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# The Way of Holiness Made Plain.



BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

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# *The Way of Holiness*

## *Made Plain.*

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By A SADDLER'S WIFE.

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### **The Way God Led Me These Three Years.**

You will remember that in the January number I told you that the messages would be explained ; not given, but explained. One of the written messages that I carried is explained thus:— The message contained a prophecy which was: The first-born child will die an infant of days. It also contained a smiting of the first and second born sins ; pride, the first and also the second born. As there is a full explanation to be given in a future work, I will stop now at this.

The explanation of the second written message was :—I will smite thee, thou whited wall, for taking the life of one, two. This also is to be fully explained by and by.

When the Lord sent his faithful servant to ask for the third written message, it was burned. Watch the end of it !

The fourth written message was to Mrs. Carman, and as it called forth the foul and daring language about horns and ears, insanity, villiany, and disgrace to the Church and cause of God, I just publish the writing as God gave it at the time:—

“THORNHILL, Jan. 7.

“DEAR SISTER CARMAN,—“The Lord says you are to be his willing servant from this night forth, and not fear the face of

any foe. If the text Mr. Fawcett preaches from this evening be not: "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," and if this be not the text, God hath not spoken by me. Now dear brethren do you see anything in this to offend the church as to call forth the above. The signature, I, the Lord of Hosts, was to every message. You will see this was a command for her to stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ had made her free from sin, and if she did not keep His commands, she was likely, as all other christians, to be entangled with the yoke of bondage.

The fifth and last written message was to Mr. Fawcett, asking back the paper that contained the first command. God sent His servant, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, to copy it off after the Lord had given it to me in pencil writing, for I wrote it with small i's, as this was the way I was taught; and this minister happened to think that God would not write small i's; but God did not write it, although He gave the words. It is for you and for me to do our work, but it only is God's part to inspire our hearts, and to enable us to speak and write good words. How ridiculous for a man to lift up the puny arm of flesh against the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity! Now I tell you the reason why I never carried a message: To show to me the slavery that Ann Preston endured in her early days. He taught me to write as He taught her to read, and He let my Christian name be reproached in order to show me the reproaches she bore in her early home. She was called foolish; so was I. Her body was killed working; so was mine. She was called a hypocrite; so was I. She was called a fanatic; so was I. She was blamed for hindering the work of God; so was I. Her life was a warfare with the minister; so was my three years' stay out of the church. Once, she was poorly clad; so was I. She was at work late and early; so was I. She was little and unknown; so was I. Her life was nearly taken thrice; so was mine. Brethren, God has brought me through every position in life, in which Sister Ann Preston was placed; and do not ask, "would that be just," for God is just and yet the justifier of all who believe in him.

**Between the Lights.**

A little pause in life while daylight lingers  
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,  
When daily labor slips from weary fingers  
And soft grey shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,  
Seen in the light of suns that long have set ;  
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,  
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me ; through the dusk returning,  
I hear the echo of departed feet ;  
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning ;  
What is the charm that makes old things so sweet ?

“Peace! peace!” The Lord of earth and heaven knoweth  
The human soul in all its heat and strife ;  
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,  
But the clear River of Eternal Life.

Serve Him with daily work and honest living,  
And faith shall lift thee to her sunlit heights,  
While a sweet psalm of gladness and thanksgiving  
Shall fill the hour that comes “between the lights.”

---

**Trusting God.**

I know not what awaits me,  
God kindly veils mine eyes,  
And o'er each step on my onward way  
He makes new scenes arise ;  
And every joy he sends me comes  
A sweet and glad surprise.

Where he may lead I'll follow,  
My trust in him repose,  
And every hour in perfect peace  
I'll sing, “He knows, He knows.”

*The Way of Holiness Made Plain.*

One step I see before me,  
 'Tis all I need to see,  
 The light of heaven more brightly shines  
 When earth's illusions flee ;  
 And sweetly through the silence came  
 His loving "Follow Me."

Oh, blissful lack of wisdom,  
 'Tis blessed not to know ;  
 He holds me with His own right hand ,  
 And will not let me go ;  
 And lulls my troubled soul to rest  
 In Him who loves me so.

So on I go, not knowing,  
 I would not if I might ;  
 I'd rather walk in the dark with God,  
 Than go alone in the light ;  
 I'd rather walk by faith with Him  
 Than go alone by sight.

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

In the brief memoir of his life, from which the particulars already presented to the reader are chiefly taken, the following anecdote is also given :

Mr. Tennent was attending the duties of the Lord's Day in his own congregation as usual, where the custom was to have morning and evening service with only half an hour's intermission to relieve the attention. He had preached in the morning, and in the intermission had walked into the woods for meditation, the weather being warm. He was reflecting on the infinite wisdom of God, as manifested in all his works, and particularly in the wonderful method of salvation through the death and sufferings of His Beloved Son. This subject suddenly opened to his mind with such a flood of light that his views of glory and the infinite majesty of Jehovah were so

inexpressibly great as entirely to overwhelm him, and he fell almost lifeless to the ground. When he revived a little, all he could do was to raise a fervent prayer that God would withdraw himself from him, or else he must perish under a view of his ineffable glory.

When able to reflect on his situation, he could but abhor himself as a weak and despicable worm, and seemed to be overcome with astonishment, that a creature so unworthy and insufficient had ever dared to attempt the instruction of his fellow-men in the nature and attributes of so glorious a Being.

Overstaying his usual time, some of his elders went in search of him and found him prostrate on the ground, unable to rise, and incapable of informing them of the cause. They raised him up, and after some time, brought him to the Church and supported him to the pulpit, which he ascended on his hands and knees, to the no small astonishment of the congregation. He remained silent a considerable time, earnestly supplicating Almighty God (as he told the writer) to hide himself from him, that he might be enabled to address his people, who were by this time lost in wonder to know what had produced this uncommon event. His prayers were heard, and he became able to stand up by holding the desk.

He now began the most affecting and pathetic address that the congregation had ever received from him. He gave a surprising account of the views he had of the infinite wisdom of God, and greatly deplored his own incapacity to speak to them concerning a Being so infinitely glorious, beyond all his powers of description. He attempted to show something of what had been discovered to him of the astonishing wisdom of Jehovah, of which it was impossible for human nature to form adequate conceptions. He then broke out into so fervent and expressive a prayer as greatly inspired the congregation and drew tears from every eye. A sermon followed that continued the solemn scene, and made very lasting impressions on all the hearers.

About the year 1774 a remarkable revival of religion took place in America. Towards this Mr. Tennent was considerably instrumental; and Mr. David Rowland, brought up with him

at the Log College, (over which Mr. Tennent's father presided,) was also very remarkable for his successful preaching among all ranks of people. Mr. Rowland, possessing a commanding eloquence, and other estimable qualities, became very popular, and was much celebrated throughout the country. His celebrity and success were subjects of very serious regret to many careless worldlings, who placed all their happiness in the enjoyment of temporal objects; and considered and represented Mr. Rowland and his brethren as fanatics and hypocrites. This was especially applicable to many of the great men of the province of New Jersey, and particularly to the Chief justice, who was well known for his disbelief of Revelation.

There was at that time, prowling about the country a noted man, going by the name of Tom Bell, whose understanding and knowledge were very considerable, and who greatly excelled in low art and cunning. His mind was totally debased; and his whole conduct betrayed a soul capable of descending to every species of iniquity. In all the arts of theft, robbery, fraud, and defamation, he was so deeply skilled and so thoroughly practised that it is believed he never had his equal in the country. He had been indicted in almost every one of the middle colonies; but his ingenuity and cunning always enabled him to escape punishment. This man unhappily resembled Mr. Rowland in his external appearance so as hardly to be known from him, without the most careful examination. It so happened that Tom Bell arrived one evening at a tavern in Princeton, dressed in a parson's dark grey frock. On his entering the tavern about dusk the late John Stockton, Esq., of that town, a pious and respectable man, to whom Mr. Rowland was well known, went up to Bell and addressed him as Mr. Rowland, and invited him to go home with him, Bell assured him of his mistake. It was with some difficulty that Mr. Stockton acknowledged his error, and then informed Bell that it had arisen from his great resemblance to Mr. Rowland.

The hint was sufficient for the prolific genius of that notorious impostor. The next day Bell went into the County of Hunderton and stopped in a congregation where Mr. Rowland had formerly

preached once or twice, but where he was not intimately known.

Here he met with a member of the congregation to whom he introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. Rowland, who had preached to them some time before. This gentleman immediately invited him to his house to spend the week, and begged him, as the people were without a minister, to preach to them on the next Sabbath, to which Bell agreed, and notice was accordingly given in the neighborhood.

The impostor was treated with every mark of attention and respect, and a private room was assigned to him as a study to prepare for the Sabbath. The sacred day arrived, and he was invited to ride to Church with the ladies in the family waggon, and the master of the house accompanied them on a fine horse. When they had arrived near the Church, Bell, on a sudden, discovered that he had left his notes in his study, and proposed to ride back for them on the horse, by which means he should be able to return in time for the service. This proposal was instantly agreed to, and Bell mounted the horse, returned to the house, rifled the desk of his host, and made off with the horse. Wherever he stopped he called himself the Rev. David Rowland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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### **Prosperity and Happiness.**

Talking not long ago with a friend, she remarked: "Well, for my part, I find it a great deal easier to be good when I am happy than when I am unhappy. Misery only brings on my bad qualities."

Doubtless other people have said this or felt it, for (to a certain extent) it is true. There is a sort of "goodness" which is brought on by the sunshine of prosperity. People who are satisfied with their surroundings and themselves are apt to be good-humored and gracious to their companions. Good fortune makes them cheerful and contented, so they advocate cheerfulness

and contentment as choice duties. The pleasures and the luxuries of life await them on every side, and they wonder vaguely what makes some people so unthankful or so gloomy! They enjoy their own charities and generousities, forgetting that neither have cost them an effort. They are bright and happy from sheer force of circumstances.

On the other hand, how many really good Christian people are sour, fretful, despondent, almost faithless, under the pressure of adversity. They cannot forbear worrying and anticipating, and so they appear at a great disadvantage too often, if they do not cast an absolute reproach upon the Master whose name they bear.

To the unconverted soul, adversity is likely to be an unfavorable experience, for, when the sunshine is withdrawn, the unstable goodness, evoked by its warmth, must vanish away. But to the child of God this must not—cannot be. Faith is commanded to look beyond the cloud and see that “the sun is still shining.” The consciousness of God’s love and care and sympathy can outweigh the present trial—can and will outweigh all trials if we hold fast to it.

That it is easier to be good when life is all brightness, we admit, but it is impossible to be better when the light is overshadowed, and we reach out through thick darkness for his loving, guiding hand. And the reward is not promised to those who find life easiest or pleasantest, but to “him who overcometh!” And the strength to overcome may be ours for the asking.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

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#### **Pleasure-Seeking.**

Pleasure-seekers are dreary mortals. They are worn without work. They have lost their strength, and got nothing in return. One reason of this seems to lie in the fact that pleasure is not something which exists of itself, and can exist apart from other things. It is generally overlooked, that thought can be without pleasure, and so can effort of any kind, physical or moral; but there can be no pleasure without thought, or without exertion

that does not aim at pleasure, or without the exercise of the moral powers.

In this forgetfulness people get up "pleasure-parties," and go seeking enjoyment by itself alone. By carriage, by boat, by rail; in crowds, in solitudes, in cities, in woods, these seekers go. They go on holidays and holy-days. They go in crowds on Sundays to some "grove" where thousands of other people congregate. They drag themselves, and toil, and dig for pleasure as for hidden gold. They do not find it. Their search is a "vexation of spirit," in the sense in which Solomon probably used the phrase, a beating of the wind.

The same is the result with so very many of those who frequent our fashionable watering-places, simply because they are fashionable. It is painful to see the toilsome way those people go, in their contrivances to create pleasure for themselves and others. Hundreds come back from the seashore and from the watering-places bedraggled in body, mind, and spirit, more worn than many a soldier when he comes off a campaign.

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**Scripture Truth.**

"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only."—JAMES I. xxii. This, to my mind, is a very important passage of Scripture. It does not say, be ye hearers of the word, but it says, be ye doers of it. It is of little value how much we hear of God's commands, how much we observe in nature, how much we admire the grace of God in others, how much we love the souls of men, or how much we value the name of the Great Creator, if we do nothing. Just let a man or a woman do nothing but admire the doings of God in the kingdoms of this world or in the kingdoms of grace, and his life is a failure. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4. ix. There is a land of rest for every true believer in Jesus. It is a rest, first from sin, then from self, and then from the opinion of others. Many think that we have to wait until we get to the kingdom before we enter upon this rest, but the moment sin is cast out we enter into this rest.

**The Fruit of the Tree.**

I told you in the April number of the trial of Sister Ann for fear she had done harm in the Church. This tree which the Lord had shewn her to shake, was afterwards cut down by her master's orders ; and she said after it had been cut down : Oh you cut down the tree that I tried to take the devil to. He said to her in reply, " You can take him to the stump." This was to show the good she got in just looking to the tree that saved her from the temptation of the devil, for the church members thought that she shouted too loud and prayed and exhorted too long. But it was well for Sister Ann that God gave her a kind family to live with. although she was tried to her uttermost at times by pride, the disturber of the human breast, which does not like humbling, but likes to humble others in the dust. Still you may ask, " What do you know ?" Why I know all about it, for God said, " Bear all the reproach that was ever cast on Ann Preston in your own body ! Lie down on your bed on the first Sabbath in January, and feel what she felt of her Master's sufferings ! Let every vein feel putting down the uttermost !" Brethren, I have many things to say to you but you cannot bear them now ; and I charge you before God to deny no truth that the contrast contains, for it is not mere idle tales I am going to tell you, but the dealings of God with one of the most faithful of His children ; and I want God to be true and every man a liar, and I want God to wipe out one of the foolish imaginations of men ; that the rich are only great. The blessed said ; the poor ye have always with you but me ye have not always.

**The Writing Inspiration.**

My subscribers will remember that the life of John Burns was not promised to them this year, neither was the life and sufferings of Ann Preston ; but an explanation of the proceedings of the pulpit and the pew, and also an explanation of the reproaches I bore for carrying the word that the Lord sent me with, were promised ; and I will make a short work of a long train of evils, which sounded not forth praise to my loving, faithful, and covenant-keeping God, but which detracted from his glory in a way which was extremely grieving to him. He charged me to keep all His statutes, commandments, and judgments to do them, which was a warfare to me ; and He said to me, " If ye be willing and

obedient ye shall eat the good of the land ; but if ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured with the sword ;" and I was filled with fear lest I would do anything through hurry or bustle, thinking if I would that God would eventually cut off my children or myself from His service. But what a foolish person I was, to think that God who is ever pitiful and kind would let me grieve Him by thinking that He would be so angry with any of my doings that he would cut me off from His service. You will observe it was not for fear of death eternal, or for fear of death temporal, for during all these struggles I walked with God, and I knew that sudden death would be to me, an abundant entrance into everlasting felicity ; but my fear arose chiefly from misunderstanding the writings that God in His infinite condescension was pleased to unfold to my mind and to enable my fingers to write. Now I am not going to sound forth to you that I did not make a mistake, for I made many, as far as the understanding the meaning of the writings was concerned, but God who is High and Holy made no mistakes ; and you may as well say that God did not creat the universe as to say that He did not give every word of the writings, for they are the prodnction of the infinite Jehovah, who is the Alpha and the Omega. It is vain for any one to charge me with being presumptuous, for my brethren have called this work presumption, but if it is, it must be God himself ; others have attempted to clear themselves of blame about these writings just simply to please other people. Now, I told you that it was offensive to God to wish His work burned, and you will remember that he, who did so, was my beloved father, and I told you also how he was taken from home to die. Now I tell you of another circumstance bearing on this point :—One night last winter, I heard a voice calling me right from the throne of God, and so clear and loud was the voice calling my name that I woke up with a nervous excitement. I looked to Jesus for one moment, and a voice said, " Ask you husband did he call you " I instantly obeyed and he said, " No, I did not." These words followed as the explanation : " its John Burns calling from the spirit land ; Write it ! Write it ! Write it ! " I fell asleep again and was conscious it was from the Lord, for the words were sounding in my ears every waking moment from this until God was pleased to give me on the following day a full explanation of the meaning. He let these words come to my mind ; Tell it, tell it, tell it ; and the two different things so confused me that I did not see which to say to the few faithful ones whom God commanded me to tell. I went immediately to the Lord with the matter, and lo ! infinite wisdom and wonderful condescension sounded forth to me these memorable words, " Do both," meaning to both write it and tell it.

**Ann Preston.**

In my early Christian experience I lost the knowledge of my acceptance with God, and I was cast down through manifold temptations for two weeks. One night before retiring, at the close of this period, I asked the Lord to show me, that if I should die before morning, how it would be with me in the spirit world. He condescended to let me think I died; and I saw the Saviour coming, who let me see the appearance of scales, as it were, in His hand, and He let me feel such a weight about my feet as if it were heavy boots. I thought he came to me, stooped down, and took them from off my feet, then said, "you must not have these weights, for we deal justly with the people who come here." Then I thought He took them off me, and put on me light ones; and then He put me in the scales and weighed me. After He had done this, I asked: "Am I heavy enough?" He replied: "Were you not expecting that this would be the case these two weeks if you came here." At the same time, I thought I heard the most exquisite music on my right hand; and on my left, horror, dismay, and howling, among the lost spirits. I enquired if I could see Mr. Haliday, the minister before mentioned. I was instructed that I could not see him now, "but," said the person who talked with me, "I will let you go back on the earth, and stay till you are prepared for Heaven." I was so filled with joy that I ran down stairs to tell my master the dream I had. He replied: "It is just a warning to you to begin to seek the Lord afresh." I was enabled to lay fresh hold on the Saviour, and to rejoice in the conscious possession of His favor. Who will say that God is not the author of some dreams?

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**The Contrast.**

There were at one time two female Christians, one was 'shout aloud,' the other was 'message carrier.' The reproach that fell upon 'shout aloud' for shouting in the Church fell upon 'message carrier,' for carrying the word of the Lord. It was noised

abroad that 'shout aloud' was out of her mind entirely, and it was thought best to put her down in the large city as well as in the country churches for her noise. But the great Master was angry at the people for scoffing at 'shout aloud's' great faith, and He put down many for her sake, and He raised up me, His message carrier, to put down the foolish people who thought that they would put down their faith. She was first sold, then married, then a slave, then very happy, and then crucified like her Lord and Master. How was 'message carrier' compared with 'shout aloud' in this? She was first sold into Egypt out from her father's house, and she dare not enter it for three months, although he, the good old man, was sick with a sore arm, and he was tried enough; but I, the like of 'message carrier,' was not permitted to visit him once during that time. No minister to visit him in his lowly home all this time. Have you seen the meaning: to make him like Ann Preston's poor old forsaken father.

Next, 'shout aloud' was driven from home to a far off land to earn her bread. She worked hard—late and early; she had little clothing; a small sum of money from her employer; and had little to say, only work, work, work. How is this like 'message carrier'? Why, in the year 1856, away from home and friends, poorly treated, small wages, and alone with one brother.

M. L.

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**Death of My Sister.--Concluded.**

The morning was wet, as she and her youngest son, who recently had been appointed leader, left their home and were driving to Church, for it would be a great storm that would keep her from the means of grace, following the example set before her by her devoted mother. Neither work nor company, I believe, ever kept her from the means, so ardent was her love for the Courts of the Lord's House. She held an umbrella over

them, and as they turned off their own line onto the road leading to the Church, the bit, though new, broke in the horse's mouth, and he ran away furiously. She sat composed, and put down her umbrella, thinking that might stop him; but she remarked, "it's no better;" then the horse turned into the ditch, throwing them both out. She fell on a stone, and received a cut on the same side of the head that her husband did when he received his death blow, and there was not half an inch difference between them. She had often remarked that if it were God's will she would like to go suddenly too, and her request was granted. Her son was stunned for a few minutes, after which he revived, and when he raised his head and saw his dead mother by his side, his first words were: "Mother is all right; she is in Heaven;" for he was filled with the sanctifying Spirit that brings perfect submission to the Divine will. When asked if he knew that his dear mother was dead, he was quite conscious of the fact, and said that if it had pleased God to take him also it would have been all right. Though young, he had experienced enough to know what a kind, loving, and tender Father, God was to him; for when he was a mere boy some years ago, when his mother was reading to him one Sabbath afternoon, he felt that he was a sinner, and needed the converting grace of God. After some enquiry into the cause of his tears, both he and his mother knelt at the foot of the cross pleading for mercy. In a short time his burden was removed, and he was enabled to rejoice in Christ, his Saviour. Now he knew that He was too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. He was taken into the nearest house, where his wound, which was a large cut on the back of the head, was dressed by a kind physician, and he was kept there for twenty-four hours. God had dried up his tears, though many were shed by the numerous friends who had gathered round the scene of disaster. Her body was taken to her own home, while the news was sent to her large circle of relatives, she being the first one taken of a family of twelve children, composed of nine daughters and three sons. She was the second eldest, aged 48. So loving and kind was our dear Heavenly Father that mother,

brothers, sisters, each one, had been partaking of a larger supply of His grace, when the sad news came, for all are converted, and most, if not all of them, partakers of the sanctifying grace of God.

Three brothers, two sisters, and her mother, were in the Cavanville Church, listening to a very impressive sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Barker, on Job's integrity through all his trials, when the messenger came with the sad news. How plainly it was seen that God was preparing them for the trial! Oh! how gentle and lovingly does our Heavenly Father deal with His children; how true when in the furnace. His presence is there to cheer and support, and in the waters He ever keeps the head above the billows! The Spirit of the Lord was gloriously present with each one to whisper some precious promise or assurance, such as, 'Good is the will of the Lord;' or, 'It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good.' Her eldest son, for whom she had prayed continually, and who was still unsaved, was absent from home at the time, visiting some friends, and he was with them in a Bible Class, where precious words were spoken to him appropriate to his case. God was condescending to prepare him for the sudden crush that was coming. As he returned home from that Sabbath School with comparative calmness, he was enabled to hear that his dear mother was killed, and her last prayer was offered, the last tear shed, the last sigh had escaped her breast, the last warning, the last advice, and, I was going to say, the last invitation to come to Christ. But now a voice spoke louder to him than ever before: "Be ye therefore also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." On the 3rd of June, ere her body was laid in the silent grave, her prayer was answered. He sought and obtained the pearl of great price, and is, we believe, endeavoring to fill his mother's vacancy, and may her mantle rest upon him.

Almost a year ago she requested several of her friends to pray with her that God would make use of the means that would lead her son to Christ; but how little we thought as that united petition ascended, that this would be the means which infinite

wisdom would use to bring about the great end—the salvation of a soul that was more precious to her than life. She had remarked that she was willing to lay down her life if that would bring her dear boy to Christ. Another young man, the evening of the funeral, gave his heart to God, and I trust that it will be the means of the salvation of many others. Her body was brought to her mother's in Cavan on the 2nd, and on the 3rd of June was followed to the grave by a large circle of friends and neighbors. It was laid by her husband in their family burying ground. The Sunday following a funeral sermon was preached in Cavanville Church, and two weeks later another one at Jannetville. The solemn event was improved by the Rev. Mr. Scales before a weeping audience, from the last verse of the book of Daniel. He mentioned that the Sunday week previous to her death, at the two meetings in Lifford, she was the first one to bear witness for Christ in the love-feast. He said that he never heard a more intelligent and scriptural testimony given of the doctrine of entire sanctification. Many remarked after the meeting that she was ripe for glory.

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

F. HUGHES.

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**The Way of Transgressors is Hard.**

I have now, dear brethren, filled up the past fifty years of Sister Ann's experience, and I am going in plain words to tell you of a scene that occurred in her history, in the year 1874.

She was laid down on a sick bed to suffer with her Lord and Master. While on that bed, God sent me several times to visit her. On one occasion I went, and God had revealed to her an act of unkindness on the part of a person living near to her; but nevertheless this person brought her a cup of tea, and the Spirit of the Lord said, "Don't drink it; you are swelled, and won't be opened." Was this any more for God to do than many other things that were done on account of her faith? The

Church was in prosperity at this time, and scores crowded to see the dying sister, but as soon as she began to tell of this revelation, the whole Church wanted to stamp it out, some for peace sake, and some for fear of censure. When she communicated this revelation to me, I said in my heart, "I don't believe it;" but God knew that if I was shown by Himself I would believe it. All night it troubled me; but in the morning I went to the Lord, as I was won't to do with everything, and asked for one verse with poison it. God in a moment said, "The poison of asps is under their tongue," and be it well understood that the person who did this harm to the cause of God is yet to be dealt with in God's own good time.

To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all who to the end endure,  
The cross shall wear the crown.

Some persons said that only for such and such a one this poor, dear, down-trodden sister would be put in prison.

I am not afraid of your prisons and dens, for Israel's God is still the same, and reigns supreme below. If my head had not rested on my Saviour's bosom it would have gone to its last resting place long ago; but God has graciously kept me until this day, and He has made me, I say, made me in my own body these past three years suffer what Sister Ann Preston has come through the last half century. I before told the friends of Thornhill to let the matter alone until God would make it plain. Now I need no teacher but the Holy Spirit of God, and don't stain your garments with the blood of souls, for that you have already done by saying that I write what Sister Ann tells me. Before I knew Sister Ann personally, many of the things in connection with her were sounded in my ears, but they were never repeated by me. For instance her bare feet and her rough head, but if I had not been her equal in suffering I dare not communicate it to the world. One thing I am sorry for is, that she has got the name of being a talebearer in the Church of God; but she does not deserve it. You intruders upon holy ground, cease this form of reproach! Who made you judge over God's elect? Sister Ann had great faith, and wherever she went she tried to show it, and would always have a word to say for the Master. And why was it? Because she had got out of herself into Christ, as she had often expressed it; but God says because she was filled with the Holy Ghost.

M. L.

**The Contented Cripple.**

"I saw in Killis," says Dr. Dwight, "a poor cripple who had been brought there lately from a place in the Taurus Mountains, and was rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel. The hovel that he was in would not have been considered fit for animals in America. It was built of mud, had only the ground for a floor, and a single low room. He was lying on his back, with nothing but a piece of coarse hair bagging under him, and his head was supported by a very small and thin straw pillow, resting upon a pile of stones. He was covered with rags and filth, and his bodily infirmities excited our deepest pity. His bony hands were drawn firmly together, so that he could by no means open them, and his elbows were quite stiff. The flesh was gone from both hands and arms; and I presume, in a great measure, from his whole body. If ever there was in this world an object of pity that man was such an object. And yet, from the time we entered the room until we left it he never uttered one word of complaint, never even spoke of his pains and sufferings, or of his poverty; but his whole conversation and his whole appearance were those of a most perfectly contented, cheerful, and happy man. For twenty years he has been in this crippled condition, unable to move his limbs: and before that he was a robber, and lived by his own wickedness.

"Four years ago, while in his mountain village, he first heard of the Protestants. Afterward, some copies of the New Testament found their way to his village, and one of them was read from in his hearing. A native Protestant first explained to him the gospel way of salvation; and two years ago he thinks he received by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, and ever since he has been filled with peace and joy.

"Many a king and emperor might well envy his lot. Within the last year, notwithstanding all the discouragements of his condition, he has actually learned to read, and now he keeps the New Testament by his side, and from time to time comforts his desolate heart by reading from its sacred pages. He appears to be somewhat over fifty years of age. Truly, here is a miracle of grace. I asked him if he felt that his sins were forgiven; 'yes,' he said, 'by the grace of God our Saviour, Jesus Christ, I have found peace. I have no hope in anything else but Christ, but through him I have found peace and joy.' He said he had no fear of death left, but was ready to depart whenever it should be God's will. I asked particularly about the terms on which the sinner can be admitted to heaven. Said he: 'It is all by the free grace of God. Nothing that the sinner can do can ever avail to purchase pardon and eternal life,

even if he were to collect a heap of silver as high as from earth to heaven, it would all avail nothing.'

"O, what power there is in the Gospel of Christ to enlighten and transform so dark a mind, and to put hope, and life, and peace into such a soul! A few years ago he was an ignorant, degraded, hardened, and abandoned wretch. And now if anybody were to look into his hovel and see him drawn up and withered by disease, and often racked with pain, lying neglected upon the hard ground, he would feel that he was the most miserable of all human beings. And yet there are few happier men in this wide world."—*Methodist New Connection Magazine.*

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### **Justification by Faith.**

The following ringing words are from a long article on this subject by Bishop Merrill in the *Northwestern*:

What made Paul the hero that he was? What gave him the courage to dare the perils of land and sea; to face the hatred and malice of men and devils; to suffer hunger and nakedness, imprisonment and death? What was the inspiration of his noble life? "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." "I know whom I have believed." Such words unlock the mystery of his consecration and reveal the secret of his power with God and men. What inspired Luther, and lifted him out of the dull formalities of his cloister life, and sent him out to grapple with the entrenched forces of superstition, backed as they were by the power of the powers of the world? It was nothing other than the discovery of the long-neglected truth, that the sinner is justified by God only through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for his own works and deservings. This was the key-note of the Reformation. In his presence the Romish hierarchy trembled and quaked. John Calvin, too, with all his dark speculations on fate, foreknowledge and stern decrees, saw clearly this one precious truth, and this gave him power to stand up for Christ and the rights of conscience. John Wesley studied much and labored long to find rest before he was able to lay hold on Christ by simple faith; but this point gained, and his "heart strangely warmed," and then the path of duty, no less toilsome than before, was all radiant with the light of heaven. Others have essayed to effect reformations, and failed. Hyacinthe has seen as clearly as any one the errors of Romanism in its

ecclesiastical rule, and he has felt its power and dared to brave its wrath ; but why has he not risen in the might of the greatness he possesses to shake the pillars of the Papacy ? Alas ! he has never learned that faith in Christ justifies the soul. His lurking reliance on sacramental grace is his weakness. Until he breaks this bond he must remain a prisoner, weak and helpless as other men. Dollinger, too, has demonstrated the fallibility of the pope, and has shown learning and power enough to confound every Jesuitical opponent that dared encounter the mightiness of his logic and facts ; but this champion of "Old Catholicism," venerable, learned and earnest as he is, must remain helpless as a child before the superstitions he detests, until he learns that Jesus Christ is the only priest of the Christian dispensation, and that faith in his blood, without the deeds of the law, or the sacraments of the Church, justifies the ungodly, and brings unto the soul the regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost.

#### "Law" Versus "Prayer."

Our modern philosopher tells us that God cannot, and therefore does not, answer prayer, because the laws of nature are fixed and inexorable ; but they cannot deny that man can and does answer prayer every day, for at the request of his fellow-men, he utilizes or overcomes nature's laws, and this by the exercise of his will, intelligence, and strength. When a man is asked to shake an apple from a tree, and complies, he utilizes the law of gravitation. Thus man can and does answer the prayers of his fellow-man by the control he has over nature. The "reign of law," which we are told is too strong for the Creator, is not too strong for the creature. Therefore, the creature is superior to the Creator. I believe none but avowed atheists will be able to assert that there is any faulty link in this *reductio ad absurdum*. — *Christian Treasury*.

"O, I wish I were a Christian !" says one, and yet he will not obey God. This is all one, as desiring that he might both obey and disobey God at the same time. If any one would be a Christian he has only to give up his own will, and let his Maker direct his course.

Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions ; whenever happiness is placed, not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others ; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends, — we are sure to attain all of happiness which the world can bestow. The simple heart that freely asks in love, obtains. — *Whittier*.