of good resolutions made and broken, or is there the joy of complete satisfaction as we review the past? The probabilities are all on the side of a similar record this year, unless there is an entire change at the very outset. If our Christian work during the former year has been pleasing to our Master in all respects, the outlook for the present year is full of joyous confidence that another new year, if we have not passed within the veil, will find us equally triumphant through the mighty power of an indwelling Christ. But if dissatisfaction rules our thoughts as we contemplate the past year, we may look forward to a like experience when eighteen hundred and eighty-seven shall have given place to eighty-eight. Why, because we have commenced in all probability this year as we did the last by making grand determinations to live better. Those resolutions will, in part or whole, be broken and hence trouble of mind will ensue. What then should be done? By all means make a radical change at the start. In place of reconsecration and

solemn vows made to be broken, accept present completeness in Christ, this moment by faith, and let Him work in us henceforth both to will and to do of His good pleasure. "Then shall our light rise in obscurity, and our darkness be as the noon-day." Isaiah lviii. 10.

Wherefore, as our New Year's greetings to all our readers, we challenge them, by faith, with us this moment, to obey the call, "Arise, shine; for our light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon us."—Isaiah lx. 1.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Among other correspondence the following letter, lately received, contains questions to be answered that suggest the possibility of others of our readers needing what help our experience may afford in replying to them. Indeed we have met with very many in like case, and are of the opinion they form a numerous class. We have seen many, like ourselves, emancipated from the thralldom, and the result has been permanent gladness and satisfaction of heart to themselves, and increased efficiency in the Master's work. The part of the letter we refer to is as follows:—

"REV. N. BURNS: Dear Friend,—I remember your asking me to write you as to my experience in the higher life, but I have never availed myself of the privilege until now.

But a remark you made at that Sunday afternoon meeting at Mr. Anderson's has encouraged me to speak freely to you. I cannot recall your exact words, but they were to this effect: that in the first years of your experience in Christian holiness you were often perplexed at times not knowing just where you stood. I felt wonderfully helped, for such is my experience, and I thought "Well, if Mr. Burns has had these troubles, I need not despair." But in the past two years I have sometimes thought there was no use my trying to live up to my privilege, for I came so far short of what I think a perfect Christian should be. And yet I have not dared to give up, for now that I see my privileges in Christ Jesus, not to embrace them, is to me a losing of all

religious life. The one supreme desire of my life is to serve God with a perfect heart. I know I love God with all my heart, and yet there is such a lack of power in me. Why is it? Is there something I have not yet received that is in store for me, or am I unfaithful to the light and grace already given? I sometimes think perhaps I am exacting more of myself than I should, and because I fail Satan laughs at me, and tells me I am not on the King's highway. I am naturally of a shrinking, quiet nature, and to do as I see many other holy people doing would seem an impossibility to me. Should this be overcome? As you probably know, I have no help here in this matter, but I have promised God to let my light shine, even though but a feeble light, whenever I have an opportunity. I have found much comfort in telling my Heavenly Father of my failures, for He sees that my heart is sincere in wanting to be right in His sight. I do not know that I have made my case plain to you. But it has been a desire to get help, and to know of a surety just where I am, that I write to you. I know this. My experience has been richer and deeper since that 12th of August, 1884, at Grimsby, but I want to possess all God intends me to receive. My desire is to be useful. That has always been the first thought rather than my own happiness. If I err I think it is in omissions, rather than in commissions. I want to be right."

The first question, it will be noticed, is "I know I love God with all my heart, and yet there is such a lack of power in me. Why is this?"

Now, we have no reason to pronounce upon this as not correctly showing the true experience of the writer. There are some writers and teachers who affirm that loving God supremely implies the possession of all other spiritual blessings. Our reply is that facts are at variance with their teachings. Evidently the knowledge of supreme love to God here is as positive as the knowledge of sins forgiven. Throw doubt on the one, and you undermine confidence in the other. We also can go back in our Christian history, and fully understand these facts from our own personal experience. There are multitudes of Christians to-day who

are in a chronic state of fault-finding with themselves, chiefly because of a constant sense of sins of omission in their Christian work. Many, it is true, have settled down into a species of indifference, a kind of semi-despair, from the belief that it cannot be helped, which is slowly paralyzing all exertion in them. Others are trying to crowd out the thought of it by multiplying the activities of life, but only partially succeeding. But there is a class like the questioner, whose souls are fired up by love for and gratitude to that Saviour who has saved them from sin, and adopted them into the Heavenly Family, with all the bright prospects connected with a future home with Christ, and they have commenced with zeal and energy to work for their beloved Master. Nevertheless, the results to them are not satisfactory. Now this intense sense of dissatisfaction is not the willing admission of a successful worker, who only enhances the value of his services by affirming that gladly would he offer more if possible, that, considering the glorious character of Him he serves, his offering is as poverty itself. It is not this feeling we are discussing, but the consciousness that there is failure to perform that which should have been done, the knowledge obtained from contemplating the commands of Christ, and the description of holy living found in the Bible, that the life does not fully square with His precepts, or correspond to the Scriptural standard of a holy life.

Now we unhesitatingly give it as our opinion, founded on a diligent search of the written word, that ample provision is made in the plan of salvation to meet these exacting demands on our obedience in working for the Master, and such as can secure perfect satisfaction to the most exacting of Christians in their desires after perfect service.

We find a complete solution of all these difficulties in Pentecost. That Christian who honors the Holy Ghost as a personal friend, and makes Him his sole guide or rule of life is at once on the plain road to the securement of all his heart craves in these matters. We do not assert that the acceptance of the *promise of the Father* as supreme guide into all truth, so that we are ready to

take any course of action, no matter how much at variance with our own or the judgment of others, at His sole instance, means all that is wrapped up in Pentecost; but we do affirm that whoever does so submit his life to His guidance will most certainly reach this goal. A time will come in the near future when they will see their privilege to accept Him, their guide, in Pentecostal power and fulness. Then they will be conscious that they have received power after that the Holy Ghost is come, and are effective witnesses both at home and abroad for Christ, and then, we maintain, the result is that they walk worthy of God unto all pleasing, having the witness :

“ That all they do is right
According to His will and word ;
Well pleasing in his sight. ”

But we hesitate not to give it as our opinion that, failure to accept the Holy Spirit as supreme guide in all things secular as well as sacred effectually closes up the way to this experience. Hence we shall ever expect to see those, who, in their teachings exclude Him from supreme guidance in temporal matters, take the position of earnest seekers of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but never as possessors.

Our answer, then, to this question is the recommendation, not of course as an oracle, but as an earnest student of the Bible speaking from experience : solemnly covenant with the Blessed Spirit to take Him as the supreme guide in life in all matters great and small. And so soon as this is done, without reserve, you will at once realize that the beginning of the end of this matter of power to work satisfactorily for God has come, you will realize with the profoundest satisfaction that now at last it is within your grasp, and that with infallible certainty you will be led into all truth concerning the whole subject.

As a truism, it is in order for every believer to receive the Holy Ghost this moment by faith, even as the early Christians received Him in the fulness of the Spirit's dispensation. But in your case time may be needed to clarify your spiritual vision, to clear away the accretions of prejudice and ignorance concerning Bible

teaching on this subject. You will find the Comforter divine a most patient and encouraging teacher in bringing you into a state of preparedness for His indwelling in Pentecostal fulness and power. But as you are true to your covenant with the Guide divine, so will you advance with confidence and rapidity till the desired consummation is reached, when as a glad, unspeakable privilege you will welcome Him, the crowning gift of Jesus and the Father, into His coveted habitation, as a permanent occupant. Then the result in your life work must be satisfactory, for it is on record "ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost has come."

As to the second question we believe it will in a sense answer itself, when the first is scripturally settled. It is not necessary to know beforehand the manner of life we shall live. The Holy Spirit divides to each, severally, as He wills, the work to be done in Christ's vineyard. There is room for the shrinking, the retiring, as well as for the forward and aggressive. Are all apostles? are all pastors or teachers? St. Paul asks, plainly intimating that the work of all varies. If called to do public work, a shrinking nature can easily be transformed into one more in accord with such work, but this, we are inclined to think, is not the usual way of the Spirit's work in us. However, He will certainly work in harmony with Christ, who proclaimed to the world that His yoke was easy and His burden light. So we are perfectly safe in reasoning that the way the Holy Spirit will work out for us will not only afford us entire satisfaction, but will also be to us, all things considered, the simplest and easiest possible; whilst in glorifying God, and benefiting humanity, it will measure up to God's knowledge of our possibilities for service.

If you wrangle over a difference of opinion, mourn the loss of a nickle, fret about a misplaced article, get mad because some one has not dealt with you as you think they should; you will find it a difficult task to convince those who know it that you have an inheritance worth a million worlds like this, and that you are willing to endure anything and suffer the loss of every earthly friend in order to retain Christ in your soul.—*Sel.*

EXPOSITION.

"For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices which they offered year by year continually make the comers thorough perfect."—Heb. x. 2.

This passage should be read in connection with the ninth and tenth chapters, its context, to obtain a fair understanding of it. In so doing, it will be readily observed that Paul is describing a marked contrast between the times of the prophets, and apostles, that is, between the older times, and his own, as to the consciousness of sin by the true believer.

That there is a sharp, well defined contrast here pointed out, all must admit who carefully read this passage. Wherein does it consist?

We confess that the answers usually given, are not satisfactory to us. Generally, we are called on to contemplate the fact that the new covenant embraces the Gentile world, and are invited to glowing descriptions of the multitudes embraced in the new covenant, as compared with the one nation for whom were all the ordinances and promises under the old Dispensation.

But manifestly the apostle was comparing the same individuals, or their descendants, under the two different régimes, and, therefore, in all fairness to his argument, we should so confine ourselves in dwelling on the advantages of the one covenant over the other.

Evidently, St. Paul teaches that in some sense the Jew, who confessed his sins before the slain victims, although forgiven, was not perfect as to his conscience, and that one of the conditions of continued forgiveness was his carrying out instructions concerning oft-repeated sacrifices. "For in those sacrifices there is a remembrance made of sins year by year," verse 5. The definite contrast to this is mentioned in the 14th verse, where he proclaims that "by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us."

Now, if one should jump to the conclusion that it was impossible for an Israelite under the old dispensation to walk in obedience, and live a holy life, well pleasing to his God, the jump would

land him too far, for it would prove that God gave commands then which could not be obeyed. For the commands to be holy and love God supremely were as binding then as now. Even under the patriarchal dispensation Abraham was required to walk before God and be perfect.

Is not the whole case met by the statement that each was perfect in the sight of God, as he lived up to and carried out the laws and regulations made and provided for him in the covenant under which he lived? And as each in his generation lived up to his privileges, so a sense of complete satisfaction with his life was realized. Witness the parting words of Moses to the children of Israel. There was evidently complete satisfaction, on the part of Moses himself, with his life, after his call to deliver his countrymen, save in the one act of disobedience by which he forfeited his right to cross the Jordan. In the last words of Joshua and Samuel to the people, there is a sense of satisfaction exhibited which compares favorably with the last utterances of St. Paul, and yet the vast superiority of Paul's soul experiences, and of his sublime life-work, is in no way affected by this fact. The standard of excellence is vastly raised, and the possibility of reaching that wondrously simplified in Pentecostal times. That which was not possible of attainment, and was as a consequence not required under the former dispensations, is now possible and of easy attainment.

The Jew, to-day, who confesses his sins to God, over some sacrifice offered, does not obtain the witness of the Spirit that his sins are forgiven, as was evidently the case in David's times. He may be equally as sincere and as importunate as David; but no answer of peace comes to his troubled soul, for the old covenant has passed away. There remaineth no more sacrifice for sin. So, to-day, the professed Christian who essays by the observance of multiplied rules and regulations for holy living, to live a holy, satisfactory life, fails, for under the present dispensation God's order is that His laws should be written on the heart, that is, that the indwelling Comforter should be the one and only law of holy living, and that, there-

fore, no matter how zealous and sincere the man may be, he may even try to have the Saviour supplement wherein he lacks in obedience, he may begin in the Spirit and drift, only in part, into legalism, still the law of the Spirit being God's ordained method of perfecting them that are sanctified, he must inevitably fail until he fully accepts this only way whereby the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us. That is, the Christian who tries to be made perfect, even in part, after the manner of the old covenant, cannot succeed. He is trying to alter God's method of salvation, and must meet with disaster. Finally, we believe that Paul teaches in this passage that whilst the Israelite who carried out in practice all the laws and ordinances of the old dispensation when they were in force, walked before God and was perfect in his generation, the Christian, who walks in the Spirit, not only has the satisfaction that he pleases God, but is conscious of an experience which so far excels the possibilities of former times that the former covenant has no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

From latest accounts Bishop Taylor has now fifty-three missionaries to the front in his great African faith-venture. He has lost several, who for various reasons have returned home, after landing on the dark continent, and some by death. He has now established himself at Stanley Pool, and finds it necessary for further progress to have a steamer to traverse the main stream, and the numerous river branches of the Congo, and plant his missions far in the interior.

So he calls for twenty thousand persons to send each one dollar to his treasurer, Richard Grant, 181 Hudson St., New York, for this definite purpose. This sum, he calculates, will put the steamer on Stanley Pool fully equipped for service.

The Bishop keeps hale and hearty, and urges on his helpers to labors abundant by his own example. He tells of laboring with hoe and spade at an average of eight hours per day, through many weeks of successive toil, and of starting on journeys of

hundreds of miles on foot, as ordinary incidents in his missionary work.

To us, one of the most interesting parts of his experiences is the confidence he shows in prayer and its answers, amidst perplexing circumstances. For example, he writes: "For many weeks we could hear nothing of our people in the rear. I often inquired of the Lord whether or no I should go or send some one to look after them and help them on, but always received answer, God can provide for them just the same as he did for you." Again he says, "About August 23rd perplexing difficulties under my administration seemed to be reaching a dark crisis, so that I cried to the Lord, and got the simple answer, Wait a month. I waited, and doubted not. At the end of that month every perplexing problem was solved as none of us anticipated, and so divinely that all our people there said, It is the Lord's doing! Glory to His name."

It would seem from such passages in the life of this apostolic man, that he is an earnest believer in Divine guidance, in temporal matters.

We would add that Bishop Taylor requests all who send their dollar to Mr. Grant, to mention the name they would like the new steamer to bear, and he promises that the name shall be determined by a majority vote. We notice by our exchanges that "The Bishop Taylor," is the favorite one suggested thus far.

BRO. JACOB FRESHMAN.

We have received the fifth annual report of this earnest worker amongst the Jewish population of New York.

Our brother, we are glad to know, is prospering more and more in his work. He has now a suitable church and parsonage combined, costing \$25,000. Besides Mrs. Freshman, who joins him most enthusiastically in self-denying services for the Master, he has also other helpers so as to multiply services of various kinds, all calculated to secure the attention and then the conversion of his brethren according to the flesh.

He has been cheered all along in his faith-work by seeing that the gospel is still the power of God unto the salvation

of Jew as well as Gentile. A number have been converted and baptized during the past year.

But amidst signs of increased prosperity he is fettered by an \$18,000 mortgage on his new church, to remove which will require substantial aid from the stewards of God's bounties. We bespeak for him not only the prayers, but also the financial assistance he so greatly needs in his lonely Christian battle against 100,000 of his countrymen who have the veil still on their hearts.

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

KINGSTON.—On our return from the capital of the Dominion we had the pleasure of an hour's chat with Bro. Stillwell. We rejoiced with him as he told us of a revived church under his charge, one in which the banner of holiness is being held up with firm grasp, and where there are witnesses to full salvation. We presume he is now engaged in special revival services, for he informed us of his intention to commence the second week of the new year. We bespeak for him and his work the prayers of our readers.

BRO. SAVAGE.—On the road to Kingston we boarded the train, at Brockville, which was returning Bro. Savage to his home. He had snatched a couple of weeks from his pressing engagements, for a short visit to his family. We found him not only buoyant in spirits because of all the glorious victories given him by the Captain of our salvation, but also in good health, and prepared to abate not one jot of his abundant evangelistic labors. We trust that there is no cessation of the prayers of God's people for this burning evangelist and his remarkable Christian work.

POLITICS.—Our city presented a unique history in its late civic elections. In place of the usual party strife between political parties, it was an open, straight contest between good Christian government, and all evil, opposing forces. It is a cause for devout thankfulness that the right secured a magnificent victory. And now every well-wisher of the city and its people breathes freely, and hopefulness is in the ascendant. We look upon the re-

sult as a call to all Christian workers to labor on with greater confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right. Would that Christian people everywhere in all municipal elections, and for that matter in all elections, which affect the moral as well as material welfare of communities, would adopt the apostolic advice, and look them out men *full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom*, and then stand by them in open, determined conflict. Sooner or later the right would prevail.

THE HOLINESS BAND.—This informal Band of workers has again come to the front for combined Christian work. They go to different meetings, night after night, as the way providentially opens for them; not only to holiness meetings, but to any other services in the churches when invitations are received. Their chief work is united testimony to full salvation, prayer, or helpful conversation at the altar, where needed. Bro. Parks has principally to do in directing their visits.

THE HOLINESS MEETINGS never were in a healthier state. The testimonies grow better and better. Additions are constantly being made of believers entering into the rest of faith, and the conviction is shared by all that still more rapid increase in the volume of testimony to full salvation will be witnessed in the near future.

THOUGHTS ON DANIEL.

BY THE REV. DAVID B. UPDEGRAFF.

God has His faithful servants under all circumstances.

When the king went to the mouth of the lion's den, he paid Daniel a great compliment. He did not say, O Daniel, my secretary of state, are you alive? No, not that. He cried, "O Daniel, thou servant of the most High God." That eclipsed everything else.

After the edict was issued against prayer, we can imagine the devil suggesting to Daniel, Now, Daniel, don't be a fool; don't make your friend King Darius your executioner. Shut down your window and moderate your transports for a few days. Then, I suppose, there was a

class of policy folks who came to him and said, Now you have been called, in the good providence of God, to help your friends here in the captivity; now don't be such a fool as to feed yourself to the lions. Worship is a spiritual thing; it is a communion with God. These men have counted on trapping you in this thing. Don't prove them to be true prophets. But Daniel opened his window and prayed three times a day as usual.

If you are loyal to God and to full salvation, the devil and his emissaries will take the initiative every time. You will not have to go out and look for a fight. You just go out like Mordecai and not bow to some old tyrant, and Haman will begin to invest in timber and nails for a gallows. But you go on, and God will take care of it all; and when the time arrives there will be nothing to do but spring the trigger. And the man who swings is not you—it is Haman.

Faith always uses means, but faith never uses the means of the world. Means that seem adequate to the world are always abandoned by faith. "Our weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God." When we walk in God's way and will, He takes the responsibility for all consequences.

Angels do stay around the lions' dens. If you want to have a little conversation with them you had better get into one, if it is in the good providence of God.

God will save you from all fear of consequences. I have just come from the deathbed of a relative. Before she passed away she said to her three children, "Do not be afraid to die; I am not afraid." And as the last moments came on, the light of heaven was in her face, and we could not tell just when the last breath was drawn, so peaceful was her end.—From a sermon at Pitman Grove, in *The Kingdom*.

When the light of full salvation strikes a justified and regenerated soul and that soul refuses to obey his convictions by walking in that light, God withdraws the evidence of His acceptance and that soul takes the place of a common sinner before God. Obey and live, or draw back and die.—*Sel.*

ASKING IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

BY REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D., LL.D.

In John xvi. 23-27, we find the following memorable utterances:—"And in that day ye shall ask Me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you. Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." "At that day ye shall ask in My name: and I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you: for the Father Himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God."

We have, within a few months past put this question to quite a number of intelligent believers, several ministers being amongst the number: "What do you understand the requirement to ask in the name of Christ to mean?" and we have yet to meet the first individual who was prepared to give a definite answer to the inquiry. What, then, is the real Scriptural meaning of this requirement?

A single fact of actual occurrence will enable us to throw very clear light upon this momentous question. Many years since, a merchant in the city of New York, U.S., failed to a very large amount. After surrendering all his goods and possessions to his creditors he found himself hopelessly bankrupt. No one would give him credit to the amount of a single dollar. He had a brother in the city of Boston, who was everywhere known to be worth millions of dollars. This brother sent on to our bankrupt friend a power of attorney, no limits being designated, to transact business in his, the wealthy brother's, name. The poor bankrupt immediately hired a building right in the business centre of the city, filled it with goods, and commenced operations as one of the most prosperous merchants in the great city of New York.

In speaking to a friend of ours upon the subject, he said: "I will tell you how much I am, in reality, worth in the city. I am practically just as rich as my brother is. I can purchase anything, and

live as well as he can; yet if I should presume to ask anything in my own name, no one would credit me to the amount of a single dollar. I once in a while, for my own amusement, thus illustrate my position: I enter the store of an importer, and having selected a quantity of goods, request him to send them to my store. 'But to whom shall I charge them?' 'To myself, of course,' I respond. 'I cannot do that,' is his prompt rejoinder. 'If your creditors should become aware that I have goods in that state in your store they would seize them at once, and I should lose them for ever.' I show him my power of attorney, and remark that I will purchase the goods in my brother's name. 'Take what you please,' is the prompt reply. In that dear name I could purchase anything and everything the man had."

So, when and where Christ expressly and specifically authorises us to "ask in His name," He "puts us in full" possession (we may be pardoned the boldness of the expression), He puts us in full possession of a Power of Attorney by which we may obtain at the Throne of Grace *all* that *He* could, were He in our condition, and should He, in His own name and behalf, ask for the same identical blessings. "God cannot deny Himself." Nor can He deny the Son "any good thing" which He shall ask in His own name and behalf. Equally impossible is it for the Eternal Father to withhold "any good thing" of which the Son has said, ask in My name of the Father that specific blessing. The Father can no more dishonor the name of Christ when and where He has expressly authorised the use of His name, than He could cast dishonor upon Christ Himself were He personally asking for the same blessings.

We must ever bear in mind, however, the express conditions on which Christ has authorised believers to use His name, namely, that we are living in Him and He in us; that our wills are fully identified with His; and that we have perfect faith in the efficacy of the use of His name to insure to us "the good things" for which He has authorised us to ask, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide

in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." "Let not that man" (the man who wavereth, or whose faith fails) "expect to receive anything of the Lord."

"It is only when we are "strong in faith, giving glory to God," that we do or can "ask in the name of Christ," and "receive whatsoever we ask." But when our abiding is fixed and enduring, and our faith fails not, but waxeth stronger and stronger, then the storehouse of heaven is opened to us, and we can ask and receive until our joy is full. No "good thing"—nothing which will be best for us, here or hereafter, will be withheld from us.—*Divine Life.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SERMON OF YESTERDAY.

The theme was the life of Joseph. The prominent trait of his character was an honest, truthful desire to serve God faithfully, and in return the God of his fathers cared for him all his days, prospered him in all things, even watching over his body after death till it was safely deposited in the tomb of his fathers, in the promised land.

The lessons taught by his history were, that none who trust in the Lord shall be confounded in this world; and in the next, Heaven is the portion of the child of God—even his body shall be watched over, and finally brought to the Heavenly home.

As I listened, my own life, in its various parts, came in panoramic view before me. I could say, the "Lord has led me by a way I knew not," and yet it has been the very best way; here strewn with flowers, there walking in the valley of sorrow and perplexing care, but ever in company with the loving Saviour, who was always near to assuage grief and guard against undue elation in prosperity. Why, I asked, all this care of unworthy me? And the reply was furnished in the lesson; because there was at the very beginning, and all through life's history, an honest desire to be right. And this but testifies to the truth of Scripture,

where it is written, "Seek first the kingdom of Christ and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

As I look back over the past years, I can truthfully say that this and kindred promises have been fulfilled in my life, not only in temporal things but in spiritual blessings. He has marvellously made good all His promises. He has made me a partaker of His fulness in Christ Jesus, until my soul cries out, "O the depths of these riches of this grace in me! It is past finding out! The rest of faith is mine in possession, and the *promise of the Father* condescends to make the body of His unworthy servant His temple. Yea Father, Son, and Holy Spirit take up their abode in a human heart, and thus all the promises are yea and amen to me in Christ Jesus."

My early life was pleasant and cheerful. As the daughter of one of the old pioneer preachers I had, in common with the other members of the family, to grapple with the inconveniences of frequent movings and with limited means—four hundred dollars being the average yearly stipend. But these are but as mountains of difficulty now making a pleasing back-ground to the whole picture as memory recalls it. And what results have followed! My father travelled this very ground when the circuit reached from Buffalo to Rochester. But what grand results have been the outcome of such pioneer labors in the Lord's vineyard! Yes, I look back over it all now in my old age. I trace with delight the good hand of my God, and rapturously exclaim, "He doeth all things well;" and rejoice most of all because of the *glorious gospel* of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I covet its riches as a possession for all my dear friends in the flesh.

M. BRIDGEMAN.

Buffalo, N.Y.

Are we to grow in grace? The soil is God's, and we, as plants, must be tilled as He wills. Shall not God cultivate His fields as seemeth good to Him? Why then murmur if the harrow of affliction cross you. He knows the needs of the soil, and of the seed to be planted therein.

"IN CHRIST'S NAME" AND "FOR CHRIST'S SAKE."

BY REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D., LL.D., IN
"DIVINE LIFE."

Few believers seem to understand the wide distinction between coming to the throne of grace, and asking for blessings in Christ's name, and asking for the same blessings for Christ's sake. Yet the difference between the two is world-wide, and of infinite importance.

A young man in a starving condition, for example, once called upon an endeared friend of his father's, made known to him his condition, and begged that his father's friend would relieve his distress, as the father himself would do were he present. To his request the gentleman addressed made the following reply: "Young man, I know well what your life has been; that by your vices and crimes you have nearly, or quite, broken the hearts of both your parents. I, therefore, give you nothing on your own account, as you deserve no good at the hand of any individual. On account of my warm friendship and deep esteem for your venerable father, however, I will furnish his wayward son with what is needful to relieve his present distress." All this was perfectly right and proper in the presence of such circumstances.

Suppose, now, that the young man had asked for the same relief in his father's name. As a prudent man, the individual addressed would have asked for a document, signed by the father, authorizing such a use of his name. If the document could not be produced, the petitioner would have stood unmasked as a criminal, liable to prosecution and imprisonment, for a flagrant attempt to obtain money under false pretences.

We may, without crime, ask what we will for the sake of another person. We cannot, without crime, ask anything in the name of another person, unless that individual has specifically and legally authorized us to make such use of his name.

The above example renders plain the wide distinction, in our approaching to a throne of grace, between asking for bless-

ings in the name of Christ, and asking for the same blessings for His sake. Christ has definitely authorized us to come to the throne of grace, and in His name ask for a full supply of all our need. In doing so, He has put us in full possession of all the influence which He Himself would have, were He in our circumstances asking in His own name for the same blessings.

It is a far different matter, however, when we, standing or kneeling at the same throne, ask the father to grant our requests for Christ's sake. With the Father, Christ is the object of infinite and eternal love; and Christ loves us with an everlasting love. So, also, we read: "The Father Himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came forth from God." In addition to the infinite privilege of asking in Christ's name, we can offer all the above designated facts, namely, the Father's love for Christ, His love for us, and our love of Him and faith in His name, as reasons also of infinite right why our prayers should avail to procure for us all we ask. With what infinite interest, and everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace, should we read such revelations as these: "Therefore doth my Father love Me, because I lay down My life for the sheep." "Therefore doth My Father love you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came forth from God." "And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one; I in Thee, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me."

We may now understand what should, with perfect truth, be said of every believer as he approaches the throne of grace. That should be said, which was said of an ancient saint who wrestled with God until he did prevail, namely: "As a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast prevailed; and He blessed him there." To go from the throne of grace in any other state than "perfect peace" and "fulness of joy," simply evinces our unbelief, and want of faith in God. He that approaches that throne merely to satisfy his conscience

that he has done his duty, and not to meet his God face to face, evinces himself a mocker, and makes his bonds strong. "Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering,"—"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth?"

FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I was converted to God four years ago; from that time I have been growing in grace, though very slowly; I never could see where or how. Sometimes I was afraid I was going backwards, but by occasional comparisons I could see that I was at least making some little progress. Yet my religion seemed always to be so dry. And there was a feeling that there was something that I had not got; just what it was and how I was to get it I did not know. I had read and thought some about sanctification, and thought that if it was by works I had attained it, for really there was not anything that I would not do for God; yet for all that I could not say that I loved God with all my heart, my neighbor as myself. When I read our Lord's words, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven," also "Be ye holy" and "Perfect love casteth out fear," I knew that I was very deficient, and I had a dread of death. I made known my experience to many, but none seemed to know any more than I myself did. I got a little book called "Christian Perfection," which helped me very much, and I began to hope that I should attain it, and I began to ask God to let me live until I would. Sometimes I would think that I almost had it, and then I would get discouraged again and think I would never get it, and that even if I did it would be only to lose it. The 10th May, 1886, I will never forget. It was a lovely day. I was all alone building a chimney on my shanty. After dinner I read the S. S. lesson in the *Guardian*, and then knelt in prayer. Afterward went to work. In about half an hour I prayed again; then worked a short while, and then knelt in prayer again, saying, "Lord, I believe that the time is not far off when you will give me the blessing I need." Then I worked a few minutes and God seemed to be very near to me, and I thought I would thank

Him for his goodness to me. Then I seemed to have wonderful faith, and talked, as it were, face to face with God. What I said I cannot tell, but it seems to me that I just simply claimed His promises, and He seemed to be saying to my heart, "Ask what you will and I will do it." Then I seemed to be filled with God and could not ask for anything. It seemed to be as unreasonable to ask for anything as it would be to stand in the midst of the ocean and ask for water. I had been praying for several people previously, and it seemed to me that I had only to lift the desire of my heart to God for them now and it was done. I was not the least excited. I never was as calm in my life. My very heart seemed to sympathize with the depth of the glory, for it seemed to stop beating. When I first opened my lips in prayer it was in a low whisper, God was so near. I am not naturally given to tears and feelings. I saw a dear sister laid in the grave without shedding a tear; and two years ago when I left my dear old home in Ontario, and as dear a father and mother, and brothers and sisters as anyone could have, it was a trying time; most all broke down in sobs, thinking that it might be the last good-bye that they would ever say to me on earth. When I said good-bye to my dear old mother the tears came to my eyes just for a moment and then I was myself again. But when I beheld and felt the great love which God had for me at this time, the tears just flowed from my eyes; the fountain of my whole nature was broken up, and I was homesick to go at once to Him. I cried out, "O death, I fear thee not; where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" I had heard and read much about the love of God in Christ Jesus, but the "half had never been told." It seemed that all praying was at an end. I could do nothing but praise God. I could hardly sleep any at night, my joy seemed so to fill me. When I awoke in the morning I wondered if God was still so near. I opened my lips to call for Him, and I had only said O, but I could say no more. He was right there. My all, my fulness. During the forenoon of the next day, while in prayer, I observed that I had not the same feel-

ing, and I was scared lest I had displeased God, and yet I did not know how. Then I remembered Christ's words, "The servant is not greater than his Lord;" that He was tempted and had to pray earnestly, and it seemed plain that I should have to do the same. I felt that God had given me such a blessing that I should never doubt Him again. Now I began to have some severe battles with the devil. All went well for a few days, when one day I was ploughing with my cattle. It seemed to me that the devil got into them, and they would not mind what I said to them. I could not help getting vexed at them. But I thought it was not like Jesus to get vexed. Then the devil said, "It ain't any harm to get a little vexed. You can't help it while you are in this world." Then I remembered that I was commanded to "be perfect," also that Jesus taught to pray, "Thy will be done on earth as in heaven," and I asked myself if God would tell us to do anything that was impossible; and I knew He would not. So I told the devil that he was a liar: that I could and would live without getting mad. Then I asked God for help and started again. I never had such a time in all my life. Old Buck would poke along chewing his cud, staggering first on one side and then on the other, and I would get vexed in spite of all I could do. Then I would stop and pray and get all right, and then in a few minutes I would be as bad as ever. Then I would stop and pray again. I had to stop and pray about every 80 rods. Then I thought I would sing the devil away; and I sang "I can, I will, I do believe that Jesus died for me." I sang it over and over as fast as I could, and as soon as I would stop I would be as mad as ever. For two days things went on about the same. Sometimes I would beat and sometimes the devil would beat. He was worse with me when I went to plough. Sometimes I would think I would have to leave the field, but then I thought to leave was to give in to him. I was determined that I would not be beat by the devil. I almost wished at times, the conflict was so great, that I was dead. Then I began to think of the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, when it says, "What

things soever you desire when you pray, believe that you receive them and you shall have them." Then I said, "O God, drive the devil out of me, and I believe that you will do it," and, glory to God, he was gone in a minute. Then I thanked God for the sword of the Spirit, and said, it is well said it is sharper than a two-edged sword, for I believe it would cut the devil if he was in a shield of iron two feet thick. I never felt so proud of anything, for I just felt that I had the devil at my command. It is true that he tempts me yet, and tries all the mean devices he can, but just as soon as I know his approach I meet him with the sword of the Spirit and shield of faith, and I can drive him back every time. The next time I went to plough I said, "O Lord, if it is going to make me a better Christian for the devil to tempt me, all right; I'm not afraid of him and all his angels, only give me the sword of Thy Spirit and I'm determined to fight till I die, but I'll not be beaten by the devil." And now, thank God, I am more than conqueror. I am rejoicing in the Lord. My conclusion is, that when a man gets angry, it is the spirit of the wicked one that is trying to destroy him. Also, to be filled with God is to be filled with love. I intend by the grace of God, to spend the rest of my life in doing all I can to destroy the kingdom of Satan. I had rather a thousand times hear of a Christian dying than ceasing to fight against the devil. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.

D. W. HINDS.
Dakota, U. S.

THE WAY IT IS PUT.

If a minister or influential member is not entirely sanctified, and cannot rise when the test is put, he does not wish to appear in that light before all the people. Of course he finds it inconvenient to be in the pulpit or in any prominent place when these tests are to be made. He don't like, and don't believe in tests. Especially is this the case when he has been very zealous for the doctrine, but is conscious that he does not enjoy the experience. The moment has come for his inconsistency to be unveiled. He must

have some reason for no longer appearing in the pulpit or in some prominent position, as has been his habit. What reason shall he assign? The most common reason is that he "believes in holiness but not in the way you put it."

You may have no special "way of putting it." You may put it all sorts of ways. You may do your best to accommodate his peculiar theories, or fancies, or "way of doing things." But the truth is, that it is the plain, simple, unmixed test that touches his awakened conscience, his sensitive soul, and his pride that cannot claim the blessing, but is not ready to acknowledge the fact. Mark the all-important point he makes—he is for holiness, but not in the way you put it. Who will show us a way of putting it by which the person who does not actually enjoy it can be saved the mortification of acknowledging that fact before all the people?

We would not for one moment insinuate that he intends by this course of action or criticism to deceive himself or anybody else. But it is astonishing how thin and transparent a veil will hide the defects we are not ready to observe. It is hardly probable that any one whose whole heart is thoroughly interested in the great cause, will allow himself to separate from its most earnest friends and advocates on so minor a point as their way of putting it, especially when there is nothing radically objectionable in their doctrines and methods. A holiness that will not bear thorough testing, deep probing, and a universal and minute inquisition, but flies off at a tangent on some technical and unessential quibble needs the very searching it avoids. A holiness that expects a polite acquiescence in the leadership and tests of one of its own meetings, and yet rebels against an orthodox, though unusual, leadership of another meeting, needs some honest investigation.

If the point of popularity, or position, or influence, or any other selfish consideration whatever, determines any one's course as against the truth itself, well may he question himself closely as to exactly what is his spiritual status and condition. No thoroughly independent, candid and courageous person will allow

himself for one moment to debate the point as to how the truth, or even the way of putting it, is to affect any private, or social, or ecclesiastical, or any other interest of his. His main concern will be lest in his objections to ways of putting it, that it be not effectively put at all.

It may be a question of some interest to consider how few, if any, during a course of years are really and entirely sanctified under the ministry or personal influence of ministers and members who are so fastidious about ways of putting it. No objection will be made to the perfunctory way of presenting holiness. It will be acknowledged by all, even by the "influential brethren and sisters" to be "one of the doctrines of our beloved Methodism," and as such, of course, it ought to be presented. But if any minister or member obtains the experience, becomes thoroughly warmed up in its presentation, and presses it upon others in a way that "means business," he will soon find to his cost that his ways of putting it are seriously objectionable. If he doubts it, let him try it.

We do not hesitate to say, that if your way of putting it does not arouse unsanctified human nature and stir up inbred sin and the devil, you are putting it the wrong way. Apostles, prophets, martyrs, saints of all ages and places, and Christ Himself could not put it in a way that was unobjectionable. As a matter of fact and history, it never has been so put. As a matter of analogy and philosophy, we think it never can be. Indeed, we have noticed that those who become entirely sanctified and "mean business" in its promulgation, almost without exception fall into the common way of putting it; for they find that their ways won't work.

These delicate, dainty, universal approved, fastidious, fashionable, mutual admiration, and inoffensive ways of putting it, are neither intensely spiritual, nor exactly scriptural, nor extensively effective in helping and saving ourselves nor anybody else. A holiness that has no self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-abnegation, hard work, unworldliness, informality, and pointed and practical, and present ways of putting it, never actually accomplishes

much. Dress-parade is all very beautiful, but it is hard, dusty, grimy and determined actual warfare that amounts to anything. The foe may not like the way we put our bullets, but the battle may depend upon the many mortal wounds.

He who is in the heat and height of the fight cannot send a polite messenger over to the enemy to find out whether he likes the way the matter is being put. And if any unlucky go-between gets half-way over when the battle opens, the way it is put may not be very pleasant to him although he may reach a safe place a wiser and sadder, if not a better man.

And this brings us to the old, old, old conclusion which invites those who don't like the way we put it, to show us a better one, that brings better results, in the shortest possible time. We pledge ourselves beforehand to stand by holiness, and by its friends, and to adopt their way of putting it.—*Christian Standard*.

THE YOKE, AND SPIRITUAL LEARNING.

Jesus says, "Take My yoke and learn." It may be difficult at the first glance to see the relation between the term "yoke" and the term "learn." The term "yoke" is taken from the farm-yard, and suggests the management of cattle. The term "learn" is taken from schools, and suggests knowledge and wisdom. But a closer examination shows that the yoke is the key to knowledge.

The term "yoke" represents the Divine will; the universal, perpetual, and ever-present will of God; the will of God as expressed in His *Word*, His *Providence*, and His *Spirit*. The neck upon which the yoke is placed represents the human will—the complete subjugation of the human will both in its *action* and its *nature*, in its *choices* and *desires*.

All the learning that an ox gets he acquires through the yoke on his neck: the yoke is his only school-book—it is the dictionary which interprets to him the words of his master and the work he is to do. It is interesting to what extent an ox's education may be carried through the yoke. The lumbermen, in a dense forest, with long whip in hand, or by the

mere use of ox language, will stand still and drive their teams through and around most difficult passages; all of which training the beasts have learned through the yoke.

To speak according to this metaphor, we get more Divine knowledge through the back of our necks—that is, through a perfectly broken will—than we do through the front of our brain. It is almost impossible for a self-willed person to learn—especially is this true in spiritual things. And even though by a large degree of surrender we have learned much spiritual knowledge, yet the *least bit* of self-will, in its subtler forms, in any direction, will prevent us from learning the deep things of God. The will is the key to the whole being; it is not only the door to the heart, but to the intellect. "If any man will do His will he shall know of his doctrine." In this, Jesus teaches us that obedience, as expressed through the will, is the only avenue of the knowledge and certainty of Divine things.

"The meek will teach His way." The truly meek are those who have lost their self-will, and losing their will in the will of God, they can learn the ways of God. "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

In order to learn this inner-heart life of Christ, there must be such a taking on of the Divine yoke as to utterly destroy the principle of self-will. To learn of His meek and lowly heart, does not mean merely to believe in that lowly heart, nor to have a mere intellectual apprehension of such a heart; but to so learn the inner life of Christ by having it infused into our nature, as to be in ourselves consciously humble, consciously self-abnegated, consciously free from self-will, as to consciously know in our measure what the meek and lowly heart of Christ was.

God's teaching is not like man's. Men teach *at us*; God teaches *within us*. Men present truth *to us*; God works truth *within us*. Hence people know so little of the true knowledge of God, for it is obtained directly opposite to human knowledge.

In perfectly taking on us the Divine yoke, we learn our own darkness, vanity, instability, foolishness, and utter nothing-

ness; we learn to *hate* every principle of self; nothing becomes so loathsome as the manifold defects resulting from the self-nature. This perfect hatred of self-will, in every form, puts us in the attitude where we yearn to consciously know the life of Jesus—the *pure, deep, inward disposition of His heart*. It is such an attitude that the Holy Ghost can communicate unto us the full image of Jesus. We learn the lessons of Christ's interior nature after a Divine and unexplainable manner; lessons which we know, but which it is almost impossible to convey to those who have not learned the same. The fact is, the only text-book in this school is the yoke, and they who most perfectly acquiesce with the yoke, learn the quickest and deepest.—G. D. W., in *Christian Witness*.

GOD KNOWS.

God knows—not I—the devious way

Wherein my faltering feet may tread,
Before into the light of day,

My steps from out this gloom are led,
And since my Lord the path doth see,
What matter if 'tis hid from me?

God knows—not I—how sweet accord

Shall grow at length, from out this clash
Of earthly discords which have jarred

On soul and sense; I hear the crash,
Yet feel and know that on His ear
Breaks harmony—full, deep, and clear.

God knows—not I—why, when I'd fain

Have walked in pastures, green and fair,
The path He pointed me hath lain

Through rocky deserts, bleak and bare.
I blindly trust—since 'tis His will—
This way lies safety, that way ill.

He knoweth too, despite my will

I'm weak, when I should be most strong,
And after earnest wrestling, still

I see the right, yet do the wrong.
Is it that I may learn at length,
Not mine, but His, the saving strength?

His perfect plan I may not grasp,

Yet I can trust Love Infinite.

And with my feeble fingers clasp

The hand which leads me into light,

My soul upon His errands goes,

The end I know not—but God knows.

—Selected.

THE REVIVAL IN SODOM.

BY CHAS. G. FINNEY.

Soon after I was licensed to preach, I went into a region of country where I was an entire stranger. I went there at the request of a Female Missionary Society, located in Oneida County, New York. Early in May, I think, I visited the town of Antwerp, in the northern part of Jefferson County. I stopped at the village hotel, and there learned that there were no religious meetings held in that town at the time. They had a brick meeting house, but it was locked up. By personal efforts I got a few people to assemble in the parlor of a Christian lady in the place, and preached to them on the evening after my arrival. As I passed round the village, I was shocked at the horrible profanity that I heard wherever I went. I obtained leave to preach in the school-house on the next Sabbath; but before the Sabbath arrived I was much discouraged, and almost terrified, in view of the state of society which I witnessed. On Sunday the Lord applied with power to my heart the following words, addressed by the Lord Jesus to Paul (Acts xviii. : 9, 10): "Be not afraid but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city." This completely subdued my fears; but my heart was loaded with agony for the people. On Sunday morning I arose early, and retired to a grove not far from the village to pour my heart before God for a blessing on the labors of the day. I could not express the agony of my soul in words; but struggled with much groaning, and, I believe with many tears, for an hour or two, without getting relief. I returned to my room in the hotel; but almost immediately came back to the grove. This I did thrice. The last time I got complete relief, just as it was time to go to meeting. I went to the school-house and found it filled to its utmost capacity. I took out my little pocket Bible and read for my text: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I exhibited the love of God as contrasted with the manner in which He was treated by those for whom He gave up His Son. I charged home their profanity upon them; and as I recognized among my hearers several whose profanity I had particularly noticed, in the fulness of my heart and the gushing of my tears, I pointed to them and

said, "I heard those men call upon God to damn their fellows." The Word took powerful effect. Nobody seemed offended, but almost everybody greatly melted. At the close of the service the amiable landlord, Mr. Copeland, rose and said he would open the meeting-house in the afternoon. He did so. The meeting-house was full, and, as in the morning, the Word took powerful effect. Thus a powerful revival commenced in the village, which soon after spread in every direction. I think it was on the second Sabbath after this, when I came out of the pulpit in the afternoon, an aged man approached and said to me: "Can you not come and preach in our neighborhood? We have never had any religious meetings there." I inquired the direction and the distance, and appointed to preach there the next afternoon, Monday, at 5 o'clock in their school-house. I had preached three times in the village, and attended two prayer-meetings on the Lord's Day; and on Monday I went on foot to fulfil this appointment. The weather was very warm that day, and before I arrived there I felt almost too faint to walk, and greatly discouraged in my mind. I sat down in the shade by the wayside, and felt as if I was too faint to reach there; and if I did, too much discouraged to open my mouth to the people. When I arrived I found the house full, and immediately commenced the service by reading a hymn. They attempted to sing, but the horrible discord agonized me beyond expression. I leaned forward, put my elbows upon my knees and hands over my ears, and shook my head withal, to shut out the discord, which even then I could barely endure. As soon as they had ceased to sing I cast myself upon my knees, almost in a state of desperation. The Lord opened the windows of heaven upon me, and gave me great enlargement and power in prayer. Up to this moment I had no idea what text I should use on the occasion. As I rose from my knees the Lord gave me this: "Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city." I told the people as nearly as I could recollect, where they would find it, and went on to tell them of the destruction of Sodom. I gave them an outline of the history of Abraham and Lot, and their relations to each other; of Abraham's praying for Sodom, and of Lot, as the only pious man that was found in the city. While I was doing this, I was struck with the fact that the people looked exceedingly angry about me. Many countenances appeared very threatening, and some of the men near me looked as if they were about to strike me.

This I could not understand, as I was only giving them, with great liberty of spirit, some interesting sketches of Bible history. As soon as I had completed the historical sketch, I turned upon them, and said that I had understood they had never had any religious meetings in that neighborhood; and, applying that fact, I thrust at them with the sword of the spirit, with all my might. From this the solemnity increased with great rapidity. In a few moments there seemed to fall upon the congregation an instantaneous shock. I cannot describe the sensation that I felt, nor that which was apparent in the congregation; but the words seemed literally to cut like a sword. The power from on high came down upon them in such a torrent that they fell from their seats in every direction. In less than a minute nearly the whole congregation were down on their knees, or on their faces, or in some position prostrate before God. Every one was crying or groaning for mercy upon his own soul. They paid no further attention to me, or to my preaching. I tried to get their attention; but I could not. I observed the aged man who had invited me there, as still retaining his seat near the centre of the house. He was staring around him with a look of unutterable astonishment. Pointing to him, I cried at the top of my voice, "Can't you pray?" He knelt down and roared out a short prayer, about as loud as he could holla, but they paid no attention to him. After looking around for a few moments, I knelt down and put my hand on the head of a young man who was kneeling at my feet and engaged in prayer for mercy on his soul; I got his attention and preached Jesus in his ear. In a few moments he seized Jesus by faith, and then broke out in prayer for those around him. I then turned to another in the same way, and with the same result; and then another, till I know not how many had laid hold of Christ and were full of prayer for others. After continuing in this way till nearly sunset, I was obliged to commit the meeting to the charge of the old gentleman who had invited me, and go to fulfil an appointment in another place for the evening. In the afternoon of the next day I was sent for to come down to this place, as they had not been able to break up the meeting. They had been obliged to leave the school house, to give place to the school; but had removed to a private house near by, where I found a number of persons too anxious and too much loaded down with conviction to go to their homes. These were soon subdued by the

Word of God, and I believe all obtained a hope before they went home. Observe, I was a total stranger in that place, had never seen or heard of it, until as I have related. But here, at my second visit, I learned that the place was called Sodom, by reason of its wickedness; and the old man who had invited me was called Lot, because he was the only professor of religion in the place. After this manner the revival broke out in this neighborhood. I have not been in that neighborhood for many years; but in 1856, I think, while laboring in Syracuse, New York, I was introduced to a minister of Christ from St. Lawrence County, by the name of Cross. He said to me, "Mr. Finney, you don't know me; but do you remember preaching in a place called Sodom?" I said, "I shall never forget it." He replied: "I was then a young man and was converted at that meeting." He is still living, a pastor in one of the churches in that country, and is the father of the principal of our preparatory department. Those who have lived in that region can testify of the permanent results of that blessed revival. I can only give in words a *feeble* description of that wonderful manifestation of power from on high attending the preaching of the word.

THE LUNATIC'S PRAYER.

I was wandering one day in a wonderful country; a country filled with marvels and enchantments; its streams teeming with life and its forests with all manner of forms and fancies. A country most thickly populated, and the scene of ever-changing events; but a country that never had and never will have any king to rule over it. It is called the land of Imagination.

As I strolled down one of the forest aisles, I heard the sound of a human voice, and in a few moments perceived a man in a little open glade engaged in prayer. His attitude was most devout, his earnestness intense, and his gaze seemed striving to pierce the heavens. His hands were uplifted, and all his soul was in his voice; yet his prayer excelled in utter absurdity anything that I had ever heard. He cried:

"O Lord, hearken to my petition. Thou art able to do all things. Now, Lord, I desire the moon. I *greatly* desire the moon. O Lord, I *must have* the moon to play with. I want to roll it along the road for a football, and astonish everybody in the land. O Lord, give me the moon."

Instinctively I looked around and ex-

claimed: "Where are the police? This is an escaped lunatic; he must be placed in an asylum." By degrees I gathered courage to address him, and to my surprise he answered me quietly. I said:—

"My friend, why do you ask the Lord for such a thing as that?"

"Because I can't help it. My whole being cries out for the moon; and I am impelled to pray for it."

"But you surely do not expect to get it?"

"Yes I do. I read in the Scripture that I shall receive if I ask, and so I am asking."

"But, my friend, do you really think that God will give you the moon, even if you do ask for it?"

"Certainly I do. Do you suppose God would tell me to do a thing when He knew that I couldn't do it, and that He did not propose to help me do it? Now, He says 'pray without ceasing,' and to believe that I receive *when* I pray; so I keep at it, and I just believe I am going to get it right away." And dropping on his knees again he began to cry as before, "O Lord, give me the moon." I looked for the police, but—

Suddenly one of those transformation scenes, so common in the land of Imagination, passed before me, and I found myself in a neat little church filled with worshippers. They all bowed in prayer, and the petition was heard:—

"Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin."

Again, a little later, one of the worshippers prayed in this wise:—

"Father, Thou knowest how utterly unable we are to cope with the powers of darkness, and with these evil hearts within us. Now, Lord, we beseech Thee to strengthen us with Thy might, and to take out these evil hearts, and to cause all carnal affections, all wrong tempers, and sinful lusts to die. Create, O Lord, within us clean hearts, and cause us to love Thee perfectly, and save us from sin, for Jesus' sake."

After a hymn had been sung, a brother rose to his feet and began to speak. He said:—

"I am only a witness for Jesus. By his grace I believed that Christ died for me, and all my sins were blotted out, and cast behind God's back. Afterwards I sought and obtained the priceless gift of a clean heart; and the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleansed me, and cleanseth me now, from all sin. The perfect love of God fills my soul, and He keeps me every day. Praise the Lord!"

As he spoke a strange coolness fell on the congregation, and he had no sooner taken his seat, than the minister arose and said severely:—

“We do not want anybody about here who never sins. We do not believe in ‘pluperfects.’ My brother, you are on dangerous ground. I solemnly warn you.”

At this point he was interrupted by a voice in the back part of the room, and looking around I was startled to recognize my crazy friend. Reaching out his long arms, he exclaimed:—

“I want to ask you people some questions. Didn’t you just pray, a little while ago, that the Lord might keep you from sin this day? Well, now here is one of your number who solemnly and reverently declares that God has answered that prayer for him, and does keep him each day. What are you quarrelling about? Why don’t you rejoice with him over an answered prayer?”

“And didn’t that brother over there pray that the evil heart might be taken out, and you all be caused to love God perfectly? Well, this man simply states that God has done that for him, and that he has perfect love in his soul. Why don’t you shout over another answer? Don’t the Lord distinctly promise to take away the stony heart out of you, and to give you a heart of flesh? and don’t He declare that He is able to save you to the uttermost?”

Here the minister exclaimed, with some heat: “My friend, you are disturbing the meeting. Of course we all believe that God is able to keep a man from sin; He can do anything; but we do not believe He does it until the hour of death arrives.”

The lunatic laughed sarcastically. “I think you had better write a new Bible,” he rejoined; and, unheeding the scowls of the people, went on fearlessly. “So you believe that your God takes the trouble to inform you that He is perfectly *able* to save you from sin, and you believe He sent His Son to destroy the works of the devil; and you believe He cannot look upon sin with any degree of allowance; and you believe He said, Ask and you shall receive, and told you to believe you received *when* you ask. You believe all this, don’t you? And now you get down and pray to be kept from sin. You pray this because you can’t help it. Your whole being cries out for deliverance from this carnal mind, that leans towards sin; and you have found out that a tree always falls the way it leans, haven’t you? But when you pray, Keep us from sin this day, you really mean, Keep us from sin after we die.”

The minister strove to put him down, and the brethren moved towards him, but he vociferated:—

“I declare, you all ought to go in the asylum. Where are the police? They call me crazy because I pray for the moon; but you are all ten times crazier than I am. I believe I am to receive what I ask for; but you just turn God’s promises into a farce, and make them payable after death, when they won’t be needed. I want to shake hands with the man who says he believes God answers his prayer.”

The meeting broke up in great confusion, and I found myself strolling meditatively along by the side of a quiet lake, on whose bosom was mirrored the shining stars. Behind the placid surface of the lake rose a chain of hills, whose rocky outlines silently proclaimed their everlasting strength. Across the deep blue waters a voice came like an angelic whisper—

“God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence.”

And then an angel hand touched my eyes, and at once I saw the Scriptures in a new light. In place of my striving, and toiling, and working, and repressing, I—the old I, the “old man,” the “carnal mind,”—was to die, to be crucified and put to death, with Christ. Not merely the acts of sin—the deeds of the old man—to be stopped, but to “put off the *old man with his deeds.*” Thus I would be made one of the “things which are not,” and be qualified to overcome as never before. And then, all the inherent opposition of my evil nature being destroyed, I could be filled with the perfect love of God, and find all my enemies on the outside of the fortress. “I will; he thou clean,” I saw to be the *present* promise of the Word; coupled with that ancient assurance, “The Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live;” and as I looked at the eternal hills, and in the face of the holy stars, there came a voice at which the mountains trembled, and the planets quivered in their places—

“Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.”—*R. K. C., in The Kingdom.*

FOR THE EXPOSITION.

WRITING FOR JESUS.

Sweet privilege! to write for Him
Who left His throne on high,
And at His Father's word came down,
For sinful man to die.

He laid His crown and glory by,
To sojourn here below,
That sinners of the deepest dye
Might His salvation know.

He bore the weight of this world's sin
In His body on the tree;
What mental anguish He endured
That sinners might be free.

O, wondrous love! by poets sung—
A love that saved the lost;
That wrought out man's redemption
At such tremendous cost.

What shall we render thee, O, Lord,
For all that Thou hast given,
To save us from the curse of sin,
And bring us back to heaven?

Father, accept our heartfelt thanks
For Thy redeeming plan.
"Thanks for the Gift unspeakable,"
Who gave Himself for man.

Accept our hearts, our lives, our all,
A willing sacrifice,
And may we reach our home at last
In heaven beyond the skies.

And when we land on that blest shore,
Where saints and angels meet,
We'll lay our crowns and trophies down
At our Redeemer's feet.

E. A. T.

CHOKEDAMP.

BY COLONEL GLIBBORN.

Many people think that doubting is not sin, or at any rate is not as bad a sin as lying or swearing. They are mistaken. Doubt is one of the worst of sins. It is the sin which prevents us from getting saved from all the other sins. It is, so to speak, the champion sin which screens and protects all the other sins. It locks the very "door of hope." It keeps Christ out of the soul, and the soul out of Christ.

Some people seem to think that they have a perfect right to doubt if they like. But no! To doubt is to take of "forbidden fruit." To doubt is to grieve the loving

heart of God. The sin of doubt must pain the heart of God above all other sins, for it ignores His love, slights it, turns away from it, will not "believe the love that God hath to us." Does not the child who is fearless and distrustful of his father, and will not come and embrace him and confide in him, grieve that father's heart quite as much as the child who is downright naughty and disobedient? God was deeply "grieved" at the distrust of the children of Israel, and called it murmuring and rebellion.

Doubt being a sin, is something in which we are forbidden to indulge. It is the sin which directly slights and dishonors the highest attribute of God: Love. We are commanded to believe. "This is His commandment that ye should believe on the name (which means commit ourselves to the power of) His only begotten Son."

Why are we commanded to believe? Because as long as we don't believe we remain sunk in sin—down in the mire. Sin is forbidden. Doubt keeps us in and under sin. So doubt is forbidden. We have no right to doubt. Every moment of doubt is a moment of sin.

But you say "I can't help doubting." This is a mistake. God never commands us to do a thing we cannot do. He never forbids a thing we cannot help or cannot get deliverance from.

Of course, it is a great self-denial to many souls who have got into the habit of doubting to give it up. But this self-denial is commanded.

"How can I cease doubting?" Commit yourself to God. Hand over your soul's interest and all your other interests into His keeping. Let go! Trust Him to cleanse your soul from the stains of doubt.

You must trust God sooner or later, for the "fearful and unbelieving are to be cast into hell with the thieves, murderers and idolaters."

You must commit your soul to His keeping sooner or later. Do it now!

Of course, it seems hard to let go and trust God with all—to hand over your life to Him—but it must be done. Do not fear, for it is Eternal Love and Eternal Wisdom Himself who asks you thus to confide in Him. Commit your soul to God trustfully, as you would your money to the Bank of England. Everybody believes the Bank of England to be safe, and cannot fail because it is founded upon the nation; surely God is as safe and as sure as the Bank of England!

Perhaps the secret of your doubting habits

is that you have never trusted God with your mind. Do it now! Salvation is provided for the mind as well as the soul. Give Him your mind; He can do wonders in it.

What would you do if you were dying—had only five minutes to live? You'd have to trust—mind, soul, and all. Do it now. Many people want to do a different sort of trusting for life than they will have to do for death. They think a sort of inferior quality of trusting will do for life. They say, "Oh, it is so awful to die—to go away into the unseen—surely one must trust then." But it is more awful to live than die. When you are dead you can't do any more harm. To live distrusting God is to do harm at every step. Doubting souls damage every one about them. They are like bad apples in a basket—they can't help doing harm to everybody they touch. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." If you are not a believer you are a deceiver, if you bear the name of Christian. If you are not a believer—*i. e.*, a truster—you are a destroyer; you help to destroy other people's faith. You can't help your influence being bad every hour. You help to destroy other people's soul health, just as a bad apple in a basket helps to destroy the health of all the apples it touches. There is a Hallelujah atmosphere around every true believer, a sort of refreshing, ozone impregnated breeze. There is an atmosphere like a foggy November day in London about every doubter—a sort of choke-damp.

You don't want doubters near you; you don't want them on your platform. When spiritual choke-damp gets into a meeting it is all up, unless the fresh air of faith drives it out; all gets stiff and cold and formal; no liberty, no power, no convictions; a heavy drag; all feels like grinding machinery; no life; no fresh air; choke-damp! awful!

Let us "keep believing!"—*War Cry.*

I attest that it is a fixed natural law, that when you yield yourselves wholly to God, He streams into you and gives you a new sense of His presence, and imparts a strength unknown before. Will you try self-surrender? And then will you repeat the experiment as opportunity affords? I care not how often—I affirm that in these billions of opportunities for experiments, in these ten thousand times ten thousand chances to test whether you are right or wrong; you will not find one chance failing to give you this verdict that if you yield utterly to God, He will stream through and through you.

JOSEPH COOK.

IS THAT ALL?

A doctor who was visiting a Christian patient had himself been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God; the Spirit of God had convinced him of sin and his need, and he longed to possess that peace which the world cannot give. On this occasion, addressing himself to the sick one, he said, "I want you just to tell me what it is, this believing and getting happiness, faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing, that brings peace." His patient replied, "Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case in your hands; I am trusting in you. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus." The reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke in his soul. "Is that all," he exclaimed, "simply trusting in the Lord? I see it as I never did before. He has done the work." Yes, Jesus said on the cross, "It is finished." And, "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life." From that sick bed the doctor went a happy man, rejoicing that his sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb.—*Sel.*

SOME OF SATAN'S DEVICES.

If we are wrong in fundamentals it is impossible for us to be right in circumstantialities. We cannot do a wrong thing in a right way. Go on obeying the light as you receive it, and God will justify His dealings with you as He does with all His Abrahams.

Allow me, however, to warn you against a device of Satan's with all who start on this path of perfect obedience. When Satan cannot enslave us by getting us to shrink from the cross, he tries to get us to choose one of our own making. If we won't worship him by obeying him, then he carries us aloft, and says, "Cast thyself down."

From faith to fanaticism is his device. I note what you say. "You would not even enter the place again, etc., until God told you to do it." Here is your danger, being led by impulse instead of an enlightened understanding. God's way of giving light is by enlightening our understanding, and not by blind impulses; the understanding is to the soul what the eye is to the body, and when enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, we shall always be right in obeying it; hence you will remember that the Lord frequently charged it on His ancient

people that they acted as though they were "without understanding," or "having their understanding darkened," and the Saviour said even unto His chosen, "are ye also without understanding?" and, again, "Then opened He their understanding," and "Having your understanding enlightened," etc., etc. Hence, it seems to me, we are to try the spirits of our enlightened understanding, and thus discriminate between the voice of the Spirit and the voice of the tempter. Take the light God gives, and deliberate and pray as to the best way of acting it out. Steadily obey the light, and refuse to go beyond it!

The one thing ever to be borne in mind by all who would keep a conscience void of offence is, that a doubtful course is a sinful course. If you doubt the rightness of any given path or action you must avoid such action until you are satisfied, or bring darkness and condemnation into your soul. Communion with God is impossible while we walk in darkness—in wrong doing. He can only hold fellowship with those who walk in the light. "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." Read also 1 John iii. 10-22.

As a rule, it is a bad sign when any course of conduct needs justifying to one's self. "Light maketh manifest," and generally where there needs argument to satisfy the conscience it is because darkness is preferred by the will. Hence, "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light."

Don't wait for impulse to do what has already been shown you you ought to do. Numbers get wrong here. They reason and pray and wait for impulses when they know all the time just what God requires of them, and not unfrequently get into a fog—the light that a while ago shone as clearly as though God had spoken in an audible voice, or appeared in a visible form, becomes darkness: they lose their way, and end either in a miserable compromise or downright backsliding.

Beware of this. Some of the most spiritual people I have known missed their way right here. Through trifling with the light of the Holy Spirit operating in their understanding they have lost it—have become unable to discern the spirits, consequently have followed the wrong one and have been led into all manner of error and sorrow, and sometimes, alas! spiritual death.

"Be not ignorant of his devices," is an exhortation we have all need to take heed to!—*Mrs. Booth, in War Cry.*

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh strengthen me that, while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestle with the troubled sea.

Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart,
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Band Tidings.

OSHAWA—MEDCALF ST. CHURCH.

BY W. E. DYER.

The visit of Messrs. Moody and Hathaway to this town during October last is one which is noted with very much gratitude and thankfulness to Almighty God, by the Christian workers in the place, and many who have set to their seal that God is true. Owing to some unforeseen incident, Mr. Hathaway did not arrive at the appointed time with Mr. Moody, in consequence of which a disappointment seemed to pervade the entire place, the Christian workers especially; but with the mighty faith that exults in the soul of Mr. Moody, manifested in his earnest appeals for the salvation of precious souls, together with the soul-subduing influence of the Spirit of the Lord that attends Mr. Hathaway as he sings the songs of gospel

grace, and which truly seemed to be the utterance of a soul filled with the love of Jesus, the people were led, ere the first week had closed, to exclaim with an abundant heart, "Truly, the Spirit of the Lord our God resteth upon us."

At the time these friends arrived we were in many times a worse state than we thought. It was our fault, not the minister's. But somehow the way opened up, and we fell into rank one by one as good soldiers. The entire membership has been shaken in connection with our society, and the vast congregations have seemed to sit in awe with a marked anxiety for their souls' salvation.

Although mighty influences for evil have pervaded our town, upward of 220 persons by the help of God have sought the Saviour, many of whom stand on holy ground and testify with clearest assurance that their sins are all forgiven them through their living Redeemer, and that they are now on the highway of holiness.

We are not waiting for the Holy Ghost. He is with us, and our hearts are full and running over, praise the Lord! We have been during the summer months looking forward for a gracious work in the Church and Sunday-school, and now Christians are quickened, burdened souls relieved, seekers finding, and the careless convinced.

Our meetings have ceased, and out of the large ingathering, besides many who have joined other Churches, we have added to our classes five more, making eight, having from twenty-five to forty-five members in each. I have the juvenile class, young boys and girls who I believe have been truly converted, numbering about forty. Some of the most thorough work I have ever witnessed in my Christian life has been and is still going on in our midst.

We as a Church feel our responsibility very much, and the Lord is helping us to perform our duty.

The Malleable Iron Works had a thorough shaking up. It has been the town talk. I think we can name fifteen or sixteen solid conversions there, and many more in the shop have had a very strong desire and have come forward, but are not very clear in their acceptance. Our foreman of the labouring department has been truly converted: his influence is mighty among the men.

Many of his men are following him as he follows Christ. I believe every man in the shop felt the power of the Holy Ghost convicting, converting or quickening.

HOW SHE WAS BROUGHT TO CHRIST.

When we were at W — many precious souls were being brought to Christ, among them a young man who requested that I should accompany him to his parental home and speak to his mother. I did so, and persuaded her to come out to the next meeting. As the church was much crowded, this night she was obliged to take a seat near the front. During the course of the meeting I spoke to her about Jesus and her soul. She expressed great unwillingness to yield herself up to Him. I said, slowly and impressively, "You are rejecting Christ," and left her to think it over.

The next evening, while conversing with the unsaved, I found this lady sitting in the same pew, when I again spoke to her about accepting Jesus as her Saviour. She still manifested great unwillingness to yield. Almost before I was aware, as I turned to go away, the words escaped my lips, "Still rejecting Christ."

On the following evening she occupied a pew on the opposite side of the church from where she had been seated the two previous evenings. So, while speaking with others near by, for the third time I spoke a word to her also. She only shook her head, as though she did not wish to be spoken to at all about salvation. A look of awful solemnity, however, was depicted in her countenance. I simply said, "Remember, you are still rejecting Christ."

A few moments afterwards, while endeavoring to lead those who had come forward to the altar to trust in Jesus, I beheld this lady coming forward apparently in the deepest anguish. She took her position amid the seekers. It was but a brief moment, and the struggle was over; and oh, what a change came over her. That countenance, which a few moments before was the picture of agony and wretchedness, was now lighted up and beaming with the radiance of heaven.

On the evening following this incident fifteen heads of families were brought to Christ, including this lady's husband.

S. R.

METCALFE.—I write this morning with a heart full of praise to God, for what He is doing here. Twenty-two souls were seeking the Saviour last night, and we are believing for still greater things. There are two months' work ahead of us here. May the dear Lord lead us. Yours at Jesus feet,
CHARLIE SARGEANT.

LASKAY, ONT.—Bros. Glen, McLachlan, and J. R. Aikenhead were detailed to the above point for New Year. Bro. Glen writes Jan. 1: "We arrived here last night about eight o'clock through some difficulties. Could not get word to Bro. Richardson, the pastor, of our coming. So there was no one to meet us at King station. It was storming hard when we left the train. Walked a mile to the village and inquired for a livery, but there was none. Tried to hire at one or two places, but failed. At last we secured a conveyance from the hotel and were driven four miles to Laskay, and put up at the parsonage. I believe Bro. Aikenhead and I will get on well together. I leave myself in God's hands, determined with Paul to know nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified."

PENNSYLVANIA.—The following notice is taken from the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*: "The boundaries of the Mountain Circuit have been changed so as to exclude Mt. Jewett and include Swamp Lodge, West Kane and Jo-Jo, little villages in and near the Kane oil fields. A series of meetings has been held at the first-named place, resulting in 25 conversions; fully fifty per cent. of those attending the services were saved. The pastor was aided by Brothers Robe Moody and J. H. Hathaway, from Canada, who work entirely in the Methodist Church, going to places where they are invited, laboring zealously for the saving of souls, without a stipulated compensation for their services. We are now at Jo Jo, and God is graciously saving the people; at the present writing 13 are rejoicing over sins forgiven, and others are asking the prayers of God's people."

SHERBROOKE, QUE.—The pastor, Rev. J. T. Pitcher, writes: "Our meetings have been continued. Some evenings great power has rested on the people. On Sunday night every member of the congregation remained to the close, and I never saw more freedom in testimony. It would have done you good to have heard Britain Doyle the conductor, from his pew in the gallery, tell that large congregation of his conversion. Testimonies came as freely from the galleries as from the body of the church. We close our special services this week as I must take up some missionary work in the district. We have the communion service and reception of members next Sunday morning.

HENSALL.—I have been here over two weeks, helping the Rev. R. Godfrey in special services. The Lord has abundantly owned the effort, and sinners are weeping their way to Calvary, and finding in Christ a satisfying portion. Heads of families are coming to the Cross crying for mercy. Pray for us in our weakness.

ROBERT SIMPSON.

QUEBEC ITEMS.

Bro. Handley Bird writes from Frelighsburg: The Lord has broken in on Pigeon Hill. No such crowds seen for over twenty years. Many sound, clear-cut conversions night by night. Calls are coming in fast from both sides of the line. I shall likely be in this district all winter. Six ministers were with us this week. And God uses us—even us. Oh, the riches of His grace! I want to get down in the dust somewhere. I expect to go from here to Mansonville, then Sutton, Franklin, Huntingdon, etc.

Bro. Ranton writes, Jan. 3: Yesterday Bro. Adams and myself held two services in Vermont—one at Morgan Centre, the other at East Holland. Bro. Adams sang the Glad Tidings, and I tried to present the truth. The people are very much interested, and call for help. I go (D. V.) to Holland this week. There Dr. Sterling joins me, and we spend a week at Barnston Corners, also a week at Heath's Corners.

Bro. Mahood writes from Sutton Flat, Jan. 3: Brother Stacey and I were at Clarenceville for six days with Rev. Hugh Cairns to help him open out work at one of his appointments. The hardest spot we have yet struck. But the Lord moved upon the people, and in the few days we spent there there were some twenty seekers. Praise the Lord. And we are getting blessing here. The pastor, Rev. H. F. Young, says there has been no such movement since he has come to this place. Pray for me.

Bro. Stacey writes from Dunham, Jan. 7: Our last night at Venice School-house, Clarenceville Circuit, gave us a packed house and blessed meeting. Bro. Mahood is having glorious success at Sutton, and God is blessing us here. Crowds and interest increasing. Other places are opening. Please write me what I shall do.

Bro. Bird writes Jan. 15: I drove over to Dunham last Saturday, and saw Bro. Stacey. We have arranged the work as far

as we can for the present. If Bro. S. remains here Bro. Mahood and he will take Sutton, Mansonville, Farnham, and Phillipsburg. If Bro. Stacey has to go west to Maitland, Bro. Mahood will remain and take up these points. Bro. Clemens and myself will go, after next week, to Lawrenceville and—having just received a call from Magog, will likely take it next—thence to Mystic, thence to Franklin, and perhaps from there to Huntingdon and Hendersonville. Dear W.—“Who then shall be saved?” As I think of the burden of this work upon you, I wonder what the blessed Lord’s grief must be over all our wanderings. Truly one requires to “take heed.”

Bro. Ranton writes from Holland, Vermont, Jan. 12: We look for much blessing here. Work opening out grandly. Weather has been and is stormy. Not large gatherings. But we will have crowds when weather is favourable.

GRANBY, QUE.—The Lord is giving us a precious revival here. Large congregations growing each night. Our Congregational friends turn in and are working with us. We have prayer-meeting in their church every afternoon. Last night some eighteen or twenty were seeking the Lord, and I trust many found Him. Bro. England, of the adjoining circuit, has been with us all the week, also the ministers of the place, and an occasional visit from brethren of surrounding neighbourhoods.

Jan. 7: Glory to God. Altar overcrowded again to-night. Great power and blessing in the service.

Jan. 13: The work is going on well here, thank God. Many are turning to the Lord. Night before last was a melting time. Quite a number came forward for the first time. Yesterday I was suffering from severe headache, and having to take the afternoon service alone was unfit for the work at night. Had to leave early and get rest. But Bro. Clemens tells me there were fresh seekers. We cannot leave this work in its present state, and therefore propose (D. V.) continuing here next week. Yours faithfully,
HANDLEY BIRD.

VARNA.—I praise God for the experience that “the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanses from all sin.” We are working at Hillsgreen, and we expect a good time. We are looking for the salvation of God. Pray for us.
THOS. WILEY.

WEST LORNE.—The Lord has directed me to this place. Had our first meeting last night. I was alone yet not alone; for the great Head of the Church was present. We had a good meeting. I expect two brothers from Highgate to-morrow. May the Lord come with them and use them for His glory. I expect hard fighting here. But Jesus is our Captain. We should be glad to see you if your way should be directed westward. May He ever lead us.
JOHN BAXTER.

STAMFORD.—Bro. Moody writes from Queenston, Jan. 8: Bro. Hathaway and myself arrived here all right. Two seekers the first night, and five last night. The congregations are small, but God is blessing and going to bless. It is quite interesting to be roaming over the old battlefield of twenty-five years ago. There is inspiration in it. But a greater battle is going on just now. For the present Satan is holding the fort. But God is with us, and we are going to win.

Band Correspondence.

TAWAS CITY, MICH.—You will be glad to hear that our work still goes on. Have been holding meetings in a hall at the outskirts of our town for the past two weeks. Drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, and swearers have been converted. These lake shore towns give ample scope for plain, earnest preaching, and immediate results. Most of our converts have held out grandly. There has not been a night since a year ago last November, except Monday night of each week, in which we have not had a band meeting or class-meeting somewhere. Our dear Brother Taylor is still led by the Spirit of God. Though the world, the flesh and the devil have done all they could to disturb him, still Jesus is precious and His peace abides. Last week was the anniversary of his conversion. For the past seven months he has preached each week. At one appointment which he takes there have been about twenty conversions. Two weeks ago we buried our first convert. He has gone home. A young man about 19 years old. His was a clear conversion. After he testified with feeling and sometimes with tears of joy, on his death-bed he was happy in the love of Jesus. While he could, he sang some of our Band hymns, and his last words were, “Jesus Saves Me Now.” So these Christians live and die rejoicing in the victory

which overcometh the world. I am now in great need of a new element amongst us in the way of workers. I want to open out in the church in about a week, but without a couple of your noble workers I feel I cannot get at those (and there are many of them) who have not yet been reached or have grown cold. My people are anxious to have help.

W. J. BALMER.

METCALFE.—Pro. Sargeant and I arrived here all right after a journey of three hundred miles. We were a little weary. Went to work the night of arrival at one of the appointments. Worked two weeks there with good results. Church quickened. Sinners converted. Then came here and have witnessed a glorious work. Some nights the altar and front seat crowded with penitents, young and old. "It is the Lord's work, and marvellous in our eyes." The movement seems to surpass the expectations of all. Sunday night Church packed, body and galleries. We hold service to-night (Christmas night) and are praying for a mighty time. Do not know when we shall close here. The last night of third week we had eleven seekers and others stood up for prayer. Hallelujah. Next place on this circuit is Duncanville. Large church, but that is all. No class meeting, no prayer meeting, and Church members at variance, but we are believing for a good work. Preached there Sunday night and at close of sermon six penitents came out as seekers.

This circuit was in a terrible condition when Bro. Gibson came on it. He is a grand man and universally liked. Glad to hear of your success in the East. Praise God forever. I pray God that we may be made more humble; and oh, for the power of the living God to come upon us all. Amen. I feel so unworthy. Would like much to be home at the Convention, but am willing to be wherever the Lord wants me. Pray for us in the work.

GEORGE REID.

HARRIETSVILLE.—I saw by the London papers that you were holding meetings in Tilsonburg, and fully intended going over to see you, but find I can't. I came on here Dec. 20th to see some friends. Should have returned to Beachville a week ago, but I was asked to start meetings here. And, oh, dear brother, when I saw the state the young people were in, and their need of the Saviour I consented to stay. We started last night and God blessed us.

I received a call from the pastor of the M. E. Church of Mount Clemens, Mich., to assist in revival work during the month of January. He heard of our work at Bay City. I expect to go there next week. I want the Master to direct me in all I do. I feel my weakness as never before.

I met Brother Sage while in Beachville. I believe he is going to southern Dakota in the spring. God go with him. As I have to leave here so soon, I am writing Bro. Sage to come on and conduct the meetings, for the people want the meetings continued while the interest lasts.

The time is short. Sinners are dying all around and I want to work while it is called to-day. Remember me to the comrades. God bless and strengthen you.

BESSIE SCOTT.

JO-JO, PENN.

Just a line to give you some idea what kind of a place this is. The first thing I saw Sunday morning as I looked out of my window was a man standing up and shooting at a mark with his revolver. As I went to church I saw a woman coming toward her home with a piece of meat she had been to the store and bought. Had a good service. God met us. Six precious souls at the altar seeking, making fourteen since starting our meetings here on Thursday night. As we returned from service I saw a man coming home with his rifle on his shoulder. He had been out hunting and was coming up street as unconcerned as if he had been to church. After dinner we went out to Sunday-school to Jim-Jim, where a good brother and sister are trying to lead some ten or twelve children to Christ. As we went out—only about half a mile—I counted nine gunshots. How is that for Sunday? We were invited out to tea with a young man who was seeking Christ in our morning service. As we went past the billiard room it was open and in full blast, not even the blinds down. And as we came back to church, which is only two doors from the billiard room, it was still running, and was open after we had left the church. In the evening about dark men were returning after their day's hunting. They came marching down Main Street as bold as lions. God have mercy on them. After church, as we came to our billet, I saw a man coming out of the saloon with a pitcher of some kind of liquor, and go in next door to a saloon, where there was a regular jamberee. You could here them out in the middle of the street, men and women together. O, how

my heart bleeds for this place! After church Saturday night they had a rooster fight on Main Street by gaslight. The man where I am stopping saw them as he passed. And every Saturday night they have a dance and keep it up until Sunday morning. Last night, in my talk to the people, I charged the women and young ladies with all the sin that was committed at these dances. I told them to stay at home and act decently, and they would soon break up the dance. My heart was greatly rejoiced at close of the service. One of the saloon-keepers was an earnest listener, as was also his wife. After service I spoke to her, and with tears in her eyes she said she wanted to be a Christian and invited me to her home. May God save them both. He keeps a fearful place, but has been coming regularly to our meetings, and I am looking up for him. I find my experience is a great benefit to me in such places as this. I told them last night I was about as big and as mean a devil as ever got leave to run loose, but I never was mean enough to keep my place of business open on Sunday. I opened out on billiards, whiskey and dancing, and, God helping me, I will make these things so odious that there will not be found a decent person patronizing them. Pray for me and get the comrades all to pray for me, Christians and workers, that this place of sin, death and hell may be shaken. Oh, it's fearful. I would not want any worse hell than this place. I can't compare it to anything other than hell on earth. My prayer is continually, God help me to do my duty. I did not think I would write you so soon, but thought I must tell you about this place. We had a congregation of about 400 last night. That is pretty near the entire population. Had a good meeting; two seekers, making eight for the day. We close here next Sunday night (D.V.), and then we go home for Xmas. Had another very pressing call to Michigan, and they say come, no matter what it costs. They want us to come back here, and we have so many calls in Canada I hardly know what to do. May God guide and lead. We still pray for you. Your brother in Christ,

MOODY.

HIGHGATE.—I do not know whether you answered my last or not, as Bro. Tate and myself did not get our mail when we left Pelee, as there had not been any communication between the main shore and island for some time, and the day the boat came she did not land near the post-office, as they could not get to the wharf for ice. So we

just had time to get aboard before it returned. We had grand meetings on the island, and the power of God was manifested. About forty came to the blessed Saviour and were able to trust Christ for pardon. Rev. J. G. Jewit is a fine man, earnest in appeals, powerful and pithy. May God bless his labors amongst the people there.

JOHN BAXTER.

BARNSTON, QUE.—I feel hardly able to write. On Sabbath afternoon I took a severe pain in my face. Dentist says it is inflammation. Have suffered intensely. But I had a blessed time on Sunday morning. It was a "Christmas praise service." There was not a dry eye in the house. Some weeping for joy, some for loved ones who had died during the year, and some on account of their sins. Bro. Adams received some of the early converts into full membership, brought in through his labors. Souls continue coming to Christ. Old men who have spent their lives in sin are publicly declaring they will spend what is left in God's service. We propose two weeks of work in the new church, Heath's Corners. Lord fill us with power to win. Had a talk by telephone with Dr. Sterling. He is going to take some of the arrearages of work on Rev. W. H. Graham's District. I go (D.V.) for three weeks to Holland, Vermont, when through here. Love to all comrades; God bless you. And may we all grow in grace and be more useful than in 1886. Your boy,

A. H. RANTON.

SOUTH WOODSLEE.—Thank you very much for the long letter which you sent me from Quebec. I rejoice to hear of the work, as it is prospered by God out there, in the salvation of men. You have got some grand and consecrated workers, and I realize more and more the uselessness of attempting work in the Lord's vineyard without a complete surrender of self, an "Ever only all for Thee" consecration, which gives perfect rest of soul.

At present I am working on a farm, and study a little at nights. It is my privilege here to often work for the Master, both in conducting services and by personal effort, and by His grace my daily life shall show forth His praise, and my delight is to do His will.

I do realize my need of more watchfulness day by day, that I may be a living monument to show forth the love and mercy of God, and His keeping power from all sin. My prayer is now—and God grant that it may always be—"Nothing but Thee," and

then I know the answer will always make me safe.

I have a greater longing than ever to be in active work, and still ask you to let me know of any opening in Band work which I could fill. If I could get with a minister to help him on the circuit, and have a chance to study, and so improve myself, I would gladly go anywhere I could, and should you know of any place inform me. Yours in Christ's service.

FRED. HASSOLD.

LANCASTER.—I have here three or four young people in course of preparation for Band work. God has deeply baptized some, and they are growing up into Him daily. Their one object in life is to glorify God and win souls. I can go early in January and personally every alternate two weeks. I do not care where you send me, but on the score of travelling expenses it might be well for me to take for the present fields as near as is practicable. When I got your first letter, like Hezekiah I spread it before the Lord saying, "Now, Lord, if it is right, open the way," and I feel your request to be the answer. God is greatly blessing us here. Our Band is doing good work for Jesus. We had an interesting case a few weeks ago. A lady who had married a Roman Catholic refused to remain in that fold. At his death she will cut her off from all the property if she did not bring up her children as Catholics. She refused and went out. A week ago last Sabbath God converted her. We are trusting Jesus for a great work here yet. Not a week has passed for some time without seekers.

W. J. HEWITT.

LASKAY, ONT.—I am greatly encouraged by God's blessing on our work. Towards the close of last week the Spirit of God came down upon the people. Some fourteen seekers have come out boldly on the Lord's side, and others are trying to find Christ, but I fear in their own way. God is blessing me in my own soul. I am eating the good of the land. I like Bro. Aikenhead very much. God is wonderfully blessing and using him. Oh, it is a blessed place to get—out of self and into Christ.

Yours,

GLEN H. McLACHLAN.

HOLLAND, VERMONT.—I left the Hatley Circuit last Saturday in order to join Bro. Ranton at Barnston. Bro. Adams proposed holding meetings at Heath's Corners, one of his appointments, but owing to some delay in the dedication of the building, we deemed

it prudent to come on to Holland. The last week of my work on the Hatley Circuit was spent at Hatley, and although I had been laboring for three months on that circuit, everyone seemed to think that the last week was by far the best. It did seem too bad to have to close the meetings, but dear Bro. Read was pretty much worn out and thought it wise to close. We had great blessing the last week. Not only were there a number of new seekers, but the testimonies of God's people plainly showed that the Church had been greatly benefited by the meetings, and had been brought into clearer light and greater liberty, and had reached a higher spiritual plane than heretofore. I cannot tell you, dear brother, how much I have been blessed during these three months. I have been seeking God with my whole heart and, true to His own promise, He has richly baptized my soul, blessed be His holy name. We have held two meetings here, but the weather has been so very stormy that we have not had great crowds yet. Last night we had a very precious meeting, and I expect great blessing here. I still pray for you, Bro. Savage, and I am sure you remember me.

Yours, in Jesus,

JOHN E. STERLING.

PARK HILL.—I want to let you know how the Lord has been blessing our feeble efforts in Hensall. We had strong opposition from the enemy; but we came out more than conquerors through Christ and Him crucified. The whole village was moved by the power of God. We had large congregations, and all seemed to feel the presence of God. Strong men trembled under the power of the Spirit. Some left the house; others wept their way to the foot of the cross. About forty blood-bought souls were liberated from the bonds of sin and Satan, and are to-day rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God. Some of them were the most profane swearers and drinkers in this part; but the blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow. There were some very striking conversions. One lady came to our meetings nearly every night with three small children, and nearly every night she stood up to be prayed for. She was invited to come to the altar; but she said she was afraid of her husband, who had forbidden her to come to these meetings. But the blessed Spirit of God continued to strive with her, and the last night but one of our services she came weeping to the cross, and found Jesus. Then she came to me and asked, "Would I go and see her

husband?" I inquired when he would be at home. She said it would be useless to try to see him there, as he would leave the house at once. I told her that was a good sign. The next day I went to his place of labour, and spoke to him of Jesus and His love, and entreated him to flee from the wrath to come. I also left him some suitable tracts, which he promised to read. I was told afterwards that he had discovered that his wife had been forward to the altar, and testified to the saving power of Jesus. In the evening he came to the service to prevent his wife from again coming forward or testifying for Christ; but, praise God, he had not been inside God's house over thirty minutes till the Spirit so convinced him of sin that he arose for prayer. He proceeded home and went to bed, but could not stay there: he had to rise and plead with God for mercy. Then he found the loving Jesus. The next evening he came with his wife and family, stood up, and told of God's goodness to him, and gave in the names of himself and wife as members of the Methodist Church. There was also another, a very old man; he was bent down with the burden of many years. Being in the habit of getting drunk, some of the roughs of the village made him drunk, brought him to the church and put him, along with his big dog, inside the building. He sat down near the door, but shortly he came half way up the aisle—his dog with him—and took a seat. When we began our prayer-meeting I went to him and spoke to him about his soul. He wept like a child. The next invitation that was given he came to the altar, pleading with God for mercy; and then he arose and testified for Christ. He also gave the young men some good words of advice, and warned them against living such a life as he had led. There were some of the clearest conversions I ever saw. May God keep the dear converts faithful.

ROBERT SIMPSON.

Band Testimony Department.

I had been a professing Christian for about five years. Sometimes I was bright and happy, and thought I walked with Jesus. At others the way was dark and I seemed to walk alone. I hardly knew whether I was saved or not. I hoped I was a Christian, as I tried hard to be, but I think if I was a Christian at all, I was on the lower walk of the Christian life. I said, I was "trying" to be a Christian; yes, I was trying, and too much in my own way.

It was while I was thus trying that God came to me and said, "Charlie, give me your heart." I said, "Why, Lord, I gave you my heart years ago." "Yes," said the Master, "that part of it you didn't want." I saw that, like Ananias and Sapphira, I had kept back part of the price.

I had given the Lord much before, He asked but little more now. It was the little I had reserved, and it was harder to give up than all the rest; but He demanded the surrender of the whole heart, saying, too, it must be a broken and contrite heart.

I knew that what little religion I had was only making me miserable. So casting aside a thousand worldly thoughts, I turned to the question of all importance to me, my soul's salvation. I cast away every idol and made the sacrifice the Lord demanded. He accepted it, took me into His loving favor, forgave my sins, gave me a clean heart and a good conscience, called me to active service, which at first I felt a cross, but now, thank His dear name, I love. My heart is in it, my soul is in it, and by His help I ever mean to labour in whatever field He may see fit to assign me. Pray that I may be a faithful gleaner. The past four months have been the happiest I have ever known. My pathway is getting brighter, my way clearer, my faith and courage stronger day by day. And now, though I am only an empty and broken vessel, I lie low at the Master's feet waiting to be used again.

CHARLIE POOL.

Milby, Que.

I was trying for a long time to serve 'the Lord in my own strength. After hearing a powerful sermon, I would commence on Monday to be a better boy. But my religion was hung up with my Sunday clothes, and by Saturday I was worse than ever. This continued until the Band came to Compton. I was driving stage at the time, and had to associate with some rather hard boys. I attended the Band services, but wanted to be saved in my seat. I do not think I should have found peace if I had sat there from then until now. But I was brought to a better mind. I saw it was necessary for me to declare myself for God. I was not excited when I went forward among the seekers. And the Lord met me, for when I confessed my sins He was faithful and just to forgive my sins. God has kept me from that time until now. All praise be to His name.

BERT TODD.

Compton, Que., Dec. 1886.

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