

# EARNEST CHRISTIANITY :

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

REVIVAL OF RELIGION AND THE SPREAD OF  
SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS.

*"The design of God in raising up the people called Methodists was to spread Scriptural Holiness over the whole land."—WESLEY.*

*"Methodism is Christianity in Earnest."—CHALMERS.*

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## Practical Papers.

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### A MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.

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"Let us go up at once, and possess it ; for we are well able to overcome it."—NUMB. xiii. 30.

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THE hosts of Israel had passed the wilderness, and were near the borders of the promised land. They had escaped from the cruel bondage of Egypt, crossed the Red Sea, escaped the perils of the wilderness, and were about to enter the land flowing with milk and honey. But first a chosen band was selected by Moses to go up and spy out the land, and bring word again. These men fulfilled their commission : they said the land was good, and they brought back a sample of its fruits ; but they also said the men of the land were strong, and their cities walled up to heaven : and worst of all, they had seen the tall sons of Anak there, in whose sight they were but as grasshoppers. This report discouraged the people. They desired the land, but feared the foe ; and in their hearts turned back into Egypt. But among these craven hearts there was one who stood firm : "Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once, and possess it ; for we are well able to overcome it!"

Reader ! will you take this as your motto for the coming year ? You have escaped from Egypt ; perhaps you have "dwelt in the wilderness a long season ;" it is time you went farther ; time that you pressed forward into the promised land,—

"The land of rest from inbred sin,  
The land of finished holiness."

Do you fear your enemies—the tall sons of Anak ? Fear them not ! "their strength is departed from them,"—paralysed by the awful splendors of the "pillar of fire" glowing above the host. Gird on your armor ; follow the Captain of your salvation ; shout aloud your battle cry till, caught up by ten thousand earnest hearts, it shall roll in thunder down the line. "Let us go up at once, and possess it ; for we are well able to overcome it."

"Let us go up." Where ? Into the land of promise—the Canaan of perfect love. Then there is such a land ? Doubtless there is, as thousands of happy dwellers within its borders can testify. Perhaps from some *pisgah* of spiritual communion *you* have caught glimpses of its beauty, and your heart

has glowed with desire to go up; but you hesitated; you looked at your enemies instead of looking to Jesus, and your faith failed; and so you wander still "in the wilderness, in a solitary way." It is perilous to stay there. There are worse foes where you are than in Canaan. In the wilderness are "fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought,—serpents that bite with a poisoned tooth,—scorpions that sting the soul to death,—drought, beneath whose terrible power Carmel languishes, and every bud of spiritual promise droops and dies. Your own safety demands that you get out of the wilderness as speedily as you may.

"Let us go up at once, and possess it." God commands you to go up. "Speak unto the people that they go forward," is still His word. And again,—*"Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."* You cannot stay where you are without ignoring God's commandment and imperiling your own soul. "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh;" see that you despise not the glorious privilege God hath set before you. For this end God brought you out of Egypt, that you might go up to the land flowing with milk and honey. He has wrought for you already a glorious deliverance. He has led you thus far through the wilderness. "Take heed" that there be not in you "an evil heart of unbelief," lest you die in the wilderness, as did those who believed not God in days of old. For the sake of our own souls, let us go up. You have already the joy of conscious pardon—a heart at peace with God through faith in Jesus. This is well; but "God hath provided some better thing" for you. If, then, you would "walk in the light,"—if you would have fellowship with the Father and the Son,—if you would "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks,"—if you would have

"A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,"

"go up at once."

Let the Ministers of Jesus "go up." It is a fact pregnant with the most solemn responsibilities, that the spirituality of a Church never rises above the level of the spirituality of its Ministers. "Like priest, like people," is an adage which holds good here. Show me an apathetic, worldly-minded ministry, and I will show you an apathetic, worldly-minded Church. Show me a holy ministry, and I will show you a holy Church. Our people, as a rule, will not, in point of spirituality, get beyond our teaching; and we can teach effectively only what we experimentally know. If holiness is to become the common experience of the people, the ministry must lead the way. The soldiers will not march boldly up while the captains of the host linger behind.

It cannot be doubted that the universal experience of a full salvation among the ministry of the Church would effect a transformation in our preaching as marvellous as that of Pentecost. And with this transformation in preaching would disappear the complaint of discouraging failure,—of careless, unconverted hearers,—of waning pulpit power. If in every pulpit the

gospel message came forth from lips touched with heavenly fire, how swiftly would the Word of the Lord "run," and how richly would it be "glorified!" What a harvest of souls would speedily be reaped! Many, in the present day, are crying out for an educated ministry. This is well; but may the Lord stir the people up to pray for a ministry full of the Holy Ghost and of power. In the name of our God, let us "go up at once."

Let every believer in Jesus "go up." It is your privilege so to do. That "goodly land" is your blood-bought inheritance,—the gift of a Saviour's love, and nothing but unbelief can keep you from taking possession. A holy Church is the great need of the times. Nothing else can make the least impression upon the solid ranks of the foe. Infidelity scorns your arguments, and worldliness heeds not your feeble appeals; but let the experience of holiness be revived in the Church, and then "one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight;" for "the Lord will give you a mouth and wisdom which your adversaries shall neither be able to gainsay nor resist." Why are we so feeble? Why is the standard of our spiritual life so low? Why are there so many in our Churches who are altogether in a mist in regard to personal salvation, and the witness of the Spirit? Is it not because the old testimony and experience of holiness has been suffered to decline? Up with the banner again! and let neither the hate of a hostile world nor the coldness of half-converted professors, deter us from testifying to all that the blood of Jesus "cleanseth from all sin."

"We are well able to overcome it." This is not boasting,—it is but an acknowledgment of the "power that worketh in us mightily." It is not presumption,—it is simply confessing that Jesus is

"Above the world and Satan's power,  
And greater than our heart."

The "sons of Anak" are there, I know; but Jesus is greater than they. "We are well able," because God is upon our side. His will is our salvation from all sin. He would not have us linger in the wilderness; but would have us at once pass over Jordan. It is not a question of what we can do for ourselves; it is a question of what God can do for us. Let us go up fearlessly,—the Lord will be our defence; let us go up believingly,—for by faith is the victory given; let us go up *now*, for "now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." Doubt no more, but follow Jesus; fear not your inbred foes, they will flee at the presence of the Lord. "Gigantic lusts come forth to war," but faith looks to Jesus, and "lo! they fall beneath our feet."

"Rise! ye men of Israel, rise!  
Your routed foe pursue!  
Shout his praises through the skies,  
Who conquers sin for you:  
Jesus doth for you appear,  
He his conquering grace affords;  
Saves you, not with sword and spear,  
The battle is the Lord's."

"Let us go up *at once*, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

## EASTERTIDE; OR, THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

BY REV. A. SUTHERLAND.

## VIII.—THE FIRST PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

“The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. Then she runneth and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciples whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.”—John xx. 1, 2.



HERE are certain apparent discrepancies in the accounts given by the different Evangelists of this part of the resurrection story, which call for at least a passing remark. If we place the statements side by side the nature of these discrepancies will be more clearly seen:—

MATTHEW.	MARK.	LUKE.	JOHN.
In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.	And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and Salome, had brought sweet spices. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.	Now, upon the first day of the week, very early in morning, they [ <i>the women—no names mentioned</i> ] came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.	The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. [Then follows the account of the visit of Peter and John to the sepulchre, which is not given by the other evangelists.]

It will be seen that the first three Evangelists closely agree in the accounts given above, and that the discrepancy lies between their versions and that of John. There are other discrepancies further on which will be noticed in the proper place: at present we have to do with only one. It should be remembered that John here records circumstances of which he had personal knowledge, while the other three state simply what had been told them by the women. The whole difficulty admits of an easy solution. Matthew, Mark and Luke merely relate, in a general way, what they had been told, namely, that certain women had gone to the sepulchre early on the morning of the first day of the week; while John, with greater minuteness, informs us that Mary Magdalene came first, “while it was yet dark,” and finding the grave empty, returned (the distance was but short) to tell Peter and John. These two, followed by Mary Magdalene, haste to the sepulchre, and having satisfied themselves that the body of Jesus was not there, return to their place of abode. Mary Magdalene remains weeping at the sepulchre, sees a vision of angels, and afterwards sees Jesus himself, and at his bidding goes to tell the other disciples the wondrous story. All this, I believe, occurred *before* the “other women” arrived at the spot, and the explanation makes good the statement of the Synoptics concerning the women who came to the sepulchre, while it accounts for the statement of John by showing that Mary Magdalene came *first* and *alone*. This view is further confirmed by the record of Mark (xvi. 9), that Jesus “appeared *first* to Mary Magdalene.”

The dawning of the first Easter morning marks a new epoch in the world's history,—the epoch of its transition “from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.” Hitherto the gloom of the world's spiritual night had been steadily deepening, till it overspread humanity like a pall; but during the ministry of Jesus the darkness had been relieved by occasional flashes of supernatural brightness, and these now began to shine out steadily with promise of a coming day. Not only in the garden and around the sepulchre, but in human hearts it “began to dawn.”

Of the previous history of Mary Magdalene no record is given in the Gospels. She is briefly, and somewhat abruptly, introduced as a woman out of whom Christ had “cast seven devils.” By vast numbers of people she has been, and still is, regarded as a woman of abandoned reputation; and in the Church of Rome she has been identified with the “woman that was a sinner.” For such views there is not the slightest Scriptural foundation; and hence those who indulge in sentimental utterances about the “penitent Magdalene,” not only waste their breath but pervert the Scriptures. The simple fact is Mary Magdalene (Mary of Magdala) was a woman of intelligence, and of respectable social position, but afflicted with an unusually severe form of demoniacal possession. From this terrible malady she was delivered by the mighty power of Jesus, and from that hour she clung to him, through all his changes of fortune, with the utter devotion of a grateful heart. Luke mentions her (chap. viii. 2) as one of the women who, having “been healed of evil spirits and infirmities,” gratefully ministered unto Christ of their substance; if, therefore, we adopt the view that she had been a woman of impure life, we shall be driven to the monstrous conclusion that Jesus allowed him to be ministered unto by the wages of sin and shame. That Mary Magdalene had been afflicted with what would, in this age, be termed violent insanity, there can be no doubt; but there is not the slightest evidence that it ever took the direction of abandoned living.

From the time when she realized Christ's healing power, Mary Magdalene became one of his most devoted followers. In conjunction with other pious women she ministered to his necessities; when he was led to Calvary she followed in his train, and stood by the cross till he died; she was one of the few mourners who followed behind his bier, and saw the place where he was laid, and now, on the first day of the week, she goes “early, when it was yet dark,” to see the sepulchre, and to anoint the body of her Lord.

There is much that is interesting and instructive about this first pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. In the faith and love that prompted it there is no trace of superstition. Mary did not regard the grave of Jesus as a sacred shrine, where prayer would possess a magic virtue, and every act of devotion would merit reward; to her it was but the grave of the Mighty Healer, whose word expelled the evil spirits that had tormented her for years, and she comes not to engage in acts of superstition, but to give expression to the love and gratitude and grief of her heart, by anointing the body of the Lord. Doubtless the two Marys and Salome had arranged to come together; but the overmastering love of this devoted woman will not let her wait for



the dawning of the day. While it is yet dark she sets out on her sad and lonely errand. It was a task from which a stronger soul might well have shrunk. The place of sepulture was without the city walls, vast multitudes of strangers thronged the city and its suburbs, the gloom of night was over the landscape, and she was going alone to the awful place of the dead. But her very fearlessness only serves to show how love to Jesus takes away the terrors of death and the grave, and it may cheer some timid one to know that, although we cannot come where Jesus is, save through some darksome valley, yet even there we need "fear no evil," for with us, on such an errand, will be "more than twelve legions of angels."

To the sorrow-stricken heart of Mary Magdalene that early walk to the sepulchre must have been one of the saddest experiences of her life. Under any circumstances it is a solemn thing to visit the place of graves; but if beneath the grassy mounds sleep those who have been dear to us, then solemnity deepens into sorrow; and if in their death our brightest hopes have been disappointed, and our most cherished expectations brought to naught, then sorrow is intensified into bitterest grief. Such was the case with Mary Magdalene. Not only did she mourn for one who had been to her a Saviour and a friend, but, in common with the other disciples, she "trusted that this had been he which should have redeemed Israel," and bitter must have been her grief when this hope was overthrown. O! thou sorrowing one, be of good cheer! The night is dark, but the dawn is nigh! The darkest clouds of Providence enfold latent mercies, and out of our sharpest griefs come the richest joys we know. Soon shall a glorious revelation scatter the darkness, and to thee shall be given the honor of first hearing to the disciples the glad Evangel—"Christ is risen from the dead!"

Mary came "early, while it was yet dark." This may serve to remind us that the loving, earnest heart finds no time unseasonable for seeking Jesus; when the whole world is wrapt in slumber, it wakes to seek the Lord. This "early search" has been characteristic of those who have been eminent for holiness of life and usefulness in labor. If we would attain to the eminence of such, we must imitate their example; and we may rest assured that they who seek Jesus "*while it is yet dark*," will soon rejoice in the brightness of a glorious morning.

When Mary Magdalene reached the sepulchre, she found the stone rolled away, and discovered that the body of Jesus was gone. These circumstances filled her with perplexity, and with still deeper grief. Perhaps she had said, as did the other women, "who will roll me away the stone?" but now that she finds it rolled away she is more perplexed than ever,—just as we sometimes find that the sudden and unexpected removal of some weighty difficulty leaves us under greater perplexity than before, because it necessitates a new line of action for which we are not prepared. Mary takes the only course that seems open: she hastens away to tell Peter and John, and the sorrowful burden of her story is—"They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." No thought of a resurrec-

tion has yet dawned in her heart, and she looks upon the removal of the Lord's body as an act of his enemies.

Reader! art thou mourning an absent Christ? Is your heart sorrowfully crying—"They have taken away my Lord?" Be comforted; he is not far off. Seek him early, even though it be yet dark, and soon he whom, as the dead Christ, you have "ignorantly worshipped," will appear the risen and triumphant Lord.

(To be continued.)

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QUESTIONS CONCERNING PERFECT LOVE.

BY REV. B. SHERLOCK.

QUESTION II.—*If "without holiness no man can see the Lord," is a merely justified person in a safe condition?*



E have put this question as nearly as possible in the form in which we have frequently heard it. But to do the subject justice, a fuller expression to the difficulty seems to be necessary. The Holiness of the text quoted in the above question, (Heb. xii. 14) is understood by Methodists and some others to include purity of heart and perfect love, and the doctrine of the text is confirmed by Rev. xxi. 27. But as that experience is seldom or never attained at the time when a soul is justified, are we therefore to accept the logical conclusion, which is, that the person who has only experienced the blessing of justification and is still without *this* holiness, is thereby exposed to the wrath of God, and unfit for the society of heaven? We put the matter thus strongly, for we have no disposition to evade the seeming difficulty. We hesitate not in writing an affirmative reply to the question we have placed at the head of this article. For the safety of a justified person is involved in the very meaning of the act of justification. To be justified carries in it the idea of a charge heretofore lying against the sinner; having sinned he is guilty and in danger of punishment; when he believes on Christ for pardon he is adjudged as innocent, accounted just or justified; and "being justified by faith," he has "peace with God," "through our Lord Jesus Christ." He may then boldly say, "Who is he that condemneth? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth me." Forgiveness, pardon, remission of sins, bring reconciliation, and reconciliation means the turning away of the Divine anger, which is all that a sinner has to fear. Further, we find that the apostle John, in his first epistle, addresses not only the spiritual "father" (1 John ii. 13, 14) and "young" men, but also "little children," the great fact of whose experience is thus described, "Your sins are forgiven you for his Name's sake." And even *they* are addressed as "of God" and not of the world. All the immunities of God's kingdom are

theirs, they are a part of the 'we' who have "passed from death unto life." who "know that when He shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." All the theology of evangelical Christendom, so far as our reading has gone, echoes and reiterates the glorious truth, that he who trusts in Christ for the pardon of his sins, and receives the evidence of his acceptance, is thereby prepared for heaven, and dying in that moment, is undoubtedly received into glory.

How is it, then, that a further work is indispensable? If forgiveness fits for heaven, can there be need for anything more? Let us premise a thought or two towards the explanation of this difficulty. The primary demand of God upon his responsible creatures is for obedience, and that obedience is measured by the law of Christ as given in Luke xii. 47, 48: "And that servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given of him shall much be required; and to whom men have committed much of him they will ask the more." So that as "where no law is there is no transgression," and "sin is not imputed where there is no law," it is evident that the amount of guilt or blame laid to the charge of any responsible being corresponds in measure to the amount of his transgression of a law or laws, which are either known to him, or within the reach of his knowledge. Thus the responsibility of man increases as his light and knowledge of God's requirement increases. The crowds that gathered to the feast of Pentecost, in Jerusalem, were responsible to the laws of the Jewish code which up to that time were in force: after the testimonies of that memorable day were heard, and the power of the Spirit was felt, their responsibility assumed a different shape, and was related to Jesus the Messiah. Every sermon containing religious truth, every perusal of the Divine Word, every reading of the living epistle of a holy life, contributes to the weight of responsibility. So when a man repents, prays, believes, and obeys fully up to the knowledge he possesses, he pleases God and is safe; in a saved state. So "Abraham believed God and it was accounted unto him for righteousness." Gal. iii. 6. So in the case of Cornelius it is declared that, "in every nation he that feareth him (God) and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him." So now, a sinner hears the voice of God crying, "Repent and believe the Gospel." He must repent and believe or be guilty. But if he accedes he is, of course, in a state of safety. For God *commands* repentance, *commands* us to believe in the Saviour whom he hath appointed and set forth for that purpose. And this leads us to the direct answer to the question which is this: that God *commands* us to be holy, to "reckon ourselves dead, indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ," to "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," to "be perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," to "go on to perfection." But these commands present a state of experience, a phase of character which is, perhaps, never reached in the first surrender of the sinner's will to God, but is matter of subsequent discovery and of subse-

quent attainment. Indeed, it needs the change called regeneration to bring the human mind up to the plane of thought and feeling in which perfect love or full satisfaction becomes an object recognised, appreciated, and desired. On the other hand, it may safely be affirmed that the desire for that blessing is found in every soul that is truly united to Christ. The nearer the soul approaches to God, the stronger is its hatred to sin, and the more intense is its desire for complete victory. Every time the heart is bowed in prayer this will be its burden; every occasion in which he endeavours to work for Jesus will develop the need for that spiritual strength and moral purity which will enable him to deal effective blows for the Master, and if a defective theology or an inveterate prejudice does not distort his vision, he will earnestly seek for a *full* salvation. Our firm conviction is, that no one can live in the clear light of justifying grace, who does not press earnestly after the full sanctification of the soul. It was thus that the doctrine was developed in the days of the Wesleyan revival; regenerated hearts, "hungered and thirsted after righteousness," and unhampered by religious error or prejudice, searched the Scriptures, prayed, wrestled, believed, until victory cheered their souls, and the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," satisfied them that what they had sought was now possessed. Wesley compared their statements of experience with the promises of the Word of God, and the result is that clear theology of the subject which we now possess. And there is no person of unprejudiced mind, who presses with all his energy after holiness, who will fail of finding that rest from inbred sin, that victory over sinful desire, that fulness of love and of God, which is connected with the blessing of 'perfect love.' And if a soul clearly sees that a more thorough obedience to God is required than he is *now* able to render, and that such obedience is possible as the result of the reception of greater spiritual power, and that such higher blessing is promised to those who ask in faith, can he be guiltless if he asks it not? Can such commands as those already quoted, "Be ye holy," etc., and "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," etc., and "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin," be neglected, and the guilt of disobedience and unbelief be avoided? We are convinced it cannot be.

The writer was intimately acquainted with a young man who was brought to God at the same time with himself, and who lived in the light of pardon without interruption for some months after conversion, until a powerful sermon on the subject of perfect love was preached in his hearing. He then saw the blessing to be for him, he saw it his duty to believe it; he had previously obeyed every monition of the Spirit, he would not disobey now. He believed, he received, he retained it, he lived in its light, he died in its glory. His case is a sample of what God designs for every believer, if not in time and circumstances connected, certainly in the process itself. But what is the fact in reference to thousands of those who begin a religious life in the full and happy light of justifying grace? Do they, like my sainted friend, advance with unfaltering loyalty from the beginning, eagerly entering every opening of Providence, earnestly treasuring every teaching of grace, in order to the "perfecting holiness" "in the fear of God?" Is it not sadly true that

a large proportion, on the contrary, endeavour to "rest and be thankful" after the mental struggle connected with their entrance into the kingdom of God? And is not this criminal backwardness, this refusal to advance even though God himself gives the order, the real reason why the influence of the Church is so small in comparison with what it ought to be, and would be, if the forces at her command were wielded by the arm of a vigorous faith?

We reach, therefore, the following conclusions: *First*, to be justified is to be undoubtedly in a state of salvation; *Second*, To continue in a justified condition it is needful to seek with all the heart for that 'perfect love' which is only another name for that "Holiness without which no man can see the Lord;" *Third*, That the blessing thus sought will as surely and speedily be found, if sought aright, as the blessing of initial justification.

And now arises the question, What have we done with those wondrous promises and petitions, and statements of privilege, which startle the pious reader of Paul's Epistles? What have we done with those grand utterances of John, which almost stagger us with their fulness of offered grace? How does our faith compare with those standards? And shall not every reader, as he closes the perusal of this paper, get to the summit of Calvary, gaze on the crucified Lord until the one thought, "He died for me," expels every other by its holy expansiveness, and while filled, transfixed by that attraction, listen till the believing voice of John the Beloved is heard uttering in distinct but triumphant tones, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

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## THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.

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### PART II.—HOW ATTAINED.

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#### CHAPTER III.—STOPPED IN THE WAY. BY WHAT?

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It has been the Lord's way all along to arrest the careless journeyer to the eternal world, at some point in his career, by some burning bush at the wayside, and then, when turned aside to inquire about the matter, to press upon him the duties and privileges of the service of God.

And all along when so arrested and urged to take up the cross, it has been man's way to conjure up a host of difficulties, as formidable as Pharaoh and his army to Moses; difficulties to be put down only by Him who convinced and persuaded Moses by the leprous hand and the changing serpent-rod.

And what is true of the careless journeyer in reference to conversion, is equally true of the Christian pilgrim in reference to the second and deeper work of grace.

Indeed it often happens that it takes more to arrest and convince in the second than in the first instance.

Abraham made his entrance upon the land of promise by two stages—first from Ur to Haran, and then from Haran to Canaan. Doubtless it cost many a sacrifice hard to make, and the sundering of many a tie hard to break, at the first, when with his father he left the land of his birth and the home of his youth, idolatrous though it was, to go forth into a strange land amongst strangers. But when, after the death of his father, at Haran, the command of the Lord came to strike tent and go forth again, he knew not where, he had no father to lean upon, no dependence but God alone, and although his faith did not fail, yet doubtless the second command tried it more than the first.

The second is the higher stage, and more difficult too. It is really harder to overcome sin in the heart, than to break away from the world at first. And it is harder to come to the point of trusting in Jesus to subdue one's own heart entirely to himself, than to venture upon him for the forgiveness of sin. We are slower to perceive that the work of saving us from sin—of expelling sin from us—is Christ's, than to see that he has already suffered the penalty of sin and purchased our pardon.

The children of Israel braved the Red Sea, and passed it in triumph—but the Canaanites in the land, in their armour of brass, and cities walled up to heaven, appalled them, and turned them back into the wilderness to wander forty long years, before they were prepared to set foot upon the land of promise.

Like them we have the two stages, and the two works, and both by faith, and both to learn.

They got not their inheritance by crossing the Red Sea alone. The Jordan must also be passed by faith, between watery walls on either hand, before they could learn the lesson that *by faith* they were to conquer their foes in the land, as well as gain deliverance from foes in Egypt:—a hard lesson as it proved in their case, and many another. They were not stopped by the Red Sea, and they had their song of triumph upon the fair bank overlooking the waters whose walls had opened to give them a dry passage, but closed upon their enemies and overwhelmed them. But when, in that same year, they came to the borders of Canaan and sent out their spies to view the land, and when the spies returned with their Eschol grapes, borne upon a pole between two of them, but reported giants, the sons of Anak, in the land, and cities with walls great and exceeding high, they saw *all* through the magnifying glass of fear and were palsied: difficulties rose up and swelled out into the giant proportions of absolute impossibilities, and they turned from them and set their faces to go back into Egypt, and were about to murder Moses and Aaron. Nothing kept them from it but the terrible judgments of God.

Strange that they could not see and know that the same hand that opened up the way out of the bondage of Egypt through the Red Sea and through the wilderness, could and would open up the way into the land of Canaan and subdue all their enemies under them! "The sea," thought they, "God opened—none but God could do *that*. But to conquer and subdue the land is our work, and we are not able to do it." So they shrunk back from it.

Just so it is with us. We break from the bondage of the world. We fly to the Saviour for pardon and find it. We are happy in it—we have our song of triumph after the passage of the sea, and we go forward. Bitter waters are made sweet for us by the branch of the tree of life cast in. Manna is given us to feast upon by the way. The rock gives us its living waters. The pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire guide us all our journey through. But by and by the Canaanites in the heart begin to be seen and felt in their power. And when we begin seriously to think of their absolute sub-

jection, we think of it as a work to be done by *us*—not the Lord, and we shrink back from it as hopeless, and content ourselves as well we can with a life-long career of wandering in the wilderness, simply because our faith fails us to strike for victory, trusting in God alone to give it.

In this way multitudes are stopped, almost before they have started: just when they have come to see the land before them, but have not yet taken the first decisive step for its possession. Already in endeavouring to take up the "stumbling-stone" of perfectionism, one of the difficulties has been anticipated and answered: and in meeting the special personal plea, "not for me," another has been sufficiently discussed, if not effectually removed.

Others yet remain. God help us to see them, and conquer them too. Satan will hinder if he can.

*Fear of the brand*, is one great difficulty. Not merely the brand of "perfectionism"—this aside—we shrink from being marked as peculiar amongst Christians. We should not certainly greatly fear to wear the star of an earthly nobility, in some countries at least, but the star of nobility or knighthood in the army of Jesus is another thing.

Havelock fought three battles against terrible odds to gain his first honors from the Queen. But they were not his severest struggles nor his greatest victories. Many more he fought afterwards before he forced his way at last into Lucknow; but these were not his hardest contests either. The two battles with his threefold foe, the world, his own heart, and Satan—the first on the "General Kyd," and the last at Fort William—were the most trying of his life. Especially the last, when he put on the whole armour of salvation, and determined to "stand up for Jesus," even though it should cost him the loss of all favour and friendship and promotion from the crown. To be branded a "saint" was another and a very different honour to look to, than to have the star of knighthood upon his breast, and the title, "Sir Henry, K.C.B.," prefixed and suffixed to his name.

But so it is. This battle must be fought, and he who conquers in it, comes to be willing to wear whatever title of reproach the world may see fit to confer. There is no victory without it.

*Fear of becoming ultra*. The danger of being led into fanaticism and error is another difficulty at the outset. And *there is* danger of this. Satan delights in nothing so much, if we will go forward, as to mislead us or urge us on over the bounds of truth and wisdom out into the fields of extravagance and folly. Then, too, though old to the Bible, and to the experience of those who have gone before us, every step of real progress is new to us. We are blind to all before us, however clearly we see the ground already passed over, and our subtle enemy is always ready to decoy us into the specious network of some trap set for the unwary.

We cannot, therefore, be too careful. The fear is a wholesome one, for the danger is real. We are not without melancholy warnings in the many cases of those who have been duped in this way, and destroyed to all usefulness in this world.

Let us beware first of all of taking impulse, or suggestions, or the inner light, for our guide. Let us bring our own impulses and suggestions to the test of God's holy Word. The inner light, if it be not according to the revealed truth of God, is only darkness. And if the *light within* us be darkness, how great is that darkness! The mariner will hardly be so foolish as to supersede the chart by following his own fancies upon the sea. If he should, however, some rock, or shoal, or reef, or whirlpool would bring him up while he was sailing in fancied security, and scatter his hopes and his cargo, and the fragments of his ship, with his crew and himself, upon the raging waves of the deep. Satan has that man fairly in his snares, whom he can get to put

his own suggestions or impulses, under any name whatever, whether of the inner light, or a guardian spirit, or the Spirit of God, in place of the Bible as the chart of faith and of life.

Let us make sure also that we have the Bible *truth* and not merely Bible *words*. It is a favourite and frequent thing with the arch deceiver to couch his own lies in words of the Scripture. He takes out and leaves behind the kernels of truth and catches the unwary with the empty chaff of mere Scripture phraseology. Beware of him.

But then, if common sense and common prudence do demand of us care lest we be deceived and ensnared, are we therefore to be stopped at the threshold of all that is good and great? No.

Rather let us be sure we are right, and then with our face as a flint, yet with the docility of the child, and with the firm tread of a mind made up and a faith leaning upon God, let us push resolutely forward to the conquest. There is just one thing that Satan likes better than to lure us into fanaticism, and that is to frighten us back from any great step of real advancement into the wilderness of doubt, and the tortuous paths of unbelief and sin.

*Many are stopped at the outset, by reluctance to give the world entirely up, and be wholly conformed to the will of Christ.*

A moderate, reasonable, half and half life in the service of the Master they are willing to live. But to be wholly consecrated to God is more than they can consent to.

Perhaps they find the yoke of Christ heavy and galling to their necks, even when borne only in this their half and half sort of a way. And they reason by the arithmetic of unbelief which tells them that, if half and half service is all they can carry, then full service would be twice as heavy and would break them down altogether.

They fail to see that the Master gives grace and strength to those who are wholly given up to him, to "mount up as on eagles' wings, and to run without weariness, and walk without fainting."

They overlook the lessons of the past, that the Lord is the strength of those who lean wholly upon him, enabling them to pass through floods dry shod, and through fire seven times heated unscathed, to turn trials into joys, and even martyr flames into triumphs. While those who stop half way in his service, are left with enemies around them unsubdued, unexpelled, ready to rise up and scourge them, whenever the Lord chooses to let it be done—to humble them in the dust.

Suppose a husbandman, finding his fields overrun with the noxious "Canada thistle," should, instead of waging a war of extermination, and destroying it root and branch, only make half and half work of it—should cut down part, and leave part to ripen seed and give to the winds for another crop; and so on and on from year to year.

And suppose he should justify himself to himself in this matter, by reasoning, that if it cost so much time and toil to keep the noxious things under from year to year, when all he attempted was only to keep them *decently* under, it would be more than he could do, if he should make the attempt, to keep them exterminated.

Such a farmer would make himself the laughing-stock of the whole country side. They would give him the title of "Canada Thistle" Smith or Johnson, or whatever his name might be. And many a homely, hearty joke would be made at his expense.

But his reasoning would be—no better it is true—but just as good as that of the half and half disciple, who shrinks from whole-souled consecration, because he thinks it would be so much harder than the half and half life he now lives.



But there are those who, though once willing, are now unwilling to be wholly given up to the service of Christ, hard or easy. They have not yet got enough of the world, though once they thought they had. The world has its charms for them which they are not willing to forego. Its bloom is not all shed. True, they have enlisted under the banner of Christ, and in the hour of need they stand ready for the battle. They work manfully in revivals, and keep up the daily drill of closet and family worship, and the weekly duties of the sanctuary, and Sabbath-school, and prayer-meeting. And yet, after all, they are a sort of militia, not regulars; a citizen soldierly, ready to volunteer or be called out on occasion. Having arms and uniform hung up ready for use, but only put on and used when the occasion requires. And between whiles, attending to their citizen avocations as men of the world. And not willing at all to leave all, forsake kindred, and home, and business and all; or rather to consecrate all to the Lord, and make all subservient to the interests of his cause.

Upon such, argument will be lost. Let them take their course. They will learn by and by that Christ is made of God unto us *wisdom*, as well as righteousness. And that the world is *folly* and *madness* to all its votaries. Bitter in the mouth will it be to them, if at last God shall be obliged to cut down their gourds, and dash the cup of worldly pleasure from their hand.

These aside—there is another class, nearly allied to those named already before these last, to be mentioned.

Those who would gladly give themselves wholly up to Christ, but are stopped at the threshold by false or distorted ideas of what a life of entire consecration to God is.

They have the view of it which has led hundreds of thousands to go into convents and monasteries—the idea that to serve God entirely, business must be abandoned for some sort of religious occupation. But a glance will unmask this deception—a glance will serve to shew that there are thousands who are engaged in religious occupations who are not wholly consecrated to God. Some, alas, who are not Christians at all. While amongst the holiest people of the world there are some soldiers, some sailors, some merchants, some lawyers, some physicians, some mechanics, some wives, mothers, housekeepers.

The truth is, a man may preach for himself to get a living or gain a reputation, just as easily as a lawyer can plead for his fees or his fame. And a merchant can make money for his Master, or a housekeeper meet her daily duties for the Lord, just as well as a minister can study and teach for him.

Or they have taken up the notion that to be wholly consecrated, they must dress peculiarly—never smile—never make others smile—must wear a sanctified look, and speak in a sanctified tone, and all that. Satan helps on these distorted views of consecration.

And there is one of the wise and good counsels of our Saviour that the adversary loves to pervert for this purpose,—“Count the cost.” “Yes,” says Satan, “count the cost. Look the whole ground over. Take everything into view. Sum it all up. Lest haply having begun to build you shall not be able to finish, and lest having engaged in the battle you shall be put to the rout.

The arithmetic he would have us use in counting the cost, is not that of figures which cannot lie, but of fictions which cannot speak the truth. He would have us add together sacrifices, never demanded; duties, never required; and difficulties, never existing, into a fabulous sum, entirely too great for our resources to compass.

It would be useless for Satan to ply us Protestants with the peculiarities urged upon Romanists. We could not be driven into petticoats, dignified as robes; nor to imprison ourselves in dungeons, called convents; nor to count beads, and call it prayers; nor to lash our own bare backs, thinking to scourge

away sin. He plies us with notions more Protestant, but not one whit less fictitious and deceptive. "Would you be a whole-souled disciple of Christ?" he says. "Your person:—You will have to conform all your personal habits to a rigid rule first of all. You must put on the strait-jacket of propriety tight-laced. It would ill become one wholly consecrated to God to wear ornaments or elegancies. Gold and jewellery and costly array must be wholly eschewed. Luxuries of the table must never be touched; superfluities, like tea and coffee, and everything else but the coarsest fare, must be let alone, or rather denounced as a wicked waste of money.

"Your reading must be solidly and only religious. Your associates must be Christians only, and those the best. Your conversation should never be gay. Your face should be solemn and your words measured. You should never smile yourself or cause others to do it. Every garment, every movement, every word, every tone of your voice, should tell all around you that you are holy in no common degree.

"Then as to your home: carpets and curtains, parlour ornaments and table elegancies would ill become one who professes to be wholly given up to the Lord.

"Bare floors, hard chairs, plain tables and mirrors, no pictures or expensive works of art, no elegant books, no costly comforts, but everything the plainest and cheapest would better suit your professions. It would never do for you to own fine carriages and splendid horses, or spend money and time in ornamenting your grounds.

"And as to your church: you would have to see to it that minister and people should come up to your standard. Rebuke them, privately first, if they did not. Rebuke them publicly afterward, if they should not heed you at first. And, if still obdurate, denounce them and leave them. Exclude them from your fellowship. Testify against them in action as well as in words, and, if need be, set up on your own account, all alone, a church by yourself, and let the world have the benefit at least of the example of one who would have no fellowship with the works of darkness."

So he goes on from church relations to charities, representing the demands of the gospel as oppressive and impoverishing in the extreme; and from charities to business, making it out an impossibility to pursue any ordinary avocation upon strictly Christian principles: and from business to politics, and from politics to social life, adding absurdity to impossibility, endlessly almost. It would be tedious to follow the arch arithmetician of lies in his sum of addition. It is enough to say that he never stops until he has thoroughly frightened the half-hearted disciple back from any attempt at compliance; or if determined to go ahead blindfold, has led him on into a sea of troubles, where he must perish, if the Master does not stretch forth his hand and save him.

It will be observed that this application of our Saviour's counsel to count the cost is a complete perversion. There is nowhere in the Bible one single line or precept of rigid requirement binding the Christian to any rigid rules about living and dress, or anything of the sort. Much less a single word, making such things a condition of salvation, whether of justification or sanctification. Christ is the free gift of God to sinners, and all who believe in him really and truly will be saved, whether arrayed like Solomon in his glory in purple and gold, or like John the Baptist in a coarse garment, with a leathern girdle; and whether, like Solomon, living in palaces of marble upon the delicacies of every clime, amid the spicery of the south and the jewels of the east, and the splendours of pencil and chisel, or living in a cave in the wilderness upon locusts and wild honey, as did the greatest of all the prophets.

The kingdom of God is not in meat and drinks, nor in broadcloth and satins, or plate and perfumery and jewels, nor in the absence of these things.

The truth is, that we are never really, entirely the Lord's freemen, until we are free from the trammels of all these trivial questions, and at full liberty to follow the Lord in whatever dress or position or business or company or circumstances the providence of God and our own judgment of proprieties, and our own ability and taste, may dictate or require.

One class more, and the last demanding notice, of those who are stopped at the outset, may be mentioned. There are some—many it may be—who would gladly follow the Lord wholly, like Joshua, and who have just views of what it is to be given up entirely to him, but who see not how they can be sustained in entire consecration, if they make it. They do not see the hand of God outstretched to lift them up, and sustain them; and they dare not trust to his promise, and therefore they are afraid to start.

In some respects they are like Peter in the prison at Jerusalem. They are in bondage, at least, as he was to the Romans; and they know it. Their chains they have felt binding them to the world, as he felt his binding him to the soldiers by either arm. Their prison-house of darkness, with its iron gate and mail-clad watcher, has enclosed them. And a hundred difficulties in armour of brass and arms of steel, like the four quaternions of soldiers, shut them in.

In this situation the gospel comes to them as the angel of the Lord came to Peter, while he slept between his keepers, and arouses them, saying, Arise, gird thyself and follow me.

But now comes a contrast.

The apostle arose, put on his sandals, begirt himself and followed, almost as in a dream. But they sit half up, in chains still, and say, "O these chains—how are they to be broken off? And the soldiers on either side—who shall free me from their weapons; and the iron gate, with its iron doors, bolts and bars, and mail-clad watchers outside, and the hundred soldiers, and the great iron gate leading to the city, and the darkness of the way?" Alas for them! The difficulties in the way appal and palsy them. If they would but arise at the call of the gospel, give themselves up implicitly and entirely to follow the Lord Jesus, he would go with them, and the way would open up in the light of his presence, and every enemy would sleep on, every barrier would swing wide open, all would go easy and delightfully. The whole way would be a way of happiness, and all the path a path of peace.

*(To be continued.)*

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## A WORD TO PREACHERS.

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CHRISTIAN ministry is designed to "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus;" and the Christian minister is therefore under the necessity of making Christian holiness his chief study and aim, first as regards his personal life and example, and secondly in reference to his work in the Church. We have no sympathy with men who cover their deficiency in soul-saving power by representing themselves as "sons of consolation," like Barnabas; who forget that "Barnabas was full of the Holy Ghost and faith, and much people were added to the Lord." As a rule, the most successful in building up are those who win the most souls. Still, it is possible to give attention to converting work and the earlier stages of religious life, to the neglect of what is

higher and more important. A minister in feeble health, embracing opportunities of hearing others, said the other day, he could not help noticing how very rarely the hearers were carried above first principles, and how seldom the innermost experiences and wants of earnest souls were touched upon. Where this is the case, we need not wonder that the Churches do not grow. If the hungry are not fed—if month after month the flock is led just so far and no farther—feebleness, monotony, and dissatisfaction must be the result. It is well for a minister to aim directly at the conversion of sinners; but it is better if he raise the Church to such an elevation of spiritual life and power, that all will be constrained to unite with him in soul-saving work. Let us have a pure Church, arrayed in garments of attractive beauty, and we shall have resistless power. Viewed in this light, we understand the Divine philosophy of Paul when he said, "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially to them that are of the household of faith."

In these pages friendly words have been said to Church officials, and no words can adequately set forth the weighty obligations they are under. But if the ministry be the highest office, its responsibility is the greatest. What we want is a ministry in all respects ahead of the Church, especially in prayer, in teaching, and in beautiful sanctity of life.

A minister, above all others, should know how to take hold on God, and in nothing should he be more expert and mighty than in his public prayers for the entire sanctification of the flock. Pleading with God out of the fulness of a heart deeply moved, and glowing with desire, he will gather round him all who are accustomed to "draw near to God"—they will catch the inspiration and say, "Amen." Prejudice will often be disarmed, and the people will be prepared to listen to the man who has already brought them to the gate of heaven. The Churches' much-prized hymnals contain glowing stanzas in which "perfect love" is passionately sought. In the inspired epistles are many prayers for the full sanctification of believers. These may be used with advantage, provided vehement desire and childlike faith give to them fulness and power.

And surely it is the preacher's business to show how the Spirit of the Lord is "not straitened" within the ordinary limits of Christian experience—to lead the flock by his godly teaching into the green pastures, beside the still waters, in the land of perfect rest. He can only be faithful as he reiterates the two great commandments on which hang all the law, and sets forth the glorious promise, "The Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul." The several elements in the experience of those who are justified and born again are constantly indicated—what then can justify the infrequent presentation of this great privilege? Godly people who "hunger and thirst after" this "righteousness," and those who have obtained the blessing yet hold it with a trembling hand, have a right to complain if they never have the goal to which they are hastening fairly and definitely set before them from the pulpit. All such greatly need the preaching we plead for, amid the hindrances besetting the attainment of the blessing on the one hand, and the difficulty of retaining on the other. A painful task, too, it is for less prominent officers in the Church, who are all aflame with holy love, to go before the minister both in prayer and exhortation, instead of following after. Some are constrained to do this, accepting the reproach of forwardness, for the Master's sake; while others quietly fall in with the minister's views and habits, consoling themselves with the thought that what is good for him is equally good for them, and that there is no necessity for so much ado about holiness. Let ministers *take the lead*. Men of zeal will thankfully follow, many dead professors of religion will start into life, and many more will escape the miserable

destruction threatened against them that are neither cold nor hot. It would benefit all. The setting a high and definite standard of duty and privilege before a Christian people, in a kind and gentle spirit, cannot fail to lead them onward along the bright path of holiness. "Strongly and explicitly exhort all believers to go on to perfection." "If there be such a blessed change before death, should we not encourage all believers to expect it, and the rather because constant experience shows, the more earnestly they expect this, the more swiftly does the gradual work go on in their soul; the more watchful they are against all sin, the more careful to grow in grace, the more zealous of good works, and the more punctual in their attendance on all the ordinances of God—whereas just the contrary effects are observed where this expectation ceases. They are 'saved by hope'—by this hope of a total change with a gradually increasing salvation. Destroy this hope, and that salvation stands still, or rather decreases daily. Therefore, whoever would advance the gradual change in believers, should strongly insist on the instantaneous.\*" No greater blessing could come to evangelical Christendom than that the faith and spirituality and holiness of Christian people should be greatly advanced. How much more glory would this bring to our blessed Saviour, and how much more honor to our Divine Christianity! At the same time, how much more efficient would the Churches be in the great work of evangelical aggression, which in these times presses so heavily upon us!

To preach entire holiness sometimes requires unwonted courage. In one place indifference reigns, or the subject is ignored; and if evil be lurking in the Church, nothing will be more likely to discover it than the faithful forth-setting of Jesus as a present Redeemer from all iniquity. In another there is doubt, suspicion, unbelief, and even avowed hostility. Men who don't want to be saved from all sin at present, don't like to hear much and often about this salvation; and he who dares to push the battle to the gate may suffer even to crucifixion with Christ. But the path of honor is unmistakable. If men pretend to preach Christ, let them declare fully, without hesitancy, what He really is—"our sanctification," and "*all in all.*" "Holiness to the Lord" is as much needed in public ministrations now, as "justification by faith was a hundred and fifty years ago. Let the doctrine and life of Christian holiness be preached as "justification" was then, and has been until now, and results far more glorious than the revivals of the last century will speedily follow. The world is to be won to Christ—the whole of it,—and a holy Church will compass it right soon. But the Church will never be holy until ministers fling away their temporizing policies, and declare by lips and life their readiness to "contend" for this "faith once delivered to the saints." As it is, there are comparatively few places where there is any real fighting for this subject. Indifference and opposition among officers of the Church are accounted good reasons for keeping back this part of God's counsel, or doing little more than make occasional and timid references thereto. The result in many instances is a dispirited Church borne down by a triumphant world. To reverse this order, and turn the tide of events in Zion's favor, we plead for a fearless and perpetual **MINISTRY OF HOLINESS**. Let men be true to our sin-consuming God and Saviour. God will be true to them.

But prayers and sermons are of use only as they are backed by a Christian life. The fulness of the Holy Ghost, and "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," pouring forth abundant fragrance always and everywhere—nothing less—will make a minister what he ought to be; and if the free promise of the Spirit is not withdrawn, this blessedness of life is as much the heritage of every ambassador of Christ as it was of Peter and of Paul.—*King's Highway.*

\* John Wesley.

## LIGHT GIVEN.

## HOW A DOUBTER ENTERED INTO REST.



HERE are many sincere persons who fail to obtain the blessing of perfect love because they do not clearly understand the nature of the blessing. They imagine it is a state of absolute perfection, and after struggling earnestly for a considerable time without success, they give it up in despair, doubting even the possibility of being sanctified holy. The following letter was recently received by a Wesleyan minister from one who formerly ridiculed the doctrine of sanctification. It may be of service to others who are in a similar state of mind.

Dear Mr. —, I think I ought to tell you just how I am now, for you have been very kind and helpful to me, and the books you have given me have been beneficial—indeed, I look upon them as so many friends. I believe I have told you it was on the 6th of last September I gave up my all to God—laid all I have and am upon His altar. I did not think of sanctification then, I only felt I had enough religion to make me miserable, and that I *must* have either more or less. The latter would make me despairing, the former seemed to necessitate the giving up my own will in all things. I determined on the former. It was like a fearful wrench, but I felt calm when I had done it. I think I only saw God in this light—a King who demanded submission on the part of His subject. God was a King to me—I did not feel He was my Father—I felt a subject, not a child. On the Sunday following this you preached on sanctification; it was your first sermon here. It set me thinking, and I listened to all that you said afterwards on this subject, and watched you to see if your life was consistent, if you were leading a life that would illustrate your preaching. I do not think this was right on my part, but I had begun to feel a sort of scorn for the religion of many young ministers. Thank God for making you to differ! I grew to long—oh! so much—to be holy, but I could not understand it. After some little time you gave me the tract, “What is it?” I read it, but no light came. I talked to you—you remember going to —? I did not know what more to do, for there was no “known guile or reservation” in consecrating myself to God. You gave me some more books; they only seemed to increase my thirst, and left me with nothing to quench it. I wanted to talk to —, but I just could not. I read the books through again [The Scriptural Holiness Series], many parts on my knees, “with strong crying and tears.” I have had weary times in my life, but none so weary as those. For the third time I began to read “What is it?”—(somehow I could not leave those books.) I reached the fifth page, and read, “Entire holiness is the principle of rectitude so established that there is no inward opposition to its sway.” I understood it then, it seemed so simple. I was kneeling, and I just looked up and said, “I have it, Lord.” I did not feel any great joy, but I know I felt just as a little child taking her father’s hand. I feel so safe with God. It has altered my whole nature. I have not spoken of this, but I used to laugh at the idea of being “sanctified,” and now I take every opportunity of saying I believe in it . . . . And now, thank you, that is all I can say . . . . With kind regards, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

## THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

**U**NCOMPLAINING, though with care grown hoary,  
 I desire to wear no crown of glory  
 Where my Saviour wore a crown of thorn;  
 Not in paths of roses would I dally,  
 Where my Saviour trod the gloomy valley,  
 Where He suffered bitter pain and scorn.

Lord, send forth Thy light and truth to lead me  
 In the way wherein thy saints precede me,  
 With thy Holy Spirit for my guide;  
 Let me choose the path of self-denial,  
 Shunning no sharp cross or bitter trial,  
 Which my Saviour's steps have sanctified.

Give me, Thou who art the soul's renewer,  
 Steadfast faith, which day by day grows truer;  
 Kindly love, the fruit of faith, in me,—  
 Love, which puts the soul in active motion;  
 Love, which fills the heart with true devotion,  
 And which leads me through the world to Thee.

Many a painful step must be ascended  
 Ere my weary pilgrimage is ended,  
 And in heaven I see Thee face to face:  
 O then, reach Thy hand, dear Lord, to raise me,  
 For, alas! the giddy height dismays me;  
 Guide, uphold me with Thine arm of grace!

On the wide world's ocean rudely driven,  
 Let me gaze upon Thine own bright Heaven,  
 The sweet haven where I long to be;  
 Give me now the comfort of possessing,  
 What I value as the highest blessing,  
 Perfect peace through steadfast faith in Thee!

Here I am a sojourner and stranger,  
 Worn with hardship and exposed to danger,  
 Like a pilgrim with my staff in hand;  
 With the cross upon my breast I wander  
 To the promised Canaan which lies yonder,  
 My beloved and longed-for Fatherland.

C. J. SMITH.

## Miscellany.

### SELECTIONS.

#### THE THREE BIDDERS.

WILL you listen, young friends, for a moment,  
While I a story unfold—  
A marvellous tale of a wonderful sale  
Of a noble lady of old—  
How hand and heart, at an auction-mart,  
And soul and body, she sold!

'Twas in the broad king's-highway,  
Near a century ago,  
That a preacher stood, though of noble blood,  
Telling the fallen and low  
Of a Saviour's love, and a home above,  
And a peace that they all might know.

All crowded around to listen;  
And they wept at the wondrous love  
That could wash their sin, and receive them in  
His spotless mansions above;  
While slow through the crowd a lady proud  
Her gilded chariot drove.

"Make room," cried the haughty outrider;  
"You are closing the king's-highway;  
My lady is late, and their Majesties wait;  
Give way there, good people, I pray."  
The preacher heard, and his heart was stirred,  
And he cried to the rider, "Nay."

His eyes like the lightning flashes,  
His voice like a trumpet rings,  
"Your grand fetè-days, and your fashions and  
ways  
Are all but perishing things.  
'Tis the king's-highway, but I hold it to-day  
In the name of the King of kings."

Then, bending his gaze on the lady,  
And making her soft eye fall,  
"And now in His name a sale I proclaim,  
And bids for this fair lady call.  
Who will purchase the whole—her body and  
soul,  
Coronet, jewels, and all?

"I see already three bidders:  
The World steps up as the first—  
'I will give her my treasures, and all my pleasures  
For which my votaries thirst;  
She shall dance through: each day, more joyous  
and gay,  
With a quiet grave at the worst."

"But out spake the Devil boldly—  
The kingdoms of earth are mine.  
Fair lady, thy name, with an envied fame,  
On their brightest tablets shall shine:  
Only give me thy soul, and I give thee the  
whole,  
Their glory and wealth to be thine."

"And pray what hast Thou to offer,  
Thou Man of Sorrows, unknown?"  
And He gently said, "My blood I have shed,  
To purchase her for my own.  
To conquer the grave, and her soul to save,  
I trod the wine-press alone.

"I will give her my cross of suffering,  
My cup of sorrow to share;  
But with endless love, in my home above,  
All shall be righted there:  
She shall walk in white, in a robe of light,  
And a radiant crown shall wear."

"Thou hast heard the terms, fair lady,  
That each hath offered for thee.  
Which wilt thou choose, and which wilt thou  
lose,  
This life or the life to be?  
The fable was mine, but the choice is yet thine,  
Sweet lady! which of the three?"

Nearer the stand of the preacher,  
The gilded chariot stole:  
And each head was bowed, as over the crowd  
The thundering accents roll;  
And every word, as the lady heard,  
Burned in her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she whispered,  
As she rose from her cushioned seat.  
Full well, they say, as the crowd made way  
You could hear her pulses beat;  
And each head was bare as the lady fair  
Kneel at the preacher's feet.

She took from her head the jewels,  
The coronet from her brow:  
"Lord Jesus," she said, as she bowed her head,  
"The highest bidder art Thou;  
Thou gav'st for my sake Thy life, and I take  
Thy offer—and take it now.

"I know the World and her pleasures,  
At best they but wear and cloy;  
And the Tempter is bold, but his honours and  
gold.  
Prove ever a fatal decay.  
I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;  
Lord, I accept it with joy!"



"Give me Thy cup of suffering,  
 Welcome, earth's sorrow and loss;  
 Let my portion be to win souls to Thee,  
 Perish her glittering dross.  
 I gladly lay down her coveted crown,  
 Saviour, to take Thy cross."

"Amen!" said the holy preacher,  
 And the people wept aloud.  
 Years have rolled on—and they all have gone,  
 Around that altar who bowed.  
 Lady and throng have been swept along  
 On the wind, like a morning cloud.

But the Saviour has claimed His purchase,  
 And around His radiant seat,  
 A mightier throng, in an endless song,  
 The wondrous story repeat;  
 And a form more fair is bending there,  
 Laying her crown at His feet.

So now in eternal glory,  
 She rests from her cross and care;  
 But her spirit above, with a longing love,  
 Seems calling on you to share  
 Her endless reward in the joy of the Lord,  
 Oh! will you not answer her—there!

#### THE JUDGE AND THE POOR AFRICAN WOMAN.

IN one of the populous and beautiful towns on the banks of "La Belle Riviere," the Ohio, there dwelt, and for aught I know, dwells now, a just judge, honorable in life as well as in title; and also a poor lone African woman, long since gone to her crown and her throne in the kingdom above. She was queenly in the power and beauty of her spiritual progress, though poor as poverty could make her in this world's goods here upon earth, but she is now, doubtless, queenly in position and external adorning as well as in heart, transformed and transfigured in the presence of the glorious Saviour in heaven, whom she loved so dearly and trusted so fully upon earth.

The judge was rich and highly esteemed. He dwelt in a mansion, not so fine as to repel, not so splendid as to make him the envy of the foolish, large enough to be the social centre of the town, and plain enough to make every one feel it a home, and his heart was in keeping with his house, large and open.

The poor African woman lived in a cabin on an alley all alone, without chick or child, kith or kin.

Her own hands ministered amply to her own wants while she had health, and at home or abroad at work by the day, she often earned that which found its

way to India, or Africa perhaps, in the spread of the gospel. Her home, though poor and small, was always neat and tidy. She belonged to the church of which the judge was an officer, and often sat down with him at the table of the Lord, in the house of the Lord, as she will again, oh how joyously, at the feast of the Bridegroom in the palace of the King! but it so happened that they had never had free conversation together about the things of the kingdom. He respected her. She venerated him. At last she received a severe injury, from which she never recovered, and for many weary months before her death was dependent and helpless, alone and bed-ridden.

During this time the judge's ample table and abundant wardrobe had contributed its full share to the comforts of the poor woman. Never a day but she was remembered. But for a long time, for one reason and another, he put off from time to time a personal visit which yet he fully purposed in his heart to make her. Until at last one day as he thought of the cheeriness of his own pleasant home, the thought of the contrast between this and the loneliness and desolation of the poor woman's cabin, came into his mind, and while it heightened his gratitude for the goodness of God to him, it filled him with sadness and sympathy for her.

"Who can tell but I may cheer her a little, and perhaps by a little timely sympathy save her from repining at her hard lot? Possibly, too, I may be able to throw some light upon the rugged pathway along which she is going to the kingdom?"

The judge loved to do good; it was a great luxury to him. So, taking a well filled basket, and making sure that purse as well as scrip was stored with convenient small change, he sallied forth to visit the poor woman.

As the door opened, he was struck with the air of neatness in the cabin. If she was bed-ridden, some kind hand supplied the place of her's. Everything was in order swept and garnished neat as a pin. "Not so desolate after all," thought he.

But again, as the judge looked around, and contrasted the social joys of his own ample mansion, where the voice of children and of music, as well as the

presence of books and friends, made all cheerful and happy, with the cheerless solitude of the poor woman alone here from morning till night, and from night till morning, only as one or another called out of kindness to keep her from suffering, his heart filled again with sadness and sympathy.

Seating himself on the stool at the side of the poor woman's cot, he began speaking to her in words of sympathy and condolence:—

"It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks?"

"O no, thank God, massa judge, the good Lord keeps me from feelin bad. I'se happy now as ever I was in all my days."

"But, Nancy, lying here from morning till night and from night till morning all alone, and racked with pain, dependent upon others for everything, do you not get tired and down-hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear?"

"Well, I'se 'pendent on others, dat's sure, 'deed I is, an I was allers used to have something to give to de poor, and to de missionary, too, an to de minister, but den I'se no poorer dan my good Lord was when he was here in de worl, and I'se nebber suffer half so much yet as he suffer for me on de cross. I'se very happy when I tink of dese tings."

"But, Nancy, you are all alone here?"

"Yes, massa, I'se all alone, dat's true, but den Jesus is here, too, all de time. I'm nebber alone, no how, and he's good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"Oh, massa judge, I spect to! I spect nothing else but jes to go off all alone here some night as you say, or some day. But it's all one, night or day, to poor Nancy, and den, massa, I spect I'll not go all alone arter all; for Jesus says in de blessed book, I'll come and take you to myself, dat where I am, dare you may be also; an I believe him. I'se not afraid to die alone."

"But, Nancy, sometimes when I think of dying I am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am, what a sinner, and how unfit for heaven; and I think now what if I should die suddenly just as I am, what would become of me? Are

you not afraid to die, and go into the presence of a holy God?"

"Oh no, massa, 'deed I'se not."

"Why not, Nancy?"

"O massa, I was 'fraud very much. When I was fust injer, I see I mus die, an I thought how can such a sinner as I is ebber go into such a holy place as de new Jerusalem is? An I was miseble; oh, I was miseble, deed, sure! But den by and by, after a while, I jis thought I mus trus myself to de blessed Jesus to make me ready for de kingdom jis as I did to forgib all my sins. An so I foun res for my poor soul in Jesus, an sen dat time I feel somehow all better; I know now he will make me all ready pure an white for de new Jerusalem above. An now I love to think about de time when I shall come to 'pear befo' the Father's throne, wid Him in glory, all starry spangly white."

For a moment the judge sat in silence admiring the power of grace. Not yet himself deeply affected by the light reflected from this star in disguise. A little pressure more was required—another chafing question—to bring out the ray destined to pierce his own soul.

"Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you; Do you never complain?"

"Complain! Oh now, massa judge, complain, do you say, massa? Why, massa? Who should such a one as I is complain ob! The good Lor, he knows bes what's bes for poor Nancy. *His will be done!*"

Nancy said this in tones of the deepest sincerity. And a little more. There was just a shade of wonder at the question, as much as to say, "What! you an officer in the church, and a man of education, a judge, and yet think that a poor creature like me might complain of the dealings of a merciful God and Saviour like mine!"

The arrow took effect. The judge bowed his head in silence a moment, and then arose and bade Nancy good-bye, without the word of consolation and prayer which he fully purposed when he went into the cabin.

All the way home he kept saying to himself, "Well, I never yet said, 'His will be done' in that way. I never felt it. Alone, poor, helpless, bedrid, dependent, miserable in body, and yet happy as an angel! Ah! there is a power there I never felt. But I must

feel it, and God helping me, I will. Not afraid to die. Trusting Jesus to purify her from all sin, and present her spotless before God. Waiting joyously his summons. Oh, blessed faith! I must know more of this, and I will."

Two weeks, night and day, the arrow rankled, rankled, rankled. His pain increased. Sleep forsook him, and his family became alarmed. He said nothing, but often groaned in spirit and sighed deeply. Sometimes the tears were seen to steal down his manly cheeks. All wondered, and all waited to hear what had come over the strong mind and manly heart of the judge.

At last, one day while he was bowed before God, he felt in his heart, "Thy will be done." The storm-tossed sea of his soul was suddenly calmed, and peace filled his heart—peace as a river. Now, he too could trust Jesus to make for him his pathway on earth, and fit him for heaven, and take him to it whenever and from whatever place it might please him.

It was the beginning of a new life for him—a change quite as great as at the time of his conversion, and, as it has proved, the beginning of blessed things for his own family and church and town, and for the cause of Christ generally. Consistent and steadfast before, he has been a burning and a shining light, letting his light shine far and near ever since.

He went in the fullness of wealth and education, and influence and honor, to the poor, lone, lorn African woman to do her good, if he might, with either counsel or food, or clothing or money. This was the full purpose and prayer of his heart; and yet while he gave nothing to her, he received from her what all his wealth could not purchase, or all his wisdom devise.

She, poor body, had nothing to give, nor so much as even dreamed of giving aught to anybody. And yet, without a thought of it, she did give to the rich and honorable judge what was worth more to him than the wealth and honors of all the world.

And what does this illustrate to us? What but the power of spirituality? What but the power which poured upon the few illiterate fishermen of Galilee in the Pentecostal baptism, fitted them for the reformation of the world almost in a single generation? What but the very

power now needed to transform the world and introduce the golden age of complete gospel triumph?

### THE POWER OF PRAYER.

WE find a new illustration of the manifold effects of prayer in an article, "God moves in a Mysterious Way," contributed by "A Clergyman's Daughter" to the new number of the *Church Sunday-school Magazine*.

On a dangerous part of the east coast a ship was driven ashore during service on Sunday. The well-known "call to the cliff" drew the sailor congregation, followed by the clergyman, to the scene of danger. Out at sea the dark figures clinging to the rigging could be seen, but on shore there was a terrible delay, because there were not men enough to man the life-boat; two miles had to be sent for recruits. In the emergency people fell on their knees on the cliff in prayer. The men had to run along the cliff, and behind a hedge two stranger ladies had fallen on their knees; they were seen by a young man who belonged to the crew of the life-boat as he ran by. He was a wild, thoughtless young man, but brave as a lion. He said nothing of what he had seen, but helped at once to get off the boat.

All this had occasioned a long delay, and the barque, after pitching violently many times, at length sunk and disappeared. When a little way from the shore, they had to pass a most dangerous place. Before they reached it, the coxswain stayed the boat. "Boys," he said, "shall we turn back? To go on is almost certain death. We have wives, children, and sisters on shore, and our lives are very precious to them. Besides which, the ship is gone, and no doubt all hands perished. What shall we do?" The crew hesitated. Do not blame them; it seemed a forlorn hope to go on, and life and home were very sweet to them. At last up started the young man, C—P—, who had seen the ladies. "Oh, let us go on," he said, "for as I ran from L— I saw behind a hedge two ladies praying. I am a wild chap, but I do know and believe God answers prayer. I am sure we shall save some lives." The words acted like a tonic. No one dreamed of turning back; on they dashed

safe through the dangerous breakers. None on that cliff that day will ever forget the deep-felt sob of thankfulness which rose as the boat was seen safe over the dangerous part; she contained the heart's treasure of most standing there. On they went to where the barque went down; not a sign of any of her crew. They drifted down four miles without seeing any one, then one poor man was picked up strapped to a piece of wreck, then another, and another; in all eight men were saved. They landed with them, and one and all told the tale of how, in that moment of doubt, the young man's words, and his belief in an answer to the ladies' prayer, had nerved their arms and strengthened their spirits, and led them to go on when all seemed so hopeless.

There is another feature in the narrative. The rescued men were Piedmontese, ignorant of English. The body of the ship's pilot was washed ashore, "pierced by wounds," and with "large stones tied to the feet and neck." Suspicions were aroused, and the case against the Piedmontese seemed irresistible; but their protestations of innocence were remarkably confirmed. "About two miles from the shore was stationed a lightship; two men were always on her, who only came to the shore at stated times, and heard very little of passing events. Just at this time some gentlemen in a yacht called at the floating light, and, pitying the lonely life they led there, left some papers. The men there read for the first time of the discovery of the body, and the suspicion attached to the poor shipwrecked men. The truth flashed at once across their minds, and obtaining leave, one of them hastened to show and explain all the circumstances to the magistrates. The facts were simply these: the body of the pilot had become full of gas—not an uncommon thing—and would not sink, but kept floating round them; they therefore struck their boathooks in several times to allow the gas to escape, and the body to sink; but finding this did not succeed, they took it on board, fastened the stones in the manner described, and, seeing no more of it, the circumstance passed from their minds till the paper came into their hands. Of course the innocence of the Piedmontese was clearly proved, and one and all vied with each

other in showing them every kindness and attention.

### PRACTICAL MEMORY.

A MINISTER in Wiltshire, walking near a brook, observed a poor woman washing wool in the stream, which is done by placing it in a sieve, and dipping it in the water repeatedly, until it is white and clean. He engaged in conversation with her, and from such expressions of regret and gratitude which she uttered was induced to ask her if she knew him. "Oh yes, sir," she replied, "and I hope I shall have reason to bless God for you to all eternity. I heard you preach at W— some years back, and hope your sermon was the means of doing me good."

"Indeed, I rejoice to hear it; pray, what was the subject?" "Ah sir, I can't recollect that, mine is such a bad head." "How, then, can it have done you good, if you don't remember it?" "Sir, my poor mind is like this sieve; the sieve doesn't hold the water, but it runs through and cleanses the wool: my memory does not keep the words, but blessed be God, He made them touch the heart, and now I don't love sin; I go, whenever I can, to hear of Jesus Christ, and I beg of Him every day to wash me in His own blood, which cleanses from all sins." —*Arvine.*

### THE WANT OF OUR TIMES.

ONE grand want of our times is individual action. People are too much afraid of doing anything *alone*. We crystalize activity into cold formality by our cumbersome machinery.

If a man has a good idea, if he is inspired to build a church, found a mission, or inaugurate a reform, instead of carrying out the idea, he tells it to the church; the church refers it to a committee; the committee call a public meeting; the meeting forms a society; the society organizes its machinery, and by that time the idea is dead. To act *alone* with God, seems not to be in the conception of most men. Hence the world is full of blighted efforts. The idea to be realized, is the power of a once dead, and risen, Christ-living, Christ-loving man!—such a man acting as a vital force on society.

Why, who filled Germany and the world with the blaze of the Reformation? One earnest man, Martin Luther, who caught the inspiration of faith in the cloister of Erfurth! Who originated and inspired Sunday-schools, nurseries of piety, that now dot the globe? One earnest man, Robert Raikes! Who went out from Christ Church, Oxford, to set the world on fire with a living religion? One earnest man, John Wesley! Who struck the shackles from the limbs of all the slaves in the British empire, on which the sun never goes down? One earnest man, William Wilberforce! Who stirred up two continents with an enthusiasm of piety, the waves of which have scarcely subsided? One earnest man, George Whitefield! Whose mind originated, and out of his soul came the deep flow of modern missions? One earnest man, William Carey!

Papacy crystallizes everything into organic effort, in which the mass is nothing and the system is everything. The exact reverse of all this we wish to realize—to make every Christian, however humble, a living power in the world; to make every convert that comes out of the world into the Church, a well-furnished evangelist to set forth the Saviour; to impress on every saved soul the importance of doing something *alone* for God and for man—to separate you and me, and every man and woman who believes, from the aggregate of converted humanity, and holding us apart, make each of us feel individually responsible for the salvation of a lost world.

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#### PERSONAL RELIGION.

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NOTHING but a personal religion will stand us in stead at the last day. The individual will then be the object of the divine scrutiny; not the society in which he has moved, and whose sentiments, habits, circumstances have perhaps reflected upon him a superficial tinge of piety. Society is made up of individuals; and the sentiments of society are ultimately formed and determined by the sentiments of individuals; and therefore God, who searches all deep things, will examine at that day microscopically the little world of the indi-

vidual's mind. "And when the king came in to see the guests," says our Saviour, "he saw there a man who had not on a wedding garment." He saw there a *man*; one man—singular;—not that there will not be found at the last day hundreds of thousands of souls in the same sad plight as this poor man; but to teach us forcibly, by the selection of a single specimen, that no one shall pass muster in the crowd—that not only all, but each must be judged, that upon each soul in that awful crisis the full glare of divine Omniscience must be turned in, that the religion which alone will then abide must be personal, deep, individual.—*Goulburn.*

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You must hold intercourse with God, or your soul will die. You must walk with God, or Satan will walk with you. You must grow in grace, or you will lose it; and you cannot do this but by appropriating to this object a due portion of your time, and diligently employing suitable means.

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I HAVE had occasion to observe that a warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man. One who gets a habit of inquiring about properties, and expediences, and occasions, often spends his whole life without doing anything to purpose.

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RECOLLECTION is the life of religion. The Christian wants to know no new thing, but to have his heart elevated more above the world, by secluding himself from it as much as his duties will allow, that religion may effect its great end, by bringing its sublime hopes and prospects into more steady action of the mind.

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WHAT I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter—is the unvaried language of God in His providence. He will have credit every step. He will not assign reasons, because he will exercise faith.—*Cecil.*

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BE not ashamed of the Crucified, but be thyself bold to say, "He beareth our sins, and carrieth our sorrows, and with his stripes we are healed."

## OUR LOVEFEAST.

THE CRISIS: A CHAPTER IN A  
SOUL'S HISTORY.

March 15th, 1873.

For a length of time I have felt stirred up to seek a deeper work of grace. I know that to enjoy holiness is both my blessed privilege and bounden duty; I feel that I shall never be as useful as I might till I obtain this blessing. About a month ago I seemed only a step from the kingdom, but since then there has come over me an unaccountable hardness and deadness, over which I mourn in the dust. My desire for better things has all but left me. If you could find time, I should be glad to have a few words from you on the subject.—Yours in Christ.

March 21st, 1873.

Thanks for your suitable letter. It has given me clearer views on the subject of full salvation, especially your remarks on "The Altar Sanctifieth the Gift." I have not yet been able to claim Christ as my Saviour from inbred sin, but I am still looking for it more wistfully than they who watch for the morning. I long for the company of kindred spirits—those who either enjoy or are seeking the blessing.—Yours in Christ.

March 31st, 1873.

I was at T—— yesterday, and was much blessed in raising the subject in conversation among a few: there are two or three there who appear to be panting for a higher life. I recommended *The King's Highway*, and to commence a holiness meeting *at once*. At the prayer-meeting, after service, I was much blessed. I got clearer light. I am happy to say I am not standing still: the work is progressing favorably, and I am determined not to rest till I am free. I hunger for the advice and direction of which your letters are so full.—Yours in Jesus' love.

[Our readers will note the fact that whenever a soul, regarding perfect love as a privilege attainable now by faith, sets itself to prayer for its bestowment, there speedily follows a quickening through the whole religious life. The

remark has been made that the best way to promote the *gradual* work of holiness is to preach the instantaneous. Look up for it now!]

April 24th, 1873.

I scarcely know how to state my experience. I have so much to say, and so little time to say it in. Had I found the great blessing, I can assure you you should have heard of it. Sometimes I am in real earnest in search of the blessing, and then again I do not experience those absorbing longings. But this I must say, I am every day getting more dead to the world, more alive to God, and am receiving more light from the Spirit. I seem to be getting very near the promised land. I am filled with a presentiment that my day is about to dawn. I am greatly encouraged and enlightened by your valuable letters. You say you cannot grow out of sin into holiness. I am afraid this is the rock upon which I am splitting—trying to raise myself up to a better state. But this morning, when pleading for the blessing, I heard a voice saying to me, "If thou canst believe; all things are possible to him that believeth." I now see that it is to come to this, as you say—one desperate act of faith! one leap for life! Lord help me! We had a glorious time at class on Tuesday night while conversing on the subject: two or three at least are going on to perfection. I hope to come to your holiness meeting on Saturday night. Let me hear from you soon.

[We interpose a remark here that there is a danger of seekers of holiness setting their hearts and expectation on some great and sudden transformation, and refusing to accept Christ as He is simply offered. "If the prophet had told thee to do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather than when he saith, Wash and be clean?" A soul desiring that full conformity to the will of God which we call sanctification, has simply to give up its own will, yield itself to God, ask, for Jesus' sake, the promised grace, and then *believe*—and feeling or no feeling—*believe!* The responsibility of saving and keeping us saved passes over to Jesus, and the new experience entered on immediately is, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."]

May 15th, 1873.

Last Sunday was a good day. Had the presence of the Master at T—L—, in the morning while preaching. My soul was quietly resting on Jesus the whole of the day; and when going home from the prayer-meeting after the evening service at our own chapel, there was such a peace came down upon my soul—a peace inexpressible. I could not refrain from giving expression to my feelings as I went up. I could breathe nothing but Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory be to God! I think I could say, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanse us from all sin." When I got home, I said to my wife, Oh, I am so happy: I scarcely know what to do. I said to the Lord, "Lord, is this the blessing? Is *this* that for which I have been praying so long?" I retired to rest with a glorious sense of the presence of God. Since then I have been quietly resting on Jesus, and have had an unbroken peace. I have prayed again and again, "Lord, cleanse me!" and methinks I have heard a voice, as if whispering, "Thou art cleansed!" Praise the Lord! I feel, while writing, such a holy, soul-melting, mellowing influence—a weight of glory. But on Tuesday I was depressed beyond measure. The devil threw dust in my eyes; but I was enabled as never before to rest on Jesus, and I had a peace which the devil could not disturb. Though I had not joy, my anchor was cast into that within the veil. We had a glorious meeting on Tuesday night. We find in conversation that there are several who are quietly seeking the blessing, having been stirred up by reading *The King's Highway*.—Your brother, rejoicing in Jesus.

June 15th, 1873.

You will not be at all surprised to hear that I am sometimes tempted that I have not yet found the blessing so long and earnestly sought. I am sometimes afraid that I have persuaded myself into it, and that because I felt a certain measure of joyous, happy feelings, have mistaken this for the blessing sought. And, again, I sometimes fear that I have not claimed Christ for my all, and that He has not fully sanctified me, because the reception of the blessing was not signaled by such special manifestations

of the power of God as I might have supposed. I am sometimes tempted to doubt because I cannot look upon any particular moment and place, and say—"The work was done *then* and *there*." What do you think of my case? Are such temptations common in the earliest days of the enjoyment of this higher state? I need advice and counsel. I rejoice that I have learned the lesson to trust alone in Christ, and not to trust in feeling. During the past week I have not had any seasons of ecstatic joy: I have not had, in one sense, the joys of salvation. I have been looking matters right in the face, and have been sitting and *counting the cost*. I have been coming face to face with myself, and face to face with God; and, though I have not made apparent progress, yet I believe I have been getting on to a firmer footing. I am more firmly fixed on *the Rock* than I was a week ago, and the good results of the past week's work will be seen. I am more in love with Jesus: He and I are on the best of terms. During the week I have been reading "The Way of Holiness," by Mrs. Palmer, and have got light on several points. My motto is, Conformity to the will of God in *everything*; and I find in doing this I may leave feeling out of the question; for doing this brings, I find, an indescribable peace. I desire that every word, every action, may be preceded by—"Thus saith the Lord." I am not satisfied unless I make progress every day: I cannot find any scriptural reason why every day should not find me on a higher point than the preceding one. I find that this state brings with it very heavy responsibilities, but I take Christ for my wisdom. I think there is one weak point in my experience; I love the Word of God, but do not relish it as I desire to do. How may I increase this love?—Yours in Christ's love.

[This is an interesting letter, and many of our readers will remember how they have been in the same danger as the writer of it, and how they escaped in the same way. The desire for special manifestations is common to us all. If God would only give us to feel as others have felt! But when the special manifestation comes, and we are filled with the joy of unspeakable assurance, there is still room for temptation; and as soon as the joy subsides the temptation comes

that, after all, it was not just what we wanted. The remedy is to look clear away from all feelings and live by faith. On Christ, not manifestations of Christ's presence; by faith, not by feeling, we must calmly and securely rest. Does He really promise to save "from their sins" those who trust Him? Does He say, "Ask, and it shall be given you?" Does He affirm that, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them?" Here our part must be, in spite of all that opposes, to *steadfastly believe.*]

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### INVITATIONS.

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Do you know why more men do not come to Christ? It is because men are not invited that they do not come. You get a general invitation from your friend: "Come around some time to my house and dine with me." You do not go. But he says, "Come around to-day at four o'clock, and we'll dine together." And you say, "I don't know as I have any engagement: I will come." "I expect you at four o'clock." And you go. The world feels it is a general invitation to come around some time and sit at the great gospel feast, and men do not come because they are not specially invited. It is because you do not take hold of them and say, "My brother, come to Christ, come now, come now!" How was it then in the days of Daniel Baker, and Truman, Osborne, and Nettleton, so many thousands came to Jesus? Because those men did nothing else but invite them to come. They spent their lifetime uttering invitations, and they did not mince matters either. Where did John Bunyan's pilgrim start from? Did he start from some easy, quiet, cosy place? No; if you have read John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, you know where he started from, and that was the City of Destruction, where every sinner starts from. Do you know what Livingston, the Scotch minister, was preaching about in Scotland when three hundred souls under one sermon came to Christ? He was preaching about the human heart as unclean, and hard, and stony. Do you know what George Whitefield was

preaching about in his first sermon, when fifteen souls saw the salvation of God? It was this: "Ye must be born again." Do you know what is the last subject he ever preached upon? "Flee the wrath to come." Oh! that the Lord God would come into our pulpits, and prayer-meetings, and Christian circles, and bring us from our fine rhetoric and profound metaphysics and our elegant hair splitting, to the old-fashioned well of gospel invitation.—*Talmage.*

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It is highly important that every one should have a deep sense of sin, and a profound horror of it. Those who have but slight convictions, if those convictions bring them to the Saviour, are safe; but such persons should pray the Lord to deepen in them their sense of the evil of sin. Slight thoughts of sin lead to slight thoughts of grace, and what can be worse? Nothing is more to be dreaded than a flimsy religion, frail as the spider's web, unsubstantial as the air. Lord, give me deep repentance. Teach me to know my sin, and all the evils which lurk in it; make me to shudder at it, and dread it as a burnt child dreads the fire. Thank God, if you have been led low under the law. Bless God, for deep subsoil ploughing and trenching. I desire to feel, every day, that sin is an exceeding bitter thing, a deadly evil, a moral poison, the essence of hell. Oh! to loathe iniquity, and see with a self-abhorrence its heinous character; for so shall we prize the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love which thought it, the blood which bought it, and the grace which wrought it out.—*Spurgeon.*

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Two manifestations of the course of Providence have often been pointed out as the most distinct and prominent which have yet occurred in the history of the human race. The coming of our Lord and Saviour is one,—at that precise time when the world, in its moral and political circumstances, was best fitted for the reception and diffusion of the Gospel; the other, far indeed inferior in moment to that paramount event, but inferior to it alone, is the discovery of printing, just when the Gospel itself was to be raised as it were from the dead.—*Southey.*



## Editor's Portfolio.

### ARTICLES WANTED.

THE main object of "*Earnest Christianity*" is to keep before the Church the doctrine and experience of Christian perfection, and it is of the utmost importance that the whole subject should be presented in a clear, Scriptural, and attractive light. To aid us in so important a work, we earnestly invoke the assistance of those who may be moved by the Holy Ghost to write on the subject. What we want is a series of short, clear, pointed, Scriptural papers on the various phases of the Higher Christian Life, to be published first in "*Earnest Christianity*," and afterwards in tract form for general distribution. It is desirable that each paper, except the first, should not exceed the limits of an ordinary eight page tract. The topics are the following:—

- I.—FULL SALVATION; *or*, The Scripture Doctrine of Christian Perfection. [May extend to 16 pages.]
- II.—THE TWO STATES; *or*, Regeneration and Sanctification defined.
- III.—PRESENT SALVATION; *or*, Does the Bible teach that entire Sanctification is the Believer's present privilege?
- IV.—PERFECTING HOLINESS; *or*, How to attain Christian Perfection.
- V.—PERFECT DAY; *or*, The Distinct Witness of Christian Perfection.
- VI.—SURE FOUNDATIONS; *or*, How to be Established in Holiness.
- VII.—WITNESSING FOR JESUS; *or*, Why, When, Where, and How should we profess Christian Perfection?
- VIII.—"IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?" *or*, Why we should make Christian Perfection a Specialty.
- IX.—THE CHURCH'S NEED; *or*, How we may promote Christian Perfection.
- X.—DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL; *or*, Objections to Christian Perfection Answered.

Please send in articles without delay. We would like to publish the first in the *February* number.

### TAKE COURAGE!

"Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

ARISE, and take courage!—  
Thy Lord goes before thee:  
Fight thou the good fight,  
For thy God and His glory.  
Return to thy fortress  
That cannot be taken,  
And rest on thy Rock  
That no earthquake hath shaken.

The waves of destruction  
Shall never come nigh thee,  
The danger thou fearest  
Shall harmless pass by thee;  
Because thou hast made  
The Lord's name thy salvation,  
Thy tower of defence  
In the day of temptation.

Take the strong shield of faith  
That God's soldiers inherit,  
The helm of salvation,  
The sword of the Spirit;  
Thy loins gird with truth,  
And thy breast guard from evil,  
And so shalt thou stand  
'Gainst the wiles of the devil.

Not alone in the combat  
In which thou hast striven;  
Look above—for behold there  
The Lamb slain, in heaven!  
Then fear not the path,  
Dark, untrodden before thee;  
Arise, and be strong,  
For thy God and His glory!

A "NEW DEPARTURE."

Hitherto the *Editor's Portfolio* has been a receptacle for correspondence, and brief original articles in poetry and prose. Henceforward we shall include in this department brief extracts from the best religious books, new and old. Will our readers kindly note good extracts in the books they read, and send us a copy? In all cases let the extracts be short and pointed.

LIFE OF THOMAS COLLINS.

We have just begun reading, for the second time, the "Life of the Rev. Thomas Collins." In our judgment it is the best religious biography that has yet been given to the Church. This is putting the case strongly; but we are persuaded most persons who have read the book will concur in this opinion. Where every page is good, it is not easy to make choice of extracts; but we append a few taken almost at random.

CHURCH EXPANSION.

Speaking of months of weary delay, after Mr. Collins had offered himself for the foreign Missionary field, the biographer (Rev. S. Coley) says:—

"This delay of men of burning soul, whose qualifications have been tested and approved, argues guilt somewhere. Heaven makes no mistakes. When the Master sends laborers for his field, there assuredly is maintenance for them, if His stewards do not withhold it."

"Hope wearily deferred brings temptation and peril. Thomas Collins passed the trial unscathed; but cases have occurred, and not a few, in which men of ardent temperament, feeling that they cannot be quiet, and finding that they cannot get recognized, lose patience, and set to work on their own account. Thus mushroom sects multiply, the outcome of zeal which older organisations, if they have not been deficient in energy, wisdom and courage, might have absorbed, regulated and employed. Of this defect evil comes. These ecclesiastical splinters sometimes do in dark corners a medicine of good; but, at best, lack sobriety and weight. Ropes of sand, they have no cohesion. They run wild, and at length vanish as suddenly as they rose, too often leaving a sad stench of antinomianism behind them.

"Few things of this sort would occur, if the Church always remembered that expansion is the law of its life. Old hives should swarm. Too large concentration of membership binds its minister over to keep peace with the devil. Pastoral requirements swallow everything. No time is left to carry war unto hostile territory. A tendency to repose, much to be guarded against, strongly affects well circumstanced congregations. They easily adopt, 'Rest and be

thankful,' as their mot'o. The chariot gets into ruts. All things run in old grooves."

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"The practicability of further aggression upon the Nation's darkness is proved by what occurs when quarrel wakes the slumberers. Secession takes place. Then, see, the Church gives double to keep up; the out goes treble to get a start. The separated fragment, in its new fervour, erects structures and sustains agencies, which it had before been declared impossible for the united whole to do."

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

Where is the minister who would not be the better for entering upon his work as Thomas Collins did :

"Oct. 28th, 1831.—Here I am—home left—a new circle entered—a new work before me. My soul trusts in God. Before Him I resolve,—

- "1. That I will rise early.
- "2. That every Sunday morning, upon my knees, I will, in the form prescribed to Methodists for annual use, solemnly renew my covenant with God.
- "3. That the whole time before breakfast shall be spent in Bible-searching, meditation, and prayer.
- "4. That from breakfast to dinner shall be given to regular and consecutive study.
- "That the afterpart of the day be sacredly devoted to active labour,—as visitation, preaching, or the like.
- "6. That I will have some selected text to which—embracing opportunities as they occur—my mind may turn and keep itself profitably practised in the composition of a sermon.
- "7. That, unless compelled, I will leave no home without prayer.
- "8. That wherever I am received to lodge, I will, if possible, morning and evening, gather all together for united family worship.
- "9. That, if I can anyhow reach, I will never miss an appointment.
- "10. That I will neither jest, nor trifle, nor waste time in parties.
- "11. That I will faithfully rebuke sin wherever I see it.
- "12. That I will seek to act as one altogether given up to labor for the salvation of the souls of men, and the promotion of the work of God."

A HINT TO LEADERS.

"In every place I find vowel marks (a) far too common in the class books."

POWER OF PRAYER.

(From a letter to Mr. Collins from his father.)

"Seven of the Redditch squadron met the other day at your sister's house to pray for poor D— G—. While Annette was pleading, a strange influence mastered the unhappy backslider in the tavern where he sat. Agitated and alarmed he rushed away, and was mysteriously drawn to the very room where the little company interceding for him was gathered. There, after no small struggle, his backslidings were healed. Glory be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever!"

# "I am Sweeping thro' the Gates."\*

Words by REV. J. PARKER.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood; I am  
 2. Oh! the bless - ed Lord of Light, I have lov'd him with my might: Now his  
 3. I am sweep - ing thro' the gate Where the bless - ed for me wait: Where the  
 4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be - yond the stars; To my

watch - ing and I'm long - ing while I wait. Soon on wings of love I'll fly,  
 arms en - fold, and com - fort while I wait. I am lean - ing on his breast,  
 wear - y work - ers rest for ev - er - more. Where the strife of earth is done,  
 Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest e - state. Lo! the morn e - ter - nal breaks,

To my home beyond the sky, To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro' the gates.  
 Oh! the sweetness of his rest, And I'm thinking of my sweeping thro' the gates.  
 And the crown of life is won, Oh! I'm thinking of the cit - y while I soar.  
 And the song in - mortal wakes, Rob'd in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gates.

## REFRAIN.

In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd from ev - 'ry stain I am; Rob'd in

white - ness, clad in bright - ness, I am sweeping thro' the gates.

\* Dying words of the REV. ALFRED COORMAN.