

## Practical Papers.

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### EXAMPLES OF EMINENT SANCTITY FROM CANADIAN METHODIST HISTORY.

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BY JOHN CARROLL.

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REV. HEZEKIAH CALVIN WOOSTER.

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HIS heavenly-minded man deserves to stand at the head of this series, not only on account of chronological priority, but because of his transcendent devotedness to God. There are many things about his history which we would have been glad to know, but our curiosity cannot be gratified. His intense absorption in devotion and soul-saving were known and read by all who crossed his pathway during his brief sojourn in this vale of tears. He died at the age of twenty-eight.

In 1796, six years after the entrance of the first itinerant into Canada, four preachers were appointed to the Province. One of them, denominated the "Elder," had been in the country since '92, this was the notable Darius Dunham; James Coleman had entered two years before;—the other two were young men of two and three years standing respectively. They were both remarkable men, each in his own peculiar way. These were Samuel Coate and Calvin Wooster. Coate was of Quaker parentage, a native of New Jersey, dapper, but beautiful in person, with golden locks falling upon his shoulders, polite in manners, well educated, and eloquent and powerful in preaching to a degree seldom equalled. Under one sermon, some years after, at a camp-meeting, fifty souls were converted. He was undeniably pious, but not so pre-eminently so as Wooster. Coate lived, alas! to measurably outlive his piety, for a time, although he found mercy in the final hour. Wooster wore himself out in his Master's cause and found an early grave; but died triumphantly, and the savor of his piety has been wafted down to our own time, to quicken our aspirations after "a closer walk with God."

He was a native of New England, but further than that, little do we know of his outward and physical history. Brief were the entries he left "among his papers" concerning himself. They are the following:—"Hezekiah Calvin Wooster was born May 20th, 1771; convinced of sin, October 9, 1791; born again, December 1, 1791; sanctified, February 6, 1792." By what means he was awakened and brought to God, how he was led to see the remaining corruptions of his heart, and through what struggles he passed until he entered the higher life, we know not. Only from these memoranda we see he progressed fast, as, indeed, is the privilege of all, if they obey the call given to every child of God soon after his conversion; for our salvation, through every successive stage, is by grace alone through faith; and neither grace nor faith ask for delay,—“the Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart, this is the word of faith which we preach.”

He was convicted and converted before he was twenty-one, and sanctified, (that is *fully* sanctified,) within a year after that event. The latter took place 'February 6, 1792," there being a particular moment when the evidence of this blessing is given, as well as a particular moment when we receive forgiveness of sins. All this took place before he went out on a circuit, at least before he was received on trial and his name appeared in the Minutes. His first appointment was given him at the Conference which sat in New York, August 2', 1793. Thus did he enter the field, if not with a college education, with a thorough graduation from the school of Christ.

His Conference obituary says of him, that "he was of a slender habit of body," unsuited to endure "the hardships of travelling and great exertions in preaching." All circuits were then hard, and the least zealous preachers of that day were not inclined to spare themselves, but Wooster made peculiarly hard work of his circuits. "He counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Hence, feeble as he was, after three laborious circuits in the American Union, in as many different States,—Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York,—he offered himself a missionary for Upper Canada. "On his way in, he and his fellow-traveller lodged twenty nights in the wilderness."

His first circuit was Oswegotchie, which lay on the two banks of the St. Lawrence River, as far as there were settlers accessible from Gananoque to Cornwall, but principally on the Canada side. He was a preacher of holiness, and a rare example of the holiness he preached. Of his piety and devotion the old people were never weary of speaking in terms of glowing admiration. He deserved it; for his devotion to God and the work of soul-saving was above all praise. He had got his soul deeply imbued with God's sanctifying spirit; and he maintained it by continual watchfulness and communion with God. His every breath was prayer. An old lady who often entertained him informed me, that on his arrival he would ask the privilege of going up to the loft of their one-storied log house, which was the only place of retirement, and to which he had to mount up by means of a ladder. There he would remain till the settlers assembled for preaching, when he would descend, like Moses,

with a face radiant with holy comfort. And truly his preaching was "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." It was not boisterous, but solemn, spiritual, unctuous, powerful. It is said he carried on a sort of double prayer while leading in public devotion—there was an audible one, in which the people were to join; and there was a suppressed, parenthetical one for his own benefit the while, to keep his own personal relations to God right. And God honored the man who honored him. He was the instrument of a great revival, characterized by depth and comprehensiveness, a revival of the work of sanctification. Under his word the people fell like men slain in battle. This was even the case when he had become so exhausted that he could 'preach no longer, or when his voice was drowned with the cries of the people.' He would stand with angelic countenance and upturned eye, bringing his hands together, and saying in a loud whisper, "Smite them, my Lord! My Lord, smite them!" And "smite them" He did; for the "slain of the Lord were many."

The Rev. Dr. Bangs, one of the earliest historians of American Methodism, who personally knew the ground and many of the parties, thus describes a scene within the Bay Circuit, where he first landed:—"They arrived in safety in time to attend a quarterly meeting. After the preaching on Saturday, while the presiding elder, Darius Dunham, retired with the official brethren to hold the quarterly Conference, Brother Wooster remained in the meeting to pray with some who were under awakenings, and others that were groaning for full redemption in the blood of Christ. While uniting in the exercises, the power of God seemed to overshadow the congregation, and many were filled with joy unspeakable, and were praising the Lord aloud for what he had done for their souls, others with 'speechless awe and silent love,' were prostrated on the floor. When the presiding elder came into the house, he beheld these things with a mixture of wonder and indignation. After gazing for a while, he kneeled down and began to pray God to stop the 'raging of the wildfire,' as he called it. In the meantime, Calvin Wooster, whose soul was burning with the 'fire of the Holy Spirit,' kneeled by the side of Brother Dunham, and softly whispered out a prayer in these words, 'Lord, bless Brother Dunham! Bless Brother Dunham!' Thus they continued for some minutes, when at length the prayer of Bro. Wooster prevailed, and Dunham fell prostrate on the floor; and ere he rose, (he) received a baptism of the fire he had so feelingly deprecated. There was now harmony in their prayers, feelings, and views. This was the commencement of a revival of religion which soon spread through the entire Province; for as Dunham was the presiding elder, he was the instrument of spreading the flame throughout the district, to the joy and salvation of hundreds." The net gain to the Societies in the scattered new settlements of Upper Canada, during the two years of Wooster's stay in the Province, was four hundred and sixteen (416).

At the close of his term in Canada he started homewards to die. We get a glimpse of him in that journey from the Journal of the honest but eccentric Lorenzo Dow. Says Dow, "When I was in the Orange Circuit, I felt something that needed to be done away. Timothy Dewey told me about

Calvin Wooster, that he enjoyed the blessing of sanctification and had a miracle, in some sense, wrought in his body; the course of nature turned in consequence, and (that) he was much owned and blessed of God in his ministerial labors. I felt a great desire to see the man, if consistent with the Divine will. Not long after I heard that he was passing through the circuit and going home to die. I immediately rode five miles to the house, but found he was gone another five miles. I went into the room where he slept. He appeared more like one from the eternal world than one of my fellow-mortals. I told him, when he awoke, who I was and what I came for. He said, 'God has convicted you for the blessing of sanctification, and that blessing is to be obtained by the single act of faith, the same as justification.' I persuaded him to continue in the neighborhood a few days; and a few evenings after, when I had done speaking, he spoke, or rather whispered an exhortation. At this time he was in a consumption and expired a few weeks after. While whispering out the exhortation, power attended the same to the hearts of the people. Some that were standing and sitting fell like men that were shot in the field of battle. I felt a tremor run through my soul and every vein. It took away my limbs' power, so that I fell to the floor. He came to me and said, 'The blessing is now.' No sooner had the words dropped from his lips, then I strove to believe the blessing mine; the burden dropped from my breast, and a solid joy and a gentle running peace filled my soul."

Some suffering work was yet reserved for Calvin Wooster. We fail to trace him in the Minutes for 1848-9. He arrived at his father's house, however, in June, 1798, and lingered till November the 6th, and then "died, strong in the faith of Jesus," so said the father of this gracious, godly son. He continues, "He was an example of patience and resignation to the will of God in all his sickness. When I thought he was almost done, I asked him if his confidence was still strong in the Lord. He answered, 'Strong, strong?' A short time before his death, when his strength failed fast, he said the nearer he drew to eternity, the brighter heaven shone upon him."

The case of the saintly Wooster shows that the great secret of power in prayer and preaching, and of success in the ministry, is holiness and the "unction of the Holy One." May there be many to learn this secret: Amen.

"Saw ye not the wheels of fire,  
And the steels which cleft the wind?  
Saw ye not his soul aspire,  
When his mantle dropped behind?"

"Ye that caught it as it fell,  
Bind that mantle round your breast;  
So in you his meekness dwell,  
So on you his Spirit rest!"

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THE blossom can not tell what becomes of its odor, and no man tell what becomes of his influence and example, which go beyond his ken on their mission.

## PRAYING IN SECRET.



WHEN thou prayest," said Jesus, "enter into thy closet." There are two reasons, in the nature of things, for this admonition: 1. Secret prayer is free from temptation to ostentation, hypocrisy and pride, and therefore will be pleasing to God, and for his glory. 2. The *habit* of secret prayer is of unspeakable advantage in soul-culture.

It is assumed that all Christians pray. Some, it may be, pray mechanically—from a cold sense of duty; and some from a superstitious notion that prayer is a kind of charm to ward off evil; but others pray because they love it, and regard it as an inestimable privilege. In the Saviour's time the spirit and design of prayer were misunderstood. It had degenerated into a mere outward form in which the heart had no share. Jesus sought to bring it back to its true place; and in a single sentence he has expressed its true nature,—secret intercourse with God.

That which the Saviour taught by precept he enforced by example. In the great crises of His life-work, He strengthens his soul by communion with His Father. Allusions to this fact are frequent in the Gospels:—"He went up into a mountain apart to pray." "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." "He departed into a mountain to pray." "He withdrew Himself into the wilderness and prayed." "He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." If you would be like Jesus, be much in secret prayer. You have wants and needs that cannot be presented in any other way.

In regard to the method of discharging this duty a word will be in place. First, as to the *time*. It is well to have fixed seasons for secret prayer. Why? Because otherwise the duty will soon be neglected altogether. It is surely not claiming too much that we should treat our Heavenly Father with as much consideration as we do our friends. I know business men by the score who would not on any consideration neglect a business engagement,—who would feel that their reputation was seriously compromised if a note was not promptly paid at maturity, or if an engagement for business was not kept to the minute. Let us carry this principle over into religious duty. Let our engagements with God be as sacredly kept as our engagements with men.

There are times peculiarly suited for closet prayer. In the *morning*, when the powers of the soul are in full vigor,—when the mercies of the night call for thanksgiving, and coming duties demand help. At *noon*, when for a few moments the wheels of labor stand still, and the hurrying feet of Mammon's worshippers rest a space; then snatch a moment, from amid life's pressing cares, to tell thy wants to thy Father in heaven, and to cool thy fevered heart and brain by a draught from salvation's well. At *evening*, when the day's

toils are ended, "and the gathering darkness of night comes on." Oh! then, before the weary body seeks repose, let the thankful heart send up its secret orison, and the penitent heart its mourning cry; and let not slumber settle upon the eyelids until the day's mercies have been acknowledged, and the days sins forgiven.

Then, as to a *place*. "Thy closet," said Jesus. It is well to have a place if we can,—a place hallowed by communion with heaven, and where no sordid cares shall ever intrude. The earnest heart will not be baffled in this matter: it *will* have a closet somewhere. "I can always find a closet at the masthead," said a pious sailor. And should all other places fail, we can still make a closet of our hearts. Even while pacing the crowded streets we may turn our hearts into a sanctuary, and in that closet, into which God delights to come, have audience with the Deity.

There are difficulties sometimes, in the way of secret prayer, but these may all be overcome. The chief difficulties we will find in ourselves,—in those states of mind which are not favorable to closet devotion. "I cannot pray," says one: "I do not know how." Neither does any man. The gift of true prayer is not natural—it is Divine. All Christians have to confess, "We know not the things we should pray for as we ought" but "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities," and "maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

"My thoughts wander when I try to pray. I kneel down, and begin to speak unto the Lord, and wake up to find my thoughts away at the ends of the earth." This is a common complaint; and it has two principal causes. The first is—prayer, to you, is not a familiar exercise. You have not formed the habit of fixing your mind on this thing. Habit has much to do with it. Don't expect miracles here. "The Spirit *helpeth* our infirmities." He will not do all for us: *help* is all we are authorized to expect; and in this, as in other things, he "helps those who help themselves." This inability to "fix" the thoughts is not confined to prayer,—it is just as true of other unfamiliar exercises. Take a lad from the farm or the workshop, and set him down suddenly to the study of a language or a science, and his thoughts will "wander" too. But let him keep on,—let him acquire the habit of application,—let him rally his scattered thoughts again and again, and soon they will marshal themselves at his bidding, and bear the strain of steady application for hours. "Wandering thoughts" in prayer may not be overcome in a moment, or by a single spasmodic effort. We must become familiar with the exercise; and to this end it is well, especially at first, to cultivate the habit of ejaculatory prayer. Do not weary yourself in the fruitless effort to keep your mind straining in one direction. Let your petitions be brief, but let them be frequent. Many a man can give undivided attention to a subject for two consecutive minutes, who could not do so for twenty.

Another cause for this wandering of the thoughts is, the heart has been occupied with other things. He whose thoughts all day have been "of the earth, earthy," cannot, in five minutes, put himself in such a heavenly frame as to get beyond the reach of what has filled his mind for the

preceding ten hours. So long as we are "troubled about many things," prayer in secret will be an irksome task. I know of but one remedy: learn the happy art of casting your care on the Lord. Then you can say to these worldly anxieties—"Tarry here, while I go and pray yonder."

"Often," says another, "when I kneel to pray my mind seems perfectly blank. I have nothing to say. I seem to have no disposition to pray." Sometimes this is caused by physical weariness, with which the mind sympathizes; or it may be caused by forgetfulness: you forget many things about which you ought to pray. In such cases it must be so. In the experience of each day, even in the most uneventful life, there are scores of things about which we ought to talk to God; for we should in all things make known our requests. If we have nothing to say, it must be because we forget these things. Why should we not use "helps" in this, as in other matters? Many business men never think of trusting memory alone in regard to their engagements; but refer frequently to their "memoranda." Why should we not do the same in matters of higher moment? We would not think it strange if we read in a merchant's pocket-book such entries as the following:—*Mem.*—To speak to my lawyer about examining the deed of property on King Street.—*Mem.*—To write to Mr. — about renewal of note.—*Mem.*—To ship goods to Mr. — on Friday. Why should not a Christian man's pocket-book contain such entries as these:—*Mem.*—To ask Divine direction about proposed change in my business.—*Mem.*—To plead with God for the unconverted members of my Sunday-school class.—*Mem.*—To set apart one hour next Friday to intercede for a revival of God's work.

There are helps of another kind that it might be profitable sometimes to use. Do not misunderstand me if I say, use a form of prayer occasionally. It need not be the same form always; it need not be out of a "prayer-book." The best "helps" of this sort, you will find in the Psalms of David and in Wesley's hymns. Is your soul burdened with a sense of guilt? tell it out in the language of the 51st psalm; are you in sore conflict? try the 31st; are you old, and feeble, and needy; how perfectly the 71st will express your thoughts. There is another help against "wandering thoughts:" *pray aloud*. The very sound of your own voice will help to fix attention. Besides, it will help you to correct other evils, especially vagueness and indefiniteness. Try the experiment, and you will be startled to find how different a prayer seems when you put it in words.

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HINTS TO PREACHERS.—Make no apologies. If you have the Lord's message, declare it; if not, hold your peace. Have short prefaces and introductions. Say your best things first, and stop before you get prosy. Do not spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Leave self out of the pulpit and take Jesus in. Defend the Gospel, and let the Lord defend you and your character. If you are lied about, thank the devil for putting you on your guard, and take care that the story shall never come true. Do not bawl and scream. Empty vessels ring the loudest. Thunder is harmless; lightning kills

## THE PURIFYING POWER OF FAITH.

BY REV. H. JOHNSTON, B.D.



HE effect of faith is *purification* of heart. . . "Which are sanctified," says our Lord! "by faith that is in me." "Purifying their hearts by faith." The heart, the seat of moral character, is by nature impure and corrupt. Water cannot wash away the impurity, nor fire burn it out. The Gospel alone provides a remedy,—“Then will I sprinkle cold water upon you, and ye shall be *clean*; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you.” “And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” No chemical process has been discovered by which the color can be so taken from scarlet or crimson cloth that it can be made into *white* paper. But what saith the Scriptures? “Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.” Here are scarlet and crimson stains taken out by blood. Yes,—

“There is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.”

Now, while it is Christ that saves, *faith* is the condition of salvation. “He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.” And surely it cannot be a matter of surprise to any that faith is the very essential of religion,—that a man’s entire destiny should depend on his belief, when faith is so essential in all ordinary business, when all life is based upon it! Faith, in the widest sense of the word, is that state of mind in which a man receives and relies upon a thing as true; it is confidence in a person or thing as trustworthy. Hence, it is one of the commonest principles upon which men act from day to day. Would the farmer prepare the soil and scatter the seed over the ground if he had not faith in the succession of sunshine and shower, seed-time and harvest? Would the lady plant her favourite flower in spring-time if she did not believe that the bloom and fragrance would come with the summer? Would men labor a day or an hour without pay if they had not faith in their employers? Would the piece of paper drawn up in the form of a note, properly stamped and signed, be of any value whatever without faith? Let husbands lose faith in their wives and wives in their husbands; let parents lose faith in their children and children in their parents; friends lose faith in their friends; neighbors lose faith in their neighbors; and society would relapse into savagism. If, then, faith be so essential in things temporal, can it be less essential in things spiritual? And need we wonder that “without faith it is impossible to please God.”



But *how can faith purify?* The faith itself does not purify; it only leads us to lay hold of a power through which the purifying streams of holiness flow into our hearts. The primary element of faith is trust. The Hebrew word, *Ah-man*, to uphold, means in the Nihil, to be firm, to be trustworthy. So the Greek *Pis-tou-o* means to trust; and the Latin, "*Fides*." The English word "faith" is from the old Anglo-Saxon "*feyan*," to covenant, which implies confidence. Trust is dependence on another. The special object of faith is Christ, and the promise of salvation through Him. This trust is expressed by looking to Christ, coming to Christ, committing the whole being into His hands. It is a simple act of the soul which leads us to accept Christ and to open our hearts to the influences of His Spirit. The efficient Agent of purification is the Holy Ghost, and it is the blood of atonement cleanseth from sin. Faith grasps this great truth and applies it to the soul. The faith that purifies is a faith that terminates directly on Christ the Sanctifier.

I desire money from the bank. I am poor; have no money on deposit, and cannot get it in my own name; but I draw up a note and take it to a wealthy friend and ask him to endorse it. He gives me his name, and I go and get the money I need. They do not know me at the bank, do not trust me; but they know the endorser, know his wealth and influence, and I go in the firm conviction that I will get the money. Now, it is not my faith that gets the money, but the name of my wealthy friend. So with this great salvation. I am sinful, helpless, bankrupt, and undone; but Christ, the Son of God, has died a sacrifice for sin. O the blood, in its efficacy and power, is before the throne, and it pleads for me! I believe in Jesus' name. I rely upon His righteousness and intercession. I draw from the infinite merits of Christ, the blood touches my heart, the guilt is taken away, and I am purified through faith.

In this purifying process there is a two-fold experience: 1. First, the purification from guilt, "the sprinkling of the conscience by the blood of Christ from dead works to serve the living God." There is pardon. Through faith in His blood we are reconciled to God. We are "justified by the faith of Christ." So long as we are under the law we are under the curse. But Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, and believing in Him we are freed from the law and delivered from its condemnation. This is *justification*,—the clearing man from imputed guilt, and constituting the penitent and believing sinner righteous in the sight of God. The believer is made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Christ dwells in his heart by faith. At the very moment of justification he experienced an inward change from darkness into marvellous light; from sin to holiness. The love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto him. He has no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. He hates sin,—he has forsaken it. He has put off the old man, which is corrupt according to the sinful lusts. Obviously, then, the first part of this purifying process is the taking away of the love and dominion of guilt and sin.

2. But purification of heart is something more than pardon, something more than regeneration, great and glorious though this state be. It is to be "pure in heart," to "be holy," "cleaned from all unrighteousness," "wholly sanctified." That there are separate and distinct experiences we cannot doubt. The Scriptures teach a distinction between *regeneration*, which is the beginning of purification; and entire sanctification, which is the finishing of that work. It is implied in the Apostle's prayer for the Thessalonians. As regenerated believers, they were already sanctified in part; but he prays that they may be "wholly sanctified." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." And believing this high state attainable in the present life, he adds, "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also *will do it.*" To the Corinthians he writes, "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto *carnal*, even as unto babes in Christ. For ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you *envying* and *strife* and *divisions*, are ye not carnal and walk as men?" They were little children whose sins were forgiven them, babes in Christ, with all the elements of true religion; but they were not entirely free from sin. They were not perfect in love. And hence the exhortation,— "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us *cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.*"

On this point our master theologian, Richard Watson, says,— "That a distinction exists between a regenerate state and a state of entire and perfect holiness will be generally allowed. Regeneration we have seen is concomitant with justification; but the Apostles, in addressing the body of believers in the Churches to whom they wrote their Epistles, set before them, both in the prayers they offer in their behalf and in the exhortations they administer, *a still higher degree* of deliverance from sin as well as higher growth in Christian virtues."

This distinction, so clearly marked in the Word of God, harmonizes also with the experience of Christians. Many of God's dear children while walking in the light of justification and enjoying the evidence of acceptance have been convinced of *inbred* sin, the remains of pride, anger, unbelief, and other sinful tendencies and propensities, and have sought and obtained a purification of heart, in which all sin was taken away, and they were enabled to love God supremely "with all their heart and soul and mind and strength." It was not a re-conversion they experienced, for while having the abiding witness of the Spirit they have felt the necessity of entire holiness and experienced this full salvation. It could not be a mere return from backsliding, for while rejoicing in Jesus they have sought a deeper work of grace, even a *clean* heart. The testimonies of such witnesses as Luther, Wesley, Brunwell, Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Edwards, Alfred Cookman, and a multitude of others, cannot be set aside; who declare that while happy in God's pardoning love, they sought the blessing of *perfect* love, and that this second experience was as distinctly marked as the first.

*What is this purification ?*

1. It is the heart purified from the remains of the carnal mind. The carnal mind is enmity against God, and the remains of it are those dispositions in the believer which oppose themselves to the will of God. "We do not," says Mr. Fletcher, "deny that the remains of the carnal mind still cleave to imperfect Christians." Says Wesley, "Sanctification begins in the moment a man is justified." Yet sin remains in him, yea, the *seed of all sin*, till he is sanctified throughout; then does still remain, even in them that are justified, a mind which is in some measure carnal. The pure heart is free from inbred sin.

2. It is the heart purified from evil tempers, from wrath, pride, malice, envy, self-will, and other fleshly lusts which war against the soul. The heart pure is cleansed from all these inward involuntary sins. These tendencies to sin before controlled are now extirpated, and the heart is "all praise, all meekness, and all love."

3. It is a heart purified from evil affections, from the love of the world, and the things of the world. Every justified believer has felt in him two contrary principles, nature and grace, termed by St. Paul, the *flesh* and the *spirit*. While spiritual, there is found an opposing element in the sensibility of the soul, a will not only resigned to, but often rebelling against, the Divine will,—a heart prone to depart from God. Now the purified heart is a heart delivered from everything but the pure love of God and man;—a heart filled with power to resist all evil, to overcome temptation, to work for God, to witness for Christ, yea, even to fulfil the law, for "love is the fulfilling of the law."

Is it possible to have such a heart? Yes; for this is the will of God, even our sanctification. And "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst me make clean." Yes, "for all things are possible with God," and "all things are possible to him that believeth."

"The thing surpasses all my thought,  
But faithful is my Lord;  
Through unbelief I stagger not,  
For God hath spoke the word."

It is obtained by faith. "The same spirit of faith," says Rev. John Fletcher, "which initially purifies our hearts when we cordially believe the pardoning love of God completely cleanses them, when we fully believe his sanctifying love."

But having the faith which pardons, how shall we exercise that deeper, fuller trust which receives Christ for our sanctification, our complete purification? How shall the Lord's people all be made holy?—and Christian women serving the Master in an up and down sort of way, in social life where there is so much of insincerity, of appearances and specious conduct, so much that is severe and uncharitable, be so completely clothed with the heavenly spirit be so gentle and mild, and sweet and forgiving, and noble and ennobling, that their hearts shall become the very homes of purity?—and Christian men

in business, care-pressed and toil-worn, among bales and boxes, sharp buyers and sharp sellers, with notes to meet and paper to be discounted, preserve amid the bustle and distraction such a conscious integrity, such joy and peace in the Holy Ghost, as that they shall be altogether the Lord's? How? By an all-inclusive faith. The faith that purifies is a *simple* faith, a faith which takes God at His word without reasoning—is a naked faith, a faith independent of all feeling and stripped of every other dependence but Christ alone.

Dear reader, to the exercise of this faith you are called;—faith in the promises, faith in the blood, faith in the sanctifying Spirit. Do you want *purity*? Do you desire it above everything else? Are you earnestly seeking it? Then, by the word of the Lord, you may have it. Jesus is offered to you as a perfect Saviour, and the moment you accept Him and His fulness, and trust in Him with all your heart, He will come in and sup with you, and the feast shall be everlasting love. Expect the blessing by faith; expect it as you are, and expect it *now*! Let the prostrate soul, in "the patience of hope," exclaim,—

" I wait till He shall touch me clean,  
 Shall life and power impart;  
 Give me the faith that casts out sin  
 And purifies the heart."

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THE LOCKED-UP PARDON.—In the Isle of Man, as I was one day walking on the seashore, I remember contemplating with thrilling interest an old, gray ruined tower, covered with ivy. There was a remarkable history connected with the spot. In that tower was formerly hanged one of the best governors the island ever possessed. He had been accused of treachery to the king during the time of the civil wars, and received sentence of death. Intercession was made on his behalf, and a pardon was sent, but that fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, who kept it locked up, and the governor was hanged. His name is still honored by the many, and you may often hear a pathetic ballad sung to his memory, to the music of the spinning-wheel.

We must feel horror-struck at the turpitude of that man who, having the pardon for his fellow-creature in his possession, could keep it back, and let him die the death of a traitor. But let us restrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might not point his finger to most of us, and say: "Thou art the man. Thou hast a pardon in thine hands to save thy fellow-creature, not from temporal, but from eternal death. Thou hast a pardon suited to all, sent to all, designated for all. Thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother, instead of sending it to the ends of the earth?"—*Hugh Stowell.*

## SPIRITUAL DYNAMICS.

BY REV. D. STEELE, D.D.



HOW the baptism or fulness of the Spirit is related to the efficiency of the believer, is a subject of intense interest to all Christians. Though much has been said on this question, there remains much more to be uttered, especially in view of the errors into which many good people have fallen. It is generally supposed that the copious effusion of the Spirit upon the unbeliever to his utmost capacity will render him like an electric battery, emitting such shocks of power that sinners will instantly tremble and fall down and cry for mercy as did the thousands under the pentecostal preaching of Peter. Such phenomena do sometimes occur in modern times, but they are exceedingly rare. We are convinced that these large measures of power in individual believers would be more common were the whole church full of faith in her glorified Head. But even then all would not be endowed with equal measures of spiritual power. All have not an extraordinary spiritual capacity. Soon after Rev. Dr. Finney's conversion he received a wonderful baptism of the Spirit which was followed by marvellous effects. His words uttered in private conversation and forgotten by himself fell like live coals on the hearts of men, and awakened a sense of guilt which would not let them rest till the blood of sprinkling was applied. At his presence, before he opened his lips, the operatives in a mill began to fall on their knees and cry for mercy, smitten by the invisible currents of divine power which went forth from him. When like a flame of fire he was traversing western and central New York, he came to the village of Rome in a time of spiritual slumber. He had not been in the house of the pastor an hour before he had conversed with all the family, the pastor, children, boarders, and servants, and brought them all to their knees seeking pardon, or the fulness of the Spirit. In a few days every man, woman, and child in the village and vicinity was converted, and the work ceased from lack of material to transform, and the evangelist passed on to other fields to behold new triumphs of the gospel through his instrumentality.

Another remarkable instance of extraordinary spiritual power is Father Carpenter, of New Jersey, a Presbyterian layman of a past generation. A cipher in the church till anointed of the Holy Ghost, he immediately became a man of wonderful spiritual power, though of ordinary intellect and very limited education. In personal effort, hardened sinners melted under his appeals and yielded to Christ. Once, in a stage coach going from Newark to New York, he found six unconverted men and one believer, his fellow passengers. He began to present the claims of Jesus; and so powerfully did the Spirit attend the truth that four were converted in the coach, and the other two after reaching New York. At his death it was stated that by a very careful inquiry it had been ascertained that more than ten thousand souls had been converted through his direct instrumentality. The following is a well authenticated instance of his power under God, of reaching difficult cases. An excellent and conscientious woman had fallen into a delusion of Satan that she had blasphemed the Holy Ghost, and was beyond the reach of God's mercy. For twelve years this dreadful incubus had crushed her soul. She could never be persuaded to detail the circumstances under which she supposed that she had committed the unpardonable sin. Father Carpenter, hearing of her sad condition, went to her house, insisted on the disclosure of the facts, with the declaration that he would not leave her house till he died, if

she persisted in her silence, and thus succeeded in opening her lips. Seeing that Satan had fastened the fiery dart of a lie in her soul, and kept it there for many years, and that no human power could pluck it out, in the presence of the distressed woman he boldly addressed Satan thus: "O thou father of lies, thou accuser of the brethren! O thou god of this world, who dost blind the minds of men and hide from them the face of Jesus Christ! O thou tempter of the Son of God, thou roaring lion, thou murderer from the beginning! wherefore hast thou kept this daughter of Abraham, lo, these twelve years? In the name of Jesus, come out of her, and let her go in peace?" Under this bold rebuke of the devourer the snare was broken, and the good woman came out of the captive's cell shouting praises to God for her deliverance. Here is a degree of spiritual power rarely seen in the church.

But it is evident that there have been believers just as full of the Holy Spirit, who have had no such power to reach and save others. No man in modern times had larger views of Christ and of Christian privilege in the dispensation of the Spirit than Samuel Rutherford, who lived in Scotland in the seventeenth century. His letters, the joy of all advanced believers, are full of Christ. The superlatives in the English language are exhausted to express his supreme love to the adorable Son of God, "a Rose that beautifieth all the upper garden of God,—*a leaf of that Rose for smell is worth a world.*" "If it were possible that heaven, yea, ten heavens, were laid in the balance with Christ, I would think the smell of his breath above them all. Sure I am that he is the far best half of heaven; yea, he is all heaven, and more than all heaven; and my testimony of him is, that ten lives of black sorrow, ten deaths, ten hells of pain, ten furnaces of brimstone, and all exquisite torments, were all too little for Christ, if our suffering could be a hire to buy him." Here is the testimony of one whom "Christ led up to a notch of Christianity that he was never at before," whose experience is the highest altitude of the "higher life" was one constant outgush of rapturous praises. Yet in his ministry no extraordinary power was manifest. Two years after being settled at Anworth, he writes: "I see exceedingly small fruit of my ministry. I would be glad of one soul to be a crown of joy and rejoicing in the day of Christ. I have a grieved heart daily in my calling." This is not a solitary case. Many eminently holy men have failed to produce immediate effects in the conversion of sinners. The fault was not with the thoroughness of their consecration nor in their faith. They walked with God and were filled with the Spirit; but the power to fasten saving truth upon multitudes of souls was not given to them of God. They do wrong to write bitter words of self-condemnation, and to bewail in tears the absence of this kind of power. God gave to Rutherford another kind of efficiency, which is to-day working in the church, training believers up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. It costs more to keep a soul in the love of Christ than it does to bring him to Christ. It is, therefore, really a higher gift. The great work of the ministry is "the perfecting of the saints," and the power that effects this, though not so conspicuous in the eyes of men, may be more excellent in the sight of God. Evangelistic, or converting power, is by no means commensurate with strength of faith and fulness of the spirit or outgushing emotional experience. Unusual success in this direction requires that there be, in addition to entire consecration to God, a peculiar constitution of the sensibilities, and a personal magnetism sanctified by the Holy Ghost. It is not derogatory to the Creator to say that he endows men with this magnetic power for this very purpose, not that it may be prostituted to selfish or Satanic uses, but that it may be subsidized by the Holy Spirit and used as a spiritual force to push forward Christ's kingdom. Instead, therefore, of vainly struggling for a gift not designed for us, let us employ to the utmost the gift of which we are possessed,

even if it does not glare like a meteor upon the gaping world and cause our names to resound through the trumpet of fame. Our theory of spiritual dynamics is briefly this: The Holy Spirit sheds abroad love in the believer's heart. Love is power. This power is always efficient to conquer sin, and in its higher degrees to overcome self. But its effect upon others is modified by our temperament and mental constitution. Some are designed by nature to be, when surcharged with the Spirit, like galvanic batteries of a thousand-cup power, electrifying vast multitudes with the shock of saving gospel truth; while others, endowed constitutionally with a smaller capacity for the exercise of immediate suasive influence, are more largely gifted in the direction of a well balanced intellect, adapted to instruct and edify believers—the chief function of the pastoral office (see Eph. iv. 11-13). The history of the church, both apostolic and modern, sustains this view. Peter was the preacher on the day of Pentecost, not by chance, but by divine purpose. Thomas could not have been substituted with the same results. His feebleness of grasp of truth, smaller spiritual calibre, and inferior personal magnetism could not have been the channel through which the floods of spiritual power could have been borne to the multitude of dead souls. The quick and generous impulses, the inextinguishable sensibilities, the re-invigorated faith, and ardent love of Peter, recently graciously restored to the confidence of Jesus, were the divinely appointed aqueduct through which the first full outgush of the water of life should deluge the thirsty earth. Nor would Philip with his materialistic turn of mind, nor even John with his contemplative and subjective cast, though aflame with love to Jesus, have been just the man to carry the gospel to the headquarters of Cornelius, and be the medium through which the Holy Ghost should fall upon all his household. It was the providential arrangement that both Jews and Gentiles should receive the first outpouring of the Spirit through Peter, because he was the best medium of this great blessing.

Modern days have witnessed the career of great evangelists,—Whitefield, Wesley, Finney, Caughey, and Earle, through whom multitudes have been aroused from the sleep of sin, and awakened to newness of life, to be afterwards under the care of thousands less conspicuous, but not less useful “pastors and teachers,” having also for their work other gifts and energies of the Spirit. While, therefore, every one should earnestly covet the best gift, he should not rest satisfied till he has received the grace of the Holy Ghost in the plenitude of his purifying and inspiring efficacy. Then he should thankfully employ the gift bestowed, and not in vain repetitions covet the more showy gift of his fellow-labourer in the Lord's vineyard.

In conclusion, we cannot be too well on our guard against the mistake of inferring great grace from great apparent usefulness, and *vice versa*. Men with very little grace, and some with none at all, have been very successful in awakening slumbering sinners; while holy men in the most intimate communion of the Holy Ghost have toiled on for years in labours apparently fruitless. I say *apparently*, because the whole claim of sequences is badly tangled, and it is impossible to trace the invisible footsteps of each man's influence. Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase. He may see more fidelity and sacrifice in the humble water-carrier than in the dignified seed-bearer, and proportion his rewards accordingly.

The chief effect of the spirit-baptism is to secure strength of impulse and continuity of effort in the worker himself. Love makes all toil for the object loved a delight, and furnishes a motive for constant activity in behalf of others. We have recently heard a venerable bishop quoted as saying that “a revival may occur at any place where there are God and a Methodist preacher.” We understand by this that every preacher who is as holy and as believing as he ought to be may, at will, at any time and in any place, see the simultaneous

conversion of sinners. The necessary inference is that all who do not constantly witness this are living in a cold and semi-backslidden state. This inference is afflicting thousands of Christian ministers who enjoy the fulness of the abiding Comforter. Both the inference and the assertion from which it is drawn are untrue. The great work of a preacher in a certain place may be almost wholly within the church, to save those who are but slightly healed, and to fill the membership with spiritual power to such a degree that they may act with saving efficacy on the impenitent long after he has passed from that to another field of labour, or to his final reward. God has varieties of work and different agencies, and it is just as foolish for the hand to say to the foot, "You might be a hand if you only had faith as I have," as to say, "I have no need of thee." When we hear such extravagant assertions we are inclined to say "Amen!" to a wish recently expressed in our hearing: "Oh, for a baptism of common sense!"

We cannot conclude without exposing and refuting the widely prevalent and mischievous error of estimating the usefulness of a preacher solely by the number of penitent seekers who crowd his altar and receive baptism at his hands. This great and glorious work may be done while neglecting to instruct and build up believers, leading them on from first principles, the milk for babes, to that advanced experience of the perfected believer who requires strong meat for his spiritual sustenance. Thus his church may be increasing in quantity and decreasing in quality at the same time. The real power of a church may decline under a revival preacher. He may be repeating the folly of the priest who undermined the temple in his eagerness to get coal to keep its altar fires burning. Methodists especially, cannot be too often told that the hidings of spiritual power are not found in the last census report. "Not by might (*a host* in the Hebrew) nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." (Zech. iv. 6.) The people, who in these modern times have largely taken the appointing power in their own hands, should understand that in clamouring for a preacher who may make the greatest stir in their community, and in passing by the man through whom the highest spiritual purity and power of the church may be attained, they are not wise.—*Advocate of Holiness.*

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## HOW TO SAVE SOULS.

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**P**RAY FOR THEM. Professor Finney tells of a church where there had not been for a long time any conversions, the old members were dying off, the youths remained unconverted, and the Church seemed in danger of becoming extinct. In a distant part of the town there lived an old blacksmith who was such a stammerer that no one could listen to him without pain. But he was a man of prayer. On Friday afternoon, while working alone in his smithy, he thought deeply and earnestly about the state of the church and the unconverted, till his feelings quite overcame him, and he was obliged to give up his work, close his smithy, and spend the whole of the afternoon in prayer for the conversion of sinners. He prevailed with God. On Sunday morning he went to the minister and begged him to hold a special meeting for penitent seekers of salvation. The latter hesitated, but seeing the importunity of the old man, he consented, adding, however, that he feared few would come. The meeting was held that evening in a large house, which was quite full at the appointed time, so that room could not be found for many who afterwards



came. For a little while all was silence; then one burst out into tears and begged the meeting to pray for him, then another, and another, until it was found that persons from every part of the town were deeply convinced of sin. And the strangest part of all was this: they all professed to have been brought into this state on the previous Friday afternoon. While the old blacksmith was alone with God his prayers were like those of Moses or Elijah, and God poured out his Spirit upon the whole town. Pray, then, for those whom you would save.

*Bring persons to the house of God.* Some years ago, during the time of a revival, when services were held every evening of the week in the Methodist Chapel, an old woman who was too infirm to attend them, resolved to do all she could, however, by visiting the people and praying for them. Every day she went out among the neighbours and persuaded one or more to come in the evening to the meeting. While they were there she spent the time in prayer to God that he would open their hearts and lead them to apply the Word preached to themselves. Not a single one of the twenty for whom she thus worked remained unawakened, and eighteen of them sought and found peace with God. Bring as many as possible, therefore, to the house of God, remembering that faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God; and when they are there lift up your heart in prayer that the Word preached may lead to their conversion.

*Labour always to bring some one particular person to Christ.* There was once a lad called Henry, who in his eleventh year was savingly converted to God. The preacher was very fond of him, and often conversed with him on matters of experimental religion. One day he was seen approach the preacher's house with downcast eyes. Going out to meet him the latter asked, "Is your mother ill or your father?" "No, Sir," was the answer. "Come in, my child, and tell me what is the matter, for I am afraid something has gone wrong at your house." With great anxiety, his eyes filling with tears, Henry looked up to the minister, and said, "Can you tell me what I can do for Jesus? I should like to do something for him." "He is too little," said the preacher within himself, "to distribute tracts, and too young (only eleven years old) to teach in the Sunday-school," and then, not knowing really what to do, he lifted up his heart in prayer to God for guidance, and said to Henry, "Who is your best school friend?" He mentioned a farmer's son who lived in the neighbourhood. "Pray," said the preacher, "twice every day for him; do so for fourteen days long; then tell him that you have done so, and when he is convinced of the necessity of being born again bring him with you to class." About a week after the fourteen days of prayer the lad was with him in the class, and soon truly converted to God. Encouraged by his success, Henry made a similar attempt with the lad's brother and father and others. He continued thus to work for God till his fifteenth year, during which time fifty-five persons were converted to God through his instrumentality. In his fifteenth year he became ill, dangerously ill, and at length confined to his bed, which proved to be his death-bed. One evening, as he lay scarcely able to speak, his father came into the room, when Henry, gathering up his strength, asked, "Has Samuel Coleman found peace with God?" "No," said the father, "but he prayed very earnestly for the blessing." "Thank God," said Henry. The next evening, just about the same time, the father came in again, but Henry was dying. Making a last effort to summon up strength enough to speak, he asked again: "Has Samuel Coleman found peace with God this evening?" "Yes," said the father. "Now, I can die in peace," said Henry, and departed to be with Christ. After his death there was found in his pocket-book a long list of persons for whose conversion he had been praying, and Samuel Coleman's name was the last upon the list. Choose out like

Henry from among your unconverted acquaintances that one with whom you have most influence. Pray twice a day for his conversion, do so for say fourteen days, and tell him honestly and candidly that for so long a time you have twice every day earnestly prayed that he might be brought from death unto life, and when he is properly convinced of sin bring him to the class-meeting; still continue to make the effort to lead him to Christ, and when he has found peace begin with another, and you will find when you come to die that scores have been saved by you in this way, and that you can say, in some measure, with your Saviour: "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do!" There are a great many other ways of doing good and saving souls which cannot now be mentioned. One of these ought, however, to be referred to:—

*Diligently circulate soul-saving publications.* These are the Bible, religious tracts, and suitable works in which the way of salvation is stated with brevity, clearness, and power. At the last anniversary of the Basle Bible Society, the gentleman who read the report spoke of a woman in Italy who sought to circulate the Bible among rich and poor. In her wanderings she came to a little, poor looking house, and knocked; the husband opened the door with surly looks. "Have you a Bible?" she asked. "No, and what's more, I won't have one." "I must, however, leave one here." On which he replied, "Then I will burn it." "You are then responsible for that," she replied; laid the Bible on the table, and went away. The husband hastened into his wife's room, where there was a fire, in order to throw it into the fire. The wife adjured him not to do it, and, not being able to prevent it, hurried out of the house in order not to be obliged to see the misdeed. When she came back she found a strip of paper which had flown out of the fire. She took it up. The husband tore it out of her hand, exclaiming, "What, something remaining of the book," and cried out, "this must also be burnt like the rest." Before he threw it into the fire his eye fell upon the still legible words, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away!" Yet it must also go into the fire. In the night he found no rest, awoke towards morning his wife, asked her if she knew where the dwelling of the lady was. She told him where it lay. The husband got up early, hurried away, and related to the lady what had taken place. She gave him now, instead of the consumed bible, a new one, which has brought about a thorough change in the man. This account is given partly because the circumstances took place so lately, but there are multitudes of striking narratives illustrative of the blessings which have attended the circulation of soul-saving books. Just one point further:—

*Put all your dependence for success in God.* A minister had to preach one evening in a barn in Wales. Some time before the commencement of the service he asked permission to be a short time alone in his room, where he remained till after the time appointed for commencing the service. As the people had already assembled, and the preacher was not there, the master of the house sent his servant to tell him that the people were waiting for him. When she came near the door she thought she heard a gentle conversation going on within the room between two persons. Curiosity prompted her to listen. After a few moments she returned to her master and said, "Some one is in conversation with Mr. Griffiths; Mr. G. said to him, 'I will not go unless thou comest with me;' as the other did not give any answer I think the preacher (Mr. Griffiths) will not come." "Oh yes," said the godly farmer, "he will come, and *the other* will come with him. We will commence the meeting, and go on until both come." The preacher came at length, and the Divine Presence came with him, and the service of that evening was the commencement of a revival which extended over the whole neighbourhood. At all times when about to do anything for God, feel not merely that He appoints you this

work, but that He will accompany you in it; and say to Him, "If thy presence go not with me, send me not upon such an errand."—*Methodist Family.*

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## POSITIVISM—WHAT IT IS AND WHEREIN IT FAILS.

BY PROF. T. SANDFORD DOOLITTLE.



POSITIVISM as unfolded by M. Comte is the doctrine that *the human mind cannot know anything but natural phenomena and their succession.* What the eye can see and the hand can touch, or, in short, some of the senses discern, is the foundation not only, but nearly the sum of all our knowledge. To be sure we can arrange this knowledge into classes, determined by the qualities and resemblances of things, but we are not at liberty to infer an unseen Cause, intelligent and personal, in whom the things find a rational source, and by whom they are kept in being and governed. Causes, according to this philosophy, are inscrutably and forever hidden. Any attempt to search for them is equally a perversion of our faculties and a waste of time; and the conclusion that the soul is spiritual, and had a supreme spiritual and supernatural Author, is a baseless and superstitious assumption. The world of sensible phenomena, bounded by the cradle and the grave, ought to be the sole realm of human thought and energy. To entertain aspirations after some ideal good, beyond death, or an expectation of immortality, or a belief in a God and fears of His eternal displeasure, or to ask how man and nature came into existence, and what their coming tells of an Agency that must have itself existed before them, and now shines through them, is, in the estimation of the Positivist, to be engaged in processes as unphilosophic as they are fruitless.

But what is especially peculiar to M. Comte is his gigantic attempt to prove that

### THERE HAVE BEEN THREE STAGES

occurring in chronological order through which the race and the individual have advanced to this beautiful goal. The first stage was theological. Here, in substantially the words of John Stuart Mill, the facts of the universe are regarded as governed, not by invariable laws of sequence, but by the single and direct volitions of beings, real or imaginary, possessed of life and intelligence. When men were in an infantile state of reason and experience, they naturally looked upon individual objects as animated, and contemplated them according to their qualities with delight or fear. Thus arose Fetichism, or the gross and superstitious worship, as practised by certain negro tribes, of some material object, such as a stone, or tree, or animal. As, however, a man becomes elevated, he ceases to attribute life and power to things, and acquires the new conception of invisible beings. And to each of these beings belongs, he now imagines, the power of governing an entire class of objects and events; and so his theology becomes polytheistic. A multitude of real though invisible gods are fancied to be about us, presiding each over persons or departments of Nature. But the ever restless and progressive human spirit is not to be satisfied with Polytheism. The thousands of gods

are now to yield their place to the idea of a single omnipotent and all-wise Creator, who in the beginning made the universe, and continues to control, or at least to modify its varied phenomena, in the interest of righteousness and the happiness of his creatures. The worshipper just before the altar of the monotheistic temple has advanced to the highest step in the state of theology; but this is only preparatory to his entrance to the second or metaphysical stage.

In this condition man's speculations are so abstract and severe as not to easily admit of a popular statement. It is, however, no longer believed that God causes and directs each of the various agencies of nature and human life. All things are conceived to be the offsprings of a force. That is inherent in the things, and yet quite distinct from them. This force has its own laws, by which it is compelled to run through, or rather according to which it does run through a series of developments. It is a kind of occult, unintelligent, and unintelligible quality or agency, and being, therefore, wholly unsatisfactory, it urges the mind forward to the third and last stage of Positivism. This, as already seen, consists in denying that there is any force, or power, or cause beyond what the senses can come into contact with, and in recognizing that all phenomena move onward in a succession of invariable laws with which no volition, either of man or of any Being above man, can at all interfere.

A second objection to this system is, that in declaring the argument for the existence of a First, Great Cause—called CREATOR—illegitimate, it coolly

#### SETS ASIDE THE VERDICT OF REASON

rendered not only by the mass of mankind, but by the best endowed and most highly cultivated intellects that have ever appeared.

The first Napoleon silenced the atheistic speculations of his scientific companions by asking as he pointed to the starry canopy above: "Tell me who made that?" And Louis Agazziz, one of the most comprehensive, well-balanced and cultured minds of modern times, deemed this kind of reasoning unanswerable. "Have we not," he says, with superb eloquence, "in Nature the manifestation of a mind as powerful as prolific? the acts of an intelligence as sublime as provident? the works of goodness as infinite, as wise? the most palpable demonstration of the existence of a personal God, author of all things, ruler of the universe, and dispenser of all good? This at least is what I read in the works of creation." This, indeed, is the lesson read by all men normally organized and allowing their minds to work untrammelled by vicious theories. It is just the lesson which God intended they should read when he put the evidence of Himself both into nature and into the soul. "For the invisible things of Him," says Paul, "from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead."

A third objection against Positivism springs from the fact that it involves a rebellion against one's own higher and better nature. In this nature there is found actively at work the presence of instinctive and irrepressible yearnings after a supernatural and spiritual, and infinite object of worship. Something from within the shrine of the soul—call it an irrational feeling, or divine intuition, or anything else you like,—comes ceaselessly forth, telling its possessor that

#### IT CAN NEVER BE SATISFIED

with the knowledge brought to it by the senses, nor with the classifications of science made by the intellect: but that it longs—oh, how intensely! for

communion with things unearthly and eternal. With a tenacity of purpose not to be baffled, and a capacity for sacrifice that makes martyrdom easy, this feeling has never failed to assert its power over the human race. It is that religious sentiment which has inspired every people at all advanced beyond barbarism to build temples and to consecrate themselves to the service of Deity, imaginary or real. Nay, it gives no rest nor enjoyment to the positive philosopher himself in his spiritual negations and doubts. Wholly unable to stifle its influence, M. Comte tried to restore the felt loss of harmony among his faculties, by constructing a religion of his own. This instinctive desire to worship something, to find some channel for an expression of adoration and prayer—was at last too strong for his previous intellectual and cold-blooded renunciation of worship. He declared that the chronic defect of the intellect is its insurrection against the heart. The heart must love, and adore, and pray, and trust, and hope; and since these affections are the elements of religion and the source of happiness M. Comte ordained for himself and followers a most cumbersome and fanciful form of worship by which the heart might be propitiated and the soul made peaceful. True, his system presents the strange spectacle of

#### A THEOLOGY WITHOUT A GOD,

and of a worship without any real object, nevertheless the fact that he felt constrained to attempt some kind of religion, evinces the living protest which our higher nature, with its spiritual intuitions and aspirations, must ever make against the godless speculations of the reason. For a soul still bearing some marks of the Divine image, and agitated often with irrepressible yearnings after immortality, there is and can be no rest, no peace in Positivism.

A fourth objection to this theory is that it obliterates the distinctions between right and wrong. This would logically follow from its abolishment of God and the eternal sanctions of rewards and punishments. To rob the mind of its inborn expectation of a righteous trial hereafter for all the evils it has indulged both in its own thoughts and in the body is to remove from our wicked propensities their strongest restraint, and ultimately to surrender the throne of reason and conscience to the violent assault of our worst passions. And following the unrestrained, riotous impulses of the individual, society itself would soon run into anarchy and the horrors of self-destruction. Nor is this a fancy picture. The doctrine of materialism, (which is the goal of positivism) with its denials of God, and of the soul's immortality did more than anything else, though bad government and other causes assisted, to precipitate the French into the sanguinary excesses and nameless miseries of the most appalling Revolution in the annals of mankind. Edmund Burke, after satisfying himself of the general prevalence in Paris of this dismal creed, according to which, man, like the brute, falls at death to rise no more, saw clearly enough that the foundations of morality and social order were upheaved, and predicted that the whole fabric of society must soon tumble into dreadful ruin. Warned by his admirable prescience, fulfilled as it was so soon by the dire calamities of a nation plunged into anarchy, let us guard against the ethical errors and the consequences of Positivism. Nor are these errors only such as result from the entire lack in it of a theology.

#### FATALISM.

One of its cardinal principles is, that all events come to pass in an order of absolute necessity. Human will and intelligence count for nothing and can change nothing, because they cannot interfere with this chain of on going

necessities—but are themselves involuntary products in the inevitable line of sequences. Thus human responsibility vanishes, and any true discrimination between right and wrong is impossible. To be sure, you may classify certain acts under one head as wrong, and certain other acts under another head as right, if you like; but logically, you are bound to abstain from attaching any idea of merit to the one class and of demerit to the other, and especially to have no feeling of approbation or disapprobation with regard to either. It is irrational either to commend things or to complain of things which are both provided to take place according to an irresistible law of evolution. A follower of M. Comte,—John Fiske of Harvard, for example, may feel indignation when injustice happens to be visited upon himself, or may deprecate wretchedness consequent upon sin, (a word, by the way, which Positivism abjures); but surely both his indignation and his deprecation are as illogical as according to his system, they are utterly fruitless.

It is to be hoped, however, that without much argument the American people will have too much common sense, and too vital religious yearnings ever to embrace a system in which the soul figures as an animated and transient machine, and the Creator is banished remorselessly from his throne and the universe.

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#### KEEPING ON THE ROCK.

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How much danger there is in these days that the things temporal, which fill our ears with their din, and dazzle our eyes with their flare, may make us blind and deaf to the things that are eternal and that do not come with observation. The disasters by flood and fire,—how they come day after day, filling columns of the daily papers with the details of suffering and sorrow! The sowing and the reaping, the endless making of things,—how they crowd and jostle and push one another. Tales of sedition and war, and business failure, and comets, and all manner of lying and deceit in trade and friendship,—how they make one wish things would stand still awhile until people could get their breath, and everybody have time to think a little a little and do better.

Amidst so much confusion there is need for Christians to set their banner high above the turmoil, and to inscribe thereon the central truth of the gospel, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." With this in sight, passing events will become clothed with divine significance. Seed-time and harvest, flood and fire will remind us of the teachings of the Master, and of the great day that shall try every man's work. We shall learn to estimate things more nearly at their true value, when we regard them in the light of their influence upon immortal destinies. We shall see how abiding and how rich are the fruits of the Spirit in our hearts, when we compare them with blessings that perish with the using. Daily communion with God, perfect trustfulness in His goodness and love, an upspringing and an outgoing of the soul after all that is pure and lovely and of good report—of what transcendent worth are these! "Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them."—*Examiner and Chronicle*.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."



HE Lord of the harvest walked forth one day  
Where the fields were ripe with the ripening wheat,  
Where those he had sent in the early morn  
Were reaping the grain in the noonday heat.  
He had chosen a place for each faithful one,  
And bidden them work till the day was done.

Apart from the others, with troubled voice,  
Spoke one who had gathered no golden grain :  
"The Master hath given no work to me,  
And my coming hither has been in vain ;  
The reapers with gladness and song will come,  
But no sheaves will be mine in the harvest-home."

He heard the complaint, and he called her name :  
"Dear child, why standest thou idle here ?  
Go fill thy cup from the hillside stream  
And bring it to these who are toiling near :  
I will bless thy labour, and it shall be  
Kept in remembrance as done for me."

'Twas a little service ; but grateful hearts  
Thanked God for the water so cool and clear ;  
And some who were fainting with thirst and heat  
Wen. forth with new strength to the work so dear.  
And many a weary soul looked up,  
Revived and cheered by that little cup.

Dear Lord, I have looked with an envious heart  
On those who were reaping the golden grain ;  
I have thought in thy work I had no part,  
And mourned that my life was lived in vain ;  
But now thou hast opened my eyes to see  
That thou hast some little work for me.

If only this labour of love be mine,  
To gladden the heart of some toiling saint,  
To whisper some word that shall cheer the weak,  
Do something to comfort the worn and faint :  
Though small be the service I will not grieve,  
Content just a cup of cold water to give.

And when the Lord of the harvest shall come,  
And the labourers home from the field shall call,  
He will not look for my gathered sheaves ;  
But his loving words on my ear will fall :  
"Thou gavest a cup of cold water to Me,  
A heavenly home thy reward shall be."—*Advocate.*

## Miscellany.

### SELECTIONS.

#### RAGGED JIM'S LAST SONG.

ONE Sunday night, both dark and cold,  
A trembling boy, in garments old,  
Stood 'neath the gas-lamp's glare ;  
His beaming eyes were bright and blue,  
His pale, wan face, though kind and true,  
Was mark'd by early care.

He heeded not the passing throng,  
Who hurried on their way, along  
The streets both damp and dim ;  
For though the church bells seem'd to say,  
" O, come and sing ! O, come and pray !"  
Their voice was lost on Jim.

That Sabbath night poor Jim had come  
From his abode, a cheerless home,  
All desolate and drear,—  
When, as he hurried down a street,  
He heard a hymn both clear and sweet,  
And to the place drew near.

" I will believe ! I do believe !  
That Jesus died for me ;  
That on the cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free."

Jim's heart was touched, he knew not why,  
And soon the lad began to cry,  
But his were tears of joy ;  
It seem'd so strange that One so great  
As Christ should care for his sad state,  
For him,—a ragged boy.

But soon they sang about a thief  
Who turn'd to Jesus for relief,  
Who pray'd with his last breath,  
And pardon found through Jesu's grace,  
Whilst gazing at the Saviour's face,  
When at the point of death.

Just then this cold and weary lad,  
Whose heart was desolate and sad,  
Began the hymn of praise,—  
" I will believe ! I do believe  
In Christ, Who never will deceive,  
To Him my thoughts I'll raise."

Verse after verse these children sang,  
And following each the chorus rang  
Upon the still night air ;  
Whilst Jim, entranced, ne'er sought to  
move,  
But thought of Jesu's dying love,  
And felt, that God was there.

When all was quiet once again,  
The poor lad humm'd the sweet refrain,  
And hasten'd on his way ;  
He long'd to find some quiet place  
Where he could seek the Saviour's face,  
And to his Maker pray.

At last he reach'd his dwelling poor,  
And passing through the open door  
Enter'd a squalid room ;  
His mother, with a care-worn face,  
Sat dozing in the cheerless place  
Amid the evening's gloom.

Jim's coming fill'd her with surprise,  
And when she saw his tear-dimm'd eyes,  
She said, " What ails you, lad ?"  
But when his answer reach'd her ear,  
Her heart was fill'd with awful fear ;  
She thought her son was mad.

For he exclaim'd, " I will believe  
That Jesus died for me ;  
That on the cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free."

Then,—thinking not of garments old,  
Of trembling limbs or piercing cold,  
He hurried up the stair ;  
Beside his bed on bended knee,—  
Though 'twas so dark he could not see,  
Jim knelt in earnest prayer.

He said, " O, Lord, teach me to pray,  
For Christ's sake take my sins away !"  
And as he came to God,  
Seeking forgiveness through our Lord,  
He felt the truth of Jesu's word,  
And lost his sinful load.

Jim felt so happy, that blest hour,  
And sang once more with all his power,  
" Lord, I believe in Thee ;  
Thy blood has wash'd my sins away,



Thy Spirit turn'd my night to day,  
And I from sin am free."

The mother cried, "My boy, leave off;  
You know you'll make your father scoff,  
If he your song should hear:  
Be quiet, do, and go to sleep,  
And to yourself your singing keep,  
Or else he'll curse and swear."

With soften'd tone, the lad sang still,  
Although his limbs were stiff and chill,  
Ere he got into bed.  
No downy couch, with quilt array'd  
Or snow-white pillows smoothly laid,  
Was placed for Jim's rough head.

Beneath a skylight, on the floor,  
And just outside the garret door,  
An old egg-box was laid,  
And there, upon the straw, poor Jim  
Lay down, and softly prayed to Him  
On Whom his soul was stay'd.

The moon's bright rays, that winter's  
night,  
Came softly through the dim skylight  
Upon the egg-box old;  
They tinged the garments Jim had worn,  
The bed of straw, the blanket torn,  
With hues of burnish'd gold.

Whilst angels came from heaven above  
Upon their work of purest love,  
A watch o'er him to keep;  
With cheerful heart Jim tried to sing  
The praises of the Heavenly King,  
Until he fell asleep.

Within the darken'd room below,  
Beside the small coke-fire's bright glow,  
The mother sat alone;  
That hymn had brought back bygone  
years,  
Her disappointments, hopes and fears,  
And all that she had done.

Once she had tried to do the right,  
And oft at morning, noon and night  
Had raised her thoughts to God:  
Alas! alas! one mournful day  
She left the straight and narrow way  
To tread the downward road.

Her husband, too, though kind at heart,  
Had never sought the "better part,"  
But loved the giddy throng  
Who waste their moments and their hours  
As though life's path were strewn with  
flowers,  
And make of sin a song.

Ere long an alteration came,  
For he, her husband but in name,  
Began to curse and swear;  
And oft quite late would stagger in  
From some abode of gilded sin,  
To make her quake with fear.

Thus slowly, surely did they glide  
The downward path so sadly wide,  
Which in destruction ends;  
Each day they saw their wants increase,  
But soon they lost their goods, their peace,  
And all their truest friends.

No longer could the home look bright,  
For shades far darker than of night  
Had gather'd round the place;  
For want of food, and anxious care,  
Brought streaks of silver to the hair,  
And wrinkles to the face.

Thus, like a vision full of pain,  
Her dreary past came back again,  
Recall'd by memory's aid.  
But hark! along the stony path,  
Her husband comes, he will be wroth  
If supper is not laid.

From out a cupboard near the door  
She quickly got their scanty store  
Of cheese and stale, dry bread:  
Once they could have large joints of meat,  
To taste it now was quite a treat,  
And cheese must serve instead.

Thus thought the woman ere she took  
A yellow jug from off its hook,  
And went to fetch the beer;  
Out in the dark and gloomy night  
Into the gin-shop warm and bright  
Which to the house stood near.

Quickly she left the gilded place,  
And tears ran down her pale, wan face,  
As back once more she sped;  
She could not eat, so placed the jug  
Beside the drunkard's plate and mug,  
And then went up 'o bed.

Ere long the husband left the room,  
And in the chilling night air's gloom  
He staggered up the stairs,  
Without a thought of child or wife;  
What cared he for each precious life,  
For thankfulness, or prayers?

But when the night had sped away,  
Before the light of opening day,  
Jim's father left the house  
To spend the day in busy toil,  
And then the evening hours to spoil  
In frolic and carouse.

The mother rose to light the fire,  
Thinking poor Jim must needs require  
A hearty breakfast now ;  
Downstairs she went, in haste to toil,  
And soon she made the water boil,  
And caused the fire to glow.

Ere long a round of toast was made,  
And by a cup of coffee laid,  
Which she prepared for him ;  
Just then the old church clock struck  
eight,  
And thinking it was very late,  
She loudly call'd for Jim.

Again she call'd, but all was still ;  
And o'er her spirit came the chill  
Of fear and nameless dread ;  
Then quickly up the stairs she went,  
And trembling in her anguish bent  
Above the lowly bed.

She raised the clothes poor Jim had worn,  
Then moved the blanket, old and torn,  
And there, so still, he lay,  
With hands tight clasp'd as if in prayer,  
With upturn'd face, now cold and fair,  
Once more he seemed to say :—

“I will believe ! I do believe !  
That Jesus died for me ;  
That on the cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free.”

But never more was she to hear  
His youthful voice, so soft and clear,  
Singing of heaven's bright home :  
His soul had gone to share that rest  
Where all are holy, all are blest,  
For Christ had whisper'd, “Come.”

*At night*, outside the garret door,  
Within the egg-box on the floor,  
Shiv'ring and tired and cold :  
*At morn*, among the white robed throng,  
Who sing the everlasting song,  
Who walk the streets of gold !

For ever safe beyond alarm,  
And far above the reach of harm,  
By God, through Christ, forgiven ;  
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,  
Of aching hearts and scalding tears,  
The lad was safe, in heaven.

No more would he, with aching feet,  
Pass slowly through the noisome street  
Wherein that dwelling stood ;  
Never again could he be found  
Treading the hard and frosty ground  
In search of work or food.

For Death had raised the drunkard's boy  
From earth to heaven, from grief to joy,  
From night to endless day ;  
The mighty power of Jesu's blood  
Had made the wand'rer meet for God,  
And wash'd his sins away.

Beside that lowly bed of death,  
With tearful eyes, with gasping breath,  
The mother knelt in pray'r :  
With the Great Father, full of love,  
Who reigns supreme—on earth, above,  
'Tis best to leave her there.

—*Christian Miscellany.*

PHIL ROBSON, THE SINGING  
CARPENTER.

I once lived in a village where spiritual life, except in one instance, seemed almost extinct. The village consisted of a saw-mill, four public houses, a smithy, a carpenter's shop, the doctor's house, a toll bar, a bridge and rows of laborers' cottages. Nobody showed much knowledge of Christ, except the carpenter, Phil Robson who was better known, however, as the “Singing Carpenter.” Phil was of a merry heart. “Is any merry? Let him sing psalms.” This did Phil all the day. He sang like the lark. “It does me good, sir, to sing,” said Phil to me one day; “it cheers me, sir, and makes life pleasant: just like this day which is so bright and heavenly.” And then off started Phil with one of his songs ;

O happy day that fixed my choice  
On thee my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice.  
And tell its raptures all abroad.”

In a few moments Phil came back, and sat down beside me in the sun. His bronzed face, white shirt, and his throat as bare as a sailor's, made him look very picturesque, and not the less so because he sat under an old cedar, whose branches were overspreading his well made head.

“You see, sir,” said Phil smiling, “I was converted through singing.”

“Indeed, Phil, how was that?”

“I'll tell you sir. I was always fond of singing. My mother—yonder she is in the garden, with my pet Lilly—says I used to sing in my cradle. Anyhow, I remember singing as long as I remember anything at all. Well, sir, when I was younger I used to go to the ‘Jolly Farmers,’

and drink and sing together. Aye many a shilling have I spent yonder.'

What did you sing then, Phil?"

"Well, sir, I was fond of 'The Wounded Soldier,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Home Sweet Home.' I never could sing a bad song. I always liked anything that touched the heart a bit."

"And what about the preacher, Phil?"

"Oh! he was called 'Canaan.'"

"Canaan?"

"Yes, sir, Canaan," echoed the carpenter. "That wasn't his real name, you know. His proper name was John Wilson, a 'Primitive,' who used to go through the villages singing."

"I was sitting in the ale-house one summer night, a-singing and drinking with a lot more, when we suddenly heard some one outside in the road singing too. So we listened, and couldn't make it out. Then the voice came nearer and nearer, and one of them threw open the window, when all heard the words,

"Canaan, bright Canaan."

"Why," said Joe, the miller, 'it's Canaan, no less.'

"So I looked and there he was. I think I see him now—a plain man with a coat like a Quaker's, and his broad-brimmed hat in his hand. When he saw us all at the window he gave us a lively sort of look. He had a bit of fun in him, and says he: 'I am going to preach on the Green, to tell you all of Jesus, and pardon, and happiness, and heaven. Come and hear the good news. Praise the Lord!' And then away he went singing:

"Come, sinners, turn and go with me,  
For Jesus waits in Canaan,  
With angels bright to welcome thee  
To all the joys of Canaan.  
Come freely to salvation's streams,  
They sweetly flow in Canaan;  
There ever lasting spring abides,  
Around His throne in Canaan,"

"Yes," said Phil it was too much for me. My heart seemed as though it would break. Up I got, took the brown jug of ale that I had paid for, and emptied it on the highway, placed the jug on the doorstep and started off after the preacher. I found him under the oak-tree yonder, singing

"Come sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,  
A free full salvation is offered to-day."

"And there I stood all of a tremble.

When he had gone through two verses of the hymn he said: 'Let us pray,' and down he went on his knees and began to pray for us all. About a score of us were beside him—for people had followed him from the cottages—and most of us knelt down. I know I did, for I couldn't stand. 'Lord,' he said, 'save all these sinners—save them, Lord—save them, Lord!' Just then it began to rain, when the preacher said,—

"Will any of your good folks lend me your kitchen to preach in?"

"Nobody answered him. I remember Bob-o'-the-smithy laughed at him. As for me, his prayer had made me feel worse than ever, and I was still of a tremble; but I managed to say:

"You may preach in my shop," pointing to this shed of mine.

"Thank you, friend," said he, quite lively, 'that will do very well,' and he put his arm through mine and marched me off across the green, singing as he went—

"Your friends may desert you and leave you  
alone,  
The Joys of salvation will more than atone,  
With God for your portion and heaven for your  
home,  
The angels in glory invite you to come."

"Had that a chorus, Phil?" I said.

"Yes, of course it had sir. It was this:—

"The Lion of Judah will break every chain,  
And give you the victory again and again!"

"Well, sir, we got into the shed, and the preacher began to preach. His text was: '*Be ye reconciled to God.*' What a sermon it was. He set before us our sins as though he knew us all; and then he exclaimed: 'But Jesus died for you—died for you, for you, for you and for you;' and then he pointed at us with his finger, so that he made us feel as though each of us had been the cause of all the Saviour's woe. I stood beside him all the time listening for my life. So did others, aye, even Bob-o'-the-smithy was broken-hearted, and when we knelt down to pray, Bob said: 'Oh pray for me!' 'Praise the Lord!' said the preacher. He prayed for Bob, and then he suddenly began to pray for me. Then I prayed for myself: and as I prayed, oh! sir, light, freedom, peace and joy came to me, and I cried out, 'Lord, I am saved,'

and from that hour, sir, I have sung the sweet songs of Zion."

"What became of Canaan, Phil?"

"Oh! I took him into my house, sir, and my wife made him welcome. He stayed with us two days, and led all, myself, my wife, my dear old granny to the Saviour, and then he went away."

"Did you see him again, Phil?"

"Only once, sir. He took a fever at Merton soon after he left us. I went to see him when he was dying. He knew me and said: 'Good-bye.' He then pointed to heaven and whispered—

"We shall range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,  
And sing of salvation forever and ever."

"He died rejoicing in God, sir, and went yonder," said Phil, and he pointed to where the setting sun was spreading its golden light far away up the sky. "Ah, I often think of his bright smile as he lay dying, and of his grave in Merton church-yard. But he is heaven, sir, in glory and peace, in the heavenly Canaan he loved so well." And then good Phil rose from under the old cedar and went into his cottage singing—

"Victory, Victory, when we gain the victory,  
Oh how happy we shall be, when we gain the victory!"

## RECOLLECTIONS OF PRAYING.

### JIMMY, THE CONVERTED PARISH' PRENTICE.

MANY years ago I had the pleasure of meeting a little old man, who, his face beaming with joy and radiance, ever seemed living in the presence of God. He always seemed full of heaven and always seemed to be praying. Morning, noon, and night, and oftentimes in the silent hours of darkness, praying Jimmy, for such was the name by which he was known, might be heard singing and praising God, or wrestling with him in fervent and believing prayer. When close upon four score years and ten he visited the village in which I was staying, and on several occasions addressed the little society, urging on them a life of holiness and consecration to the service of God. On such occasions his joy seemed full, his face betokened his sentiments, and his every word, his every breath seemed love. There was nothing

great in his addresses; he spoke out of the fullness of his heart in ungarbed simplicity; but there was a depth and reality which went home to every one present. He spoke as one standing on the verge of the grave, and as one who had had a foretaste of heaven. It seemed as though he would give himself, his life, his all, could he but persuade the people to love *his* Jesus, to seek *his* Saviour. He said little about his own history in public; but in private he related to me several circumstances connected with his life, of which had I not have seen manifold proof, I could not have believed. But they were told with such simplicity, humility, and without the least ostentation, that I could not for a moment doubt his word. He simply narrated such as would glorify God, and show forth his loving-kindness, grace, and power. When a child he was put out with a wealthy farmer as parish 'prentice, (children from the workhouse in those days were given to persons to bring up, their services being considered equivalent to the expense incurred in feeding and clothing them.) When about nine or ten years of age his employment was to keep away the birds from the springing corn, and other sundry jobs. He was treated like a dog, and kicked and cuffed by all. The meaning of a kind word or act was to him a thing unknown. At that time in the village nearest to where he lived the Methodists had just started a meeting-house, and Jimmy, curious as boys are, went to see what it was like. He found there something different from the cold, cruel, hard-heartedness to which he had been accustomed, something which seemed to strike a chord in his nature, and which won his heart. Before long Jimmy had found a Friend—the Friend of the fatherless, the Lord and Saviour; and from that time to when I saw him, a period of some four-score years, never lost hold of his confidence and assurance of faith. Jimmy's love was not transient nor half-hearted, but soon began to bear fruits. When his master heard that he went to the meeting-house, he ordered him never to go again, and time after time horse-whipped him on the bare back until the blood streamed down. Jimmy, however, did not murmur, but simply would go to an out-house or shed, or lie down in a ditch to hide from his persecutors, and to tell Jesus all his troubles, and pray

for his master and all his house. The thrashings did not keep him from the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, or the preaching where they were so favoured. His humble bearing, and the careful manner in which he performed his every duty began to tell; and in a short time the farmer's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, asked Jimmy what it was that made him so patient under suffering, so kind, so dutiful, and so happy. She then accompanied him to the meeting, and soon found for herself the secret of such power. The young lady joining the Methodists only made her father the more savage with Jimmy, and many were the lashes and kicks he endured in consequence. She was ordered to keep away from the place, and so strictly was the command observed, that it was only occasionally, and that by stealth, that Jimmy could saddle her pony and meet her away from the house, when she could obtain a flying visit. In the next field to the one in which Jimmy worked was a little girl, about the same age as himself and similarly employed. By Jimmy's exhortations and persuading she sought and found Jesus, and the two children used often to hold prayer-meetings together, and exhort and cheer each other to bear their several troubles.

Matters went on thus for some time, until the day arrived on which it was the custom with the farmer every year, to entertain his friends at a grand hunting party, and afterwards to a sumptuous feast and rejoicing. After supper he made it a practice for each of his children, from the eldest to the youngest, to sing a song to the company. Poor Elizabeth's faith was now to be tried. When supper was over, she was called and requested by her father to sing a song. "Father, she replied, "I cannot sing a song, because it would not be consistent in me as a Methodist, a professor of religion." Her father's countenance fell—he said "I will give you one more opportunity: if you will not sing me a song, if you disobey me before this company, you shall be turned out of my house to-night with one shilling, never again to enter under my roof." All was still! the girl falling down on her knees at her father's feet, burst into tears, and supplicated his mercy. "Anything," she said, "that I can do, I will do, any hardships I may endure, by your command or for your

happiness, I will endure, only release me from this, as I *dare not*, I *cannot*, sing a song." Her father was immovable, and Elizabeth left the room, and went into the kitchen. Jimmy was there ever ready to sympathize with, to cheer, and to advise his young mistress. "Oh, Jimmy," she exclaimed, "I am to be turned out of doors this night with only one shilling, and *never to re-enter*, unless I will join in the frivolities and sing a song. I have supplicated my father, but he is immovable, and you know I cannot sing a song now; so there is no alternative but to be turned out of doors, all alone!" "Why, missy," answered Jimmy, "you used to be able to sing a song, and cannot you sing as sweetly now. Conversion does not prevent our singing songs, give them a song, missey." "Why, Jimmy," she replied, "I can't sing their songs." "No, missey, but give them one of the Lord's songs." "But what would I sing, Jimmy?" The lad answered, "'And am I born to die.' Give them that, missey; and when you go in, leave the door a little on the jar, and I will be outside praying while you are singing, and if the Lord blesses and helps you, and gives you souls, I will be ready to come in and help too."

The girl wiped her eyes, raised her heart to God, and went again into the room to the company. "Well," said her father, "are you going to give us a song." "Yes, father," she said. She then began in a beautiful strain, she had naturally a sweet voice, and the nervous agitation under which she laboured added to the effect.

"And am I born to die,  
To lay this body down;  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?  
A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierced by human thought;  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot."

While singing this, a death-like stillness settled on the company, who sat fixed as if rivetted to their seats.

On singing the first half of the second verse,

"Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me;  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be."

first one and then another dropped on

their knees, and begun to cry for mercy ; Jimmy was soon among them ; the *song was turned into mourning*. Jimmy and Elizabeth had now to point the penitents to Jesus. A horse was saddled and a minister sent for, but he lived at such a distance that it was four o'clock in the morning before he arrived. By day-break fifteen of that gay company professed to find peace through believing in Jesus. The farmer himself was converted, and became a leading man among the Methodists in those parts. Jimmy's prayers were answered, and the poor untutored parish 'prentice, by being faithful, obtained salvation for a whole house. He was no longer the drudge and servant of all, but was placed in a better and more honourable position. From that time Methodism thrived in that village.

When Jimmy grew up to manhood, owing to deaths and other changes, he left that part of the country and changed his occupation in life with a view, as he said, of bettering himself. He became a collier. He married and had a large family. Accidents in pits are much commoner even in our time than most people believe, but in Jimmy's early days they were much more common than now. It was Jimmy's lot often thus to get into trouble.

(To be continued.)

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## LOVEFEAST.

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### AN EXPERIENCE OF SALVATION FROM SINNING.

Two years ago, while attending the preparatory department of Oberlin College, I was enabled to re-consecrate myself to the Lord. By an act of the will, I yielded every possession, and every desire of my own, and thus there was no sin, little or great, from which I did not wish to be saved. Was led to do this because I longed for the blessing of entire sanctification, which President Finney told us was the privilege of Christians. I had believed myself a Christian for several years, but had never known Jesus as a full Saviour.

Now, having made this new and very thorough consecration, I hoped the Lord Jesus would supplement my own strenuous efforts to serve Him perfectly, by giving me the desired victory over sin and Satan. But I did not fully trust Him to do it ; and did not expect Him to do the whole work ; hence, the complete victory I hoped for was not obtained.

Soon afterwards I left Oberlin to engage in business, feeling still that in some respects sin had dominion over me ; but I endeavored to be more faithful than before in preaching the gospel by the distribution of tracts on railway trains, and in various other ways. But gradually I grew colder, becoming more and more absorbed in business and pleasure, when, six months afterwards, God suddenly took me away from both. While transacting a very prosperous piece of business, I met with a sudden accident, which took away my reason for a fortnight, and left me a helpless invalid.

Three months after this while a patient at Clifton Springs Water-Cure, I listened to some Bible lessons from that gifted lady, Mrs. Hannah W. Smith, and through them was led to see that as God had given the promised land of Canaan to the children of Israel before they took possession of it, so He has given us the victory of Satan through Christ ; and as the walls of Jericho fell before the Israelites when they shouted in anticipation of the victory that was already theirs, so Satan must fall before those consecrated ones who meet him with a joyful shout in anticipation of the victory that Jesus has already obtained for them. The apostle John says, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (1 John v. 4) ; that is, the victory is realized whenever our faith accepts and appropriates it. Christ had long ago "overcome the world" for me (John xvi. 33,) but my faith had refused to accept this fact and act on it. Paul says, "With the heart man *believeth* unto righteousness" (Romans x. 20), and I had not believed, although each of the following texts prove that Jesus had purchased the blessing of righteousness for me : Matt. i. 21 ; Titus ii. 14 ; Heb. vii. 25 ; 1 John iii. 5 ; 1 Peter ii. 24 ; Rom. viii. 3, 4. But my faith had not appropriated the blessing.

Instead of this, what had I been doing ? Why, I had been trying in my own puny

feeble strength, to conquer Satan over again ; hoping that Christ would look on approvingly, and frequently beseeching Him to give me the needed assistance. But now I saw that Satan was a conquered foe, a vanquished enemy ; and that it was only by deceiving me, causing me to suppose that he still had some power, that he had been victorious in my case.

And now I at once resolved to meet the enemy, the conquered one, with a shout of victory. Within a few minutes there was an opportunity to put this to practice, for Satan came with a temptation to indulgence in self-righteous thoughts. But I at once exultingly said, "Jesus will save from self-righteousness ; I know he will ;" and the temptation was gone in an instant. And so I continued to find that every temptation disappeared before my victorious shout.

More than a year has passed since then, and I still find Jesus able and willing to save me from yielding to sin. He leads me to see that the kind of faith above described honors Him. The confidence in Him, that will claim the victory over Satan before being conscious of it, has never proved futile in my case, and excepting in a very few instances, when through forgetfulness I have failed to exercise this trust, He has saved me from every evil thought, word, or deed that was recognized as evil at the time.

But have I, then, very nearly attained to godlike perfection? By no means, and for this reason : Where I have not recognized evil I have not expected a victory ; hence I have not been victorious over those sins that did not appear to be such. In other words, where Satan has completely succeeded in disguising himself, I have not always opposed him. But once after being deceived thus, I would frequently see my action or position had been wrong ; and then, when Satan appeared in the same disguise, would recognize it ; and of course in the same instant I would recognize my conquered enemy, and claim the sure victory through Jesus. At first I realized this victory by means of an actual mental shout ; but soon it became simply a continuous attitude of confidence in my mighty Saviour.

My object in writing this is to show how simple and easy are the steps from the lower to the higher Christian life.

If any reader is seeking entire sanctification, I would, if possible, prevent his struggling along for months as I did for lack of knowledge. *Struggling* simply keeps one from depending on Christ, and, in spiritual matters at least, it will always fail of its object. Therefore, to be saved from yielding to sin, we must first of all stop struggling and striving ; then the steps to sanctification, or the higher Christian life, are just two in number ; and *they* are simply *consecration* and *faith*.

Let me very briefly mention what I have found to be the difference between the two experiences. In the former experience I was frequently conscious of condemnation, because I knew I had been displeasing God, my best friend. Though these sins would often be confessed and forgiven, my seasons of perfect peace and fulness of joy were very short and fleeting. I also felt many spiritual wants that were not supplied ; some of which seemed very necessary in order that I might be used more effectually by God in His service.

But now, in this blessed, happy, higher life, there is no condemnation whatever, but instead a constant "perfect peace" with God, "and God's peace "which passeth all understanding" in me. Also there is continual "fulness of joy" in God and my Saviour Jesus ; for God does supply my every spiritual and temporal need, and I could not ask for more. Thus, though still pressing "towards the mark," seeking to know and to do God's will more perfectly, the following promises are fulfilled in my daily experience : "There is therefore now *no condemnation* to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit" (Romans viii. 1). "Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee" (Isa. xxvi. 3). "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that *your joy* might be *full*" (John xv. 11). "My God shall supply *all your need*, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 19).—*Guide*.

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.—Say nothing you would not like God to hear.

Do nothing you would not like God to see.

# JESUS SAVES!

(From *The Guide*.)

Words by REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.]

[Music by MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Ma - ny at the cross are kneeling, Je - sus, Je - sus saves,  
2. All the lost and all the lone - ly, Je - sus, Je - sus saves,

By His bound - less love re - veal - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.  
O come now, be - liev - ing on - ly, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, light is beaming, Hal - le - lu - jah, blood is streaming,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves! Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves!

3 Hearts are at this moment proving  
Jesus, Jesus saves!  
Every sinful stain removing,  
Jesus, Jesus saves!  
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Come with tears, your sin confessing,  
Jesus, Jesus saves!  
Seek and find the choicest blessing,  
Jesus, Jesus saves!  
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Hallelujah! saints are singing  
Jesus, Jesus saves!  
Heaven with joyous song is ringing,  
Jesus, Jesus saves!  
Hallelujah, &c.