

# Practical Papers.

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## THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. W. E. BOARDMAN,

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PART II.—HOW ATTAINED.

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### CHAPTER I.—FOR ME! WHAT THEN MUST I DO?

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“Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts ii. 38.

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HE Apostle Peter's answer to the question, "What must we do?" of those pricked to the heart by his pungent words on the day of Pentecost, was substantially the same as the Apostle Paul's answer to the trembling, prostrate Philippian jailer, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

And when the Holy Ghost came upon the disciples of Jesus on the day of Pentecost, in the power of this new baptism, the Apostle Peter assured the wondering multitudes that it was Jesus, who being risen from the dead had shed forth this which they saw and heard. It was the ascension gift bestowed upon his disciples by the enthroned and glorified Messiah.

The Scriptures everywhere teach us the same thing. They always answer the question, "What must we do?" by the assurance, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Whether the question relates to justification or sanctification, the answer is the same. The way of freedom from sin is the very same as the way of freedom from condemnation. Faith in the purifying presence of Jesus brings the witness of the Spirit with our spirits that Jesus is our sanctification, that the power and dominion of sin is broken, that we are free; just as faith in the atoning merit of the blood of Christ for us, brings the witness of the Spirit that we are now no longer under condemnation for sin, but freely and fully justified in Jesus.

There may seem to be in what has already been said, and still more in what remains to be said, an engrossing of all the offices, attributes, and relations of the Godhead—as we are interested in them—in the Son of God alone. God forbid that there should be even in appearance any robbery of the glory due to the Father and the Spirit. A few thoughts may serve now to set this matter right before in appearance it shall have gone too far wrong.

The attentive reader of the *Acts of the Apostles* can hardly fail to see that if the title of that sacred book was changed to the *Works of the Holy Spirit*, instead of the *Acts of the Apostles*, it would be quite as appropriate as it now

is. It opens with a history of the advent of the Spirit, on the day of Pentecost, and proceeds with an account of the fruits of this baptism in the boldness, energy, wisdom, and power of the apostles, and in the activity, union, happiness, and fellowship of the disciples, and in the triumphs of the gospel. Everywhere it attributes to the Holy Spirit the government and guidance of the apostles—separating them for their missions, hindering them when they essayed to go wrong, pointing out to them the right way, attending them with power in healing diseases, executing judgment, as in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, and giving efficacy to their words by falling upon those to whom they spoke while they were yet speaking, and, in general, carrying forward the whole work of God in the apostolic church. The Acts of the Apostles is really a history of the works of the Holy Ghost, just as the four Gospels are the history of the life and teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ.

At the same time, the attentive reader must also see that the instructions dictated by the Holy Ghost himself are always and only to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. So that while salvation is the work of the Holy Spirit, the Lord Jesus Christ, and not the Holy Spirit, is the object of faith for salvation. And why? Why simply because the Holy Spirit is the gift of Jesus through faith in his name.

This is the historical teaching of the case. And this is in full harmony with the personal assurances of Jesus concerning it. "On the last and great day of the feast, (of tabernacles,) when Jesus stood (in the temple) and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. Whosoever believeth in me, as the Scriptures hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." It is added in explanation, "This spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive: for the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified." St. John viii. 37-39.

An intelligent minister of Jesus, whose experience is ripe, precious, and full in the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit, in answer to the question, "How do you think of the Holy Spirit?" said, "As Jesus Omnipresent." And his answer is in perfect accordance with the sacred word which calls the Holy Spirit the spirit of Jesus.

The modern Italian reformer, Gavazzi, amongst other stirring and significant things, delivered a discourse in London, entitled, "Christ the justifier, Christ the sanctifier, Christ the glorifier." At first view, this seems to be attributing to Christ the work of the Spirit; and so it is in the strict construction of the words in the form Gavazzi has given them. Literally and strictly the Holy Spirit and not Christ is the justifier, and sanctifier, and glorifier, for he it is who is the actual worker, the power that worketh in us, preparing the heart, producing the faith, and effecting the salvation in every step. But in the sense doubtless intended, Jesus is both justifier, sanctifier, and glorifier; that is, he is the object of faith alike for each and all. And as the giver of the Holy Spirit, he is the worker also of all.

Strictly and literally, Jesus is our justification, and sanctification, and glorification; and the Holy Spirit is our justifier, sanctifier, and glorifier. When therefore we trust wholly in Jesus for all, we do not rob the Holy Spirit of the honor justly his due, but we honor him by complying with his teachings and showing his work; for as the Scriptures have said, No man can say that Jesus is the Christ, (understanding what he says,) but by the Holy Ghost. So, likewise, by trusting wholly in Jesus, we honor also the Father. And this for two reasons, not to speak of others at present. First, Jesus is the express image of the Father—the Father's representative to us, the fulness of the Father made manifest to us in the flesh, and so honoring Jesus we honor the Father.

And then, again, the Father is the author and planner of salvation through faith in his Son; and when we trust in his Son we honor the Father, because we accept of his plan of salvation for us, justify his wisdom, and act in accordance with his will in the matter. A glance at the official and essential relations of the persons of the Holy Trinity to each other and to us, may throw additional light upon our pathway. Upon this subject flippancy would border upon blasphemy. It is holy ground. He who ventures upon it may well tread with unshod foot, and uncovered head bowed low.

Revelation must be our guide. Beyond what God has revealed, we know nothing. The sacred Word is all the light we have in this matter. In a sense scriptural and true, Christ is "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." "The express image of the invisible God." "The fulness of him who filleth all in all." The fulness of the Father and of the Spirit. In a sense equally scriptural and true, the Father is all the fulness of the Godhead; and so also is the Spirit.

The Father is the fulness of the Godhead in invisibility, without form, whom no creature hath seen or can see.

The Son is the fulness of the Godhead embodied, that his creatures may see him, and know him, and trust him.

The Spirit is the fulness of the Godhead in all the active workings, whether of creation, providence, revelation, or salvation, by which God manifests himself to and through the universe.

The counsels of eternity are therefore all hidden in the Father, all manifested by the Son, and all wrought by the Spirit. Let us glance first at the official relations of the persons of the Godhead.

To gain something like distinct ideas of these divine relations, we need to be lifted up in thought, as the eyes of the patriarch Jacob were at Bethel, by a ladder, with its foot on the earth but its top in heaven. Such a ladder the Bible sets up before us in the names and similies of the persons and work, especially of the Son and the Spirit. The Son is called the Word, the Logos. Now, a word before it has taken on articulate form is thought. The word is the express image of the thought, the fulness of the thought made manifest. So the Son is the fulness of the Godhead made manifest. The thought is the fulness of the word not yet made manifest. So the Father is the fulness of the Godhead invisible. Again, the Spirit is like the thought expressed and gone forth to do its work of enlightening, convincing, changing. When a thought has been formed into words, risen to the tongue, fallen from the lips upon other ears, into other hearts, it works there its own full work. So the Holy Ghost is the fulness of the Godhead at work fulfilling the designs of God.

THE FATHER IS LIKE THE THOUGHT UNEXPRESSED.

THE SON IS LIKE THE THOUGHT EXPRESSED IN WORDS.

THE SPIRIT IS LIKE THE WORD WORKING IN OTHER MINDS.

Another of the names of Jesus will give the same analogies in a light not less striking—*The Son of Righteousness*.

All the light of the Son in the heavens was once hidden in the invisibility of primal darkness; and after this, the light now blazing in the orb of day was, when first the command went forth, *Let light be!* and light was, at most, only the diffused haze of the gray dawn of the morn of creation out of the darkness of chaotic night, without form, or body, or centre, or radiance, or glory. But when separated from the darkness and centred in the sun, then in its glorious glitter it became so resplendent, that none but the eagle eye could bear to look it in the face.

But then again its rays falling aslant through earth's atmosphere and vapors, gladdens all the world with the same light, dispelling the winter, and

the cold, and the darkness ; starting spring forth in floral beauty, and summer in vernal luxuriance, and autumn laden with golden treasures for the garner.

THE FATHER IS AS THE LIGHT INVISIBLE.  
THE SON IS AS THE LIGHT EMBODIED.  
THE SPIRIT IS AS THE LIGHT SHED DOWN.

One of the similes for the blessed influences of the SPIRIT, while giving the self-same official relations of the persons of the Godhead, to each other and to us, may illustrate them still further,—The dew, The dew of Hermon, The dew on the mown meadow. Before the dew gathers at all in drops, it hangs over all the landscape in invisible vapor, omnipresent but unseen. By and by, as the night wanes into morning, and as the temperature sinks and touches the dew-point, the invisible becomes the visible, the embodied ; and, as the sun rises, it stands in diamond drops trembling and glittering in the sun's young beams in pearly beauty upon leaf and flower, over all the face of nature.

But now, again, a breeze springs up, the breath of heaven is wafted gently along, shaking leaf and flower, and in a moment the pearly drops are invisible again. But where now ? Fallen at the foot of herb and flower, to impart new life, freshness, vigor to all it touches.

THE FATHER IS LIKE THE DEW IN INVISIBLE VAPOR.  
THE SON IS LIKE THE DEW GATHERED IN BEAUTEOUS FORM.  
THE SPIRIT IS LIKE THE DEW FALLEN TO THE SEAT OF LIFE.

Yet one more of these Bible likenings—by no means exhausting them—will not be unwelcome or useless,—the Rain.

Rain, like the dew, floats in invisibility and omnipresence at the first, over all, around all, seen by none. While it remains in its invisibility, the earth parches, clods cleave together, the ground cracks open, the sun pours down his burning heat, the winds lift up the dust in circling whirls, and rolling clouds, and famine gaunt and greedy stalks through the land, followed by pestilence and death. By and by, the eager watcher sees the little hand-like cloud rising far out over the sea. It gathers, gathers, gathers ; comes, and spreads as it comes, in majesty over the whole heavens :—But all is parched and dry and dead yet, upon earth.

But now comes a drop, and drop after drop, quicker, faster—the shower, the rain—sweeping on, and giving to earth all the treasures of the clouds : clods open, furrows soften, springs, rivulets, rivers swell and fill, and all the land is gladdened again with restored abundance.

THE FATHER IS LIKE TO THE INVISIBLE VAPOR.  
THE SON IS AS THE LADEN CLOUD AND FALLING RAIN.  
THE SPIRIT IS THE RAIN—FALLING AND WORKING IN REFRESHING POWER.

These likenings are all imperfect. They rather hide than illustrate the tri-personality of the one God, for they are not persons but things, poor and earthly at best, to represent the living personalities of the living God. So much they may do, however, as to illustrate the official relations of each to the others and of each and all to us. And more. They may also illustrate the truth that all the fulness of Him who filleth all in all, dwells in each person of the Triune God.

THE FATHER IS ALL THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD INVISIBLE.  
THE SON IS ALL THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD MANIFESTED.  
THE SPIRIT IS ALL THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD MAKING MANIFEST.

The persons are not mere offices, or modes of revelation, but *living persons of the living God.*

Now, as to the essential relations of the three, the Scriptures speak of each precisely as if each were a living person, and not a mere official relation of the one person in three different connexions, or adaptations. And we are also fully justified in the belief that in the personalities of the living God, in whom is all the fulness of all things, society exists. The beau-ideal of society, as it is but imperfectly wrought out in the social relations of angels and men. Society in its first and highest form, first and best of all in the Godhead. And society amongst the creatures of God in its best estate, but a feeble and yet a noble image of its blessedness and glory as it is in the perfect social relations of the perfect three in one.

To go fully into the Scripture proofs justifying these statements, would break the thread of our general course. To say this much seemed necessary lest the reader should be stumbled by the thought that the glory due to the Father and the Spirit was all given to the Son. Enough has been said to show the way clear for full trust in Jesus for full salvation. There is no fear of honoring the Father or the Spirit too little by honoring the Son too much. The deeper and fuller and stronger our trust in Jesus, the sweeter and richer the indwelling of the presence of the Spirit will be. And the more we have of the indwelling presence and inworking power of the Spirit, the higher our love and veneration will rise for the Father. Having the Son we have the Father also. And trusting the Son, we receive the Spirit, who reveals to us the Father and the Son. Full trust in Jesus, therefore, brings the full revenue of honor due to the Father and the Son and the Spirit, while, from the Triune God, grace, mercy, and peace are multiplied to us, and so the angelic song is fulfilled—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men."

To return for a moment to the apostle, and to the Pentecostal scene: Once when Peter was in self-confident mood, the Master told him that Satan had desired to have him that he might sift him as wheat, but that he had prayed for him that his faith should not fail: and he added the prophetic charge, "When thou art converted"—that is, converted again, for already long before Peter had been converted—"strengthen thy brethren."

Satan did have the apostle, and did sift him, too, but the prayer of Jesus was answered nevertheless. Peter was sifted but saved, as many others have been. The chaff of self-confidence was all threshed off and winnowed away, leaving the wheat in its naked integrity.

By and by, on the day of Pentecost, the time came for the apostle's second conversion. The Holy Spirit, the promise of the Father, was received by the Son and shed down upon him and his fellow-disciples. Fire crowns sat upon their heads. and with other tongues they spake of the wonderful works of God. The tongues of fire and tongues of eloquence were, however, only the outside symbols and the outspoken manifestations of the glorious work wrought in their hearts. They knew something of Jesus before—but now for the first they began to comprehend the length and breadth, the depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and to be filled with all the fulness of God. And now for the first the wisdom of God in the plan of redemption began to unfold to their view. Great as were the external signs of that work, the internal work itself was far greater. And it was the beginning of a life-long process, in the course of which, more and more, from day to day, the things of God were unfolded to them, and more and more they were transformed into the image of Jesus.

A great work was wrought on that day—a work to be had in everlasting remembrance. Many were then for the first time convinced of their sins and

converted to God. Many more who had already been converted under the preaching of John the Baptist, and of Jesus himself, and of the twelve, and the seventy, were converted anew, and filled with faith and the Holy Ghost. And one thing may be safely affirmed of both alike, those converted again, and those now converted for the first time, that in every case trust in Jesus was the sole condition of the work wrought in them.

The Apostle Peter did not say to the one, Believe in the Lord Jesus and ye shall be converted, and to the other, Watch, pray, struggle, read, fast, work, and you shall be sanctified. But to one and all he said, Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost. And yet another thing may be safely affirmed of them all alike, that every one who did really believe and obey did actually receive the Holy Ghost, whether in the power of first or second conversion. Wherefore as the sum of all, let it be settled as truth never to be doubted, that for salvation in any stage or degree

*Jesus alone is the Way,  
And Faith alone is the Means.*

Connected with this line of thought there is one thing more to be noted, which must conclude this chapter. There is often a fearfulness in addressing prayer to Christ and to the Holy Spirit. Frequently the devout and earnest worshipper appeals to Christ, and then checks himself as if it were wrong, and turns in his appeal to the Father in the name of the Son, as if afraid that the appeal to the Son might be offensive to the Father.

This fear is groundless. When, in the days of his flesh, Jesus was appealed to, whether for light and instruction, or for healing power, or whatever, none were ever checked by him for it. Peter sinking in the water cried out, "Lord, save or I perish!" and Jesus rebuked him for his unbelief, but not for calling upon him instead of the Father. The Syrophenician woman appealed to him in behalf of her daughter, and although the Lord tried her faith exceedingly, first by silence, then by saying, "It is not meet to give the children's bread to dogs;" yet when she persevered and said, "Truth, Lord," you are right, I am not worthy, "yet even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table," Jesus commended her, saying, "O woman! great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt;" and her daughter was healed from that hour.

And when, after the Lord's resurrection and ascension to glory, he met the persecuting Saul of Tarsus on the Damascus road, and rebuked him, saying "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" Saul, fallen upon his face, and stricken blind by the glory of the Lord, tremblingly inquired, "Who art thou, Lord?" The answer was, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Then Saul, obedient to the heavenly vision, asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And Jesus answered, saying, "Go into the city, and there it shall be told thee what thou must do." Then after three days, Ananias came to him, saying, "Saul! Jesus who met thee in the way hath sent me to thee, that thou mayest receive thy sight;" upon which as it were scales fell from his eyes. Now in all this there was no going round about, no feeling of necessity for it, no rebuke from the Lord for not doing it. When the earnest soul appeals directly to Jesus, it will not be rebuked or sent away empty. And the same may be said of appeals to the Father direct, or to the Spirit.

When, in the language of that precious hymn, Rock of Ages, we in the same breath praise and pray—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee,"

we are in the spirit of the gospel and in the line of perfect propriety. And so, when we at one and the same moment invoke the Spirit and make melody unto God with heart and voice, saying,

“Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.”

we are in no more danger of offending the Father than when, in the words put upon our lips by the blessed Saviour himself, we pray,

“Our Father who art in heaven.”

In each and every case of the three the appeal is direct to the person of the Trinity addressed, and in all alike proper, and in all alike availing, if the plea is the fervent, effectual outgoing of the heart in its fulness.

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### A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.



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

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If we were preaching in a house that would accommodate thousands of people, and wished to see it filled, and to hear within its walls the cries of anxious souls, I would not rely upon eloquence, or argument, or eccentricities, but rather upon gathering around me a company of Christians who were living in the full enjoyment of religion. The wicked, cold professors, people of every class, would surely be attracted, and the place crowded; for happiness, like a magnet, attracts people towards its possessor, and the happiness of the Christian the most powerful of all, since it is the purest, the deepest, and the only abiding.—REV. A. B. FARLE.

## THE DANGERS OF THE ITINERANCY.

BY REV. H. JOHNSTON, M.A.



WE have indicated some of the advantages of the itinerant plan of ministerial supply. That the system has *inconveniences* we cannot deny.—What system has not? It has its parallel in military tactics, where officers change their posts periodically, and regiments every few months. Our Methodist people often complain of this part of our economy, when one whom they deeply love is removed, when but for the system they might never have seen the minister of their affection. We may not like this or that in the system, but neither ministers or people have a right to look merely at what is most agreeable, or pleasant, or convenient, but rather at what is most efficient and successful,—for all personal preferences and feelings must be subordinated to the prosperity and extension of the Church. That the system is fraught with dangers we cannot deny. Let us notice a few of these dangers:—

1. One danger to the church is the loss of the pastorate. The pastorate is God's order. The pastoral functions embrace elements which mingle in the relationships of neighborhood, and home, and family. Time and diligence are needed to learn the necessities of a neighborhood or congregation, and often before this knowledge is acquired, the minister is removed to a new field of labor. This is felt chiefly in the great centres of industry and trade, where to gather in successfully a man should plant himself firmly, and watch the successive waves of population as they come. Is not here a reason why our city churches do not grow in membership as they should, and that we have to make such efforts to supply the loss and waste from the wear and tear of constant change? The system breaks down just where it should be most efficient. And does not this suggest the necessity of making some change which, while it will not impair itinerancy in general, will more eminently qualify for the responsible and sacred duties of the pastoral office. Itinerancy is at the foundation of our church government; but is the inexorable rule of change at the end of the third year essential to the itinerancy? Does it necessarily follow that a man must remain no longer than three years in one place, in order to constitute him an itinerant minister? Does the system consist in an arbitrary displacement of men at the end of an appointed time, rather than in sending men where they will best subserve the interests of the church? Would it not be better to remove those rules of limitation, and instead of lengthening the term of pastorate from three years to five years, as contemplated by some, take away all such trammels and restrictions, and leave the ministry wholly in the hands of the constituted authorities, to use them to the greatest advantage to the entire church? Certainly some modification of the system is needed if we would increase our pastoral power.



2. Another danger is that of *losing the moral influence of ministerial character*. There is no influence like that of character; and, next to the bosom of Christ, the flock lean upon and confide in their minister. In frequent change there is danger of losing the talismanic power of a tender and active sympathy. To preserve it we must be linked in holy affection to the people. We must be bound up in their highest interests, and feel their needs pressing upon us like an atmosphere on all sides. Let the people know that we love them deeply and strongly, and they will confide in us, and will not be afraid of becoming too tenderly attached to us because we are not to be permanently with them. Our piety and personal holiness ought to give a character, compared with which the mere circumstances of "time," "long acquaintance," "identity of interests," will be as the foam of the wave-crest to the full ocean of power behind it.

3. Another danger, which we recognize in connection with a circulating ministry, is the neglect of thorough mental discipline. We do not mean that the system is unfavorable to study. Many of our fathers in the ministry were great readers, thinkers, and preachers. Their quivers were full of the arrows of the Almighty. They brought the message in its directness, and pathos, and life-giving simplicity to the human heart, in its troubles, and sorrows, and aspirations. Yet they were incessantly travelling, preaching, and visiting. Their duties were of such a character that there was a constant temptation to substitute physical for intellectual toil. They had few aids or opportunities for improvement; they had little time, and comparatively little demand, for mental accomplishments. In the present arrangements of circuits all this is reversed. Now the pastoral visitation, and short rides to appointments, are a pleasant relief from the *ennui* of close mental application, and favorable to physical health. We believe that the system in the rural districts is more favorable to study than even long pastorates, where the very circumstances produce a routine, tread-mill life; and where, with surroundings undergoing little change, the mind is left to grind up the divinity of other days, with no fresh importation of life, and thought, and feeling from without. Still there are many hindrances and tendencies to mental inactivity. In going to a new place there is danger of treading over the old ground without fresh study or thought. Old truths are uttered in a "happy-go-lucky" fashion and thread-bare phraseology, and we ourselves grow weary with the reiteration of common-place thoughts, divorced from the immediate wants and mental habits of the hearers. Our minds cease to grow and be active, and instead of exhibiting that *fulness* and life, that broadness and affluence of *thought* which should characterize our ministry, the sermons tell of old ruts and common-places which enervate the pulpit. The intense mental activity of modern life demands the highest ministerial development. Even those whose education is limited are strongly susceptible of clear thought, close reasoning, and beautiful diction. There is meaning in the arrangement of Providence which has left us less occupied than our fathers were, and we need not fear of losing religious power in the attainment of the mental. The dispensation of the Spirit is not a dispensation of idleness, but of toil. We must prepare for the sanctuary the

pure, freshly-beaten oil. We must have a ministry *trained to think*. Base metals may take a high polish, but they are base *metals* still. We want the fine gold of the sanctuary, and then burnish it—polish it—until it shall flash in glory, and reflect the perfect image of Christ. Under the system of the itinerancy, by the help of God, our fathers have set the world on fire. How they watched and preached for souls! Holy men of God! where have ye dropped your mantles? Where is the Lord God of Elijah?—the God of Whitfield?—the God of Wesley?—the God of Asbury, and Coke, and Case? Eternal Father! who didst send forth thy seraphim with live coals from off thine altar, to touch the lips of thy servants,—touch. O touch and hallow our lips, and make us the flaming messengers of salvation!

The Methodist Church is called to no short-lived work. If she fail in her mission God will furnish himself with other and better instrumentalities. Enlargement and deliverance shall arise from another place; and 't' e stately edifice which shelters us and our children, and fills the world with its splendor,—its corner-stones glittering, its portals wide out-spread, its pillars unshaken, its beams unimpaired, its foundation upon the Rock—shall crumble and become a stupendous desolation. Awful will be the responsibility of failure. Others have made the Church what it is; it is ours to make it *what it shall be*. Let us remain unswerving in our loyalty and devotion to her; and while in sympathy with every idea of progress, every thought of improvement and adaptation to the wants of the times, let us cling firmly and strongly to that agency so providentially called forth, and so fraught with the destinies of men, and God, even our God, shall bless us; and foremost in evangelizing efforts, we shall stand in the van in the triumphant march of Christianity, and help to usher in the millennium of the world!

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## DO YOU SHOW PIETY AT HOME?

BY REV. W. G. PASCOE.



**W**HEN the Saviour said to the man upon whose eyes he had poured light, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," he put to a vigorous test the faith of the young disciple who had just been able to recognize in Jesus the Lord and Saviour of the world. Is it not easy to be explained, but it is often the case that Christians find it more difficult to *spea*k of inner feelings and spiritual experiences at home than anywhere else. Sometimes, it is true, they find that at home they have not that sympathy which they desire, and which they meet with from those whose hearts have been similarly affected by the Holy Spirit; and in their case the Saviour's words are fulfilled—"A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Is there at other times a fear lest so many opportunities presenting

themselves, our innermost experience, if known by those around us, might be referred to when we should least like it to be the case? or is it that there is any latent fear lest the profession of one day should be denied by the practice of another, amongst those who see every part of life, and have the best means of judging our true character? If this be the case, you have the greatest cause for uneasiness about professing any spiritual life, for all experience is known to God, all professions come before him; and in making any profession you should ever have more fear of God, who so thoroughly knows you, than of any fellow-creature, whatever may be his relation to you. Every part of our religious life should be above all suspicion, and we should have so much confidence in our own integrity, that if we make any profession of godliness, those at home should see that that profession is most genuine.

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

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

The most thorough Christian candour should reign amongst those who are members of the same Christian household. Let the most pure unselfishness be manifest. If a mistake be made it should be frankly acknowledged; if an offence be committed, pardon should be sought; if in any way we can minister to the comfort, or ease, or happiness, or improvement of any in the household, at any personal sacrifice it should be done. Your position in a household should be subordinate to your Christian character: in this, as everywhere else, follow the Saviour's advice, and "seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness." A beautiful example of Christian simplicity comes to our mind. One who is now amongst the glorified throng, who was a very large employer, was on one occasion in great haste to get off to London. He required some assistance, but the assistant was not so quick in his movements as he should have been. With a tone and manner that betrayed undue haste, he rebuked the young man. At once he felt that he had lost that beautiful evenness of mind which had been enjoyed by him before; and without more

ado he recalled the young man, begged his pardon, told him he was very sorry he had spoken so hastily, and hoped he would have his forgiveness. Then he went to God and confessed his fault, and was restored to the sweet experience of communion with Jesus in which for years he rejoiced. All those who were in his establishment respected that man's piety, and none had greater reason to do so than he from whom he had craved forgiveness for such an offence.

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

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ONLY BELIEVE!

BY REV. I. E. PAGE.



SUPPOSE I had a watch, costly, serviceable, and greatly valued, the gift of a dear friend, the thing most precious of all my treasures, and that, on taking a journey, I am anxious to ensure its safety. I have a friend with whom I deposit it, and who promises to keep it for me; and I proceed on my journey without a fear or particle of anxiety, because I know that my friend is strong and trustworthy. This is faith in another person for *the safety* of what I valued.

Suppose the watch had become disordered in its machinery, and refused to keep correct time,—that it had become irregular in working, going well for a time and then stopping,—that I had tried every means to remedy it and failed, and that the irregularity had been a source of inconvenience and positive loss. The friend to whom I entrust it happens to be a skilled watchmaker, and before I begin my journey I say to him, "I value this watch greatly, but it goes badly, and has given me considerable trouble. I have wound it up, moved the fingers, and done all I can, but without success. Will you see to it?" So I leave it to be cleaned or repaired, and its fault corrected, and go away confident that my friend's skill will assuredly put all right. This is faith for *restoration*, added to faith for safety.

Suppose now, that years after, I lie on a bed of death, life's fair prospects fading away, life's work done, and a separation from all I love before me. There is my valued watch, and there is my little son, to whom it has been promised. There, too, stands the friend who has had the care of it before, and who has worthily fulfilled his trust. I take the jewelled treasure in my hand,

and say to my friend, "There is my boy, and here is this watch, the value of which you know. I commit it to your care once more, to preserve it safe, to keep it in order, that it may be handed to my son when he comes of age." And I have no fear but that my dying wish will be fulfilled. This is faith not only for safety and restoration, but for a future into which I cannot see.

Will you now, reader, put, in place of that watch, the soul with which God has endowed you—the most precious of all possessions, for "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" You are here in life, accountable and immortal, but because of transgressions, exposed to soul-peril. Eternity stretches out before you, death may be near, and the first question with you is, How shall my soul be safe? Have you learned the answer to this? *Trust your soul to Jesus.* Put it in his hands who is "able to save," and, without a fear or doubt, leave it there. This is faith in Christ for safety.

You become conscious now of other wants. The question as to personal safety is settled. But your soul needs more. Oh, the pain, the grief, the unrest proceeding from indwelling evil! You are forced to see that there is much within out of harmony with God and your own convictions. Try as you will, you cannot make this saved soul go correctly. Unrest follows peace, and weakness takes the place of strength, and utter failure in duty alternates with the joy of success. Must this be a life-long trouble? Must you *always* bewail the "other law in your members, warring against the law of your mind, and bringing you into captivity?" Nay! Jesus is the Saviour—the restorer of the human spirit to harmony with its God. All spiritual irregularity proceeds from one cause sin—*SIN*—and Jesus saves his people from that! Saves them fully, saves them now, whoever believes. Put your soul in His hands, to be cleansed and made right for service, and he will do the work! Be as sure he can, and will, and does cleanse, as you are sure he forgives. Say, "He restoreth my soul," and every need being met by his fulness of grace, you will thus trust him for purity and fitness for service.

But the future! Oh, the changes, the trials, the difficulties to come! Who can say what lies between this and heaven? How can one who is perfect weakness stand? What guarantee has one who knows himself fickle and unstable that he shall endure? The way is beset with dangers. How do I know that I shall be faithful, and, passing through all, gain eternal life? Oh, brother! trust Jesus for this also! Lying before his eye, like a road on a map, is every inch of your future life. The way is strange to you, but familiar to him! and "He is able to keep you from falling." He promises to be your Saviour, in the fullest sense, *all the way through!* Will you not, once for all, place your soul in his hands, and leave it there, singing, as you step heavenward, "I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day!" When some one heard John Smith express his confidence that he should certainly get to heaven, and asked him if he had any special revelation to that effect, "No;" he replied, "but I AM DETERMINED TO BELIEVE!"

And this is what honors Jesus the Saviour, kills gloomy doubt, drives dark fear away, inspires assurance, makes the soul dwell in light, and bears it onward to heaven. The mistake of most is that that they are afraid to abandon themselves to a life of simple trust.

Reader, venture to believe in your Saviour for *all*. Dare to believe. Resolve that you will die rather than give up your faith. Then you will find yourself a conqueror. Nay, rather you will, with a deeper, truer sense of need than you have ever known, feel that there is One with you and in you, who does for you overcome all; and instead of the shame of defeat and the disheartenment of failure, you will joyously testify, "*Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ!*"—*King's Highway.*

## THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST:

SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS THE EXPERIENCE AND POWER OF THE  
PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

BY REV. S. CRUMP.



IN the market-place of Heidelberg stands a church called "the Church of the Holy Ghost." There is nothing specially note-worthy about this church, saving that under its one roof both Romanists and Protestants are wont to worship. Its name, however, emphasizes a fact which perhaps is not sufficiently recognized, that the only true Church is the Church of the Holy Ghost. This does not affirm that the other persons of the mysterious Three have no relationship to the Church. It is the Church of the Father—God, the creation of his grace, the kingdom of his power. Of this Church he gave Christ to be the Head during the mediatorial dispensation, and at its close Christ shall surrender it to the Father, that he may be all in all. The Church also is most emphatically the Church of Christ. He has loved it, purchased it with his own blood. It is *his* body: he is *its* soul. The Church is his bride, living in his fellowship and joy. She lives for him, and he lives for her, ever interceding for her until she reigns with him in his everlasting kingdom and glory. Nevertheless, the Church is rightly designated when it is called "the Church of the Holy Ghost." It is the Holy Spirit who illumines, convinces, regenerates, inhabits, sanctifies Christian believers. They live and walk in the Spirit. He is their life, their joy, their purity. The Church, indeed, is the Church of the Father and of the Son, so far only as it exists in and is possessed by the Spirit.

To this fact bear witness all the Scriptures and all Church history, and especially the memorable scenes of the day of Pentecost. They testify that only by the all-brooding energy of the Spirit is this body of Christ formed; that only by his purifying and glorifying grace is she made meet to be the bride of the Lamb, and to be decked with the glory of God. Paul's conversion was a *pattern* of what Jesus Christ could do when "he showed forth all long-suffering"—"a pattern to them who should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting;" and who does not feel thankful for so glorious a specimen of the omnipotent grace of Christ? So the first church at Jerusalem was a *pattern* of what the Holy Ghost can do when he sheds forth all the fulness of his love—a pattern to all succeeding churches who should hereafter be quickened and renewed by his grace. Let us carefully ponder its experience and power, and mark how it is an example to us. In doing this its miraculous characteristics will be subordinate, and its great spiritual features will come up into that bold relief which must ever fascinate the eyes of all interested in the attainment and diffusion of Christian Holiness.

"The number of names together" on the roll of the primitive Church, including men and women, "were about one hundred and twenty." Amongst them were "the women" honorably distinguished as devoted followers of the Lord, loving attendants upon his person, and tender ministers of his wants. Prominent amongst these women was Mary, Jesus' mother, often painfully tried, and at last transfixed with the killing sword of Jesu's death, but whose unflinching love prompted her to stand by his cross to catch his dying blessing, and yet sustained her after his ascension, in the hope of receiving still larger

gifts of grace. And numbered in this church also were *her* kindred and *his* kindred; "his brethren," who apparently for some time alternated between belief and unbelief, now drawn to him in admiring love, and now driven from him by fear and shame, but at length settling down into an assured trust in his mission and Messiahship. And assembled with these were the apostles, who had passed through a curriculum of instruction and discipline at the feet of their Lord, and were now waiting for that other Comforter who should vivify all they had learnt, and make them meet for their high and glorious apostleship.

It is obvious that these were not unforgiven, unrenewed, unsanctified sinners, who had to receive their first gift of saving grace in the Pentecostal Spirit. We should grievously err were we to suppose that justification and regeneration were experiences utterly unknown to these disciples of Jesus. Surely they had "received him," and to them he had "given power to become the sons of God." Love, the root-principle of holiness, had been implanted within them; and their lives exhibited that "newness" which the regenerating grace of God alone can bestow. If, then, it was not the Spirit of adoption, assuring them of God's paternal love, nor the Spirit of regeneration, transforming and renewing their fallen nature, which they received in the gift of the Pentecostal Spirit, what was it?

This is a most important question, and in its right answer we find a gracious lesson for the Christian Church in every age. As might have been expected, the miraculous phenomena connected with this gift of the Spirit have bulked very much upon men's attention. The voice from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, filling all the house where they were assembled, the appearance of cloven tongues like as of fire sitting upon each of them, have commanded the wonder and the awe of all who have drawn near to see this great sight. But whilst these miraculous phenomena thus powerfully strike the ear and arrest the eye, they are not in themselves the real power and glory of Pentecost. They are simply *signs*—signs, not of something miraculous and abnormal and never to be repeated, but of a grace and power intended for the Church for all time. So Peter, the primate of the apostles, interpreted, "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophecy" (Acts ii. 16-18.) The glory of Pentecost is that it brought a high spiritual experience and a mighty power to make it known.

The speciality of the gift of the Holy Ghost was its *fulness*. "They were all *filled* with the Holy Ghost." They had previously received of the Spirit, and up to the measure which they had received the Spirit they were sanctified by him; but the measure was not "the fulness," and their sanctification, therefore, was incomplete. Even the very apostles had been envious, jealous, contentious. In the day of their Lord's ignominy and suffering they had been timorous and cowardly, while their "chiefest" had denied him with oaths and curses. But just as the rushing mighty wind filled all the house where they were sitting, and the entire building was resonant with the heavenly voice, so every believer in that assembled church was filled with the Holy Ghost, and his whole nature was touched, elevated, sanctified by the power of the Spirit. To be thus "filled with the Holy Ghost" cannot mean less than an *entire sanctification* of the nature. When a room is filled with light, the darkness is utterly dispersed; and when a believer is filled with the Spirit of holiness, all sin is excluded. There are some gases which serve as a vacuum for other gases, both alike filling the same space. Not so is it with holiness and sin.

The one cannot be vacuum for the other. The one *ejects* the other; and where there is full possession by the Holy Ghost, there is an entire banishment and destruction of all sin. Whatever were the diverse temperaments, the individual histories of this assembled church, whatever their past failures and inconsistencies of character and life, the fire from heaven had consumed all their sins and purified all their natures. They were *all* clean, and clean *altogether*. Whether apostles or disciples, men or women, young or old, they were all saints—a church pure in heart.

O, what an age of golden days!  
O, what a choice, peculiar race!  
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,  
Anointed kings and priests to God.

But this fulness of the Spirit which they had received was not a mere negative and destructive grace. It was positive and creative in its action; indeed it was the former because it was the latter. The light not merely banishes darkness, it brings color and strength to created nature. The fulness of the Spirit is the perfectness of love; and this not merely expels all sin, but pulses a higher life through the whole man, brings an excitement of holy power which elevates and intoxicates the entire being. No doubt there was a slander in the jeer of their enemies when they said that the members of this inspired church were "full of new wine." But there was just enough of truth in it to feather the "fiery dart." They were inspired, elevated, excited, possessed by a holy afflatus, a Divine enthusiasm which, far transcending all their former experiences of grace, made them appear in some sort like mad or intoxicated men.

This holy inspiration of power manifested itself in various forms. *It wrought wondrous mutual love.* Fire fuses the broken pieces of metal, until they all take one mould. So the fire-baptism of the Spirit fused these believers into one. They loved one another as much as they loved themselves. Their property was sold to meet each other's needs. They "were of one heart and soul, neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own." Again, this inspiration of the Holy Ghost *quicken'd and elevated their worship.* The temple had new attractions. "The breaking of bread" became a cherished ordinance. Their ordinary meals were dignified into acts of special worship. Their whole life ascended into a higher region of spirituality and blessedness. "And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread at home, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people."

But most especially did this Holy Ghost power *manifest itself in their tongues.* Being filled with the Spirit, they testified of the wonderful works of God. The fire being kindled within them, they spake "with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." The church became a prophetic band. They taught. "Sons and daughters," "young men and old men," "servants and handmaidens" received the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon them, and with differing gifts and in various spheres they all became Jesus's witnesses. The words which they spake were *words of power*, for they fell from tongues of fire. There was glowing, melting heat in them. They burnt their way to the conscience and hearts of those who heard them. Icy indifference melted. Congealed stolidity became soft and susceptible. Callous hatred waxed tender and kind. Law-mongering Pharisees were changed into sin-convicted penitents, and Christ-hating, Christ-murdering foes were startled into the earnest cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The issue was, myriads were awakened and saved. "Then they that gladly received the word were baptized, and the same day there were added unto the church three thousand souls."



The question comes home to us with immense force, Do Christian believers now generally enjoy this experience and wield this power? We fear not. Pentecost interpreted thus is not so much as the *ideal* of some churches. It is not likely then to be realized by them. Alas! in our own churches, where entire holiness is one of "those things which are most surely believed among us," and where examples of holy men and women, filled with the Spirit and speaking in his power, are precious memories—how few there are who have attained to this Pentecostal grace! We very much fear the Methodist communities are living far below this glorious privilege. We do not deny the reality, the sincerity of their Christianity. They know Jesus in the mystery of his death and in the power of his resurrection. They have died unto sin and have risen again to holiness and newness of life. Nay, they have gone out as far as Bethany, and have seen their risen Lord "carried up into heaven;" and with their ascended Saviour have gone their affections, their hopes, their faith, and according to his word they are looking for "the promise of the Father." But somehow they do not get beyond this. Their day of Pentecost does not fully come. The fulness of the Spirit is desired, prayed for, but not attained. Entire sanctification with them is a pole-star, to be admired from afar—a sign in the spiritual firmament by which they may steer their course, but not to be reached until they ascend to eternal glory.

Whilst entire sanctification is thus regarded, that quickening and elevation of the whole spiritual life which makes "doing good" to the souls of men a *passion*, is looked upon with dread. To be thus possessed with the Spirit would make them very peculiar, would stamp them with a marked eccentricity, and set them out of gear with the conventionalisms of society. Propriety is apparently a far more important principle than holiness, and gentility than Holy Ghost-excitement; and rather than let propriety and gentility be compromised, human souls may be damned by the thousand.

The result is a lower degree of spiritual life and power than ought to exist. The true communion of the primitive church is feebly apprehended. Fellowship is often lukewarm, and its ordinances, instead of being cherished, are coldly criticised and anatomised. "The house of prayer" becomes a mere seventh-day shrine at which people pay their devotions, and public worship is slurred through or æstheticised until its simplicity and power are expelled. Instead of being God's priests everywhere and always, we become so only on Sundays, and the orbit of the week-day life lies almost wholly among wages and profits and self-pleasing. There our witnessing power is almost toned out. If we speak to sinners at all, it is with such "bated breath and whispered humbleness," that the world mocks at our pointless, forceless testimony. The converting grace is restrained, the godly seed is diminished, and Satan triumphs. O Lord, how long?

We have on several occasions in recent years mourned actual decrease in our church membership; while for some time past, notwithstanding increasing congregations, additional chapels, and multiplying ministers, there has been no enlargement of the church worthy of the instrumentalities employed, or at all comparable to the great demonstration of power which glow on the first pages of the Church's history. The pulse of the Church's inward life beats slower; her limbs are chilled and sluggish in their movements. She is not maimed by faction, or mutilated by persecution, or diseased by heresy; and, therefore, many eyes fondly admire her fair form and beautiful proportions. But her heart is weak, and her spiritual life has not a healthy tone. We are pained unspeakably by the conviction which is forcing itself upon us, that we are losing our "first love," and need to "repent and do" our "first works."

If Pentecost teaches us anything, assuredly it is this, that *holiness is power*, that to be filled with the Spirit is to be charged with a divine energy

which will dominate over the world and bring sinners to Christ. Stephen was "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," and therefore he was full of power. Peter and the other apostles were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and therefore "with great power gave they witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus." So our Methodist fathers drank deep of the new wine of the Spirit, and became giants in power. Smith, Stoner, Branwell, Fletcher, were Holy Ghost men, inspired and filled with the Spirit, and, therefore, they were men of power. They had not always overflowing measures of success, but they were never without some success, and they always had power. "So the word of God increased, and the number of the disciples multiplied greatly."

Are these scenes of Pentecost no more to be revived? Are the large successes of our fathers only to me a memory and a name? Are we to get accustomed to retreats before the foe? Is the humiliating, God-dishonoring spectacle of a church trailing her banners through the mud of failure to be repeated? God forbid! To your tents, O Israel! To your knees, ye Methodists! Pray; tarry in prayer until ye be "endued with power from on high." Soldiers of the cross! dead weights of anger and pride and unbelief burden you; the impediments of worldliness and self-indulgence and timidity embarrass you in your marches. Pray for power to cast them aside. Pray to be sanctified wholly, to be filled with the Spirit. Then shall you be heroic and successful witnesses for Christ, bold and victorious champions of the cross.

*Holiness is the power we want*; then get holiness. Holiness alone will wreath your brows with laurels of spiritual victory. Then concentrate your faith, your prayer, your whole being on its attainment. Get holiness. Get the fulness of the Spirit. Get it now. Thus sanctified unto God and filled with the Spirit, you will have courage to fight and strength to win. Perfect love casts out all fear. To arms! to arms! every one of you. Fight with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Lay about you. Smite the foes of God hip and thigh. The victory is yours, and great shall be your spoil.

*This holiness we want in its highest degrees.* Finality is one of the great delusions with which Antichrist deceives the very elect. When penitents have reached the land of pardon, and walk in the broad beams of God's reconciling love, they are told that the struggle is all over. What a snare has this temptation been to many young saints! Sooner or later, however, they discover that it is at the risk of their souls they settle down in justifying grace. *On, on* they must press toward the mark of the prize of their high calling, or they will lose their crown of glory. So also when Christian believers have attained to entire renewal of nature, and rejoice in the perfect love of God—when they feel that all envy, and pride, and fear are cast out, and their whole nature is loyal to Christ—what a temptation there is to say, "Master, it is good to be here," and to build a tabernacle for a life-long sojourn there! But not even here may the saint tarry. *On, on* he must still press to a higher experience of that holiness which he has already attained. Again he must fix his eye on the mark, and press into all the fulness of God.

We fear that many a saint is wearing out life and effort in a continuous conflict merely to preserve the consciousness of the perfect love of God, while neglecting its higher degrees. Fletcher regarded it as a comparatively little thing to be cleansed from sin. On one occasion at Trevecka, praying with the students, he was so filled with the Spirit that he cried out, "O my God, withhold thy hand, or the vessel will burst!" But he afterwards thought he had grieved the Spirit; and he ought to have prayed for an enlargement of the vessel, or have been willing for it to break. Even when filled unutterably full of glory and of God, we must still say, "Not as though I had already

attained, either were already perfect." Humility must become more humble, patience more patient, love more loving. "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." "Be ye filled with the Spirit." Let your whole nature be heated higher and higher with the holy fire until your words, your looks, your spirits flame with the white heat of intensest love.

*Holiness in its highest forms we may all have.* Our spirits differ in the compass and quality of their natures being greater or less, higher or lower: but they may be all alike pure. Our faculties of thought, imagination, reason, vary exceedingly: but they may be all alike elevated and spiritual. One Fountain is open to all—a fountain which cleanseth from all sin. Let us sink deeper and deeper "into the purple flood," that we may rise into *all* "the life of God." One Spirit, the Pentecostal Spirit, waits to baptize us all. Let us pray with one accord until we all burn and glow with the sacred fire.

Scriptural Holiness is our strength, our salvation, our success. *Without it*, we cannot retrieve our past humiliations or achieve future conquests. *Without it*, we must sink to a lower abyss of shame and reproach. But *with it*, new life will fill our ordinances, new power will stream from our pulpits, new inspirations of courage and strength will quicken our members. We shall speak to one another "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Church fellowship will be full of grace and joy. We shall speak to kinsfolk and friends and strangers with an emphasis of love and power which may anger and inflame some, but will melt and save multitudes of others.

Holy and Eternal Spirit, fill us with Thyself, that our righteousness may go forth as brightness, and our salvation as a lamp that burneth! Make us a Church glorious in saving power! Amen!

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### COMFORTING NATURE OF DIVINE THOUGHTS.

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"In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul."—Ps. xciv. 19.



LITTLE boy once extracted much honey from the above passage.

He was only thirteen years of age; and he and a younger brother of eleven were left orphans in London, their parents being both removed in one day by a malignant disease. Having an uncle in Liverpool, they resolved to go thither and cast themselves on his clemency. They started off on foot. It was a long and toilsome journey. At length they reached the town of Warrenton, and stopped at a lodging-house, footsore and weary, asking to be allowed to remain there for the night. The keeper of the house questioned them closely, and examined the bundle of the elder boy, containing their little effects. He found there a neat pocket-bible. To try the boy he said, "You have no money, and you are hungry: I will give you five shillings for that book." "No," said the boy, "I could not do that." "Why not?" inquired the keeper of the house. "Oh!" said the little fellow, "that book was given to me in the Sabbath school: it has taught me the way to Jesus." To test him still further, an offer of six shillings was made; but he refused, saying with tears, "On my way from London, many a time, when weary and ready to faint by the way, I have taken out my Bible, and found, as the Psalmist expresses it: 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.' I could not part with that book, sir." It was enough. He was well cared for that night. The dear young soldier of Jesus, what a lesson does he teach us!

## THOUGHTS ON TIME.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The Righteous Dead.

MRS. ELIZA BICKLE.



DIED, in the City of Hamilton, on the 22nd of August, 1873, Mrs. Eliza Bickle, the beloved wife of Mr. Tristram Bickle. The deceased was born in the City of Exeter, England, on the 29th of April, 1795, gave her heart fully to God in the spring of 1822, and in August of that year was married in the Lord and lived a happy wedded life until her departure, when she fell asleep in Jesus at the patriarchal age of seventy-eight years, three months, and twenty-three days. In her own quiet and beautiful home, surrounded by loved ones who ministered to her every want, the grey-haired servant of Christ,—the wife, the mother, the saint,—passed away calmly and peacefully, without a ripple of doubt or tremor of fear. Death was “swallowed up in victory.” She lived for more than fifty years, before the Church and before the world, a sincere and devoted Christian. She had a child-like simplicity of nature, and was utterly incapable of guile. Amiable of disposition, her heart was susceptible of the warmest and tenderest attachments. To an eminent degree she possessed “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price.” The grace of God shone out in her uniform, consistent, self-sacrificing life, and won for her the respect of all who knew her, and the loyal and tender love of all in the home circle. She was a devoted wife, a tender and faithful mother.

In the days of her strength she was active in benevolent and Christian work; but when her health was broken, and she was called to suffer her heavenly Father's will, she accepted her lot with cheerful resignation. She never murmured, and was always cheerful and thankful. She loved God's Word, and fed upon it with delight; and as her sight began to fail through advancing years, a larger text of the Scriptures was furnished for her daily reading. She loved God's house, and felt it a great loss to be deprived of the services of the sanctuary. Secret prayer was her delight; and at night, when unable to sleep through suffering, she would be often heard engaged in fervent communion with God.

Many times during her years of affliction she had been brought to the very gates of death, but on the confines of the spirit-land she was always calm and peaceful, having no fear of death, and trusting with unshaken confidence in Jesus her Redeemer.

In her last illness, seized with paralysis, her speech was so affected that she could with difficulty be understood, yet in answer to the questions of her

husband, as long as she was conscious, she signified her unshaken trust in the mediation and promises of Christ, and her utmost resignation to the will of God. Silently came the last messenger, and without a sigh, or groan, or shadow, her freed spirit passed upward into light and glory, and the quiet peace upon the countenance in death was but an index of the rest into which her soul had entered.

Our Centenary Church is thus again bereaved of one of its most aged and loved members. The pastors of former years will note with sorrow her departure, and will revert with melancholy interest to her kindness, fidelity, and devotion in bygone days.

Our dear father Bickle, who is still with us, and still sustains the important offices of local-preacher and class-leader, feels his loneliness and desolation; but his heart is soothed with the thought that the parting will be brief at longest, the reunion will be for ever. The stricken household "sorrow not as those that are without hope," for they know that their mother has swept up triumphantly to companionship with the glorified members of the family who are already in heaven.—H. JOHNSTON.

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"I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, FOR *THOU* ART WITH ME."



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

Wherever He may guide me,  
 No want shall turn me back ;  
 My Shepherd is beside me,  
 And nothing can I lack.  
 His wisdom ever waketh,  
 His sight is never dim,  
 He knows the way He taketh,  
 And I will walk with Him.

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

## Miscellany.

### SELECTIONS.

#### "ABIDE IN ME."

"That mystic Word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,  
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;  
Weary with striving, and with longing faint,  
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee:  
Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love  
Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of  
sin;

Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,  
And keep my soul, as Thine, calm and divine.  
As some rare perfume in vase of clay  
Pervades it with fragrance not its own—  
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,  
All heaven's own sanctness seems around it  
thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,  
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine,  
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chord,  
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.  
*Abide in me*—there have been moments pure,  
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power;  
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed  
Owned the Divine enchantment of the hour,  
These were but seasons beautiful and rare;  
ABIDE in me—and they shall ever be;  
I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,  
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee."

#### SIN IN THE HEART.

A LARGE oak-tree was recently felled in the grove adjoining Avondale, near the centre of which was found a small nail, surrounded by twenty-nine cortical circles, the growth of as many years. The sap in its annual ascents and descents, had carried with it the oxyd from the metal, till a space of some three or four feet in length, and four or five inches in diameter, was completely blackened.

Is not this a striking illustration of sin as it exists in the heart of many sincere Christians? The nail did not kill the tree, it did not prevent growth, it did not destroy its form and beauty

to the eye of the casual observer; but year after year it was silently spreading its influence in the interior of the tree. So after a believer has been justified by faith in a crucified Saviour, he is made conscious of inherent evil. He may be sensible of pride, envy, ambition, worldly desires, impatience, anger and unbelief. Should he fail to apply for deliverance in the all-cleansing blood of Jesus, such inherent evils will remain, year after year, corroding and corrupting the seat of his affections and desires. His outward profession may be steady and consistent. His religious life may be continued. There may be growth in religious knowledge, and increased fixedness in religious habits. And yet sin, though hidden, may be percolating through his thoughts, and at the end of thirty, forty, or fifty years, he may still be sensible that his nature is not thoroughly renewed.

Is this indwelling evil a necessity? Can we be saved from propensities to sin? Is entire purity of heart the common privilege of God's people? Let us go to the Word of God for the answer. David prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Here observe—it is the "heart" and the "spirit" which David prayed might be made "clean" and "right." Had this been impossible he would not have sought it. By the mouth of Ezekiel, Jehovah said, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." (Chap. xxxvi. 25, 26.) And St. John says, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.) It is clear that they who believe in Jesus as a full Saviour are delivered from the interior influence and existence of evil.

"While at Thy cross I lie,  
Jesus, Thy grace bestow;  
Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,  
And I am white as snow."

## WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

"MEN and brethren, what shall we *do*?" This was the eager question of a large company of people at Jerusalem who were "pricked to the heart." Their consciences were aroused under plain preaching to them as sinners who had "crucified and slain" the Messiah. They *felt* keenly. But the Apostle Peter did not stop to commend them for feeling so tenderly, or to exhort them to deepen their emotions. He endeavored to lift the whole matter of their salvation out of the vapory region of emotion, and to base it on the solid ground of *principle*.

It is a sad mischief to thousands in our congregations that they feel so much and *do so little*. They melt under eloquent preaching — perhaps shed tears. (So they do over a pathetic novel.) Their consciences are touched. They make good resolutions, and then go home, and straightway forget what manner of persons they have been. This is a most dangerous and damaging process. My friend, don't you know that to *weep* over sin, and then not to quit the sin—to have a good *feeling*, and not to carry it out into practice—does you a most serious harm? It is a wrong upon the Holy Spirit, and a most terrible wrong to yourself. It hardens your heart most fearfully. The most difficult persons in our congregations to deal with are those emotional people who have wept and resolved an hundred times, and yet have never lifted a finger to *obey Christ*. I am afraid that their tears in this world are but a prelude to bitterer tears in perdition. Hell is full of weepers. Even Satan himself may be wrung with intense and inconceivable anguish. It is well to feel; but it is not enough to feel. An ounce of faith is worth a ton of feeling.

But what answer does Peter make to his awakened and anxious auditors? Does he tell them that they have no natural ability to do their duty? Does he address them as "poor sinners," more to be pitied than to be blamed? Does he offer to pray for them, and thus lead them to cling to his skirts, instead of clinging to the Saviour? Does he urge

them to take to good reading, or even to come often and hear him preach the Gospel? No, indeed! All such inventions and devices he leaves to modern pretenders, and false guides in divinity. His auditors demanded to know what they should *do*; and he gives them at once a piece of *work*—of thorough work for the heart and the daily life. He knows that sinners must "work out their own salvation," even while God was "working in them to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Peter's answer to their question begins with one short word, that flashes like a sabre, and cuts like a sabre too: "RE-*PE-NT!*" "Oh! but," they might say, "we are penitent; we feel sorely; we are pierced to the heart." Very true. But feeling keenly is not always repentance, for if so then every inebriate would be repentant; no men suffer keener self-loathing and misery than does a drunkard while he is sober. Repentance is an infinitely deeper thing than sorrow, or suffering, or dread of a wrath to come. It is the taking a right view of sin *as sinful*, and then *quitting it*. I look at a glass of exhilarating drink which I hold in my hand, and say to myself: "That is a poison. It has an adder in it; it is *death!*" and then I *drop it* in a moment. This is a genuine repentance of the sin of tipping; and it is the only kind of repentance that can save an inebriate. God's grace may be operating upon the inebriate; but still he must renounce the fatal cup of his own accord and for himself. The fact that God's Spirit awakens repentance, and promotes repentance in a sinner's heart, does not alter one whit that other fact that repentance must be your own act. You must forsake your sins voluntarily. There is no merit in a Tweed's giving up the practice of plundering when he has no longer the power to plunder. If you only give up wrong-doing reluctantly, and then hanker after your sinful practices again, that is not repentance. Evangelical repentance implies change of mind, change of purpose, change of conduct. We repeat once more that it is a taking of a right view of all sin as utterly *wicked*, and then *quitting it*. My friend, have you done this? Then you have put your foot on the first round of the ladder that leads upward and heavenward.



(2.) Another vital point is unconditional submission to God. When a certain commander of a conquered fort inquired of his conqueror on what terms the fortress should be given up, the memorable reply was: "Unconditional surrender." If you are a sinner, then your heart is a rebel fortress. It must be yielded to the Lord; yielded entirely and yielded without any conditions on your side. Do not stop to bargain with God. Put in no selfish demands. Saul of Tarsus yielded up every point when he cried out from the ground: "Lord, *what wilt thou have me to do?*" An intelligent woman, who had been in deep distress for many weeks, finally said: "Peace with God I know nothing about; but *I have done quarreling with him.* I am justly condemned. I have resolved to submit to God, and serve him, and do all the good I can as long as I live; and then *go to hell as I deserve.*" Her pastor quietly replied: "You will find it hard work to get to hell in *that way.*" He said no more. The frank, honest-hearted woman soon found that her calm, willing submission to God—her willingness that *God should reign*, while she patiently did her duty—was bringing her abiding peace and strength. She became a strong, consistent Christian. Her will yielded to God's will. To know the will of the Lord Jesus, and to *do it* in his strength, is the core of true religion.

Especially I entreat you not to demand of God the ready pay of "comfort" and "joy." Don't stop to think about happiness. A wounded soldier must not expect any comfort until the bullet has been extracted. When the festering rifle-ball is out he will feel better and get well. So, when the festering sin comes out of your heart, and all the wicked enmity to God, you will find true comfort; but not before. Do not be selfishly greedy of enjoyment. Paul was perfectly content to suffer hunger, and weariness, and prisons, and death for Jesus' sake. He was not everlastingly begging to be "happy, happy, happy," like certain watery professors nowadays. To do Christ's will, and to save souls, was his joy and crown. If Paul were living to-day, I venture to say that he would love those sweet lines of Anna L. Waring:

"Lord! I would have my spirit filled  
With grateful love to thee,

More careful not to serve Thee much,  
But to *please Thee perfectly.*

"There are briars besetting every path,  
That call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an hourly need of prayer:  
And a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
*Is happy anywhere.*"

(3.) Peter did not stop with preaching repentance of sin. He pointed to Christ, and enjoined immediate confession of the Lord Jesus. To quit sin and to follow the Divine Saviour was the sum and substance of the duty which Peter laid upon those anxious inquirers. This, too, is *your duty.* Begin at once to do the first thing which Christ bids you. At whatever point Christ is pressing you, *yield!* Obey! When you yield even one single point to please Christ the change is begun. When you yield one point from principle, you will be ready to yield all. To be willing to trust *on* Christ and to go *with* Christ, is to be a converted man or woman. When you consent to obey Christ, and to do this at all hazards, and cost what it will, you are a Christian. As to raptures and ecstasies, it will be time enough to look for them when you get into heaven.

In these plain, practical counsels, I have said nothing about prayer. For, if you are trying to *do* what the Word of God and the Holy Spirit command you, it must inevitably lead you to pray fervently; and, unless you actually do what the Lord requires of you, all the prayer in the universe cannot save your soul.

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#### DYING WORDS OF PIOUS WOMEN.

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DYING testimonies of rare beauty have fallen from the lips of pious women, and if less familiar than those of eminent reformers and divines, they are not less worthy as witnesses of the power of religion to impart spiritual comfort and triumph at the hour of dissolution. Pious women, as well as worthy men, have, near the heavenly portal, been filled with exultation and triumph—have seen transporting prospects from the Delectable Mountains, and have heard the music of celestial harps, and the ringing of celestial bells. They have

walked in Beulah, leaning on the arm of their Beloved, and their souls, amid the wrecks of mortality, have been freshened and exhilarated by the fragrance and glory of a heavenly atmosphere. "Oh, those rays of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson, when dying. "My God, I come flying to thee!" said Lady Alice Lucy. Lady Hastings said, "Oh, the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!"

Beautiful is the expression of the dying poetess, Mrs. Hemans: "I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly." No poetry, she said, could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose. Similar was the experience of Mrs. Rowe. She said, with tears of joy, that she knew not she had ever felt such happiness in all her life. Hannah More's last words were, "Welcome, joy!"

"Oh, sweet, sweet dying!" said Mrs. Talbot, of Reading. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the pleasantest thing imaginable." "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!" said Grace Bennet, one of the early Methodists. "I shall go to my Father this night," said Lady Huntingdon. The dying injunction of the mother of Wesley was, "Children, when I am gone, sing a song of praise to God!"

#### THE LAST PRAYER MEETING.

"AND said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the lamb." Rev. vi. 16.

Some prayer-meetings are dull, others are animated. This one requires a stronger term,—it will be dreadful.

##### 1. Consider the occasion.

It will be held on the judgment-day. When the Judge is descending—the trumpet sounding—when the righteous are being separated from the wicked—when the Judge is saying to those on the left hand, "depart," and they are filled with indescribable terror; just at this time the prayer meeting will be held.

2. This prayer-meeting will be well attended.

Some prayer-meetings are not well attended. Many persons are careless in reference to these social exercises of religion. But a great multitude, that no man can number, will attend the last prayer-meeting. Sinners of all ages, nations, and classes, will be there. The moral and amiable, as well as the openly vicious, and also Church members, will be in that accursed throng.

3. There will be no want of emotion in that prayer-meeting.

Some people are very much annoyed with religious emotion here, but all will be excited there. Some prayer-meetings are cold and formal, but there will be no formality there.

Think of the circumstances—their future prospects. Think of their prayers. It is a shriek of agony. It is not addressed to God. This shows that they have no hope of mercy. It is the death-knell of hope. Their agony is the realization of the fact, that "the harvest is past, and the summer is ended, and they are not saved." They pray to be crushed out of existence. Oh, what emotions!

4. The prayer is not answered. The high mountains and rugged rocks stand motionless and sullen in their silence. There can be no annihilation there. The heavens roll together as a scroll—the earth is wrapped in a winding sheet of flame—the mountains and rocks are melting in the fervent heat of that awful day. Hell opens its mouth. The praying multitude must descend into the land of darkness. Oh, what a scene!

"Depart, lost soul, thy tears to weep,  
Thy never-dying tears,  
To sigh the never-dying sigh,  
To send up the unheeded cry  
Into the unresponding sky,  
Whose silence mocks thy tears."

Such is the conclusion of the prayer-meeting. No hymns of praise—no thanksgiving—no benediction. Just one shriek shall ring out to the mountains and rocks, and the despairing multitude shall sink into eternity's night.

Sinner, thou hadst better do thy praying now than to join that wretched praying band on that dreadful day.—*M. II. Journal.*

## OUR LOVEFEAST.

## HENRY VARLEY'S TESTIMONY.

For many years I have known the Lord, and "my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." The precious blood of Jesus has made me nigh to God, and it sums up in atonement, cleansing, redemption, and life, all that the great love of God could bestow.

Believing His Word, I have rested for many years in the peace of personal salvation. I may add to this that I have been much used of Him in preaching the Gospel, and have helped to strengthen His people by the testimony of His Word and the silent power of a consecrated life. Nevertheless, I must acknowledge that I have been conscious of an experience precisely similar to that of Israel in the wilderness—here an oasis, there a tract of sand; here fountains of water, there parched places; here success, there failure; here joy, there sorrow; here the spirit of prayer, there prayerlessness; here deep sympathy with souls, and there barrenness; here filled with love, and there cold; here at rest, and there peevish and irritable.

A few weeks since the Lord graciously brought me in contact with dear Pearsall Smith. After some converse as brethren in Christ, he asked me, "Is that promise fulfilled in your life, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusted in thee.' (Isa. xxvi. 3); and again, 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.' (Phil. iv. 7); and, once more, Christ says, 'These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.' (John xv. 11)? Now, during the past week, have you had absence of care, *unbroken peace, and fulness of joy?*"

I answered, "No, I have not."

I pray that his answer may be carefully considered.

"THERE IS A CAUSE. God is able to fulfil his promises in the experience of his children; and, mark you, these are

*only a few out of hundreds of such promises."*

I was startled. I had never been asked such questions in my life before. I had never heard these matters preached about as facts of constant realization. I was painfully conscious that I had known very much care and anxiety; that my peace was intermittent, and much of my life joyless. With no little concern I asked, "Can this be altered?"

My brother's reply was, "For nearly six years my communion with God has been almost uninterrupted. I do not say I have not known failure, but in the very first moment of its consciousness I have been restored. My life in the midst of business, as one of the heads of a very large manufacturing and commercial establishment, has been continuous joy in God, and is so at this moment. Oh! the sweetness, the blessedness, of this fulness of joy and peace! And the Lord has increased my service for Him fully every moment."

I saw plainly enough that such an experience—the *realised power of an indwelling Christ*—must be (to use a mechanical figure) like exchanging hand-power for steam, and I longed for the unhindered flow of these living waters.

Truthfully I can say that the Spirit of the Lord brought to my mind scores of Divine promises in those precious hours. Like beams of light, they waited till my understanding grappled with one simple, intelligent proposition, and now they fill the vision of my soul. How strange that for years I had never seen the following! But I had not, and therefore I the more readily make it known:—When I was seeking peace with God, more than twenty years since, the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," gave me rest. I well remember how I wished to feel that I was saved; but salvation came when I returned from my feelings to trust the love and grace of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. This simple principle of faith in God I failed to apply to His promises for all earthly needs, for peace, for joy, for love, for strength in service, in suffering—indeed, for everying which could be or happen. Hence, instead of faith being superior to circumstances and experience, circumstances hindered me; and experience

turning in upon self again and again brought me into bondage; and, as a result, unbelief prevailed. I now saw very plainly that it must be a constant re-application of trust in the promises—like Abraham, who “staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God.” Hundreds of promises which stud the firmament of the Divine Word have been to me distant, beautiful, and fair—brilliant as the rainbow, and often as transient. Now they are mine. I believe them because my Father says so. Ours is the believing. *His the fulfilling.* And verily “there are given to us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.” Through faith I have obtained promises, and my soul is filled out of His fulness. “The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.”

I did not wait until I felt that I was filled. I believed, and faith met the resources of the exalted Christ, and from His fulness I received to overflowing. Oh, blessed Lord! how can I enough praise Thee? “O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.” If the exercise of faith in two or three of God’s promises be so blessed, what must be the unutterable joy of those who know really “that ALL the promises of God are in Him yea, and in Him Amen (so be it), unto the glory of God by us?” (2 Cor. i. 20.)

So deep so impetuous was the flow of love, joy, and peace, that I understand now what Peter says—“In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” (1 Pet. i. 8).

It may be asked, “Did you reach any crisis in your experience?” Yes. In considering that word in 2 Tim. ii. 2, 22, concerning the great house, with vessels to honor and dishonor, and the searching addition, “If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master’s use prepared unto every good work. Flee also youthful lusts, but follow righteousness, faith, love, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart”—I saw that the responsibility of the purging was mine, and, in

the strength of the Lord, I then and there gave up any and all doubtful things (things not of faith), to walk, at any cost, according to Divine rule, as in Paul’s case—“And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and men” (Acts xxiv. 16); and, further, not to be afraid to confess the failure of the past, or to save myself from the opposition of many. Hide my testimony to His praise in this fulness of blessing; and entirely to surrender myself to Him, that His grace might flow unhindered into every part of my being. And, more than all besides, because at the root of all, to abhor the sin of unbelief, to hate it, never to think of it as misfortune or infirmity, but a black, horrid sin, dark as adultery or murder. I saw how it could limit the Holy One of Israel, how it caused Israel to murmur, and hastened them (marginal reading) to forget God, even on the banks of the Red Sea; how it led them to lust, to be idolaters, to despise the pleasant land, to loathe the light bread, until of a re-deemed people God said, “I swear in My wrath that they should not enter into My rest. Their carcasses fell in the wilderness, and only two of all their number (the men who believed God, and followed him fully) enter into the land.

Such is unbelief; and well may the Holy Ghost say by Paul, “To whom swear He that they should not enter into His rest, but to them that believed not? So we see they could not enter in because of unbelief. Let us, therefore, fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it. For unto us was the Gospel preached, as well as unto them; but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard.” (Heb. iii. 18; iv. 1, 2).

I solemnly say, the Lord helping me, I will not limit the Holy One, but do surrender all I have and am, that His mighty grace may flow unhindered into my being. I long to say fully—I do say it in part—“Striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily.” (Col. i. 29).

The blessing was reached on my knees at midnight on the Saturday following my interview with Mr. Smith, when, after earnest prayer, confession, and surrender, I believed, according to the word, that I was cleansed (1 John i. 7), that I had

fulness of joy, all need supplied, my body the temple of the living God—I was filled with peace; and I had the promise, "God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." (2 Cor. ix. 8). I fell asleep, believing that I should awake in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; and never shall I forget the joy of that day. It was the Sabbath indeed, and *no burden carried*, according to His word. Since then God has fulfilled in me His promise, and I have found His grace springing up continually; indeed, often like an impetuous current, and, again, as the deep and quiet stream, calm and settled. His peace has been mine and mine has been in harmony with His word—peace as a river. I can well understand that man of God, Mr. Fletcher, when he asked the Lord to stay his hand in the bestowment of His grace. I do not think I could have borne it continuously; it was a little taste of His fulness. Speak I must; preach, I could not help myself. I was as a vessel that must have vent. My happy soul rested in His love, and bounded as a young hart on the mountains of Bether.

I went and told my people. Some wondered, some rejoiced and shared the blessing. For myself, I could only do as the Samaritan in Luke xviii. 15, who, "when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at Jesus' feet, giving Him thanks."

Again, it may be asked, "*Have you any new views?*" No; the old truth firmly believed; that is all. The promises not a distant, beautiful theory, but realised. The Psalmist says, "My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth;" and as I look at yonder sun, and remember that the living God has filled it with light without a moment's intermission for six thousand years, I am sure that it must be a very easy thing for Him to supply all *my* need, and I am happy in His power, grace, and love from morning to night. I see plainly that faith is superior to *all circumstances*, and I begin to know something of the deep meaning of Christ's words, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." And again, "Ye shall know the truth, and *the truth shall make you free.*" I am feeding on promises

from morning to night, and real meat they are. Harkening diligently to His voice, my soul rejoiceth *in faith*. It is a blessed life, this life of faith on the Son of God.

I am not troubled about the future, and I have given up the expectation of being wayward, and falling into sin. Watching and praying, I expect to be held up, and not suffered to fall, because *He* says, "He is able to keep us from falling," and "greater is He that is on our part than all that are against us." And again, "He that abideth in Him sinneth not." I make no comment on these words—they speak the mind of our blessed Lord.

It would be a melancholy mistake should any suppose that I think a sort of climax has been reached. I regard holiness as progressive even unto heaven. I anticipate very much more progress now that unbelief is broken and laid aside. To use the language of another, "The Lord is indeed unto me a place of broad rivers and streams; and, by His grace, no gully, with cars of human effort, or gallant ship of man's devising, shall pass thereby, but the Lord shall have His good pleasure in carrying me onward on the bosom of His own tideless love. It is so delightful to feel no plank of unbelief between the soul and Jesus' measureless love, and trusting that henceforth it shall ever be so. It certainly is heaven on the way to heaven. "The just shall live by his faith." (Rom. i. 17; Gal. ii. 20; Heb. x. 38).

I am very much struck by the hungering I have for the word of the Lord. Truly it is not living by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live. As for the word itself, it wants all reading over again.

Some of God's children have known the joy of the Lord as their strength ever since their conversion, but many thousands have not, and to these I speak, and long that they may have the same fulness of joy.

I verily believe, if I had shrunk from believing this, my soul had dwelt still in straitness. I have seen not a few already hindered because of the fear of man. For myself, I can only say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul.

HENRY VARLEY

## Editor's Portfolio.

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### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

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THE Lord's Prayer is often used with irreverent manner, and prayerless tone. After praying extempore, with solemnity and earnestness, ministers frequently repeat the beautiful and expressive words of Jesus Christ in a monotonous, rapid, and careless style. The following anecdote may help to correct the objectionable habit:

On one occasion, the popular tragedian Booth and several friends were invited to dine in Baltimore with an old gentleman of distinguished kindness, urbanity, and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers that curiosity to see the man overcame all his scruples and prejudices. When the company, after the entertainment, were reseated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth arose, slowly and reverently, from his chair—it was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance;—he became deadly pale, and his eyes, turned trembling upward, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken; the silence could be felt; it became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken, as by an electric shock, when his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth: "Our Father, which art in heaven," &c., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled the hearers. He finished. The silence continued; not a voice was heard; not a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard; and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward, with streaming eyes, and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand saying, in broken accents, "Sir, you have afforded me a pleasure, for which my whole future life shall feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from my boyhood to the present

time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I never *heard* it before—*never*." Booth replied, "You are right! To read that prayer, as it *should* be read, has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am yet far from being satisfied with my reading of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand can comprehend how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small, and in words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of Divinity." So great was the effect produced, that conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and then almost entirely ceased. Soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up, and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts.

Brethren, let us not *say*, but *pray* the Lord's prayer; thus we shall excite in the hearts of all who hear us deeper sympathy with its comprehensive petitions, and obtain of your Heavenly Father abundant spiritual blessings, "according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ."—P.J.W.

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### ATONEMENT AND REDEMPTION.

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

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

The atonement was an event that took place "once for all," on one spot, at one period,—on Calvary, eighteen hundred years ago; redemption is constantly occurring in all parts of the earth, and in all periods of time.—A. B.

DO YOU WANT SALVATION?

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

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

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

THE VALUE OF TIME.

RECKONING three hundred and thirteen working days in a year; eight working hours to each day:—

		d.	h.	m.	
5 minutes.	} Lost in each day is in a year	{	3	2	5
10 "			6	4	10
20 "			13	0	20
30 "			19	4	30
60 "			39	1	0

Take care of the minutes, they are responsibilities for which account will have to be rendered.

CHRIST OUR SALVATION.

REMEMBER, it is not *thy* hold of Christ that saves thee; it is Christ: it is not *thy* joy in Christ that saves thee; it is Christ: it is not *thy* faith in Christ, though that is the instrument; it is Christ's blood and merit. Therefore, look not so much to thy hand, with which thou art grasping Christ, as to Christ; look not to thy hope, but to Jesus, the source of thy hope; look not to thy faith, but to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of thy faith. We shall never find happiness by looking at our prayers, our doings, or our feelings: it is what *Jesus* is, not what *we* are, that gives rest to our souls. If we would at once overcome Satan, and have peace with God, it must be by "looking unto Jesus." Let not thy hopes or fears come between thee and Jesus: follow hard after him, and he will never fail thee.

TO OUR READERS.

On account of sickness, the Editor begs to apologise to the readers of *Earnest Christianity* for the lateness of this issue.

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

THE poles for the telegraph wires may be properly set, and the wires be stretched over mountain and valley, hill and plain, or the cable be laid down in the ocean's depths, and yet no message be borne over them for ever. But let the battery be attached, let the electric current be brought to bear upon these wires, and messages will be flashed with lightning speed over all the land, down through the coral columns of the sea, until the whole world is brought into almost instantaneous communication. So now let the connection be formed between the Eternal Spirit and the machinery of the Church, and the whole will be set in motion, and messages of mercy and of salvation will be borne over all lands, and over all seas.—LEWIS R. DUNN.

THE philosopher's stone has been found by Christians only. Christ Jesus is the true philosopher's stone—the stone that turns our afflictions into joys. Let us have but Christ, and he will sanctify all our afflictions, and make them light.—BAXTER.

"Meet it is, and just, and right,  
That we should be wholly thine;  
In thy only will delight,  
In thy blessed service join."

AMONG the brotherhood I am but a child; yet it sometimes seems to me I could whisper even in the ears of greater men, a more excellent way. Wesley tells it; the Bible tells it. Let every Methodist minister get, keep, preach full salvation. God would seal His sanctifying Word.—Thomas Collins.

## "WHITER THAN SNOW."

Words by JAS. NICHOLSON.]

[Music by Wm. G. FISCHER.

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for ev - er to

live in my soul; Break down ev' - ry i - dol, cast out ev' - ry foe; Now,

CHORUS,  
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now, wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

2.

Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,  
Apply thine own blood, and extract every stain;  
To get this blest washing I all things forego,  
Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus—"Whiter than snow," &c.

3.

Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the  
skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;  
I give up myself, and whatever I know—  
Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus—"Whiter than snow," &c.

4.

Dear Jesus, thou see'st I patiently wait;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create.  
To those who have sought thee thou never saidst

No,—

Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus—"Whiter than snow," &c.

5.

Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;  
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,  
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—  
Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus—"Whiter than snow," &c.

6.

The blessing by faith I receive from above;  
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;  
My pray-r has prevailed, and this moment I know  
The blood is applied—I am whiter than snow.

Chorus—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;  
Dear Jesus, thy blood makes me whiter than snow.