

# The Way of Holiness Made Plain.



BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

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# *The Way of Holiness* *Made Plain.*

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BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

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**Ann Preston.**

In the beginning of the year 1864 God saw that he was about to afflict me, and he condescended to let me dream a dream. I thought I was going on a journey, and I went into a room where I saw a little man and woman; and I thought the man caught me and said, "We have caught her at last." This man was shown to me to be the devil. I saw myself put on a cross, like my Saviour, and I thought the woman drove nails into my feet, and then said, "Can you talk about the deep things of God now in your sufferings?" I was afraid, and I said, so as not to be heard, "You can only kill the body, not the soul." The woman saw my lips moving, and she turned round to the man and said, "She is not dead yet, for her lips move." The man said, "We'll see to that." Then I thought they drove three more nails into my hands, intending, I thought, to kill me; and I thought the more I suffered the more drink I got, and this drink was represented as the grace of God. I was in deep distress, and I thought I just looked up, and I saw a white Lamb with His arms spread out, and this Lamb was the Saviour. He said to me, I have suffered this for you, meaning that my

sufferings were like my Saviour's when on the cross. It seemed to me that I was in a very dark room, but still on the cross. I then woke up, and I further asked my Heavenly Father to let me fall asleep again, and show me what I would do when I was in there, for I thought that no one could get into the room to give me drink. So I fell fast asleep, and I dreamed that the Lord sent two men to tell me that I must be put in that dark room, but that He would send two angels to give me drink if I would be faithful. I again woke up and came down stairs crying, to tell my mistress what I had dreamed. She said, "What are you crying for?" I said that I believed I had sore sufferings before me. She replied, "Don't fear, you know your Heavenly Father always shows you before trials come." I had not long to wait for the fulfilment of my dream, for the Sabbath following in my class-meeting the brethren and sisters were talking of the sufferings of the Saviour, and I jumped up and said, "I know what that is, for I felt some of it last Friday, and I also said that that might be the last time I would be with them in the class-meeting. And I was not with them for thirteen months after that; for on the following week I took a severe pain in my ankle, and such a burning pain it was. It kept getting worse and worse, until finally the doctor concluded to scrape the bone, and put needles into my flesh to keep the disease from spreading. But now came the time for my faith to be tried. Tortured with an unkind servant in my master's house, I suffered martyrdom, which wrong afterwards she confessed to the priest, and then to me. And still the grace of God has proved sufficient for me in all the trying circumstances that I passed through then up to the present time.

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**Anecdotes of the Rev. Wm. Tennent.—Concluded.**

Messrs. Smith and Kinsey, who were both religious men, told him that his confidence and trust in God, as a Minister of the Gospel, were well-founded, and, before a heavenly tribunal would be all-important to him; but assured him they would

not avail in an earthly court, and urged him to consent to put off the trial. Mr. Tennent continued inflexible in his refusal; on which Mr. Coxe told him that since he was determined to go to trial, he had the satisfaction of informing him, that they had discovered a flaw in the indictment, which might prove favorable to him on a demurrer.

He asked for an explanation; and on finding that it was to admit the fact in a legal point of view, and rest on the law arising from it, Mr. Tennent broke out with great vehemence, saying that this was another snare of the devil; and before he would consent to it he would suffer death. He assured his Counsel that his confidence in God was so strong, and his assurance that He would bring about his deliverance some other way was so great, that he did not wish them to delay the trial for a moment.

Mr. Stevens, whose faith was not of this description, and who was bowed down under the most gloomy apprehensions of suffering as his neighbor Mr. Anderson had done, eagerly seized the opportunity of escape that was offered, and was afterwards discharged on the exception. Mr. Coxe still urged putting off the trial, charging Mr. Tennent with acting the part rather of a wild enthusiast, than of a meek and prudent Christian; but he insisted that they should proceed, and left them in astonishment not knowing how to act, when the bell summoned them to court.

Mr. Tennent had not walked far in the street, before he met a man and his wife who stopped him, and asked him if his name was not Tennent. He answered in the affirmative; and begged to know if they had any business with him. The man replied, "You best know." He told his name, and said that he was from a certain place, which he mentioned, in Pennsylvania or Maryland; that Messrs. Rowland, Tennent, Anderson, and Stevens had lodged either at his house, or at a house wherein he and his wife had been servants, (it is not now certain which,) at a particular time which he named; that on the following day they had heard Messrs. Tennent and Rowland preach; that



some nights before they left home, he and his wife had waked out of a sound sleep, and each told the other a dream which had just occurred, and which proved to be the same in substance; namely, that he, Mr. Tennent, was at Trenton in the greatest possible distress; and that it was in their power, and theirs only, to relieve him. Considering it as a remarkable dream only, they again went to sleep; and it was twice repeated, precisely in the same manner, to both of them. This made so deep an impression on their minds, that they set off, and here they were, and would know of him what they were to do. Mr. Tennent went with them immediately to the court house; and his Counsel on examining the man and his wife, and finding their testimony to be full to the purpose, were, as they well might be, in perfect astonishment. Before the trial began, another person of a low character called on Mr. Tennent, and told him that he was so harassed in conscience for the part he had been acting in this prosecution, that he could get no rest till he had determined to come and make a full confession. He sent this man to his Counsel also. Soon after, Mr. Stockton, from Princeton, appeared, and added his testimony. In short, they went to trial, and notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the ablest Council, who had been employed to aid the Attorney-General against Mr. Tennent, the advocates on his side so traced every moment of the defendant on the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, in question, and satisfied the jury so perfectly on the subject, they did not hesitate honorably to acquit Mr. Tennent by their unanimous verdict of "Not Guilty," to the great confusion and mortification of his numerous opposers.

Mr. Tennent assured the writer of this that during the whole of this business his spirits never failed him; and that he contemplated the possibility of his suffering so infamous a punishment, as standing in the pillory without dismay; and had made preparation, and was fully determined to deliver a sermon to the people in that situation, if he should be placed in it. He went from Trenton to Philadelphia with his brother, and on his return as he was rising the hill at the entrance of Trenton, without reflecting on what had happened, he

accidentally cast his eyes on the pillory, which suddenly so filled him with horror as completely to unman him; and it was with great difficulty that he kept himself from falling off his horse. He reached the tavern door in considerable danger; was obliged to be assisted to dismount; and it was some time before he could so get the better of his fears and confusion as to proceed on his journey.

Such is the constitution of the human mind! It will often resist with unshaken firmness the severest external pressure and violence; and sometimes it yields without reason, when it has nothing to fear. Or should we not rather say, such is the support that God sometimes affords to His people in the time of their necessity, and such the manner in which he leaves them to feel their own weakness, when that necessity is past, that all the praise may be given where alone it is due?—*Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. William Tennent.*

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**Prov. iv. 23.**

“Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out it are the issues of life.”

What the philosophers say of waters, is as properly applicable to hearts. “It is hard to keep them within any bounds.” God hath set bounds and limits to them, yet how frequently do they transgress, not only the bounds of grace and religion, but even of reason and common honesty? This is that which affords many, matter of labor, fear and trembling to the dying day. It is not the cleansing of the hand that makes a Christian, for many a hypocrite can show as fair a hand as he; but the purifying, watching, and right ordering of the heart. This is the thing that causes so many sad complaints, and costs so many groans and tears. It was the pride of Hezekiah's heart that made him lie in the dust, mourning before the Lord. It was the fear of hypocrisy invading the heart, that made David cry, “Let my heart be found in thy statutes, that I be not

ashamed." It was the sad experience he had of the divisions and distractions of his own heart in the service of God, that made him pour out that prayer, "Unite my heart to fear thy name."

The method in which we shall improve the point shall be this :

i. We shall inquire what the keeping of the heart supposes and imports.

ii. Assign divers reasons, why Christians must make this the great work and business of their lives.

iii. Point at those seasons which especially call for this diligence in keeping the heart.

iv. And lastly, apply the whole in several uses.

What the keeping of the heart supposes and imports. To keep the heart necessarily supposes a previous work of purification, which hath set the heart right, by giving it a new spiritual bent and inclination; for as long as the heart is not set right by grace, as to its habitual frame, no duties, or means can keep it right with God. Self is the prize of the unsanctified heart, which biases and moves it in all its designs and actions, and as long as it is so, it is impossible that any external means should keep it with God.

Man by creation was of one constant, uniform frame, and tenor of spirit; held one straight and even course; not one thought or faculty disordered; his mind had a perfect illumination to understand and know the will of God; his will a perfect compliance therewith; his sensitive appetite, and other inferior powers, stood in obedient subordination.

Man by his fall is become a most disordered and rebellious creature, contesting with, and opposing his Maker, as the first cause, by self-dependence; as the chief good, by self-love; as the highest Lord, by self-will; and as the last end, by self-seeking; and so is quite disordered, and all his acts irregular. His understanding is clouded with ignorance; his will full of rebellion and stubbornness; his subordinate powers, casting off the dominion and government of the superior faculties.

But by regeneration, this disordered soul is set right again;

the new birth being the rectifying, and due framing, or as the scripture phrases it, the renovation of the soul after the image of God, Ephes. iv. 24, in which self-dependence is removed by faith; self love, by the love of God; self-will by subjection and obedience to the will of God; and self-seeking by self-denial. The darkened understanding is again illuminated, Ephes. i. 18. The refractory will subdued, Psalm, cx. 3. The rebellious appetite, or concupiscence, gradually conquered, Roman vi. 7. And thus the soul which sin had universally depraved, is again by grace restored and rectified. This being pre-supposed, it will not be difficult to apprehend what it is to keep the heart, which is nothing else but the constant care and diligence of such a renewed man, to preserve his soul in that holy frame, to which grace hath reduced it and daily strives to hold it. For though grace hath in great measure rectified the soul and given it an habitual and heavenly temper, yet sin often actually discomposes it again, so that even a gracious heart is like a musical instrument, which though it be never so exactly tuned, yet a small matter puts it out of tune again; yea, hang it aside but a little, and it will need setting again, before you can play another lesson it; even so stands the case with gracious hearts, if they are in frame in one duty, yet how dull, dead and disordered when they come to another; and therefore every duty needs a particular preparation of the heart—"If thou prepare thine heart, and stretch out thy hands towards him."—Job xi. 13. To keep the heart then, is carefully to preserve it from sin which disorders it, and maintain that spiritual and gracious frame, which fits it for a life of communion with God, and this includes six acts in it: 1. Frequent observation of the frame of the heart, turning in and examining how the case stands with it, this is one part of the work. Carnal and formal persons take no heed to this; they cannot be brought to confer with their own hearts; there are some men and women that have lived forty or fifty years in the world, and have scarcely had one hour's discourse with their hearts all that while. It is a hard thing to bring a man and himself together upon such an account; but saints know those examinations and self-conferences

to be of excellent use and advantage. The heathen could say, "the soul is made wise by sitting still in quietness." Though bankrupts care not to look into their books of account, yet upright hearts will know whether they go backwards or forwards, "I commune with mine own heart."—Psalm 77. 6. The heart can never be kept until its case be examined and understood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### **Further Hindrances This Work Met With.**

Another and more serious hindrance with which this work met with was the talking which was done concerning it, in shops, stores and private houses. But it had some friends, and one of them was Mr. J. Mann. He seemed ever satisfied with the money which the Lord sent; and the evening I heard from my sister that he was going to England in two weeks from that date, I owed him seventy-three dollars. My faith seemed tried for a moment, but the Spirit said, "All things work together for good to them that love God." This I thought might hinder this work; for if there is money in the question it generally hinders God's work. But such was not the case, for God provided a good brother to help me. I often think it is a pity of our ministers when they have to ask for money in the pulpit, for it destroys the real good of the best sermon that can be preached, generally. This work also was preached down, and it had this to contend with; for there were very few Sabbaths passed since this work began, that it was not shot at, either directly or indirectly. But God has marked down in His Book of Remembrance all these hindrances, and He lost sight of no action on the part of any person, whether in the Church or out of it. If I had stolen as much of their good name as they did God's glory, I would fear and tremble, thinking of the serious account I would have to give; and this Church is the most guilty in all God's domain. This work was not a work for money, for I never used one cent of the money derived from the



books for myself, with the exception of a quarter of a dollar with which I paid my fare from Toronto, when I had nothing else to pay it; it could not be for money. But you may ask, "What is its aim and object?" I tell you it is to show the glory of God; and it would hinder the cause of God for centuries to come if He did not show this to be His work. As I said to a good sister long months ago so I say now: "It will never die out." It was begun in heaven in the mind of the Eternal God, and I feel I am treading on holy ground when I speak thus, but it is the Spirit's language. I would not say so much about the hindrances only the last books for the year are to be solely devoted to two months' walk with God, and then there is to be a new work. "And you who have hindered this work wont hinder the next," saith the Lord.

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**"No Sighing Shall be There."**

Many and bitter sighs we heave in this vale of tears, but we have the promise: There shall be no more sighing or sorrow there. Many are the afflictions of the righteous in this life, but out of all these God says He will deliver His people, the sighing of the prisoners have come up before the Lord. Some of us in this life sigh on account of the hardness of the way; we sigh because we fail to do our duty from time to time; we sigh when faithless friends forsake us; we sigh because we seem to be useless in bringing souls to God; we sigh on account of the hindrances of the Lord's work; we sigh by reason of the repeated and constant distresses of the work to which we have been called. But soon we shall never heave a sigh or never shed a tear, a few more storms, and a few discouragements; and then we shall experiencc that, "No sighing shall be there!"

During the past month I have experienced much of God's goodness in saving me from shipwreck. If I once lost faith in God that He had engaged me to work for Him, I would at once sink into an ocean of sorrow. My friends, I am closing up my labors as they were mysterions in the eyes of many; souls were

very precious to me once, but now I seem dead as far as my usefulness is concerned. I may say with the Apostle, "I live and yet not I, for Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live by the faith of the Son of God." Once severed from the Church, I am at ease now about souls; for I am delivered from ever offering Christ to one soul in it, with the exception of two, whose names I will give next month. But you may say, "Is this like Christ?" I answer, "yes just like His command to His disciples: When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another.

### **Three Years' Walk With God.**

I returned home from the house of the superintendent of the Sabbath School; and felt it my duty to go back again to him the afternoon of the same day, and tell him the same that I did in the morning, namely, to have a prayer-meeting every Sabbath at the close of the Sabbath School. The good brother invited me into his parlor and talked the matter over with me. He tried to obey the voice of the Lord through His weak servant, and did have a prayer-meeting afterwards for a few Sabbaths, just as long as the teachers and officers were willing to help. This is the only message in this place to which any attention was ever paid; and how great a blessing the prayer-meeting would have been if continued, we cannot tell; and how great a loss was sustained by its being stopped, God knoweth. But, however I did as I was commanded, and yet I am an unprofitable servant. The next place I was commanded to go to was to a person who said that if I were in my right mind I would not go up that high hill on such a hot day, for it was enough to kill me—referring to the message I took the woman that lived on a hill. But God's word tells us that He will not lay upon us more burdens than He will give us strength to bear; and I realized in both body and soul, that God's help and grace were sufficient for me. The message to her was: "Tell her she is out of Christ yet," referring to her backslidings from God. How can we retain

Christ, and at the same time speak lightly of God's servants and work? "He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad," said the Blessed Master, She afterwards said that I must be foolish to think that she cared for either Ann or me coming to see her; and this was a great blow to me. But how little she knew what a trial it was for me to go; for this was not like the other messages, for it was another person whom God employed to carry it, but she was not willing, and I had to do it, and felt what no tongue can tell or pen write in doing so. But I did not trouble her with any more, for God knew my frame and remembered that I was but dust.

The next place to which I went was to the office of a doctor; and God said, "Say to the doctor, have prayer with your family at noon?" I had no right to dictate to the good man what to do in his family, but God had a perfect right to my obedience; and blessed be God I obeyed Him, and I believe ere that man sleeps with mother-earth, he will see it was a God-sent message. I have learned that one small duty neglected may ruin a family; for when I used to kneel down at noon-day with my children, it was an untold blessing to them, and kept away many grievances; and had it continued until this day, it would have been a benefit to every child in this household. But the spirit will not always strive with man; man can put it down whether God will or not, for He compels no one to duty. My wasted strength was inclined to lay down by the wayside many a time, but God manifested the saving health of His power to save me from falling into divers temptations; and I think He kept the devil chained from me,

As far from danger as from fear,  
While love, almighty love was here.

I grappled with no temptations at this time; but it was all God. I ever felt the sacred awe that dares not move, and all the silent heaven of love. I was now at last silent in my own house, from talking of Divine teachings as it could not be understood. I went to the Lord one day, and with all the earnestness that could dwell in any heart I said, "Oh, Lord, have you any place in all your universe where I can rest? Rest for my body seemed to

me the greatest boon I could have upon earth ; my soul had perfect rest in Jesus but my hard worked body coveted repose.

Just one message more to a good sister and I have done with the messages for the present. God said, "Go down Colborne Street, and tell that good sister she is hindering the female prayermeeting!" I went, and the lady was kind to me ; and I can still call at her home, while God in His infinite wisdom has separated me from the homes of many of my old and tried friends- I pray God to forgive all the hinderers of His work, here and elsewhere, and prepare them by true repentance and true holiness to meet me in the kingdom of glory.

I said before that I wanted rest for my body ; and the desire of my heart was soon granted me. God sent a good cousin from Brooklyn to invite me over with him to the American side. I have seen much of the hand of God in this ; for this cousin was in deep trouble having lost his wife a few weeks before, and the Lord sent a good minister to invite him to accompany him to Canada, as he thought change of air would do him good and raise his spirits. Little did either they or I think of or see the mysterious way in which God was preparing me for this work, and them to receive it ; for had they not seen for themselves that I had my usual senses I might have lost much of their esteem. But God was pleased to let them both come to my home and see for themselves. My cousin asked me to go with him for a drive to my brother's. I did so, and while on the way, I lost no time in telling him of the wonderful dealings of God with me through the summer. While telling him, he had faith enough to believe I was the Lord's servant ; and he said, "All this is to try you, whether you are willing or not." This was a good answer from a person not even professing Godliness ; and it encouraged me to go on in the way of God's commands. At my brother's, he proposed that I should go over with him. I did not know whether my husband would be willing or not to let me go ; and I would not dare go against his will. I had never left home after we were married to go any further than Toronto, only once after a severe illness, when I went for two weeks up West to my brother's. I suppose this unusual occurrence raised grea

talk among my neighbors; some thought I was spending so much money; others thought my husband was sending me away. But God brought my kind mother from the West just the day before my friends came, being the 23rd day of August, 1876. On the following day I got permission from my husband to go. I made very little preparation for the occasion, just packing up a small trunk of such clothing as God had provided me with. My husband gave me sixteen dollars, for there was not much money on hand then; but my cousin had promised to pay my fare one way, and he faithfully kept his promise, and even more. On Friday morning, the 24th of August, he and I started for Brooklyn, and arrived there in safety. I was very saving over the money which my husband had given me, as I was so far from home; and I had often to appear mean, when if I had had a little more in my purse I would have been more liberal, and not so much afraid of spending a cent. I would rather be hungry at home than to not have much to spend when out. However, I stayed there for five weeks, at the end of which God brought me home in safety; and my trials in New York and Brooklyn were not a few. God speaks to me to-day, and says that it is for his glory to relate them now; but one act of faith I might relate. While there, I was commanded of God one morning to leave the house at such an hour and attend the funeral of a good bishop. I disobeyed, but I did not know it; for I seemed so perplexed that I did not know which way to go. Then I was commanded a second time to tell in the house of a good man that my sanctification was all a falsehood if my husband did not come to meet me in Toronto. I did it; but it was as hard a thing as ever I did; and had I done as I was commanded the first time it would have saved me from this second command. It has always been the way with me that if I went a little to one side or the other, it threw me in a moment off the track. I think I am like the cars on the track; one small duty neglected on the part of the engineer throws the whole into confusion, and so one small neglect on my part throws me at once in the dark. This command to the good man nearly staggered the faith of my cousin. But however



tried, God still kept me unspotted from the world, and close to himself. He is not like men, ever and anon making mistakes. And was this a mistake on my part? It truly was; for another journey awaited me, and it was then that my husband did meet me, although I did not see that the meeting was so far in the distance. I learned new lessons from everything I saw very nearly on my way home. On the train I met a German lady, but she could speak a little English. I began asking her about her soul, and she said something to this effect, "You are a strange woman, asking me what only God knows." How strange the opinion of some: Only God knows; but it is our duty and privilege to know. "We know," said Paul, "that we have passed from death unto life." "We know," said John, "that when he the Lord shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Job said, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." May God hasten the latter day glory.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### **Can God Talk to His People.**


Yes; God condescends to talk to His people about the things of the world, when his own glory is in it. But you may ask, "Why does He not talk to every professed Christian?" Well, why does He not convert sinners while they commit sin? Because He cannot, for it is against His law; and how could He talk with professors of what they have not got. If a man is only a professor he has no right to expect that God will communicate His will to him. If any man do his will he shall know of the doctrine."

I will tell you a circumstance which transpired in my own experience. My beloved father had some grass to sell in the year 1877, just before he left here for the West. A young man in the Church wanted to buy some, so he called one evening to see my father. This man thought it was only worth eight dollars, but my father thought it was worth ten. My mother

said, "Give him nine," so the bargain was made, and fifty cents paid to my father. When the young man told his mother, she thought it was not worth nine dollars, and she would rather have given it up. But the man sent for some of it two successive evenings, and a person who was not used to mowing was afterwards sent to mow it. It got two heavy rains while out, and that made it not worth so much. This was the only family that ever questioned John Burn's honesty. Now this is the word of the Lord, and it may appear in your eyes a small thing for God to talk of; but it was not a small thing, for it was not only robbing his family of their father's good name, but it was robbing God of His glory, who had made him an honest and an upright man. There is nothing impossible with God; but He cannot suffer sin to be laid to the charge of His people when their motives are pure. I want to detract nothing from any person's good name; but I have to write, as God taught me, an explanation of this bargain. God showed me in writing, (now do not mistake this showing, for whatever meaning it may convey to you, it is God's word that always shows me His will, previous to my committing it to a paper, for if 'He did not I could not understand my duty so plainly), to go down to my father's house and pray first, and then tell him to not take nine dollars for the grass for seven was enough. When I told him, he replied, "Indeed, I will not, for nine dollars is not too much." There was seven got for it the previous year, and he would argue that it was worth two dollars more. But, however, God who is all wisdom saw it was going to be spoken of after his decease, and I was sent to his house a second time, and commanded to tell him that I would pay two dollars if he would only take seven from the man. But he was worth nine dollars, and he could take it with a clear conscience. I said no more at this time, only, "Father, you will be sorry for it." I would not mention this, only it is to represent some money in a future work; and there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed. I want to tell you how God punished him. One day shortly after this he came up to my dwelling; and a third time the Spirit said "Talk about J's money." But I hated the name of

it, or to say anything about it, for it made him shed tears. I knelt down to pray, and he did the same, and listened attentively to all that the Lord was showing me to tell him. Was this prayer? you may ask. I answer, yes; for I prayed as the Spirit gave me utterance. We rose from our knees, and I went to a drawer, took from thence a fifty cent piece, and in a moment put it into his hand. He moved backwards and said, "Indeed, I will never take it; if he had paid me like a man and said it was too much, I would have thrown one dollar off." Take care of the money, for it is all the Lords. God showed me in a vision of the night the ill-speaking that was done concerning him; and He even showed me a name which he was called, and which he did not deserve. He was the friend of every one, and the enemy of none. But you may say, "Is he not dead?" Yes, to earth and its cares; and well for him that God took him from the evil to come, for the trials he endured for good sister Ann Preston are only known to God. Think of an old man in his lonely home for three months, sick with trouble, and suffering from a bruise on his arm, and only twice visited by any member of this Church, and not at all by a minister! Why was this? Not because he was poor, but because of his daughter going round with messages to the people. How soon not only my own name was disreputable, but also that of my good and honored father. I do not want your honor, for all the honor in the world would not be worth a cent to me, if I had not the approbation of God. But I have nearly done telling you about my father; and in closing up I would say that he never got one cent of that money except the first fifty cents, and he did not even get that for himself. So angry was God about the deceit of this money, that he said, "It is unclean unto your family, and to-day no heir of him wears it, but it is in a black dress worn by another. Farewell!

M. I. L.



**The Heathen African Mother at Her  
Daughter's Grave.**

Daughter, I bring thee food,—  
The rice-cake pure and white,  
The cocoa with its milky blood,  
Dates and pomegranates bright,  
The orange in its gold,  
Fresh from the favorite tree,  
Nuts in their brown and husky fold,  
Dearest, I spread for thee.

Year after year I tread,  
Thus to thy low retreat,  
But now the snow hairs mark my head,  
And age enchains my feet ;  
O! many a change of woe  
Hath dimm'd thy spot of birth,  
Since first my gushing tears did flow  
O'er this thy bed of earth.

There came a midnight cry.  
Flames from our hamlet rose,  
A race of pale-brow'd men were nigh,  
They were our country's foes ;  
Thy wounded sire was borne,  
By tyrant-force, away ;  
Thy brothers from our cabin torn,  
While bathed in blood I lay.

I watch'd for their return  
Upon the rocky shore,  
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,  
And the long rains were oer,  
Till seed, their hand had sown,  
A ripen'd fruitage bore ;  
The billows echoed to my moan,  
But they returned no more.

*The Way of Holiness Made Plain*

Yet thou art slumbering deep,  
 And to my wildest cry,  
 When vexed with agony I weep,  
 Dost render no reply.  
 Daughter! my youthful pride,  
 The idol of my eye,  
 Why didst thou leave thy mother's side,  
 Beneath these sands to lie?

Long o'er the hopeless grave  
 Where her lost darling slept,  
 Invoking gods that could not save,  
 That pagan mother wept.  
 O! for some voice of power  
 To soothe her bursting sighs—  
 "There is a resurrection hour,  
 Thy daughter first shall rise."

Christians! we hear the cry  
 From heathen Afric's strand;  
 Haste; lift salvation's banner high  
 O'er that benighted land,  
 With faith that claims the skies,  
 Her misery control,  
 And plant the hope that never dies  
 Deep in her tear-wet soul.

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**Profit of Keeping the Sabbath.**

Sabbath keeping benefits both the body and mind, and thus must tend to increase the wordly estate; for who does not know that a sound mind in a sound body is all important to the success of his business! For what say facts here? They say that those who work six days in a week will do more work, and do it in a better manner, than those who labor seven. Cases in proof of this, to almost any extent, might be mentioned, if space



were allowed. Two or three might suffice. At a Sabbath Convention in Baltimore, which was attended by one thousand seven hundred delegates from all parts of the United States, a great drover from Ohio stated that he had made more money by resting on the Sabbath with his droves, than he would if he had kept on seven days. His cattle and sheep always brought him a better price than others which were constantly kept travelling. In one case, where the neighbors could not find a market, in consequence of the cattle having been over driven, he cleared five hundred dollars, and this he attributed to resting on the Lord's day. A salt boiler tried the experiment of resting on the Sabbath, which it was thought that business would not admit of; but he found at the end of the season that he had had more salt than any of his neighbors, with the same dimensions of kettles, while his whole expense for breakage and repairs was only six cents. Some years ago, after a long wet spell in harvest, came a clear Sabbath, when many farmers hurried in their grain, which, from being housed before it was uly dry, was greatly damaged; while others, who feared God and kept his commandments, were enabled to gather in theirs in good condition. No doubt money is sometimes made for a time by Sabbath labor, as in the case of those who, in violation of the laws both of God and man, sell liquor on that day; and find, perhaps, more customers than on any other day; but the sad history of such men, and their families, too, shows often that they only "earn wages to put it in a bag with holes," and that the curse of God is upon their ill-gotten wealth. A friend in an adjoining county once remarked that he had for a long time made careful observation on this subject, and had never known any permanent advantages to arise from projects planned or carried out on this day, but often serious losses to have followed them.—*British Workmen.*

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There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.

**The Gift of Tongues.**

Rev. John S. Davenport, of Hartford, writing in the *Churchman*, says:

"Except Bishop Wordsworth, I think there is no other scholar of our day who would risk his reputation by the support of the once commonly received view. Besides, Dean Alford and Prof. Piumptre, Conybeare and Howson, and all the Germans without exception, I believe, reject the once received view that the gift of Pentecost and that which afterwards was developed in the Church at Corinth, was a miraculous endowment for preaching the Gospel. What it was is a question which it would take some time to exhibit, and without encouragement from you I do not propose to enter upon it. But the question is one not to be settled either by an appeal to the *odium theologicum*, or the display of Hebrew learning, but by the consideration of all the facts stated in the New Testament.

"All agree that the tongues were an ecstatic manifestation of spiritual power, occurring in the assemblies of the Christians, which in most cases were understood by the speakers themselves; and that on the day of Pentecost, when St. Peter began to preach, he used the vernacular, and that what the several different nationalities heard by the tongues was not the Gospel, but a rehearsal of 'the wonderful works of God' in language which the speakers themselves, who were unlearned and ignorant men, did not themselves understand."

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When a person speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose. The clothing of our minds is certainly to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a corrupt imagination is much greater offence against the conversation of gentlemen than any negligence of dress imaginable.

In the commission of evil fear no man so much as thine own self. Another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou mayest avoid, but thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.