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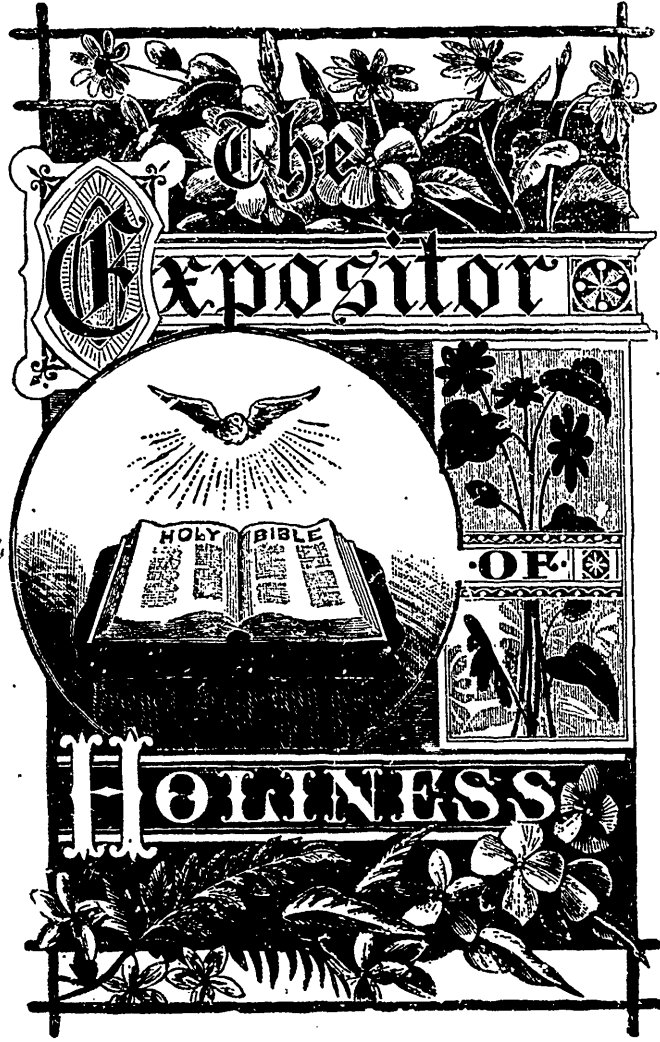
EMMANUEL

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No. 7.



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CALENDAR OF ASSOCIATION MEETINGS.

- Every Tuesday, at 3 p.m., at 207 Bleeker St. A hearty invitation is extended to all to attend this meeting. Friends are free to come late or leave early when they are not able to remain during the whole service, which usually continues for two hours. Strangers in the city will easily find the place by taking any Sherbourne Street car as far as Howard St., and a very little inquiry at that point will suffice to find the place, as it is quite near.
- Every Saturday evening, at 8 p.m., in a hall in the new building called Yonge Street Market, corner Yonge and Gerrard Streets, entrance on Gerrard Street.
- Every Monday, at 8 p.m., at the residence of Mrs. Hughes, 25 St. James' Avenue.
- Every Sunday, at 3 p.m., at the residence of Mr. McMahon, Parliament Street.
- At Summerville, at the residence of Bro. Harris, every Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
- Otterville, at the residence of H. Titus, every Monday, at 8 p.m.
- At Hagersville, at the residence of Erastus Hagar, every Saturday, at 8 p.m.
- At Galt, at the residence of J. K. Cranston, 24 Oak Street, Sunday, 3 p.m.
- In London, every Sabbath, at the residence of Bro. Couke, 243 Wellington Street, at 2.30 o'clock p.m.
- Hamilton, at the residence of Miss Fitzpatrick, 44 Gore Street, every Friday, at 8 o'clock p.m.
- At Linwood, in Band Room, rear of the Methodist Church, every Saturday, at 7.30 p.m. Leader, Bro. Kennedy.
- At Markdale, every Sabbath, at 10 a.m., and every Tuesday, at 8 p.m., at the residence of H. A. Harris.
- At Cross Hill, every Friday evening, at the residence of William Petch.
- At Bothwell, at the residence of Mrs. Kerr, Tuesday, 3 p.m.

THE SO-CALLED "GALT HERESY CASE."

THIS book, containing a full account of the trial of the Galt friends, with two remarkable letters written by an independent onlooker, can be had by applying to J. K. CRANSTON, Galt, Ont. The original price, 25 cents, has now been reduced to 10 CENTS PER COPY, or \$1.00 per dozen. Reader, can you not accomplish something in this Revival by distributing some of them?

THE
Expositor of Holiness

Vol. X.

JANUARY, 1892.

No. 7.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

All the way my Saviour leads me,
This I tried to sing ;
But Fear came in and said, You do not
know ;
You do not know that you are rightly led ;
But Faith stood forth and said,
He told me so, that He would guide,
Therefore He guides, I know.

I tried to sing ;
But Fear put up her hand—
You are denied
Possession of your promised land,
Where all things work for good to those who
love the Lord ;
But Faith persisted, whispering still,
The outcome of it all must be
His will.

Again I tried to sing ;
But Fear cried out
How can you say you are divinely led,
When reason, sense, and wisdom of the
worldly wise,
All say, a great mistake you made ?
Faith looking to a higher law, still sang
Till all around my heart the music rang.

Once more I tried to sing ;
But Fear cried out again,
You are in pain, you cannot sing to-day ;
But Faith sang louder, till she pain forgot,
And praised her Saviour for her happy lot,
And sang again,
Divinely led, beneath the hand of pain.
Then Fear gave in,
And let Faith's song, a glorious triumph win.
(Mrs.) J. BENNETT.

Angus, Ont.

CONVERTED.

The scriptural meaning of the term "converted," as used in such passages as "he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins," "then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted to Thee," is altogether different from the ordinary and popular interpretation generally placed upon that term. The revisers of the New Testament evidently aimed at correcting this false interpretation, as instead of writing "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren," "repent ye and be converted," "except ye be converted and become as little children," etc., they have written, "When thou hast turned again establish thy brethren," "repent ye and turn again," and "except ye turn and become as little children" ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Is it not the generally accepted opinion amongst popular evangelists and preachers, and even with the majority of the members of the congregations, that a "convert," to be an orthodox "convert," must "turn" to the Lord, and stay "turned" for a time only? And if not removed by the merciful hand of death, must "turn" back to the devil and sin, that this turning back to the devil and sin in "thought, word and deed," as some of the creeds put it, is an imperative condition of his orthodoxy. If a man who is walking away from Toronto "turns" and walks towards Toronto, surely if he has his free will and exercises it, it is possible for him to continue that walk uninterruptedly until Toronto is reached. To have ten, a hundred, or a

THE article in last month's EXPOSITOR under the heading, "The Lord's Supper," was, through a mistake of the printer, not credited to H. Dickenson, Woodstock.

thousand changes of mind, a thousand periods of repentance, a thousand turns from, and a thousand turns towards Toronto during the journey, would stamp the man as erratic and fickle-minded. And yet that is the belief in popular orthodox circles in respect to this Heavenly journey. According to popular belief, it is impossible to make the journey after having "turned," in the Scriptural sense, without "daily" breaks. We must "turn" in thought, word and deed, unto sin every day. The person who has once "turned" must undergo the operation of being tangled up by popular holiness teachers and preachers, with finely-spun theories about "heart purity," "perfect love," "sanctification," "consecration," "holiness," "cleansing," "entire sanctification," "perfection," and a host of other technicalities, all of which are included in the scriptural term "conversion," or, as the revisers have preferred putting it, "turning," and none of which are very much used by Jesus.

There are two classes of readers whom we address: those who have been "converted," and have sinned since, possibly grievously, and that because they have been taught from "creed" and "pulpit" that anything else was impossible; and those who have never been "converted" after the popular sort, who have judged orthodox Christians by its results, and on its merits. In the former class we include all those who are now walking in the Spirit with perhaps a few notable exceptions. We believe the testimony is multiplying of those who have not only "turned," but stayed "turned." We know ourselves of at least one who, on coming in contact with this Pentecostal gospel, has walked in the Spirit consecutively since. Why should this not be the rule? When the "turn" is complete from the devil to God, is consecration not completed then? The trouble in the Church is that people, after turning and walking well for a longer or shorter period, take themselves off the altar for a longer or shorter period—then turn again—consecrated again and so on, ad infinitum. Such things had not ought so to be.

The person who "turns" to God has as much "heart purity" as he ever will

have. If his heart is not pure he has not "turned" to God; he is simply looking over his shoulder. When impurity comes in, it is because he has deliberately "turned" away from God. A person who has "turned" from his sin to God has as "perfect" love that moment as he ever will have after years of Methodist carnal striving after the same. Sanctification is as complete the moment a person has "turned" as it ever will be. The "sanctification" process, as a work, will cease the moment the person "turns" back to sin. The moment a person has "turned," "holiness" begins. The moment sin is "turned" to, "holiness" ceases. The moment a person has "turned," the "cleansing" process is complete. The moment sin is "turned" to again, there is again need of "cleansing."

Spirituality has been superseded by technicalities. Terminology has taken the place of vital godliness. Contentions for "the faith" has degenerated into contention for doctrines, which in many cases have become doctrines of devils. Some of these doctrines never were anything else. Luther discovered that the "just" shall live by faith. The "just" are those who are justified. The one who is justified is the one who has "turned" to God, or has been converted—not in the modern Protestant sense, but in the sense meant by God—the scriptural one. If the justified shall live, what more shall the sanctified do? What life has the one who professes "heart purity," "perfect love," or, "holiness" that the "justified" have not? Is there more than one kind of life in the spiritual kingdom? The sanctified, the entirely sanctified, the cleansed, can lay claim to no more than life. All these terms are included in the Lord Jesus Christ's "turning." A person may "stand still" over a difficulty without sinning. A person may stumble without turning to sin again. Temptation is not sin. Christ did not sin when He wrestled in the garden till the break of day. Our gospel is a simple one. He who runneth may read. A way-faring man though a fool shall not err therein. Its simplicity is what mystifies. People don't like simplicity, the simplicity of the little

child. "Except ye turn again and become as little children ye shall in no sense enter the Kingdom." Then Calvinism comes in with its cumbrous "predestination" theories. Man cannot "turn." He can be convinced of sin by the Holy Ghost though. We don't propose entering into the Predestinationist's argument. He can be convinced of righteousness. He can let his hands hang down. Then, and only then can the Spirit possess. Salvation is of grace, "by grace are ye saved," but a man must choose whom he will serve. As soon as the choice is made the Holy Ghost takes possession of the temple, and "possession is nine points of the law." Holiness has begun. Life is there. The new creation has taken place. Old things are passed away. "Inbred sin" never had any existence as distinct from the sin removed at conversion. As far as the east is from the west, so far has God removed our transgressions from us, inbred sin and all. All is buried in the sea of God's forgetfulness. The ingenuity of man would bring inbred sin to the surface. But it must stay where God has put it. What sin is left in the person that has "turned" and what sin is removed? Who makes the division between what is to be removed at the turning and what has to stay for a "second work?" "Would-be" theologians imagine it. They undertake to locate sin. They try to materialize it, divide it, and subdivide it. The Lord Jesus never did. But man aims at an improvement upon God. "Look and live" was said to the serpent-bitten Israelite. Look, get part of your sin removed at conversion, then after a time get "inbred sin" removed, get "cleansed" or, "get sanctified" the modern holiness teacher teaches. It won't do. The walk in the Spirit which commences at the "turning" is never mentioned, or at least has not been emphasized till lately. "Turn ye! Turn ye! why will ye die" has to be substituted by another call from the popular holiness teacher—turn ye! why will ye not get converted and then get inbred sin removed after conversion; why will ye not become a candidate for cleansing or sanctification? This is not the simplicity of the gospel. Oh! but

Paul said this and Peter that. What of it? Peter and Paul did not usher in this dispensation. They are but a part of it. You and I belong to it. Suppose Peter or Paul did say something that the Lord Jesus Christ did not say, is the gospel "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and Peter and Paul" and you shall be saved? We had better unload our theology, or the Lord will say "One thing thou lackest." Suppose a person died immediately after turning, would that person go to heaven? Undoubtedly he would—fine-spun theories about "inbred sin," "cleansing," "heart purity," or, "holiness perfected" in the hour and article of death notwithstanding.

To those who have never been converted after the popular sort by coming to a penitent bench, by holding up your hand in a meeting and thus counted in a list of "converts" made by a popular evangelist or preacher, but have been deterred from "turning" by the "results" which orthodox popular Christianity has shown; to such we have this to say, "turn." We have no anathemas to hurl at you. You can find dotted here and there over Canada those who will hold the standard of the gospel just as high as it was planted by the Lord Jesus, and this is what you have been looking for. Judging Christianity as a cure for sin; it has not cured sin because the Holy Ghost has been left in the background. A Pentecostal revival is upon us, one that will never end, one that will not be annual or semi-annual, but perennial and continuous. Drop in at the fore-front. All around you lie the wrecks of "creed" and "theory;" the old hulks are floating down stream. Turn, launch out on the old gospel ship under our Captain Jesus Christ, with no lieutenants, mates, substitutes, or helps, no creed, dogma, or formulæ, but such as He creates for you as an individual, and you will have no cause of regret.

H. DICKENSON.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION.

THE time of the Annual Convention has not yet been fixed upon. It is expected, however, to be held in Toronto, during the month of March.

EXPOSITION.

BY REV. B. SHERLOCK.

“And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may be with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth.”—JOHN xiv. 16, 17.

These are words uttered by Him whose birth was heralded by angels, whose life on earth is to be described as “Immanuel, God with us.” His teachings are higher than all other—even inspired—teachings, for, is not a master greater than a servant? Is not the inspirer greater than the inspired? Is not the teacher greater than the pupil? To Him, give all the prophets witness; of Him did the noblest of men, John the Baptist, say, “The latchet of His shoes I am not worthy to unloose.” To Him did Moses and Elias give precedence after coming from the celestial glory. To Him did God the Father bear witness in presence of the crowds at Jordan, and to Apostles and to Moses and Elias, saying, “This is my beloved Son.” Three hours of darkness when He was dying, and an earthquake when He rose, showed the unique importance and dignity of this august personage. To His honor is the music of heaven dedicated, as sung by the innumerable host of the redeemed, and above all other subjects of angelic interest rises His glory in the thought of the cherubim and seraphim above. And these are His words!

The teachings of Jesus may be put in three sections: (1) The Sermon on the Mount—didactic and very plain, suited to inner disciple and outer hearer alike. (2) Parables proper, which became instruction in proportion to the condition of the hearer, as intimated in what is probably the first parable, that of the sower, with which may be classed those deep sayings concerning His relations with the Father, His own true Deity and special subordination to the Father, as contained in John. (3) The discourse to His disciples immediately before His betrayal—which the betrayer did not hear—which was in the full sense prophetic concerning the future. His discourses after His resurrection were

explanatory of previous Scripture in relation to Himself, and also the great commissions as given in Matthew xxviii. 19, 20, and John xx. 21-23.

We have said that the discourse out of which the text is taken is in the true sense prophetic, for it pointed onward to what was then in the future. Its immediate purpose was to cheer the hearts of the disciples, just now saddened by the announcement that their present Comforter would soon leave them. As the grandest fact in prophet's prediction, Baptist's preaching, and angelic announcement was the promise of Jesus' coming, so the greatest boon and the central glory in this discourse of Christ's is the promise of the Comforter. Jesus “knew what was in man,” and in view of what man needs, He gave this promise and fulfilled it at Pentecost. For Peter, in answer to the inquiry of the astonished crowd in Jerusalem, said, “This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel, And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh. This Jesus being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath poured forth this which ye now see and hear.” What was future, perhaps fifty-two to fifty-five days future when Jesus spoke, is no longer future, but a present privilege and possibility.

I have said that Jesus promised and bestowed this in view of the needs of humanity. Their needs as moral beings, their needs in view of eternal destiny, their needs in view of the divine requirement of holiness, their needs in view of their restoration to the rank and character of children of God. He had already taught the well-disposed to call God by the name of Father. He is now guaranteeing to them the boon which, when received, makes the filial relation a glorious possibility, a triumphant, a realized, a victorious fact.

I. The first great need of man in this view of his position is, reconciliation with God. This was provided for by the incarnate Jesus Himself. But it was never realized in its true significance until He, the Spirit of Truth, came. Just before His ascension, some of His

disciples, after all they had heard from His lips, and seen with their eyes, did not understand the true nature of his mission, and never was the gospel, as we understand it now, really preached until the day of and the days after Pentecost. Christ's atonement, His dying for my sin, the great central fact in connection with His earthly career, was one of the things of Christ which Jesus said He the Comforter would show unto them. "Show" to the very men who had been witnesses to the fact, eye and ear witnesses, but who without Him the Comforter they would never really see. He the Spirit of God shows to the human spirit how Christ is our reconciliation. "Then, only then, we feel our interest in His blood, and cry with joy unspeakable, Thou art my Lord my God." This same Spirit convicts the "world," the sinner of sin, and such conviction is misery and condemnation. When he takes the atoning work of Jesus and shows it to the believing one He is assuredly a COMFORTER.

II. Again, His presence in the spirit of man, for the promise is "He shall be in you," and "shall be with you forever," secures the maintenance of holiness there. Where He abides, He rules; He must rule, for He is God in very truth and reality, witnessing to the gracious, changed position of the soul, and of necessity reversing its attitude to God's will. So Pentecostal Christians realized, so bore they "fruit unto holiness" as Romans vi. says. "On what grounds do you call yourself a Christian," said Rowland Hill to a woman who was conversing with him. "I trust, sir, that I have a good heart," said the woman. "Come here, friends," said the preacher, "and see a woman who says she has a good heart!" The woman, abashed and slightly mortified by this satiric sally of the preacher, blushed, but got courage enough to say, "The Holy Spirit has changed my heart, sir, and I hope it is not presumption to say that His work is good!" Bro. Hill apologized immediately.

Yes, to the man who is more anxious to be fit for heaven than he is to avoid hell, to the person who "hungers and thirsts after righteousness," the great problem is how to live a pure and holy life, and when, in the unavailing struggle

of conscience with the "law, of sin in my members," he cries out, "O wretched man that I am;" there comes to him the victory that Paul describes, saying: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." "Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Resolutions as such are worthless, tears are but watery exhibitions of excited feeling, but the actual entrance of the Holy Spirit into the heart and residence there, and that *only*, that produces holiness of heart and life. He is able to hold the reins of otherwise ungovernable passion and pride, of all those tendencies which, like untrained horses, would run away with the soul from the path of righteousness; guiding every faculty to its God-appointed work and end. When He thus keeps the soul on its true line, doing its true work, in perfect harmony with the divine will, he becomes in the grandest sense a COMFORTER, for the conscience is quiet and there is joy.

III. In the further words of Christ concerning Him He is called the Spirit of Truth three times. Why is that characteristic repeated? Why, but to show to the disciples that they need never more (after His coming to them to reside in their inward parts) be under the power of doubt for a single moment concerning anything that affected their true welfare. He further said that He would teach them *all* things, that He would bring "all things to their remembrance whatsoever I have said;" that he would above even that, lead them into "*all truth*." He told them, at other times, that they should all be one, that they should so love one another as to be really one—in heart, in will, in purpose, in testimony, in prayer, "that the world may believe that the Father hath sent me." Oh, what a grand ideal! what a glorious purpose! To effect this it was indispensable, that they should not be left to rely on their own investigations; it was necessary that there should be an infallible Guide and Teacher. The Romish Church claims infallibility for itself, having its spokesman in a celibate priest in Italy. That is a terrible perversion of a glorious truth. There is infallibility for the Church, but

it is not in a human intellect; it is in the ever-present, all-wise Spirit of God. And while the primitive Church was led by the Spirit, it was not divided—they were one in heart, the little trouble about the distribution of alms was speedily set at rest by appointing seven men filled with the Holy Ghost; the trouble about accepting Gentiles was set at rest by the Spirit dominating Peter's mind, sending him to Joppa, to Cesarea and to Cornelius; and the trouble about circumcision and Mosaic law by the council at Jerusalem, held in absolute dependence on the Holy Ghost and issuing its decrees in this fashion: "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." And it was only when the leaders of the Church, instead of trusting absolutely to Him who was sent to teach all things to His people, began to lean on an arm of flesh, and borrow weapons from heathen philosophy, that heresy began and the seeds were sown and the plants nurtured which grew into the colossal heresies of Rome and Constantinople, and the minor heresies of separating sects. And now, in the days we live in, what do we see? Contemporaneously with a desire for Christian union, there is growing up a gradual tendency to honor the Holy Ghost. He it is that will produce that union by-and-by, when "the watchman shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion." It is impossible that He who is filled with the Spirit of Truth should be in error, and provision is made that we all shall be so filled. When intellectual difficulties are all settled, and we enter into the land of settled questions, only now looking out for opportunities of work for God, then is the Holy Ghost in a grand and satisfying sense a COMFORTER.

IV. He is a Divine Person, not to be thought of as a Divine Influence, or even as a Divine Attribute, but as a Divine Person. Christ never speaks of the Comforter as a "thing;" never uses the neuter pronoun in talking of Him. He is "another" Comforter, and a Comforter much superior to the incarnate Christ present amongst them. The incarnate Christ was cut, and bruised, and crucified, and buried, and might be absent from some and present with others.

Not so Him whom that same incarnate Christ is now promising and prophesying of. The incarnate Christ was misunderstood by those who wished to understand Him. Not so the other Comforter, whose true work was to so enlighten the understanding as to lead into all truth. The incarnate Christ vanished from the vision and tangible apprehension of man in less than two months from the utterance of these words. This Comforter is to abide forever. The incarnate Christ did not, could not, dwell in their inward parts, but this Comforter does so dwell, and in a mysterious and a glorious sense makes the Father and the Son evident to the consciousness of him who believes. (See John xiv. 23.)

Since, He has come we know what "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," "and the love of God the Father and communion of the Holy Ghost" means, for, in accordance with the formula of our baptism, we are outwardly dedicated to the Trinity as bearing a three-fold name. His work therefore within us satisfying the conscience, by destroying condemnation, satisfying the intellect by destroying all doubt and uneasy question, and being the work of a Divine Person and not merely the phenomenon of imagination, or the result of reasoning, makes him to be, in the most magnificent sense possible, a COMFORTER.

LET your words be well weighed, if the thing itself should be spoken: if it should be spoken against this person: if this be the proper time for such a speech.—*St. Ambrose.*

ENVY cast an angel from heaven, man from Paradise, slew Abel, sold Joseph, drove Moses from Egypt, moved Aaron against his brother, covered Miriam with leprosy, crucified Christ.—*Pet. Chrysologus.*

TO record and note the particular designs of Providence upon ourselves, with profound wisdom, infinite tenderness, and incessant vigilance it hath managed all that concerns us from first to last, is ravishing and transporting.—*Flavel.*

COMMON SENSE.

BY REV. A. TRUAX.

Opponents of the doctrine of divine guidance are continually objecting that if the doctrine is believed in and practised it will do away with common sense, reason, judgment, etc., and that therefore the doctrine is absurd. Strange that men will so misunderstand or misapply the term *guide*. A man is the guide of a tourist party; does he therefore do away with the party? The master *guides* the pupils in their studies; do the pupils not use their faculties and powers therefore? And if the Holy Spirit is the guide of man and of all his powers and faculties, does he therefore do away with any of these? But as the teacher guides the pupil in his studies, that he may make the best use of his powers, so the Holy Spirit guides all the faculties of a man, not to set them aside, but that the best possible use may be made of them. We give common sense all due honor and credit, but at the same time insist that it is not now and never was the guide of man. Man has always needed a divine hand to lead and a divine eye to guide him, and these he has always had in some form and to some extent. Perfect guidance for all men in all things is the peculiar characteristic of the present dispensation. The man who is guided by visions, impressions and dreams is universally looked upon as a dangerous character. But why not be guided by these? Because, it is answered, impressions and dreams have led men to do frightful things and may again. True, but have not men done noble deeds by following dreams and visions? Certainly they have. But have not men done dreadful things in the name of common sense and reason? Have they not committed murder itself in the name of these? Most surely. "The time cometh when whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." How could he think so? Because he took common sense or tradition or the Church for his guide instead of God. So that all that can be said in favor of common sense as a guide rather than dreams and impressions, is that

the former will lead astray less frequently than the latter. Let the so-called apostles of common sense ponder this.

But are they the apostles of common sense? We can show that they are not, unless, indeed, they are false apostles.

It is easy to show that those who walk in the Spirit, and they only, are the persons who make a proper and safe use of common sense and real reason. That while all others fail to exercise their common sense when it would be highly proper to do so, and also take it for their guide, when it is sure to lead them astray, the Spirit-led ones know just when it is safe to follow common sense, and also exactly when common sense alone will utterly fail to indicate the right course to pursue.

A few illustrations taken from the commonest walks and experiences of life will show that by accepting the Holy Spirit as guide absolute, the mind is freed from traditional notions and superstitions, so that one can confidently follow common sense when it is best and *not* follow it when it only *appears* to be best.

Let us suppose the case of a man who has been reared in an orthodox family, and one in which vigorous Sabbath laws have been always enforced. And suppose that our friend has either been detained from home or delayed on a journey so that either from excessive fatigue or want of time he finds it very inconvenient, if not impossible, to perform the usual Saturday evening duties of shaving his face and cleaning his boots. Now, if our friend has not accepted the Holy Spirit as guide in all matters, with the education he has had, he will scarcely dare to exercise his common sense (as the Saviour did under similar circumstances) and go about these simple duties on Sunday morning with a clear conscience, but will most likely offend the good sense of himself and others by appearing at church in his forlorn condition, or deprive himself of the benefits of the public service by staying at home. Or he may yield to the voice of common sense and prepare himself in a proper manner for the duties of the day, but even then the chances are

ten to one that before night he will yield to the old traditional or family law and repent in sack-cloth and ashes, as many others have done, including the writer.

Now, if our friend were only acquainted with the "Lord of the Sabbath," through the Holy Spirit, the only way by which He can be known, for "No man can say that Jesus is Lord (of the Sabbath and act his faith) but by the Holy Ghost," he would refer the matter to Him in confidence, and the Spirit not forbidding, he would feel perfectly free to use his common sense in the matter, and thus neither make himself ridiculous nor deprive himself of a privilege and a benefit. Or suppose the case of a minister who has been advised and almost commanded by John Wesley or some other human authority to pray in every home he enters. Now, this rule may work well in many cases, but like all such rules, the time will come when it will fail, for our pastor will surely visit a house on such a day and at such an hour and under such circumstances, that it would be utter folly for him to attempt to pray. It is near dinner time; the minister has promised to go to the next house for dinner. The good-wife expects five hungry men in from the field in a few minutes. Pies are in the oven, meat ready to turn, the potatoes just ready to drain—if left they will be sodden. Three children squalling in chorus. What is to be done? Now, if he would listen to common sense and not to what somebody has said, he would shake hands, speak a pleasant word, pat the baby on the head, and pass on. But no; the rule is to pray. So the poor woman who, for the life of her, can think of nothing but burnt pumpkin pies and sodden potatoes, is commanded to kneel down (the children still crying) while the minister grinds out his prayer. What else can he do? If he breaks his rule once the door will be open for still greater laxity, and besides it would be presumption on his part to break a rule made by men presumably wiser and better than himself. And so for want of confidence in the Holy Spirit, he must (at times at least) make himself a mere machine grinding out prayers in people's houses,

as the hand-organ grinds out music under the windows. Or again, as the minister entered the house just mentioned, he might get the conviction that he ought to stay for dinner on the kind invitation of the hostess. But common sense says go where you promised, they are expecting you. Still the Holy Spirit says stay here—excuse yourself at the other house, they know you well and will not take offence. But it is not convenient for the horse here and not nearly so pleasant for myself. No matter, the conviction sticks—stay. Now, if one has confidence in the Holy Spirit he will have no hesitancy in staying for dinner under these circumstances though it would *appear* to be going flat against common sense. But in reality it is not. It is certainly good common sense in a man to obey the voice of God rather than his own failing, short-sighted wisdom. God may easily see that some member of that household is just ready now to receive a message which will prove to be the savor of life to his soul, and the only way in which God can make it known to His servant is by His Holy Spirit. Happy is the man who obeys the Holy Spirit, for he, and he only, can truly and with safety obey his common sense.

KING SAUL.

FIRST PAPER.

The career of Saul, the first king of the nation of Israel, given in the First Book of Samuel, furnishes interesting developments of the relation of the Spirit of God to human character, success and destiny. In the eighth chapter is the account of Israel's demand or request to Samuel that he should provide a king for them. If they could be assured of a succession of such men as Samuel was, to be their prophet, priest and general dictator, it is probable that the need of a king would not have been felt as it was. But a king they must have, and, for wise reasons of His own, God consents to their desire, and thus emerges an epoch in the history of His people. And as when a deliverer was

needed for the original family of Jacob, and Joseph, God's agent, possessed the Spirit of God (Gen. xli. 38); as the second great deliverer of Israel, Moses, must be a man marked out by his intimate acquaintance with God; as when the tabernacle of worship was to be built, men were selected to shape the forms that would impress the eyes of many generations of worshippers, who were "filled with the Spirit of God" (Ex. xxxv. 31); as the Spirit of God came upon Samson and others, enabling them to accomplish deliverances for Israel; so now, when a new beginning is made and monarchy instituted, "the Spirit of the Lord comes mightily" on the first king (ch. x. 6-10, Revised Version).

Three things are mentioned as the immediate consequences of this coming of the Spirit of the Lord to Saul. "Thou shalt be turned into another man," said Samuel. It could not be otherwise. When God takes the place of sinful, wilful, wayward self in the heart of any human being, he must be wonderfully and radically changed in character. And as that change is one that makes him altogether godly, he becomes a "new creature." Why should any believer in God dread to be filled with the Spirit? Why hesitate, and criticise, and doubt, seeing we live in days when the Spirit is "poured out on all flesh?" This moral transformation is the first of the three special consequences above referred to.

The second of these results is, "Thou shalt prophesy" (ch. x. 6-10). Prophesying is the uttering in words what the Spirit of God reveals to the utterer. Saul prophesied, not before, but after the Spirit of God came mightily upon him. How like the case of Eldad and Medad in Moses' time! How fully it accords with the facts in the case of all the prophets! The fact is, to which the whole Bible bears witness, God will not identify Himself with the utterances of any one who is not himself inspired by the Spirit of God. John the Baptist is filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb, that he may speak God's mind concerning the coming and contemporary Messiah. Jesus Himself does not preach until the Holy Ghost comes upon Him (Luke iii. 22; iv. 1 and 14-18),

and the first Christian disciples begin to proclaim the complete gospel only after they are "filled with the Holy Ghost," and then they spake "as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts ii. 4). You that attempt to speak in God's name, without having received God's inspiration, take warning.

The third consequence is, "Thou shalt do as occasion serve thee, for God is with thee." He is to have complete liberty. He is to wear no fetters; to be free of the pressure of any law or rule. He will know always what is exactly right. He will do what is certainly the best. Is that "infallibility?" It certainly is *conditional* infallibility. As personal salvation, considered either as moral healing or as freedom from condemnation, is conditional on the existence of faith in the pre-Pentecostal work of the incarnate Christ, so unerring wisdom suited to the needs of a child of God is conditional on the reception of Him whom Jesus shed forth on the Pentecostal morning. He with whom the one hundred and twenty were filled on that occasion was promised by the Master to "teach all things," and to "guide into all truth," and if one can do wrong while he is thus filled, then words have no meaning, and the "Word," which is the exclusive reliance of the believer ever since the original actors in the first age of Christianity passed away, is not to be depended upon. The least in the kingdom of heaven, which is the kingdom personally established by Christ, is greater than the greatest in previous ages (see Matt. xi. 11), and, therefore, the endowment of independence of written law, because the Lawgiver dwells within, is common and universal privilege now. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." "For the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death" . . . that the "righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." What came to kings and prophets in the times that ended at Pentecost is poured out on all flesh in these days. For Christian believers are now "kings and priests unto his God and Father" (Rev. i. 6).

A fourth fact, which might be described as a result of the three already discussed, is of such significance that it must not be passed over. It is this, that after the endowment and anointing of Saul, "there went with him the host whose hearts God had touched. But certain sons of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him." Thus does the Spirit of God divide men, as He did the antediluvians, into Noah's family on one side, and the great remainder on the other. Those who receive the Spirit of the Lord as their indwelling director will need no outside pressure to produce unity of feeling and action. And as, individually, they are unfettered in their consciences, having the *liberty* of the Spirit, so, collectively, they need no denominational fence, no "confession of faith," no "thirty-nine articles," no "rules of society" to keep them together, for they have the "unity of the Spirit." Just as it was at the coronation of Saul, so, in a larger, richer and grander sense, was it at the coronation of Jesus, when those who believed "continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship." As the hymnist has put it,

"They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole."

There exists an association in Canada to-day, which is kept together not by rules and by-laws, not even by the magnetism of a towering and magnificent personality, but by the same influence that attached that "host" to Saul, whose "fellowship" is the very same as that which was so attractive in the Pentecostal Church. Dead branches may be bound into unity by a cord, but the unity of a fruit-bearing tree comes from its inward and central life. (John xv. 1-10, and 17-23).

B. SHERLOCK.

To imagine none can teach you but those who are themselves saved from sin, is a very great and dangerous mistake. No! dominion is not founded in grace, as the madmen of the last age talked. Obey "them that are over you in the Lord," remembering that such love does not imply much light.—*Wesley*.

PROTESTANTISM.

Many imagine that everything that should be protested against in the spiritual realm was protested against at the Reformation. If the tendency of the Church was downward previous to the Reformation, may it not be possible that there has been retrogression since then. Luther struggled for the right of "private judgment" against a corrupt and profligate Church. Since then this struggle has deteriorated into a wrangle as to whether the Church of that period was corrupt or not. About all that is left of ancient Protestantism is a memory. There is no reality left except it be 5th of November or 12th of July Orange celebrations. Nowhere is the right of private judgment conceded. Nominally, we have a rigid line drawn between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches. But careful investigation fails to show any divergence on this matter of "private judgment." Luther refused to allow the Church to interpret Scripture for him. Let any modern disciple of Luther attempt to follow in his footsteps, and the world will be treated to the spectacle of opprobrium and contumely heaped upon the devoted head of the offender, and that by so-called Protestants too. Let a Methodist venture to question the opinion of John Wesley on any point of doctrine, such as the absolute guidance of the Holy Ghost, without any of Wesley's rules and formulæ to bind the Holy Ghost down to legalism, or let the question of Messianic prophecy be touched on in any other way than the traditional orthodox Wesleyan one, and see if the "machine" don't tend in the same direction as in inquisitorial times. Let any member of the Presbyterian Church lay violent hands upon that sacred compend, the Westminster Confession of Faith, or the shorter catechism—let any Anglican touch one of the thirty-nine articles on the exercise of the right of private judgment, and excommunication, and Protestant Bulls will descend upon him in as weighty a form as in Luther's time. What is there to protest against in any of our Protestant Churches? Do they differ essentially from the Roman

Catholics? Is the doctrine or the life purer? The former may be, but the standard of the latter cannot be truthfully said to be any higher. Let there be any positive enunciation in this direction, and just as positive denunciation will inevitably ensue. Agitations go on briskly regarding Sabbath observance, temperance, etc., and mighty imaginary strides forward are made only to be followed by the receding of the tide—this ebb and flow having become second nature or the normal condition of the Protestant Churches. Paltry questions, such as “marriage with a deceased wife’s sister,” the “episcopacy,” “the lay element,” “lady deacons,” etc., convulse gatherings and cause transitory waves of excitement, but any such struggle as that entered upon by Luther against the Roman Catholic Church being entered upon by any follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene is not to be thought of for an instant. This is an age of union, don’t you know! This was apparent at the recent gathering of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Toronto, where a deputation from the Methodist Church, having union in view, was admitted in the middle of the great struggle for orthodoxy known as the “Galt heresy” trial. While at it, hammer and tongs, purifying their own membership of an imaginary Methodistic tendency, on the arrival of the Methodist deputation, coats went on and sleeves went down, metaphorically speaking, hostilities ceasing, only to be renewed on the withdrawal of the deputation. Even the great “Jesuit” agitation which bid fair at one time, especially in Montreal, to fire the heather, calmed down, and now consists only of smothered indignation confined to the breasts of a few. Mediocrity is the thing aimed at apparently by the Protestant Church. As long as the buildings are erected, the membership increased, debt decreased, orthodoxy preserved, what if the supernatural element of the Protestant religion is practically ignored? We are an erratic race. We must not even ape our betters who preceded us. Let well-enough alone. Jog on in the good old way our fathers trod. What, if for one step forward we do advance three steps back-

ward. Man is prone to err as the sparks are to fly upward. To err is human. Don’t cause any fluttering in the dove-cotes. Let the annual gatherings gather and carry out the designs of the wire-pullers of the organizations. Fill the best pulpits months ahead by plotting and underhand work, and then put forth a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether at the Conference and Stationing Committee meetings, year after year during the allotted time accorded to man, race succeeding race in this way. Let the Moderator of Assembly be nominated one, two or three years ahead, and let any one who interferes with the machine be ground to powder. I hesitate not to state as amongst the possibilities that Protestantism as it is at present constituted stinks in the nostrils of Almighty God.

H. DICKENSON.

WHAT CONSTITUTES THE PENTECOSTAL BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST, OR ENDUEMENT OF POWER?

This question is agitating some of those with whom I am associated at the present time, and, no doubt, there are others who are not in the land of settled questions concerning it.

The question, “Is a Pentecostal baptism possible?” is no longer an unsettled one, for any one who will listen to the prayers of both pulpit and pew in any of our churches, will find many sighing after such an experience, yet to many it remains but an aspiration, never realizing an answer to that particular prayer.

Theories and creeds are multiplied on every hand concerning this important question to suit the various experiences of those who endeavor to unravel the mystery of “God in us.”

Now it is certainly not a fancy experience for a favored few, for did not Peter on the day of Pentecost preach to the multitude: “Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you,

and to your children and to them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

So the repenting sinner who receives the forgiveness of sins, and the washing of regeneration, is a proper subject for the Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Ghost.

It is necessary to have a Scriptural knowledge of the Holy Ghost as teacher and guide into all truth, so that the newly converted one might recognize Him as his teacher, and let Him guide him into all the truth, and by an obedient walk to the Spirit given, he would realize continually the cleansing blood, and power of God in Pentecostal fullness.

But the facts of experience, all down the ages, show a failure to perpetuate this experience for any lengthened time, for any failure in obedience to the Spirit's promptings clouds our vision, and until we repent and obey, we are under condemnation. This accounts for that sinning and repenting experience we hear so much about.

How natural at this time to turn to human help and theories of men, and just here is where we get the idea that the roots of sin were not extracted at conversion. For do we not now feel the remains of the carnal nature, and believe it is inbred sin from which we have not been cleansed? Then we seek the cleansing and God meets us on promise ground, and we enter into a blessed experience of cleansing from all sin, and we call this the second blessing or holiness, and so it is, but analyze it and see if we did not have the same in kind at conversion—those who really were born of the Spirit.

But, say some, this second blessing is something greater. Yes, in quantity, but not in quality, excepting that some time having elapsed since conversion, we have now enlarged spiritual understanding, and we know God as we did not before, and know Jesus as our Saviour, and know more of our own need, and more of Satan's wiles.

So with this enlarged knowledge we can render a more complete consecration, the light being greater.

Now, the Spirit again fills the cleansed

temple, and to perpetuate this experience we must do just as we should have done after conversion. Obey the voice of God in the soul, and walk in constant obedience to Him as God, the Supreme law over all, yet fulfilling all law.

According to our active faith in Him, as the momentary Inspirer; Empowerer, Teacher and Guide, it is done unto us, and the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

The benefits of the atonement of Jesus Christ are two-fold, cleansing from sin, and power to live a holy life, and serve God acceptably. John the Baptist spoke concerning Him, "behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire." First salvation from all sin, then enduement for service.

The disciples were told by Jesus to tarry till they were endued with power from on high, as a preparation for their life work, and on that day one hundred and twenty were filled with the Holy Ghost.

This filling of the Spirit comes to us as a special anointing when we have tarried at the feet of Jesus, until we recognize in the Holy Ghost the Comforter Divine, the promise of the Father, that Jesus promised He would send to teach, empower and guide.

When we are willing to let the Holy Ghost have the right of way, and by faith accept Him, and welcome Him in all His offices, to direct our thoughts, words and acts, then we will realize it is no longer an aspiration, and to pray for a personal Pentecost would shock our sense as to the fitness of it.

At this stage of our experience, just as in the beginning, we need to walk in obedience to the Spirit, to perpetuate this experience. If not, then, like Sampson, we will be shorn of our strength, and have to go back by the way of repentance, and faith in the blood of cleansing, and promise obedience to the Spirit, which is God in us.

While in many cases, as in my own, it took years to arrive at the full knowledge of this truth. We ask the question, "Could not a person convinced of sin, and coming to the shed blood for

remission, be taught at the same time to accept the full ministry of the Holy Ghost in Pentecostal fulness, and by a life of obedience, retain the double benefit of cleansing and enduement throughout their life?"

Who will answer?

(MRS.) J. BENNETT.

Angus.

HE THAT IS NOT WITH ME IS AGAINST ME.

Assuming that Christendom is in the throes of a mighty revival—that this revival is of the Pentecostal sort, when the Holy Ghost in His office and work is given His rightful place, then it follows of necessity that the individual or the Church that hesitates to recognize this fact, must be classed against the Lord, or as David has it, "standing in the sinner's way." If the natural product of this government be a class of people out of whom the devil has been cast and out of whom he also stays "cast," and if it is by their fruits that the natural products of this movement are to be known, if when that judgment be applied to the products of this movement, which the Lord will apply when he "makes up the jewels," not judging by the beliefs but the acts, not by hearsay but by the deeds done in the body, "rendering to every man according to his work"—if we say when this judgment be applied, not so much by sight as by faith, and the judgment be of a favorable sort, then is that Scripture applicable, "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad."

But what must be said of those who, after exercising "godly judgment," have come to the positive conclusion that this movement is "of God," and instead of being with the movement take the "seat of the scornful," and persecute? If the one who does nothing, or is guilty only of the offence of "not being for" the Lord, is classed as "against" the Lord, what shall be said of the one who takes the persecutor's place?

And there are many methods of persecuting this way. The shrewd manipu-

lator of a meeting who so regulates the testimonies as to exclude all testimony bearing upon "the way," is as guilty of persecution as were the "chief priests and elders who accused Jesus." The one who frames a programme for a meeting having a similar end in view is as "guilty of the body and blood of the Lord" as the Corinthians to whom Paul spoke.

The pastor, lay-preacher or evangelist who deliberately and with malice aforethought, publicly or privately attacks those who follow this "Pentecostal way," "it were profitably for such that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea." A distinction must be drawn between the "enquirer" and the one who, having completed his enquiry, undertakes to pacify his conscience by adopting the role of the persecutor. It will not do for one who has undertaken to live "without sin" in his own strength or in some imaginary divine strength, but who has failed, to seek to justify his failure by "pulling down the standard." This is only another form of persecuting the Lord. It will not do for those who have made high professions of holiness, sanctification or heart purity, from which the Holy Ghost, in His glorious personality was excluded, to try and exalt "this profession" into "this way." That would be entering in by some other way—such an one is as bad as a "thief or a robber."

It will not do to be ever learning and never coming to a knowledge of the truth concerning "this way." The time comes and that time is generally "now" when "learning" should cease and "the way" be entered upon. "For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more a sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful expectation of judgment and a fierceness of fire that shall devour the adversaries."

A common persecutor's way is also to select some instances of the devil's spurious imitation of "the way," and seek to convince himself and others as to there being "danger ahead" in following "this way."

Another reason given why "the way"

should not be followed is some who have started have gone into fanaticism. Other ways of persecuting are to exalt "the word," "the blood," and "the fruits," and make them occupy the place in the affections that should be occupied by "the way." Even "divine healing," "ordinances" and "work" can be made substitutes of by the persecutor if he so chooses. In fact "the refuges of liars" are innumerable. Then he that is not with Me—it may be as a member of the Canada Holiness Association—is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me but allows himself to be switched off into any "refuge of lies," scattereth abroad.

H. DICKENSON.

THE CONVENTION AT BRANTFORD.

The Convention was held in the beautiful little hall of the W. C. T. U. The first session commenced Monday evening, January 11th, and thereafter three sessions a day were held; the closing meeting being on Thursday night.

The Wednesday night meeting was withdrawn on account of the prayer-meetings in the churches, but at the request of the pastor, Rev. James Awde, B.A., a delegation from the Convention was sent to conduct the prayer-meeting at Brant Avenue Methodist Church, and most of the delegates went there also. Hence that was practically a session of the Convention, and proved one of the best of the series.

The same can be said about this, as about each previous Convention, viz.: it was different from any other.

Its theme was "How to keep Converted," and the secret of its accomplishment, according to the teaching, was that young converts be taught that the Holy Ghost is guide absolute into all truth. The danger of observing human laws regulating the spiritual life, and of observing the letter of the Bible, apart from the illumination of the Holy Spirit, was constantly pointed out.

Perhaps this Convention was more largely attended than any since the one

held in the Colborne Street Methodist Church, four years ago. The President of the Association could not be present on account of his serious illness, while the Vice-President, Rev. R. W. Woodsworth, could only stay for two services. Bro. Colling, the Secretary, was in the midst of an old-fashioned Methodist revival in his own circuit, and could not be present; in fact, there was not a single official of the Association at this Convention except as mentioned above. There was, however, no lack, for God the Holy Ghost had right of way, and hence all the services were satisfactory in the highest degree.

Mrs. Drewry, Rev. A. Truax, Bro. Dickenson and Bro. Alex. Cranston, were among the number who took a prominent part in the services. Bro. Woodsworth's opening sermon was a clear presentation of the subject of justification.

A goodly number of the city pastors attended the Convention, some of them being at each of the sessions. The leading spirits of the meeting were unusually clear in their teaching, and the truth was preached with all boldness. Perhaps it would be too strong a figure to use, to say that this gathering of the saints was like a bombshell among the dry bones of formality and legalism in Brantford; but so it seems to the writer. Several of the city pulpits made references to the teaching of the Convention on Sunday, and in two cases, at least, the preachers took the ground that Christians should do the whole will of God. But those who "hold the fort" here are not in any danger of the "woe" pronounced against those that all men speak well of. Some are breathing out threatenings and slaughter, figuratively speaking, against this way; but I pity them, as there will be no hurt done to any but to the hurters themselves.

I am also informed that the subject of the Holy Ghost, as Guide unto all truth, was a subject for general discussion in many of the class and conference meetings on Sunday, and certainly many Christian people are greatly stirred on the question. Considering that we are a despised company, and that not many great or mighty follow with us, the Convention has certainly created a con-

siderable commotion, and the end is not yet.

I append clippings from the newspapers, which will give a general idea of the services.

This is from the Brantford *Expositor* of January 12th:—

HOLINESS CONVENTION.

THE OPENING MEETING LAST NIGHT—A LARGE ATTENDANCE—REV. MR. WOODSWORTH PREACHES.

The first session of the Holiness Convention was held last evening in the W. C. T. U. hall. There was a large gathering of delegates and citizens, which well filled the hall, and the meeting was of the most interesting character. In the absence of the Rev. Nelson Burns, President of the Association, the Vice-President, Rev. R. W. Woodsworth, presided, and is expected to preside during the continuance of the Convention. The first half hour was spent in singing, in which all present heartily participated, after which the Convention was formally opened with prayer by Mr. Caldwell, of Galt, and Rev. C. T. Bennett, B.A., this city.

The Chairman explained the object of the gathering, that it was not for controversy, but in a free way to study the deep things of God, and from the standpoint of experience and the Word of God to find out the utmost experience attainable by the Christian, and hence solving the problem, "how to keep converted." He said there would be no tests put to the meeting, dividing it into classes, but that each would have the utmost possible liberty without any being driven into a corner by such tests.

According to announcement, Rev. Mr. Woodsworth preached on the subject, "Justification by Faith," taking his text from Romans v. 1, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The preacher showed what was involved in being justified, and gave a number of reasons why people did not continue the justified relation. He said that justification was a life as well as an act, and that no man was justified who did not live in obedience to God. Contrary to a good deal of modern teaching, he said that a man who was justified was also sanctified, denning the word "sanctification" to mean, to be set apart for holy purposes. A justified man was wholly devoted to the service of God, and when he ceased to be so devoted, he ceased to be a justified man. People

failed to remain justified because of ignorance of God's provision for continuing in that experience, namely, the Holy Ghost in the heart of the believer.

The sermon was a very able and practical discourse, and was listened to with rapt attention by the large audience.

After the sermon the Convention formed itself into a conference, when impromptu addresses were delivered by several of the delegates. The promoters of the Convention, and all others, apparently, were highly pleased with this first session.

There are to be three meetings a day—morning, afternoon and evening, and the Convention expects to close on Thursday night, with a sermon by Rev. T. S. Linscott, this city.

This is from the same paper of January 13th:—

THE SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS—SERMON BY REV. A. TRUAX.

Yesterday was the second day of the Holiness Convention. The first session commenced at 9.30 a.m., according to announcement. The attendance in the morning was not as large as on Monday night, and was composed chiefly of the delegates from a distance, while the balance was made up of citizens. The session was occupied in the relation of Christian experience, and in short addresses on the subject of the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and of His power to keep from sin. The afternoon session was opened at 2.30 with a much larger audience than in the morning. This meeting was of a similar character to the morning meeting. Some of the testimonies are very remarkable, and there seems to be a unanimity on the point of living in unbroken communion with God.

The evening session convened at 7.30 with a very large audience, the body of the hall being filled, and a number of persons standing at the door. The Rev. A. Truax was the preacher of the evening, taking his text from John xviii. 37: "Pilate therefore said unto Him: Art thou a king then? Jesus answered: Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

After the sermon, Mrs. Drewry, of Toronto, delivered an address. She reported as to the health of the Rev. Nelson Burns, President of the Association, she having seen him in the morning before leaving Toronto, and

brought messages from him to the Convention. Mr. Burns is in a critical condition, not knowing whether he will live or die, but is perfectly resigned to do either and connects his illness with the will of God concerning him.

There were other addresses of a very interesting nature, and the large audience was dismissed with the benediction by the Rev. James Awde, B.A.

There will be two sessions of the Convention to-day, morning and afternoon, the night session being withdrawn on account of the prayer-meetings in the churches, but a delegation will conduct the prayer-meeting service in Brant Avenue Church.

The clipping following is from the *Brantford Daily Courier*, of January 14th:—

A PROFITABLE AND INTERESTING TIME.

Yesterday was the third day of the Holiness Convention, and the delegates assembled in the morning at the hour appointed. The morning session was largely attended, and lasted until about twelve o'clock. The experiences were vigorous, and some of them startling. Each speaker seemed to relate his experience as something which he knew, testifying to God's keeping power, and to uninterrupted communion with Him, most of them professing that they do the will of God in all things through the power of the indwelling Holy Ghost. A goodly number of those who testified in both the morning and afternoon meetings did not seem to be in full harmony with the central idea of the meeting. There was nothing in the shape of controversy or antagonism, but there seemed to be some experiences which fell short of the ideal experience as taught in this Convention.

The afternoon session comfortably filled the hall, and very great interest, even enthusiasm, was manifested from the time of the opening at two o'clock until five, when the meeting was dismissed. There was no session in the evening, but as the Convention had been invited to send a delegation to the Brant Avenue Church, most of the delegates from a distance attended there. The lecture room was well filled, and a sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. Truax, after which addresses were delivered by H. Dickenson, Woodstock, Mrs. Drewry, Toronto, and Rev. T. S. Linscott, this city. It was a meeting of great interest, and all seemed well pleased with it, including the pastor of the church.

The Convention convened again to-day in the morning, and the last session is expected to be held to-night, when the Rev. T. S. Linscott preaches on the subject, "How to keep converted."

One thing which strikes an outside observer of these meetings, is the fact that there is no appeal made to emotion, or attempt to stir up religious feeling. The teachings and testimonies appeal more to common sense, and deal more in facts and argumentation based on the Bible and experience, than in the cultivation of mere emotion. Whatever may be said of the theory of these people, they are certainly dead in earnest, and seem to understand themselves and their doctrine. The subject is presented in various ways, but the sum and substance of the teaching seems to be that God has made provision by which man can know His will and do His will, so that there shall be no need whatever of sinning. The procuring cause of such an experience they locate in the Holy Ghost, whom they say is a real person and literally dwells in their bodies.

The following is the *Brantford Expositor's* report of the last day:—

THE CLOSING EXERCISES—FULL OF ENTHUSIASM—THE VALEDICTORY.

The last day of the Convention was yesterday, and the proceedings opened at 9.30 in the morning. The morning session was largely of the same nature as the other morning sessions, and consisted chiefly in the relation of Christian experience, with special reference to the teachings of the Convention. There was a oneness of experience expressed in the matter of knowing the voice of God, most of them testifying that the voice of God was as familiar to them as the voice of their nearest friends. Testimony was given to the fact that they knew His will, and did His will continuously.

The afternoon meeting was a large gathering. Rev. A. Truax gave an address of about an hour's duration, on "The Guidance of the Holy Spirit." He claimed that the Bible without the Spirit was a book in an unknown tongue, that without Him it was not the voice of God to the individual, but that the Bible, plus the Holy Spirit, was the voice of God to the individual who walked with God. His remarks were clearly contradictory to the generally-received opinion concerning the Word of God; nevertheless, he placed the Bible in the highest light, showing that it was the only source of infor-

mation which we had concerning the Holy Ghost and God's will. Mr. Dickenson, of Woodstock, then delivered an address, emphasizing the remarks of the previous speaker. There were then one or two short addresses, when the chairman closed with a stirring address, warning those present to get at the real idea of the teaching of the Convention before they finally formed an opinion, and emphasizing the danger of misapprehension, and thus, in opposition to this doctrine, they would find they were fighting a man of straw, and not the real teaching of the Convention. He spoke from his own experience, saying that when this teaching was first met by him in the convention held in Colborne Street Church four years ago, that he had been a strong opponent of it, and commenced to write a series of letters in the *Christian Guardian* against what he then thought to be a heresy, but before he finished that series of letters, he made an exhaustive study of the subject from the Gospels, and from the Acts of the Apostles, and was wonderfully struck with the similarity between the language of this teaching and that especially of the Acts of the Apostles.

The evening session, the last of the Convention, was largely attended. The Rev. T. S. Linscott preached the sermon from the text, John viii. 30-32. The subject was "How to Keep Converted," and a thoughtful and apparently well-prepared sermon was delivered from that subject, emphasizing the special idea of the text, that converts should continue in Christ's Word in order to become disciples indeed.

In concluding the meeting, Mr. Linscott, on behalf of the Convention, gave hearty thanks to the citizens for the royal way in which they had entertained the delegates, to the newspapers for their reports of the meetings, and to the ministers who had so kindly announced the Convention from their pulpits. The Convention was closed with the benediction by Mr. J. Galloway, of this city.

Through the illness of the president, and unavoidable absence of the vice-president, Rev. R. W. Woodsworth, it fell to Mr. Linscott's lot to preside during the various sessions which were held.

T. S. L.

Brantford, Ont.

TALE-BEARERS and tale-hearers are alike guilty; the one hath the Devil in his tongue, and the other in his ear.—*Bernard*.

CALLED HOME—MRS. M. E. BEBEE.

DEAR BRO. BURNS,—Since the last issue of the EXPOSITOR, Sister Bebee, one of the members of the Canada Holiness Association, has joined the "innumerable company" of those "who bore the Cross, and nobly for the Master stood." In the absence of the usual data for a formal obituary notice, I think it fitting that I should state a few facts for the EXPOSITOR, whose columns were so attentively and gladly perused by her while living. I first became acquainted with her while she was living in Chatsworth, a timid lady, retiring and meek, and somewhat unsatisfied in her religious experience, but always intensely interested in that class of Christian testimony wherein reference was made to the baptism of the Spirit in Pentecostal fulness. Our acquaintance soon ripened into an intimacy which extended over a period of four years, wherein, through association and by correspondence, I had much opportunity of witnessing her zeal for God and experimental truths; and I desire gratefully and lovingly to record concerning her that with her there was one theme above all others—one which filled her thoughts and gave direction to all her conversations—that theme was "Holiness to the Lord."

By the power of the Spirit of God, her courage was equal to the occasion in many a severe test. Her endurance was of the kind that "beareth all things," and "without murmuring," "as seeing Him who is invisible," "esteeming reproach" for Christ more than costliest treasures, and standing undaunted and undismayed for the truth when her testimony itself was the subject of severe criticism. I believe that, to an unusual degree, she possessed the true spirit of the martyrs of old.

It was while living in the village of Markham that she came into possession of this grace in which she lived and died. One Sabbath morning, having gone home from class-meeting in dejection of spirit and longing for association with some of those who gave testimony respecting the baptism of the Holy Ghost, while sitting in her own room, in

some indescribable way, the Saviour was manifested to her, with sorrowful face, revealing to her that she was looking and longing for human aid, and offering Himself by His Spirit to be her guide, an offer she promptly accepted, and forthwith walked in Him. From thence the language of her song was changed. From being, "Saviour, I long to testify the fulness of Thy saving grace," it became, "Saviour, I'm glad to testify," etc.

It was revealed to her that, in moving to Owen Sound, she was going to be tried and tested, but in her heart she was "fully persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature should be able to separate her from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." And in many ways she was tried as gold is tried, in opposition, in affliction, and bereavement, but through all she could say, "Thanks be to God, who always causeth us to triumph in Thy name," and proved that, "God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye always, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

Not many months ago, when called to lay her little son in the grave, she testified that God had already "wiped her tears away." It seems clear to us now that even then the dawn of heaven was breaking on her brow—not then understood and, perhaps, even misjudged by us who "see through a glass darkly." Nevertheless, the truth and significance of that testimony is made apparent by the subsequent event of her death. "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Rev. G. R. Turk, we are informed, visited her repeatedly in her last illness, and preached very impressively the funeral discourse. He expressed his belief that she was one who "walked with God," and related an incident in connection with one of his visits, that we are sorry we can not give in his own words. It was to the effect that, on the occasion of one of his visits, he sang "Rock of Ages." The paralyzed tongue was incapable of expressing what doubt-

less she gladly would have attempted to utter, but the countenance glowed in a rapture no tongue could express, and her eyes declared the unspeakable joy. Of one thing we have no doubt; viz., that the last years of her life were years of rejoicing in God through an obedient walk in the Spirit.

We hope and pray that the bereft husband and daughter may prove the blessedness of the divine consolations. walk as she walked, triumph in the grace through which she had victory in life and death, and all be at length re-united in heaven.

(MRS.) R. H. HALL.

Elmira, Ont.

MR. WM. MOSELY, who has recently passed away from our midst, has left behind him a beautiful record of about five years of the "walk in the Spirit." His life was like that of his blessed Master, unassuming and meek. At the same time, he knew what it was to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," without murmuring. His simple faith and unswerving trust in God was manifest in a marked degree during his last illness. In his death, the Canada Holiness Association has lost a consistent member. Many readers of the EXPOSITOR who have known Brother and Sister Mosely will, we are sure, remember her in this hour of extreme trial.

COM.

Toronto.

TO OUR readers of the EXPOSITOR will notice that this number contains no editorial matter. The editor has been prostrated with la grippe, this being the sixth week of his illness. There were complications which at one time made his sickness somewhat serious, but we feel thankful to be able to inform our readers that he is now steadily improving, although not yet able to leave his room. We take this opportunity of thanking our friends for their kind sympathy, both by letter and word of mouth.

E. B.

"TILL HE COMES."

(To Miss Jennie Casseday.)

"A beautiful time for the harvest,"
Said Pauline, the reaper, one day.
"My sheaves shall be many and golden
When the Master cometh this way.
My place is where grain is ripest,
And my hands are young and strong,
Nor care I for heat and labor
As I sing the reaper's song:
Gathering, gathering for the King,
Hands may grow weary but glad hearts sing
Till He comes."

"Pauline!" 'Twas the voice of the Master,
And she paused in her happy haste
Where, for want of a skillful reaper,
Ripe grain was going to waste.
"Pauline, leave that sheaf unbinded,
And come now aside with Me."
Was the Master's word of greeting;
"I something would say to thee."
And she heard the happy ringing
Of the reapers in their singing,
"Till He comes."

"Wait here, and help on the harvest,"
Were the Master's strange commands,
When she reached a lonely corner,
And folded her eager hands.
She waited in painful silence,
Waited with weary heart,
For how could she help the reapers
If she did not do her part?
Afar she could hear them calling,
"Thy beautiful grain is falling,
Pauline, Pauline, art thou hiding?
Thou wilt have nothing but chiding
When He comes."

Her heart was heavy with sorrow,
And desolate was her cry,
"Oh, why, when I love the Master,
Am I like a weed thrown by?
I left the world and its treasures,
Nor heeded a moment it's cost,
To take my place with the reapers,
And now all my talents are lost.
Never more will I be singing,
Where the ripest grain is springing,
Till He comes."

"Pauline!" 'Twas the voice of the Master,
"The harvest is Mine, not thine;
If waiting gives Me the best service,
Surely thou needst not repine."

Another has taken thy sickle:
It only is left to thee
To see, in this low hidden corner,
What work can be done for Me.
There can be no place so dreary,
There can be no hands so weary,
But that all may help in bringing
Golden sheaves with happy singing
When I come."

So she smiled, and gave a welcome
To Pain, who would be her guest;
Then Patience and sweet Submission
Came soon with their peaceful rest.
With their help, in her shadowed corner,
Like stars through the evening gloom,
There sprang for Pauline fairest blossoms,
That filled every spot with bloom.
Then the Master came so often
It was called a holy place,
And the busy reapers lingered
For more love and lowly grace.
And they went their own way singing,
"We will all be ripe grain bringing
When He comes."

"Thou canst plan for the busy gleaners,"
Pauline heard the Master say,
And she joyfully took the message
And said, when one came her way,
"Take flowers to the darkened prison,
And blooms to the bed of pain,
And blossoms to weary mothers;
Thy labor will not be vain."
They heeded her gentle bidding,
And fragrance went everywhere,
And tired eyes were uplifted,
While sad hearts were saved despair.
In her quiet room came ringing
Back the echo of their singing,
"Till He comes."

"'Tis time that the sheaves were garnered,"
Said the Master when eve had come,
And the reapers in the gloaming
Were all singing their harvest home,
Then Pauline beheld with wonder,
As they entered the sunset gate,
Her name on sheaves rich and golden
That were gathered early and late.
And the Master smiled approval,
And He said, when she meekly came,
"Thine is the crown of the toilers
Who gathered for Me in thy name."
And the bells of heaven were ringing,
While the angel choir was singing,
"He has come."

—Myra G. Plantz, in "Union Signal."

SAMUEL CROWTHER, SLAVE-BOY AND BISHOP.

Some twenty-five years ago, the great supply of slaves for the markets of the world came from the west coast of Africa, and especially from the kingdoms bordering on the gulf of Guinea. One of the kingdoms is Yoruba, and about a hundred miles inland from what is now the port of Lagos, there lived, in 1821, a family consisting of father and mother and three children, one of them a boy of eleven years, named Adjai. One morning a cry was heard in this rude African village: "The mer-stealers are coming!" In the fight which followed, the father fell in defence of his home, and the children and mother were bound together with cords about their necks, and were driven away from their home, which was left a smoking ruin. The mother and baby were allotted to one of the warriors. Adjai and his sister were assigned to a principal chief, but were soon bartered away for a horse.

Inasmuch as the horse did not suit the chief, Adjai was taken back, but was subsequently sent in chains to the slave market at Ijaye to be sold. Within a few months he was sold four times, generally being bartered for rum and tobacco. All this time he was in terrible anxiety lest he should be sold to white men and carried off, as so many of the slaves were, to a foreign land. He often purposed to strangle himself, and actually attempted to throw himself into the river. But God kept him in life, for He had a great use to make of him.

The fourth master of Adjai did sell him to the white men, who put him with the others into the slave barracoons, or sheds, where he lay stifling for four weary months. This was at what is now the flourishing town of Lagos. But one night Adjai and his companions, to the number of one hundred and eighty-seven, were carried on board a slave-ship, and stowed away in the hold for the purpose of transportation to Cuba or Brazil. Shortly after the slave-ship went to sea she was captured by a British man-of-war which was seeking to suppress the slave trade, and the slaves were taken on board to be carried to Sierra Leone. But of course those poor creatures did not understand the merciful purpose of their deliverers, and when on board the receiving-ship they were filled with horror at seeing joints of pork, and cannon-balls about the deck, for they had no other thought than that

these were the heads and flesh of murdered negroes, and that it would soon be their turn to be thus cut up.

These freed children were placed at Sierra Leone, in a school under the charge of young men, and Adjai was so eager to learn that when the first day's school was over he begged a half penny, and bought an alphabet card for himself. In six months he could read the New Testament well. A little girl with whom he was associated in this school, named Asana, afterward became his wife.

After exhibiting marked intelligence and showing evidence of Christian character, Adjai was baptized in 1825, by the name of Samuel Crowther. He was then taken to England by one of the missionaries, but returned shortly after to Sierra Leone, and became a student, and soon an assistant teacher, in what was called the Fourah Bay College of the English Church Missionary Society. He was invited to accompany the celebrated Niger expedition, undertaken by the English Government in 1841, the object of which was to explore that important but then unknown river of Africa. The expedition, though it made valuable discoveries, was disastrous in its results, for nearly one-third of the one hundred and fifty persons connected with it died within two months. Mr. Crowther, however, escaped, and in 1843, just twenty-one years after he was put on board the slave ship, he was ordained clergyman in connection with the mission of the Church of England. His country marvelled as they heard one of their own race preaching in his native Yoruba, and the whole church rang with the cry of "*Ke-oh-sheh!*" ["So let it be."]

At this time many of the Yoruba-speaking tribes, after suffering greatly from men-stealing wars, had built a city about a hundred miles from Lagos, calling it Abeokuta, and many of the slaves who had obtained their liberty in various parts of Africa made their way back to their native land. Mr. Crowther was appointed to labor at this city, and he went thither with four other Christian Yoruba.

In 1846, three weeks after he had reached the city, he met his mother, after a separation of a quarter of a century. In his own journal he makes the following record for August 21, on which day he met her:

"Thou art the helper of the fatherless.' I have never felt the force of this text more than I did this day, as I have to relate that my mother, from whom I was torn away about five and twenty years ago, came with

my brother in quest of me. When she saw me she trembled. She could not believe her own eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment; big tears rolled down her emaciated cheeks. A great number of people soon came together. She trembled as she held me by the hand, and called me the familiar names by which I well remember I used to be called by my grandmother, who has since died in slavery. We could not say much, but sat still, and cast now and then an affectionate look at one another—a look which violence and oppression had long checked—an affection which had nearly been extinguished by the long space of twenty-five years. My two sisters, who were captured with us, are both with my mother, who takes care of them and her grandchildren, in a small town not far from hence, called Abaka. Thus unsought for, after all search for me had failed, God has brought us together again, and turned our sorrow into joy."

It seems that his mother had long given up all hope of seeing her son, having been herself in slavery more than once, though not taken from Africa. She afterward became one of the first fruits of the mission, and was baptized by the name of Hannah, the mother of Samuel.

In Mr. Crowther's journal of August 3, 1849, is this record: "This mission is to-day three years old. What has God wrought during this short interval of conflict between light and darkness! We have five hundred constant attendants on the means of grace, about eighty communicants, and nearly two hundred candidates for baptism. A great number of heathen have ceased worshipping their country gods; others have cast away theirs altogether, and are not far from enlisting under the banner of Christ."

We have not room to follow the subsequent life of Mr. Crowther in detail. He prepared a grammar and dictionary of the Yoruba language, and was known as a diligent and thorough scholar. He translated the Bible and school books into his native tongue, and gave himself unweariedly to efforts to elevate his people. He led a second expedition up the Niger, which was a signal success, making important additions to the geographical knowledge of the world. But he was engaged chiefly in the missionary work, and in 1857 the Niger mission of the English Church Missionary Society was established. When the English bishop died, no one could be found so fitted for the position as Mr. Crowther, and he was conse-

crated bishop in 1864. The last report of this mission says that "no other mission started so recently as 1857 can show equal visible results in large congregations of professed Christian worshippers." There are nearly four thousand Christian adherents under the care of this bishop, and though the people have suffered much from the heathenish superstitions of their neighbors, they have stood steadfast for the faith. The wife of Bishop Crowther died a few years ago—more than fifty years after their marriage in 1829.—*Mission Stories of Many Lands.*

NELLIE'S GIFT.

"Did you ever want anything awful bad, and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when that package came from my auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just 'splen-dor-if-ic,' and Jack's my brother, and he knows.

"I had wanted some for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, 'cause when you live in a little cuddled-up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money flies away before it gets around to what little girls want.

"I don't know how auntie found it out, unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't near Christmas time, either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden and do so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then it came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church, just so. Jack says I hold my paws like a scared rabbit, but I didn't ever see a rabbit with mitts on.

"It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Sabbath-school, and by-and-by I didn't, for we had such a good Sabbath-school I forgot everything else.

"A missionary man told all the folks about some poor children away off; how the fire had burned down their schoolhouse; and they hadn't any nice houses or clothes, or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and learn! And he said what was given those little ones was just the same as given to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as given to the dear Christ-child. I supposed everybody would give.

Why, some of the folks are worth as much as ten or a hundred dollars, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty.

"I did wish that I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read it that very morning—how she had given her two mits, every living mitt she had; it said so. So I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad, if my throat did all choke up. But pretty soon, when the basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out.

"Has any little girl lost her gloves?"

"Nobody said anything, and he asked again:

"Did any little girl drop her gloves in the basket by mistake?"

"It was awful still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me; so I had to say something.

"It wasn't a mistake," I told him. "I wanted to help and hadn't any money; but I knew how the poor woman in the Bible gave her two mits, and so—"

"Then those folks just shouted, they did, and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

"I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what, for if m-i-t-t-s don't spell mits, what does it spell? Course I cried, but my teacher put her arms right around me and whispered, 'Never mind, little Nellie,' and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling, 'Dear friends, this little girl has given her greatest treasure. Have we older ones done as much?'"

"Some way, the money just poured into the basket after that, and the minister looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mits back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give.

"But, oh, how full the basket was. And when that gentleman counted it, his eyes grew all wet, and he said, softly, though I didnt know what he meant, 'And a little child shall lead them.'—*Presbyterian*.

If Ananias, who kept back part of the price of his land, "lied unto the Holy Spirit," what shall be thought of the sin of him who, having devoted himself and all he has to God, takes it back in part or in whole, that he may, as James says, "spend it in his pleasures?"—*F. M. Ellis, D.D.*

THE COURTEOUS CHRISTIAN.

Some good men are blunt in their feelings and rough in their manners, and they apologize for their coar-ness, plainness of speech. They quote in self-defence the sharp words and shaggy mien of Elijah and John the Baptist, and, as affectation, they sneer at the soft address and mild manners of gentler men. Now, it is very true that there is a certain strength of character, an impetuosity of feeling, and a sturdy vehemence of principle to which it is more difficult to prescribe the rules of Christian courtesy than to more meek and pliant natures. It is very possible that Latimer, in his bluntness, and Knox, in his erect and iron severity, and Luther, in the magnificent explosions of his far-resounding indignation, may have been nobler natures and fuller of the grace of God than the supple courtiers whose sensibilities they so rudely shattered, but it does not follow that men who have not got their warfare to wage are entitled to use their weapons. Nor does it even follow that their warfare would have been less successful had they wielded no such weapons.

The question, however, is not between two rival graces—between integrity, on one side, and affability, on the other—but the question is: Are these two graces compatible? Can they co-exist? Is it possible for a man to be explicit, and open, and honest, and, withal, courteous and considerate of the feelings of others? Is it possible to add to fervor and fidelity, suavity and urbanity and brotherly kindness? This question has already been answered, for the actual union of these things has already been exhibited.

Without referring to Nathan's interview with David, where truth and tenderness triumph together, or Paul's remonstrances to his brethren, in which a melting heart is the vehicle of each needful reproof, we need only to revert to the Great Example Himself. In the epistles to the Asiatic churches, each begins with commendation, wherever there was anything that could be commended. With the magnanimity which remembers past services in the midst of the present injury, and which would rather notice good than complain of evil, each message, so far as there was material for it, is ushered in by a word of eulogy, and weight is added to the subsequent admonition by this preface of kindness. And it was the same while the Lord Jesus was on earth. His tender tone was the keen edge of His reproofs, and His unquestionable love infused solemnity into every warning. There never was one more

faithful than the Son of God, but there never was one more considerate.

And just as rudeness is not essential to honesty, so neither is roughness essential to strength of character. The Christian should have a strong character; he should be a man of remarkable decision; he should start back from temptation as from a bursting bomb. And he should be a man of inflexible purpose. When once he knows His Lord's will, he should go through with it—aye, through fire and water with it! But this he may do without renouncing the meekness and gentleness which were in Christ. He may have zeal without pugnacity, determination without obstinacy. He should distinguish between the ferocity of the animal and the courage of the Christian. And whether he will make the distinction or not, the world will make it. The world looks for the serene benevolence of conscious strength in the follower of the Lamb of God; and, however rude its own conduct, it expects that the Christian himself will be courteous.

—James Hamilton, D.D.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE KING.

You see, me an' the King's pardners. I'm only junior member of the firm; capital an' everything, all belongs to Him; I only does little odd jobs an' the knock 'round work. It was this way: I was out in the country last summer for two whole weeks. She lies there. I tell ye, if heaven's any purtyer'n that there place I'll give up. Well, she told about the King, an' about His country, an' how He an' me might go an' be pardners. She didn't say jest that thing, but tha's the way I got on to it.

"How'll I do it?" I says.

"Go an' do the thing He did," she says.

"What did He do?" I asks.

"He cured sick folks, one thing," she says, kind o' smilin' at me.

"H'm," says I, "I can't do that."

"Yes, you can," says she, quick like. "There's lots o' kinds o' sickness in the world. People ain't always sick in their bodies; it's in their hearts an' their souls an' their minds."

That was a little deep for me then, but I studied 'bout it awhile, an' says she:

"Give a lift whenever you can. There's always somebody wuss off'n you are. Help 'em along. There's other little chaps don't have as good luck as you."

"That's so," says I.

She didn't say anything more for awhile,

an' I kept thinkin' it over. The sun was shinin' down across the corn fields an' away over the woods, where it got dark and cool, an' the wind blow across the grass an' made tracks all through it, 's if somebody was awalkin' along. After awhile I says, "I believe I'll do it!" She looked up then, mighty pleased like, an' I says, "How'll He know I wants to go into pardnership?"

"Tell 'im," she says, with a shinin' in her eyes. "You don't need a telephone, nor a messenger boy, because all you have to do is to say it, an' He knows it an' hears it right away."

So I went away into the orchard. There was big trees, an' sech long, shady places, an' the wind went blowin' through, an' I sat there on the stone wall, a-lookin' out over the medders, but I didn't say it fer a long time. It didn't seem like it could be He'd hear, ner want to have it, ner anythin'. An' I thought, what 'd a great King like Him want to be foolin' long with me fer? But after awhile I did it. I says, out loud:

"Lord, I want to be yer pardner."

Then I held my breath fer a minit, an' it was so still I could hear the river runnin', away 'cross the clover medder, an' somewhere down in the woods, a bird—a medder lark, she says—said jest one single word slow and glad, "Halle-lu-ye!" But I knew He'd took me fer His pardner, 'thout another word being said.

Yes, me an' the King has been pardners for more'n a year, an' the business we do is amazin'. There's gettin' to be a big pile in the savin's bank. It's over in His country, you know. It ain't pennies an' nickels we puts in; it's things we does to help the King. See? She told me about that. She says: "Whenever you see a little feller what's weaker'n you, an' can't help hisself so well, just give him a lift; if yer can't do anything more, chirk 'im up, give him a kind word;" that's jest what she says. "There ain't nothin' too small for the heavenly savin's bank."

There was a little kid lived down long o' Miss Flannigan's, where I used to sleep nights. Kit, her name was. She was a little white-faced young un, an' went with a crutch. One day I got hold of a flower as somebody had dropped, an' I carried it home to her. She was settin' by the window, a-watchin' a star, jest one star she could see, an' she didn't hear me when I slipped up to her. She used to set that way an' look up at the sky. They liked to have her out of the way, 'cause she was no good about the house. Well, when she see the posy, she

jest stretched out her hands, with her little white face shinin'; she didn't say a word, jest held it up against her cheek, an' I slipped away.

I got so I'd carry things home to her whenever I got a chance, if 'twasn't more'n a peanut or a cherry. You see she was sech a lonesome little thing; hadn't nobody belonging to her since mother died over to the county hospital two years ago; and Mis' Flannigan's so goodhearted she wouldn't have her turned out. She said the child didn't eat but a morsel, an' should have her bite with the rest.

Well, do you know, I got to lovin' the little thing, an' she got to lovin' me, and by-m-by I used to tell her about everything, an' I told her about me an' the King being pardners, an' all that, an' I told her all about the birds a-singin', an' the grass an' the flowers, an' she jest set an' listened with her eyes a-shinin' like stars, an' she says, "Oh! I wish I could go there!"

That set me to thinkin'. I knew that place was out o' sight, but there was Jackson Park, an' I wondered if me an' the King couldn't manage to get her out there. I kep' it a-turnin' over in my mind, an' I laid up a penny at a time till I had enough to pay fer the cable ride. Then one day, after my papers were all sold, we borrowed a little hat o' Mis' Flannigan's oldest girl, an' I took Kit, crutch an' all, an' carried her all the way to where we could get on to the Cottage Grove car, an' we went a-swoopin' down the street. We was in the front seat of the grip, an' wasn't it grand! The wind blew in our faces, an' Kit had to hold her hat on whenever we met another car. Well, we got down to Jackson Park, and went on to the grass, an' under the trees. Wisht you could've seen that kid. She jest shone; there wasn't a happier kid in Chicago.

W'y, she never'd seen grass or 'rees before, ner heard the birds sing. After a while, we went over 'longside o' the little lake where the boats is, an' while we was a-settin' on the grass under a tree, who should come along but my doctor! Yes, my doctor!

You see, we comes to have our regular customers, an' Dr. Lowell always gets his paper of me, every mornin' reg'lar. I know jest when he's goin' to come down the steps, an' has it all ready fer him. Yes, sirre! He's the biggest an' smartest doctor in Chicago. When he came along, I jumped up an' pulled off my cap, and said, "Hello, sir!" an' he stopped, an' then he took off his hat; yes, sir, he did, took off his hat to Kit! An' Kit, she looked at him a minute with her

big eyes wide open, an' then she smiled at him 's if she knew she could trust him. You couldn't be afraid of my doctor, if you once got a look into his big, honest face.

No, sirre!

Well, he asked all about Kit, an' her leg being lame, an' he says, "You bring her down to my office to-morrow, an' we'll see about it."

I tell you when my doctor sees about a thing it gets done, an' he's had Kit there to his house, an' she kin go without her crutch a little already, an' pretty soon, he says, she'll be all cured; an' her cheeks is gettin' round an' rosy, an' they're goin' to keep her always! Yes, I misses Kit when I gits home to Mis' Flannigan's nights, but she's better off, an' I am glad of it; an' don't you see, it was all on account of the King. If Him an' me hadn't been pardners, my doctor never would've seen Kit, an' she wouldn't've been cured.

Kit, she's goin' to be a pardner too. Mrs. Doctor, she says she may; an' Mrs. Doctor says it's all true, an' that she belongs to the firm, an' so does the doctor!—*Dorothy Deane in Interior.*

WILL THE LORD PROVIDE?

It has pleased God to keep me on the old beaten track in this part of His vineyard, visiting different churches as pastor for over eight years. During this time many have been the conflicts, battles and victories. I have in the order and providence of God been brought into places where I have had the privilege of proving the above declaration many times, and I with dear wife and children am there now, but the Lord will deliver, as He is always true to His promises. I remember at one time on Monday morning everything in the way of eatables was consumed for breakfast and not a thing left for dinner. Here Satan for a while seemed to attack us with all his power. One of the things he suggested to me was to tell the Church our condition, or go and get what we needed on credit; but I said, No, I will not do either; I will trust God. I exhorted my wife to do likewise, and was glad to find her ready to do so. After laying our condition before the Lord (in family prayer) and committing ourselves into His hand, I told the dear wife I wanted to visit and pray with two or three families, and would return before noon, which I did, and found the dear wife standing in the door, looking for me with a shining face, and tears of gratitude

running down her cheeks. When I looked in the house I saw in one corner sacks of flour piled up, and on the dining table lots of meat, and on the bed plenty of dry goods. On the outside of the house were a sack of potatoes and canned goods. Here my tears flowed for joy and I praised the blessed Lord for His goodness to us. Three or four months afterward we were again brought to a trial of our faith. At this time the dear wife was sick and this kept me in the house so that I could not visit the churches or get out to work with my hands for wages. At last all our eatables were disposed of one morning at breakfast, and as I was emptying the flour barrel, my little boy of but six summers looked into the empty barrel and then said, "Papa, the Lord will not let us starve, will He?" I said, "No: He will fill that barrel before ten o'clock." About eight o'clock a neighbor (not a saved man) came into my house and, knowing nothing whatever about my circumstances, asked me for pencil and a bit of paper, and wrote on it and handed it back to me. On examination I found it to be quite an order on a grocery store in Wilmington. I took it to the store and by ten was back with enough flour to fill the barrel and fill it half full again, besides sugar, tea, coffee, fruit and meat. Yes, the Lord will provide. About this time we began in earnest to ask God for a settled home, and in two years from that time we moved into our home, which, through the goodness of God, we still enjoy. We have lately had the severest trial of our faith. On reaching home, coming from one of my appointments, which was on the third Sunday in December, I found they had run short of bread for the family and hay for the cow and horse, and as dear wife complained of being hungry (being in a delicate condition) and my little children looking up in my face, telling me they were hungry and begging me for something to eat, it was like pulling my very heart strings in two. I informed my wife I had brought home with me only \$3.15. She remarked, "You had better pay the city taxes with that," which I did. We would trust God and do the best we could. Then I called the family together and we knelt in prayer, asking God to direct me to where I could get work with my hands, that our need might be supplied. Then I went up town to look for work, but I hadn't been gone long when a man came to my house wanting me to do a little work for him. I did it in a little while, and this got us a sack of flour. Praise the Lord! O how it rejoiced my heart as my dear wife

and little ones gathered round the table to satisfy their hunger. But the severe trial of our faith was not over, as there was still nothing to eat for the poor cow and horse and all the time they were calling for something to eat. I made up my mind that I would neither eat nor sleep until my stock had something to eat. I took this to God, and after dark as I was lifting my heart to Him for help, there was a knock at the door, and when the door was opened there stood a boy, who informed us that his father, thinking we might be out of hay, sent him to see. So in a little while the cow and horse were feasting, and we were praising God for His goodness and mercy.

Yes, the Lord will provide. He may let us go hungry, but He will not let us starve; for He says He will neither leave nor forsake us. While passing through these trials I was tempted to locate for the better comfort of myself and family; but my convictions would not allow me. Most anybody would preach holiness if there was money in it, but very few would be willing to take part of Paul's salary and preach holiness, as the Holy Ghost witnessed to Paul in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions awaited him, Acts xx. 23. I think I can truly say that I with others have been getting Paul's salary with the bonds off. By the grace of God none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus Christ.

—Leonard Parker, in *Pentecost*.
Pomona, Cal.

"HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME."

"For He knoweth our frame" (Ps. ciii. 14). And He does not only know with that sort of upon-the-shelf knowledge, which is often guilty of want of thought among ourselves, but He remembereth that we are dust. "For He remembered that they were but flesh" (Ps. lxxviii. 39). Think of this when you are tempted to question the gentleness of the leading. He is remembering all the time; and not one step will He make you take beyond what your foot is able to endure. Never mind if you think it will not be able for the step that seems to come next; either He will so strengthen it that it shall be able, or He will call a sudden halt, and you shall not have to take it at all. Think of Jesus not merely entering into the fact, but into the feeling of what you are

going through. "Touched with the feeling." How deep that goes! When we turn away to Him in our wordless weariness of pain, which only He understands, we find out that we have to do with Him in quite a different sense from any one else. We could not do without Him, and, thank God! we shall never have to do without Him.—
Frances Ridley Havergal.

PRAYER AND PROTECTION.

A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac, one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners, that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman had made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?" "Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under General Grant!"

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We, of the South, had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadow hid me. As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work, because I was a sure shot. Then, out upon the night rang the words:

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack upon the camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were

the man whose life I was spared from taking." The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said, with much emotion, "I remember the night very well, and distinctly, the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my part was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrow, how much more for man created in His own image, and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered, I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn, now it will be inexpressibly dear."

A PRAYER OVER OXEN.

Elder John Stephens held a pastorate in the Free Baptist Church at Gardiner, Me., forty odd years ago. Nature dealt generously with Elder John. His big heart was incased in an iron frame of mammoth proportions. Remarkable alike for sincere piety and genuine humor, the good man so tempered his teachings as to make them acceptable to saint and sinner. Riding one day along the road to West Gardiner, he overtook an ox-team that was stuck in the mud. The discouraged cattle had refused to pull, and the driver, who had sworn till the air was blue, was preparing to reel off another string of oaths, when the parson stopped his horse and said: "Try prayer, my friend; try prayer." "Try it yourself," retorted the vexed teamster. "I'll do it," said Elder John, and dropped on his knees in the waggon. For awhile he prayed around his subject as if afraid to touch it. Gradually, however, his faith strengthened, and in a voice which bid fair to arouse the neighborhood he besought the Owner of the cattle on a thousand hills to move the hearts and legs of those stubborn oxen. The prayer was unconscionably long, and no sooner had it ended than the impatient driver prepared to start his team. "Stop," said Elder John, descending from his waggon; "as I have done the praying, I feel

that I ought to do the driving. You hold my horse and give me the goad-stick." The man consented to the arrangement, and with a grin waited to see the parson worsted. At that moment another ox-team was seen approaching from another direction. "Hello, neighbor!" the practical parson shouted to the new-comer. "Lend me your cattle for a moment." "Hold on!" cried the owner of the mired cart. "That's not fair. If you can handle this team better by praying than I can by swearing, I want to see you do it; but no doubling up, mind you; no doubling up." Elder John's robust figure was drawn to its fullest height, and his voice was like the roar of the ocean as he answered: "My friend, the Master I serve is abundantly able to move that load with a single yoke of oxen, or without any oxen at all; but when in direct answer to prayer he sends me an extra pair of cattle, I'm going to hook 'm on!" No further objection was raised, and with the aid of reinforcements the loaded cart was easily drawn out of the mud.—*Lewiston Journal*.

HAVE YOU BEEN LIKE HER?

A lady once besought Mr. Moody to pray for her unconverted husband, and try to lead him to Christ.

"How long have you been married?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Twenty years," she replied.

"What have you done to him to bring him to the Lord yourself?"

"I have talked to him; I have prayed for him; I have tried to get him to join the Church."

"And you have been his wife for twenty years?"

"Yes, sir."

"There must be something wrong somewhere," said the evangelist, shaking his head; "you ought to have got him to the Lord before this time. Have you always lived a Christian life before him?"

"I'm afraid not always."

"Have you ever got out of humor with him, and said spiteful things?"

"Yes, very often."

"And what did you do then? Did you apologize, and tell him you were sorry for it?"

"Oh, no! I never did that; I couldn't."

"Well, then, right there is where the trouble is. It is not your husband that I ought to pray for, but yourself. When

your heart once gets right, and makes your life right, it won't be long until God will get into the heart of your husband."

And it wasn't long afterwards until the prediction was fulfilled. The heart of the wife became full to overflowing with the love of God, and her husband was soon after converted.

WITH ME.

"And He cometh to His disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto them, What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?"—Matt. xxvi. 40.

The shadows lay so deep on Olivet,

And silent midnight was on all the land;

One watcher only in the darkness craved

A thought of love, a touch of human hand.

He came at last to seek it, but in vain;

And sadly through the darkness went away.

One tender word, one look of love that night,

Had been how sweet to Jesus, none may say.

But once again He came, and came to thee,

His busy worker in the harvest field;

Canst thou not watch with Me one silent hour?

I crave for more than busy hands can yield.

I want the fervent love that tells itself

In deep, sweet breathing, of a heart at rest

Beneath the shadow of Eternal wing,

Like the beloved disciple on My breast.

Then in the silence let Him speak to thee,

And in the reverent hush look up and tell

The love that He hath kindled in thy heart,

And in that blessed presence seek to dwell.

Yea, "tell it out"—unto thy Father tell

The preciousness of Christ to thine own heart;

Then wait, and listen till He speaks again,

Thou hast in wondrous fellowship a part,

And He hath need of thee; thy love is dear—

Thine uttered love—told waiting at His feet;

And hurry not to service till prepared

By quiet waiting in His presence sweet.

—*Selected.*

Our fallibility and shortness of knowledge should make us peaceable and gentle; because I may be mistaken, I must not be dogmatical and confident, preemptory and imperious. I will not break the certain laws of charity for an uncertain doctrine.—*Whichcote.*

RELIGIOUS ATROCITIES.

In a most interesting letter to the *Spectator* the terrible story is told of the Arab martyr, Geronimo, who, after intolerable tortures had liquid plaster poured over him and was built up alive in the Fort des Vingt-quatre Heures, in Algiers. After three hundred years, during which the tale was gradually treated (like most tales of human cruelty), as a romance, the wall was taken down, and he was found. Plaster-of-Paris was thrown into the mould, and the life-size figure of Geronimo appeared, and is now to be seen in the museum. His crime was having been a convert to Christianity, and the demon who decreed his punishment—one Euldj Ali—is spoken of by the correspondent in question as he deserves. It is a pity, however, that the records of religious cruelty are so rarely commented upon by persons of the same faith as the miscreant who inflicts them. It is to the Bishop of Gloucester (in 1706) that we are indebted for the most terrible scene ever described in a letter, of that auto-da-fe at Lisbon where the men and women “after an hour in the flames, appeal to the King sitting close by in his opera-box for more faggots to end their tortures; and he denies them. What is wanted is denunciation of such hideous crimes from the right quarter, but we never get it. It is not the Calvinist that expresses his horror at the burning of Servetus. There is a certain theological blackguardism which seems to cling to every faith, and is never wholly got rid of by its disciples, however subsequently civilized. We all know how difficult it is to blame, even for atrocities, persons who take our own view in secular matters. Thus it happens that mutilators of cattle go unpunished, and dynamiters are spoken of as “political offenders,” and but for the fact that religious cruelty is a contradiction in terms—a breach of the very law that it would maintain—it is not surprising that the same weakness should be exhibited by theologians. But in the present growth of scepticism that is admitted on all hands—and one cause of which is unquestionably the crimes that have been committed in the name of religion—it would not, perhaps, be out of place if religious parties of all kinds should express their abhorrence of the various atrocities which, when their forefathers had the upper hand, they inflicted on their fellow-creatures. In the old days it was ascribed to zeal; at a later date to fanaticism; and surely the time has

now arrived when they might confess that the plea of doing such things “for the love of God” was a mere blasphemous pretence for the indulgence of brutal natures, impatient of contradiction, and swift to slay when they could not convince. It is strange that we have not had one word from any of them, in their corporate capacity, to this effect, though a good many from their rivals, whose conduct in the same good old times was just as bad.—*James Payne, in Illustrated London News.*

THERE is a young clergyman in the city of New York (only twenty-seven years old), who, if he keeps his head level and his heart devoted, is likely to make a stir in the world. Rev. Hugh Erice Hughes thinks that “he already has the ear of the manhood of America to a greater extent than anybody else.” He compares him with Spurgeon in his youthful days, and says he “is the living embodiment of the convictions, ideals and methods by which Christianity will yet triumph in the civilized world.” Here is a specimen of his style of utterance, and a fair sample of his pulpit truths:

“The Christianity that does not reach the masses reaches nobody. It is a caricature. It is a farce. It is a swindle. It is a stench in the nostrils of the Father of humanity. The sooner we tear down such churches, split them into kindling wood, and grind them into concrete, the better. The better for the church. The better for truth. The better for organic religion. The better for man. Such social clubs, masquerading under the sacred name of the Christ, the Son of Man, the Man of the people, the despised Nazarene, the Son of the carpenter, only crucify Him afresh. They are a curse. They cumber the ground. Standing out-and-out as social clubs for the exchange of social courtesies, they might be the vehicle of divine influence. But standing as churches, pretending to be the organic embodiment of the regenerating Spirit of the living God, they are unmitigated humbugs. The sooner we learn this the better.”—*The American Methodist.*

LET us suppose the existence of a thousand hells; yet there is nothing like this saying of the Lord—to be banished from His glory and His blessedness! To be accursed in His sight, and to hear from His lips, “I know you not!”—*Anon.*

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