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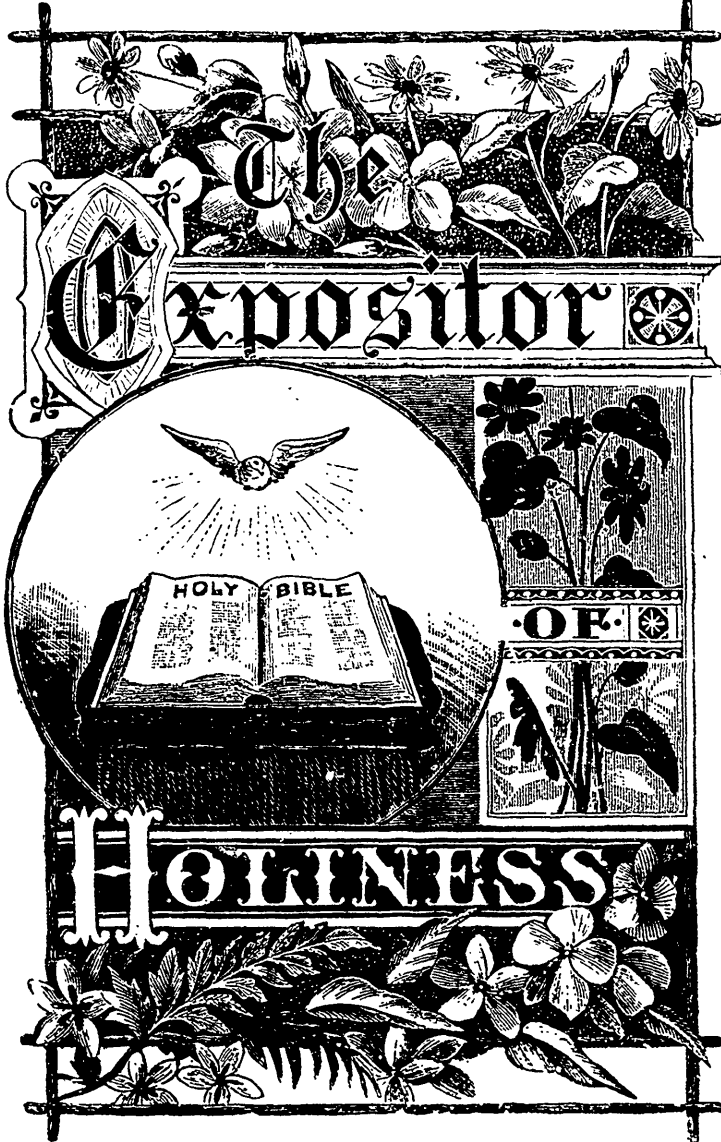
EMMANUEL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. POSTAGE PAID BY PUBLISHER.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1883.

No 4



Toronto:

Published under the Auspices of the Canada Holiness Association.

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PRINTED AT OFFICE OF THE "CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN," COURT STREET, TORONTO.

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CALENDAR OF HOLINESS MEETINGS.

- TORONTO—Central Meeting, every Tuesday, 23 Pembroke St., at 3 p.m.
 " Bloor St. Church Meeting, every Saturday, at 8 p.m.
 " Elm St. Church Meeting, every Monday, at 8 p.m.
 " Berkeley St. Church, every Sabbath, at 4 p.m.
 " Queen St. Church, every Monday evening.
- BRANTFORD—At the residence of Judge Jones, every Sabbath, at 4 p.m.
 " Oxford Street Church, Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m.
- ST. CATHARINES—Welland Avenue Church, every Saturday, at 8 p.m.
- WESTON—Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Brown.
- MONTREAL—First French Methodist Church, every Monday, at 7.30 p.m.
- WOODSTOCK—At the residence of Bro. Crispen.
- STRATHROY—Two weekly meetings are held.
- FAIRFIELD—Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
- PICTON—Wednesday, at 3 m., at the residence of Mrs. Roblin.
- SARNIA—Wednesday, at 3 p.m.
- DRESDEN—Every alternate Tuesday afternoon.
- MILLBROOK—The hour immediately preceding public service on Wednesday evenings.
- LONDON—Queen's Avenue Church, Tuesday, at 3 p.m.
- NEWBORO—Tuesday, at 3 p.m.

THE

Expositor of Holiness.

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 4.

"MY GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED."

E. N. C.

When I bend before Thy throne,
O Thou High and Holy One ;
Bring to Thee my every need,
And Thy steadfast promise plead,

Then I know Thine ear attent
Is to my entreaty bent—
Thou dost hear the suppliant's cry,
Thou wilt all my need supply.

When I tell Thee of the sin
That defiles my soul within,
Thou dost wash me in the blood
From my Saviour's side that flowed.

When I seek Thy Spirit's power
To renew me, hour by hour,
Then He comes with wondrous might,
Sheds abroad the radiant light

Which illumines Thy blessed Word ;
Makes me hear Thy voice, dear Lord,
Makes me willing to obey,
Leads me onward in Thy way.

When I tell Thee of my pain,
Bring to Thee this suffering frame,

*Lay its weakness at Thy feet,
Then, with promise strong and sweet,*

Christ the Healer stands revealed,
He who by His blood hath sealed
Cleansing for the guilty soul,
He the body maketh whole.

If I ask for daily bread,
By Thy bounty I am fed ;
If I seek Thy sheltering care,
Thou art with me every where.

When I would for others' need
Earnestly before Thee plead,
Thou dost hear Thy servant's cry,
Thou wilt all their need supply.

When with two or three I meet,
Humbly seeking at Thy feet
That Thy grace may be outpoured,
Surely Thou dost hear us, Lord ;

And Thy grace indeed is given
In full tide to earth from heaven.
While we live and when we die
Thou wilt all our need supply.

—Selected.

THE ANNUAL HOLINESS CONVENTION.

The next Annual Convention of the Canada Holiness Association, will be held in the town of Dundas, commencing on Tuesday the 23rd of the present month. Fuller particulars will be given in the *Christian Guardian, Advocate, and Journal*, so that all in "The Methodist Church" will have ample information. In the meantime, we trust that members of the Association and its friends, indeed—all friends of holiness—who can, will so arrange other matters as to be able to be with us during as much of the time as possible. Every annual gather-

ing of the Association has been an improvement on the former in spiritual power, and we fully expect that this will not be an exception to this rule. Our God is a God of progress. Ever the command is, "Forget the things behind, reach forward to that which is before." "Increase more and more." Let us yield to this scriptural thought, and expect still greater things. Comparatively few professing Christians have entered the rest of faith, and much remains to be done in the ministry before all become workmen that need not be ashamed in the matter of having fruit unto holiness in building up believers. Let much prayer be made in behalf of the Convention, "praying with all prayer in the Spirit." But, most of all, let faith be in lively exercise, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven of the wind and tossed. Let not that man think he shall receive anything of the Lord.

Friends, whether members of the Association or not, who design attending, will please to drop a card to Rev. R. D. Woodsworth, Dundas, at their earliest convenience, that the friends in Dundas who are preparing to entertain may have due notice of their coming.

Rev. Thomas Colling, Secretary of the Association, will preach on Monday evening, 22nd, and we earnestly exhort all who can to be present at that service, and so be able to commence the Convention proper on the morning of Tuesday, the 23rd. We expect the Convention to continue for three days.

THE GOSPEL OF HOPE.

"That ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost."—Rom. xv. 13.

How readily mistakes which originate in the world are incorporated in the lives of professed Christians!

It is a maxim in the world that a hopeful spirit is a talent or gift, like music, or a special aptitude for mathematics or mechanics. Hence one is spoken of as naturally of a hopeful disposition, and the inference is readily drawn that all despondency, or buoyancy of spirits, like inherited wealth, is distributed by a sister of the blind goddess of fortune, and that the only counteracting forces are the outward surroundings of life. If one, then, is gifted with a hopeful mind, and has a pleasant environment, his lot is desirable; but if naturally of a gloomy disposition, and unfortunate in the surroundings of life, his lot is a pitiable one, and he an object of deepest sympathy.

Now this may be all very correct, when man is disconnected from his spiritual nature, and his heirship to immortality; but is utterly unscriptural, so far as the believer under the light and guidance of the Holy Spirit is concerned, the very reverse being taught in the Bible.

The presence of abounding hope in the being of man we are here taught is a distinct grace of the Holy Spirit, and as such is designed to be the common property of redeemed man—not a simple trace or intermittent gift of hopefulness, but an inexhaustible supply. “That ye may *abound* in hope.”

Now, if hope abound in the experience of a man, there is no room for fearfulness or despondency: everything in the future is radiant with the promise of good things to come. And thus the Gospel touches every part of our experience, it provides present fulness of joy, the immediate gift of the Holy Spirit, who abides in the heart, making the body His temple, and throws its rainbow glories around all the future, so that the brightness of hope horizons all our life here until it is lost in the inconceivable glories of Heaven.

But many a sincere Christian will say, “All very well to talk about or write about, but the fact still exists that I am subject to periods of despondency; there are times when I find it impossible to rise above my surroundings;” and then, misapplying Scriptural language, such will say we cannot always expect to be on the mount of transfiguration, but must often come down to the valley of temptation. This is all very true, but not in the sense that such persons use the figure; for, whether on the mountain top or in the valley, whether fellowshiping with Christ in His humiliation or rejoicing with Him in spirit, as we behold Satan as lightning fall from Heaven, still it is our privilege, nay, duty, to rejoice in the Lord always, and to have the prayer fulfilled in us, “that ye may abound in hope through the Holy Ghost.”

It is our duty, then, as well as blessed privilege, to always abound in hope. But let it not be forgotten that it is “through the Holy Ghost.” When the Blessed Spirit is received in all His offices and in all His fulness, then and not till then can this delightful result be realized. When despondency or lack of hopefulness is confessed as sinfulness, and by continuous faith Christ is accepted as our Saviour from the sin, and the power of the Holy Spirit is accepted as the only antidote, then only do these gloomy phantoms take their final departure, then

“ Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly.”

The faith by which the Christian lives in abounding hope, is exactly similar to that by which he grasped the blessing of pardon, or purity. It is preceded by absolute abandonment of every other aid, and relies entirely on God by His sovereign mercy to fill the soul with Gospel hope. Just as we walk in Christ through faith, so we abound in Hope through the Holy Ghost.

Notice the practical benefit of this divine arrangement. Perfect hope becomes ours every moment as our faith grasps it. We have not to wait for its slow developement through patient toil, but it springs up in the breast fully armed and equipped to drive out its opposites, like as in Grecian fable, Minerva sprang from the cleft head of Jupiter, a goddess fully armed and matured.

If then, dear reader, you are this moment troubled by shadowy fears, or freighted with gloomy distrust of the future, you may this moment by one act of immediate, appropriating faith, welcome this radiant visitor, who will drive out all your enemies, and flood your soul with the roseate hues of Gospel hope.

Again, let us learn to call things here by their right names. All despondence, the absence of abounding hope, is sin, and as such should be abhorred, confessed, and forsaken; not caressed and dandled, as if it appealed to our sympathies, and made us interesting to our friends. Discouragement is of the Devil, whilst hope comes from God. Let us cherish the one, but wage a relentless war with the other, not even permitting a temporary truce.

And now abideth Faith, *Hope*, and Love, these three. But whilst the greatest is love, yet hope is one of the three, and abideth, and will ever abide in the heart of him who walketh by faith in the love of Christ.

VOLUNTARY HUMILITY.

Humility is a grace of the Spirit of surpassing value, so god-like in its quality that all imitations fall immeasurably short of its perfect beauty, and yet short-sighted humanity is ever trying its hand at accomplishing the impossible in this respect—hence, the term voluntary humility as contrasted with the distinct work of the Holy Ghost. Notice, the word voluntary explains the difference between the two

thoughts—voluntary, that which is put on, is willed, and is therefore the product of human effort, whilst that of the Spirit is involuntary, without effort of will, but implanted in the soul by the miraculous power of God. The latter is beautiful in its manifold exhibitions of Christ-likeness, the former is repulsive in all its features—disgusting in the extreme. And yet this affected humility comprises the bulk of the stock-in-trade of most religionists. In heathen countries the effort to be clothed with humility leads to all sorts of religious antics with which every intelligent reader of current history is familiar. In the Roman Catholic Church voluntary humility is the very foundation on which most of the virtues of their calendar saints rest, and in the history of their church what illustrations abound of the highest forms of apparent humility with the intensest pride and arrogance!

But how fares our own loved Protestantism in this matter? What we have to say is that in every individual case, as well as in every sect, where humility is not inwrought in the soul by the direct impact of the Spirit Divine, there any effort after exhibiting this grace is ever accompanied with failure. Some affect humility by outward act, as the posture of the body, and style of dress, others by officious politeness or manner of conversation. We have met some of this latter class, and, judging from their sepulchral tone of voice and cringing manner, they reminded us of walking apologies for presuming to take up sufficient space on God's earth to eke out their miserable existence. All such bids for admiration on account of superior humility are abhorrent to our very instinctive notions of propriety, and unnecessarily prejudice many against the religion of Christ.

But no sooner does one become disgusted with voluntary humility as exhibited by one class of religionists than, to avoid that expression of it, there is a tendency to fall into some opposite extreme, forgetful that all human efforts on this line of Christian conduct must end in miserable failure.

We could easily expand the subject here in depicting the different styles of voluntary humility which we have practiced ourselves in our ignorance, or which we have noticed in others, but do not deem it of sufficient importance.

Reader, is the form of humility you show forth to others Christ-like, is it God-given, that is, is it the momentary gift of the Holy Spirit? If not, then any form of this grace which you show forth is spurious, and on inspection will discover to you its true character.

A more important question to answer is how to avoid voluntary

humility. The very effort to become humble generally tends to pride, tends to illustrate the thoughts of the poet—

“How proud am I my faults to see
Proud of my own ‘humility.’”

Self-consciousness indeed is but a subtle form of pride. One can take the lowest seat in the Synagogue and be proud of the act, can take off jewellery, for the *Gospel's sake*, and be everlastingly harping on the subject to draw attention to the fact, can make what one is pleased to call the reproach of Christ vestments to strut in with the utmost vanity and ostentation. In short there is no outward expression of humility as witnessed in Christ and the Apostles but may be imitated, whilst the heart all the while is a very hot bed of pride, and what is more there is no possibility of putting true humility in the heart by any amount of attention to these things. All of which brings us back to the only true answer to the question asked, how to avoid the spurious and gain the true gospel humility.

The scriptural answer is that like all other graces of the Spirit it must be implanted in us by God himself, as a distinct act of grace. Some have talked sublime nonsense here, as if it were impossible that one should know that he was clothed with humility, if such were the fact. Beautiful writers can dress up a pretty picture of ethereal transcendentalism, which, like moonshine, gives a kind of unreal realism to the mind of a possible something that might, could, or should exist.

Jeremy Taylor in describing his ideal of humility, as embodied in a lady, likened her to a fair taper, which, whilst it shined to every body in the room, round about itself cast a shadow and a cloud and shined to every body but itself. Now this is all very nice to imagine, especially when one of the gifted of earth's sons holds the reigns of our imagination, but is of little practical benefit in life. We want a humility which has substance in it, to be grasped and held up for close investigation, not that which, like the rays of the orb of light, eludes the grasp. Our reasonable demand is for a humility that is like Christ's; He washed the disciples' feet, and was conscious, of the fact, and of its full meaning. This He showed by calling upon His disciples to imitate Him. This was no diluted sentimentalism. It was something substantial, and true humility is ever of this quality. He who has Christ put on in his humility gladly recognizes the fact, and consciously testifies to the possession of this grace, testifies to the

power of Christ to eliminate pride from the heart, and put in its place the grace of humility, the same which adorned and beautified the life of his Master.

We answer then, true humility comes consciously into the heart when we can honestly say :—

“ Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin but cannot feel ;
I cannot till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.”

Then when our self righteousness is really given up, in utter despair, and Christ's righteousness is taken, moment by moment, by faith, then, and not till then, we adorn the doctrine of Christ in lowliness of spirit, in all humility, and we find to our glad surprise that the humility of Christ is so intimately connected with fullness of joy in Him that the human tricks of voluntary humility are flooded out of the soul by the abundance of the revelations vouchsafed. Then are discovered, even in the lowly vale of Gethsemane, angelic visitants, and the humiliations of Calvary are swept out of existence in the infinite pity and compassion which swell the breast in behalf of the guilty multitude, prompting the genuine prayer, “ Father, forgive them they know not what they do.”

THE OFFENCE OF THE CROSS.

Bro. Johns, a Presbyterian minister, said: “ I was brought into the fold when a youth. Our church did not teach us that we could know that we were saved, but we must indulge a hope. I became a minister, and found that the spiritually-minded declined in spirituality under my ministry. This pained my heart. By reading the *Christian Standard* I was led to the Friday holiness meeting, but I could not understand their testimonies. I went to Mrs. Inskip's meeting, and was convicted. After a mighty struggle I went forward for holiness, and yielded my all to God. I went home singing, ‘ It is done,’ and I was mightily baptized on my way home. I told my wife about it, and began to preach it in my church. I preached myself out of that church, and out of another also. But I was true to God. Then I became pastor of a church in New York, and there the members are becoming wholly sanctified to God.”

We clip the above from the columns of the *Christian Standard*, because we look upon it as, in some sort, a representative experience.

And we believe that, because it is feared by many a minister that some such an experience would be his if he pursued a like course, is the real reason of forced indifference to the doctrine of entire sanctification. We make no invidious distinction between different denominations; the outlook in all the churches on this line of action has much of the self-denying in it. It is quite possible for ministers in all the denominations to preach themselves out of many a pulpit simply by being true to their convictions of duty concerning holiness. True, the notice to quit may not be formulated so as to indicate in actual language opposition to Holy Ghost teaching on this subject; but, nevertheless, such opposition will be the active principle inspiring all the forces which cause the expulsion.

For the persecuted one to even hint at the truth in this respect simply intensifies the opposition witnessed. It is quietly assumed in all the churches that for Protestants to repeat the tactics of the religionists of the time of Christ and His apostles is simply impossible; and, therefore, any words of preachers of holiness, which in the remotest degree imply the contrary, are seized upon and made the most of. Such persons are at once branded as desirous of playing the role of martyrs, as themselves causing division, of rending the visible body of Christ, and then taking comfort from it.

Of course, there have been, and will be, fanatics of this class, who will preach holiness and not illustrate it, and who will thus tend to bring the whole subject into disrepute; but it is also true that ministers and churches who are not honestly pressing after holiness themselves will, nay must, persecute those preachers who are true to the guidance of the Holy Spirit in all things; and no minister who puts his hand to the plough, and looking back, because of these facts, is fit for the kingdom of heaven.

But be encouraged; it generally ends, as in this case, in a wider field of usefulness secured. A passing inconvenience in receiving the cold shoulder is amply compensated by a grander sphere of usefulness, and greater opportunities for blessing humanity.

John Wesley once wrote to one of his followers a letter which contained a bank-note and the text, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." His follower replied that he had often been struck with the beauty of the text, but had never seen such useful expositor's notes on it before.

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

We have not written anything about the weekly holiness meetings, held in this city, for some time, not because there has been a dearth of incidents, but because other incidents seemed to claim priority.

The Tuesday afternoon meeting has met every week since its commencement, and we believe it is safe to say that all the gatherings have been seasons of refreshing and profit. Definite work has been done, and the Master has sanctioned the work done by His presence as the Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God in our midst.

The meeting held in Berkeley St. Church at 4 p.m. every Sabbath, has been characterized by a steady increase of spiritual power. Several of those attending the meetings have seen their privilege in the Gospel of being cleansed from all sin, and have accepted with abounding joy their blood-bought heritage; so that now about a score of souls gather there from time to time, united by the common experience of perfect love. On one of the late gatherings, the spirit of prayer for the spiritual welfare of their Church was poured out in a remarkable manner. Faith was in lively exercise, and the conviction was wrought in the souls of all present that the work would go on and increase.

The Bloor St. meeting is also doing a good work, the gatherings week after week being characterized by deep spirituality and growth in grace on the part of those attending.

We have not been able, personally, to attend the other meetings held in Elm and Queen St. Churches, but learn from others that they are growing in interest and numbers.

A SEQUEL.—We had the pleasure of meeting the writer of the letter which appeared in our last number, at the Scarboro' camp-meeting, and rejoicing with her as she crossed the Rubicon of doubt into the land of settled questions. We note the fact because it emphasizes the statement of Divine truth, "Then shall they know, if they follow on to know." When Christians make up their minds to obtain the blessing of entire sanctification, and are ready to take advantage, to the full, of every form of assistance which presents itself, the day of blessing is not far off—"The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision."

HOLINESS AT THE SCARBORO' CAMP-MEETING.—Our blessed Master wrought in mighty power at this gathering. In most of the services the work of holiness was made prominent. At the first call for

seekers of this grace, as a distinct blessing for believers, at least two score stood up to signify their determination to seek this experience. Many during the services testified to its reception, amongst whom were several ministers. On Thursday morning a very blessed season of the manifest outpouring of the Holy Spirit was experienced. After a short season spent in silent prayer, the presence of the Comforter in a baptism of spiritual rejoicing was realized, which reminded us somewhat of the blessed visitation on the Sabbath evening of the Grimsby camp-meeting. Unto those who believed He was precious, and the number of believers was not small.

It was an inspiring fact, on the last evening of the meeting, to stand with about a hundred persons, all testifying to the experience of full salvation. Many of them, if not the great majority, had received that experience during the progress of the camp-meeting.

A MEETING LIABLE TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD BY SOME.—On the morning of the last day was held, in the tabernacle, a meeting of somewhat peculiar character. A few of the friends received a strong conviction that at that meeting God's workmen, by waiting on the Lord, might receive special anointing for the work of soul-saving. So strong was this conviction inwrought in the consciousness of both the preacher, and leader of the after prayer-meeting, and during the service, it took such firm hold of many of God's people, that there was a strong desire to spend a lengthened season in waiting on God for this definite result. This disposition to take no denial, but though the vision should tarry to still wait for it, so possessed us that in spite of many interruptions the meeting was protracted for an hour over the usual time. At the close of the meeting a goodly number testified to the conscious reception of a distinct gift of faith-power for their work amongst the unconverted.

Of course there will be different opinions expressed by different persons present when a meeting takes an unusual character—the charge of extravagant conduct, and even of fanaticism not being wanting in the wording of the criticism of some.

Now the opinion is freely expressed by most Christians, including nearly all ministers, that, as members of the church, as preachers of the Gospel, we lack aggressive power with the masses. Any effort therefore to correct this capital defect of the church which promises the least hope of success should be in order, and professed Christians should hesitate before hurling the charge of fanaticism at such, even if their zeal should prove to be without knowledge. The adage that

we are all liable to mistakes applies as readily to those criticizing, as to those criticized, seeing there are none infallible. Besides, those zealous for such an endowment of power, and showing their zeal by prolonged, united waiting on the God of power, are fully as likely to reach the object which all Christians are professedly seeking as those who refrain from such effort. The meeting referred to was characterized by persistence of effort, which showed itself in the determination not to yield, amidst outwardly discouraging circumstances, but was not characterized by noise or confusion, the time being passed in silent prayer, or in holy song, or in orderly exhortation.

WAS THE OBJECT ATTAINED?—We might reply, were any, at the different services, converted, or sanctified. At such meetings we are, for the time, left almost entirely to the testimony of the parties themselves for our judgment. A number testified to converting grace received; a still greater number testified to the obtainment of the grace of perfect love; and lastly, a number testified to receiving a special endowment of faith power for the work of soul-saving. If we should examine into the character of all these witnesses we would find that the great majority, if not every one, would be accepted as credible witnesses, in any court of law, and on the most important cases. If, then, the testimony of the first two classes is accepted, and that of the third class rejected, those who thus discriminate must show cause. Of course in all the three classes confirmatory testimony will be looked for as time sifts their evidence through their lives and labors. But there was not wanting some confirmatory evidence concerning this third class before the day closed. Three of the ministers, who bore this last testimony, called upon a party, in her own home, who showed signs of being impressed during the afternoon service, and finding her convicted of the Spirit, prayed with her, and in a very few minutes she was soundly converted. In wonderment they remarked to each other that the work they were called on to do was accomplished with greater ease, that their faith took hold upon God as never before, and their confidence was strengthened in the fact that they had received a power for increased usefulness, of great significance.

Again, a number of friends did not find it convenient to leave the encampment that evening, although the meeting was formally closed. During the informal meeting, held by them that evening, one young man was converted; and in his testimony for Christ, he made this significant statement: Said he, if those friends had not held on to prayer through all the difficulties encountered, I believe I would not

have been converted to-night. We give those facts for what they are worth. Whilst to us they are an earnest of good things to come, possible to some they will be as trifles, light as air, in this connection. We have dwelt somewhat lengthily on this remarkable meeting that our readers may see that whilst the leaders of the meeting have been charged publicly by some of their ministerial brethren with fanaticism in conducting it, at least there was method in their madness. We do not hesitate to say that the conversion of multitudes hung on that meeting, and that victory was secured.

A PRESBYTERIAN BROTHER'S EXPERIENCE.—On Tuesday evening, after the regular meeting was dismissed, a few friends gathered in the tabernacle to help any who might be requiring further assistance in seeking holiness. Although the meeting was small, it was a time of the right hand of the Son of Man. Several who were seeking full salvation found it to the joy of their souls. It was a clean sweep, for all who were seeking found. During the meeting a young man, a student of Knox College, and preparing for the ministry, came into the meeting, and joined his testimony with ours. He told us he had to fight a severe battle with Satan before he could venture to come and give, for the first time, his testimony concerning the higher life. For two years he had been living in the conscious experience of this blessing, and now, for the first time, he had the opportunity of mingling his words of testimony with others enjoying a like experience. In the after-meetings he informed us that bearing his testimony had been wondrously blessed to him, and he had so thoroughly now consecrated himself to the God of holiness, that he intended to preach it and labor for results, whatever might be the consequences to himself. He had counted the cost, and by anticipation counted all things but dross for Christ. As we left the camp-ground, we saw him in charge of the impromptu meeting held by those remaining. At this last meeting we rejoice to know that one soul was soundly converted, and two believers entirely sanctified. We would go more minutely into the remarkable experience of this brother, but will rather request himself to write it for our readers, and feel confident that he will not deny us our request.

HECKSTON CAMP-MEETING.—Bro. Hardie brings us glorious news from another camp-meeting, which he was privileged to attend, and where he was enabled to unfurl the banner of holiness in the sight of all the people. This meeting was held recently at Heckston, in the neighborhood of Prescott. The God of holiness enabled our brother

to stand true to his convictions, and not only preach holiness, but in every meeting to press believers to come forward as seekers of this distinct grace. The ministers, without exception, fell into line, and a number entered into the rest of faith. The work of sanctification went on amongst believers gloriously, a large number experiencing the blessing, whilst many sinners were converted to God. An interesting children's meeting was also held, where upwards of a hundred children were present. All were seeking the Lord, and the majority professed to find Him.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—As at the Union camp-meeting, it was noticed that at any of the meetings where holiness, as a distinct work, was ignored, and exclusive attention given to the unconverted, they only being asked to come forward to the altar of prayer, a strange deadness immediately fell upon the audience, which could only be removed by again placing the holiness work to the front. At different times the experiment was tried, and every time with the same result, till the holiness movement vindicated its right to remain at the front in all the meetings. We have a strong conviction that this is God's order, and that any revival meetings will be failures where this order is not fully maintained.

“MADE PERFECT IN ONE.”

BY LOUIS N. BEAUDRY.

What could have been in the heart and thought of the Blessed Master while uttering the remarkable prayer contained in the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel according to John?

This is a question that intimately concerns the spirituality and prosperity of every child of God, of every Christian society or individual church, and also of the church universal.

Jesus certainly meant that His disciples, who were then grouped around Him and heard His prayer, should be united closely in the bonds of brotherly affection. Sufferers together of the world's frown and persecution, they would naturally feel the need of each other's sympathy and assistance.

But the prayer evidently comprehended more than the honored twelve. In the twentieth verse the Divine Pleader cries: “Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me

through their word." Then all believers are to "be made perfect in one." This certainly means that they are "to love one another with a pure heart fervently." While this is one of the highest virtues, the direct fruit of the Spirit, the natural stream from a *pure heart*, that sees God, and in every redeemed brother the image of God, it must nevertheless be admitted that it is as natural, and therefore as a matter of course, as simple, as for a flower to emit its perfume, or for the sun to give its light, or for the fountain to gush forth into the streamlet. None can doubt for a moment, that the soul truly born of God will, without any effort of its own, even without any special teaching upon this point, love its redeemed brother. Paul to the Thessalonians says: "But as touching brotherly love ye need not that I write unto you: for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another." And John adds: "But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you."

Did not, therefore, the great apostle mean more than that when to the Ephesians he wrote: "Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace?" (Revised Ver.) And did not the Blessed Saviour mean more than mere brotherly kindness, in the ordinary acceptation of that term now-a-days, in His intercessory prayer?

After much careful study of the Scriptures on this subject I come to this conclusion, namely, *That all the disciples of Christ should form one organic whole.* In support of this position, I quote from a well-known author (Bowes), who presents the oft-repeated scriptural terms for the New Testament Church:—

The *body*, which having many members—feeble and strong—less and more honorable—is still "fitly framed" and "compacted together," Rom. 1:2, 4; 1 Cor. 12:12, 27; Eph. 4:13-16. The *family* of the redeemed, militant and glorified, Eph. 3:15. A *loaf*—the emblem alike of Christ's natural body, broken for us, and of the united members of Christ's mystical body—many, but united, 1 Cor. 10:17. A *temple* formed of living stones, built up upon the "living stone," Eph. 2:21; 1 Peter 2:4, 5. A *flock*, with many folds, under the great and good Shepherd's care, John 10:16. *The curtains of the tabernacle*, linked together by golden taches, that it might be "one tabernacle," Exod. 26:1, 11; 36:18. The *annual feast of Israel* helped largely to foster the spirit of union. The *camp of Israel*, gathered round the central tabernacle, Num. 2. The *one stick*, which was the sign of the

brotherhood of Ephraim and Judah, Ezek. 37: 19. *Christ's coat*, "without seam, woven from the top throughout," John 19: 23, 24.

I am very certain that there can be no logical defence, from the Scriptures, of Protestant denominationalism. This is a weak point in Protestantism. We, who are at work in the mission fields for the salvation of Roman Catholics, feel this deeply. We therefore hail, with peculiar delight, anything that tends to remove these barriers. The unification of many branches or sections of churches, like the Presbyterian, and more recently of the Methodists in this country, gives ground to hope *that a universal unification of Protestantism may not be far distant*. Can this be a wild fancy, or is it a prophecy which inspires many a heart. One need not be an inspired seer to behold the final union and the glory that shall follow.

Professor H. B. Smith says: "An old fable tells us, that the majestic form of Truth once walked the earth, but was dismembered, and that the sundered parts are wandering up and down in ceaseless, weary search, each for the others, since each is still and ever instinct with the old life; and it is this instinct which impels the search; and this search thus contains a prophecy of the union of all the fragments in one radiant form at last."

Blessed is he who can grasp this mighty truth; who can enter into the spirit of the Saviour's prayer; and who, by word and deed, may contribute something toward the longed-for and glorious consummation, "till we all come in (into) the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved me."

[The following is the experience of Bro. Nelson, formerly of Oakville, now of Indianapolis, sent to us from his distant home, and which we gladly welcome to the pages of the EXPOSITOR.—ED.]

DEAR EXPOSITOR,—This morning I feel constrained to give a little of my Christian experience to the readers of the EXPOSITOR, that they

may rejoice with me in the abundant joy which flows in upon my soul, from the source of all joy, even from my ever-blessed Redeemer.

The EXPOSITOR is an ever-welcome visitor in its silent monthly calls. I would that it came oftener. The experiences of others, as brought to me through its pages, increase my joy. How my heart bounded with delight when I read that experience of the Toronto friend "saved from the uttermost to the uttermost."

I can say, to the glory of God, that I am breathing the very atmosphere of heaven; I am dwelling in Beulah, and now and then looking across to the glorious city of God, soon to be my eternal home.

"There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

My soul is exceedingly happy from day to day, dead to the world and sin, my life hid with Christ in God, and my soul filled, to its utmost capacity, with all the fulness of God. The joys of the present seem so similar to what Scripture tells of heaven that I scarcely know where to draw the dividing line. It seems as if I had already crossed the Jordan when I left the wilderness state of justification and crossed over into the land of rest from inbred sin, even the land of holiness and perfect love.

There is a cluster of promises in the 36th chapter of Ezekiel, from the 25th verse, which the dwellers in this happy country enjoy to the utmost, for these prophetic descriptions of the future happy lot of the saved they realize as fully met in their experiences.

In class-meeting this morning, I said that during last week I could not ask the Lord to increase my happiness, but I could ask Him to enlarge the vessel to its utmost capacity that it might be filled unutterably full of glory and of God.

For more than 40 years I have believed it to be my privilege to enjoy a heaven of love in my soul, now I know it by experience. When we enjoy the life of God in the soul, we do not feel that sense of want, that conscious leanness of soul that we mourned over when in the wilderness state, but we feel that sense of fulness, of completeness, which tells us that heaven is already begun in the soul. Glory be to God. Yours for Gloryland,

AN AGED PILGRIM.

AN INCIDENT.

BY REV. THOMAS BOYD.

"But ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me."

In the Fall of '76, through the earnest solicitation of one now in heaven, I commenced special services in the village of W——, a few miles from Sarnia. For two years no religious service of any kind had been held in the village. Two Methodist denominations had abandoned the place after years of hard toil, as beyond the reach of Gospel influences. Permission being granted to hold services in the Orange Hall, I thoroughly canvassed the village, and found out the sad fact that *not one* could be found that loved Jesus. For eight weeks, day and night, I preached Jesus and Him crucified, and sung Gospel songs to this hardened people. The first week our congregation was made up of *men only*, not one woman would venture near the hall. The hotel-keeper gave us much trouble. He used to make men drunk and send them down to the hall to say "Amen," "Hallelujah," etc. This thing went on for several nights, greatly trying my faith. I prayed hard to God for relief. Soon, He who said, "Call upon Me in trouble and I will deliver thee" sent relief. A tall man, the ring-leader of the bad men of the village, hearing of the disturbance at the hall, came down to see *fair play*. He was going to help the preacher, and *fight* for him, if needful. That night I preached from "He wist not the Lord was departed from him." Mr. M——, the tall man above referred to, listened carefully to the sermon. At the close of the speaking I sang a verse, "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour!" etc., and then invited all to come to Jesus. To my surprise the tall man walked up to the front and stood looking at me. Just then my heart began beating very fast. I was afraid of him. I cried to heaven silently, "O God, help! help!" I asked him what he wanted. He replied, "I want to get ready for heaven." Well, I said, if that is so we had better begin to pray. I said, you must pray to God now for mercy. He replied, "I can't pray." I said, you must; or you can't get saved. We got down upon our knees, and he prayed loudly for help. (He was trained for the ministry of the English Church, and was able to use the prayers of the "Prayer Book" to advantage.) After prayers, we arose from our knees. I knew I had a hard case on hand, so I was bound to tie him fast. After a

moment's silent prayer, I said, will you go home and start family worship? He replied, "I cannot." But, I said, you must if you intend going to heaven. He then replied, "I will." The meeting was dismissed, and I went home praying for Mr. M——. Early next day I called at his home and asked his wife if her husband had prayer before going to bed last night. She said, "Yes, he came home and I thought he was ill. He said, 'Jane, get me the Bible, I am going to pray and read to-night.'" She got him the Bible, after much difficulty (for it had not been used for many years). He read and prayed to God for mercy! Jane cried for mercy too! and that night both were saved. They both witnessed for Christ that same evening at the Hall.

He said, "Ten years ago I promised God I would give up sin and serve Him at the age of thirty-five. To my surprise, that hour arrived last night. I thought of Samson losing the Spirit of God, and I feared I might do likewise; so I determined to give myself to God."

For one week Mr. M—— prayed and spoke for Jesus every night. The disturbance had now ceased, and several women ventured to attend my meeting. The following Sunday afternoon, I had preached on the "*Power of the Holy Ghost.*" I called upon Mr. M—— to pray; he failed to do so; my heart trembled; I said, "O Lord, defeat the devil! defeat the devil! help! help!" Presently Mr. M—— threw up both his hands and said, "*O God, I can't pray, my heart will burst!*" We stood up, but Mr. M—— remained weeping before God, and *shouting*, Hallelujah. I came down to the village next day to find it all in excitement. Mr. M—— had been in the stores, in hotels, and on the street, urging men to come to Jesus. The people said the preacher is crazy, and now "M——" is crazy too. That night the Hall was full of people to suffocation. After preaching, Mr. M—— arose and said, "Gentlemen, you all say I'm crazy, but I have been crazy all through my life up till now; now I have good sense." A season of great power followed; many were seeking mercy. The next Sunday night the Hall was closed against us. The people ordered me out of the place. They said I was making all the people crazy. Mr. M—— said, "You must not go; come to my house and hold the meeting;" We did so, and the work went on until twenty-seven found Jesus, sixteen of whom were heads of families. No house was big enough to hold the people, and Mr. M—— said "We must have a church." A subscription list was started, and the cor-

tract let. In three months the church was dedicated. The church cost in cash \$900; but several hundred dollars worth of labor was given by the people free. All was paid at the opening except \$150. Mr. M—— became superintendent of a Sunday-school of one hundred scholars, also class-leader. He retained these positions until he left the village some years after. The minister in charge of the circuit where he now resides, told me lately, that Mr. M—— was still as zealous for the Lord of Hosts as ever. "Not unto us, Lord, not unto us, but to Thee be the glory given." Amen.

BARTONVILLE.

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, guileless tongue;
Sung as little children sing;
Sung as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words as light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside.
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Twas a woman sung them now,
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promise rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid
Underneath all restfully,
All life's joy and sorrow hid.
Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind and tide,
Never more from billows' roll
Wilt thou ever need to hide?
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft white hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer.
Still, ay, still, the words would be—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

—Selected.

An atheist is the most vain pretender to reason in the world. The whole strength of Atheism consists of contradicting the universal reason of mankind.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings.

JAMES TURNER; OR, HOW TO REACH THE MASSES.

This is the title of a somewhat remarkable book published a few years ago in Scotland, which we would recommend for careful perusal to all our readers who may not have met with it. It is simply an account of the life and labors of a man in ordinary business life; but who, through the anointing of the Holy Ghost, received when he obtained the blessing of entire sanctification, became a flaming evangelist along the north-east coast of Scotland. His work was confined to a few villages and towns near his native place, but the work wrought was most remarkable at the time, and has proved to be lasting in its character.

Believing it will be interesting and profitable to our readers, we will give a few extracts from the book, which will afford a kind of bird's-eye view of the man and the work which, under God, he accomplished. Of his own Christian experience he thus speaks :

"I was born, Sept. 19, 1818. My parents were poor, but honest. Still, to my loss and their own, they did not fear God.

"I commenced work very early for the devil, and never had he a more faithful servant.

"For about three years I was at a day-school, but did not learn much, as my heart was not there, so I left it when about nine years of age.

"Shortly after, was put to learn my trade as a cooper, which I did not care for at first, but soon came to like it better. Neither my master nor the men feared God, no, not one of them; so, instead of checking me when I committed sin, they helped me on the down track.

"When I was about fifteen, my brother would have me go with him to Mr. Yule's Bible-class. I was very unwilling, but he gave me no rest until I consented, and, for five long years, I sat in the back seat, deaf to all Mr. Yule said, blind also, and my heart as hard as a stone.

"After that time had elapsed, a thought began to press into my mind, viz., that I might be cut down by death. This I did not at all like, for, although I did not fear hell, I could not endure the thought of dying, so I did what I could to banish the intruder, and succeeded only too well among the ungodly company with which I was surrounded. Then I began, I could not tell how, to be very unhappy, for I did not feel myself to be a sinner, neither did I know a holy God, nor the hell that was in my heart.

"About the beginning of the year 1840, began to feel that I had sinned, and also began trying to give up several of my sins which I found hard work. It was like the cutting off a right hand, but I thought it would set my mind at rest. It did not, however, give me much comfort, and I could not understand why I could not be so happy as formerly. Before, I did have a kind of pleasure in committing sin, and, when I began to give sin up, expecting to get peace of mind, I found only sorrow.

"I then thought I would have a Bible, and went and bought one, and made a God of it for a long time. I read in it night and day, but could not

find the thing I wanted. Then I tried to pray, and made a God of that also. I did everything but the right thing—I went to the fields with my Bible, and read, and prayed, and wept, and every day I got worse.

“By this time my soul was all my concern. I could give up all for Christ—friends, old companions, and sins too—still I could get no hold on God.

“It was on a Monday morning that the Lord blotted out my sins. I had three hours in heaven that day. My soul was so shut up in God that I was scarcely conscious of what I was doing. For three days this lasted, and I thought it was to continue until I got home. But, the fourth day, about six o'clock in the morning, in a moment all changed, and, as the light turned into darkness, I heard a voice say, ‘Did I not tell you before that God could not save *you*?’

“I knew not that this was Satan, and made up my mind to pray no more, nor go to God again all my life; yet I did not blame Him for this change from light to darkness. Thus I continued for some days, not knowing what to do. To commit sin and serve my old master I could not, and to look up to God as my father I was equally unable. But the Lord had mercy. His Spirit made way again into my dark soul and the midnight darkness gave place to light brighter than the noon-day sun.”

Then commenced an ordinary church life, sinning and repenting, generally cold and formal, with occasional seasons of revival,—the kind of religious life so common in our churches at the present day. He says:

“For eighteen months Jesus was in my soul the hope of glory, then I began to sink into formality, and, for four long years, my soul was in bad health. I do think, had the minister taken me by the hand, I would have kept my ground. But the Lord, blessed be his name, laid me on a sick-bed, and restored my soul.

“Soon after getting better, I was led to call on an old woman who was on the Lord’s side. I was not a quarter-of-an-hour in her house ere she began to speak to me about the Lord and about my soul. It was the *first time that ever any one did so face to face*. I soon gave her another call, and many a blessed hour I have spent in her company.

“She wished me to go and hear her minister in the Wesleyan Chapel, so I went to the sermon, and also to their class-meeting, and the Lord blessed my soul, and in the Light of God, I saw it to be my duty to join that people, and among them I have found that of which my soul was in great want, viz., help to heaven.”

And now he commenced a more satisfactory Christian life, full of labors for others and yet full of longings after all the fullness of God. He became the leader of two classes, and worked hard for their spiritual improvement; but although there was evident spiritual growth amongst the members he, judging from entries in his diary, was ever in a chronic state of fault-finding with himself over conscious failure. His whole soul longed for the experience of perfect love, and this he sought with increased fervor as a separate distinct blessing.

Meantime, however, he was successful in pointing a goodly number to the Saviour of sinners, but he felt that there was a distinct second blessing which he persistently sought until he found. He thus describes his soul history in this matter:

“ May 2, 1859.—This day 13 years the Lord set my troubled soul at peace. Never will I forget that day while Eternity rolls on. My dear Lord Jesus, I give Thee anew my soul and my body, my time and my all. This day I give Jesus all, and, had I more, He should have it. This morning I had a sweet promise. The blessed Spirit said to my heart, ‘*What is thy request?*’ Glory be to His great name. I told Him my request was great, that I wished Him to make me holy, and make me the means of saving other sinners such as myself. That was my request, and I *know that my Lord will do this thing unto me.*

“ July 19.—Thanks be to God, my soul is still heavenward. Lord, make me holy, soul and body; this is what I am living for. On Sabbath night I was so filled with God that I thought ‘Perfect Love’ was laying hold on my heart, but oh no. May the Lord keep me from stumbling on this great matter. I know that my Jesus has made it over to me, and by faith I must lay hold. Lord, help, for Thou knowest that I long for this blessing.

“ Sept. 27.—On Friday last, my soul was much cast down, because the work of God was at a stand-still, and the two classes committed to my care were also beginning to lag behind. This lay heavy on my poor heart, and I cried, ‘Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?’ Is thy work to stand still? Is Satan to have all his way in this hell-going town? No, he shall not. There are a few names in this place dear unto Thee, Jesus. Lord, lift up our heads. Give us souls! In about an hour after He sent a poor old sinner to me, seeking Jesus, and, when I had pointed her to Him, the power of God came down on my own soul, and my soul has been in such a state up to the present hour. GLORY BE TO GOD, MY FATHER. GLORY BE TO JESUS, MY SAVIOUR. GLORY BE TO THE HOLY GHOST, MY COMFORTER. Glory be to a three-one God.

“ Feb. 24.—My soul to-day is at a low ebb. I do not think that I am half in earnest. Oh, my slow heart—a heart that I cannot get to love God.

“ Feb. 27.—This day I feel a longing desire in my heart after perfect love. I feel I cannot live at this low rate. Lord, show me how I am to enter into this rest of holiness of soul. Lord, Thou knowest that I am longing and groaning for the holy rest. Many of Thy sons have got it, why not me? None can give it but Thee.

‘I want the witness, Lord, that all I do is right.’

“ March 4.—My soul is longing to enjoy the blessing of *Perfect Love*. Dear Mr. Mason says, God will give it soon. Why not to-day? It is to be got by simple faith. I know what faith is, I have faith, but I have not this faith.

“ March 6.—This day, by the grace of God, I can say the blood of Jesus *has* cleansed my soul from all sin. On Sabbath night about 10 o’clock, in my dear Sister R——n’s house, I was enabled to lay hold, by simple faith, on my dear Jesus. When the Lord converted my soul more than 13

years ago, the Rev. Mr. Yule was the instrument in God's hands of awakening me. But on the morning that I got pardon and peace, there was no man with me, nor had I any help but what the Holy Ghost afforded. But in getting into perfect love, the Lord made use of two dear Sisters (M. R. and J. W.) full of God indeed, and dear to my heart. They had to lift poor me into God. How He gave them power to bear me up on the arms of faith, and when the power of God came down on me, it sunk me to the floor speechless, and then I lay for some time full of the glory of God, and I feel it until this hour. Satan has done what he can to take the blessing from me, but I am sweetly resting on Jesus—all is well. He is mine and I am His. He has put the white robe on me. This moment He is feeding me with the hidden manna; His kisses are sweet to my mouth.

"March 12.—A day of God, that I and others will never forget. I met my Sabbath class about 1 o'clock p.m., in my room, and as I was leading the class, I felt the power of God so rest on my soul, that I could not keep from weeping. Before we got through with our experience, every soul was broken down. 'The Lord is about to work a work amongst us' I said, and truly He did, for in a few minutes the power of God came down on A— M—. Then on my wife, and then on J— Y—, and E— C—. My brother George also, and C— R—. Four of them fell to the floor insensible. Our dear sister, Mrs. J— was afraid, and cried, 'Lord, stay thy hand.' But I said *no Lord*, we are all in Thy hand, do with us what you please. What a house! God's power never was in such a manner in Peterhead before. They all got perfect love. Lord humble me and take the glory."

After this remarkable uplift of his soul into the regions of perfect love, we have no longer the ever-recurring mournful complaint running through his diary chiding his lack of love and failure in God's work, but simply a constant thanksgiving for the triumphs of grace as witnessed in the conversion of sinners and sanctification of believers. The change is simply marvellous, and serves to exalt the importance of Methodist teaching on the subject of full salvation. He soon extended his influence by visiting neighboring villages, and in every place visited the power of the Lord was present to wound and to heal. These remarkable revivals were crowded into less than ten years, the time intervening between his reception of the blessing of perfect love and his death, which took place at the age of 44 years, and during that short period he was confined for lengthened periods to his home by sickness, for he died of slow consumption. We select just one extract out of very many similar ones to give an idea of the manner of conducting revival work.

"Dec. 6.—I entered the first town on the east coast, St. Combs, containing about 94 families. I had a meeting the first night. About 300 people attended, and, of a truth, God was with us that night. The Spirit of God was present, and the meeting was kept up till a late hour. All the next day I went from house to house and spoke to the people, and at night preached to about 400. The church was filled. What a night of the power

of God! The meeting was kept up until morning. A great many did not sleep that night, neither did I. All the next day I again spent in going from house to house, and at night the church filled at 6 p.m., and my God came down with such power. There is a little place called Charleston close by St. Combs, and I also went from house to house in it. For ten days I labored in these two places, and God saved young and old, drunkards and fighting men. What a sight to see men of 70 years crying on the streets for mercy! From 400 to 500 were led to feel their lost estate. What a work of God!"

Consumption cut short his useful life, leaving the wonder in us that the great destroyer, death, was not required by a stronger power to stay his hand, and spare for many years a life so needful to the church. "But God's thoughts are not our thoughts nor His ways our ways."

The greater part of the book is devoted to the relation of incidents connected with his evangelistic work, many of them of thrilling interest. We select one, and with it close our brief notice, regretting that want of space forbids more copious extracts.

"Take first the case of an old man. He drank hard, so hard that his wife and eldest daughter, by their united labors, kept the family from complete destitution. Under James Turner this man was awakened; his wife and eldest daughter, already Christians, were *greatly* blessed. The rest of the family were all brought to Christ, some of them in a way which I will afterwards notice. But the old man himself, though led to cry aloud for mercy, never seemed to get hold of Christ. There was considerable reformation for awhile, the stream of blasphemy was dried up, and the evil temper so far stayed that, to use his wife's words, "we cam' hame thegither like lambies." But he had not got the "heart-grip" of Christ, so an evil day came thus:—

There was one young man not merely very much given to drink himself, but a tempter of others. He was much opposed to James Turner's work, and he did all he could to lead the old man back into sin. One day he succeeded, and led him home to his wife in a beastly condition, glorying in his triumph.

The poor woman beheld the sight from her window. Several of her sons, now converted young men, being in the house, were angry. But their mother, in her wisdom, bound them down not to say one word to him *whatever he might say to her*. Then going to the door to meet him, she took him out of his tempter's arm into her own, without deigning to notice his exultant laugh, and said to her husband, "Oh, Ansie, my dear, ye've turned terrible weak since I leit ye; jist lean on me an' come awa' in!"

"Aye, 'oman, I'm terrible weak," he stammered out.

"Aye, yer weak!" she again repeated, as she dragged him in, "but jist lie doon in yer bed there, and I'll get a cup'u' o' tea ready for ye. an' that'll help to strengthen ye." And with such kind words she got him huddled into bed where he soon fell sound asleep, and so the tempter was foiled, for there was none of the old uproarious scenes which he had expected.

Next day she met the young man on the street; he was sober now, therefore was the time to give the word of reproof, so she walked up to him and said quietly, "Noo, Willie, ye leuch at me yesterday; ye thoct ye had gained a cause against us. But min', there's nae lachin' in hell, there's remorse there; an' there' nae lachin' in heaven for the drunkard, for there's *nane o' them there*."

The man trembled before her, his face turned ashy pale, and he passed on without a word. But swiftly and surely these words did their work. That night he was found in the inquirer's meeting, and soon after he professed to obtain an interest in Christ. Some time after, as if to give him a taste of the cup which he had put into another's hand to drink, he was permitted to fall into the sin of drunkenness, but soon after recovered his spiritual footing, and not long after died very peacefully, trusting and declaring that he had found acceptance through the blood of the Lamb.

So much for the tempter's history. To return to the old man. His case for a time seemed very much like the man out of whom the devil being cast, not only afresh made good his entrance, but took other seven devils in with him. Yet the blessed Spirit of the living God was more than a match for them all, and they were not only cast out but the King Himself came and took possession.

For a time he appeared to live in open, stout hearted rebellion, and made the home-life of his family not very pleasant, yet even then, to use his own words, "I was mony a time seeking the Lord amo' the braes, oot o' sicht."

Conviction deepened until he got into great distress. "What am I gaun to dee?" he often cried in deep anguish. But by-and-bye the cry of distress was changed into the joyful testimony, "I've gotten Him noo! I've gotten Him noo! I've got the heavenly talent, an' I'll not tie it up in a napkin; I'll trade wi't."

Soon after, sickness unto death seized him.

"Father, are you trustin' Jesus?" asked his daughter.

"Oh aye, Jesus is worthy to trust till."

"Dee ye love Jesus?"

"Oh, aye, I love Jesus." Still his cup was not full, for he said to his wife,

"Woman, I'm nae gettin' dyin' grace."

"Oh, but ye'll get dyin' grace, Ansie, my dear." And then she went to Him who seeth in secret, and cried, "Oh! Father, deal kin'ly wi' my An-ie, noo; gie Him a safe passage." Soon after her ears were gladdened with the joyful shout,

"Glory! hallelujah! I've gotten dyin' grace; *double* dyin' grace! I'm washed in the blood. I'm filled wi' the new wine!"

This new wine not only caused his lips to speak very sweetly, but so much that, fearing he would hurt himself, they wished him to hold his tongue.

"Na," he cried; "my heart's made free wi' the love o' Jesus; I *canna* haud my tongue. His love'll dee naebody nae ill. I have a work to dee and I maun dee't. The Spirit's doon noo.

' The heavenly wind is blowing,
The mighty waters flowing,
Our hearts with love are glowing
To Him who's been the conqueror,
And brought the glory in!'

Dinna greet for me, B——. My Master calls me and I must go to.

' My glorious, happy home.'

The Lord's beckonin' to me! What's this, noo?" he again cried in tones of astonishment and delight—and so he died."

LIMITING THE POWER OF CHRIST.

BY ADMIRAL FISHBOURNE.

One of the deceptions the devil has succeeded in is that of inducing believers to minimize the effects of the Atonement, leading even Christians to limit the Holy One of Israel, and so to frame a God out of their imagination who is not the Almighty.

The redemption of body, soul, and spirit is admitted in the abstract to have been effected by the death and life of our Lord Jesus, even that He came to destroy the works of the devil—nay, even that this was done, and hence our Lord's language, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." (Luke x. 18). Yet when assertions as to the completeness of this redemption are advanced, limitation even considerable is insisted on.

Though sanctification by the Lord himself is taught (as in Cor. i. 30, and 1 Thes. v. 23, 24), it is asserted that this cannot be, that Scripture cannot mean what it says; that redemption by power cannot be completed, though the Almighty undertakes to do it, for exception must be made in favor of Satan's power; and "inbred *sin*" must be retained to the end, though all sin, every sin, any sin is incompatible with union with Christ, for "the wages of sin—sin in the singular, not sins only—"is death." (Romans v. 21, and vi. 23).

If the reality of sanctification is not, even in part, admitted as above, it is set aside altogether as a present reality, and it is said to be only prospective or speculative, *i.e.*, in heaven where Christ is and nowhere else. This, it is not perceived, involves the denial that Christ is God, for, if God, He is everywhere. It, moreover, denies the realism of Scripture, thence discredits its statement as to a present and complete salvation, a salvation to the uttermost; yet salvation that is not complete, is not, in reality, salvation.

Another class of religionists sap the foundation of all the realism in Scripture, for they deny at once the fact and the power of the indwelling life of Christ in the soul, and insist that sanctification is only imputative and unreal; and if they admit the Scripturalness of the term it is to say it has no reality, for that "sanctification is only justification firmly grasped."

All these systems are more or less antinomian, and tend to uphold imperfections of life here below, on the plea of perfection in heaven—completeness in Christ in theory, but not necessarily so in fact. To these the prayer that God's will may "be done on earth as it is done in heaven" has no meaning.

When the redemption of the body is claimed; it is said this takes place only at the resurrection, that sickness is the law of our sinful nature, and is to be accepted, not as the devil's work, but as disciplinary; therefore, we

are not to pray for its removal, or expect it—though congregations have always prayed for its removal. No, we are only to pray for patience to bear the evil.

It is strange, in view of the above, that no one disputes that sickness is one of the consequences of sin, therefore, in reality, is the work of the devil, which our Lord came to destroy; and it is amongst the things which it is recorded our Lord gave himself systematically to, and did destroy, when tabernacling in the flesh, as was prophesied He should do (Isa. liii.); and “griefs” in Isaiah, as “infirmities” in Matthew viii., mean in Greek and Hebrew “diseases of the body,” which He was to, and did, bear away. That there can be no reasonable doubt that sickness is of the devil, we affirm from Job’s case, and the margin of Psalm xli. 8, where disease is said to be “a thing of Belial.”

The inconsistency of questioning this view is shown by the conduct of those who thus argue and that of the doctors who support these views, for in all cases they call in doctors to cure them of the diseases of which they complain, and they expect each new doctor that they call in to cure them, *maugre* their assertion that they are not to be cured, but are only to pray for patience to bear them. It is seldom that they practically assert all this determination till they meet with a doctor who is frank enough to say that no doctor, and, possibly not even the “Great Physician,” can do them any good.

While the great mass of doctors and patients say that medicine is a science, and that remedies are a gift from God, therefore, they are to expect cures to be effected without God; and in spite of the devil and God’s purpose in permitting disease, there are others who think that disease is not to be cured alone by God in answer to prayer, but only by the use of means, and prayer to God for a blessing on their use. This really supposes either that God is not able to effect a cure without means, and that our Lord and His apostles never cured without means, or that there are no such passages as James v. 14, 15. Of course, some say that the oil is a means; these do not know that many cures take place without the use of oil, and they overlook that the express language of James is that “the prayer of faith shall save the sick,” and further it says, “if these have committed sins, they shall be forgiven them.” Unless they believe in the *opus operatum* they cannot believe the anointing oil obtains forgiveness of sin.

Moreover, we know that persons are often anointed with oil, and yet, where there is no faith, or no abandonment of sin, there is no cure.

This notion of limiting cases to *means*, has never been accepted by the Church, for the prayer for the sick in the churches is never for a blessing on the means, it is for a direct cure.

Indeed, the idea is absurd, for generally it involves the supposition that

God will effect two miracles, one to heal the disease, and another to reverse the chemical qualities of the medicine administered ; this must be where the remedy is wrongly chosen, as a matter of fact this must always be so, for unless the doctor understands the process by which God effects cures, he cannot select a medicine so as to co-work with the Divine operations, even if he could say absolutely what would be the precise effect of his medicines on any system, when the conditions of the internal organs is of necessity a matter of speculation.

All this false reasoning proceeds from a want of full belief in the Scriptures, want of knowledge of the continual working of the devil, and the supposition that every man is his own devil because of his fallen nature, or lastly, because of the desire or supposition that good can be obtained apart from God.

When God dwells, walks, and works in us, to will and do of His good pleasure, we ought to believe that the possibilities are unlimited, unless unbelief limits them.—*Divine Life*.

HOW GOD PROTECTS US.

The Bible is radiant with promises of Divine protection and guidance, and Christian history is full of remarkable examples of their fulfilment. Dr. C. S. Robinson thus refers to well-known facts: "A tide was kept back strangely for twelve hours once, and so a host of Christians in Holland were saved from slaughter by the Duke of Alva. A tremendous wind once scattered the Armada of Spain over the wide wastes of the North Sea, and so Protestant England was spared to the world. John Knox moved his usual seat away from before the window one night, pressed by a feeling he could neither understand nor resist ; an hour later there came a musket-ball, crushing the glass and burying itself harmlessly in the opposite wall. Such things occur almost every day in some conspicuous and exposed lives. One man has a conviction that he must not take a certain train, another feels that danger lies in his embarking on a certain ship ; the train is afterwards wrecked, or the vessel is lost ; now the man knows that God interposed and protected him ; and he offers a new consecration of his life thus spared as the only return he can make."—*Ex*.

SPIRITUAL DODGING.

CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER.

How true it is that Christians to-day are often in the situation of those Jews who believed in Jesus, but did not confess Him, lest they should be

put out of the synagogue, for they loved the praise of men more than that of God. A large number of men and women believe in holiness, and are secretly professing it to God, but have not dared to openly ally themselves with this "sect which is everywhere spoken against." A friend says in their hearing: "I never hear a man say he is perfect, but I put my hand on my pocket-book;" and they not only say nothing, but smile feebly, as if they actually appreciated the remark as a joke. When conscience reproves them for such hypocrisy, they urge that it will probably do more good to be silent and live right, and so influence men by the force of example. Strange to say, the devil often makes the very point of hypocrisy against confession. He says: "Don't confess this experience, for you may be mistaken, and you must avoid hypocrisy, you know; wait till you are satisfied that everything is right and then make a careful profession." And thus in order to avoid hypocrisy they become hypocrites. No man can hear holiness spoken against, and by a smile, or feigned laugh, or an ambiguous reply, place himself even inferentially on the side of the skeptic, without exhibiting cowardice and hypocrisy. Yet this kind of dodging is very common.

How strange it is that men do not specially shrink from opposition in any sphere except that of religion! No decent American citizen has any hesitation in avowing his democratic or republican principles, no matter how many will be present of the opposite belief. A musician will not hesitate to avow his preference of a certain piano, although a hundred others speak the praises of a rival instrument. The farmer sturdily upholds his belief in certain methods of cultivation, in spite of numerous authorities who teach the contrary, and shows his belief by his practice. And so it is always in every department of life. But the moment a man becomes a Christian he is tongue-tied at once. He becomes a coward, and is afraid to whisper his faith for fear of a great catalogue of possible mishaps, industriously kept before his eyes by Satan.

The fear of men! How it palsies the arm and chokes down the voice of praise, and paralyzes effort, and freezes the marrow of the soul. Men dodge every sharp and clear-cut definition; they dodge every issue with a doubting friend; they dodge any possible opportunity for confessing Christ, either for pardon or for cleansing; in short, they dodge so constantly that it becomes second nature, and is done almost unconsciously. What the Church wants is fearless professors of a whole Saviour, who will stand up and speak for Jesus just as boldly to a company of infidels as to a group of earnest Christians. Christians are wanted who can live out the spirit of the fourth chapter of Acts, and preach Christ, not only by a quiet life, but by an outspoken ringing testimony to the grace that saves to the uttermost. Praise the Lord!—*Words of Faith.*

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

In 1875 we were helping H. W. Brown, the Baptist Evangelist, in a series of revival meetings in Minneapolis, Minnesota. We held street meetings each day for some days, at the junction of two of their principal streets on a kind of open square. But we did not meet with favor among the saloon men, and an influence was brought to bear upon the City Council to pass a law forbidding street preaching, and yet in such an adroit way was it done that one could hardly make the charge against them. The ordinance read somewhat as follows:

"There shall be no hawkers and venders of goods allowed upon the street. Organ grinders, singers, etc., etc., not allowed upon the street to make a business of it. The collections of crowds of people are strictly forbidden, and when a company of more than three shall gather on the street corner they shall be dispersed or regarded as a mob." This covered the ground of street preaching without mentioning it, and the police were instructed to stop us, and to disperse the crowds that gathered. The men from the lumber districts had come down from the woods in gangs, and, having been paid off, they had considerable money to spend, so that a moment's hindrance to the liquor business, or the hindering of one man from drinking for an hour, was more than the liquor interest would brook. We were driven from the street, and went directly across the street, nearly under the Opera House, into a saloon to see if the owner of a vacant store would let us have it to hold some day meetings in. When he learned the object for which we wanted it, he said we could not have it. Just at this moment, one of his most faithful customers, a man by the name of J. W. Clark, spoke for us and urged him to let us have it. He asked us \$5.00 a day for two hours occupation of it. We hesitated to take it, not having the amount with us, and not having a promise of a cent from any human source, but at this instant Mr. Clark says, "I'll pay for five days (\$25.00) myself." We hesitated, for the man was under the influence of liquor.

He read our silence in the twinkling of an eye, and said, "I know what you think, you think I am drunk, but I aint. I'm no drunker now than I am all the while, and I attend to business every day. This man (referring to the saloon keeper) will take my word for twenty-five dollars, won't you?" The saloon keeper assented, and we accepted of his proffer. He went out, and the next time we met him he gave us another twenty-five dollar subscription, which he had solicited from a wholesale whiskey dealer in the following way. He addressed him thus:

"Say, O—, what have you done for the Lord all these years past?" The question was a strange one, and he said he had not done much of anything, but wanted to know how he came to turn missionary and preacher.

Mr. Clark told him about the meetings and the action of the Council and he gave him \$25.00 for the renting of the vacant store room. By the time our ten days were up the meeting in the 1st Baptist Church overflowed and came down to the Opera House.

We had prayed for the Lord to open our way, when the police drove us from the street, and we firmly believe He did, though He used the Devil's servants to open the gate for us.—*Mission Tidings*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

EXTRACT FROM "LIFE OF JAMES TURNER."

Take now the death of a little one—so little that most people would have thought her too young to be spoken to on soul matters. James Turner did not think so, and he did speak to her very simply about Jesus, and so doing won her little heart first to himself—for the child loved him dearly and would, if possible, always have kept him in her sight—and ultimately to his Master, for the words he spoke to her took deep root in her heart, and after germinating there for sometime, came to the surface in this wise:—She slept with an aunt, and one night, instead of being asleep as usual, the aunt found her bitterly weeping.

"Ou, Bellie, foo are greetin'?"

"I'm greetin' 'cause I'm gaen to hell," sobbed the child.

"Fat gars ye think ye'r gaen to hell, my lamb?"

"'Cause I'm nae convertit. I've disobeyet the Lord, an' I've disobeyet ma mither, an' I'll *hae* to gang!"

"Bit ye love Jesus, dinna ye, Bellie?"

"Na, na, I dinna love Jesus. I'm nae convertit—I'm nae gweed—I dinna love Jesus," again sobbed out the little one.

"But Jesus loves *you*, Bellie. He loved ye that weel, that He died for ye. His blood can wash awa' a' yer sins, an' ye maun jist believe that, Bellie."

"Jesus' blood! Jesus died! Weel, I'll lay my sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God," and, as if she saw Him right before her, she stretched out her arms and cried—

"Oh, my bonny, dear, Lord Jesus, if I had ony bawbees I would gie ye them."

"Dee ye love Jesus, noo, Bellie?"

"Ou, aye, I love Jesus noo; my bonny, dear, Jesus, I love Him noo;" and she began to sing—

'I love Jesus, hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes I do;
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and He loves me too.'

And for several hours the child sang on such little hymns as she was familiar with. I cannot tell the story of her life—it was a short one. She did not care for play, but was extremely fond of singing, only hymns, however. If her grandmother would sing any amusing rhyme to her she would say—“Oh, Lucky, dinna sing that, for Jesus is nae in it.” Her favorite hymns were such as—

Oh, Thou lovely, lovely Jesus !
 Though! Thou art precious unto me,
 Thousands in thy blessed person
 No comeliness can see!

Lovely Jesus ! lovely Jesus !
 Oh, draw sinners unto Thee ;
 Lovely Jesus ! oh, my Saviour !
 Give them eyes Thy charms to see.

By-and-bye the summons came for this little lamb, and after taking farewell of her friends, she clapped her hands, as if in ecstasy of delight ; then waving them upwards, as if giving some one the signal that she was coming, her spirit took its triumphant flight.

“THE HOLY BLESSING.”

The following, from the *Free Methodist*, concerns a missionary work in Monrovia, Liberia, Africa :

Miss M. A. Sharp, in speaking of the children she has adopted and is educating as teachers, says : “ They are such a comfort to me ; this morning early, they had their little prayer-meeting. ‘ I am so wondrously saved from sin,’ was the first thing my ears heard, and then the wae one praying, ‘ Give us golden hearts, dear Lord.’ ” Of them at another time she says, “ My little children are having prayer, and have just sung upon their knees, ‘ O, the blood, the precious blood.’ They are full salvaticists.

“ One of my little girls was one day in meeting where one of the preacher’s wives told how she longed for full salvation ; and at night she prayed for her, saying, ‘ Lord, bless sister W., and help her to take the holy blessing.’ ”

Perhaps older ones in America might profit by the suggestion—“ to take the holy blessing,” who are waiting to have it come to them in some inexplicable way, they know not how, thinking they lie passive, waiting the Father’s time, while it is only Satan’s device to procrastinate, and they ought to be active enough to accept what he places in their hands.

THE more perfect we are ourselves, the more apt we are to make allowances for the imperfections of others.

RENEWING.—A goodly number of subscribers have renewed their subscriptions for the second year, but others are permitting it to escape their memories, and to such we give this reminder. Promptness will prove a blessing to all parties concerned. Those not intending to renew will kindly return to us the July and August numbers, as we are running short of these, and they can take this method of informing us of their determination. Whilst we believe there is a blessing in the magazine in its monthly visits to the homes of its readers, we do not wish it to be an unwelcome visitor to any. We continue to send it to all who have not notified us of their wish to have it discontinued. The number of those discontinuing it is, we are happy to say, small.

CLUB RATES FOR SUBSCRIBERS.—As heretofore four copies will be sent for three dollars, and additional ones at the rate of 75c. each.

**TO FRIENDS WHO WISH TO HELP THE CIRCULATION OF
THE EXPOSITOR.**

We still have a number of specimen copies of the Magazine which we are desirous to send to any parties who are favourable to our work. Do not hesitate, friends, to send for specimen copies to distribute, or to send us the address of any person you think would subscribe if their attention were turned to it; to all such we are *desirous* of forwarding specimen copies.

By an unfortunate oversight the wrong name of the month was printed on the cover of the last number of the EXPOSITOR, so that it read August, in place of September. Those who were prevented from reading the inside by the fact that the printer neglected to make the usual change of one word on the outside page may, after all, profit by the mistake, if it emphasises the advice, "Be not contented with superficial work, but dig deep." One of our poets gives this advice:—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not of the Pierean stream."

But, pleasantries aside, we regret the mischance, and are pretty positive that a similar mistake will not occur. It is the first typographical error we have noticed in the two numbers which have been printed at the *Guardian* office, where it is now issued. We are sure that our readers join with us in expressing satisfaction on the whole with the mechanical part of the work of the EXPOSITOR as done at that office.

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The Expositor of Holiness,

A CANADIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CANADA HOLINESS ASSOCIATION. DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE SUBJECTS OF THE HIGHER LIFE.

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