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The Way of Holiness Made Plain.

BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

CONTENTS :

	PAGE.
TO MY MOTHER.....	61
HOW GOD LEAD ME THESE FORTY YEARS.....	62
THE LIFE OF JOHN BURNS.....	64
MY OWN EXPERIENCE.....	65
THE BLIND BOY.....	66
MY GRANDMOTHER'S CONVERSION.....	68
THOUGHTS ON TIME.....	70
THE SANCTIFICATION OF ANN PRESTON.....	72
CAN GOD TALK TO HIS PEOPLE.....	73
I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.....	74
DO YOU WANT SALVATION.....	75
WHAT IS SANCTIFICATION AND HOW OBTAINED.....	76
DO YOU SHOW PIETY AT HOME?.....	77
A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.....	80
ATONEMENT AND REDEMPTION.....	80

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The Way of Holiness
Made Plain.

BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

To My Mother.

Give me my old seat, mother,
With my head upon thy knee,
I've passed through many a changing scene,
Since thus I sat by thee.
Oh! let me look into thine eyes,
Their meek, soft, loving light,
Falls like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my head to-night.

I've not been long away, mother,
Few suns have rose and set,
Since last the tear-drop on thy cheek,
My lips in kisses met ;
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems,
Though every night I come to thee,
Dear mother, in my dreams.

The Way of Holiness Made Plain.

The world has kindly dealt, mother,
 By the child thou lov'st so well,
 Thy prayers have circled round her path,
 And 'twas their holy spell,
 Which made their path so dearly bright,
 Which strewed the roses there,
 Which gave the light and cast the balm,
 On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, mother,
 A happier, never bear,
 And even now new buds of hope
 Are bursting at my feet,
 Oh, mother, life may be a dream,
 But if such dreams are given,
 While at the portal thus we stand,
 What are the truths of heaven?

I bear a happy heart, mother,
 Yet when fond eyes I see,
 And hear soft tones and winning words,
 I ever think of thee ;
 And then the tear—my spirit weeps—
 Unbidden fills my eye,
 And like a homeless dove, I long
 Unto thy breast to fly.

Then I am very sad, mother,
 I am very sad and lone,
 Oh ! there's no heart whose inmost fold
 Opes to me like thine own ;
 Though sunny smiles wreath the blooming lips,
 While love tones meet my ear,
 My mother, one fond glance of thine,
 Were 'thousand times more dear.

Then with a closer clasp, mother,
 Now hold me to thy heart,

I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own
Once more before we part ;
And mother, to this love-lit spot,
When I am far away,
Come oft, too oft thou can'st not come,
And for thy darling pray.

How God Lead Me This Forty Years.

I spent about five months with my good brother at Walsingham. I had many happy seasons and enjoyed much of God's goodness at times, but at other times the devil thrust me sore. I attended special services held in the village of St. Williams. I had many dark seasons, and one occasion I felt so cast down and so near despair that I nearly doubted my acceptance with God. I had such a hatred of making my troubles known to any one, that I felt ashamed to tell Mr. Ware my trouble. I thought I would get comfort from him ; so I wrote a letter, telling him how I felt, and gave it to him. He tried to show me my sin of unbelief; but still I doubted, and it was nothing less than a temptation of the devil, for in this way he kept me all my life previous to my sanctification ; but God never left me. I often sang,

Do I love the Lord or no ?
Am I His or am I not ?

But the time arrived for me to leave my friends at St. Williams, and as I was engaged to be married I returned home, conscious that I was in the Lord's way, for I earnestly prayed to never be allowed to take one step which was not for the glory of God ; and I believed I was doing right in the sight of God, although my friends felt quite the contrary. They thought I was taking a wrong step, but God was my law giver, and as soon as I saw it was His will I decided not to wait long to decide, so on Feb. 11th, 1862, I was married. I tried to begin housekeeping in the fear of the Lord, and prayed earnestly for heavenly wisdom.

But what a mistake I made to live day and night without family prayer. I knew it was our duty, but I thought it was my husband's place, and because it was his place, I made this an excuse; but God instructed a good brother to come and tell me to have prayer, and twice he sent him to me. He faithfully warned me to set my foot upon visiting on the Lord's day. This latter advice I was enabled by the grace of God to attend strictly to, but the former I overlooked, not from ignorance of it being my duty, but lest I should, in any degree, interfere with my husband's rights, for I always believed that husbands should have the most prominent position in the household, and I was always afraid of being a usurper or ruling over a man. I needed more Christian fortitude and especially more grace, for I made many mistakes and got angry very often. One rude act that I committed when very much provoked was this: I stamped my foot in my home. I began to be fretful over little things and lost my enjoyment in the Divine life. What a wonder God bore with me, and did not cast me away from his presence nor take His holy spirit from me. But glory be to His holy name, He never for one moment left me to myself, but ever spoke to me by His spirit and said, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

The Life of John Burns.

My uncle's family was better at censuring him than helping him. He went to one of his brothers as a day-laborer, and did the very best he could do, as the time was past for him to get into any situation. He had an opportunity once of going with my then rich sick uncle, but my mother thought it would hurt the good seed which had been sown in his heart, by being away from home so much, and she, therefore, opposed this step for which she got great blame afterwards from my father's friends. I now see the hand of God even in this, for while he was poor he was upright both in business and life. This was a great blessing to him, for the poor in his poverty is better than the rich in his deceit. He loved all God's people, although he hated

any form of doctrine that robbed God of his glory, and hence his time was often taken up in trying to correct the mistakes of others. Let this be a lesson to Church members to not spend precious time in idle chit chat, for it is the devil's work, arguing for argument's sake or even to put some mistaken one right, as our influence can benefit no man while its motive is to draw out the opinion of others, for the glory of God must be in view if we do any good to others. This has always been a warning to me, to not, on any occasion, argue points of doctrine. He loved his family's welfare, but did not see exactly as he might have, if his better judgment had been sanctified to God. Oh, how different he might have seen to do with the children committed to his trust, but he was ever troubled about their future, and this anxiety kept him from much enjoyment in the Divine life. But you may ask, Was he a Christian, if he burdened himself with the cares of to-morrow? I answer, yes. How many Christians burden themselves, when they should cast all their care upon the Lord. They do, as my father did, try to lay it down at the cross, and come away, and perhaps in a few hours take it all on their own shoulders again, and go about carrying their own burdens. Hence, the precious time wasted in useless regrets and foolish plannings. To look on the dark side of the picture was a great besetment of his, but still he hoped for the best.

My Own Experience.

My friends, you are tired of fighting, and so am I, and as God's great end is accomplished in trying me to the uttermost, I now lay aside a great many of the things that I thought God would present before you, such as "The Messages Explained," "The Reproaches I Bore," "The Mistakes Made," "The Pulpit and the Pew," and the secrets the Lord revealed to myself alone, to be revealed to others in God's own good time. All the explanation I can give any of my readers is just what God Himself gives, for this work is that of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost upon the human soul. I have no apology to make

for not continuing these subjects through the year, as the title of the book is plain. It is to make, if possible, the way to possess this pearl of great price more easily understood, and to show how God can talk to His people in the still small voice of His spirit, and I am among the believers in this great endowment to be the privilege of every Christian to walk and talk with God. With what I have read, and especially with what I have learned, felt and seen of God in the little things of this life, I would be worse than an infidel if I did not try, at least in some humble way, to say something of this all-important doctrine. I was called of God in the year 1871 to do this work so as to tell everybody what God had done for me, and what He had wrought in me. I tried to tell it to some, but hid His righteousness at home until He was forced to do something with me in order to make me willing to do His will; but if I had been His faithful servant He would never have laid upon me, what I call, such heavy burdens. Do not mistake the meaning of these words, the carrying of messages was a heavy burden to me.

The Blind Boy.

It was a blessed summer's day,
 The flowers bloomed, the air was mild;
 The little birds poured forth their lay,
 And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
 Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
 Till suddenly I came upon
 Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot,
 A little boy and girl reclined;
 His hand in her's she gently put,
 And then I saw the boy was blind.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long ;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree ;"
The poor boy sigh'd, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see !"

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there:
How beautiful for me who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade ;
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given ;
But, tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in Heaven ?

"No, dearest Edward, there all see,
But why ask me a thing so odd?"

"O, Mary, He is good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God !"

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild :
His widow'd mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "O, never weep for me!
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

“And you’ll come there, dear Mary, too ;
But, mother dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward, mother, that ’tis you;—
You know I never saw you here !”

He spake no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given ;
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes—in Heaven.

My Grandmother's Conversion.

My grandmother was a High Church woman, outwardly moral, upright in all her dealings, regular in her attendance to all the ordinances of her Church, punctual in payment of all her dues, both to God and man. She was brought up in strict obedience to her parents, loved and revered them, and was a living witness of the truth of the fifth commandment ; her days were long upon the earth. But alas, 78 years had passed over her, and as yet she knew nought of the power of Divine grace upon her soul ; it was all dark. Oft would she say, when spoken to of a necessity of a change of heart, “Ah, indeed, its a pity of the world, if one so good as I miss heaven.” Often have I heard her numerate her good works, and thought it could not be, one so pure in herself, so righteous in all her dealings with the world, and God so merciful ; no, she could never be lost. After grandfather's death, which occurred about two years before her conversion, she came to live with my mother, where she was brought in contact with family experimental religion. My parents with many others talked to her of the necessity of being born again for a meetness of Heaven, but it was a great insult to her dignity : she could not be persuaded, but she was all right and would often say, I am not afraid to meet my Maker at any time ; I never committed a sin that would dam my soul ; I never stole, lied, or cheated in any way. Poor soul, little dreaming that she had robbed God all her life long of his glory.

My mother fasted once a week and prayed for nearly twenty years, that God might bring her to a knowledge of the truth. Often her faith was ready to falter and give up, but the thought of her dear mother being lost forever, and seeing the willingness of Christ to save all, she trusted, believed, and prayed on. When I returned from the camp-meeting filled with the spirit, I longed to see my grandmother saved; but nearly a week elapsed ere an opportunity afforded to speak to her about her soul; I asked the Lord to show me when to speak and what to say. As I watched day after day, her life was so consistent that I could not see anything wrong to point out as sin, so outwardly perfect; but the depraved heart was there, though completely covered over with self-righteousness. When one evening my father was conducting family worship, just as we were about kneeling before the Lord, my youngest brother, a child of three years and a pet with her, played some prank; it so amused her that she broke out in a fit of laughter, and could not refrain herself till my father was well on in his prayer. This may seem to some a trifling thing, but it shows the little things God makes use of for His glory. As we arose from our knees the spirit suggested now is the time; I felt the spirit so grieved in me, with her bowing in the attitude of worship before God in such a thoughtless manner. I asked the Lord what to say, as I drew my chair close to her; this word immediately came to my mind, Are you on the road to Heaven? she answered, of course I am. I again lifted my heart to God for a word, when this came, No; you are on the road to Hell, for I saw the Devil grinning through you. It seemed a hard word to say to my grandparent, to whom I had never spoken irreverently, but dared not keep back the word of the Lord. She broke down and wept like a child when I gave her this word. The spirit of the Lord helped me to explain to her the plan of salvation; for nearly half an hour she made but little reply. When I got through she said, my dear, I fear you have got so much religion that it will take away your life; unguardedly I said, Lord, stay thy hand, and in an instant the power that rested upon my body was removed. I saw at once that I should rather have asked, enlarge the vessel to make

room ; but I had only thought that the devil was making use of that to keep her from Christ. I was willing to make the sacrifice, though it was blessed to realize every moment I was not only filled with God, but surrounded. Six weeks after she dreamed that a pious brother who had died some years previous, laid his hand upon her, and told her she must be born again or she would never see the Kingdom of God. She sat in her room reading her prayer book, and would not take any breakfast. She told me of the dream, and asked if she could get that change without going to the Methodists. I assured her God was everywhere, and was waiting and ready to receive her when she sought with all her heart. Turning from her sins, she exclaimed, I am a great sinner ; I see everything I have done all my life has been nothing but sin, for I did it not from a pure motive of love to God. Ah, she saw then God looked at the motive and not at the act. I let my mother and sisters know her state of mind ; we united in a prayer meeting, which lasted from one o'clock till four. After a severe struggle, and mighty faith, she was brought out of darkness into His marvelous light : her load of sin was gone, and for the first time in her life she was enabled to rejoice in God her Saviour, and exclaimed, I am now on the way to Heaven, and I know it, bless the Lord. She lived to testify of this grace seventeen years, and died at the age of ninety-five years, trusting in Jesus, saved at the eleventh hour—a brand plucked from the burning.

F. H.

Thoughts on Time.

Oh time ? how awful is thy flight,—
 But, ah, more awful still,
 That I, with wings as swift as thee,
 Must earth's decaying portals flee,—
 As heavy, dull, and chill,
 Ye draw the deeper shades of night.

“ Time—like an ever rolling stream”—
Bears my trembling bark along ;
From the shores of earth receding ;
Nearer, and nearer still approaching
The endless joys, or grief and woe,
Of that eternal world unseen.

Time rears its lasting monument
To shame, or glory true :
Its changes have in me been wrought,—
In heart, in mind, in deed, in thought !
With sterner brow the things I view
Which did of yore my heart content.

My soul, awake ! no laurel crown—
Which thy immortal brow
Would deign to wear—this earth can twine !
Leap, like a lion, from thy shrine ;
The glitt'ring mirage now
Forsake, and dare to meet its frown.

Ere my mortal frame pass to decay,
And dust to dust dissolve,
My mission, Lord, I would fulfill,
Perform Thy good and righteous Will :
While shining worlds revolve,
Dare I be dark or go astray !

Ah, Thou who in yon distant space
Those worlds like dew-drops strewed,
O by Thy wisdom mark my place,
Help me my Saviour's steps to trace,
And, by Thy Spirit, show
Me the work Thou would'st have me do.

A bubble may I never be
Upon the stream of Time ;
No weak existent of an hour ;
No useless herb ; but a bright flower—
Planted by the Hand divine,—
Which wafts some fragrance back to Thee.

The Sanctification of Ann Preston.

Sister Ann Preston was sanctified throughout body, soul and spirit, nearly thirty years ago, through the instrumentality of Brother Wilson, a sanctified friend, while visiting at her master's. In the psalm which he read for family prayer was the verse: "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth," which sunk so deeply into her heart that she thought all belonging to her were going to be cut off from the earth because of her unfaithfulness. She had been a child of God for upwards of twelve years, and lived as many do at the present day, sinning and repenting; but at this time she had such a clear sight of herself, of her inbred corruption, that she abhorred herself as in dust and ashes. She asked the brother where the passage of scripture was which he had read and told him to mark that down. She then took the Bible and light upstairs, where she asked the Lord to teach her to read the verse, which He did. Not having been educated any, she was taught by inspiration to read this verse and one previously, which was all the reading she had ever done before. She wept and prayed all night, being tempted by the devil severely to give up her desire for full salvation, as she could never get it. She asked the Lord what sanctification would do for her, to which He replied, "It would enable you to rejoice evermore and pray without ceasing." "Well then," she said, "I'll die, but I'll have it." You see she came to the point. Death, or have it; all was given up. At daybreak she said, "Lord, I am knocking all night; Lord, open." The Lord said, "Jacob wrestled all night, and he prevailed." Not knowing what this meant, she asked, "What does 'prevail' mean?" "Why," replied the Lord, "not giving up." Then she believed, and thus received this full salvation. She was about to go to the woods to pray, as the devil, she said, had wakened the children to disturb her, but God employed the good brother to hinder her. The spirit of God so overpowered her that she fell down on the verandah and thought she was in Heaven shaking hands with Mr. Holiday and her mistress who

had departed this life. Mr. Holiday was the minister under whom she had been converted. She had been laid insensible to all around her for about two hours, when she was roused by one of her master's children, and turning to him, said, "Ah! I am not in Heaven yet." As she looked around, everything in nature was praising God, except man, who, she thought, was waiting God's precious time, slumbering in his sins. She felt so happy that she thought the devil had fled and left her forever; but it wasn't long till she found out she was still in an enemy's land. So full of joy, she hurried off to tell her class-leader, who said he did not enjoy the blessing himself, but the way to keep it, he understood, was by continually watching and praying. This cast her down. She ran to the barn, fell on her knees, wept and prayed, thinking she had to be always on her knees, which was impossible, as she had her work to do. But God said to her, "Not slothful in business but fervent in spirit serving the Lord."

W. HUGHES.

Can God Talk to His People.

A few weeks ago God said to me, "Go to a certain Church and show you are in your right mind, and invite my servant Ann to go with you; I dare not but obey, and we both went; there were revival services being conducted. I was much grieved not to hear sanctification mentioned, only from two members; but, what, says one, did you hear not a word in the two sermons you listened to? I reply, not one word; what a sad thing, the great centre of Christianity left out. Is it any wonder there are not more sinners saved. Ah! dear overseers of the flock, if God has sanctified you to the priest's office, why put by your sacerdotal robes? Have you the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and do you say nothing about it? What an impossibility to keep it. Have you it shut up in your heart? If you have I advise you, as my Master when he said, Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and

glorify your Father which is in Heaven. Holiness is power, and just as sanctification is set forth before the people as their imperative duty as well as their blessed privilege to be holy, by the ministry, lived and enforced, will the Church go forth in her strength to put down the powers of darkness, terrible as an army with banners, to put to flight the alien hosts, and bring the world to the feet of our blessed Redeemer. It's when pure in heart, living near the cross, walking by our Master's side, that we are able to hear his voice, and not only hear, but draw from Him the strength to obey. Many years ago God spoke to Sister Ann in the Church at Thornhill, say to the Church, would to God you would have done with your complaining, your heart wanderings and deviations from the path of duty, it gives the enemies of the cross a chance to triumph over us, as though our bountiful Parent kept His people starving. There is a fullness if we are willing to partake. Was much tempted after returning home, that she had bope harm to the Church, and went to prayer and God said, Go to the orchard and shake that tree ; she shook it hard ; asked Father, What does this teach me ? You see only dead branches have fallen off, and they were in the way of the living, none but the formal professors are hurt.

I Will Fear No Evil.

In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear,
 And safe in such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever he may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back ;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
 His wisdom ever waketh,

His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen ;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure ;
My path to life is free ;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Do You Want Salvation ?

Then remember that acceptance with God, forgiveness of sins, present justification from all things, is not to be had by all the doing, striving, or feeling of any man: Salvation is in *Christ*; Peace only through his precious blood. He did all the doing and suffering needed.

Christ is now risen from the dead; there is a glorified man in heaven. Once he hung upon the cross—for sins not his own, but yours! Drop your deadly doings, and deadly self, at his feet. He answered for thy sin, in the very nature, too, in which sin was committed. His priceless blood perfectly finished the atoning work in all its relations to a perfect life. The Father accepted the sacrifice made on Calvary for thy sins; and now this Saviour, exalted to the right hand of God, from that very throne of glory and exaltation, offers thee a *present, full, and perfect salvation*. He offers it without money and without price. Accept it as a *free gift*. The gift is only to "him who worketh not, but believeth on Him"—Him "who justifieth the ungodly."

He can perfectly save thee from besetting sin; that sin that is always in thy way, hindering thy usefulness, obstructing thy progress, tripping thee in the race, disgracing thee in the sight of God and man. He can deliver—*save* thee from that, and every other. When? Now! His prayer for thee is, "Deliver him from *going* down into the pit: *I have found a ransom.*" Believe in *Him*; look to him; trust Him to do as He has said; obey Him!

What is Sanctification, and how Obtained?

It is the dedication of the whole soul, body and powers to God. It enables its possessor to live without sinning against God in either thought, word or deed. It not only purges out the old man with all his deeds, but keeps its possessor clean and pure in the sight of God. But, say some, the very Heavens are not clean in his sight, and how could a worm of the earth be? I do not read any place in all the word of God that Christ died to cleanse the heavens from impurity; but I do read that the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Well, but says another, "I believe it can cleanse from all sin sometime;" but if I believe my Bible and what it says, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," how foolish it is for professing Christians to think they must wait until death to have this great work accomplished in them! How could it be possible for God to tell them to ask Him to do a work in them which He was not able to perform. Again, it is the power of God in the human soul. It transcends all human thought, and it is a miracle, for it is a wonderful work beyond the power of man to perform. Christ must so live in the heart of the believer as to have the entire control of all the affections, and if he does not so live in us we are not His willing servant. Now, if God commands his followers to do a work for Him, and we are not willing to do that work, how can He dwell in us, for just as we yield ourselves to His service and to obey Him, we are accepted of Him. How can we accept of Him if we disobey Him? Would we be pleased with a servant who was constantly disobeying us, and meddling with our business and planning our work instead of obeying our commands? So it is with all His sanctified servants. But you say then, there are not many who so live! I believe not: but because there are only a few that is no reason why God is not able and willing to make all His followers holy; but it is not because He is unwilling, for it would be the greatest delight of our Heavenly Father to make us the partakers of the Divine mind so that we could fully understand His will concerning us. Now, in all ages of the world, the great standing doctrine

of the written word was "Holiness unto the Lord," and under the law it was the most prominent doctrine. Aaron was to be holy and was to be anointed to the priest's office. This rite may have passed away, but the anointing which it foreshowed has not, for we are to anoint our eyes with eye-salve that we may see that the Spirit is to open the spiritual vision and let us understand how this anointing is to teach us that God intended to make all His faithful followers partakers of this anointing. But it says in the word of God, "This anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie; and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him."—I JOHN, 2. 27.

Do You Show Piety at Home ?

When the Saviour said to the man upon whose eyes he had poured light, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," he put to a vigorous test the faith of the young disciple who had just been able to recognise in Jesus the Lord and Saviour of the world. It is not easy to be explained, but it is often the case that Christians find it more difficult to speak of inner feelings and spiritual experiences at home than anywhere else. Sometimes, it is true, they find that at home they have not that sympathy which they desire, and which they meet with from those whose hearts have been similarly affected by the Holy Spirit; and in their case the Saviour's words are fulfilled—"A man's foes shall be those of his own household." Is there at other times a fear lest so many opportunities presenting themselves, our innermost experience, if known by those around us, might be referred to when we should least like it to be the case? or is it that there is any latent fear lest the profession of one day should be denied by the practice of another, amongst those who see every part of life, and have the best means of judging true character? If this be the case, you have the greatest cause for uneasiness about pro-

tessing any spiritual life, for all experience is known to God, all professions come before him ; and in making any profession you should ever have more fear of God, who so thoroughly knows you, than of any fellow creature, whatever may be his relation to you. Every part of our religious life should be above all suspicion, and we should have so much confidence in our integrity, that if we make any profession of godliness, those at home should see that that profession is most genuine.

There is sometimes a fear that the piety of some Christians is like an overcoat, only put on when they go out of doors. Amongst strangers they are on their guard, circumspect, humble zealous ; but at home, in the midst of closest friends, they are unwatchful. It is not that they do not earnestly desire the good of all by whom they are surrounded, but that as they are so often in their presence, they do not have constantly a consuming regard for their highest interests, but rather leave it for special occasions, when the matter of personal religion is uppermost. It must be confessed that there is nothing which so interferes with the frankest and most outspoken piety at home as the consciousness of little failures, ill-temper, selfishness, or the manifestation of those dispositions which are not the embodiment of love to God and man.

My friend, if you have Christian friends at home, and if they who know you best do not esteem you most, it is because they who esteem you most esteem you more highly than you deserve. Do not on any account deceive yourself, or think more highly of yourself than you ought to think. The severest scrutiny, so long as it is not morbid, should be applied to your Christian character under the most powerful light which the Word of God can cast upon the subject.

The most thorough Christian candour should reign amongst those who are members of the same Christian household. Let the most pure unselfishness be manifest. If a mistake be made it should be frankly acknowledged ; if an offence be committed, pardon should be sought ; if in any way we can minister to the comfort, or ease, or happiness, or improvement of any in the household, at any personal sacrifice it should be done. Your

position in a household should be subordinate to your Christian character: in this, as everywhere else, follow the Saviour's advice, and, "seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness." A beautiful example of Christian simplicity comes to our mind. One who is now amongst the glorified throng, who was a very large employer, was on one occasion in great haste to get off to London. He required some assistance, but the assistant was not so quick in his movements as he should have been. With a tone and manner that betrayed undue haste, he rebuked the young man. At once he felt that he had lost that beautiful evenness of mind which had been enjoyed by him before; and without more ado he recalled the young man, begged his pardon, told him he was very sorry he had spoken so hastily, and hoped he would have his forgiveness. Then he went to God and confessed his fault, and was restored to the sweet experience of communion with Jesus, in which for years he rejoiced. All those who were in his establishment respected that man's piety, and none had greater reason to do so than he from whom he had craved forgiveness for such an offence.

My brother, do you show piety at home? Does your wife respect it? Do your children feel its sweet persuasive power? Do your servants know that you are a man of God? Would those by whom you are employed be able to say, "We know that he has the mind of Christ?" You will go forth into the world all the stronger, because of the affection and good faith which you have at home. Next to the love of God, it will be an inspiration to you in life. Its secret is found in the enjoyment of the 'perfect love of God. This cannot exist alone. "Thy neighbor as thyself" demands thy love equally; but "thy God with all thy heart," and thy nearest neighbor as they of your own household. Let yours be a speaking piety, so that all may hear the testimony of your life. Where you are best known let it be most clearly manifest that you are indeed a sanctified man.

The Father is all the fullness of the Godhead invisible.

The Son is all the fullness of the Godhead manifested.

The Spirit is all the fullness of the Godhead making manifest.

A Young Christian.

The moment she was convinced [that Christ had called her to a higher life] she laid aside her book, and bowed upon her knees before the Lord, and confessed her convictions, and asked what she must do. To this the suggestion came, "Give the world wholly up." . . . She counted the cost as to pleasure, and dress, and friends, and everything, and then most heartily responded, "Yes, Lord, I will!" And then she asked again, "What must I do?" In answer to this came the suggestion, "You must confess all that the Lord does for you before the Church and the world." There was a circle around her, and a seat of circumstances which made this a great trial. But again she responded heartily, "Yes, Lord, I will!" And she asked yet again, "What more, O Lord?" And now came the suggestion, hardest of all, "Believe, only believe." She said, "It is a great thing to believe that the Lord can and will cleanse me from all sin. . . . Yet I know he is almighty, and I will trust him. I will trust him. I will believe, I do believe!" This settled, she asked again, "What more, O Lord?" to which the final suggestion came, "Nothing more. This is all." It was almost as hard to believe that this *was* all, as to believe that Christ would *do* all; but she did believe, and was satisfied. So she thanked the Lord for his wonderful condescension and love, and rose from her knees at rest and in peace—with new light in her heart, and new light in her pathway.

Atonement and Redemption.

The atonement was universal; redemption is limited. Christ died for all; but, as a fact, only some are redeemed. The atonement is the means, redemption is the end. Without the atonement there could have been no redemption; but without redemption there is still atonement.

The atonement was the act of one Being; redemption involves the agencies of many. In offering the atonement, Christ trod the winepress alone; in effecting redemption, the subject works, teachers work, angels work, the Spirit works. The atonement came without man's seeking—the world never asked for it; but redemption never comes without the earnest seeking of the individual.