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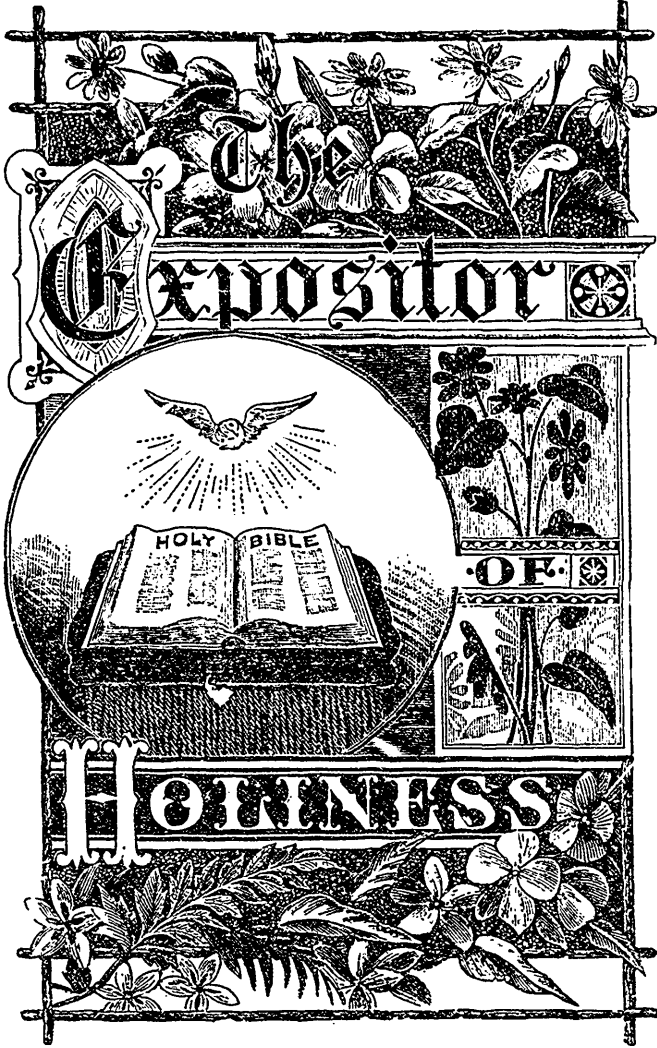
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## BAND WORKER.

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No. 8.

### SHALL NOT MAKE HASTE.

Isaiah xxvii. 16.

BY M. F. ROWE.

Shall not make haste! in this busy life,  
With its cares and turmoil, its din and strife;  
When the ebbing tide and the current strong,  
Would recklessly hurry our barks along,  
Onward, onward, toward the sea,  
The ocean vast of eternity.

Shall not make haste! in the eddying swirl,  
The rush of business, and pleasure's whirl,  
The worry o'er trifles that will annoy;  
The heavy trial that robs of joy;  
The precious moments we fear to waste;  
Yet, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Shall not make haste; though the jostling  
throng  
Are rushing with eager steps along.  
With anxious haste they strive to grasp  
Earth's gilded toys, but they only clasp  
A phantom form that fades in air,  
And leaves them alone in their dark despair.

"Shall not make haste," the Lord hath said;  
Say, have we rightly the message read?  
Are not our lives too full of care?  
Ever hurrying here and there,  
Striving and seeking for something great,  
When God's word to us is simply "wait."

Wait, and His great salvation see,  
Then, in quiet assurance our strength shall be.  
Wait, and at Jesus' feet sit still,  
There, to listen and learn our Father's will;  
From the world to "come apart" and rest,  
And recline on the gentle Saviour's breast.

Idle! ah, no; there are sheep to feed,  
And the lambs our tender watch-care need;  
And many are treading the paths of sin,  
That we are commissioned for Christ to win.  
Oh! time is too precious to idly waste,  
Yet, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Shall not make haste, for He knoweth best,  
And under His wings we securely rest;  
Learning of Him from day to day,  
Just the work to do, just the word to say,  
No heedless haste, no anxious care,  
Just knowing His love, and abiding there.

*Shall not make haste*: Oh, message sweet!  
And we often sadly the words repeat,  
How our happy hearts with gladness thrill!  
Yes, He leads His flock by waters still,  
And they quietly rest in pastures green,  
Where nought of evil can intervene.

Shall not make haste: we praise Thee, Lord,  
We may rest on Thy sure, abiding word:  
And, quietly resting, day by day,  
May walk with Thee in the narrow way,  
In raiment white, with converse chaste  
Communing with Thee, we shall not make  
haste.

—*Pacific Herald of Holiness.*

### THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE.

There is considerable misunderstanding amongst professors of holiness concerning unity. Failures to understand the subject are connected with knowing what is the human and what is the Divine part in securing unity amongst Christ's followers. Many write and talk about it as if it were not a grace of the Spirit, but the result of human effort. True, the word unity is not mentioned as one of the distinct graces of the Holy Ghost, yet it is evidently the immediate result of them, and in the passage from which the heading of this article is taken, it is spoken of as directly associated with the Blessed Spirit.

Now, the gospel method of promoting unity is one thing, and the legalistic or

human method is quite another matter. It is with the design to draw attention to the difference between the two methods of procedure that we pen these thoughts.

Glance for a moment at the ordinary plan adapted to secure this end. First, there is a long list of precepts to be strictly observed, all calculated to promote unity between the servants of Christ, such as:—Strive to have proper thoughts concerning others; guard well the words, when conversing, concerning the absent; make proper allowances for the peculiar circumstances and idiosyncrasies of others; above all, let charity be most prominent in all your thoughts, words, and actions concerning all the professed disciples of Jesus; and so on to any length, and to every conceivable variety, and these are all right in their place, for they are both scriptural and reasonable. But the capital mistake is made as to their place, for we are forever placing them at the beginning instead of at the end. They constitute a rule by which to distinguish true unity, not a ladder-like law, by means of which we may climb up into the rich experience indicated by them.

Let us illustrate. Here is a manufacturer who is required to manufacture a certain article. The article in question is clearly defined, the specifications are distinct and minute. He goes to his workshop, sets his machinery in motion, superintends his workmen, and when the article is finished he brings it to compare with the plans and specifications given ere pronouncing it complete. Now he does not use the given specifications or rules of the required article with which to manufacture it, but only uses them, whether during the process or at the conclusion, to see or to show that the work is properly done.

But the children of this world are ever in their generation wiser than the children of the light, for the very thing which would stamp the manufacturer as devoid of skill, or even common sense, is commonly practiced by professed Christians, namely, using the rules which describe Christian unity as a workshop to manufacture the article itself. No wonder that wide-spread failure is wit-

nessed. No matter how elaborate the rules for holy living, or howsoever multiplied, they cannot be used to secure the result to be arrived at.

But there is a workshop where Christian unity can be produced, so that it will abide the test of all the rules and specifications describing it in the Bible. Let us consider the scriptural method of manufacture. But, alas! it is a way evil spoken of by the world and by many a professed follower of Christ. To the Jew—that is, the strict religionist—it is a stumbling-block; and to the Greek—that is, the man who takes pride in his intellectual ability—it is foolishness. For it is the simple way of faith, of glad acceptance of unity in the Spirit as a pure gift of God, accepted with thankful heart, just now, and moment by moment, as life goes on. The Christian who in the Spirit can say "*my Lord and my God,*" who accepts perfect unity with the Holy Ghost as the grace or gift of God secured and made possible to him by the death and resurrection of Christ, is at once united by indissoluble ties to all who are living in the unity of the Spirit. He may now bring his thoughts, words and actions to be tested in actual life by the rules of the Bible, and he will find that the Holy One does His work thoroughly, and so as to meet every requirement of the divine law.

Oh, if professed Christians would but adopt this simple, this feasible process, so simple that a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein, what a different spectacle would be exhibited by the Church visible to the world of unbelievers from what is now seen.

Reader, do you know the very best way for you to do your part in promoting unity amongst Christians. It is not by writing or talking, or even preaching or praying about it, although these all are highly proper in their place, but it is by your *just now* becoming one in the Spirit, by receiving the Holy Ghost in all His fulness. Your Heavenly Father is more willing to give you the Holy Spirit than you can be to receive Him, hence you may just now accept this wondrous boon.

It will not follow that you will be at once in perfect harmony and unity with

all professed Christians, or even with all who profess holiness, but you will infallibly be in spiritual accord with all who are in the unity of the Spirit, for He, without any effort on your part, will keep you in the bonds of peace with them. And by this token also shall all men know that you are a true disciple of Christ, seeing you have Christ's own love for all His followers.

This does not, of course, mean that you shall set aside all reason and common sense, and take to your heart every pretender who has the hardihood to profess the sacred name of Christ, nor yet will it blind you to the errors of those who through ignorance of the Holy One, yet in all sincerity, profess to be led of the Spirit; you shall be able to try the spirits, and judge righteous judgment concerning their claims to be accepted as the genuine followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and so will be united in the Spirit with those who are really one with Him. And as to all others, you will have Christ's pitying love for them, and labor as God may give you opportunity to bring them into true fellowship in the Spirit.

Finally, we ask you: Which is the better way, the toilsome, unsuccessful way of human device, the painstaking method of trying to be at peace with all men by the rigid observance of rules and regulations made and provided for the purpose, or the simple, easy and successful way of unity in the Spirit, the result on your part of simple faith, bringing with it, as it ever does, peace, joy and perfect satisfaction? The two ways are before you, which will you take?

#### MONOPOLIZING RESULTS.

There is one temptation which Satan presents to Christian workers, so barefaced and easily detected that it is surprising so many should fail to detect it. We refer to the temptation to claim certain results as the outcome of our labors in the Lord which are evidently connected with the labors of many.

A Christian worker meets a sincere penitent at the altar of prayer, and whilst conversing and praying with him has the great joy of uttering the last

petition, or giving the last advice, which, under the blessing of the Master, is used in helping him into the blessing sought, and straightway he is tempted to claim him as a star in his crown of rejoicing, forgetful that the prayers and labors of many others were an essential part in the blessed result.

Again, the spirit of importunate prayer is given to one on behalf of his neighborhood or church, for the speedy revival of religion. Yielding to the heavenly impulse from the Holy One, he prays long and earnestly, until the assurance of faith is vouchsafed, and he rejoices in hope of seeing the work of God revive. Speedily the prayer is answered in the abundant outpouring of the Spirit, and then comes the temptation to claim a monopoly of the revival, and to speak and give thanks, both in private and public, as though he was the great head-centre of the revival.

These are but representative examples of a widespread practice on the part of many successful workers in the Lord's vineyard—a practice which should be jealously guarded against, for it tends to the worst forms of spiritual pride.

To appreciate at a glance how far-fetched such claims of being the principal actors in securing the results named, let the brother just imagine himself in the heart of Africa, with a full-grown specimen of a native heathen before him, and then let him try in one short season of prayer and conversation to bring him to accept Christ and converting grace. Now, even allowing that he was sufficiently acquainted with the language of the other to converse freely, he would no longer be tempted to undervalue the teachings of the pulpit, the prayers and instructions of parents, teachers, and friends—in short, the many helps which together have been used of God to the benefit of the seeking soul, all mayhap as essential to bring about his conversion as the last effort of this Christian worker, ere he was enabled to accept the blessing sought, whether pardon or cleansing.

So of the other case,—Let the party in question try the same means for securing a revival in the heart of China, or even in the lap of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, and he will at once

realize how small the part was given him to do, and how essential the work of others in helping to secure the grand result.

We do not write to discourage workers; not by any means, for no one can exaggerate the far-reaching importance of work done for God. The results of a cup of cold water given in the name of Christ can only be measured by an infinite line. The widow's mite has in it a wealth of blessing that language cannot utter. Hence the exhortation to work for the Master in any capacity has in it all possible encouragement, for we know that our labor cannot be in vain in the Lord, and in due season we shall reap if we faint not. But let us beware how we calculate results, lest perchance we start wrong in our figures, and so minister to personal vanity, and hence be tempted to depreciate the labors of fellow-workers in the Lord.

It is our conviction, that when the times of refreshing are coming from the presence of the Lord, all who fear Him will be baptized with the spirit of prayer, and with the gift of appropriating faith, for the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.

### SURPRISE TEMPTATIONS.

Many trials with which Christians are afflicted have their chief danger in the surprise element with which they are charged. They are so surprisingly different from anything we anticipated that we are at once bewildered as to their nature.

For example, we have taken a decided stand for holiness, and God's wondrous peace is given us; but suddenly, from a quarter whence we expected help and encouragement comes opposition or unpleasant criticism. We are wounded in the house of our friends. What surprise, what astonishment takes hold of us! With the Psalmist, we exclaim, "It was not an enemy that did it, but thou my friend, mine equal," and wonder and indignation take possession of the mind and rule the breast; then doubt battles to come in through the confusion

to whisper many things to the discredit of holiness and the God of holiness.

Many a beginner on the highway of holiness has at this point given up his confidence, and doubted away his experience of the deep things of God.

Why should such strange trials be permitted? Why do they often meet us at the very threshold of the higher Christian life? Why not have them occur further on when strength to resist better shall have been secured? Why—a whole troop of questions with interrogation points at the end flood the soul of the beginner, until doubt as to the wisdom, goodness, and infinite love of Christ overwhelms the soul in an horror of darkness—a darkness made more intensely black by contrast with the gleam of light just previously realized.

Friends, holiness means perfect faith in God, as a God of love, as possessed with all possible kindness and thoughtful consideration for us personally. It means thankfulness, felt, as well as expressed, for all trials and temptations, however the surprise element may characterize them. It means unquestioning acceptance of the statements that all things are working together for our good, and that no good thing is being withheld from us. It means all this if it means anything, and the least trace of doubt concerning these general truths, in dwelling on our peculiar trials, admits darkness, the darkness of condemnation, into the soul. This is where the real fight of faith exists. The slightest failure here, no matter how apparently reasonable the excuse for failure, calls for frank confession and faith in the all-cleansing blood before perfect peace is restored to the soul.

If you will study closely the teachings of Jesus, you will find that He forewarns His followers of just such fiery trials as certain to meet his followers.

"Think not I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword."

"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Now, most people think that this sword only flames about us at the beginning of our Christian life, and can only

cause division between the openly ungodly and those who break away from them to follow Christ. But although this is a part of the truth, it is only a small part of it; for at every distinct uplift into a higher, purer, spiritual experience, division is liable to ensue between the spiritual and those who from prejudice or love of their own way are not desirous of walking fully in the Spirit. Hence the exhortation: "Brethren, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you." Nay, "Count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations." Even when at the very beginning of the walk on the highway of holiness the sword may divide between you and your dearest friends either by family, church, or social ties. Though they may rage and seem all but allied with Satan himself, in their biting opposition, still believe in the love of God towards you in these things; and, whilst pitying them in the bowels of Christ, thankfully accept these trials as a manifestation of the infinite love and regard of your heavenly Parent to youward, so will you grow up into Him and be established, and then be honored by your Master in assisting to set up His kingdom in the hearts of men.

#### EXPOSITION.

"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."—*Matt.* xxiii. 19

In the October number of the EXPOSITOR, a timely article from the pen of the Rev. B. Sherlock appeared on this important passage. We had no thought of supplementing it by any remarks of our own, but some difficulties which have grown out of the subject in the minds of readers of the Magazine, seem to call for additional remarks on the limitations connected with the wonderful promise. Our brother mentioned those clearly, it is true, so our part is simply to emphasize them.

That there are limitations must be admitted by all, for if not, then any two

persons may become responsible for the conversion of the world, for they might agree to ask for the conversion of the world's population within a week, or even less time, and it would be done.

If it is argued that this would be asking God to force the wills of men, and this could not be done, then we would be driven to the other extreme, and infer that it would not be right for two to agree to ask God for the conversion or sanctification of any one, seeing that the will of man stands in the way. But this conclusion, we know also, would not be right; therefore we must see that there is a limiting power, a regulating force to make this scriptural promise of practical value.

We have known much mischief result from not taking this into account. Enthusiastic workers have resolved, in a hap-hazard way, to agree to ask for certain things, and then have resolved to believe for them. Then has commenced a severe and prolonged conflict. To strengthen their faith publicity has been given to their askings, and attention invited to witness the results. Meanwhile they have strained their will power to the utmost, and almost, if not quite, staked their religious experience on the contest, and sometimes even their faith in the truthfulness of the words of Christ. The result has often been disastrous. It has given the enemies of Christ cause for derision, those who were at ease in Zion have found a comforting argument for their continued inactivity, and the confidence of the workers themselves has been greatly shaken and their future work hindered. From all this, we infer it is not a light matter to blunder here.

Now, there is no need for such unfortunate results, for proper attention to the limitations connected with the promise would avoid them. Bro. Sherlock, in the article in question, uses these words:

"In the use of this promise, as in praying for anything outside of ourselves, we must be sure that we have the guidance of the Spirit. I confess to one failure in the use of this promise, owing to undue haste, and acting by human desire and mere will power. 'A.



many as *are led* by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' Be sure that *you do not attempt to lead the Spirit*, but having the will completely given over to Him, loyally and lovingly allow Him to lead you."

So, dear friends who are stirred with a holy ambition to use effectually this mighty weapon against the kingdom of darkness, learn to be led by the Spirit, that there may be no failure in your battling for the Master. Think not that the promise is any the less powerful because of this limitation. The Holy Spirit is more eager that you should be successful in doing good than you possibly can be, so you are sure to embrace all possible opportunities for its use if your acquaintanceship with Him is complete. But be sure that unless you do take this course, that however great your zeal, and however you may prefer to take another way, that in the end you will find that you will have spent your strength for naught—you but beat the air.

Is the way of the Spirit too slow for your headlong, fiery disposition? Then, alas for you, for you can only be taught through sad and disastrous failure, involving much precious time wasted, that His way is the best. But in the meantime your Saviour grieves over the loss to Him of your misdirected energies.

### HOLINESS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

To the Editor of the EXPOSITOR.

Dear Brother,—While comparatively little has been done in this Province to bring this glorious doctrine definitely to the front, it is not without its friends and advocates; there are those who can and do testify to the *all cleansing* power of the blood of Christ, and claim the blessing of *entire sanctification*; there are those who *preach and teach the doctrine and live in the enjoyment of full salvation*; and their number is certainly increasing.

Amongst the facts that go to support the belief that the cause is gaining strength, two at least may be mentioned:—

First, the formation of an association

known as the "Nova Scotia Association for the Promotion of Holiness." This Association had its birth at the camp-meeting held at Berwick in July last, on the grounds of the Methuist Camp-Meeting Association of Nova Scotia.

It originated with the thought that a bond of union between the friends and advocates of this doctrine as a definite experience was desirable, and that it might serve as a means of aggressive work in this and other evangelistic lines; for certainly, whether holiness necessarily implies power or not (though we agree with you that purity does not necessarily imply power, see EXPOSITOR for October, 1885,) all will agree it is necessary to the full possession of it, and, if scripturally understood and experienced, will increase our usefulness.

We believe this Association to be the child of Divine Providence; hence, even as an organization, it has as yet little form, and is designed to shape itself to any pattern the Holy Spirit may suggest, or the claims of the work He has inaugurated may require.

The points in which it has taken shape may be briefly stated:—(1) "That this Society shall consist of those who enjoy the blessing of entire sanctification, and of those who are earnestly seeking it; (2) "that it be styled 'The Nova Scotia Association for the Promotion of Holiness;'" and (3) "that the officers shall be president, 1st and 2nd vice-presidents, and a secretary-treasurer, to be elected annually."

In accordance with the last clause the following persons were elected: Bro. G. E. Pellow, of Windsor, president; Bro. Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, of Halifax, 1st vice-president; Rev. N. B. Kilcup, of Newport, 2nd vice-president; and the writer, secretary-treasurer.

I used the word *organization* a moment ago; lest that phrase may be misunderstood I would qualify it by saying that, as with your movement in the west, the idea with us is not so much permanency as usefulness. Our aim is permanency for our principles; for ourselves, as an organization, we care but little, except so far as organized work may hasten the time when the doctrine of *entire sanctification* shall be

so fully recognized in the realm of definite experiences in the divine life that the necessity for our existence shall cease.

This Association is inter-denominational, for though as yet only a very small proportion of its members belong to other than the Methodist Church, it is open to members of all evangelical denominations whose views its conditions of membership meet.

We ask the prayers and seek the counsel of those whose experience in this work is richer than our own.

Another item contributing evidence in favor of the belief that holiness is coming more definitely to the front, is the fact that during the early part of this winter union holiness meetings were inaugurated and held in several of the churches in Halifax, and according to the last accounts we received they were being attended with good results; but more of this anon.

Trusting that I have not claimed too much of your valuable space, believe me,

Yours in Christ,

WM. AINLEY.

### TESTIMONY.

I was born in England, in 1848, of pious parents, who, by precept and example, strove to bring me up in the fear of the Lord, but not until about seventeen years ago (I was about twenty-one) did I give my heart to God.

Very soon after this I was called to preach, and for something like three years I occupied the position of a local preacher while engaged in secular business of different kinds; then for a little over a year I was employed as a hired local preacher, during which time God blessed me much in my work.

In 1872, while waiting, asking the Master, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" I very unexpectedly received a call to the Methodist ministry in this Province (Nova Scotia), and here in this work I have been engaged ever since.

In 1875, as the result of reading the *Advocate of Libl Holiness*, and a careful comparison of its teachings with the Bible, I became deeply convinced that I

ought to seek a pure heart: this, in answer to prayer, God gave me, and by simple faith I was able to realize that "the blood of Jesus Christ" cleansed me "from all sin." For a whole year I rested fully and sweetly upon Jesus; but owing to divers temptations and a want of watchfulness, I lost the assurance of my sanctification. In this state I remained, enjoying at times, it is true, blessed manifestations of Christ's power to save to the uttermost, until Sabbath, 15th July, 1883, when, through the instrumentality of a devoted brother, an evangelist in the Free Baptist Church, who came to my circuit quite providentially, and with me held a meeting for the promotion of holiness on the afternoon of the day referred to, at which, while he was praying for those of us who were at the communion rail seeking the blessing, I was led to realize once more this great blessing; and though I have been overtaken by faults and had to plunge afresh into the fountain, which I have never for a moment hesitated to do, the assurance of my entire sanctification I have never lost since that glorious July Sabbath.

Should any ask, Was not this merely a restoration from a state into which you had backslidden from justification? I answer in all love, but most emphatically, No; for never was I more clear with reference to my justification than just previous to and at the times when this blessing was bestowed upon me. To-day my testimony is,—

"My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!  
My sin—not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!"

I am walking by simple faith. I have burnt all the bridges behind me. My future is with the Lord, and by His grace I mean to live and preach and spread holiness.

WM. AINLEY.

"O hearts of love! O souls that turn,  
Like sunflowers, to the pure and best!  
To you the truth is manifest:  
For they the mind of Christ discern,  
Who lean, like John, upon His breast."

Whittier.

### THE LATE REV. I. B. HOWARD.

Another standard bearer of the definite experience of holiness has lately passed to the skies. Bro. Howard has long been known as one of the foremost teachers of this doctrine. In one of the numbers of the EXPOSITOR his Christian experience was published, in which special prominence is given to his reception of the blessing of holiness, and to the spread of the experience on his various charges.

Since his return from California, we were favored with some precious conversations with him. We rejoiced together over all the way God had been leading us, and because of all the blessings realized in His service. Once he was enabled to attend our Tuesday afternoon meeting, his eager, expressed desire to be with us oftener not being gratified because of sickness or absence from the city.

We never conversed with one nearing his heavenly home who spoke with greater assurance or looked forward with grander confidence to a home in heaven. Indeed, he spoke of the future as already a citizen of the goodly city. How slight seems the veil which divides from us the unseen when we walk with God, and are indwelt by the Holy One. His death, we are informed, was like a translation.

"O may we triumph so  
When all our warfare's past,  
And dying, find our latest foe  
Under our feet at last."

### INCIDENTS BY THE WAV.

POINT EDWARD.—Here we found the results of the Band work quite satisfactory. We took part in several services and felt very much at home. There was an element of heartiness and desire after spiritual blessing which was perceptible to our spiritual sense and caused hopefulness to abound in the minds of all the worshippers.

This pleasing state of things we attribute largely to the deep spiritual teaching of the pastor, Bro. Ivison, and the hearty co-operation of Bro. Jack,

the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and other helpers. Cottage meetings are still held, and definite work is being done. Two or three efficient Bandworkers, now successfully employed in evangelistic work, belong to Point Edward. Our list of subscribers for this place now numbers twenty-four.

FORT GRATIOT.—The Band revival crossed the river and secured converts by the hundred at this place. But change of pastors at the critical time, and lack of careful tending on the part of established Christians, resulted in a serious falling off. Indeed, so marked has it been that some were disposed to depreciate the whole movement, and question its advantages to the Church. We had no little difficulty in arriving at a correct judgment as to the present state of the revival.

Many of those who professed conversion at the Band services came from the neighboring city of Port Huron, and the surrounding country. Concerning these we could learn nothing. Finally, we put this question to one well acquainted with the whole matter, and capable of giving an intelligent and correct reply: Suppose we leave out of the consideration altogether those who have not remained steadfast, would those who have remained in the church as good members, if considered alone, constitute a good and prosperous revival. To this discriminating question the answer was an emphatic Yes. One good brother here had interested himself in circulating the *Guide* amongst the converts and members of the church, and already was gratified in hearing some of the subscribers claiming the experience of full salvation, as the result, in part, of his labors. We rejoiced with him in his joy, and realized still more strongly that the work of spreading holiness literature always secures great spiritual blessing for all concerned.

MT. CLEMENS.—We had the great pleasure of making a short visit to our old friend and pupil Rev. J. F. Berry. We found him just commencing special services, and were privileged in taking part in a few of them. He was rejoicing in a full-orbed Christian experience,

having just passed through a severe ordeal of temptation and trial.

He was asking the helping services of a Band, and on our return, at Forest, we secured one for him, but in the meantime he had secured needful assistance elsewhere.

WATFORD.—At this town, also, the Band work has been satisfactory in after results. The church is in a good, healthy state. Indeed we were informed that they were ever and anon encouraged at their Band meetings by fresh testimonies of converting grace.

We spent three days at this interesting place, taking part in the services on Sabbath, and attending to the interests of the EXPOSITOR on the days following, securing fifteen subscribers, and some agents for neighboring points.

ARKONA.—Here we spent a full week and obtained but five subscribers. We had the full conviction that our stay here did not mean much in extending the immediate circulation of the EXPOSITOR, but, nevertheless, when we sought the mind of the Master on the subject, the call was imperative to remain, accompanied with the assurance that apparently lost time here would be made up in some other way.

How comforting is the voice divine when perplexing circumstances spring up along life's pathway! How it takes the element of unrest from the heart! What confidence it induces! No misgivings, no doubtful balancing of differing arguments and reasons. All is clear and satisfactory. In short, it is the land of settled questions. "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me, and a stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers."

The circumstances of this church are very peculiar. Last winter at the Band revival about 100 converts were reported, but now scarce a tenth are to be found in the fold. What is the reason? Well, we do not say that we have discovered it, but we confess that we would have been more edified at witnessing more of the spirit of "Rachel mourning for her children and would not be comforted because they are not." The explanation offered on every hand, was a

church difficulty over an extra parsonage, involving a possible loss to the circuit of a few hundred dollars. Well, if a little money on the wrong side of the church ledger can so absorb attention as to give Satan his coveted opportunity for sheep stealing by the wholesale, it is a wonderful commentary on the Scripture, "The love of money is the root of all evil." We presume that strict justice has not been meted out to this church in the matter in dispute, although we did not feel called on to investigate carefully enough to come to an intelligent judgment concerning the whole matter. Why should we? Admitting all the injustice to have been suffered at the hands of the Conference Committee claimed by the friends at Arkona, can that be made a sufficient plea for a comparatively dead church, and the loss of a multitude of converts. Not that we believe that Christ demands of His followers the calling of wrong right. There may be proper indignation, and all legitimate effort to avert wrong, but this is all, for He demands of all Christians the disposition to suffer wrong, and take it as among the "all things" that work together for good.

Afflictions do not spring from the dust, and we are inclined to believe that this church trouble was permitted by the Master to teach some deeper lesson than appears on the surface. There must be some deep-seated spiritual evil somewhere, when fears for the loss to the circuit of a little property—we will presume rightly belonging to it—can play into the hands of the enemy, with such disastrous results.

As might be expected, the gatherings at the four days' meetings held were very small, except on Sabbath, and hopefulness as to any good results did not seem to exist in the community.

However, we have the firm conviction that the Holy Spirit was present in the services in searching power. Moreover, we incline to the opinion that the ravages of the wolf were checked, and that professed Christians saw many things in the light of God as never before. Indeed, it is our conviction that those who henceforth walk in the light of the Spirit, as there shown them, will be used

of Him, not only to grow in grace themselves, but to restore such as are gone astray; whilst those who do not obey the Spirit, to walk in His way, will be put aside. Some did step out into the clearer light of the Spirit's way, but many, we fear, were undecided, hesitating to take the humbling way of the Spirit, which might involve a way of confession and forsaking of one's own way, humbled pride of heart, the Kadish Barnea crisis of life, where is the alternative of entering in and possessing the goodly land, or going into the wilderness of condemnation and affliction.

Now, we do not write thus lengthily simply for the few readers personally interested, but because similar experiences are constantly appearing in the history of churches and individual Christians.

It is a very common practice to lay the blame of personal or church declension in piety on some injustice, real or imaginary, done us or the church to which we belong. But although such difficulties may in part account for spiritual disaster, they can never be made a sufficient excuse. Who would think of parading such an excuse before the great white throne?

It cannot be too sharply insisted on that every follower of Christ is placed just where he can serve God most acceptably, can do his whole duty to God and man; and where the slightest failure exists, laying the blame on peculiar circumstances, however trying, is simply aggravating the sin. Nothing is then in order but confession and forsaking, followed by works meet for repentance; this only can secure peace of soul and prevent continued disaster. But how quickly peace and joy, yea and fruitfulness, spring up in the heart and life when God's method in simple honesty is adopted! And how disaster follows disaster, both in character, experience, and often in things temporal, when we refuse to take God's way of rectifying spiritual calamity!

OTHER PLACES.—We made short visits to Forest and Thedford, taking part in one service at each place, and attending to our special work concerning the

Magazine. At both these places Band revivals took place last winter. Special services were being held, more to build up believers than with any definite expectation of an extensive movement amongst the unconverted. They seemed to be doing well. At Granton we spent the Sabbath, assisting at three services, including a Band service held in the evening. At all these places they had to lament the falling away of a number of the converts of last winter; but yet they could rejoice over a goodly proportion who were remaining steadfast.

REFLECTIONS.—We visited upwards of a dozen places where Band revivals took place last winter, and can cheerfully say that the general result is as yet satisfactory; that is, as compared with the general history of revivals. Still, the falling off has been heavy, and suggests serious thought. Here is a most important field for close investigation, comparing the relative value of different methods, and learning, if possible, how to provide most effectively against the usual reactions witnessed in churches blessed with a great revival. However, we but touch the subject here, but will likely take it up again and discuss the whole subject thoroughly. Generally speaking, we found converts best cared for where the largest percentage of the membership were either enjoying or pressing after full salvation.

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#### HIS WAY.

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God lets us go our way alone

Till we are homesick and distressed,  
And humbly then come back to own  
His way is best.

He lets us thirst by Horeb's rock,  
And hunger in the wilderness,  
Yet at our feeblest, faintest knock,  
He waits to bless.

He lets us faint in far-off lands,  
And feed on husks and feel the smart,  
Till we come home with empty hands  
And swelling heart.

But then for us the robe and ring,  
The Father's welcome and the feast,  
While over us the angels sing—  
Thought last and least.

—*Christian Advocate.*

## RAYS FROM THE REALMS OF NATURE.\*

BY THE REV. JAMES NEIL, M.A.

### HOPE.

A palm, called the comb spine palm, grows in the midst of dense forests. It has a crown of leaves so heavy that the slender trunk is wholly unequal to the task of supporting it. Yet by a beautiful provision the tree is enabled to stand erect and grow upwards. A stem, or continuation of the trunk, rises to a considerable height through the leafy plume that generally terminates the growth of other palm-trees. This stem is furnished at the end with hooks or grapnels, by which it lays hold upon the giant branches of some overshadowing tree, and is thus supported and rendered stable. This anchor, thrown on high, entering within the leafy curtain of the growth above, keeps the palm from falling or being blown away. Behold an image of the Christian's hope! He, too, has a crown, "an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory," which his own feeble powers are not able to sustain. But just such a means of support as we have described has been given him. When heart and flesh fail, and his spirit sinks within him, he may reach the arm of a confident hope far above, and thus lay hold on the immutable promises of God. "Hope of salvation," "hope in Christ," "a good hope through grace," this steadies and strengthens the soul. A happy, steadfast expectation of eternal life proves to the child of God an unfailling stay. Anchors are generally cast below, but that of the Christian is thrown on high. Thus the apostle says of those who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them, "which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

### OBEDIENCE.

Man may destroy a plant, but he is powerless to force it into disobedience to the laws given by their common Creator. "If," says one, "he would employ it for his use, he must carefully pay attention to its wants and ways, and bow his own proud will to the humblest grass at his feet. Man may forcibly obstruct the path of a growing twig, but it turns quietly aside, and moves patiently and irresistibly on its appointed

way." Do what he may, turf will not grow in the tropics, nor the palm bear its fruit in a cold climate. Rice refuses to thrive out of watery swamps, or cotton to form its fleece of snowy fibres where the rain can reach them. Some of the handsomest flowers in the world, and, stranger still, some of the most juicy and succulent plants with which we are acquainted, adorn the arid and desolate sands of the Cape of Good Hope, and will not flourish elsewhere. If you twist the branch of a tree so as to turn the under surface of its leaves towards the sky, in a very little while all those leaves will turn down, and assume their appointed position. This process will be performed sooner or later, according to the heat of the sun and the flexibility of the leaves, but none the less it will surely take place. You cannot induce the Sorrowful tree of India to bloom by day, or cause it to cease all the year round from loading the night air with the rich perfume of its orange-like flowers. The philosopher need not go far to find the secret of this. The Psalmist declares it when, speaking of universal nature, he traces the true cause of its immutable order. "God," he says, "hath established them for ever and ever: He hath made a decree which shall not pass;" or, as it is in the Prayer-book version, "hath given them a law which shall not be broken." (Psalm cxlviii. 6). Truly is it said in another Psalm, "They continue this day according to thine ordinances, for all are thy servants." (Psalm cxix. 91). Wilful man may dare to defy his Maker, and set at nought His wise and merciful commands, but not so all nature besides. Well indeed is it for us that His other works have not erred after the pattern of our rebellion; that seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, with all their accompanying provision, have not ceased! To the precepts imposed upon vegetation when first called into being on creation's third day it still yields implicit submission, and the tenderest plant will die rather than transgress. What an awful contrast to this is the conduct of man, God's noblest work, endowed with reason and a never-dying soul, yet too often ruining his health, wasting and destroying his mental powers, defiling his immortal spirit, and, in a word, madly endeavoring to frustrate every purpose for which he was framed.

### AFFLICTION'S GOOD.

When a blade of wheat springs up, and all is promising well, sometimes the wheat-

\* From a work with the above title. See English Reviews.

fly pierces it, and lays its eggs within. Then the grubs come out and devour it all. Now we might suppose that with its only stem thus nipped in the bud the wheat would be destroyed. But not so. The seed corn possesses an inherent power of recovery, and what at first seems fatal to its fruitfulness proves to be for its greatest good. The plant, by the death of its first shoot, has time for its new lateral feeders to become more firmly established in the soil; and, in the place of the one ear that was destroyed, from its stronger root now puts forth many. It is often thus in the life of the Christian. All his plans and purposes, perhaps even his powers of life, are suddenly undermined. God in mercy sends a worm, as He did to Jonah's gourd; then it withers away in a night, and all seems lost. But not so. He who has the "root of the matter" in his heart, finds the root of faith and love now rendered stronger and firmer by the painful process. Moses was far more fit for his mighty work after forty troubled years of disappointment and humiliation, spent as a humble shepherd in the lonely deserts of Midian, than upon the morning of that day when he first assayed his people's deliverance with all the prestige of Egypt's royalty. David, hunted as a partridge on the mountains, and reduced almost to despair, was nearer the throne of honor than when he formerly dwelt at ease, the flattered favorite of Israel's king. Peter indeed thought himself well able to defend his Master on that evening when, moved by love, zeal, and courage, he uttered the eager resolve, "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended." But the night of failure, shame, and anguish that followed his self-confident cry, and the after days of darkness, left him a wiser, stronger, braver man. The witness he wanted to give to Christ on earth he was able to give to Christ in heaven. He who had once quailed in the presence of a maid-servant, bore a fearless testimony to his Saviour before that very court which had crucified Jesus, and was openly bent on the destruction of His followers. The lives of most of God's eminent servants have been alike trying and eventful. The divine rule of promotion is, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." The reason for this is given by the Apostle Paul, and it serves to solve much of the great mystery of pain. "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope" "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, after-

ward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." In God's good time the blighted purposes and disappointed life prove a ten-fold increase of true Christian fruitfulness, which could not have been otherwise attained.

#### GODNESS TRIUMPHANT.

Often, when gazing upon some lovely rural scene, the eye rests on a pool of water covered with a mass of unsightly green scum, that looks like a foul blot on the otherwise fair prospect. It would be the desire of many to sweep this scum away, and clear the landscape of such a painful disfigurement. But suppose this were done, the most fatal consequences might follow. In the stagnant water below there are poisons, which, if allowed to escape, might well involve the whole country-side in pestilence, and destroy entire villages. That unsightly green scum, which is a collection of tiny water-weeds shaped like threads, is playing a most beneficial part in the economy of nature, for it is taking up into itself all those deadly poisons exuding below, and breathing forth in their place life-giving oxygen. In like manner, we verily believe, in the moral world, in all the ways of God, things that now look to many like blots and blemishes will appear in the clearer light and knowledge of eternity as so many merciful provisions, which the corruption of our nature has rendered necessary, and which have played an all-important part in the plans of Divine wisdom and goodness.

—*Divine Life.*

The leader of a social meeting once occupied a large proportion of the time in discussing the question, "Where are the *nine*?" and why, when *ten* lepers were cleansed, only *one* returned to give glory to God. He continued for a long time to ring the changes on the words, "Where are the *nine*?" and "Why did not the *nine* confess what God had done for them?" When he had closed, leaving little time for the others, one sensible brother dryly remarked that perhaps one reason why the *nine* had nothing to say was that the *first one* who spoke took up all the time, and did not give them a chance!—*Selected.*

"The family is the nursery of the Church. If the nursery be neglected, what in time will become of the gardens and the orchards?"

—*Gurnell.*

## GOD'S WAYS NOT AS OUR WAYS.

Oh, there is comfort in the thought  
That this hard path I never sought;  
This path that must be hedged about  
With thorns, lest I should wander out;  
This path of trials, pains, and needs,  
Is the safe one by which God leads.

Leads—for He ever goes before—  
My gracious Master, tried and sure.  
With pitying kindness, rare and sweet,  
He smooths the way before my feet.  
Ah, shame on me, that I should deem  
It ever hard to walk with Him!

My way and Thine!—so far apart,  
Both cannot lead me where Thou art.  
I *may* be wrong—Thou *must* be right,  
For Thou art wisdom, truth, and might.  
My way may end in death and night,  
Thine must lead up to life and light.

Guide Thou my feet that, faltering, tread  
In the red prints Thine own have made;  
Where Thou for love of me hast gone,  
Hold Thou my hand, and lead me on.  
Thy "wherefore," Lord, I cannot tell,  
But this I know—Thou doest well.

Be still, then, trembling soul of doubt.  
God's wondrous ways past finding out,  
That chill my heart and vex my brain,  
Will be as simplest truth made plain,  
When I shall look on them as He  
Who planned and worked them out for me.

—Parish Visitor.

## P L E A S I N G   G O D .

BY REV. F. M. LOWRY.

It is said of Enoch that "before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God" (Heb. xi. 5) and that "by faith" he attained unto this thrice-blessed state. This *view* of holiness is so clear and so beautifully simple that none will fail to understand it. Let imagination come to our help in the endeavor to illustrate it. Imagine a very great musician, say a Handel or a Beethoven, casually calling upon a friend. In a room of this friend's house he finds a certain instrument, say a piano. His soul is full of music. He would fain have let the melodies flow forth. He approaches the instrument, when, lo! to his disappointment, the whole range of notes is flat and discordant, to say nothing of a note here and there being dumb. He is utterly displeased. He cannot and

will not allow the music of his soul to be marred and spoilt by conveying it through such a miserably imperfect medium. He would *rather not play at all*, than fill the air with discords.

How many *souls*, alas! are like that spoiled piano, lacking altogether certain gracious notes, and possessing others in a state all discordant and untuneful. And this, notwithstanding that Christ can supply every needed string, and tune us up to perfect concert pitch. But the musician enters another home. He finds a truly grand piano there, *perfect in all respects*. An audience all select, appreciative, and impatient await his performances. The musician is pleased. He goes up to the instrument with perfect confidence. He knows it will render faithfully what he intrusts to it. The pent-up tides of melody begin to flow. The soul of every listener drinks in the melody. It is joy; it is rapture; it is heaven. Even so the Lord has pleasure in using *perfect instruments*; and such we all may be, having joy and giving joy when we are used of God, as Enoch did of old.

Again, a furnished house is needed by a noble lord, where he may reside. One is shown of conspicuous outward beauty; it is pleasantly situated, and *seems* desirable enough. But a closer inspection follows, revealing sad defects. The furniture is poor, the appointments defective, the walls damp, and the garden bare. "No," says the would-be occupant, "it will not do. I cannot live in such a place, and what is more, I will not." He goes in search again and finds a home at last which pleases him well. It is firmly founded, and strongly built. Its massiveness is relieved by trailing creepers; the red Virginia touching the roof, the graceful honeysuckle, the clinging ivy, and the bright canariensis vying to adorn the noble home. All, too, is bright within. Every room is amply capacious, and nicely furnished. While everything *in general* is well fitted to its place and use, everything *in particular* is arranged for comfort. In fact, both inside and out, this house is *all that his lordship desires*. He is well pleased with it, and fully decides to make it an abiding place of residence.

As a home for God, we may be even as this house, strong, clean, bright, and well adorned. We may be well furnished with knowledge, and beautified by every grace of God's Holy Spirit. Let us seek this high honor, even though we may now be utterly dilapidated and unfit to be the home of a royal resident. I knew a pair of loyal vil-



lage Methodists, who, being old, were retiring from business, and wanted a cosy home. It was "flitting time" when I arrived. I visited the selected cottage, and felt utterly disappointed. The stone floor, the rough beams overhead, the bare walls, the litter of masonry, the narrow limits of the building, greatly disappointed me. I could not imagine that my friends would be happy there, and I said as much. "Oh!" said my good friend, "but I am going to have a boarded floor, a proper lath and plaster ceiling, nicely papered walls, and an extension of the premises by means of a door here (pointing to one side of the room) which will lead to a new room yet to be built." These liberal ideas pleased me well, and I could not help but think, "The house will be cosy and roomy after all, and even such as to please my friends." So God can make marvellous improvements in those "human temples" which He may choose for Himself.—*King's Highway.*

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### THE THREE F'S.

REV. G. D. WATSON, D.D.

It would be of great advantage to those seeking holiness, to fasten in their minds, once for all, the immutable order of the three F's. They are Faith, Feeling and Fruit. God has absolutely fixed these three things in consecutive order in salvation: First, faith, naked and simple trust on the work of God, just as you are, for salvation. If your faith is genuine, of the unwavering sort, it will be followed (not preceded) by an inner, Divine wrought feeling, and this feeling will be followed (not preceded) by appropriate fruit. For six thousand years, poor, blind human nature, in seeking both pardon and heart purity, has tried to work against this Divine arrangement; but in not one case has this order of the F's been reversed or changed in the least. And dear reader, if you are trying to reverse this order, if you are trying to produce the fruit of holy living before you feel sure of heart purity, or if you are trying to feel pure before exercising faith for cleansing, then you are attempting the impossible, you are pushing your erratic reason and blind unbelief right against the granite wall of truth. You are trying to gather fruit before the tree sprouts, and then you try to make the tree have a feeling of sprouts before you plant in the soil of God's promises the naked seed of faith. It is utterly useless to try to

put feeling before faith. You have failed over and over again on that line. Now you should quit struggling, and quit waiting for feeling, and solemnly determine just as you are, and just where you are, to believe God's promise, to claim that He doeth it, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth you now from all sin. If you have given up everything to God, then you can never get an inch further, until you believe, believe boldly, believe definitely, believe persistently, that He doeth it. Your faith must step out beyond both your reason and your feeling; faith is not contrary to reason and feeling, but it must go beyond both and claim the promise. Do you expect heat before you have fire? Do you expect thunder before the lightning? Then why do you expect to feel purified before you believe? You are not cleansed from all sin before you believe, nor after you believe, but right in connection with your believing. But the feeling is a result of purity and comes after the purifying. If you are cleansed, God will see that you have the clear, sweet consciousness of it. Then, again, do not try to put the fruit of holiness before the conscious fact of holiness. So many attempt to coerce and manufacture the fruit of sanctification who have never found the clear experience of it. Faith steps out on the testimony of God, feeling is the testimony of our own soul, fruit respects the testimony of others. Do not reverse our F's. Get into God's order at once. Have faith now for cleansing, then feel it, then show fruit of it.—*The Way of Life.*

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### THE OTHER SIDE OF AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY JENNIE M. D. CONKLIN.

I wish I knew where to begin. I do not know whether to tell you first her side or my side; my side is the *other* side. But I think I will tell you the way it happened to me, and the lesson it taught me. There is sent to me twice a month a lovely little paper, as attractive as it is helpful, and, after I had been helped, I wondered to whom I should send it on another mission of helpfulness. Occasionally I give copies away; then, coming to a new home, I felt shy about offering it to strangers. I made one attempt that was not met with enthusiasm, and so, twice a month, the pretty papers were thrown into the scrap barrel or piled away in some corner. A twelvemonth passed (twice twelve made twenty-four pa-

pers), and then I heard of an invalid, away back in the country, who had little to read, and could neither purchase nor borrow.

With a brighter and heart my little paper was mailed to her. Warm thanks came for the first copy, deciding me to promise to send regularly. And then—it seemed wonderful to me—she wrote to me and said: "I cannot thank you enough for that precious paper. A year ago I saw one copy, and, Oh! how I wished for it! But I knew I could not pay for it, and I mourned and prayed about it for a *whole year*. And now I have it."

I do not know how I felt. I was thrilled at first with the *realness* of God's answers to prayer, and then it flashed over me, "How long God kept her waiting for what I was *throwing away!*"

There had to be preparation on both sides. On hers, long waiting, increasing desire, and a faith that held fast; on mine, the wish to do good and the trial in the way of opportunity.

I think I sighed over the wasted papers until I remembered that they were not wasted; that God was using every one for her and for me; and not one less than the whole number would do.

Just now, having occasion to look up something in the top of my book-case, I espied three of last year's papers laid away, and before I stopped to tell you about the other side of her prayer, I hastened to fold and direct them to her, that she might have something, at least, of what was "wasted" in her waiting time.

God always knows the other side of our answered prayers; if we could know, too, would we not always find that He was working just as busily on the other side?

Her waiting was part of my discipline. Our lives are so interlinked that the prayer of one may touch another, and one may have to wait for that other, as she had to wait for me, although until that need of each other we had been strangers miles and miles apart. Perhaps my lesson is to learn that, when we really desire to give, God is so pleased that He wants to choose the very one that will appreciate it most.

Some of God's hired servants are called upon not to work, but to wait. A poor old sister in the workhouse waited for orders from Christ, and could only hear Him saying, "Lie still and cough." Many are called upon to glorify God in lives of meek submission spent upon sick beds on the edge of the

grave. Let them not murmur. "They also serve who only stand and wait." It is not theirs to run with the thousands who speed over sea and land to do the Lord's bidding; but by their saintly patience, their constant trust, their joyful unworldliness, they may be, made an abiding blessing. And, doubtless, great reward will come to them in the day when the meek will inherit the earth, and the merciful shall obtain mercy.—*Rev. W. R. Nicholl.*

### IS THAT ALL.

Having accepted an invitation to preach in the east of London, I passed through a labyrinth of streets, evidently tenanted by those who had nothing to lose, until I reached the mission-hall, of which I was in search. On entering, I saw that the hall was filthy with the grime of a London low-life neighborhood, and a few women and children were gathered to listen to my address. I felt aggrieved at the prospect, and much inclined to grumble that I had been brought a half-a-dozen miles from home, on a wild, gusty night, into such a neighborhood, to talk to such an audience; but having found my way, and engaged to speak, I at once commenced. When the meeting was ended I prepared to retrace my dangerous way towards home.

I had descended the two steps from the platform, and was passing on, when a shaky voice said, "I want to speak to you."

Turning at the request, I saw a very old woman, with an exceedingly dirty face, and hands still more filthy, holding on to the rail in front of her seat, and trembling with excitement or nervousness, perhaps both.

I was wearied, dispirited, hopeless of having done any good, and wishing myself at home. I therefore asked curtly, "Well, what is it?"

"I am seventy-three years old," she said. "I can see to work as well as ever I could, and I can earn my living by needlework."

"Why do you tell me this?" I asked.

"Because I want you to know that I don't come here to beg. I know well enough there's a lot of lazy vagabonds as comes for nothing else; but I'm none o' that sort; I earns my living by my eyes and fingers, and begs nothin' o' nobody."

"But what do you want from me?" I coldly inquired.

"I'm seventy-three years old," she repeated, "and I can't expect to live very much longer. I have been listening to you

talking about the gift of God ; I knew I had not got it, and I made bold to ask you to tell me more about it. Remember I am a poor old woman of seventy-three, and make it as plain as ever you can."

If a blaze of light had flashed into the dirty hall, I could not have felt more astonished than I did at the old woman's request. I had not expected, scarcely hoped, any result from what I had spoken, and yet, here was an anxious inquirer. I lifted up my heart to the Lord, and a thought came. I at once put my hand into my pocket, produced a shilling, and said :

"Mother, have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she said.

"No one said you did ; but that doesn't answer my question, which I intend to repeat until you reply plainly. Have you had any tea?"

"No, I a'n't," she shortly rejoined, hoping to get rid of the subject.

"Mother, have you any supper at home?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she again repeated.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"No, I, a'n't," rather angrily.

"Well, see, here is a shilling, just the thing you want. It will buy you bread, butter, tea, sugar, a bundle of wood, a candle, seven pounds of coal, and a hap'worth of milk, and so give you food, light, and warmth." And the old woman knew, by many years' experience, the statement was correct in her locality ; but she only repeated, "I didn't come here to beg."

"You have not been accused o. begging, or anything else," I continued ; "but I want to make it clear to you. This shilling is mine, given in charge to me to give freely to any one that needs it. Your need of it is very sore ; you are trembling with hunger and cold as you stand there—no light, no fire, no food. The money I offer will produce all these things, which you require so much. Take the money ; it is mine to give, and you need it."

Still she said, "I didn't come here to beg. I only wanted you to tell me how to get safely to heaven."

"That shall surely come after ; but I want to settle this first, or perhaps they will come together. Now, be advised, take the money."

The picture of a hungry night was no new thing to her, and signs of relenting appeared in her face. Almost unconsciously she then stretched out her fingers, drawn like birds' claws with age and labor, but she did not take the money readily ; little by little she

came nearer, until her fingers closed upon the coin. She raised it from where it lay in the palm of my hand, and held it in her trembling fingers.

"Well, have you got it at last?"

"Yes, but not willingly," she said.

"Now, mother," I said, "you want the gift of God, which is eternal life ; you want pardon for all your sins ; you want peace with God ; you want His Holy Spirit to lead you. Now, just as your wants for the body were met in the gift of the shilling, so God has met all your wants for the soul in the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ, His Son. In Him God has provided all that we need, for time and eternity. But we must take Him as God's free, undeserved gift ; and this is just what we are so unwilling to do. We want to earn Him ; we want to deserve Jesus and heaven ; but we never can. We do not like to take Him as a gift. Just as you were so unwilling to accept the money, so thousands are unwilling to accept Jesus on the only terms they can receive Him"

"I never saw it so," she said, "I thought I had to earn heaven."

"There are untold thousands like you," I answered, "who turn away, despising and rejecting the gift of God. But I hope you will be wiser ; and just as you have freely taken the gift of the money now, take the infinitely greater gift of Jesus Christ. You have to take what is ready and offered."

"But must I not repent?" she inquired.

"This will come by faith in Jesus, just as food and light and warmth were all in the shilling. Only believe in Jesus."

"Is that all?" she asked in surprise.

"That is all," I replied. "Repentance, joy, peace, heaven, are all in Jesus Christ."

"Then I am a saved woman," she loudly cried, clasping her drawn, withered hands together with the shilling between them, "for I bow to Jesus now."

"Thank God!" I rejoicingly exclaimed. "Truly I have not labored in vain, nor spent my strength for nothing."

A little more counsel, a few more words of earnest prayer, and then I looked for the last time into that aged face. Hope, forgiveness, peace, were there ; and as I turned into the dark, dangerous way, it seemed bright with a light that was not of earth, a light in my own spirit, lighted there by the rich blessing of the Lord of the harvest upon the labors of an unbelieving servant in the great harvest-field.—*Selected.*

"Holiness is simply *Christ in us* fulfilling the will and commands of the Father."

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“SUBJECT TO THE HOLY GHOST.”

There are some who say, “I cannot get light on the Scripture; other people seem to see such beautiful things in the Bible, and when I read it, it is all a blank.” Of course it is, if the Holy Ghost does not give light. If you were to take this book into a dark closet it would be all a blank; you could hardly see that there was a book at all—you could only tell by touching it; but if the gas were lighted, everything would be plain. And so, beloved, you need the light of the Holy Ghost to understand Scripture.

But remember, if you receive the Holy Ghost, it is not to turn His light on Scripture when and how you choose. You have to be subject to the Holy Ghost all the time, for Him to lead you to the Scripture He wants you to understand; for Him to lead you to pray the prayer He wishes you to offer; to speak the word He wishes you to speak, to speak to the person He wants you to speak to, and to be silent when He wants you to be so. He must be the master all the way through. He is to be the guide, and you are to walk behind.

This is the easy life, the humble life, the mighty life; life where you have no power in yourself, where Jesus fills the space, where Jesus stands in the midst, and wherever you turn, somehow or other, you see Jesus. If there is something painful, you see Jesus pained; if something glad, you see Jesus glad; if something difficult, you see Jesus able to accomplish it; if something impossible, it is possible to Jesus. A life where you have to get out of the way, and where Jesus takes the place you used to have. Beloved, are you willing to make this exchange in your life?—*Mrs. Baxter, report in Times of Refreshing.*

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WAIT FOR THE SPIRIT'S GUIDANCE.

The main thing in religion is to keep the conscience pure to the Lord, to know the guide, to follow the guide, to receive from Him the light whereby I am to walk; and not to take things for truths because others see them to be truths; but to wait till the Spirit make them manifest to me; nor to run into worships, duties, performances, or practices because others are led thither; but to wait till the Spirit leads me thither. “He that makes haste to be rich” (even in religion, running into knowledge, and into worships and performances, before he feel a true and clear guidance) “shall not be inno-

cent:” nor the Lord will not hold him guiltless when He comes to visit for spiritual adultery and idolatry. The apostles were exceeding tender in this point: for though they certainly and infallibly knew what was to be believed, yet they were not lords over men's faith, but waited till he who is Lord of the faith would open the way into men's consciences. They did not take upon them to be able to turn the key, to let in truth and conviction into men's spirits (as men in these days have been apt to undertake), but directed them to Him who had the key, there to wait for the conviction and illumination of their minds, and so to receive in, as they found Him give forth to them.

“Let every man,” saith the apostle, “be fully persuaded in his own mind;” take heed of receiving things too soon, take heed of doing what ye see others do, but wait for your own particular guidance, and for a full persuasion from God, what is His will concerning you. Though I know this to be a truth, yet do not ye receive it, till God make it manifest to you; receive truth from His hand, stay till He give it to you. Indeed the main matter in religion is to keep out the wrong part, the forward part; the bastardly birth from running into duties, catching of openings, and laying hold of promises; and to feel the heir born of the immortal seed to whom all belongs; and that the other birth never afterwards get up above him, but be subdued and brought into subjection.

Again, saith the apostle, take heed of doing anything “doubtingly,” be not forward, be not hasty; wait for the leading, wait for the manifestation of the Spirit. Be sure thou receive what thou receivest in faith, and practise what thou practisest in faith; for “whatsoever is not of faith is sin,” being an error from the principle of life, which is to guide; and thereby thou lovest ground, and dishonorest Christ, and comest under condemnation.—*Selected.*

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“A short time ago,” said a gentleman of New Haven, “I asked President Woolsey if, with his increasing age, experience and wisdom, he had arrived at any satisfactory explanation of that great problem, the evil and suffering in the world. ‘No,’ replied the venerable ex-President, ‘but this one thing I do know to be truer the older I grow—the holier life I live the happier I become.’”

When there are no storms everybody is a good mariner.

### REST YOUR NERVES.

It may be a religious duty for you to rest. Grant that two-thirds of mankind are lazy, yet many in America are breaking down, or going insane, from over-taxed nerves. In my wide range of observation, I meet many, especially persons of intense religious experience, who are running right on the verge of utter health wreck; and some right on the edge of insanity, from over-taxed nerves.

A few years ago, I ran at such a high pressure that my whole nervous system was in a threatening condition. I could not digest my food. I could not get to sleep till two and three o'clock in the morning, a dull pain in the back of my head; and my nerves were so strained, that on cold, rainy days, I would involuntarily weep on the streets. This was my condition, when I suddenly stopped in my work, and spent a month in the pine woods and orange groves of Florida in utter idleness and rest. The benefit received was incalculable.

I know of a Christian lady in Kansas, who was so broken down as to be unable to look after house-keeping. She dropped everything, went South, and spent the first week in sleep, sleeping nearly all the time, and has had good health since. On the other hand, I know of two or three cases of insanity resulting directly from over-taxed nerves. They thought they could not stop and be idle for a month, but had to bear the awful idleness of an asylum. Hundreds are on the same road, but insist they cannot stop the routine of labor. I know of some Christians who have gone day and night for several years in an intense spiritual strain (which wears directly on the nerves) until they have landed into wildest fanaticism. Some of our ablest advocates of Christian holiness run on an over-pressure of work till their health is seriously, if not totally, impaired.

Thousands to-day are on the road to confirmed invalidism, which could be prevented by a month or two of *perfect rest*. But alas! they will not be persuaded though one rose from the dead. Perfect brain rest is as little understood by those who need it as perfect soul rest is. For brain rest you must not wait for a convenient season, but stop *at once*, and go away from work, away from books, letters, relatives, railroads; then eat, ramble, sleep ten hours in twenty-four, sleep between meals. Do it as a religious duty. You cannot afford it? Well, just estimate your funeral expenses, *they have to be paid*. Take that amount and pay it for perfect nerve rest. G. D. W.—*Witness*.

### THE EXCHANGE.

I have taken all to Jesus—

Cares, vexations, deep depression,  
Longings that could not be met  
But by constant, stern repression.

I have taken all to Jesus,

Left with Him a past polluted,  
And a present pierced with anguish—  
Sorrow planted, joys uprooted.

I have taken all to Jesus,

All the ill I have committed;  
All the good I've failed to render—  
Evil cherishings permitted.

I have taken all to Jesus,

Left with Him my life, and given  
Over to his blessed keeping,  
Every hope for earth and heaven.

I have taken all to Jesus,

All I dread and all I treasure,  
In return He gives me leading,  
Peace and gladness without measure.

—*London Methodist Recorder*.

### Band Tidings.

VARNA.—Praise God for His goodness and for the way He has been working on the hearts of men. We have started at Hills-green. A great number are deeply convicted, and many have stood up for prayer. In four nights there have been twenty-nine souls at the altar. THOS. WILEY.

QUEEN ST., TORONTO.—At this writing—February 15th—a sweeping work of revival is going forward at old Queen Street. Rev. C. Fish has given valuable help in the movement. The church was evidently ripe for blessing, and it has come in a truly wonderful manner. The earnest pastor, Rev. T. W. Jeffrey, is reaping the result of almost three years of faithful toil. The special services began on Saturday night, January 30th, when the writer and his associate workers were introduced to their new friends, and were accorded a most hearty and kindly reception. The work began at once; the altar being well surrounded with seekers at the very next evening service, Sunday. The commodious basement is now filled at the afternoon services, while from night to night it is difficult to find seats in the body of the church for the crowds that gather. We were led to ask for 500 souls at the beginning of the campaign, and including the work in the Sunday-school, nearly or quite 400 have up to date professed faith in Christ. Praise God for ever. D. S.

FAIRFIELD PLAINS.—We reached this place on Tuesday, Nov. 24th. Found the Church all ready for work. So blessing came at once. We had powerful meetings. Deep conviction and clear conversions. After four weeks' labor we left about one hundred praising God for His salvation. It was complete victory. Eternity alone will give the results of this work. Glory to God. We will not soon forget the kindness shown us by the dear people of Fairfield. God bless them more and more.

J. W. CHAPMAN.

MILLBANK.—Brother Alexander and I are here alone. The Lord is doing a grand work. Very similar to that at Lyndoch. We opened on Monday, Jan. 11th. The Methodist cause is not strong, but devoted. The Presbyterian minister is working with us, and many of his people are seeking. Last Thursday the body of the church was one mass of seekers, and on Friday the same. The altar is no use now, too small. On Sunday the Presbyterian minister dropped his own service and helped us. He preaches to-night. Calls are still coming. Elmira is crying for help and I must go. I cannot get to the States at the time I had intended. Do carry us to God. I am in a burning fever this morning.

J. SEDWEEK.

TOTTENHAM.—Opened here Tuesday, Jan. 12th. Church full. Lovely building, seating capacity five hundred. The first night the people sat with open mouth, saints and sinners alike, looking at us. Christians had concluded we were to do all the work, and they were to have a good time looking on. When I saw how things were going I called the church members together and told them if they were not prepared to co-operate we should close our work and leave them, for we had no time to lose. We had a consecration meeting, and on the third night God answered prayer and visited us. Eleven professed conversion. Last night the church was packed. It was as if a thunderbolt had struck the congregation. God helped us in the singing, and in taking the Scripture lesson I never had more liberty. Some thirty professed conversion, and about ten were seeking full salvation. It was a glorious night. Praise God. Jan. 15th: Yesterday was a day of great rejoicing in heaven. When the invitation was given the whole congregation rose in a body and came to the enquiry room. The entire community seems broken up.

R. MOODY.

ST. THOMAS.—One of the local papers says: "The Band services in Grace Church have resulted in the conversion of seventy people over the age of fourteen years, and of more than thirty under that age. All these appear to be very clear cases such as give promise of faithfulness and usefulness. The densely packed congregation of Thursday evening, Mr. Savage's last service with us, indicated the interest which the people took in his labors." Subsequently the pastor, Rev. R. H. Waddell, wrote: Beginning with Sabbath evening we had a packed congregation. A very gracious influence rested on the people. Five very interesting persons, all married except one, were converted. When one of them went home and told his wife—a poor backslider—she felt her position so keenly that they spent most of the night in prayer, when she found peace through faith in Christ. Monday evening a large congregation and good meeting; one soul was added to the number of the saved. Tuesday evening two were converted, and last night three; all these being adults of specially interesting type. Our people are full of hope and have a mind to work.

ATWOOD.—This has been a week of victory. Came here to Donegal on Thursday from Trowbridge, where a grand work has been done. Upwards of seventy professed conversion. Have had four meetings here and twelve souls. On Tuesday nine stood up for prayer. Praise God for victory. We open at Henfryn (D. V.) on Sunday.

HARRY LITTLEHALES.

OHIO.—Bro. Lamb writes: Harmar is to Marietta what Fort Gratiot is to Point Edward. I am helping in revival work at Harmar, and God is helping, too. Had eight adults at the altar last night, and eight more were for prayer. I tell you they are thoroughly stirred. The whole congregation seems convicted. The pastor is an earnest worker, and as he gives me every liberty, I introduce some of your methods that have been so helpful to me.

STEVENSVILLE.—Bro. Wesley Harrison writes, Feb. 8: We closed here with over a hundred forward at the two appointments. Nearly all soundly converted. Mr. Kearns is going to continue the services, and has great hopes of seeing a number more give their hearts to God. We go (D. V.) from here to Selkirk Circuit. Praise the Lord for all.

**OXLEY.**—The Lord is greatly blessing us. Got here Saturday night. Went to Harrow Sunday morning. Brother Edwards preached. Fellowship meeting a time of reviving. In the afternoon, at Oxley, we gave ourselves into the Lord's hands around the altar, to be fitted for the work before us. The answer came, and we were filled with love and faith and entered the battle-field shouting and sure of victory. At night the church packed, sinners trembling, saints rejoicing and laboring for souls. Jan. 22: The Lord is with us. Attendance increasing. Seekers at every meeting. The pastor, Rev. W. W. Edwards, is very kind. It is a pleasure to assist him in the Lord's work. The spirit of conviction is moving the neighborhood and our meetings are all the talk. We have seekers at every service. To God be all the praise. Hallelujah! My soul is very happy, trusting in the Lord.

Feb. 5: The Lord surely sent me here. At Oxley everything was ready. The Holy Spirit's manifest presence in the services. Attendance large. Church packed. Deep conviction; some yielding to be saved almost every evening. All told, there have been converted, reclaimed and seeking, some fifty persons. Some heads of families, one nearly eighty years of age. Brother Edwards and all of us greatly rejoice and give thanks to God.  
Z. S. FLEMING.

**WILLOWDALE.**—We were to have spent the week beginning Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup> at St. Paul's, Yorkville. But as two devoted and honored Evangelists, Ferdinand Schiverea and Rev. W. Haslam, had engagements at neighboring churches for that week, I thought it best to meet an earnest application from Rev. Geo. Miller for a week of help at Willowdale. Accordingly, brothers Arthur, Hugh, and the writer left by stage on the intensely cold afternoon of Saturday, and after a frosty journey we were glad to pass into the warm atmosphere of the Willowdale parsonage as the shadows of evening began to fall. Stormy, inclement day on Sunday, with, however, good services. Dear brother Fish, Evangelist of the Bay of Quinte Conference, was recruiting at his home near by, and rallied to our help. We had a week of blessing. The last service on Friday evening was one of great power. Nine souls professed to come into the light before the benediction was pronounced, amongst them a neighboring storekeeper and his wife, whose decision for God greatly cheered the pastor. The work seemed to be only beginning when we had to leave, but there was

no alternative. The programme ahead was inexorable. So, with thank; for the home-like attentions received at the hands of the pastor's kind family, we took stage again on Saturday, Jan. 30<sup>th</sup>, to begin our campaign at Queen St. Church, Toronto. D. S.

**NOR.: TORONTO.**—With the congregation and community ablaze at Grace Church, St. Thomas, it was very hard to break away from the dear friends there. But engagements ahead compelled it. So on Saturday, Jan. 16<sup>th</sup>, brothers Arthur and Hugh came on with me to Yonge St. Church, North Toronto. Billets were ready for us. The pastor, Rev. R. N. Burns, courteously accompanied me to "Oaklands," the princely home of John Macdonald, Esq., whose generous kindness to myself and fellow-workers will never be forgotten by us. The winsome domestic life of "Oaklands," the charm of which, I may be allowed to say, is largely owing to the presence and management of the Christian lady who presides there, will be a fragrant memory with the writer through all after years. The church, located as it is at an extreme suburban point, does not, for the present, command a strong numerical patronage. But though the services were not largely attended, the interest rose as the days passed. God was present in quickening and saving power, and we all parted at the close of the week with mutual regrets. Better than all, our visit was followed by a week of much blessing, as the services were continued by the gentle-spirited and sympathetic pastor. D. S.

**AVON.**—We closed work on this circuit on Feb. 4<sup>th</sup>, with a glorious outpouring of the Spirit of God. We had about a hundred and twenty converts at the two appointments. This section is all on fire. Churches filled to overflowing. Some nights people had to be turned away. Brother Fessant is a strong man for revival work, and there is a fine class of Christian workers here, both at Avon and Harrietsville. The Lord bless them and use them for His glory. The tobacco question has been to the front, many of the converts giving it up as soon as they were converted, and many of the older Christians giving it up too. We opened at Bethel, on the Brownsville Circuit, on Feb. 5<sup>th</sup>, with good prospects. Church filled every night. It was so crowded last night that we could not get through the congregation for work. God is giving us precious souls.

J. G. TATE.

CAISTOR.—We received your letter last Friday. The Lord surely has guided us, for you will see that just as I felt led so did you. I was very sorry to hear that you were sick, and I do not think that I have ever forgotten to pray for you and the Band, morning and night. I could not begin to tell you how the Lord has blessed us in these meetings. I may have heard of such ones, but my Father has never guided me to any place like this. Whole families are being converted: mothers coming forward with children in their arms, husband and wife, and in fact every class, little children and old men. Oh, it is grand! Sunday night, church crowded to the doors. We had to get off the bench we were sitting on and give it to the people, in fact they were sitting all around the altar. In the after-meeting the penitent form was not large enough to hold the seekers, we had to place a bench at one end. Yesterday afternoon we had a grand meeting. A son praying for a mother, and one part of the family praying for the unconverted part. One young lady said if she had to give up friends and all, she was going to be a Christian, and, thank God, last night she came forward leading a friend to the altar. I could not begin to tell you of the blessed time we have had. Oh! may God continue the work. Make special prayer for our meetings. Saturday I started from Hamilton and went to Grimsby by train. I then walked out here. It was raining hard, but, thank God, He gave me strength to walk about sixteen miles through it all. I, of course, was wet almost to the skin, but the people were so glad to see me that I soon forgot my wet clothes. They took my boots and poured the water out. They look upon me here like a prodigal son for going away.

I was just eighteen years old yesterday, and am hoping there is a long and glorious life before me.

LALAND BURNS.

WOODBURN.—Bros. Davis, White, and Simpson arrived here on the 3rd, having walked about seven miles through the rain. On Thursday evening they were joined by Bro. Burn from Hamilton. For a week things were a little discouraging on account of bad roads, but on Friday, 15th, the "grand break" came and by God's help the devil's kingdom shook, who had reigned supreme in this community for a long time past. Since Friday the Spirit of the living God has completely aroused the neighborhood: church crowded, people sitting on the steps, around the penitent form, and in fact every available place was occupied. Whole

families nearly are being brought into the light: eight in one, five in another, mothers coming forward with children in their arms, old and young, every class. People around here say it is the grandest revival ever held in this part of the country. Could not describe the meetings. Surely the Lord has manifested Himself here in mighty power. Pray for us. The "Holiness meetings" and afternoon prayer-meetings are, by God's help, being ably conducted by Bro. Simpson. Old disputes are being settled: one that has lasted about twenty-five years; another lady, who had absented herself from church for over a year on account of a slight misunderstanding, came forward and shook hands with her accuser; another man said his voice would never again be heard in Bethel, but on Friday night he got up and spoke, the first time for years. On Wednesday afternoon, after the prayer-meeting two brothers gave up their pipes and tobacco: we at once knelt and thanked our heavenly Father for His goodness. The Lord has greatly blessed the visits. One was made to the blacksmith's shop: the brothers knelt down beside the horses and forge. Another to mer at the sawing machine; the machine was stopped and they all knelt in prayer. Another brother, who would not get out of his sleigh, was prayed for in the snow. Last night the church was full on account of our farewell meeting; the aisles were crowded with people who could not obtain seats. We are now at Caistor Centre. Pray for the meetings.

S. L. Davis.

OBITUARY.—Just before going to press a telegram from Cheboygan, Mich., brings the sad intelligence of the death, which must have been unexpected and perhaps sudden, of the wife of Bro. John Murdoch. Our brother will have the deepest sympathies of his comrades all over the field, and will not be forgotten by them at a throne of grace.

BOOKTON.—Rev. Jas. Brown writes, Jan. 28th: We have grand meetings—a full house every night and much power. Praise God. Some backsliders and a few sinners have been saved. We are looking for a general break. There are not many Christians here, but they are very kind and earnest. I must say I was never in a place that offered a more favorable field, and I feel confident that we are going to have a blessed time. Last night the church was filled; numbers weeping through the audience. Scores longing to be saved, but saying, "Not to-night." Pray for us. We are praying for you.



ST. WILLIAMS.—Brother Chapman writes Jan. 30: We will be here over Monday, and then to Glenshee, on Lyndoch Circuit, for a week; thence to Port Stanley with part of the Band, leaving others with Rev. D. W. Thompson. Have had heavy lifting. But praise God for complete victory. Many of those who came out when Bro. Sedweek was here last winter, had lost ground. Quite a number of these are seeking the blessing of holiness. A great deal of work done in this southern country last winter stands. Eternity alone will tell what has been accomplished through this movement. I am encouraged more than ever to live and work for God. Though we may not be able to compel all to come to Jesus, yet I do praise God we may live so close to Him that the most hardened sinner will glorify God. I was greatly blessed yesterday in studying God's Word, comparing John xv. 8, and Matt. v. 16. Praise God for the Bible. We had a powerful meeting last night: No rush of seekers, but some very clear conversions and mighty conviction. I am looking for large things here. Love to all comrades.

NIAGARA FALLS SOUTH.—Jan. 26th: God has been speaking to the people of this place louder than ever before. We have felt the power of God more than ever before. We commenced with a four day meeting of holiness. God drew us nearer to Him. Many have been encouraged to get on the high-ways. Many are worshipping in the beauty of holiness. Sunday last we had a powerful time. The Rev. G. A. Mitchell, B.A., spoke in the morning service with power from Gen. iii. 9: *Where art thou?* The words rang in our ears all day, *Where art thou?* We are expecting greater things than ever here. May God save the people. The droppings are already here.

Our friends will be glad to hear that Mrs. Jones is fast recovering, and we are looking for her to be with us in the work again in less than a month. God grant it. Her sickness has been the means of drawing us both nearer to God. Praise God.

Yours, at the Master's feet,

J. JONES.

WHITFIELD.—We have been here a little over two weeks. There have been many forward, and such a fire kindled as I trust will never go out. Sunday was a high day in Zion. We met in the forenoon for a consecration meeting, and oh, how God did bless our service. I would have liked you to have stepped in to see the way some were

weeping and some shouting for joy. Old people who had been in the way over forty years said it was the most powerful meeting they were ever in. The afternoon and evening meetings were grand, eleven precious souls were seeking salvation through faith in Christ, and, I believe, found what they came for. Praise God. We were going to close here to-night, but the people are all wanting us to stay for another week, and so does the minister. This place has not had a revival for years. Spiritually it was dead, not having had a prayer-meeting for over twelve months. Last night the church was filled to the doors. The members say that it was never so full before—seats all down the aisles and a lot standing around the door. There were two loads from Molesworth, ten miles; one load from Trowbridge, eleven miles; and others from five to seven miles, and one load with four horses from Donegal. Revs. Pring, from Atwood, and Berry, from Drayton, were with us. Christians took right hold, and after a grand testimony meeting, invitation was given to seekers, when some eight or nine stood up for prayer. There was no room for them to come to the altar. I believe the effects of last night's meeting will be felt all over this section.

HARRY LITTLEHALES.

STEVENSVILLE.—Brother Wesley Harrison says: This is the first time we have ever been far away from home. We felt rather timid at starting out, but we did so in the strength of Him who has said: "My presence shall go with you." We have been here over two weeks and have had to labor pretty hard. But God has crowned our labors with success. About *eighty* souls have come to the foot of the cross, nearly all of whom are rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God. To Him be all the glory. We are but beginners in the work and are desirous that you and yours should remember us in your prayers that God would lead us, and use us as humble instruments in His hand in saving souls.

THREE RIVERS, MICH.—Brother Warren Martin writes, Feb. 1: I am here since Friday with dear Bro. Barth. Campaign mapped out by Rev. Mr. Reid. God has been glorifying His Son in saving many souls. Last Sunday week forty-five joined the Church on probation. Yesterday thirty-four more. Additional to which some twenty turned to God during the day. We go from here in a few days to another point. Pray for us.

MILLBANK.—Brother Sedweek writes, Feb. 1: The glory of the Lord has risen upon us. There are funeral services here every day. The "old man" is being consigned to the grave, from which I pray there may never be a resurrection. This place is at Jesus' feet. Christians are finding what Paul said to be true: "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think." Whole families are witnessing for Christ. Conviction has been no surface work, but deep and pungent. Sabbath was a day of power. Church packed at night. Had in the neighborhood of 150 testimonies, very clear and scriptural. The most intelligent class of young people here I have met for some time. Am hoping to see some of them "eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures" We farewell on Friday.

CAISTOR CENTRE.—The Lord is working wonders in this place. On Friday we had twelve ask our prayers. We are bound to win souls for the kingdom. My whole being, body and soul, belongs to God, and He is using me for His glory. Bless His holy name. Remember us in your prayers, and may God bless you and the work.

JAMES EDGAR.

### Band Correspondence.

DEAR BRO. BURNS,—Since last writing you our Band has been working for the blessed Master in a number of places. At Mount Hope, on the Arkwright Circuit, some 23 or 24 miles from here, after a hard day's fighting, victory for God was a glorious reality. The result of two weeks' work so commenced was over seventy souls converted. God has wonderfully blessed our Band in healing up breaches between Christians. At one place two brothers had not spoken to each other for 17 years, and the Lord so melted their hearts that they became reconciled; and at another place, two farmers had a dispute about a line fence, and one fell away; but, glory to God, the backslider was reclaimed, and they both are now working shoulder to shoulder in the cause of God. Our last place of work was in a Presbyterian neighbourhood, at an appointment in the country—invited by the elders there. It was a glorious sight to see and hear both Methodist and Presbyterian testifying to the power of Christ to save and keep. The Band had an overpowering blessing in waiting on God between two of the services. The message came (Mark ix. 29), and was obeyed with *satisfying* results, for

"God came down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

The work is still going on, and we look for the salvation of many souls. We are going out again on Sabbath next (the 31st of Jan.). Pray for us, that our faith fail us not, and that souls may be saved. Our Band is somewhat different to others: we go anywhere within reach of Owen Sound. The members receive no pay whatever. Collections are taken up to defray the expense of hiring teams, and purchasing hymn-books for use in the meetings. So far the collections have just met expenses. We trust the Lord in all things and fear not but that all will be well. We joyfully take up all work offered, and count it all joy to endure hardness in so noble a cause. Brethren, pray for us.

W. K. J.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am an old Methodist. My mother and grandmother were converted under Neill's ministry, and I have children and grandchildren in the Methodist Church—five generations. *God speed the old ship.* I have been an observer of all the changing movements in our Church for over sixty years, and have seen much to rejoice at, and some causes for sorrow. I rejoice in the Band movement, and my last promotion in the Church is to the rank of a *full private* among them. O how I rejoice over this movement. I recognised our old-fashioned Methodism in it full fledged. Conversions of the old stamp are not rare now. All are not still-born. What wonders these Bands are working! I rejoiced at the formation of our Missionary Society, but was grieved to see the money which was contributed to send the gospel to the heathen, applied to the support of *domestic missions* in cities, towns, and old Methodist grounds. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been so spent without any visible result. God does not bless such means. I know one of those stations—the oldest, I believe, in western Canada—where with such aid Methodism barely maintained a foothold. This station was recently visited by a band of praying workers, and in a month the fruit was four hundred or more converts. I could enumerate many instances where the Band workers were proved to be the requisite agency. A week's work at one of those points by the Hagersville Band has resulted in the conversion of about seventy souls. This is a mighty agency. "Let him that heareth say come." May God bless them still more and increase their numbers. They will soon be a means of relieving our missionary embar-

rassment. I do not decry preaching, but although it is and has been a glorious means of saving souls since the apostles' day, still I think it possible to give it too high a place, *i.e.*, to place too much dependence upon a paid ministry. I certainly would not think of substituting the Bands in their place, any more than I would in all cases put pitchers in the place of swords and spears, because Gideon won a battle with them. I see no just cause for jealousy between the two arms—if they may be called two,—yet an apparent outcrop of the evil eye has been but too apparent, and a resolute determination to maintain ministerial control has in some cases been thought to hamper the operations of these simple-hearted workers.

I think it is evident that the organization is to be a permanent one, and I trust that to them may be at all times accorded the right to preside in their own committees, nominate and appoint their own officers, and control their own affairs,—not interfering with the regular circuit work.

Yours in Christ,

C. D. C.

Hamilton, Jan. 12th, 1886.

STONY CREEK.—Not hearing from you, thought I would write and let you know how I spent part of my holidays, and the way the Lord has been using and blessing me. The Tuesday before New Year's, the Rev. J. H. Collins, a stranger to me, called. He was in much trouble, for he had been holding meetings for some weeks—and not one seeker all the time. How could he get the members to help him in any way? He had all the praying, singing and talking to do. They only sat and looked at him.

When I heard this I couldn't refuse him, for the day before I had spent most of my time in prayer, and found how unfaithful I had been, and how I had spent the last year for the Master who had done so much for me. I promised 1886 should "all be for Jesus." The Lord tried me before the year was out. It was hard to say yes, for I had never been away from home over New Year's day before. Remembering my promise and that I was not my own, I said, "Yes, Lord, anything." Mr. Collins and I had all to do. It would break your heart to see the spirit of resistance until Friday night, when five sought and found the Lord. On Saturday night we could not keep account of the results. One woman said she had not prayed since she was a child, and was now forty-five years old, but, with the Lord's help, she was going to have family prayers. A

man who had resisted the Spirit for a long time, went home that night under such deep conviction he had to get up in the middle of the night and call up his family and ask them to pray for him, and there found the Lord. The next evening he came to the meeting, and, with tears streaming down his face, told what the King had done for him that day. Previously, he could not open his mouth without swearing. While working that day loading wood, it fell off, and the men waited for him to swear. He said: "You may look, but if the wood fell on them, he never intended to do that again." The men said: "Well, Mr. Clark, we never saw such a change in you, and we believe we will be Christians soon to."

I could tell you so many testimonies like that. Fathers said their children were on their way to ruin, and it was through their example. What sad hearts they had! Mr. Collins thinks the number saved was between 30 or 40. Praise the Lord forever.

Last night when I farewelled, wives came to me and spoke of the change in their homes. Some said they would not have been on their way to heaven yet if the Lord had not sent me. To the Lord be all the praise. I am the weakest of God's children, able to do so little for Him who has done *so* much for *me*. I am willing to be or do anything for Him.

T. BURN.

BEETON.—Monday morning, Feb. 1st: Feel very tired and worn almost out. This has been a very heavy work. We have had something like 450 seekers on this circuit. Praise God for His love. Drove over to Tottenham yesterday to Quarterly Meeting. Had a good service—one of power. Came back here for night. The Church so full that some were afraid the floor would go down. It was filled from wall to wall, and from door to door, gallery and all. The crowds are so large that we have to use the lecture room for enquiry meetings. God is pouring out His Spirit upon us wonderfully here. May God *take* the whole place. Dear brother, it would do your heart good to see the fine class of young men converted here—some of the very choicest.

I had Bro. Mahan and Bro. Liddy to see me, and we have promised to go to them after we have done with Mr. Campbell. We close here on Wednesday night, then to Black's for a week, then to Bradford. I long to see you. Write me soon and give me all the news.

Yours for souls and Jesus' sake.

R. MOODY.

## A MACEDONIAN CRY.

NORTH BAY, Dec. 28, 1885.

Dear Bro. Savage,—I have observed the accounts published in the *Guardian* and elsewhere concerning the marvellous success attending the labors of your evangelists, and I have been considerably moved from time to time by, I trust, the Holy Spirit to communicate with you on the subject of obtaining assistance on this distant but interesting and important mission.

The mission—or rather the series of missions—on the Nipissing District had its origin contemporaneously with the construction of the C. P. R.; and this town, my headquarters, is now only three years old, yet it has 750 inhabitants, four churches, and a school.

During the three years I have been here I have increased my staff of assistants from one to five. But we are widely scattered. God has given us in what time four churches and two parsonages, and three other churches are in course of erection. We have been compelled to devote the most of our time to organization and church-building, in order to meet the increasing wants of the people in that line.

We have been favored with two very encouraging revivals, one of which has just occurred at Nipissing Village. I propose commencing special services at North Bay on Sunday next, and hope for God's blessing to rest upon His work. The population is mostly of the railway and navy class, yet there are a good many others employed as mechanics in the railway company's shops and round house. There is also the usual complement of merchants, traders, farmers, and lumbermen.

The great mass of the people are irreligious. Even the Churches in organizing here are making officials out of men who are openly profane and drunken. We as Methodists have not descended so low. We have a good congregation and Sabbath-school, and a few pious people as members and officials.

It appears to me that if, with God's blessing, you could send us one or two of your evangelists, a great amount of good work might be done, as such work as your people are doing is entirely unknown here.

I know not what it would cost to bring two persons to our help, as I don't know where they would start from. There would be railway conveyance to Gravenhurst, and stage from there to Nipissing, a distance of sixty miles. North Bay is on the opposite side of the lake from Nipissing, but the dis-

tance could be easily compassed if they were once at Nipissing.

Now, could you let me know two things: First, can you send me help? Second, what will it cost? If the cost should be within the bounds of possibility, I will undertake to guarantee the cost.

We want a great revival here to rouse the churches from the position of weakness and embarrassment in which they stand owing to the low standard of morality which prevails among the people who pretend to be Christians. The demoralizing effects of the railway construction is felt by all classes of the community. Men, who knew better, in this wilderness abandoned all restraint and cared not for laws of God or man while they were making money on the railway works. And they find it hard to fall into line again since the churches have been founded here.

I think my plan is a good one to meet the case. You may ask, Why don't you go to work yourself? I answer, I have worked beyond my strength since I came here three years ago, and I am breaking down. These special services will finish me if I cannot obtain assistance.

Still, I am content in any case. I leave it all in the hands of God. I expect to die on this field, and I am satisfied. God has given me the object sought after when I consented to come here, viz., the founding of the Church in this country. I should die happier if I could see one great revival in the field where I have labored so hard to found the Christian Church.

Of course you know I am in the bounds of the Montreal Conference, having pushed westward along the C. P. R. without regard to limits. I took up ground which had been abandoned by Bracebridge District, in Muskoka, contiguous to Nipissing Lake, last year. Have a missionary there now, and a fine church, with about fifty members. We are therefore quite near the territory of Toronto and London Conferences. I may add, we should have a new Conference here, embracing parts of Toronto, Montreal, and London Conferences.

I remain yours truly,  
S. HUNTINGTON.

GREETING.—A Band-worker writes: O my dear brothers, I love this work. I am wrapped up in it, body, soul, and spirit. My prayer is that God may bless and strengthen you. I know He is going to do it. Pray for me that God may use me in pulling down the strongholds of Satan and building up His own kingdom.

## A WONDERFUL MEETING.

The Rev J. E. Howell has a band of Willing Workers belonging to his church, whose labors are not confined to their immediate neighborhood. The following thrilling account of one of their meetings under the leadership of Alfred Frost, Esq, Co. Crown Attorney, is sent us, and we gladly present it to the readers of the EXPOSITOR :

Owen Sound, Aug. 21, 1884.

DEAR BRO. HOWELL,—I thought I could scarcely wait until you reached home before giving you an account of the Hepworth meeting. As probably you know, Hepworth had the reputation of being a very hard, wicked spot. It was noted for its drunken spree, quarrels and fights; in fact, there was no worse place about here that I know of.

Mrs. F., Miss Bertha Trevarthers and myself went out to take charge of the Saturday evening and 7 o'clock prayer-meetings. We had a good many out Saturday evening, but there was a look of disappointment on the faces of quite a few when we commenced the meeting; but it passed off, and we had a pretty good meeting. The next morning there were more out and we had a better meeting. About 10 o'clock the rest of the band came out—about sixteen of them—and we got to work at 10.30. It was very close and hot, and the church was crowded, but we had a good time, and before the meeting closed quite a number were forward seeking holiness and salvation. In the afternoon Bro. R. B. Miller led the meeting, as I was unwell. The meeting was pretty hard at first, but power came towards the close, and eleven stood up and testified that the Lord had saved them that day, and a number professed to have been sanctified. In the evening, by the help of the Lord, I was able to take charge again, and although the atmosphere was like an oven and terribly oppressive, the Lord sustained us for over four hours of the hardest conflict (most of the time) that I ever experienced. We worked away and some came forward, from time to time, and about 9 o'clock six or eight, I should think, had been saved; and it seemed to me then that the workers were getting tired, but I was not satisfied (it takes a good deal to satisfy me sometimes), and I went to several of the brethren for advice as to what was best to do, but none of them could or would advise me, so I went in behind the pulpit while a brother was praying, and asked advice and counsel of the Lord (private prayer-meeting of one). I received it plainly and unmistakably—*push*

*the battle.* I said, "Then, Lord, crush the power of the enemy, and send the power right now on every worker." And it came like an electric shock. Every one that I have conversed with say they felt it in a most remarkable manner, even those down at the doors. The enemy was defeated—routed by the power of the Lord—horse, foot and artillery, and the work then was to bring in the captives; and they came by twos and threes, as the soldiers of the Lord could bring them up and find places for them at the altar. Sometimes penitents were kneeling around the altar two and three deep. Oh! there was a glorious time for about an hour, and the Lord saved mightily. At the prayer season at the parsonage, before the service, we had asked the Lord to give royally—give as a king giveth, and surely He did.

About 10 o'clock all around the altar was filled with penitents, most of whom had been saved; and, for the purpose of making room, I asked those who had been saved *that night* to stand up, and 35 or 36 stood up. Then I sent those away to work for the Lord, and invited other penitents forward and they came. Soon the altar was filled again, and at one time I counted 30 kneeling around, nearly all of whom were penitents, and they kept coming forward until half-past ten and a quarter to eleven, and the Lord saved *every penitent* who came forward. Glory to His name! Not one was left to mourn of those who decided for the Lord that night. I think half of those saved were young men, some middle aged men, some grey haired. It seemed the Lord was saving by families; somewhere near seventy souls were saved that night; but this description is so tame, it does not convey a conception of a tithe of the power and glory manifested that night. Look at the members of the Band, wherever they were, and the glory of the Lord shone upon their faces. It seemed to me that all heaven was there. Before the services I prayed that, though it might cost me a month's illness afterwards, I might have physical strength for that night, and I got it; and, although I am not ill and thus disabled, the influence of that meeting has so completely filled me that I feel unable yet to work at my daily occupation. But this is not all—I hear that on Monday and Tuesday nights there were in all 20 more saved. We had glorious Band meetings last night and a week ago. We can hardly doubt the Lord now for anything.

I remain, your brother in the Gospel,  
Rev. J. E. HOWELL, ALFRED FROST.  
Mountain View, P. O.

PETROLIA, Jan. 16.—This morning finds me at home with my family. On December 20th, after having three weeks of great blessing in Tawas City, Michigan, with about 155 who had acknowledged Christ as their personal Saviour, we commenced to labor with Bro. Lyon, of East Tawas. Had three weeks of great blessing there also. About 140 professed faith in Christ in East Tawas. On Saturday, Jan. 9th, Bro. Lyon took in on probation ninety-nine persons. In our labors in East and West Tawas we met some of the most remarkable conversions we have ever witnessed. A man who had denied the divinity of Christ all his life was brought under the power of God in such a manner that sleep left him for five nights. We will have his testimony in print so that you can read it for yourselves. Another very touching scene took place. A man and wife, who could neither speak nor hear, were wrought upon by the Spirit of God, and they came with the rest to the altar. A lady who had recently found Christ, who could talk to them with her hand, came and pointed them to Christ. After a season of prayer, when asked to rise, with a heavenly smile on their faces they rose to their feet and shook hands with us. Praise God for His wonderful works to the children of men, He is mighty to save all that will come to him.

The work that God hath wrought in those two towns cannot be put on paper. I have learned many lessons since going to Tawas. Thank God, my faith in God is stronger than ever it was before. The whole State of Michigan is going to be shaken by the power of God. We cannot begin to supply the calls that are coming in from all points. On Sabbath, the 24th, we commence at Cheboygan (D.V.)

Brethren and sisters, pray for us that we may be kept useful in the service of God, and that means being kept down low at the feet of Jesus.

From your brother in the Lord,

JOHN MURDOCH.

FOREST.—Brother George P. Way writes: Having made it a matter of prayer daily and hourly, the Lord has opened my way very clearly to enter Band work. Thank God for the spiritual blessings bestowed on me. I cannot find words to express the power of God's Spirit I realize in my soul. We had a heavenly season last night at one of Bro. Baker's appointments. Times are better around here. Good meetings at Thedford. Souls are being saved. Praise God.

## Band Testimony Department.

TAWAS CITY, MICH., Dec. 13, 1885.

To all those friends who, with God's assistance, have shown me the path to a better and a purer life, both as a husband, father, and citizen; to all who have not yet learned that faith in the religion of Jesus Christ is more blessed than all the riches of the earth; and more especially to that friend, and more than brother, who by his conversation first set me to thinking that there might possibly be something in this religion of Jesus Christ, I dedicate this my testimony.

I first attended these revival services, not as a seeker after truth, but from a feeling of curiosity to see and hear what was being done. I heard some excellent singing, and resolved to attend again, but with no idea that I should ever be called upon to give my evidence, and would have scoffed at the idea of such a thing, for I never had believed in the divinity of Christ. My theory was, that there was a God who governed all things, rewarded us for our good deeds and punished us, here on earth, for our evil deeds. That Christ was merely like other good men; that He was crucified but never resurrected; that He was the Saviour of the world in a certain sense. The first real start that I got was last Monday while on the way to my office. Somebody told me that Bro. Taylor had become converted. I laughed at the idea, but before I got to the office four other persons told me the same thing. I could hardly believe it, for Taylor and myself had sometimes talked over religious matters, and I had made up my mind that he was farther off in his views than I was. I went to the meeting that evening and was approached upon the subject of Christianity. I attempted to bring my Odd-fellowship to the front as sufficient for all religious purposes in this life or in the future. I gave a promise that night that I would attend all the meetings. I commenced thinking of the Christian religion and my pet theory that I had hugged so long, and although I could not satisfy myself that Christianity was aught, my own theory was exploded, and I had nothing to rest on. I now felt that I had not been the guide and example to my children that I should have been. I arose in the morning still unsatisfied. From that time until Friday evening, I believe, I suffered more than all through my life: I have been sick, in distress, poverty stricken, in dangers of nearly all descriptions, and I honestly be-

lieve I would rather endure all again than the experience of the past week. Friday evening I knelt and was prayed for, and that night I received the first rest of the week. I went home contented and slept soundly. But when I awoke Saturday morning the old doubts returned, and I don't think I ever suffered in my life as I did that day. I could eat nothing—I was unfitted for business. There seemed to be something within rising, and I sometimes thought it would strangle me. I can never describe the horrors of that week.

I finally settled this matter of Christianity in the following manner: I placed it on a legal basis. I took the Bible as the law, and I took the testimonies of the converts at the revival services as evidence, and satisfied myself that the preponderance of evidence was on the side of Christianity.

I don't think I was ever so happy in my life as I have been to-day. I propose to live hereafter, by God's help, as a Christian husband and father should. God bless all those friends who have stood by me during the past week.

DANFORTH B. DIXON, J.P.

I was careless about my soul's salvation; kept putting my friends off by saying, "There is time enough yet." In the year 1880 there was a revival held at Gooden appointment, Petrolia circuit, conducted by Revs. Ward and Hubble. Having been blessed with pious parents and brothers and sisters, I believe in answer to prayer I was brought to see my state. The last night of the meeting my stubborn will was broken, and falling down at Jesus' feet I confessed my sin and guilt. I sought a long, long time before I could find relief, but while going to school, at the age of fourteen, my sins were forgiven for Christ's sake. I was surprised to find after my conversion evil passions arising in my heart, and it seemed impossible for me to resist temptations. I was told I should have these difficulties while life lasted. In 1884, at Petrolia, I heard testimonies to the fact that Christ cleanses from all sin. My soul hungered and thirsted for this blessing. I sought and wrestled for that blessing. Praise God, I was enabled to trust Him. While thanking Him for what He had done, my soul was filled to overflowing. Oh! the sweet rest that came to my soul: not a momentary rest, but lasting. I have been trying to work for Jesus. Have had the privilege of seeing many come to His feet, and have also had my own soul filled with joy. God has seen

fit to afflict me, but I know He doeth all things well. His grace has been sufficient through many trials and troubles. When no earthly help could bring relief, His strong arm has upheld me. I have been brought low, almost to the gates of death, but God has been, and is, my rock and fortress. I have nothing to boast of but of the goodness of Christ to me. My desires are to be more like Christ every day. I want to bring honor to His name. The peace and joy I have had in serving Jesus no words can express. I long to see souls coming to Christ. I thank God for His goodness to me. By His help I mean to see the end of a praying life.

Petrolia.

ANNIE ODELL.

I can look back upon the years when I was not in the service of God and had no hope for eternity, but at the same time knowing that eternity must come.

Some five years ago God laid the hand of affliction upon me. I became so low and weak that at one time the thought and "fear" of death came over me. All was dark. My lamp was not burning within. I had no hope beyond the grave. But I managed to shake off those dreary thoughts, and as it was the Lord's will that I should be restored to health, I soon became well again. But still I went on and on as before, until the Band came to Ailsa Craig in the year 1884. When I heard of them holding revival services in the church I thought I would go to see and hear them. I went, not thinking that any one would ask me the question, "Are you a Christian?" My answer was, "I'm afraid not." I could not say yes, and was really ashamed to say no. Brother Lamb then talked to me about the parable of the "ten virgins," wise and foolish.

I was for some days in the most miserable state about my soul. The Spirit of God so worked upon me that I found I had to yield or be forever lost. A still, small voice seemed to say, "Come now, or you may never come." I praise God that I sought and found the Saviour, whom to know is life—eternal life—and joy and peace.

I can truly say that the past year has been one of great blessing to me. I thank Him for that cleansing fountain which I realize is open to-day, and for the Holy Spirit which so sweetly refreshes my soul.

"Only trusting, only trusting,

This is joy and life to me;

Thou wilt never leave me friendless,

While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

Ailsa Craig.

ANNIE EDWARDS.

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## TO BAND-LEADERS.

We trust you will feel that it is every way in the interests of the Band movement, that the BAND-WORKER be circulated amongst the friends where God's work is being revised.

A large circle of readers, in and around Petrolia, is now monthly reading with interest tidings from your different fields of operation, whilst their prayers are, on this account, still more abounding on your behalf. The same will be the case with your present fields of labor, if you see to it, that a large number of the converts and other friends take the Magazine ere you take your departure. And so the volume of prayer and faith will constantly increase as the work widens. Fifty subscribers in Petrolia ought to be an inspiration all along the line.

Let there be a holy emulation amongst us in spreading this literature amongst the friends of the Band movement.

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