

13  
EV  
H25  
183

Vol. 1.]

DECEMBER

[No. 12

# The Way of Holiness made plain is finished.



*"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me write:"*

## CONTENTS :

	Page.
My own first call, or my sanctification explained.....	1
My second call to the writing.....	4
The inspiration called a silly thing.....	7
Birth place of John Burns, explained.....	10
How God led me these forty years.....	12
How God led me these two years.....	13
The steps the minister and members took.....	19
My Lord delayeth His coming, explained.....	22
Heavenly calm explained.....	24
Are you sanctified? If not don't pretend to judge.....	24
To our readers.....	25
Poetry—" God forever living ".....	26

RICHMOND HILL.

"THE LIBERAL" PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1881

# *The Way of Holiness*

## *Made Plain is Finished.*

By M. I. L.

### **My Own First Call or My Sanctification Explained.**

“I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.” Rev. XXII, 13.

In the year 1871 God sanctified me while on a bed of affliction, throughout body, soul and spirit, and at the same time made a promise to me that He would raise me up to preach sanctification to the world. But the meaning of this great promise was very dark to me, and I, having an infant son, thought it was he whom God meant. I entirely misunderstood the import of the voice of the Spirit which was in this form: “I sanctified thee at his birth to preach sanctification to the world.” I supposed that God had sanctified me to train my son so that he would be adapted to preach, for I never had a thought of doing any public work for God. I was so sure of this that, when the babe was cold in death, I could not believe it until I had him brought to my bedside, when I was forced to say, “Ah, he is dead!”

This was during the ministry of the Rev. Chas. Fish, who labored faithfully while on this circuit to save precious souls, and who was especially earnest in urging believers to seek after the blessing of entire sanctification. Although I had very little opportunity of conversing with him on the grand doctrines of the Bible, yet I listened to it in most of his sermons, which were manna to my soul. After he had gone away I often wished that

I had told him what great things God had done for me, but I was backward and so lost much enjoyment. This minister visited me and baptized my son, and also buried him. After his burial I often thought the matter over, and it seemed to me that God had disappointed me in this way to try my faith. But this was a foolish view for me to take of the way in which God deals with His people, for He does not trifle with their faith. I did not see it in that light, for I was weak in body and only a babe in the blessing of sanctification, the way to keep which I did not see clearly then, which is to confess it before all men, sinners as well as saints. My heart was full but my tongue was slow to utter the great things which God had done for me. I promised God to tell everyone, and said, in way of confession, to a good sister who was with me, "I want you to tell everybody." I was so full of light and glory that I thought nothing but actual transgression could take the blessing from me. I thought that I was only required to show it by a holy life and godly conversation, and to pray and give praise for myself. I did not know that the least omission was offensive in the sight of God; but I would now say with the poet :—

" Oh, may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to the blood again  
That makes the wounded whole."

I never before thought that such a wondrous transformation from darkness to light could be obtained upon earth by any finite mind. The sick-room seemed glorious on account of the presence of the Great Jehovah. The glory, like the Egyptian darkness, could be felt; only it was joy unspeakable, while the darkness was horror unutterable. Formerly, I had been very selfish and proud, but when I saw myself in the gospel glass, I feared and trembled lest I should do or say anything that would offend my heavenly Father, and I wondered when I saw the glory of God why I had reasoned so long with the devil, also how it was that I could not see the infinite fulness of Jesus to wash me from every stain.

Blessed be God! I was enabled not to murmur at His will, and when I was raised up from that bed of affliction I desired very much to talk of this free and full salvation. Still fear hindered me from doing so, for I feared the opinion of man and was very much afraid of giving offence, lest God should not be glorified, and thus I lost many opportunities of speaking for the Master. I was also afraid of the devil coming in as a flood and overthrowing me, yet the language of my heart was continually, "Blessed

Jesus." I felt such heart-purity that I thought if the world could see into it they would be led to seek, likewise, precious cleansing. Still I felt that it was necessary for me to be much in prayer, lest I should lose any measure of the perfect love I enjoyed. I could truly say that I walked with Christ in white.

You see I was sanctified on conditions, and while I kept my vows God, who is ever faithful, kept me in the enjoyment of the blessing. But no sooner had the first glory fled from my vision than I began to be a little hindered in speaking all the praise due to God's holy name; still, I felt that I had vowed to Him a life-long service for the light, glory, and loving kindness that He, the great Head of the Church, had bestowed upon me.

"Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
The weakest believer that hangs upon Him."

But it is plain that this was an uncommon call to some special and unknown work, for I could not understand what sort of preaching it implied. Did God ever give a command like unto it since the days of the first preachers of the new dispensation, when he said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." You will observe that he did not say to me "Baptize them!" No, that was not my commission; the wonderful word "Preach" was committed to me. Could I, a woman with a family and household cares, obey this high injunction? I was neither fitted by learning or talents, nor had I help or sympathy from any quarter but God, and therefore how could I fulfil such a mission to the people. I might tell what God had done for me, but that was about all I dare do without censure. Nevertheless, I was commanded to go and do it, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear, but I failed to do this public work for God. If I had obeyed cheerfully and really this wondrous claim of God I would never have been called to trials most excruciating to flesh and blood which I had to endure in order to make me meet for my Master's use, and for six long years I would have been fulfilling His high behests and doing His blessed service. But ah! what a thing it is to be hindered. What a sad thing it is to fail to do any part of God's work which we see to be our plain duty. I knew that God called for active service on my part, but my own household greatly hindered me all through my sanctified days. I longed, day and night, to tell them of the glory which I felt, and which, as the Psalmist said, "was like a fire in my bones." But as I often see that a fire in a stove which is all shut up does not burn brightly so it was with

me. No more warmth could *I* impart to others than *I* daily received from God. When *I* was a child he kindled in my breast converting grace; when a woman He rekindled the latent energies of my soul and set me, as it were, all on fire. No doubt *I* would have burned brightly till death, had *I* not been hindered by the foes of my own house. Fathers, mothers, and children, be careful to "Quench not the Spirit."

"Oh, to grace, how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to thee  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Daily bind my heart to thee."

### **My Second Call to the Writing.**

"And the Lord God called unto Adam and said unto him, "Where art thou?"  
Genesis III, 9.

Long after my first call came a second one to the before-mentioned preaching. It was that of going around the community with different texts of scripture, so as to make me like Ann Preston, for the messages, as they were called, represented the revelations of God to her, and they were given by inspiration in order to qualify me for this work and to wipe out the vile report of her being an insane person, otherwise *I* would never have been called upon to write or carry a message in Thornhill village or elsewhere. Did God ever command any person to do such labor with no purpose in view? He sent me out into the highways to tell wonderful things that would come to pass, and were it not for God's command *I* would write them to you despite your prison-houses.

It was useless for me to any further fail to keep all God's law, for had *I* done so God would have chosen some one more faithful to do His work. *I* do not think, for a moment, but that God, who has all the noble minds in the universe at His control, could have selected some one more fitted by nature or of a more amiable disposition (for *I* believe there is none more unqualified for it than myself) to carry out this wonderful scheme in behalf of His name's glory. But I think far differently, for I have often said, "Lord, why didst thou not employ some one else, with more brilliant talents and wiser in this world's learning, to accomplish

this great work?" Yet the word of God was ever my guide, and when my enquiring mind would ask these and similar questions God would say to me: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." The world would have chosen some scribe well instructed in the law, or some polished minister rather than me. But would these have come down so low, like me, to be called a fool for Christ's sake. It took years of discipline and hard toil on my part, and a wonderful condescension on the part of my adorable Lord to make me willing to do or be anything that God would that I should.

When he sent me out with the messages contempt was poured on all my best efforts to do good either to the bodies or souls of men. Not only was my mental nature impeached and God dishonored thereby, but my moral character was also a reproach and a by-word. Do you think that this is how great men would like to have been treated? I certainly think it is not.

When God first called me to go with the messages I endured pain and anguish unutterable, but He said at the beginning that He would make me an example of suffering humility, and that I should not come out from thence—meaning this furnace of affliction—till I had paid the very last mite, and this purifying process was quite necessary for me in order to make me willing to do His bidding, or else I could never have endured this great fight of affliction. You may ask, "How is it you dare at times disobey? How is it when God spake, 'Go to the bar-room,' that you waited for three days? Was it not sin? Not in the circumstances in which I was placed, for God knew all about my feeble dust. It would have been sin though if I had continued to persist in disobedience; but like the man in the Gospel I repented and went. Did the people who were idly talking in their houses and shops know, in order to be obedient, what I had to contend with? Little did they think that God was putting me through the crucible and that within my own dwelling I was suffering frowns, words and actions to all others unbearable, and they had been such to myself, only that God so inspired me as to enable me to laugh at the devils wildest attacks on His servant's faith. What would you think if, when returning from performing a known duty, you should be met with threats and jeers? But I was strengthened to laugh in the face of the fiercest opposition, and I could ever sing:

"I can smile at Satan's rage  
And face a frowning world."

In two of the written messages were the following words : "This night, ere the sun goes down, I will smite thee," meaning that He, the Lord, would do so if they meddled with His servant or work. That night was Wednesday, Jan. 10, 1877, when the people and I thought that they to whom the messages were given were going to be smitten. You see the Lord said, "This night ere the sun goes down." Now, the natural sun does not give light at night, so this could not be God's meaning; still I felt sure that God was going to fulfil His promise that night, but after sunset on that evening God said, "The sun of my wrath has not gone down, for it will wither and scorch out this foul report dark as night."

It has often been remarked that there was no scripture for all those messages, but oh! mistaken men and women; there was scripture in every one of them. Look in Acts XXIII, 3, and you will find part of the first one—"I, the Lord, will smite thee, thou whited wall." The second, you will see, is in Prov. I, 26,— "I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." The third you will find in Ex. XII, 12,— "I will smite the first born." The fourth was in Rev. XI, 5,— "Or else I will come upon thee quickly and remove the candlestick out of its place." Previous to this God told me to go to this man's house and tell his good wife that he was to start no meetings here until this strife was out of the church, referring to this man's strife and evil speaking of myself. What was this strife for? Because he was to receive the above-mentioned command, the meaning of which was that if he did not cease his opposition God would come upon him quickly and remove the candlestick out of its place ere the sun went down. I told you what was meant by the word "sun" but we thought that the man was going to have only one day to repent.. God was more merciful to him for he gave him three years to do so. The fifth and last message you will find in Gal. V., 1,— "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," and there was more scripture in them than that, for "I, the Lord," was in every one of them.

" God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants His footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm."

" His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may leave a bitter taste  
But sweet will be the flower."

**The Inspiration Called a Silly Thing.**

“That good thing which was committed to thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us.” 2 Tim. I, 14.

This was said by Paul to Timothy, and just as assuredly did God say, “Let the mantle of inspiration fall upon my servant for a season, in order to fulfil my own designs in behalf of a tried and downtrodden christian.” This voice came from the excellent glory, not for my sake only but for the sake of the glory of God, whose great name had been evil-spoken of and all His good spirit’s teachings put to the devil just on account of the misunderstanding of the people who listened to the wonderful words uttered by one of God’s dearest servants, of all which she was the most honored, for she endured more persecution than any other christian I ever knew.

On a Thursday evening God spoke to my inward ear, “There is a letter to write.” As I have told you all the particulars it is not necessary for me to repeat them, but I will just give you the words of the Inspirer written in one of the most wonderful letters ever given to mortal woman.

THORNHILL, Dec. 28, 1876.

*My Dear Sister Hughes,*—Ann is here this evening, and she is in the midst of enemies now more than ever she was before. Pray for her that she be not overcome of her neighbors. Mrs. Garton is gone; she went on Tuesday. Ann is pretty lonely but her heavenly Father takes care of her by day and night, for “The darkness and the light are both alike unto the Lord,” and “He ever preserveth the souls of His saints.” She has nothing to fear “though an host should encamp against her.” The Lord told me this evening to write this to you, and kept me from prayer-meeting to do it. He sent her home from meeting till we would



pray, for he said all the evening, "You have a letter to write." I could not think who it was to, but when we both prayed the Lord said it was to you. I did not know one word to put in it only as the Spirit spoke."

Let no person ever say that this was not inspiration, for every word was from the eternal Jehovah.

The next morning God said, "That good gift that I bestowed on you last evening keep till I, the Lord, have swept away the opposers of my servant Ann's life, and the hinderers of my work in this church." This writing was a special call for a special purpose. What was I, or what my father's house to the Lord, that He should call such an unworthy person to perform His work? He might have chosen some one who would have had less fighting to do, and a better opportunity of doing it; but I had fought so long against it that at last God said, "If you do not this work, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." I must confess that I dared not disobey once more lest, ere I slept, the Lord's vengeance would come upon me. God had purposed, in His infinite wisdom, to give the life and sufferings of Ann Preston to the world and had, previous y, called upon another person to do so, while a resident of Thornhill. This person wrote her conversion, along with some more of her life, about the year 1870, but lest she should displease the family with whom sister Ann resided she failed to proceed with the work and, after a season, destroyed in some way the manuscript which she had written,—only the paper which contained her conversion. Go ask the faithful sister if it is not so and if I am counted as a foolish woman; she is still a living witness to testify of its truthfulness. This good sister was, in every way, qualified to do it. In the first place she had been sanctified to God throughout body, soul, and spirit for nearly a score of years, and therefore she understood the deep things of God. Secondly, she was of a family all devoted to God, who had like-precious faith with herself. Then she was a minister's widow, and those are generally esteemed by the world more than ordinary persons. She was the most devoted woman I ever met with. No self-denial seemed too much for this valiant soldier of the Cross, and she had ever God's glory in view. If she had been thoroughly convinced that God had called her to this holy work, assuredly she would have done it, and have been willing to bear with any opposition, but she thought that some one else more competent than herself would accomplish this great work. But oh, how

mistaken she was, when God called a saddler's wife to do so. I believe had she done it God would have never raised me up from the bed on which I was sanctified; and if He had not what an amount of suffering I would have been saved from. Oh, think of the glory I would have shared around my heavenly Father's throne since then. But what a loss the children committed to my trust would have sustained! They would have been motherless for ever. What of suffering wrongfully to gain an immortal crown! What of the light afflictions which are but for a moment to an eternal weight of glory! What of the scorn of a day to the joys everlasting!

"Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before His face appear,  
And by His side sit down."

Will my song not be louder, my harp swifter, and my crown one of stars, for the language which has been hurled against me and the Lord's work? The Lord's people are the most guilty, for the best men in the community were the worst enemies to the work. But the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity will never leave the world in the dark concerning this opposition, for He will send it to the people who sit in darkness. That which was done in a corner shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops.

Some one may inquire, "How could that good woman write things new and old from Ann's life? Dear brethren, how did the prophets and apostles write? The New Testament tells us that "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," 2 Peter 1, 20. These words are just as applicable to the holy men and women of to-day, for whom He calls he qualifies, and they ever speak as they are moved by the Spirit, which was to reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come. Now, if the Spirit, proceeding from the Father and Son, had to come in all His omnipotent power to show His servant the things which would shortly be done, as to His disciple at Patmos, to Peter and to Paul, is it less likely when so much of His glory is at stake that he would not condescend to speak in these latter days, for the latter day glory was to far exceed the former time of the displays of God's power. Christ himself said, "If I go not away the comforter will not come unto you, but if I go away I will send him unto you." The Comforter came to the disciples on the day of Pentecost while assembled in the upper room, and they all spake with new tongues, insomuch that the heathen won-

dered if the Holy Ghost could, in such a manner, move upon the hearts and tongues of Christ's followers. While they only emerged from the thralldom of the mosaic dispensation into the glories of the Christian, how much more should we, in the nineteenth century, have the power to speak with new tongues. If the christian church has been growing in attainments since the days of Pentecost to the present, how much nearer to the image and likeness of God we should have attained than any former age of christians. The apostle said, "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ" 2 Peter III, 18. Did he mean only in that apostolic age? Has the promise of growth in grace passed away? Of course not. You who love and cherish the word of God do not limit the attainments of God's people upon earth, When God made Adam He made him in His own moral image and likeness,—holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sin.

" God is in heaven and men below,  
Be short our times, our words be few ;  
A solemn reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues."

### **Birth-Place of John Burns—Explained.**

" And even to old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you." Isaiah XLVI, 4.

I noticed in the January number of this work that there was a mistake in the spelling of the birth-place of my beloved father. It is written Derryvere when it should be Derryvene. I not only gave you a sketch of his early but also his latter history, and, as I told you before, his last days were the most trying to him. But I mourn not for that, for his trials better prepared him for the joys which are for the faithful at the right hand of God. He was ever careful of the interests of his children, and he loved them so

much that they had every right to make him comfortable in his old age. Some of them tried hard to do it but were hindered by the misdoings of others, for which reason I, as you will remember, was shut out of his home for three whole months. He was not faithful to His Master in the "many things" but he was in "the few." Still, notwithstanding his many deviations from the path of known duty, he fell asleep in Jesus in the very house where God said, three months before, that he would, Dec. 16, 1877, in his chair. He virtually died in my own habitation just for this work, for saying: "If I thought it was God I would not care if you would go to prison," referring to the messages which I carried.

But, ah! The foolishness of God is wiser than men; the weakness of God is stronger than men." Do you think that God would let His servant go to prison for the misunderstanding of others? In no prison-house was there any danger of me ever standing. It is true that I had to be a captive, but not a prisoner. He himself was the one who went to prison, as it were, for the place where he was bound to spend the remnant of his days was a prison-house to him. His own unbelief took him there, from home and friends, to die. You may have noticed the time specified in the former books when he was so much tried by my writing that he thought if he were my husband he would commit them all (that is, the writings) to the flames; and, before his face, the desire of his heart was granted, for every paper that was written in his house or was, in any way, connected with him or the eldest son, was burned at the command of God, who swore by himself because he could swear by no greater, that he would cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. This was intended to show me that their names were to be cut off from being honorable in this work of writing; for they had opposed it so much that they would have been of no use to help it forward. Just so with any man or woman who had wished the writings burned, or who had spoken so much against it as they did, for God's anger was kindled against them. Hence the sudden departure of my beloved father from home and friends; hence the cheese and grapes handed by me to him ere he left my dwelling, for my brother's, and hence the Spirit's voice which spoke, "Do you know that grapes are black? Do you know there is mould on that cheese? Remember the coffin and the mould!" Friends, bear in mind that in less than three months from that day his lifeless body had experienced both; for the coffin was his dwelling place, the mould had fallen upon its lid, and "dust to dust" had been pronounced

for the last time. Three weeks before his death, God condescended to give me these words to write on a leaf of a book: "Him I will take, for their stories will not trouble him this winter."

"No sighs to ming'le with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues."

Some wondered how I dared burn the writings when the Lord had given them, but I dared do anything that I was sure He commanded me to. How dare Moses cast the first tables of the commandments out of his hands? When he saw the people worshipping the golden calf he was provoked to anger, and the burning of the writings was the witness of God's anger. Long months after my father's departure God let me understand that I heard him calling me. Mark the connection between his little faith in the writing when he was upon earth and his sight of it in the spirit-land, from whence I could hear him say to me: "Write it! Write it! Write it!"

"We speak of its service of love,  
Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
Of the church of the first-born above,  
But what must it be to be there."

---

### **How God Led Me These Forty Years.**

"Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." 2nd Tim. III. 12.

I related in the former books as far as I could of my early history, but more might have been given to the world of the way God has led me now through a life of nearly forty-two years only for the unworthy actions of the people in regard to God's dealings with me. But the conflicts and trials which I have endured during the latter years of my life for the sake of God's cause will bring more glory to Him than all those of the former years of my christian pilgrimage, although there were many deliverances which God wrought out for me that were mysterious in their character and which would, I have no doubt, have helped some weary

traveller on his way to the Celestial City, and it is the people of Thornhill church who have hindered this part of God's work. Never again to the inhabitants of the earth can there be one trial or triumph of my earlier days given by me. Whatever glory might have been brought to God by my christian experience in childhood and youth is all lost forever. I hope that they will learn to never again oppose any of God's people in their heaven-commanded work, and to never again try to settle questions with which they have no right to meddle. Had the people, in peace and harmony, borne with a few rebukes—if such they might have been called—God would have been glorified by my early history, but no such rebukes were offered them until they called down vengeance upon themselves. What is more offensive to God than to call His servant a silly thing, a fanatic, a lunatic? You might ask if all this has anything to do with the present work. It certainly has, for God could not send a lunatic to perform such a life-work and make it all work together for His glory. The very root of the matter was a lie, a libel and a farce. It was a lie because I still retain my right mind, glory be to God, the giver of reason. A libel upon Christ and His religion, and a farce because all the devil's doings are out of agreement with God's sanctified people.

" Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King  
The triumphs of His grace."

---

### **How God Led Me These Two Years.**

" Seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame." Heb. VI, 6.

As I promised, in the beginning of the year 1879, to give you two year's experience, I am now going to do it, as that period has just closed, and such a period I hope I shall never see again while

in this mortal life. God is going to enable me to give you a short account of how He led me just two years and no more, at present, and if the account of them does not fully wipe out the reproach the next book will. It will cast it out, root and branch, and not leave a vestige of sin upon its service.

I would gladly, at the first, have never sent a book to the world, but there has gone forth such scandalous things in connection with this work of suffering that God would not leave it to perish. Calumny worse than that which fell on Joseph and which caused him to be put in prison, had fallen upon me. In the first part of the term I felt the work very troublesome on account of the misunderstanding which I had concerning the nature of the writing which was daily being committed to paper by my own hand. As far as the meaning went, it was a mystery to me. It was so far above my weakness that I could not fully comprehend its great depth nor height. At times I was sunk almost to despondency, at other times lifted to glory by it.

Many were the opinions of the people in connection with the books. Some thought they contained gathered up stories; others thought I was more crazy than before; others thought I would go to prison for the things which were in them, and, worse than all, they were called witch-craft—the cap-sheaf to all their iniquity. They had many adversaries for, without exception, all were opposed to their publication. They were full of wonder to many, and to myself, I believe, more than any other, for I thought that God was going to give me the life of my beloved father in the form of a small book, but when I saw what sort of writing He was giving me I was sorely disappointed. I expected that he would at once verify His promise which was, that “He would smite out of the way every opponent and bring me back to Zion victorious.” But He had many lessons to teach me before He would fulfil that promise. One thing which He had to teach me was the utter impossibility of being either a friend to the church or the world. You may say, “Would God let you engage in a work which would break up friendships, disunite families and, worse than all, sever

you for a season from the militant church?" Yes, God was so angry with the putting down of the Ho'y Ghost in the church that He had, as it were, to move to one side His usual way of dealing with His creatures. He had to stoop so low as to talk with His feeble dust, so as to make known some of the secrets which belong only to himself, or to some upon whom He has laid the mantle of inspiration for the purpose of enabling them fully to understand His whole will and meaning of the things which He commits to them by His spirit. I was fully persuaded that I was about my Master's business and that I was not led by imagination as some supposed. It is important to me, my family, and the church that I explain the difference between the leadings and the drawings of the Spirit, for every one who is drawn by the Spirit is not led of the same. To be led of the Spirit we must first have His drawings to lead us to Christ for pardon. When pardoned we must be growing in grace every day or else we cannot stand justified before God. Then we must be sanctified to God before it can be said that we are led of the Spirit. If we are shut up in a place where we can only breathe occasionally, how distressing it is to us. This has been my painful experience for a period of at least three years. No events that I would tell would be listened to without reproach, either in the church or out of it. Hence the reason that God so filled me with Himself that I was enabled to bear all things and be angry with: neither saint or sinner. Still, I have often felt, during this period, crucified with Christ, and so full of strong disapprobation of the character of the enemies of the Lord's work that I have wished every hinderer of it slain, but at the same time I was not angry. You may say, "Was that Christ-like?" Yes, and God-like: for God said, in the beginning of the year 1877, in one of the messages, that he would smite that whited wall. "What does that mean?" you ask. Open your Bibles and read the first part of the 23rd chapter of Acts, and you will see there whom the person referred to was like. God has smitten some of His enemies on the cheek-bone, some of them in the head, and others with a consumption of care that will never die out. The newness of the work to which I was truly called was a trial for me. I felt, at times, so much lost in wonder at God's dealings with me that my outward senses seemed shut to all below, except the work in which I was engaged. If I heard anything I could not repeat it correctly, unless it was something in connection with this work. It appeared like folly to me to pray or talk any more of the deep things of God, for everything I said was put down both at home and abroad. My heavenly



Father's voice became a by-word. But I was at last enabled to be silent in the house of God and just about silent everywhere. Oh, how God can be grieved!

Another trial to me was the blasphemy which was poured forth upon sanctification, for the whole church, without exception, shouted "Away with it." But it still lives, and all the iron wheels that could roll over it could not crush it nor hinder it one moment longer than God saw fit to let them. Still another trial to me was the want of means to carry forward the work, for I was commanded of God to take none of the money derived from the books themselves. It was a miracle of modern times that the whole work did not fall to the ground, but God did not leave it in my hands for if He had it would have perished with the first north wind that blew with such chilling blasts over it among my household and friends; for one trial after another was sent me so as to keep me in the crucible until I would be fitted to endure hardness as a good soldier of the Cross of Christ. If I could only have been allowed to shout forth His doings I would have continued to praise Him all the day long, but on account of the various puttings down I received God commanded me to cease praying in my household and uttering the glorious promises in His holy book. Oft in the night season I felt as if I could talk aloud God's praise, but oh, how this report of insanity hindered me! "How came first the report that you were insane?" some one may ask. Nothing more or less than one verse of scripture which I repeated in a bar-room. It is not necessary for me to tell it again as the detail is before you in the preceding numbers. But there was more meaning in it than that. I was to be made just like Ann Preston. But when my friends would hear me repeating some precious verse they used to be afraid that I was losing my senses. Oh, mistaken men and women, do you not think that a filled vessel would naturally overflow? "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets!" How often would the Master's praise have gone up from united hearts only for your unruly tongues! You who are afraid to be heard talking and praising God what will you do amid the twice ten thousand harps and voices in the heavenly choir? Will you flee outside the Celestial City and close your ears at its portals? "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One in the midst of thee!" says David. Formal professors of the present day say, "Hush, I do not like loud preaching, nor praying nor talking, but I do like quiet christians." So does the devil; he likes you to be quiet.

You will not be disturbed much by the arch enemy if you never say a word against him, neither is there much danger of his kingdom falling, but it is of little value to the world if we keep Christ's righteousness hidden up in our hearts and never make mention publicly. It is, therefore, all important to tell all God's loving-kindness to us. If Paul had never said anything about his trials, privations and uncommon deliverances how should we have ventured into like difficulties? Only for God's own revelations to His servants and especially to His faithful people, where should we have drifted to on life's ocean? It is of no avail for us to be ever receiving good at the hands of the Divine Giver if we take it unthankfully. Be it known to all the lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ that, in order to glorify Him, we must praise Him continually. It is useless for us to try to grow in grace, if we hide up daily what he does for us and works in us.

As it was thought that I did nothing but write, I might wipe away this blame by telling you that the hours of prayer and the sacred hours of the Sabbath only were spent in writing all the books of the year, and the rest of the time I employed in working for my family and helping to earn the payment of the books towards which not one cent of my husband's earnings ever sent. You may think that this is strange, but if you and I live until next year I will tell you in a book called "Seven Years in Egypt" of the way in which God led me to do His work. Thanks be unto God that he gave me all the help I needed and raised up friends to help me when human aid was necessary; for while God worked in me and by me He needed other agencies to carry forward this glorious work. It may be wondered how that could be. It required a large amount of money to pay for the printing of the books. It also required great patience on my part, and above all it required the Triune God to stoop to a human temple; for, as Paul said in his first epistle to the Corinthians, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you." If my body had not been the Lord's He could not have supported my tottering clay in doing so many hard things for His service. I thought no employment too menial for me in order that I might accomplish His purposes in bringing about the greatest deliverance ever He wrought out for His people. And not only one person was in bondage but whole families who were so closely connected with the work although they did not understand even the alphabet or the first letter as far as God's plans were in it, that they were held in by bit and bridle.

When God first sanctified me He taught me the loving word "Father." I thought afterwards that I would quit saying it, for if I did not the people would say I was just like Ann, but one night as I was bowed before the Lord in my room previous to retiring, I was starting to say the Lord's prayer, beginning with "Our Father," when God said "Say My Father." I did wrong to quit that loving title for God had sent the Spirit of His Son into my heart crying "Abba Father." But for fear of being like Ann I laid it aside. What a wretched thing it is to be so afraid of mortals as to grieve the Spirit, for "The Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God."

The putting down of this good Christian who had been a professor of holiness for a long number of years caused this work first to be begun. To her God had given a spirit of discernment unusual to the generality of christians, and hence the reason of the many and close trials she endured. On one occasion she was brought a cup of tea while afflicted, and the Spirit spoke "Don't drink it," for, telling this revelation to the doctor's who attended her, they said and I suppose thought, that she must be delirious through medicine. As the particulars are given in one of the preceding numbers I will not enlarge but leave the Judge of all the earth to fulfil His promise contained in the message which I delivered on the highway on the day I went forth with the five written ones, that "He would smite that whited wall"

It is no small thing to suffer for another and not wish our sufferings less. The reason that God has thus dealt with me is that I might, by four year's experience, know all that sister Ann has suffered for upwards of sixty years. "He Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree." 1 Peter 2, 4. He bore the sins of the world, remember, but I bare only the sufferings of one person. She was sanctified for almost a quarter of a century from the time mentioned before, when she cried to God all night for the inward witness of the Spirit and the abiding power that would so dwell in her continually that it would regulate all her daily thoughts, prayers and passions—for, as she often said, passion was her besetment. I was like her in reproach; for the messages I carried called a fool; like her, an idiot, because I went to a house to tell a person who resided there that she was a woman of a sorrowful spirit.

These things were all to show me the wonderful trials she en-

duced, for no person could do her justice but one who suffered in the same manner that she did. The friends in Toronto and elsewhere thought that all the writing which, as they supposed, had put me out of my mind was her fault, and this is one of the great evils that God has to wipe out. She was enabled to live after she was sanctified that she could ever truly say:—

“Anger I no more shall feel,  
Always even, always still,  
Meekly on my God reclined,  
Jesus is a patient mind.”

#### **The Step the Minister and Member's Took.**

“Oh, fools, and slow of heart, to believe all that the prophets have spoken.” Luke XXIV, 25.

Or to believe all that the arch-enemy said, who made the people speak all the blasphemy possible for human lips to utter against this heaven-begun work. No one believed God's former revelation to sister Ann, but they poured forth the most daring calumny on her blameless life and to all appearance her happy death for doubtless she would have died only that reproach would have fallen on the cause of God through the evil report that she blamed another wrongfully. But could God take His servant to glory and let it be said that she died a lunatic, and through all the coming ages let a lie be written to the world.

Four years have passed away now since this conflict began. It has been a period of incessant labor: attending to household duties, writing all God's commands, together with reproach, frowns and snares. I have not, in all the work, listened to any friendly voice or met with any smiling countenance in the house where I dwell, but putting down after putting down I have received until I have said, from my inmost soul, “God, take me, or else take the hinderers of thy work, who have digged down the

altars which thou didst enable me to build up." Then God said to me, "Go write a book and make known the steps the ministers and members took, for there is no other way of making them plain." The work is laughed to scorn in the church; it is hooted at on the highway; it is mocked at in thy habitation; it is a by-word in the shops; it is called a lying spirit in thy mouth. Now go and explain their doings publicly. Print them and send them to the houses of the opposers of the truth, and from thence to earths remotest bounds. Previous to this God said to me, "Go warn the man in yonder pulpit who is going to preach down this work of writing that if he does so I, the Lord, will forever hinder his usefulness in this church, for while he occupies this pulpit no souls have he have for his hire." It is a sure mark of God's displeasure when He withdraws from His people the power of the Holy Ghost. No remission was offered to this unfaithful shepherd after he spoke in my own home the most terrible of words. When I told him that the message I carried him was as much inspired as the Book of God, he replied, in the most indignant manner, "It is no such thing; it is a silly thing!" Mark the form of the word "it" by which he must have meant the message, which was, therefore, the writing, for he could not have meant me, or else he would have used the word "you" in place of "it," although the devil had worked so hard as to make him think I was insane, for he thought no poor woman in her right senses would speak so boldly to a minister of the New Testament. It was such an unusual thing in the present day that he could not understand it, for he thought that such things had not been done since the days of the prophets. But the Lord told His disciples to bring out of His treasury things new and old; and He could tell me to do the same if he wished. This man thought it best not to talk too much about sanctification; and especially did he think that inspiration should have been left out of the christian experience altogether. And hence the reason that God spoke to me out of His holy habitation, saying: "Be content with such things as ye have; ye have me, my word, and my Spirit; no more of these putting down sermons shall you ever listen to, for your body cannot stand them, and your kind Heavenly Father cannot bear with them." I will give you the word of the Lord which He gave me to write at that time: "As sure as my name is Jah-Jehovah you shall never listen to one sermon in the day of this man's ministry in this church; for I have spoken it and sworn it in my wrath."

"Oh foolish Galatians who hath bewitched you that ye should

not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you." Know ye not that a worse bewitching than that of Endor hath fallen upon you, thou enemies of the Lord's sanctified host? Look around your village to day, and ask: "Where are the greatest enemies of this host?" Where is the man who called me an enthusiast in the Church of the living God? Where is he who called me an idiot? Where is he who called the work a foolish woman's production? Where are some of the men who called it a silly thing? Where is the man of God who said publicly that I was judging of the woman's state in the world of spirits? And I might raise the number up to scores, but time will not permit.

Some of the people thought that such an amount of care would take my life; others thought I was led by imagination; others by an unconquerable will; and two or three thought I was led by the inspiration of the devil. I am not going to blame or criticize any persons with the exception of a few who publicly this work that of the devil and me a silly thing. Upon those persons rests the wrath of God, and only for reasons they would have been swept to destruction long ere this. They supposed that the devil sent me to a man's shop to admonish him, when God sent me to say to another man who was in the shop at the time, and whom I respect; "Mind Mr. M.—this is to be a warning to you and to this people," meaning that it was to be a warning to him to not be the future witness of a man who was not the Lord's servant. Publish it ye wondering angels who do your Master homage day and night! God did not smite them at once but He has given them an opportunity to repent of their unjust declaration. "Go not out after them nor eat of their dainties." I call heaven and earth to witness the truth of their assertion, and see whether they or the Lord God Almighty were liars,—for they said the writing of the books was a lie, thus impeaching the Almighty with being a liar,—although I suppose they did not see it in that light. But, says Christ, "Inasmuch as ye have done it into one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Mat. 25. 40. And of course this hindered the work which is dying out as far as the title concerned. But the doings of the ministers and people in connections with it will never die out till the millennium dawns upon the world. It will be had in everlasting remembrance by the community, and it will be written to generations to come, for God hath declared it,\* You have watched closely my doings these last four years. I have not watched yours