

Practical Papers.

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ALFRED COOKMAN.
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THE biography of Methodism is one of its richest treasures, and an element of its strength of no trifling proportion or amount. The list of its "worthies of whom the world was not worthy" would, of itself, occupy a large portion of the space appropriate to an article like this. Eternity alone will reveal to what extent thousands of characters within its pale, and many without it, have been shaped for greater usefulness, and stimulated to holier living, by this unique literature,—a literature which, reflecting as it does most faithfully, Bible light on questions of experience and practical godliness, is inferior only to the Bible as a help to devotional habit and sanctified character. No denominational history is, in proportion to its extent, so rich in "saints." And while the devotion and self-sacrifice of such men as Baxter, Rutherford Brainerd, Edwards, Martyn, and others of the children of the Reformation that might be named, and similar qualities found in the lives of such as Fenelon, Lopez, Xavier, and Madame Guyon, of the Romish Communion, have perhaps never been exceeded within the pale of Methodism, yet there is a distinctness and definiteness of experience presented in the biographies of Methodist saints which we seldom find elsewhere. We read of the self-denying labours of one, of the prayerfulness of another, of the great humility of a third, and of the admirable methods of self-discipline of some; and we find, as in the life of McChesney and others, occasional expressions indicating the attainment or obtainment of the highest prizes of holy feeling and divine communion; but only in a very few instances, and those are within the compass of the last few years, do we find that hearty, happy faith in the promises of God, that unflinching hold of a distinct and glorious experience which is ever prominent in the extant lives of the religious celebrities of Methodism.

This peculiarity is to be attributed very largely to the *doctrine* of entire sanctification,—to the belief which until of late was peculiar to Methodism,—that the power of inbred sin may be destroyed in this life; that a distinctly higher place of religious experience than that of the babe in Christ, or the ordinary sincere Christian, is possible; that *perfect love* is for all who will seek it aright. And what a power that belief is in those lives! Dr. Stevens

says that it was the "great potential idea of early Methodism." And surely none need wonder that it was potential. Definiteness of aim and distinctness of statement are sources of power in any propagandism. This idea possesses *that* merit. One-ideaism is a source of power to any propagandist—let the careers of Peter the Hermit, Joan of Arc, William Wilberforce, bear witness. And it has *that* merit—but with an advantage lifting it above all other cases of one-ideaism—that it is the noblest of human ideas; it is an idea that does not render the character of him who holds it awkward, ill-shapen, or, in the useless or baneful sense, eccentric, but masters, and at the same time invigorates, the soul; fully employs, but at the same time glorifies every truly human affection and every intelligent impulse. It is *one* idea, *one* thing; but it is the *central* idea of the moral system in which man lives. Its dominance being the dominance of the rightful king, does not develop excrecence, but fills up defects and adds energy to all that is "true and lovely, and of good report." "Potential," in a most emphatic sense, was this idea in the careers of such men in the ministry as Fletcher and Bramwell, Clowes and Smith, with a host of others; and scarcely less potential in such cases as Carvosso, Hick, Field, and men of their class.

Standing up to the full stature of the tallest of these holy ones, we find in Alfred Cookman, who died in November, 1871, a remarkable illustration of the potency of this idea. As we glance again at the goodly and well-filled volume whose principal subject is his biography, we think it not very probable that a volume of its size and circulation would have appeared in the literary market connected with his name were it not for this potential idea. Had he not firmly held it as a dogma, gained it as an experience, and lived and preached it as he did, a somewhat full and extended obituary article in some of the religious journals would probably have furnished his principal literary monument. For although his mental furnishings and development could not be described as of an inferior order, and his admiring biographer credits him with a vigorous mind, yet we are inclined to agree with Bishop Foster, who says of him in the Introduction,—“I never thought him a genius. He was not in my judgment transcendently gifted. He was eloquent, and many times mighty, in the pulpit. . . . But it was not his great intellectual power, nor yet his persuasive eloquence that impressed me chiefly. It was the sacredness of his entire life;—everywhere he seemed invested with a Christliness that was as beautiful as it was impressive. His own life was the ablest sermon he ever preached on the subject with which his name is so intimately associated. He lived the 'higher life' even more than he preached it.”

The book has been ably written by his life-long friend, H. Ridgway, D.D. Some sixty pages are occupied with a sketch of the brilliant but sadly brief career of his father, Rev. G. G. Cookman, who perished in the Atlantic Ocean in March, 1841, leaving the principal subject of the book, at thirteen years of age, to mourn his loss; and to prepare for life under the tender but conscientious guidance of a widowed mother. Her prayers and counsels appear to have been blessed to the great benefit of her promising son, who loved her with intense and reverential affection. He appears to have been awakened

under the preaching of his father at about the age of seven years, and to have entered into conscious joy in the Lord at about the age of ten, in connection with camp-meeting services. It is interesting to note how on the same page, and in the portrayal of the same period in his life, we have the following characteristics, attributes which, by the sanctimonious, are supposed to be inconsistent with each other. It is told us that "he was remarkably constant in the path of obedience, both toward God and in his Church relations. His class-meeting was never neglected; and so marked was his conduct in the Sabbath-school that the superintendent requested him to address his youthful companions on the importance of yielding their hearts to the Saviour, and that before he was fifteen years of age." That is one phase. The other is,— "It must not be inferred that he was at all gloomy; on the contrary, he was one of the liveliest of boys, full of fun and cheerful gayety, always ready for a gambol with his brothers and neighbors." Yes! Youth is *still* youth although sanctified, for animal spirits are the gift of the same God who teaches us to pray without ceasing. What amusements are innocent is mainly a question of circumstances. Age, occupation, temperament of the individual, amount of time spent, amount of energy invested, tendency to vicious associations, influence on the participator's conscience, and spiritual enjoyments, these are questions at which Christian common sense must look when deciding in each case of this much discussed question.

From that time onward, until 1845, we find him the earnest Christian worker, in the Sabbath-school and otherwise; and in the early part of that year he becomes one of a band of young men, whose self-imposed duties were the maintenance of religious services for the good of the sailors of the port of Philadelphia, where he then resided. In the latter end of the same year he was licensed as an exhorter, and in the middle of 1846 received his commission to preach, and in a few months afterwards was sent to his first Circuit at the age of seventeen years. Alfred had been a diligent student in the best schools within his reach, but was denied the privilege of a University education. Without "college," behold the stripling go forth to his great life-work, and that in a region where graduates, in considerable proportion, occupy the pulpits of most of the churches. It may not be amiss in these days, when the B.A. and B.D. is so much prized or coveted, to insert the following from his biographer, himself a man of academic title:—"A more liberal education, prosecuted at greater length, would probably have rendered him different, in some respects, from what he was as a man and a preacher; but it is extremely doubtful if it could have rendered him more intense in his personal and ministerial influence. In the cry for scholars we are too apt to forget that it is not so much ideas as their application; not so much thinkers as actors—men of deeds—that the great world needs. A man to move and mould the people must be a man of positive convictions, be the circle of his knowledge never so small, rather than a critical investigator." (Page 112.)

His mother's advice to him on starting for his circuit was,— "My son, if you would be supremely happy or extremely useful in your work, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus." In love with that advice, we find him

relating how he entered into that holy state. He says,—“Frequently I felt to yield myself to God and pray for the grace of entire sanctification, but then the experience would lift itself in my view as a mountain of glory, and I would say, it is not for me!” He goes on to relate how Bishop Hamline came to his vicinity,—preached with great power,—conversed with him on his experience,—led him on to the full consecration,—prayed with him,—and “while thus engaged, God, for Christ’s sake, gave me the Spirit as I had never received it before, so that I was constrained to conclude and confess that the great work of heart-purity, that I have so often prayed and hoped for, was wrought in me, even in me. Wonderful! God does sanctify my soul, I can not doubt it. Oh no! Need I say that the experience of sanctification inaugurated a new epoch in my religious life? Some of the characteristics of this higher life were,—blessed rest in Jesus, a clearer and more abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb.” This happy state remained in its fullness with him for about eight weeks. But the joy grew dim, and he lost much of the glory of his new experience in connection with events on which we make no comment, their narration will be found on page 127. As a consequence, he went to his new circuit with “consciously diminished spiritual power.” He confesses that he “began to favour the argument of those who hinted that sanctification, as a work of the Holy Spirit, could not involve an experience distinct from justification.” In this confession a secret is disclosed,—a key is put into our hands to unlock the difficulty of understanding how it is that some able minds, reared in the atmosphere of Methodism, have not seen eye to eye with Wesley and Fletcher, and the many exponents of this subject who have clearly set it forth. Scepticism of the heart does not affect our opinions of things which lie not on the spiritually moral plane—mathematics, metaphysic of the intellect, geography, chemistry, commerce;—but holiness often receives a twisted and distorted shape before the intellectual eye, when the heart is not in full sympathy with the experience. A few words from the biographer are again in place. “When the experience of the Church is high, the meaning put upon Christian doctrine is positive; when the experience is low, the meaning is correspondingly vague.” As helps to self-examination, this fact and these comments might be helpful to the holiness sceptics who still remain within the pale of Methodism.

Much, however, of the substantial benefits of perfect love seems to have remained permanently in his experience. We cannot otherwise account for many of his rich experiences which are described in his letters. Expressions are found in his diary indicating a very high state of consecration to God, and rich enjoyment as a consequence; and his labours as preacher and pastor were crowned with great, and even extraordinary, success. Notwithstanding all this, after the lapse of more than nine years, we find him again agonizing, consecrating, and trusting, in view of the blessing formerly enjoyed. In these exercises he was met by an enemy to holiness, with which many a minister has had encounter—the use of tobacco. He found it must be given up; he gave it up; he got the blessing. We would like to keep within the

bounds of charity, but we are confident that his example ought to be copied by most, if not all of those who puff the fumes of that weed from the same lips that call sinners to Jesus.

A new and higher phase of character now begins to shine in his career. In the words of our author, "Heart-purity was from this time to the close of his life the *distinctive theme* of his ministry, not however to the exclusion of other topics, but as comprehending all phases of Christian truth, penetrating and vivifying all with its light. It absorbed his best thoughts, it was the burden of his best sermons; it was that which was best in him as a man; his whole being was penetrated with its unction: the instinct of his soul, the atmosphere of his life was, 'Holiness to the Lord.'" Two hundred and eighty pages of the latter part of the book glow with the records of his seraphic experience, emphatic tributes to his extraordinary excellences of character by competent witnesses, or accounts of his great success. His patriotic boldness during the American war of slavery, the wonderful results which seemed invariably to follow his preaching at camp-meetings, distinguishing him above many mighty ones, reports of some of his addresses and sermons, make this part of the book rich in those materials which stimulate and refresh religious feeling, and become a means of grace to the pious reader. At one of those camp-meetings—the Shrewsbury, 1866—in which Mr. Cookman seems to have been the leading spirit, the following scene, almost rivalling the "upper room" of Pentecost, took place:—

"At half-past nine on Tuesday night the preachers, by arrangement, assembled in their own tent for an interchange of views respecting this great doctrine. There were about twenty-five brethren present. The expression of sentiment was frank and full. Questions were asked; difficulties stated; experience was referred to. About half-past eleven, while some of us, greatly concerned and earnestly prayerful, were wondering what might be the effect of the interview, it was proposed that we have a season of devotion before we separated. Kneeling together, the presiding elder of the Carlisle District led in prayer. While yielding himself more fully to God, and accepting Jesus as his Redeemer from all sin, salvation came in all its fullness to his soul, and he was overwhelmed with emotion. In a few moments he gratefully and definitely testified,—'Brethren, Jesus saves me now; saves me so fully that I am assured if I should die at this moment I would certainly go to join the blood-washed around the throne in heaven.' A hymn of praise was then sung. Then another presiding elder stepped into the Bethesda of perfect love. Directly a third presiding elder arose and said,—'Brethren, I will honestly state that, theorizing on this sanctification for the last eleven years, I had well nigh theorized my heart out of all belief of the doctrine. To-night, however, I give my theories to the winds, and I want to testify that God is giving me light—not heat; not a special experience, but simply light.' A little after, this same brother rose again, and with a face all aglow said,—'Brethren, glory to God! I have both now, the light and the heat. Oh I know for myself that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin!' So the meeting proceeded, one after another stepping into the full liberty of the sons of God. Young ministers were rejoicing in Christ as their perfect Saviour. Superannuated brethren were coming out more clearly into the

blessed light of full salvation. Thus, for six hours, this wonderful and glorious meeting continued. During that time nineteen brethren, including the three presiding elders, took the three steps suggested,—full consecration, implicit faith, and definite confession. At half-past three in the morning, this band of brothers, full of glory and of God, sallied forth from the preacher's tent and marched around the ground, singing,—

“I will sprinkle you with water,—
I will cleanse you from all sin ;
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will come and dwell within.”

If the reader wishes an introduction to his death-chamber, let him buy or borrow the book. His dying hours were as glorious as any since those of Wesley. Some of his last words have formed the burden of sacred song, and in that and in other forms are doing service in the religious world to day. With the single exception of the life of Thomas Collins, we think this the most interesting and edifying religious biography of these days. As three years have not yet passed since his death, his life seems to speak with a voice of a cotemporary. From the midst of a people remarkable for energy in the pursuit of “the things that are seen,” we seem to hear him cry with a voice clear as the bells of heaven, “Be ye holy!” No fanaticism, no asceticism marred the Christliness of that beautiful life, and while we marvel at its unsullied brightness, and its wondrous influence for good, and at the same time know that he “was a man of like passions with us,” we ask the secret of this wonder, and an answer comes to us from the words of the Master, “If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, *ye shall ask what ye will*, and it shall be done unto you.”

MODERN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



IN 1781, not yet an hundred years ago, a fine young Methodist girl met Mr. Robert Raikes on the streets of Gloucester, England, and while they were conversing together, large numbers of rude, ragged children were passing by, observing whom, Raikes said, “What can be done for them?” “Teach them to read, and take them to Church,” was her noble reply. Upon this suggestion he immediately acted, and formed his first Sunday School, having that same young lady as one of his earliest teachers.

This was the origin of the whole system of Modern Sunday School instruction, so wonderfully owned of God, and blessed in the past, and so full of hope for future years. It began like a little rill on some mountain side. It has long since surpassed the dimensions of the most majestic river, and it is destined to flow on and on till it influences the whole earth. It is an

agency most potent and influential—an agency which the world needs, which no Church can afford to neglect, and which every Church might yet greatly increase and strengthen.

But what is the object? What the work? And what are the wants of the Sunday School?

Its object, I think, is twofold. The conversion and Christian training of the young. Mark, not the conversion only. There has been much talking wide of the mark on this point. Often has it been said by Sunday School teachers and workers that the object of the Sunday School was to bring the children to Jesus. I contend it is more. It is to bring them to Jesus, and then instruct them in all the doctrines and duties of the Christian life. All normal Christian life begins in early childhood; all who come to Him in later years are born, as it were, out of due time. The child instructor, therefore, may scripturally expect to be successful in bringing the will of the child into the obedience of the truth, and the heart of the child into *profoundest* sympathy with Christ its only Saviour. But when this is done his work has but just begun. He is then as a well instructed scribe to train the child in all the precepts and duties of the Christian religion.

And here it should be observed that God's own Word, in the hands of the living teacher, is the grand instrumentality for the accomplishment of this work: not the catechism, not the question book, not the library, the black-board, the paper or the music, but the everliving and the everlasting Word. I would not undervalue the influence of the Holy Spirit. I believe in His operation and power; but as that Spirit is given to every man to profit with-all, and is always willing and waiting to do His work in the salvation of every soul, it remains that a proper presentation of the truth to the mind, and proper illustration of it in the life, is all that is needed to complete the Divine plan in the salvation of men.

And there is very much reason to believe that if the truth of God were thus properly presented and illustrated, many under the gracious influences of the atonement would accept it, and be freed from the dominion, power, and pollution of sin forever.

This, then, is the object of all Christian workers—so to present the Word of God as to secure the final salvation of all under their care.

The work of the Sunday School has been very much misunderstood. Some have imagined that it was to supersede the family, in the Christian instruction and training of the young; but for such an assumption there is neither reasonableness nor Scriptural warrant.

The family is of God, and the family is forever the first, the happiest, the holiest, and the best institution among men. To every parent *especially*, God in some sense has said, in the words of Pharaoh's daughter, "Take this child and nurse it for Me, and I will give thee thy wages." This is a duty which cannot be delegated, which cannot be done by proxy, and which can only be rightfully fulfilled by the parent. Yet many parents seem to think that if they only provide well for the bodily wants of their children, they can safely trust their moral training to others.

Others have imagined that the Sunday School was to take the place of the preaching of the Word, and the season of social prayer, and they have allowed their children, often with fatal results, to absent themselves from these; but the Gospel is to be "preached to every creature," including children; and of children it is said, "Those that seek me early shall find me."

The Sunday School is also to be missionary in its character and work. It is to go after the lost and straying ones, and restore them to the fold. In every large city and town there are hundreds, if not thousands, who if not Christianly cared for by the people of God, will not *thus* be cared for at all. Their neighbours will neglect them, and their parents will leave them to die in their sins.

This, as a Christian people, we cannot suffer—we cannot permit the children of the idle, the vicious, and the wicked to grow up unchristianized in our midst. Our interests as citizens forbid it; our instincts and impulses as Christians forbid it; our common humanity forbids it. We are bound by the sympathies of a brotherhood, by the principles of a universal Gospel, and by the hope of a glorious heaven to reach and save every child we can. It is not enough that we teach the children of the wise and good who regularly attend our classes; we are to go out into the highways and hedges and gather the outcasts in, and bring even the *most* erring ones back to Jesus. We are to gather, enlighten, elevate, and save the lost, sending them forth to bless and not to curse the world.

The work of the Sunday School, then, is to assist the family and the Church in securing the salvation and the Christian training of the young. The true teacher will be found assisting both parents and ministers, caring, with Christ-like care, for the lambs of the flock.

There should be no disagreement between the family, the school, and the Church, for their interests are ever one: the present and eternal salvation of all committed by Providence to their care.

But what of the wants of the Sunday School?

It has many wants even to-day. I refer but to two: the want of suitable places in which to hold the schools, and the want of suitable workers in the schools.

It is to be feared that very few Churches have yet any intelligent conception of the wants of the Sunday School, consequently they make no adequate provision for its convenience. The idea that a Sunday School can be successfully conducted in a dark, dingy basement of a Church, containing commonly one or two rooms, is unworthy of the Church in the nineteenth century. Every school should have as many rooms, well ventilated and beautified, as it has classes; and also a large and beautiful hall in which to conduct the opening and closing exercises.

But the great want of the Sunday School is *Teachers*: not men and women to assume the teacher's office, and sit in the teacher's chair,—it may be there are enough of these,—but men and women who feel called of God to this work, who love little ones, and who are willing to spend some time and money in the preparation of the lesson; who will not go before their classes

until they have mastered the lesson intellectually, assimilated it with their own experience, and had it laid upon their hearts as a message from God for their children. O, for such teachers in all Sunday Schools?

Dear fellow-workers, you know that of late there has been much said about the best methods of gathering the young people into the schools, of retaining the older scholars in the classes, and of securing the salvation of all; and many, very many, expedients have been adopted; but what we want most of all, in order to gain, retain, and save our scholars, is *Teachers*. Teachers called of God, anointed from on high, burning with zeal, and baptized for the work. Teachers who will neither depend upon their natural brightness, general knowledge, or Christian experience, but who will study every lesson with earnest, prayerful, anxious solicitude, and teach it as in the immediate presence of Him unto whom they must give account.

How is the Church to obtain such teachers? Just as she obtains everything else that is good, from God, in the use of means. The promise is, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find." But how seldom has the Church asked God for teachers! How seldom has she taught them in divinely appointed ways! She has offered prayers many for authorities, ministers and members, but few for Christian teachers. She has made many and great efforts to obtain a trained ministry, but few and feeble efforts to obtain trained teachers. Yet in this high and holy calling there is enough to excite our deepest sympathy, and call forth our utmost energy.

In this great work every teacher may elevate himself; may, in fact, rear his own monument—a monument more lasting than brass—a monument, the materials of which will never crumble—a monument, the lustre of which will shine brighter and brighter in the eternal ages; for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Next to preaching the Gospel, the wisest, safest, and best vocation is the Christian instruction of the young.

Eternity alone will count up the good that has been done. But O! eternity alone will unfold how much more might have been done had the workers been more intelligent, devoted, and faithful.

"Then rise, fellow-teachers, to labour go!
Wide scatter the precious grain,
Though the fruit may never be seen below,
Be sure that the seed of the Word shall grow;
Toil on in faith, and thou soon shalt know
Thy labour is not in vain!"

A. CAMPBELL.

CHRISTIANITY did not come from heaven to be the amusement of an idle hour, to be the food of mere imagination; to be "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well upon an instrument!" No; it is intended to be the guide, the guardian, the companion of all our hours; it is intended to be the food of our immortal spirits; it is intended to be the serious occupation of our existence.—*Bishop Jebb.*

RELIGIOUS DISGUISES.



IN the struggle between Truth and Error, there is a feature in the policy of either combatant, which reasonably vexes the soul that hungers for the fulfilment of prophecy; robbing as it does the Truth of its force, and proportionately fortifying the cause of Error. I refer to the mischievous disguises in which these two antagonistic forces often appear in the strife between them. Were they never contending but in native costume, and in the use of weapons that agreed with the professed policy of each, Truth, with lad-like pretensions, would not be long grasping the head of its more formidable foe. But because both the one and the other, through manipulations they have undergone, must be studied to be known, the struggle is prolonged, if indeed the cause of Truth does not meet a signal defeat.

The duel arranged for on parchment has a degree of honesty that never can belong to the homicide that is committed under the cover of a salutation. And it is thus with controversy generally. Its aims will be questioned, if not defeated, proportionately to the masking of the debaters, or the efforts to compromise for the purpose of advantage.

David, going out simply as David the shepherd-boy, and not as a warrior cut short,—casting away the bad-fitting uniform,—did in his day what Truth should do in ours. In his act he said as much as this, "*If the right should prevail, it may be risked on its own merits;*" and the weapons of his choice were wisely selected, as in keeping with the stripling that bore them. Nor would Truth come out of the field with less lustre did she enter the lists with Error, satisfied to fight with her own weapons.

No one conversant with the inherent power of Truth, would fear to risk her against the foe, however formidable, if she but contents herself to stand or fall by the power she possesses. I am not nervous for the safety of Truth in a square fight, labelled truthfully, and depending more upon her might than her size; but there is some reason to doubt her success, if she goes to battle with the smile of friendship, and as free to kiss as to smite, clad in a toggered that belies her real intention.

Consider what confidence the voice of inspiration expresses in the power of naked truth, when she writes the safety of cities and peoples nearly wasted by iniquity, on the ground that some samples of truth yet remain. Sodom is promised another lease of life, if ten good men are there. Why? For the safety of ten? Nay! they could be rescued as well as Lot. But because there was the possibility of the piety of ten righteous men check-mating the idolatrous purposes of the mass, if not regenerating the heart of the populace. Had Elijah a companion or two, or the Psalmist, or the prophet Isaiah, the conviction that there remained even a remnant of true godly patriotism, Elijah would not have sought an early death, or the psalmist

or prophet spoken such words of despair as may be found in the 12th Psalm and the 57th chapter of Isaiah's prophecy. Nor would we hear from Micah the bitter lamentation: "*I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits . . . there is no cluster to eat.*" Why? Because, "*The good man is perished out of the earth!*"

But why should he settle down in despair? Might not a reaction occur? Does he not evince a weak faith? some would say. Might not his own influence act like the leaven that may in its secret working produce the reform, apparently so distant? Ah! it were possible for him to hope, did he not know that among the agencies which profess to exalt a nation, there was the abortive working of intrigue and deception. So long as the people had good laws, good judges, a sound upper class, there would be reason to hope. If the rich were a healthful example to the poor, and there existed a reverence for the majesty of law, framed in justice and executed with equity in the punishment of crime, and the enthronement of virtue, the nation could hardly be counted as a ruined heap. But he found pollution in the very foundations of social order, and poison in the very fountains of virtue and equity. Princes and judges alike leagued together to corrupt the classes they were ordained to educate and refine. And although a good king was on the throne, his hands were tied by his subordinates; and only such laws could be passed as would pander to the corrupt incumbents of office. Judgment would be meted by the bench to the man who could pay the most money for it. Virtue, by such a state of things, bit the dust, while vice gathered from the richest of the vine. He knew that so long as bribery in high places sat enthroned, and ruled the administration of state affairs, political death could not be averted; and hence the despair in which he speaks. It may have been equally guilty for the judge to take, and the client to give, the bribe that defeated justice and corrupted law. But there is no doubt that the attempt to interfere with the majesty of law had a twofold result. It tended to the undue acquittal of the criminal, and consequently eased the path of crime itself.

It is because the experience given by the prophet in his lamentations over Samaria illustrates the theme I have chosen, it has been introduced here. For as the nation had little to hope for in the vitiated institutions with which they had trifled, so may this generation yield to discouragement, and individual expectations for personal piety be curtailed in proportion to the extent to which the unhappy policy of the prophet's day is imitated.

As to the chances of defeating the ends of political justice in this age, thanks to the influence of an advanced state of political morality, it may well be said that such overt acts are more the exception than the rule. And it may truly be said that where the exception does occur, it must have the mantle of secrecy thrown over it, to save it from defeat; and no sooner does the instance of intrigue become public, than it is denounced with scorn. It is not with such a phase of the subject, this article is intended to deal. But it is with the attempts, often too popular, to make smooth the rugged path of sin, that this article has to do; and if it is true that the cause of Truth suffers

in the house of its professed friends, the effort to uncover the canker may save the body.

I am going to suppose that one reason for the perpetuity of sin is found in the propitiating of those authorities that pronounce against it;—that the sinner in order to sin easily has to cheat some authority that pronounces against him. Sin is too base a thing to be committed nakedly; and unbelief, which is as damning a sin as can be committed, is too ugly a thing even for unbelievers, except it be dressed up in such garb as will render it passably palatable. And for this purpose I suppose the soul's enemy provides a wardrobe from which the sinner may provide himself a mantle or robe in which he may disguise his unsanctified body. To be successful in this, he must needs tamper with whatever authority claims from him, in morals, what he is unprepared to give.

The true magistrate of the soul is conscience. Dr. Young has spoken of it as "*God in man.*" And indeed when we find it praising us when we do well, and punishing us in evil-doing, we are not far astray when we speak of conscience as the soul's magistrate. It approves when we do right, and it checks us when we do wrong. Accordingly, when an evil is to be committed, if it be done easily, this power must be bribed, either by binding it, or by so dressing up the evil that it will appear less evil than it is. And the ways by which this is accomplished are manifold.

One of these methods of propitiation is THE ALLUSION TO CUSTOM.

The frequency of questionable actions, unfortunately, has been the argument in extenuation of the actions themselves. A long list of names some of which are associated with deeds which have immortalized them, are often snatched at as furnishing ample authority for the innocence of wrong. The sin that was committed at first with a shudder, has, by trilling with it and by its association with so many other lives, assumed a kind of virtuous character, that it becomes even to the perpetrator a thing to be condoned at least. History is made to do service here; and the theft is excused because the Israelites borrowed from the Egyptians without returning, and the violation of the Sabbath is excused because the corn at one time was plucked on that day. And a worse sin than either is blessed because a David got to Heaven after its commission, and anger finds shelter in the disagreement between Paul and Barnabas. And in a thousand kindred ways of this sort is sin, in this age, clad in false lustre.

Another of these false robes, in which the sinner of to-day seeks to disguise sin, and cheat his conscience, is one which Adam left behind him. I have no name for it, but it is intended to proclaim the fallacy "that sin is a necessity." The sinner, detecting certain appetites and lusts within himself, charges home upon the circumstance of his inheritance of a corrupt nature, the guilt of his life, and not only excuses himself to conscience, but satisfies his judgment by the false assertion, "*I can't help it.*" Who will gauge the perpetuity of sin under this false garb? And who will compute the mischief that has been done in this direction by the mistaken Calvinistic view, taken of Paul's expression, "*When I would do good evil is present with me.*"

Another of these disguises, and in frequent use, is one which the Pharisee used to patronize; and within its folds, men, who scorn the sect that joined its seams, are committing the error that prevailed within it when new, by setting their good deeds over against their evil ones, as though the virtue was intended by a holy Ruler to neutralize the vice of life. Men in multitudes to-day are prating about their benevolence, as though it were nothing less than a fee for the admission of a sinful soul to a final reward. Like Westminster Abbey, beautiful without, but within the abode of bones, these thousands are depending upon the surface of the life to cancel the corruption within. A sacrifice like that of Cain is brought to hide a murderous intent, and the prayer has been lengthened to mislead in the analysis of the heart.

Another garment in constant requisition from this Satanic wardrobe is one labelled, *Procrastination*. A prospective obedience quiets the conscience that rebukes the life of to-day; and many there are who would not risk the soul a moment, but for this pledge that some day the prime duty of life will be observed. Tell such that death will be sudden, and assure them that your prophecy is true, and see how quickly the garment is removed. The man who has fixed the years of decrepitude as the period of consecration has but to obtain a pain of body which defies prompt removal, to induce him to suspect the wisdom of his tardiness. You need not read to him the story of the thief on the cross. That but vexes him, notwithstanding he has taken from it the notion that there is such a thing as "*dying grace*."

But what shall we say of the class whose sin is clad in the robe worn on St. Bartholomew's day, when men said they were doing God a pleasure by putting Christians to death? Are there none even in the Protestant faith who are excusing their sin under the false notion that sin is a plan of Providence to keep them humble? And if men can bribe their conscience to such an extent as to make sin easy, what reason is there for disturbing so false a security? Talk of undue zeal in the mission of undeceiving men who have thus made the petrified body sightable by the dress with which they have clad it! Why, no effort is an extravagance which can tear off these robes and leave them in shreds, if by such effort souls can be saved. Is there nothing good to say for sin that it must be disguised thus? Must the theft be made a sharp business-action,—Sabbath-breaking be made an example of worthy providence, and anger a mere defence of the right,—the libertine the mere victim of a necessarily uncontrollable nature? Such verdict is but the announcement of man's own detestation of guilt and the eulogy on the law that punishes it. And it were safe to say that no better example of the sinfulness of sin is found, than in the fact that men have conjured up methods for its excuse. Sinners forcing themselves to call evil good and good evil that they may "do evil with both hands earnestly," wrapping up their iniquity, are pronouncing the most distinct anathema upon the life they are leading.

It is the business of the Gospel to take off these disguises; and even to the suffering of the body that has swelled beneath them, turn up to the light the fatal wounds which may yet be accessible to the blood of atonement. The

magistrate of the soul must be cured of corruption. The bribery that stilled his tongue must be swept away by the light of divine truth, and the heart must be educated to call things by their proper names. And so soon as the conscience is permitted to look into the soul, and dec'ed, unbiassed, its moral health, it will enjoy its first favourable symptom. Eloquence will not do this. Rants will fail. Nothing but the preaching of the cross. Set the deceived and deceiver down by the cross, and its study will prove that such agony was not endured for innocence, and that opens the avenue which leads to a smiting of self, a struggle for help, and a rising into life, through the faith of the Gospel.

H. CHRISTOPHERSON.

ARE YOU ASHAMED OF HOLINESS ?



E cannot escape the conviction that Christians generally are ashamed of holiness. How many there are in the Church that can talk well, and sing well, and pray well, and live consistent lives before the world, but who are never heard to mention holiness definitely as a blessing either possessed or coveted. They will talk and pray all around it, but do not come out with it fairly and freely. They seem to shun it as the mariner shuns the rock in the vessel's pathway. And if one begins to speak of it in many a Christian company, he must carry on the conversation alone; they either cannot or will not speak of it. It is treated as a thing distasteful—as a sick man treats medicine; listened to in silence, or heard with objections. For alas! too many of those who believe that Christ gave Himself for them that He might redeem them from all iniquity, and purify them unto Himself, are still found contending that the entire destruction of *that* which Christ came to destroy, and which his Word declares his blood can forever cleanse away, must remain in us to trouble and defile until the last moment of our existence in the flesh. And what shall be said of those members of the Methodist Church, whose peculiar honor it is to hold and teach this doctrine, who turn from it and oppose it!

But we ought to be ashamed that we have been ashamed of it. Confusion of face should be his who turns from it. If a man bears in his body the taint of any unclean disease, he seeks rather to conceal it than to let it be known. And is not sin an unclean disease in the soul, however little of it may remain there, that should awaken sorrow and shame in our hearts, for all heaven turns from it with loathing? Yet how freely we confess that we have it within us; and how little sorrow and shame it gives us. If a man be a law-breaker, he conceals it, and hides himself. But "whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law." Yet it seems to me that Christians shrink more from the confession of holiness than they do from the confession of sin. How strange that we are not utterly confounded at the indifference we feel at the breaking of laws so good, and just, and right, and the indifference we feel towards holi-

ness; and that we do not with ardent longing press on to that state of perfect love in which the righteousness of the law shall be fulfilled in us! Holiness! why it is the glory of God, and the joy and security of the happiness of heaven. And shall man, and above all, Christians, be ashamed of it! O soul, how oughtest thou to hide thy spotted garments even from thine own sight, when thou hast had free access to the fountain that can make them whiter than snow! For it is not so much our shame that we *have been* sinners, as that we *are* sinners, in the presence of the blood, and the cross, and the living Saviour.

If we have been ashamed in the past of this glorious peculiarity, let us henceforward glory in it; considering that what perfect health is to the body—freedom from distress and pain, and the possession of vigor and abundant life, *that* holiness is to the soul—freedom from all the weakness, and pain, and misery arising from sin. Who will refuse this perfect soundness! Do you ask, “*Can I be made perfectly whole?*” Most certainly. Jesus Christ is able to heal thee. You say I have long mourned over my sins, and have sought in vain for this inward freedom and outward victory. Perhaps you have been like the sick man, long afflicted with a painful malady, because he had neglected the laws of health and the prescribed remedies; so you have not come to Jesus to be cleansed. Remember, it is Jesus Christ that maketh thee whole. And He sanctifies on the same condition that He justifies, *viz., repentance and faith.* There must be repentance for the sins of the past and the neglect of the great salvation; and there must be faith in the blood, for it is the blood that cleanseth. Do not be afraid to commit yourself, but embrace holiness by embracing Him who is its author; and you shall be kept from falling by the power of God, through faith. The same power that holds the sun in the heavens shall hold you in the pathway of light. And when the Holy Spirit testifies that the work has been wrought, *then* let your light shine before men, that they may glorify, not you, but your Father in Heaven. “Fear not, only believe.”

* * *

A SURE HELPER.—How often we say, in great anxiety, “Who shall roll us away the stone?” and when we look again, behold “the stone is rolled away,” though it was very great. Every time God helps us out of a difficulty, we should return and give glory to him, and then go on our way with joy and fresh courage. We should often review the circumstances and see how God was at work for us, may be in distant places, at the very time of our trouble; how he was ordering events and disposing of men’s wills, so as to bring us just the help we needed. It is un-Christian to call these occurrences “chance” or “good luck.” “All our steps are numbered.” Let us learn to see God’s hand in all that befalls us. An old man who had been long engaged in business said, “I have had my ups and downs, but as I review my life, those things which I thought, at the time, most against me, have proved the best for me even temporarily, besides teaching me submission to him who rules the world.”

HOW I ENTERED INTO REST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN MINISTER IN REGARD TO HOLINESS.

(Concluded from our last.)

RIDAY, March 9th, 1871, was observed by the Church as a special season of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. My soul was in great agony. A sense of loneliness and abandonment stole over my mind, and it appeared as if all the powers of hell assaulted my soul. The enemy brought before me with tremendous force my lifelong prejudices, my theological training, my professional standing, my denominational pride. It was suggested that I must leave everything behind me if I went a step farther in this direction. The dread of being misunderstood, or having my motives questioned, of being called unsound in doctrine, of being slighted by my ministerial brethren, and treated with suspicion and coldness, filled my heart with unspeakable anguish. Everything seemed to be sliding from under my feet. My sight grew dim, my strength departed, and faintness like unto death came upon me. This mental conflict, however, soon subsided. The storm-clouds passed away, and light began to stream in. I bade farewell to theorizing, to philosophical doubts and vain speculations. The struggle was over, and I cared no longer for the opinions of men. I was willing to be a fool for Christ, and to suffer the loss of all things. I was like a little child, and cried out, "Teach me Thy way, O Lord! and lead me in a plain path." Just then the fountain of cleansing was revealed. Angel hands seemed beckoning me to enter it. Jesus stood before me with His bleeding wounds, saying, "Come in! come in!"

I turned to my congregation and said, "I stand before you to-day a poor, weak, helpless sinner. I have tried to find the way of holiness by every possible means. All my efforts, my struggles, my prayers, my fasting, and my round of duties have proved miserable failures. God is making a wonderful revelation to my long-darkened understanding. I am confident now that it is not to be secured by effort, or by works of any kind, for then would our salvation be of works, and not of grace. 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' *It is the blood that must cleanse, and keep us clean.* 'In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness.' That day has come. There flows the fountain of my Saviour's blood. It was opened for me, even me."

I fell upon my knees, and bowed my face to the floor. For a moment I felt as though I were sinking in a great sea, and that all its waves were going over me. But they did not seem to be the waters of death. The Spirit of God whispered to my heart those precious words, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." It does now, this instant, cleanse! My faith laid hold of this wonderful truth. A strange peace filled my soul, and I exclaimed within myself, "I am free! My heart, my soul, my mind, my body, are washed in the blood of the Lamb!" It was all so strange, so new, so unlike anything I had ever experienced before, that I could not utter a word, and then the only sentiment of my heart was, "Lord, it is done!"

When the meeting ended, I repaired immediately to the parsonage. I experienced great physical exhaustion, like Jacob, who never was so weak as when he had just prevailed with the angel. I threw myself into a chair, and

at once the blessed baptism came. I seemed filled with all the fulness of God. I wept for joy. All night long I wept. All the next day—at the family altar, in the street, and in the sanctuary—tears continued to flow. The fountains of my being seemed broken up, and my heart was dissolved in gratitude and praise. My soul seemed filled with pulses, each one thrilling and throbbing with love and rapture, so that I thought I must die from excess of life. At once I had a new and wonderful sense of *the presence of Christ*. Those words of Jesus were made real to me, "Abide in Me, and I in you." I had now an abiding Christ. With Mrs. Edwards I could say, "The presence of God was so near and real that I seemed scarcely conscious of anything else. I appeared to be taken under the care and charge of my God and Saviour in an inexpressibly endearing manner. The peace and happiness which I felt were altogether unutterable. The whole world, with all its enjoyments and all its troubles, seemed to be nothing; my God was my all, my only portion."

The sovereign will of God seemed at once so sweet and blessed that I felt lost in the thought that God ruled over and in me. I found myself praising Him for every trial, sorrow, disappointment, and loss. All my ransomed passions came rushing from their secret places to do homage to His holy and adorable will.

My *sense of unworthiness* was greatly increased. I felt so small, so weak, so utterly nothing, that I could no longer pray in the sanctuary, as had been my custom, in a standing position. I wanted to keep sinking lower and lower, and this desire brought with it a strange pleasure.

I felt a *sweet spirit of forgiveness* in my heart. It was easy to pray for those who had injured me. Persons who had become repulsive to me, appeared, all at once, as possessing many excellencies. I saw so much more to admire, and so much less to condemn, in the people of God, that it seemed as though God had "made all things new."

My *love for the brethren* was much enlarged. Denominational distinctions disappeared, and my heart flowed out in tender affection for all those that "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Answers to prayer were continually occurring. The promise was made good, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you." I no sooner asked for a boon than it was granted. One out of many instances of this nature I wish to relate. During two or three weeks I had scarcely slept at all, first from excess of sorrow and then from excess of joy. Mind and body began to show signs of great nervous exhaustion, which only increased the tendency to wakefulness. One night after retiring it occurred to me, "Now ask Jesus." At once I raised my heart in prayer, saying, "Blessed Jesus! I need sleep. Effort will not bring it. I now seek it from Thee. Let me go to sleep." Immediately I fell asleep, and continued to sleep soundly all that night and every night since.

My mind became solemnly impressed with *the personality of the Devil*. For several days, it is true, he was not permitted to attack my soul in the slightest manner. But this exemption was only for a time. One afternoon, just as I took my seat in the pulpit, Satan stood at my side in dread personality. To my mental sight he appeared, as never before, fearfully and maliciously real. He suggested such thoughts as these: "Your present experience is very satisfactory, but will it continue? What will you do when these meetings shall end, and all these Christians are gone to their several churches, and you shall be alone?" Words utterly fail to convey the malignant force of these Satanic utterances. But with humble boldness I answered, "I can do without the creature, but not without the Creator. Human sympathy and Christian fellowship are inexpressibly sweet, but they are not indispensable to my happiness or safety. Possessing Christ, I have all."

“ And he showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan ; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee : is not this a brand plucked out of the fire ? Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment. (Zech. iii. 1-4.) At once I had such a ravishing view of the infinite loveliness and all-sufficiency of Jesus, that my heart glowed with new rapture, and the words of the poet came flashing upon my mind :—

“ When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same :
 May I with Thee be satisfied,
 And glory in Thy name !

“ No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in Thee ;
 I must have all things, and abound,
 While God is God to me.

“ He that hath made my heaven secure
 Will here all good provide :
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
 What can I want beside ?”

Several weeks after this, while riding in a street car, I was again fiercely assailed by this enemy of all righteousness. Thoughts of evil darted through my mind like lightning. I well remember how, in former years, I would exert all my rational powers to put from me these vile suggestions. It used to be a mighty, but very unequal, conflict between the powers of darkness and my own puny strength, and it seldom ended without leaving its stain, and involving my soul in great spiritual depression. But now, without an effort or a struggle, I found myself, like a fluttered dove, fleeing to Christ. In a moment the thoughts of evil were gone, and my soul exulted in the triumphs of all-victorious faith.

The personality and work of the Holy Spirit were revealed to my spiritual perceptions as they had never been before. And O, what a Comforter He became to me ! He seemed to regard me as a little, weak, convalescent child, that needed to be carried in the arms and comforted. He had before been my Reprover, but now He sweetly whispered, “ No more reproof ; no more wounding. I am come to comfort, to heal, to sanctify, and to abide with you for ever.” Indeed, all the doctrines of the Gospel at once became luminous in the presence of the Sanctifier. What was formerly a speculative conviction, became now a wondrous reality. What once appeared in dim outline, like some beautiful landscape partially revealed by moonlight, now glowed with distinct and golden splendour.

That which was before either impossible or very difficult, I now find to be natural and easy. I do not find this life, as in my ignorance I once regarded it, to be one of mysticism, indolence, and self-gratulation, but *a life of ceaseless activity amidst undisturbed repose*, of complete absence of all weariness amidst perpetual employment. Neither do I find it a condition of stagnation. All life involves growth, and there are no limits to the possibilities of growth in the life of faith. The more the soul receives, the more it is capable of receiving, and the more it yearns to receive. Because it has got some glimpses of its boundless wealth in Christ, it is ever crying, “ Give me more ;” and nothing satisfies it save an experience of development which is the result of an inward and divine life.

Thus have I told the story of my life honestly and simply. We are not all lead by the same route, and we must not force others to go our way. All we can do is to show *how* we have found rest, and *where* we have found it. Of one thing I am sure, that *this experience is not to be procured by any intellectual process of reasoning.* It was not by discussion, it was not by intellectual insight into the mysteries of God, it was not by a gradual development, it was not by effect or works of any kind, that I reached the point where I found rest and cleansing for my struggling and sin-stained soul. I am fully persuaded that I might have been saved thirty years of weariness and failure if my poor blind heart had known God's way of holiness. *It is the gift of God, bestowed, not upon him that worketh, but upon him that believeth.* And hence in one short moment, by the exercise of faith in a perfect Saviour, the work was done; the body of sin was slain; my yearning desires were satisfied, and my soul, long agitated, was at rest, bathed with sunshine and peace. I have been conscious ever since, moment by moment, of the cleansing power of Christ's blood, of the preserving grace of the Holy Spirit, of the absence of all fear, all disquietude, all uncertainty, and the presence of abounding love, joy, and assurance.

And now, if these statements, which after all but half express the feelings of my heart and the workings of my mind, should shed light on the path of some perplexed Christian, or clear away the difficulties with which some weary soul is struggling; if they should lead even one solitary disciple, pining for heart-purity and soul-rest, to turn from speculation, human reasoning, and self-effort, and to receive Christ by faith, "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," I shall indeed rejoice, and all the glory shall be given to "*Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.*" Amen.

PROGRESS IN HOLINESS.

BY R. PEARSALL SMITH.



HE expectation of some concerning the walk of the redeemed, who through faith have entered practically upon the "Highway of holiness," has been framed as though it were not a *way*, but a *place*, without further progress in the divine life, a place secured from the assaults of temptation, where there was little need to take heed lest we fall, and where there was an uniform flow of intense feelings of joy. Far from this, we have but now found the hindrances removed from an endless progression in the divine life; Satan uses his most potent resources upon those who are within the citadel, if possible, to draw them out; we walk by faith only, and should our faith fail, we stumble; and, though, on the one hand, we rejoice almost unvaryingly in the Saviour's presence and smile, we at the same time suffer, in filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ, the keenest sorrow in beholding the perishing multitudes around us, and the faithlessness of the professing church. We are anxious, soberly, sincerely, and without exaggeration, to set before the believer who has found the commencement of a life of full union with Jesus, the progress, the dangers, and the trials, of practical resurrection-life.

So much has been written about the entrance, that we fear this "Highway" may have seemed like a succession of commencements. There is a continual advance, and many distinct stages of progress, in this walk of faith, but nevertheless the entrance is mostly as clearly defined to the Christian as was the passage of the Jordan to the Israelites redeemed out of Egypt. Alas, that so many who have beheld the grapes of Eschol, who have heard the united testimony of the faithful spies, and who have been urged to an immediate entrance, should have shrunk from stepping upon the land, and, through unbelief, come short of the Rest that remaineth for the people of God! It is indeed, they argue, for the specially gifted of heaven, but "not for me"—forgetting that all distinctions between men have, in God's sight, been obliterated, first by their common ruin, and then by the common grace opened to all by the cross of Christ. Such know how they would be the first to answer a similar plea in regard to the forgiveness of sins; but they strangely cling to their unbelief, and the alleged impossibility of such as they are ever entering into Rest. Once more entreating them to allow such unbelief no apology or quarter, we would speak a little to those who, having believed, "do enter into Rest."

Although we look forward to the time when the Church, the Bride of Christ, shall find rest in her Lord's bosom, when Israel shall rest in the land under the rule of Messiah, and when even the dumb creation on the manifestation of the sons of God shall rest from its groaning: yet there is a present Rest, a Sabbath-keeping of the soul (Heb. iv. 9, margin), into which many hearts have definitely entered by faith. Self has ceased to be the centre of its own little world, and One worthy of being so has become the absorbing object of its affections, existence, and hopes. As is expressed of an earthly affection by the poet—

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

The soul has learned and is learning the lesson of forgetfulness of self, and of all that is behind. The vision of Jesus has not only put sins away, but human righteousness vanishes before it. The light of day not only dispels the darkness, but it hides the stars which shone in the darkness. Not only are past sins forgotten, but every ground of self-confidence, and even the soul's past progress; for it is reaching forward, in an infinite progression, toward the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

As the Christian advances on the "Highway of holiness," occupied with Jesus, rather than with temptation or sin, there is found the simplicity of a child, who does not analyze his emotions, but with naturateness gives play to them. The effort to love and the self-reproach of the heart for wandering affections are gone, for the soul has learned to dwell in love, and thus to dwell in God. (1 John iv. 16.) Although this Rest may not come in all its fullness at once, when the soul first finds victory over the world, it is the result of walking in the Spirit, and it grows imperceptibly as a holy habit in the Christian, who becomes conscious of it rather by its results than by any effort in its attainment. If effort there be, it is the effort to cease from his own works, that he may enter into Rest.

Thus the Christian becomes as a little child, and is trained in the kingdom of heaven, which consists in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. He knows his deliverance from the power of darkness, and his translation into the kingdom of God's dear Son, as a present, inward, realized fact. He finds the accomplishment of that promise, "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be beloved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to

him." A holy *intimacy* with Jesus is formed by the soul, leading to a constant intercourse as real as that with the dearest of earthly friends, and infinitely more satisfying. With a heart "purified by faith," the Christian,—now "pure in heart,"—finds his vision no longer occupied with the world, self, and sin, for he sees God, and is occupied with Christ. Beyond even this manifestation of God, the soul knows the Father and the Son, in the sober certainty of a consciousness which becomes the reality of the promise, "My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." An abode is a permanent dwelling-place. "I bear within me," said an eminent Christian, "the divine verity of the triune God;" and nothing short of this fulfils the Word of God, and the eternal purposes of man's redemption.

Christian progress is not necessarily a constant succession of stumblings and risings, an endless soiling and re-cleansing of the garments. He who said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," can as easily say also, "Rise up and walk." He who washed us whiter than snow is able to preserve us from defiling the garments which He has bestowed upon us. As the Christian more and more experiences that Jesus is able to keep the heart which has been committed unto Him, the spirit of fear is replaced by the spirit "of power," and of love, and of a sound mind." Putting on the new man, "which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness," the heart is open to receive the assurances of the love of Jesus, with the same freedom and simplicity with which the assurance of pardon was received. While the heart was conscious of any separation of self-will from God, it was, and must be, always slow to apprehend the expression of affection and tender sympathy from Christ;* but now, in the consciousness of the cleansing of the blood, it launches out on the boundless ocean of the love of God. It comes to "know the love of Christ," while yet it is conscious that it "passeth knowledge." Hungering and thirsting for righteousness, it has come to Jesus and been "filled," and yet never did it know such

"Quenchless yearnings for a holier life."

"Perfect," yet "not already perfected;" "satisfied," yet "hungering and thirsting;" at rest, and yet "earnestly contending;" knowing the love of Christ, yet panting to comprehend what is its breadth, and length, and depth, and height; always rejoicing, yet sorrowful;—an inward knowledge of God

* See Eph. v. "If these affections be not understood as passing between Christ and the saint, if we do not without reserve allow this satisfaction with each other, our souls will not enter into much of that communion which the Scripture provides for. We should allow and entertain the thought of Christ's delight in the saints with *the same certainty* that we allow the thought of His having purchased and sanctified them by His blood. But this communion must spring from intelligence of the soul, or it will be mere natural fervor. . . . The love of kindred warrants the deepest intimacies. There is ease in coming in and going out. Expressions of love are not deemed intrusive, nay, are sanctioned as due and comely. The heart knows its right to indulge itself over its object, and that without check or shame. This is the glory of this affection, the richest feast of the heart. It is the *persons*, not their qualities, that form the ground of our love to our kindred. It is *Himself* that the heart embraces, not his sorrows, favors, or excellencies.

"Do we believe this? Does it make us happy? We are naturally suspicious of any efforts to make us happy in God, because our moral sense, our natural conscience, tells us of having lost all right to even His ordinary blessings. The mere moral sense will therefore be quick to stand to it, and question all overtures of peace from heaven, and be ready to challenge their reality. *Faith* gainsays these conclusions of nature. . . . It refuses at times to think according to the moral sense of nature. . . . In the revelation of God, faith reads our abundant title to be near Him, and be happy with Him, though natural conscience and our sense of the fitness of things would have it otherwise. Faith feeds where the natural sensibilities of the natural mind would count it presumption to tread.

"Do we ponder without suspicion or reserve the thoughts of such love toward us in the heart of Jesus? Does it make us happy? How are we to meet this way of Christ's heart to us?"

has solved all the paradoxes of His Word. God multiplies His blessings where there is faith to receive them, so that again and again yesterday's privileges seem but as the twilight before the dawn,—verifying the Word that “the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth *more and more* unto the perfect day.”

Service for Jesus has now become not only a happy freedom, but a sacred joy, for it is done for Him whose eye alone the heart now cares for. The rejoicing with the found sheep is sanctified by the higher and more sacred privilege of sharing the joy of the Shepherd. Intercessory prayer becomes the *attitude* rather than the effort of the soul, and in self-forgetfulness the heart prays “without ceasing,” and draws down the blessings of God on all around it. Of self-“sacrifice,” or effort, the soul almost loses the consciousness, for the affections that cling to what needs to be sacrificed, are withered and replaced by the soul-absorbing union with Jesus. The judgment of those around loses both its restraining and its stimulating effect, as the heart realizes that it has

“None to please but Jesus.”

His approval and smile satisfy all the desires of the heart. It is wonderful what calmness this gives in the simplest conversation, or equally in meeting, under circumstances of overwhelming responsibility, the largest audiences. All sense of loneliness is gone, be the surroundings a desert or a crowd, since Jesus is present in the soul; and the heart finds in His constant company not satiety, but increasing joy. These heavenly privileges are multiplied through the faith that no longer expects any break in the current of its holy intimacy with Jesus, but rather that it shall increase from day to day, and year to year. A deaf ear is turned to those who, to their own soul's infinite loss, “limit the Holy One of Israel,” in His grace and gifts. The soul expects,—confidently counts upon,—continually increasing blessings. It listens to the voice to which Israel would not give heed, “I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt: *open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.*” The soul has brought *all* its tithes, the very last and least, into God's storehouse, and now finds the windows of heaven open, so that the poor vessel sometimes feels that it has not room to contain all the blessings now poured out. It no longer speaks of its own desires as separate from the will of God, but finds an instinctive inward conformity to Him, who now works in the soul *to will*, as well as to do of His good pleasure. The sounds of the world grow more fainter and more distant as the melody of heaven occupies his heart more exclusively. Even the active callings of life cannot destroy this divine fellowship, for faith is above all circumstances. Love cannot be quenched by many waters, neither can floods drown it.

It is impossible by our painfully insufficient words to convey what the realization of this union with Jesus is to the soul. The writer has been blessed by having the ties of human affection towards those nearest to him in life sealed by fellowship in Jesus; but no union of purpose, no unrestraint of soul, no abandonment of heart in the intercourse of affection, could possibly equal the sacred intimacy and entire “Rest,” which he finds in his Lord and Saviour. Nor is the deep sense of reality exceeded in any outward intercourse with those nearest and dearest in life. Sooner would we doubt the evidences of our senses than the Spirit witnessing directly with our spirit. Surely in redeeming us out of the world by His own blood, there should be nothing short of full union of heart with Jesus in those “elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, *unto obedience*, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus,” and “who *are* kept by the power of God through faith.” How much of privilege, of joy, of service, and of reward, those

miss who turn away from the fulness of this union with Jesus as impossible for them.

When the Christian has thus become practically buried by baptism into death, to the world, and self, and finds himself risen with Christ, he is able to walk in that newness of life in which old things are passed away, and all things have become new. He is no longer occupied with the contemplation of sin, and is not expecting to trespass. Yet even the victory over sin and self is but the negative part of sanctification, if we may so speak. The positive form is found in the affections and activities of the soul, which having the hindrances of a habit of sinning removed, is capable of being filled by the Spirit, and thus fitted for a work above and beyond all of its natural capacities. Kept by grace through faith in holy union with a risen Saviour, a partaker of the divine nature, we can see no limit to what God may work by a believer who thus loses his own life for Jesus' sake, and finds the life of Christ filling the soul.

The song of holy trust and triumph is emphatically a "song of degrees," and in thus setting forth these privileges, we should have none who have put their whole trust in Jesus for preservation, to be discouraged, because it is with them only the dawning of the day of full deliverance. The Sun of Righteousness will arise with effectual healing in His wings. What Augustine says of love, may be applied to this walk of full trust in Jesus—"Is love made perfect the moment it is born? So far from it, it is born in order that it may be brought to perfection. When it has been born, it is nourished; when it has been nourished, it is strengthened; when it has been strengthened, it is made perfect."

Let us set our standard of privilege as high as God has set it in His Word; crying, "Lord, increase our faith;" and *be ourselves willing to have it increased according to God's measure and standard.*

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.



Ye have not sowed in vain!
Though the heavens seem as brass,
And piercing the crust of the burning plain,
Ye scan not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,
And waters of life on high;
One morn ye shall wake, and the Spring's soft green
O'er the moistened fields shall lie.

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
Light on the darkened brow.
The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain;
"The Sower, the Son of man," was there,
And His was that precious grain.

Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

ART THOU IN HEALTH?

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

I MAY well put this enquiry, because to our knowledge a great many of God's saints are not in health. Alas, the hands that are hanging down and the feeble knees! It is a common saying everywhere that Christians are not now-a-days what they once were. I am not among the believers in that statement to the full, but there is some truth in it. The stern fidelity to truth which ruled in the Puritanic time, is now most lamentably allowed by time-serving; neither in Christians' conversation is there such an obedience to the apostolic rule as there should be. The zeal of the church is

FAR BELOW BLOOD HEAT.

There is no doubt that the mass of Christians now-a-days are a sadly puny and sickly race. I feel quite safe in saying that, one LUTHER might take a dozen of us up in his hand and look at us in wonder, that ever the race of Christians could have dwarfed down to such Lilliputian insignificance. There have been men—there have been many men—in the ages past, whose little fingers were heavier than the loins of most professors now-a-days; one bone of their arm would have weighed more than the entire *corpus* of the dwarfs around us. Since our brethren sicken and decline on all hands, there is need, my brethren, that the question be put to thee, "Art thou in health?"

Moreover, the question is the more

needful, because *spiritual sickness is a very insidious thing*, and creeps over a man before he is well aware of it. We pretty soon detect bodily diseases; but spiritual ailments are like the grey hairs which are upon us here and there, and we know it not. You may be back-sliding and not be conscious of it; you may be degenerating from the fervor of your first love and scarcely know it; you may go far astray from heavenly-mindedness and not discover that you have done so, until some glaring sin shall reveal the mischief. The more urgently then would I press the question upon your solemn thoughtfulness—"Art thou in health, my brother?"

A fourth reason for the necessity of this question is this: that if *thou be not in health, it will be dangerous to thee, unprofitable to the Church, and dishonoring to God*. The Christian out of health is in a sevenfold degree liable to fall into sin; how grievous this is to a right mind I need not say. The Christian out of health is unprofitable to the Church, he is not diligent in his Master's service, and what he attempts to do is done too feebly to be successful. The Christian out of health does not bring glory to God, does not light up the name of Christianity with that splendor which he would reflect upon it if he were in health. Oh, my brother, if you did but know to the full the excellency of a sound spiritual state, and could contrast it with the broken bones, the agonies and the languishings into which back-sliders fall, you would cry out at once, "Lord, visit me with saving health! Search me and try me, and see if there be any spiritual sickness in me. Heal me of my diseases, and as thy name is *Jehovah Rapha*, be pleased to restore my soul."

A FEW QUESTIONS.

But we pass on. I shall now ASSIST YOU IN THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION. May I earnestly ask you, my brethren in Christ, a few questions which may serve as hints to aid you in private self-examinations? "Art thou in health, my brother?" How fares it with *thy heart*? The centre of life—is that right? Thou canst answer that question by two others. Where is thy faith? Art thou resting simply and alone upon the precious blood of Jesus, or hast thou sought out some other foundation? Answer that question before all others. Dost thou rest alone and wholly, as a sinner lost by nature, upon the completed work of Christ, in the merit of his life and in the atonement of his death? Make sure upon this matter, for on it depends much; nay, on it depends everything. Next answer to thy conscience, how is thy love? for that is as vital as thy faith. Dost thou love Jesus first and foremost? I will not say, couldst thou lay down thy life for him, for I know thou wouldst if thou art his. But what about thy heart's deepest longings? Dost thou sigh after more of Christ as thy treasure? Dost thou delight to magnify his name? Dost thou find that name to be as ointment poured forth into thy soul? If these two great values of thy heart—thy faith and love—be right, then will I hope that thou art in health, my brother; but if there be any mixture in thy faith so that thou reliest in any degree upon thyself, if there be any taint in thy love so that the creature usurps Jesus' place, then, dear brother, thou art not in health, and it behooves thee to apply to Him who alone healeth our diseases, and that without delay.

My next inquiry is concerning the *circulation of thy spiritual blood*. This depends much upon thy heart, and is the next question, "Art thou cold and dead in spiritual things, or art thou lively, full of earnestness and warm with zeal?" Depend upon it, we are never healthy towards God when the circulation of our soul's life-blood is sluggish; there is a dangerous lethargy within. Of all things in this world that are tasteless and even sickening, lukewarm religion is the worst.

IF GOD IS WORTH LOVING

he is worth loving with all the heart,

soul, and strength; if religion is worth attending to, it is worth attending to with all the force of our nature and all the strength we can obtain from God. I put the question round to all my readers, especially those who are church members: "Are you now as zealous as you used to be? Are you loving the souls of men? Are you seeking their conversion? Have you a zeal for Christ, and does your heart rejoice in him as it once did? If not, my brother, a dangerous malady has fastened upon a vital part. Go thy way, and look well to thy soul's state, for thou art not in health, my brother.

"FORSAKEN FOR A MOMENT."

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN.

MANY years ago, before the net-work of railway-lines had spread its tracery over England, making a long journey, even in winter, a thing of slight consequence, William Flint dismounted from his tired horse in the court-yard of an hotel at Salisbury, and leaving the animal to the care of the hostler, ascended to the warm, cheerful parlor, to wait until his own room should be ready.

He had been invited to Salisbury by the deacons of a church whose pastor was then absent, and, weary as he was with his day's travelling, he yet felt full of eager pleasure in thinking of the morrow's duties. For preaching "the unsearchable riches of Christ" was the very passion of this man's existence, and he was well known for his fiery eloquence and deep investigations into "the hidden wisdom." So he sat, physically resting; but mentally every energy of his soul was pantingly girding itself with new power to speak once more for the Master whom he served. God had highly honored him already by owning his ministry in the conversion of souls precious in his sight, and it might be that the coming day was to be one of fresh victory over Satan, of liberty for another captive, hitherto "sold under sin."

So he mused and hoped, and ere he slept that night, earnest pleadings with God had ascended for the coveted blessing.

The Sabbath morning rose clearly calm in its rich beauty, and the appointed hour for public worship found the house of

the Lord thronged with an expectant audience. Strangers were there that morning to hear the preacher of whom fame spoke so well. The intellectual anticipated a mental treat from one of such acknowledged ability, the curious went because it was something new. While earnest followers of Jesus hoped to have their hope strengthened by the words of a man who was known to be one of those whose life is genuine "walking with God."

The preliminary parts of the service were gone through, and Mr. Flint rose to announce his text. He turned the leaves of the large pulpit-bible with a hesitating hand, and fluttered them to and fro as if in doubt where to pause. His hand then passed confusedly over his forehead, and an uneasy sensation began to pervade the congregation.

He had totally, as by a sudden blanketing of his mind, forgotten what he had intended to say that morning. Even the text was wholly obliterated from his memory. The cold drops rose on his brow, as he again hastily turned over the leaves of the bible in search of some familiar verse on which he might say a few extempore words. In vain. A complete and unaccountable panic had seized on all his faculties. The old promises of scripture which had for years been so precious to his soul, and on any of which he could have freely spoken, were closed to him now. The terrible thought rushed into his mind that on account of some unknown sin the Lord had forever rejected him from further ministrations in the Holy Name. He sank back on the narrow pulpit seat in a blank desolation of heart beyond all power of description, burying his ghastly face in his hands to hide it from the astonished looks directed towards him on all sides.

A deacon, to cover the pastor's strange confusion, rose and gave out a hymn. At the close of the singing, a deep cry of prayerful anguish arose from the bitterly tried servant of God. The first words of that thrilling address to infinite mercy fell on the awe-struck congregation as an echo from the darkness of Calvary:

"My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

He could speak to his Father out of the depths of his distress, but to him only, and after pouring out his agony in

importunate pleadings, never to be forgotten by the hearers, he pronounced the benediction and left the chapel.

Going to his hotel he called for his horse and rode wildly out of the city, resolving never to return to a place where he had been so forsaken and disgraced.

Four years passed away. Mr. Flint had preached all through those years as in former times. No strange confusion had ever again subjected him to mortification, and he began to regard the episode at Salisbury as something to be left with the Great Disposer. He could assign no reason for the singular occurrence. That God had not forsaken him he was assured by the blessing which had followed his subsequent labors; and the pang of that one failure was almost forgotten, when a letter from one of the Salisbury deacons revived it in all its acuteness.

The letter contained a request that Mr. Flint would again visit the city for the purpose of occupying the same pulpit from which he had so disastrously hurried four years ago. At first he thought he must decline, then some secret impulse seemed to urge a compliance with the request. He said to himself that surely the former visit must have been forgotten, and so wrote an acceptance of the invitation.

He was not allowed to go to an hotel on this occasion, but was entertained by one of the influential members of the church. He had scarcely entered the drawing-room, when the lady of the house came forward and after a few words of more than formal welcome, asked in tones of deep emotion:

"Do you remember your visit to Salisbury, four years ago?"

The very thing he had hoped was forgotten, thus thrust itself on him in the first moments of his arrival, from the lips of his hostess, the very first person to whom he had spoken!

He replied, with humble sorrow:

"I have indeed cause to remember that most unhappy day."

"And I," rejoined the lady, "shall have cause to remember it with thankfulness throughout eternity."

Mr. Flint looked at her with a face of eager inquiry, and she continued:

"I went to the chapel that morning, wrapped in sorrow on account of heavy trials which had recently bowed my

whole being to the earth, and I felt no comfort, nor expected any. I nursed my grief in sullen endurance, for I knew not the sorrow-bearer. To the opening services I gave no attention, but when your unexpected and evident confusion drew all eyes toward you, I, too, looked and felt a dull, feeble sort of pity for what I knew must be your feelings of mortification. But when you began your subsequent prayer with those words, "My God, my God! wh' hast thou forsaken me?" then my heart was touched to the quick. I knew then that in your affliction you were not alone, you had your God, and you claimed him as yours even in the very midst of your difficulty. I, too, was afflicted, but I could not utter that child-cry to the Father, 'my God!' I felt that he was not mine. But that one cry of yours was the means of arousing me to seek Jesus, and blessed be his name I have found him, so that your coming was not in vain, since through your means I have learned to say, 'my God!'"

Mr. Flint had listened to this account with full eyes and a throbbing heart.

"Henceforth," he said, humbly and solemnly, "let the Lord do with me as he pleaseth. Let me preach or be silent, let me be all or nothing, so that he but use me in his work, and save souls in his own way, not in mine!"

SEEKING AND FINDING.

HELEN did not love God. Trained by pious parents, and in the Sunday-school, her outward life reflected these holy influences. But in her heart she disliked religion, and was spiritually blind in the midst of great light.

When about to leave home for boarding-school, Helen said to herself, "Now, I will be a Christian; I shall be away from my young companions, and can give myself without hindrance to the task." So Helen went to school. But she carried with her the same unwilling heart, and was no more ready to seek the Saviour, when hundreds of miles from home, and separated from old associations, than before. Many times during that year of study did memory recall good resolutions to a cold and unrepentant heart.

A father's prayers followed her, and a mother's fervent supplications, offered in years gone by, could never be forgotten. So when assailed by whisperings of unbelief, she still held fast to the faith which was her father's hope, and had made her mother's dying moments the hour of victory. But now she was too busy to think of anything but her many duties and engagements. Gay young schoolmates too were greater hindrances than at home, to quiet thought and holy decision.

Still Jesus stood knocking. The Holy Spirit continued to urge, "Daughter, thy heart!" Once more she resolved, that home again and school days over, she would give her undivided attention to this great work. Thus Helen trifled with mercy and opportunity. Yet the love of a patient and forbearing heavenly Father encircled and kept his wayward child. The months of application to study passed rapidly away, and Helen, after graduating with honor, returned to her home. Now, she thought, tasks are ended, and a life of pleasure and happiness is begun. But soon she became restless and unhappy. "For what am I living?" she asked, as one day followed another, occupied by light duties and unsatisfying amusements. "I thought when lessons were at an end, life would be one long, bright holiday. Is this all the world affords?"

In this thoughtful state of mind the resolve she had made was recalled to her memory, and with earnest determination she said "I will be a Christian, now. I have put off too long this sacred duty." With faithful efforts Helen tried to turn away from earthly things toward the heavenly. But how to do this—that was the difficulty. She had no love, no faith, no hope. How could she obtain these needed gifts and graces. "Come to me," was the loving word of the Lord himself; and she knew that seeking Him was the only way, and finding Him, the only hope. Intellectually she believed, but her heart was full of unbelief. She could only utter the prayer of the poor blind man, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." But the heavens were as brass over her head, the earth empty and vain, and herself powerless. Still, pride would not allow her to show her anxiety to others. "This is too sacred a matter to tell any one," was

the plea; "it is between my soul and God alone." For a long time Helen groped her way in darkness, unwilling to avail herself of sympathy and aid.

How gladly would her pastor and Christian friends have walked by her side with words of counsel and deep sympathy. But she toiled in secret with the heavy burden of self and sin. Then, as never before, she began to feel that burden; and her prayer was, "Just as I am, O Lamb of God, I come." She had tried to make herself worthy, only to find how vain and fruitless the endeavor. Every word of that hymn was the fitting petition and urgent plea of her soul. But as yet, no light came.

One Sunday morning Helen was returning from service. The downy snow-flakes gently dropped from the clouds, and sweetly there came to her blind soul a ray of light. A restful feeling, that the loving hand of Jesus was holding her hand, stole into her heart. "He receiveth sinners; He will receive me," was her joyful thought. This she had heard many, many times before; now it was revealed to her inmost consciousness, and she had an inexpressible sense of peace and delight never before experienced. Her heart was full of thanksgiving to her Lord and Redeemer.

For a time Helen was happy, still keeping it all within herself. When she was strong in faith, then she would tell her father and friends, and be willing that all the world should know. But faith will not grow in the dark, and Helen was trying, as it were, to serve two masters. She did not perceive that it was pride which still lingered, and that really she was ashamed of Jesus. One evening, while reading the Bible, all her hopes were suddenly swept away, as by a whirlwind. The joy and trust were gone. The shining of the Saviour's face had passed away, and instead, darkness, doubt, and despair overwhelmed her soul. She could not pray, for God seemed only a Holy Being, too great and awful to be approached by the sinful children of earth. Seeking her father in this deep distress, she told him of her former hope and her present trouble. The very telling brought comfort, and with this confession the last barrier of pride and self was broken down, and the full blessing came. Peace flowed like a

river. Before, it had been but the dawning of the morning; now it was the glorious light of perfect day.

Conversation with her pastor and Christian friends became a pleasure and a privilege, and she perceived plainly her mistake. Looking back over the way, she saw that seeking was more arduous and finding more difficult, because, as it were, she had sought to come to Jesus by night for fear of the Jews. From this time it was Helen's earnest desire to be known as a humble disciple of Christ her Saviour, and soon afterwards with joy she consecrated her life to Him by public profession. Life had now an aim, time a value, and youth and talent were gifts to be devoted to this blessed service. Helen in seeking and finding had secured the "pearl of great price," for which she gladly offered her greatest treasures.

THE COCK-FIGHTER AND HIS DAUGHTER.

SOME years ago, on a Sabbath morning, John Brady, the cock-fighter, sat at home counting over a great roll of bank bills. He had made by his night's work in one of the dens of New York, three hundred dollars, by betting shrewdly upon the prowess and endurance of his favorite birds.

Notwithstanding the *fowl* work of the father, there was one soft spot in his heart, and his daughter held the key to it. She was his pet, and this morning she sat by his side, intently watching him.

"What is it, Mary?" he said, presently.

She made no answer, but looked so earnestly into his eyes that it troubled him.

"Tell me what's the matter," he said, again.

Still no reply. But the hero of the cock-pit was not to be conquered by a little girl of ten summers, so he took her by the shoulder, somewhat roughly, and said:

"But you *must* tell me, Mary."

Very calmly and sweetly she answered:

"Papa, I will tell you what I was thinking. That great roll of money will not buy heaven."

Brady was vexed, but the words cut to the quick. He lost all interest in his

bank notes, and nervously paced the floor. Soon Mary went up stairs to her room. She had found Jesus in the Sunday-school, and he had been her strong refuge ever since.

While she was on her knees, telling him all about the present trouble, something prompted her father to follow her up stairs. As he reached the upper story he heard these words: "Dear Jesus, save my poor father." There was no sleep for John Brady that night. The strong man was bowed in agony and remorse, and he found no rest until Mary's Christ spoke peace to his soul.

Fifteen years have passed since the Sabbath morning when he counted over his night's gain. He still continues a devoted soldier of Jesus, and though not a scholar, has unusual power in winning souls. The maiden of ten has become a noble Christian matron, blessing and blessed.

This is no fancy sketch, as they reside not far from my own home.

Sunday-school teacher! in due season you shall reap, if you faint not! Young followers of Jesus! your prayers and labors shall not lose their reward!

ARE YOU LED BY THE SPIRIT?

ARE you led by the Spirit in your interpretation of God's word? Too many are led by a favorite expositor or a talented friend. You must not be hampered by fetters if you want to dig deep into the mine of God's truth. You must be free from prejudice and from trammelling opinions, and ready to receive the light which the Holy Spirit Himself throws upon His own word. No more full and beautiful expositions of God's book are to be found in language than in some of the old Puritans. We attribute this excellence to the fact of many of them being, through persecution, cutoff from the sources of human learning, and therefore mainly dependent on God Himself for the meaning of His own word. Despise the nothing that is good; refuse no help from human teachers; but be careful that the instruction you receive is a help and not a fetter, and never forget that God is His own best interpreter.

LOVEFEAST.

IN THE CLASS ROOM.

BY MISS C. J. LOOMIS.

Then said the leader, "What has Christ done for you? what is He doing now? and what will He do for you."

WHAT Christ hath done? I cannot tell thee,
brother;

I cannot, in my poor thought, comprehend
All that great question; but I know none
other

Has ever proven such a wondrous friend.

Often, in meditation, I revolve it,
As constant to my daily task I go;
But it o'erwhelms me when I try to solve it,
That He could love what is unlovely, so.

With some of earth, I might indeed dis-
semble—

Might seem to be far better than I am—
Might possibly some fair ideal resemble,
And still be but a miserable sham;

But Christ can pierce all masks and foolish
seeming;

From Him I cannot hide a single blot;
To any hideous stain that needs redeeming,
Those searching, loving eyes are blinded
not.

What *has* He done? O, if I could but tell
thee!

I was a criminal, condemned to die;
Guilty and wretched. But what grace befel
me!

He brought my pardon from the throne on
high.

Infinite love! I do not understand it;
It is a deep, unfathomable mystery;
I only know the heart of God, who planned
it,

Found in Itself excuse, and not in me.

What *is* He doing? Ah, to tell that story
A tongue of inspiration must be given,
I cannot tell thee, till in fields of glory
My spirit is from earthly limits shriven.

I could as soon the myriad sea-sands number;
Or count the ocean drops, and tell their
sum;

Or call from mountain caves the winds that
slumber;

But on this theme my lips seem stricken
dumb.

I would be eloquent, and ever telling
 What Christ is doing for me every day—
 What marvels He doth work ; and thus im-
 pelling
 Some other soul to chcoze this blessed way.

But somehow, when my trembling lips are
 fashioned
 To speak, my words seem paralyzed and
 dead,
 And cold, and meaningless, and unimpas-
 sioned,
 Compared with what I feel, and *would* have
 said,

And so I cannot tell thee what He's doing,
 Altho' I long to break the silent spell ;
 But that dear love is all my heart imbuing,
 I've sometimes brokenly essayed to tell.

What *will* He do ? Far more than I can men-
 tion.

In Him my soul has never been deceived ;
 And so I have of death no apprehension,
 Because I know in whom I have believed.

But an under current of sadness,
 Like a serpentine thread of pain,
 Permeates all my gladness
 And joy in the Lamb that was slain,

What have I done for Jesus ?
 For my years have not been few.
 What am I doing at present ?
 And what do I mean to do ?

O, I do not want to die yet ;
 I am not ready to go ;
 I cannot see my sun set
 Till I have some trophy to show—

Some faults overcome—some graces—
 Some bundle of ripened wheat—
 Some jewel from desert places,
 To lay at the Master's feet.

MY EXPERIENCE.

MARY GREEN.

I was blessed with pious parents, who
 early taught me to pray. The good
 spirit often strove with my heart—I
 many times had *direct answers* to prayer,
 and in the twelfth year of my age, God,
 for Christ's sake, forgave my sins—the
 evidence was so bright and clear, that I

have never doubted it, although more
 than forty years have passed away.

Not long after my conversion, I
 sought the *blessing of perfect love* ; by
 day and night my prayer was, "Create
 in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a
 right spirit within me." Through grace
 I was enabled to cast all on Christ, and
 oh, what *sweet rest* and *peace* did I enjoy !

As years passed away and care in-
 creased, I lost in a measure this sweet
 love from my heart, which was a source
 of great grief, for I felt so much the
 need of it. My thirsty, panting soul
 longed for the *fulness* there was in *Jesus*,
 and with groaning cries and earnest
 pleading, I felt I could not rest without
 the constant witness that I "was *wholly*
the Lord's."

On Monday morning, Oct. 15th, 1849,
 as I went to secret prayer, I opened my
 Bible to read while kneeling before the
 Lord—as is my custom—and the Spirit
 whispered, this is the time you shall be
 blessed. Then was I enabled to give up
 friends, home, property, self, all to Jesus,
 for time and eternity. I felt the Holy
 Spirit enter my heart to wash, cleanse,
 and purify. God gave me faith that He
 would bless, but I had not the evidence.
 Something seemed to say, "Whatsoever
 things ye desire when ye pray believe ye
 receive and ye shall have them." God
 gave me power to believe he had accom-
 plished the work, and O, what *perfect*
peace filled my soul ! I was lost in won-
 der, love, and praise. My soul was full,
 and I drank and drank of the pure
 water of life which flowed from the
Throne of God. For months and years
 I have been drinking, still the fountain
 is inexhaustible. At times so much of
 the divine power has rested upon me
 that I have thought my soul would leave
 this earthly clay and "Soar to worlds on
 high."

I often have fierce conflicts with the
 world, the flesh, and the devil, but I go to
 Jesus, the same blessed fountain, and oh !
 what rich feasts of love my soul enjoys !
know that the blood of Jesus Christ
 cleanseth from all sin.—*Guids*.

THE sorrows of the wicked are as a
 poison to destroy : those of the saints are
 as a medicine tempered by God's own
 hand for the restoration of health.—*Jones*
of Nayland.

Editor's Portfolio.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN ARCHIBALD, A DEVOTED YOUNG CHRISTIAN, KILLED SUDDENLY AT DUNDALK, ONT., JANUARY, 1874.

I.

How strange that thou should'st fall, so young
so fair,

Not as falls tempest-smote the forest tree,
When paralyzed by time, but as a star
Falls down from the high heavens, mysteri-
ously :

For thou wast pure, prepared for every snare
Of life's path, girt with sacred panoply.
Who heard thy earnest loving words of prayer,
Full breathing from a soul of ecstasy,
And marked thy life of fellowship with God,
And love to man, but felt its hidden power,
Allied so close, imbued, with the Divine :
Though smarting 'neath affliction's bitter rod,
We feel thou'rt safe upon the heavenly shore,
The harp, the crown, the mansion, all, are
thine.

II.

Thus they around us fall,—the young, the
fair,—
And still the world sweeps on, how madly ;
when

Some great calamity bids them prepare
For death, they stop to heave a sigh, and then
More eagerly rush blindly on. Is there
Not in the awful things of earth, O Men !
Enough to chain your thoughts, or do you dare
To face th' eternal scenes of speechless pain ?
O Earth ! thou hast thy scenes of sadness,
where

The tomb engulfs us mortals, where the stern
Dread monster Death strikes down remorse-
lessly ;

Yet should we ask the Lord of life to spare
His own loved ones, or ask him to return
Their spirits back to earth, to misery.

JESUS SAVES ME NOW !

SONGS of praise my lips employ,
For my heart is filled with joy,
What can e'er my peace destroy ?
Jesus saves me now !
I have proved His power to bless
Through His blood and righteousness ;
Joyfully I now confess,
Jesus saves me now !

CHORUS—Jesus saves me now !
Jesus saves me now !
Jesus, my redeeming Lord,
Loves and saves me now !

Jesu's love hath wondrous power
To sustain in sorrow's hour,
And to shield when tempests lower,
Jesus saves me now !
I am happy all the day
Walking in the narrow way,
Joyously I still can say,
Jesus saves me now !

What a watchword here have I,
Satan's malice to defy !
Humbly, trustingly, I cry—
Jesus saves me now !
Through His precious blood forgiven,
When each earthly tie is riven,
I shall gain a home in heaven,
Jesus saves me now !

There from earthly trial free,
Through a blest eternity,
With my Saviour I shall be,—
Jesus saves me now !
With the happy, ransomed throng
This shall ever be my song,—
Praise and power to Him belong,—
Jesus saves me now !

MILLIE.

Balsam Lake, 1874.

NEARER THE CROSS.

Words by Mrs. V.]

[Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Nearer the cross my heart can say, I'm com - ing near - er, Nearer the cross from

day to day, I'm coming near er; Near - er the cross where Jesus died,

Near - er the foun - tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's

wound - ed side, I'm com - ing near - er, I'm com - ing near - er.

2.

Nearer the Christian's mercy seat,
I'm coming nearer,
Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
I'm coming nearer;
Stronger in faith more clear I see
Jesus who gave Himself for me,
Nearer to Him I still would be,
Still coming nearer.

3.

Nearer in prayer my hope aspires,
I'm coming nearer,
Deeper the love my soul desires,
I'm coming nearer;
Nearer the end of toil and care,
Nearer the joy I long to share,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear,
I'm coming nearer.