

The Way of Holiness Made Plain.

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BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

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The Way of Holiness *Made Plain.*

BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

My Own Experience.

THE universality of this great salvation encourages me to hope in the Lord, for when I look at what the Lord has done for me during these past two years, I am lost in wonder, love and praise. The reason of the Lord sending me here and there was to make known this great salvation from all sin. But it is supposed that I have lowered myself in the estimation of men, and it may be so; but God, who never errs in the least degree, and who sees the end from the beginning, never sends any of His people on useless errands. Would God take me from my home and children, and my daily avocation and send me amid summer's heat, and winter's frost, to carry his word to no purpose? Some said it was queer sanctification, and that they did not want such as that. I have consecrated all to God, body spirit, powers, all to his service. It cost me no little trouble to do all that God required me to do, but now it is well with me in life for I am comfortable, knowing that I endeavored amid scoffs, taunts, tears, entreaties, and threats to follow the Lord fully, and lest it be asked "How came this," I answer in the

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following way. God said "Go and deliver such and such a message." But the people said, "such fanaticism," to think God would be so unreasonable as to require such a course of mysterious rounds from such a weak worm of the dust. But the foolishness of God was wiser than all the wisdom of men. Who will question the wisdom of Him, who is infinite in wisdom. At this time I was tried to the uttermost, for, while I wanted to please the Lord, I wanted to please men; but, my friends, listen to the word of God on this point, Whosoever is the friend of the world is the enemy of God. The Lord was good to me in preserving and keeping me through those days of trial and disappointment. I thought time after time that the last trial of my faith would come, but days, weeks, and months passed by, and now years have fled, and, while my brow wears more furrows, and my body the marks of early decay, what of that when Heaven is nearer and sweeter, and I better prepared for my Master's use. I will, in the next number, contrast the sufferings of the two by-gone years with those of another person. I would never attempt to solve the mysteries of the past, had I opportunity of telling the world in any other way. I would like to shout it to earth's remotest bounds, for it was such a mysterious road, not only to others but to myself. It is no wonder that the world could do nothing but frown and laugh. Blameless they were, but the people of God, themselves, were not wise enough to solve this mystery, and how could they when the very person who was passing through this suffering could not understand it. The only thing that God in His wisdom showed me before I stepped into this furnace of affliction was, that I was to have so much of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost as would write just as God would give the words, and from what I had experienced of the teachings of the Divine spirit, I knew God was able to do for me and so live in me that I might work the words that God had appointed me here. My faith staggered not at the promises of God through unbelief.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
 And looks to that alone,
 Laughs at impossibilities,
 And cries it shall be done.

But this work of the Holy Ghost is not confined to any particular persons as far as sanctifying grace is in it, for it is a free gift, but to be inspired of God to listen so attentively to the voice of the Divine spirit, as moment by moment to so catch the sounds of his voice, as to fully understand the meaning God intended to convey to me, the unworthiest of all his servants, for during a period of twenty years' profession I brought forth no fruit to his glory; and had not God condescended to visit me in this particular way, I would have gone down to my grave crying: "Alas, lost time, lost opportunity, lost privilege, lost souls through my negligence, lost, lost forever." By-gone privilege. Let this sanctification, as it is bible doctrine, be ever preached by a faithful ministry. Brethren of all classes and Churches, try to get it in possession, and then it will be easy to work, to live and preach it, and, above all, it will be easy to talk about it, and while you talk, the fire will burn, and you will have to say at the close of each day: "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way," but to thus walk and talk with God, we must be fully and entirely the Lord's, consecrated to his service, to be willing, to be anything or nothing, so that God can work in us of his own good pleasure. It pleased God to enable me to be his faithful servant, in not only a few things, but I dare not turn to the right hand or to the left, for one straw-breadth out of the Lord's way, or the least turn of the words the Lord gave me to speak, would bring condemnation and darkness to my own soul. Hence, the reason I had to do so many strange things, and as will be noticed, always had to go to the person's own home, or to their immediate presence, or to some of their friends, in order that they would hear it. Let it be fully understood that it is of no use to try to serve God in a corner. He will not own backward Christians, for I know this by painful experience. My backwardness, shame and non-confession of the blessings God had bestowed, kept me from receiving any further baptisms of the Holy Spirit. God's word says: "They that honor me will I honor, and they that despise me will be lightly esteemed."—1st SAMUEL, 2d CHAP., VERSE 30. But it may be asked, What honor does this mean? I often said, the

honor that cometh from God alone ; but we, as brethren, are to honor one another, and to hide another's faults. Brethren, this rule has been observed by me all of my Christian life. I bless God that I never had any desire to expose the faults of others, either brethren, friends or strangers. I never had any desire to listen to evil about others, and, at this time, I was enlightened by the Spirit, and beloved of God. He knew that, through all my sufferings, I had an eye single to His glory. He not only allowed me to tell all that He revealed of this work, but He commanded me to keep all His statutes, and all His commandments, and all his judgments. He, the all-wise God, knoweth them that are His, and He can command them to do what He will.

The Peace of God.

O refuge in sorrow !
 O Saviour from sin !
 No storm shakes our dwelling,
 If Thou art within !
 Our bark fears no shipwreck,
 If Thou art on board,
 Our King and our Helper,—
 Our Brother, our Lord !

Far off did we deem Thee ;
 We sought Thee for years,—
 Without, there were fightings ;
 Within, there were fears.
 But now dawns the morning,
 The darkness hath fled,—
 Unfelt, He hath held us ;
 Unseen, He hath led.

O souls that still struggle,
 That long to be blest,
 The door standeth open,—
 Come, enter and rest !

We preach no new gospel
But that you have heard ;
This only we ask you—
Take God at His word !

One sentence we bring you
Which oft ye have read ;
Believe, when He said it
He meant what He said,---
“ Be careful for nothing ;
In everything tell
Your trouble to Him who
Hath loved you so well.”

“ Be careful for nothing !”
In great things, in small,
That love is sufficient
Which worketh through all,
Dear Master, forgive us,
Poor sinners, who dare
To limit the mercy
Which answers our prayer !

O infinite fulness !
What canst Thou not be
To those who believing,
Come boldly to Thee !
No storm shakes our dwelling
When Thou art within,
O strength for our weakness !
O Saviour from sin !

The Pulpit and the Pew.

THE greatest evil of the present day is the pride of both pulpit and pew. What of oratory ? What of elocution ? What of rhetoric ? What of finely put together sermons without the Divine sanction ? The prevailing evil of the present time is

this trying to fascinate the attention and draw a large audience to the Church, not thinking that the great end of preaching the Gospel is the salvation of souls, and one precious soul saved is worth a thousand sermons. But, is there danger of wrong preaching? I answer, yes. The man who fails to make salvation full and free is doing his neighbor wrong, for he is standing between the living and the dead, and he is also deceiving his neighbor. The people tell us there is danger of preaching too much on holiness; but I ask, How can a man or a woman talk too much of what their employment is to be to all eternity? If you were going to a strange country, would you not like to understand the language thoroughly, or would you prefer knowing only the alphabet? Dear brethren, we must learn the whole language of Canaan, for it is useless to be trying and striving to get to a perfect knowledge of ourselves, or the will of God concerning us, if we are not willing to be led by the Spirit, for it is the only infallible guide when applied to the heart and the conscience of the believer. But it is useless to preach personal sermons. If the man in the pulpit hears of the wrong doing of one of his members, he should not preach a particular sermon to that individual, for it cannot be right and it ought to be beneath him. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," is God's law. Then if an unruly member say strange things, go to him before you bring any evil report against him. Let one who has been tried, advise you men in the pulpit to be careful what you do in these matters. What did the sainted Wesley advise and do? Go to thy offending brother or sister and tell him or her their fault between thee and him alone, and if they dont hear take with thee a witness, and if they wont hear then, take it to the Church, and if they wont hear the Church, you ministers, who are ministers, what then? How often have I heard, that was a good sermon for such a one, but it ought to be out of the abundance of the heart, moved to speak as the Holy Ghost gave them utterance; but there is just as much danger in the pulpit as in the pew. I heard a woman of England once say of the Rev. Henry Wilkinson, that he was an angel of light. This astonished me; but he was a messenger

of light to many, and yet I muse on his burning zeal and his sermons of Divine power and energy. But I am not like the mistaken woman, for I think the faithful minister is a burning and a shining light; but God says: "Woe unto the idle shepherd;" and the ministers are only men, and some of them trifling men,—croquet players, and chequer players. And is this the old gospel ministry? Were these the men who were inspired of God to do the work He himself had appointed them? There is no inspiration in the pulpit, unless there is in it a sanctified minister. The pulpit of the present day needs forbearance with the pew. Dress, custom, fashion, pride, laughing from the pew, often tries the patience of the man of God; but put a faithful man in the pulpit, and they wont try him as often as they will the half-and-half preachers. But the pew is also in danger of listening to wrong ideas, and, as I said before, that it is best to be looking to Jesus and not from pew to pew, as some do. One says: It is a fine hat; another says: It is a fine jacket; but God says: "I am a Spirit, and they that worship me must worship me in spirit and in truth." We should love and not criticise each other; and if we have ought against any man, we should go to their very face and tell them, and not talk about them behind their back. Let the man in the pulpit and the member in the pew both hold their peace if they are not wholly the Lord's. But it is of little value for either pulpit or pew to preach what they do not try at least to practise. It is useless for a Church member to preach Christ in the class-room or in the great congregation, unless he practises what he preaches; but there is nothing in the way only lions of self and pride, and holiness and this selfishness never dwell together in one bosom, for they are antagonistic one to the other. From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not forth of your own lust. It is of no use for a poor worm of the dust to try to fight with his Maker, for in all ages God called for a holy Church, a holy ministry, a holy service. "Be ye holy as I the Lord your God am holy." But some very mistaken notions have crept into the pulpit, and necessarily into the pew of this Christian holiness. The mistakes

were necessary to hold my feet from falling. The best way to keep Christ in the heart is to keep talking of his love and goodness. This pulpit and other pulpits, where these strange circumstances had gone, cost me many thoughts. Let me invite the attention of the pew-holders to study the word of God, and there they will plainly see all the things they ought to know as far as the sanctuary is concerned. Give honor to whom honor is due, and God wants to be honored in the courts of His own house. Is it pleasing to God to see laughing in the pulpit, or shaking of the head with scorn, or frowning upon weak Christians? The written word is very plain on this point. Let us bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Be sure always if the work is the Lord's or the devil's. If it is the Lord's, it cannot be put down; but if it is the devil's, it is sure to come to naught. This is the testing time. Now, pulpit, look to your sermons in the future, and you pew-holders, to your bibles.

The use of intoxicating liquors is too prevalent in our Churches. It is not confined to the pew alone, but goes as high up as the pulpit. There is great allowance made for bad hearts, and many bodily ailments, but not so much made for the poor members as for the rich ones. I asked the Lord, at one time, for a sign to tell me if it was right for me to quit drinking beer. It had been ordered to me of course, but the sign was granted to me, and for this sign a mistaken man was angry, and swore by his Maker that he would make it public. It had no reference to that man, but was the before mentioned verse, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Let me tell here of the goodness of God, who did not let me be overwhelmed with grief, and the way in which he delivered me from scandal. It is not worth my while to tell all the little surroundings of the time this incident occurred, suffice it to tell at present of the long suffering of our kind Heavenly Father. He loves all the interests of His people, and at this time, while being censured by the preacher in the pulpit, the member in the pew, the wordling in his store, the carpenter at his bench, the pedlar with his pack, and the man in his house, God said, tell that man

that he is not all right in Christ. "But how do *you* know mens' hearts?" cries one. "What business is it of yours?" cries another. The pulpit says: "Fanaticism;" the pew says: "Wait for three years, and you will see if the head of a single woman can stand all this excitement." Shout at elections, you wordlings; shout to your horses, you farmers; shout when gentlemen are crowned or put into Parliament. But be quiet, and do not shout, you delicate Christians. You soldiers in the battle-field, do not for your life say a word until you have gained the victory, and then you can shout. Is this God's law? Did they wait until the walls of Jericho fell down before they shouted? I think if they had they would have waited a long time. But God did not call me to this work for mere curiosity. It was thought that this was a curious thing for me to leave my home so early in the morning, and so many things to contend with from the world. But it will never be known until the books are opened, and in the light of eternity it will be seen clearly why God so allowed the pulpit to preach down his people, and the pew to sing and hum down the Holy Ghost in the *hearts* of His people.

The Life of John Burns.

It was not easy to find a family where God was so honored as in my father's. My grandfather was a fond father and a kind husband, and in my father's boyhood, a man of good means. My father loved play and company, and always hated the grosser sort of company. He was favored above many others, with good and faithful advice from both his parents, and if they erred in any particular it was in over-indulgence. But I must not fail to tell of the way God bore with his foolish and boyish tricks. He was so fond of fun and jokes that he often was led astray by his jesting, and while he was often reproofed for it, he still forgot of the past reproof, and his good resolutions were time after time forgotten. His mother sought his welfare more, I think, than that of other sons; still she loved them, and often

flattered herself with their rare talents. How foolish to look into the long future for our own gratification, for I think this is all the comfort we have in those anticipations of our children becoming great in the world. She, as many other mothers, spent much time on their bodies, but, at the same time, set them a godly example. Hence, his veneration in after life for the people and the house of God. The plan of salvation was clear to him from his boyhood, and as he advanced in years, his sense of right increased, and he left his future, always, with the great disposer of all events. This often crossed his mind, I may be useful in the service of God yet, but his good desires were not practised in youth, and, alas, alas, in riper years, he might say, with one of old, "The good I would, I do not." He thought, as many other young men, that when he got settled in life he could serve the Lord better, but after his marriage another class of trial awaited him. He was fond of children, but none troubled him until he was six years married. His portion was a quiet and comfortable home. He tried again to give himself to the Lord, and opened his house, as his honored father had done, for the class-meeting every Sunday, and the preaching of the gospel every month. But means are not Christians. He lived doubting and bewailing his shortcomings for twenty years. O, my friends, will you let this be a warning to you to not waste years of golden privileges, when they might be employed for God. But he never lost for one moment the fear of God. He had a tender conscience and was quick to discern right from wrong, and had ever before him his latter end. He was fond of good company, worked hard in the days of his manhood, and manifested constantly a desire to do something for God. But while he tried and strove he was constantly getting into temptation and sin, not gross sin, but those little foxes that spoil the vines, spoiled all his enjoyment. Burns' poems were a great drawback to his Christian enjoyment, for he was passionately fond of poetry. My mother often wished that those poems were burned, and it was not much wonder, for when he should have talked about Christ before his men and children, he very often was wont to start some of Burns' rhymes. He knew

his Master's will, but did not do it, just as many Christians do, and lose a long life by it of perhaps fifty, sixty, or, as he did, seventy years; nevertheless he lived, as some may suppose, to no great purpose; but no man liveth or dieth to himself, for we are all alike called to do something. It will be seen that he lived to do something, let it be censured or not. He so loved his children that he could endure any suffering or privation to make them comfortable and happy, and while he was in comfortable circumstances himself, he ever loved to see his neighbor enjoying similar blessings, and if his fellow-being suffered, he was one of those who carried the difficulties of others.

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

He was a plain man, and of liberal education, and would have been a worthy soldier of the cross of Christ if he had followed the Lord fully. His character was blameless, as far as the world saw, but no man can possess the spotless purity within, except the Holy Spirit, upon the heart, purifies the man. He was fond of jokes and fun, even down his old age, but was easily roused or provoked, especially if it touched his children. But I will not dwell much on the early part of his history, suffice it to say, he had many reserves to pass through during the years 1846-7 in Ireland, on account of the failure of the crops, and many were the destitute families in that country at that time. He was a sharer of these difficulties, for he was, through the bad management of a beloved brother, thrown into debt, and he sold his farm and went into the town of Dungannon to keep a grocery store, by which step he lost his property; for he being unacquainted with the business, and the distress in the country being so bad, he could not withhold from his old friends his aid. Very soon his goods were gone and his money all among his debtors. But this was better for him, perhaps, than if he had wealth to hoard up, for he was like a good many of the old men of long ago, he held it rather tightly. Money is not the root of

all evil, but the love of money. He was one of those men that money was not good for, for it might have proved his idol to worship. But, thank God, it was not his lot to be rich; he, of course, had enough to make him comfortable, and he was more content with his lot than some of his brothers were with their abundance. He was rather gloomy, if in trouble, and loved sympathy. But my mother was not very sympathetic in her manner, and perhaps one reason of this was that she was an only daughter, and those pampered daughters seldom have much sympathy for others, for they need it all themselves. But still she was kind and loved him: but he needed not only sympathy but cheerfulness as well, and this he had, for she was ever cheerful amid all life's trials, and only for the disposition she had he would have suffered, for she tried not to let him get cast down. God saw fit to afflict his body in the year 1845, which was a great blessing to him, for he ever, from that period, tried to live to God.

The Land of the Blest.

Dear father I ask for my mother in vain,
 Has she sought some far country her health to regain?
 Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
 For some warm sunny land where the soft breezes blow?
 Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved mother has gone
 To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;
 Her spirit is strengthened, her form is at rest,
 There is health, there is peace in the land of the blest.

Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours?
 Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers?
 Does summer shine over it all the year long?
 Is it cheered by the glad sounds of music and song?
 Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,
 The well-springs of life exhaustless and bright;
 And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addressed
 To the Lord who reigns over the land of the blest.

Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear,
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger when here ;
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me.
My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On the long severed friends of her earliest days ;
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the land of the blest.

How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than this :
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let me go to my mother, her kindred and friends ;
Not on me, love ! I trust I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive while awaiting his gracious behest
To guide thy young steps to the land of the blest.

Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy ;
Thy peace it may blight and thy comfort destroy ;
Nor wilt thou, alas, be withheld from its snares
By a mother's kind counsel, a mother's fond prayers.
Yet fear not ; the God whose disgression we crave
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save ;
His hand will yet guide you, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother, the land of the blest.

How God Lead Me These Forty Years.

If you refer to No. I, you will see that I received my first impressions from the eldest daughter of one of our most faithful ministers. This minister was the Rev. John Armstrong, who belonged to the old stalk of Methodist preachers. His eldest daughter was a faithful follower of the meek and lovely Jesus, and through her friendly and Christian counsel I was led to give myself to the Lord, and I shall never forget her words of love. She enjoyed at this time the blessing of holiness. Since I have

experienced precious faith, I often think how much I might have learned from that devoted lady, but I was only a babe in Christ then, and she, a woman in Christ Jesus. I was dark concerning this great salvation, although I was willing to learn; but, oh, how slow in the school of Christ. I endeavored to be a Christian child, but I had many sneers to contend with. After I left school I went into the town of Dungannon to learn the dress-making business, and I had many privileges there of hearing the word of life, but my mistress was rather harsh in her manner; still she loved me and treated me kindly. After I had served my term with her, I returned home, and went back to school, and if the schools of that day had been like the present, I would not have suffered for education as I have done. This may seem strange, but it is true, for if I had known a little more when I had to go to earn my own living I might have got some easier way of earning it, and therefore my body might not have suffered. But however God seemed to lead me by a way that I know not. Finally, in June, 1856, my brother and I left my father's home to come to this country to live with a friend of my mother's. I met with much disappointment, for shortly after my brother got married, and I was left alone in a strange land. But Jesus was the stranger's friend. He, all this time was watching over me with fatherly care, for I still tried to serve Him; but, like Peter, I followed him afar off. After my brother left, I went to reside with a far off relative of my own, but this was a great blow to my Christian name, for all that I tried to do was evil spoken of. I was slow to work, and knew very little of the racing and harangue of a Canadian farm. I stayed at this place until they were tired of me; I tried to work, but I was so strong that I was expected to do wonders. My next move was to a kind lady of Thornhill. She and her husband were good friends to me, and treated me more like a daughter than a servant. But my pride suffered, for I used to hate it to be said that I was hired out. Still this was good for my pride, for it might have proved my ruin, for you know a large share of pride cannot be in the heart if you want to keep Christ there, and very many were the humblings that I received. But this home was such a good

change for me from the bustle of a farm house, that I loved it and everybody in it. I had to be reprov'd for not understanding my work thoroughly, but this was really necessary for me and did me good in the future. After I had been in Thornhill a few weeks, there were meetings held in the Methodist Church, but my kind—and I thought mistaken mistress—did not like me to go out at night, and now I think she was right, for considering I was alone, far from friends, and not wise for the world, as the world calls wise, it was best for me, for, of course, I always used to live among friends up to this time, and I will just say here, these friends with whom I now lived were friends indeed, and the Lord raised me up other friends. My good sister Lane, who was ever the stranger's friend, when she would see me in the Church would always come and shake hands with me, and ask: "How do you do?" None of the pride that I met with from other quarters seem'd to be in her heart. While a resident of this home I met with a lady, and I happen'd to ask her to make known to me some ladies of which I had often heard, and she, misunderstanding who my cousin was, went right to the lady who was teaching school at the time and told her that I said I was her cousin; this seem'd to trouble me as she brought me back the lady's reply. I knew the kind lady had a right to be angry, and the wonder was, she so coolly said, she would keep me were I her cousin. It was soon reveal'd to me by the Spirit, that this lady had done this, and when I asked her why she carried this tale, she replied, for fun. But this was not the time for fun, nor was it the right kind of fun for a stranger's heart. When I had been there about eight months, it pleas'd the Lord to take away the head of that household, and clothe them in the habiliments of mourning. God rais'd me up another home, less comfortable and more to contend with, and it was very ungenial to my growth in grace, not but what they were kind and gentle towards me, but others in their home often impos'd on me and provok'd me, especially another servant who was there before me. She laid heavy burdens on me, and often made me angry. I regularly attend'd the class and lov'd the preach'd word; but, brethren, I tell you, I just

lived, sinning and repenting. When I first went there, I had much of the peace of God, but these tempers constantly kept me in trouble. I had a healthy body and had learned to work well;—this I prided in. I learned much of housekeeping from my kind mistress. She liked me at times, other times I provoked her to be angry, but I tried on most occasions to be faithful to my trust, and prided in being a good servant then as much as I hated the name of a servant before. But what of the cause of God and my spiritual enjoyment? Why, just as might be expected. When I did nothing for God only read and pray and preach sometimes to others what I failed to perform or live up to myself. I was only a stumblingblock in the way of others. No use for me to try to preach to others what I did not live up to. I talked of God's goodness and love in the class-meeting, and tried to examine myself closely every Sabbath, but this was only an abomination to the Lord. I know I loved the Lord at times, and sometimes tried to pray and speak a word for Jesus. But what effect had it? It was like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Let it alone this year; it also must have been the all-prevailing prayer of my Blessed Lord and Master; but it prevailed, and still the barren fig tree is not cut down. Then after a stay of nearly three years my health began to fail, over exertion and many of the luxuries of this life did not agree with my robust body. Not long after this my father and mother came to this country; I was then poorly in health for sometime, but rest soon recruited my health, or at least in some measure, but it was not long till I returned to my old place. I knew I had worked too hard, but the love of being near the Church, and I so loved the people of God at Thornhill that I was loath to leave them, for I loved my good and faithful class-leader; and then I stopped for another year, then I went home to stop for a few months, but all through my girlhood God preserved me from folly or foolishly spending any of my master's time. I endeavored to walk as far blameless as the world, or the outside, or the church were concerned. Let me now pass by many of the small trials I passed through and tell of one deliverance the Lord wrought out for me during my stay with a good sister who

attended the meetings being held at the German Mills. I loved this lady and her kind husband, but I formed an association with a young man, my superior as far as wealth, but the least of the truth is, he was a mocker, and I will pray the Lord to forgive my enemies, and I say more: Lord bless his sainted father. After that the Lord took me up to the Walsingham Circuit to live with my good and faithful brother, Ware.

Poetry on John Burns.

Lonely stranger from afar,
Scraggling with the ills of life,
Sport of hope and child of care,
Sinking in the arduous strife.

Why, alas! those trickling tears,
Sighs the human heart that rend,
Hopeless, helpless, know that here
Thou hast met the stranger's friend.

Distant, if thou hadst abode,
Mocked by disappointment keen;
Weary of the rugged road,
Friendly arms shall take thee in.

Child of woe, thy home afar,
Claimant of a kindred tear;
All thy hopes on chance of war.
Welcome to a refuge here.

Let the veteran soldier come,
This is his returning road;
He shall find awhile a home,
And be sent to his abode.

The Way of Holiness Made Plain.

O, may all whose aid supplies,
 Balm, the sinking heart to cheer,
 Prosper, till beyond the skies,
 They the final plaudit hear.

Blest of plaudits, glorious meed,
 For the Alpha and the End
 Shall re-count each gen'rous deed
 When he crowns the stranger's friend.

The Mistakes Made.

What a mistake to think that God would banish his servant from home and friends to please the poor deluded people. As my sister Ann was blamed for all my mistakes, I would like to tell the beginning of this matter. It was a revelation of God to make me His willing servant. He said to me, in the hour appointed for prayer, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee if you do not pray." Like many Christians, I did not want to hear, for I did not like to perform, and I kneeled down by a chair and said these words: "Lord' are you going to take me away from my little children?" and God said: "That that is as dear to thee as thy soul, this night is required of thee, and that is my glory." This was a great trial, and I also made a mistake in thinking that God would thus deal with any weak and unwilling faith. I knew I was the Lord's, and that I was set apart for the before-mentioned work; but how God would accomplish this in and by me was as dark as midnight, but while it was dark to me it was all light to the Lord. But various were the mistakes. I thought the whole Church had so provoked the Lord by saying so much against the work, that God could not bear with it very long. But God, who was rich in mercy, and willeth not the death of any, bore with all my mistakes. Many nights I retired to rest, thinking they would be my last, and longing for deliverance to come.

O, Brethren, what crucifying pains I endured, but it was

my mistakes that made me suffer so much; but had I seen that all God was bringing me through was for my own good, it would have been a small matter to me, but I did not see one ray of light as far as the end of it was concerned. Mysterious as the road was, it was plain to me. It was all the work of God to raise up a seed to serve him in holiness all their days. My mistakes were many, for I thought the Lord would cut off all belonging to me, because of the non-attention to the work that God had given me to do. But what daring mistakes the people made: 1st, I was out of my mind; 2nd, My family were so neglected, my husband heartbroken, my father and mother persecuted. They said that my weak body had such an effect on my mind. I want to ask, Why do not other weak bodies affect minds? Let the ministers and physicians answer this question, for it is not in my profession so to do. The greatest of all mistakes was to say that it was all the devil's work, and imagination, and that a determined will and a headstrong selfishness would lead me to such acts of faith, and such carrying forth of messages. It matters little whether they were ignorant mistakes or not, for it is the heart that the Lord looks to, and the motives that actuate the breast. This is the easiest way to see if our motives are pure, to search the word, and ask with the poet,

What shall dust and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too.

Keep pride out of sight, vain man, all dust, all mortal, all immortality stamped upon us. Then the mistakes we make tell loudly of what is in the inner man. But our Lord makes no mistakes.

The Reproaches I Bore.

It may seem that I want to clear myself of blame; and as my head troubled my neighbors so much, I may be allowed to use the homely words, weak in one point. Could a weak woman

bear to be censured by her best pretended friends, bear all this, and be kept looking to Jesus each moment ! But, worst of all the reproach was that which fell upon the church of God. It was told me by one returning from the church how it was that the devil sent that message to me ; but what a reproach for a person to say it was the devil, without knowing anything of the circumstances only by heresay. But it was not me that was reproached, for it was my Master. I do not like to write all I am commanded on this point, for God is my inspirer. For whom was I to bear reproach ? For Christ. It cost me no tears, no trouble ; the opinions of all men were nothing to me, for I ever sung :

Yonder's my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.

It was the cause of God. Why, such daft church members to say such things as the following : " Go to your own church," cries one. " Is your wife any better ?" cries another. " Is your daughter sent to Toronto out of the way ?" cries a third ; and still another cries, " Has that old tormentor left the village ?" " O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee." How often God reproves his people for this sort of reproach. This much I can tell, it is wise to be careful in these matters, as we are only poor short-sighted creatures, and can see so much more clearly when God applies his own word. God said that in the last days He would pour out His Spirit upon all flesh ; and He, the Great Teacher, said to his sorrowing disciples, " I will show you things to come." This point I never noticed in the Word of God before, and I could scarcely believe that it was possible for mortal man or woman to know so much of the mind of Christ, as to be so let into God that I could see, just what His word says, through a glass darkly, the things that would come to pass during two years stay out of the church of God ; and one of the things was this : The first, second, third, fourth and fifth persons that the Lord showed me were taken away. Their names will not be given, as I do not like to speak much about the dead.