

# The Way of Holiness Made Plain.



BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

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RICHMOND HILL:

JAMES MANN, NEWS, BOOK, AND GENERAL JOB PRINTER.

1879.

Price \$1 per annum.

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# *The Way of Holiness*

## *Made Plain.*

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BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

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**My Own Experience During a Period of  
Seven Years.**

I WILL tell nothing at present of my early days. Suffice it to say I loved all God's people from my earliest recollection, and tried to serve the Lord from my youth. But, as I promised not to give my time to my early history, I proceed at once to tell of my sanctification, which took place on a sick bed in my own house, during the ministry of the Rev. Charles Fish, in the year 1871. I had long groaned for deliverance from inbred sin, and sought it earnestly in private; but the pride of my heart would not let people know that I was seeking after it. While I am very much indebted to the labours of that veteran of the cross, for much instruction in this glorious doctrine of both the Old and New Testament, I am under God solely indebted to a sister, Ann Preston. She is known to many at Thornhill, especially as Holy Ann. Of course, the glory is all the Lord's; but while I learned much from her, I was very loath to do all the Lord sent her to tell me was my duty to do. On one occasion He sent her to tell me these words: Have family prayer. But my proud heart replied I could not do that. A second time the Lord sent her; and when the second message came, it was this: My

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Heavenly Father sent me to tell you to have family prayer. This was the first message I ever received direct from the Lord, and it was like a nail in a sure place; it came very near my heart, when the sister said her Father told her to tell me that the salvation of my husband depended on it, meaning on my beginning to pray in my family. This was a cross no tongue could tell, as it only could be felt what I endured. But afterwards, when the Lord called me to go round with messages, I felt some of the trials that this good sister endured. Was she poor? so was I. Was she illiterate? so was I, in writing; not as she was, in reading. Was she put down by the church? so was I. Was she blamed for talking too much about Christ and this blessing of entire sanctification? so was I. But just let me tell in as few words as possible how this magazine came before the public. God saw fit to shut me up in my own house after the people were so tired of me going around; they seemed so tired of me, and the word of the Lord by me; I was a terror to them; some of them hid, some laughed, some shook their head with scorn, and others did what the word of God says, wagged their heads. But the Lord enabled me to deliver every message he sent me with, which were near one hundred. I hope the readers of this magazine will be interested enough in the work of the Lord to pray earnestly for the Spirit of God to enlighten their minds to understand all the miraculous thing God will unfold to their view this coming twelve months. All through strife being misunderstood, in order to make this understood I must tell one message the Lord sent me with, it reads thus: "You need start no meetings here till this strife is out of the church," thus referring to the coming strife with myself. This will not be denied now, for it is plain to be seen: there has been nothing but strife in the church and out of it. That there was a little strife in the former days I admit; but all the Lord sent me to do was to ask the present minister at Thornhill to bring this up in the church, as it was verily believed and said that it hindered the work of the Lord. I want this present year to wipe away the reproach cast on Christian holiness through this thing being misunderstood: and as all tales are made a little worse the more they are talked

of, this will be an exception to the common rule, and it will bear inspection. But I must hasten to tell of my call to this work. God in his wisdom called me to this in order to make it wide spread. For this past two years I have felt what no tongue could tell. This is not the place to tell of the messages I carried; but as it has been so widely spread of me being out of my mind, I must tell who and what raised this report: nothing more than going round with those messages; the people thought a woman that always had the name of minding her own business would not go to people's houses; and they thought this purifying process was for them; little expecting that it was to prepare me for this great work of preaching sanctification to the world. Five years previous to the time of my sanctification, the Lord said I will raise you up to preach sanctification to the world. It was a message to me right from the throne of God, and I was never more mistaken in any message from the Lord; but our God makes no mistakes. I thought it had reference to my infant son; but God hid the truth of the message for nearly six years. While passing through a severe trial of my faith, the Lord explains to me the purport of the saying, in this way: I did thee no wrong to take thy son to a crown, and thee to write sanctification to the world! This was how I was to preach it, by my pen; but as I am to explain the whole affair, just as it was, or as it occurred, there need be no further explanation given, as it will speak for itself. Before leaving this part of my work, I would caution any of denying these truths.

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**My Lord Delayeth His Coming.**

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Lord, dost Thou know that I am waiting,  
Longing and watching for thee?  
Counting the moments as hours,  
Until Thy face I see:  
Questioning, "Is He not coming?"  
Asking it o'er and o'er,

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Listening for Thy knock, Lord,  
Longing to open the door ?

I thought last night He was coming,  
That I heard him at the gate ;  
But he only sent a message :  
"A little longer wait ;  
I, too, am watching and waiting,  
For the glad hour to come,  
When I shall bear thy spirit  
Rejoicing to thy home.

"But I want thee, oh, my servant,  
To suffer for me still ;  
'Tis well to long for thy Master,  
But 'tis better to do His will."  
So I cried unto my strong Jesus,  
Whose love is so tender and great,  
Strengthen my longing spirit,  
Make me willing to wait.

I am glad that He asked me to suffer,  
Because I surely know  
I can never do that for Him  
In the home to which I go ;  
And I am sure I shall not be sorry,  
When my Lord does really come,  
That I suffered a little longer,  
Before he took me home.

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**The Pulpit and the Pew.**

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The Pulpit, thought a saddler's wife, was not the proper person to carry around the Lord's word. One of the aristocratic ministers of the Methodist Church, from London, if you please, said he would preach me a sermon, but God said that wont do, C.,

it's no use trying, for she is my servant; but another, nearer home, said: I'll preach one on fasting. God said: "Stop at home, M. I. L., God knows all about your fasting." It's no use trying, for God is in it. Then, again: The false prophet that came to Job is my Sabbath's sermon. God speaks again, Stay at home, M. I. L. It's no use trying, for God is in it.

Now, Pew, what have you to say? Why, they laugh at each other in the Church of God! They say no one sits beside me! One says, I pity her pale face; a second, look at her eyes! But one good sister says: I went and sat beside her myself, and it did me good; as it did the upright in heart. Now, the little folks say: Pshaw; she is crazy. My husband sits in the pew. When the sermon is near being commenced, he grins with despair from the false report that has been carried to him; the deliverer of this report sits with an eye of pity, but still inclined to laugh; but M. I. L. said with the poet:

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

But my good old friend C. is in the pulpit; and he tells them, scorners, and laughers, and talkers, and Sabbath breakers, this text: "Study to be quiet and do your own work, and mind your own business." It is not best to enlarge on these points, as I have to proceed to show all their trying was vain, and all because God was in it.

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"WINE IS A MOCKER, AND STRONG DRINK IS RAGING."

I now proceed to show it was God sent me, inasmuch as my eyes had looked upon beer drinkers; and God said: "A, go and tell that beer drinker the word—No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God." What, me a drunkard? I'll make that public. Brother, Sister, it was no use trying, for God was in it, indeed and of a truth. Then again comes the command: Go ask that man is he all right in Christ, and the man answers, yes; but this is not enough: go ask him a second time, and see if he will be ready the second time to answer yes; but now this was only

a trial of his faith, for this had no reference to him, but to reprove him for his unguarded words concerning my crazy head. Did you do well to be angry, brother, and tell him, in the class meeting, no wonder the Devil would like to pull you down, when you are trying to serve the Lord. No use trying for God is in it. Then I must tell the friends of the borrowed money : "Go to Toronto on Thursday, M. I. L., and how will I say that my word has gone forth, till in the family you will get the money!" Oh, what a struggle with self! Another Tuesday the command came; and rather than grieve the Holy Spirit, I with much fear and trembling got out the words, I'll get the money; but I trusted and wept and prayed for this money. Mind, friends, the money is all the Lord's. This money was to buy clothes; but it was more, it was the Lord's money to teach me a lesson of faith. It was got, but it was borrowed; and this was another knock to put me down; but this blow was from the world more than the Church: lovers of the world more than lovers of God. It's no use trying for God is in it.

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**The Drunkard's Daughter.**

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In the crowded street I met her,  
 Just as twilight veiled the sky,  
 Never, never to forget her,  
 And the tear-drops in her eye.

Fair as summer's fairest blossom,  
 Played the curls upon her brow,  
 While beneath them heaved a bosom,  
 Whose deep anguish thrills me now.

"Father, father!" spake she mildly,  
 "Mother prayed you would not stay;"  
 "Father, father!" cried she wildly,  
 "Come, oh, come with me away."

“Hush thy tongue !” the father uttered—  
For the dram-shop door was nigh—  
And her heart with terror fluttered,  
As he bade her homeward fly,

Sad, and faint, and broken-hearted,  
Turned that little child away,  
To the home from whence she started,  
Where her starving mother lay.

All that night, with grief and sorrow,  
Watched they, prayed they, hoped in vain  
Till the day-dawn of the morrow  
Brought the drunkard home again.

Sore and cross, the wretch beheld them,  
Wanting e'en a crust to eat ;  
Like two beasts the fiend expelled them  
From the hovel to the street.

Bitter, bitter days they bore it—  
Grief the world may never know—  
Till the bier, with sable o'er it,  
Eased their burden here below,

Side by side the two are sleeping—  
Faded stock and withered rose !  
'Neath the silent willow, weeping,  
O'er the grave of many woes.

O, my God ! is this a story,  
Or a sight for every day ?  
This a part of human glory—  
Let the tongue of ages say !

What of courts, and what of battles,  
What of deeds beyond the wave ;  
When around our hearth-sides rattles  
All this pageant of the grave ?



**The Mistakes Made.**

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The greatest of all the mistakes were, I think, that I spoke evil of my neighbors. This was a mistake I never had a habit of making, and especially late years I dare speak evil of no man behind his back, in order to do him or her harm. This, I think, is the most prominent sin of the day. Well, as I was told to my face I wronged a certain person, this person I never said anything about, for this reason, I never stood in her house but once during her affliction. Another reason: my Bible tells me, love your enemies. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," I have often uttered. But there was another woman who came to the house of my mother, under the same circumstances. It will be explained next month. This evil speaking, as it was vainly so called, was a terror to me. After the woman arrived I had to go and tell my mother these words: You have the devil in the house with you. Awful indeed it seemed to myself, but to my father and mother it was ridiculous in the extreme. It will be best for me to tell the meaning of this. It had no reference to the woman whatever, but to my mother herself. What, call your mother a devil! Nay, nay; but it was very soon seen what it meant. She, my mother, one morning, very shortly after, when the Lord sent me to her, replied, "I would be afraid of it being the devil that sent you." Oh, ye despisers! I work a work in your days which ye will not believe, though I declare it unto you.

Another great mistake made was, I hindered the work of God in the church. I would like to ask those persons *how*, but will not be permitted. There were good meetings in the church when I was commanded of God to not stand in it in the day of being preached down. This was prophetic language. I never listened to one of those putting-down sermons; for the Lord's people are a well-guided people. I wish I could tell it so plain that everyone could understand how God, in his infinite wisdom, guided me these past years. The mistakes may, at first sight, seem simple, as some said: A sensible woman, to do such

things. But it will be better understood when I tell them the trial of my faith was more precious than gold.

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“AND HE, BEARING OUR REPROACH, SUFFERED  
WITHOUT THE GATE.”

This is a subject of little importance as far as I am personally concerned, but there is danger on either side of me. In the first place, my Christian name has suffered reproach; in the second place, the sanctification I profess, and for nearly eight years have enjoyed. And then my children have been preached down, and my husband, I tried to help so many years, has been disgusted with the sermons; and this all came without offence. I spoke no evil of any man. Whence these slurs in the stage of our village? But what of all this! My Master suffered, so he did, wrongfully; so did I. But God forewarned them; yet they made this sad mistake. “Woe unto the world because of offences; but it must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man through whom they come.” What, calling down judgments on this people! What reproach could come for the word of God uttered in a prayer meeting? We'll show them the glory has not departed from Israel. We'll do it! Did Moses say, Lord, you'll show them the man of God ought to be more careful in his presumption? It is just worthy of note that the only offence offered to either Pulpit or Pew was the word of God. But it is “quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword.

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**The Birthplace of John Burns.**

My beloved father was born in Derryvere, near Dungannon, in the County of Tyrone, Ireland. He was early trained to read the word of God, and, the class-meeting being regularly held in his father's house, he was taken into it every Sabbath morning.

Favored with hearing the Gospel preached in his own home, he was early the recipient of saving grace. During his boyhood, he manifested great desires to serve the Lord, and in his tenth year was savingly converted to Him; but evil company, and his father's servants seemed to have drawn him away from God, and he fell from his first love. Sad, indeed, it was for him, for God had given him many talents. But, as will be seen as we proceed with his character,—and I feel it a duty devolving upon me, which I am naturally unqualified for,—he was a proud, stiff, young man, and would not let any person conquer him. He was blessed with pious parents, and if they erred in anything it was in over indulgence. I know but little of his early history, comparatively speaking, to what I know of his last and crucified days. If the readers of this small work will have patience, they will be favored with the whole of his life and character, if they see fit to purchase it. I subscribe to this my name,

MARY ISABELLA BURNS.

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### **The Reproaches I Bore.**

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THE carrying of those messages called forth reproach, not only from the pulpit and the pew, but also from the family that surrounded me. My children censured me, and my husband's men cast the same upon me in carrying false reports. It was done, of course, in view of making my character, as a Christian, less reputable. But I proceed to show how and why God dealt with me in order to prepare me for this work of giving the life of a faithful Sister to the public, and, as this is in reserve for a more convenient season, I will patiently wait for the issue. Let it be understood that not for her I carried one message, but it was to fully qualify me. I often thought and said, Only for her, I would never have carried a message in Thornhill, but I now see clearly that this was not the reason, for the messages were

all for my own benefit. The sufferings I endured were for this faithful sister, and my own family, as well as many others, has taken the liberty to call her "Old Ann," instead of what she was called of old, "Holy Ann." But you see how mistaken the friends, as well as the enemies, of Christ were. It is not worth while talking about all the scandal that came upon the church of God through the carrying of those messages. But I am taught of God to explain the whole matter.

The first thing that caused reproach was a verse of the word of God, carried to a respectable hotel-keeper. The words were these: "Be ye also ready, for, in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." It was thought that I must have gone out of my mind, or else a sensible woman, like unto me, would not visit a bar-room. But I say here that the bar-room gentleman was very kind to me, and so was his partner. May God bless them.

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**How God Lead Me These Forty Years.**

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At the age of twelve years I was truly converted to God, and never entirely lost my first love; but I was of a doubting disposition, and a great reasoner. I loved my own way, and did not like to be conquered; and scarcely ever was in any undertaking. It took great grace to keep me, for I was naturally inclined to be sulky and of a proud spirit. I often had to say, with the poet,

"Pride, that busy sin,  
Spoils all that I perform."

I prided in my church relationship, in my family relationship, and above all, in my good name, a Christian child. I felt flattered, when well spoken of; but when frowned upon, could do very little, for there was a great deal of self about me.

But the grace which I received in early life conquered, or, I should say, enabled me to overcome some of the besetments of my nature. I have often thought that if this headstrong will had not been curbed, for I dare not say cast out or put down, I would have served the Devil faithfully. But I tried, notwithstanding all these dispositions, to be faithful to my parents, and to obey God rather than man. I was taught strict obedience and observance of the Sabbath. The greatest whipping that I ever remember of any kind mother giving me was when my brother and I went out to play one Sunday. I loved the people of God, and especially the Sabbath school, for it was there that I received my first impressions, through a kind lady who was the eldest daughter of one of our most faithful ministers. I will tell their names in due time.

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#### **The Pulpit and the Pew.**

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The Pulpit was angry because the work of God was hindered, and little thought that himself was the obstacle in the way. God is a jealous God, and will not give his glory to another. He loveth his people, and he loves good soldiers in the pew as well as in the pulpit; and the rich promises of his word are as much for the one as for the other. It is a poor way, to preach down the humble people and shouting people, when God says, by the mouth of his servant David, "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One in the midst of thee." Poor mistaken men, know ye not your high and holy calling? Preach Christ first, and don't say, when people are noisy, "Mr. so-and-so had a separate room for such noisy members as you." Does that hinder the work? Does it hinder the work to call and see if members were pleased or not? Look to yourselves, brethren, and take care of God's glory in the pulpit as well as in the pew.

Pew holders, take care of your laughter, for there are God's laughs as well as man's. Take care of your eyes; turn them

away from beholding vanity. O vain man, will you rob God of his glory, and say such presumption as this. Holy in heart and in life! The Pulpit says it is not to be talked of on all occasions. The Pew says, I never expect this perfection here. When, brother, do you expect it, at the last hour of life, when pain racks the frame? Is that the time? God's time is *now*. You mistaken church members, hush your formal songs; they are an abomination to the Lord! Hush, you shouting woman! Believers too much excited don't suit doctors' wives, nor store-keepers' wives, nor men mechanics. Woman, you may go too far in this religion. I ask, Did Bunyan go too far when he put his fingers in his ears, and went away from the company, shouting "Life, life; eternal life?" Don't you know there are humble Christians always bewailing their short comings and heart wanderings? Why is this? They are all the time saying, I wish I had this holiness! But if I had nothing to do but bask in the sunshine, and keep it safe in the heart, wrapped up, and not profess it so loud that any one would hear it; and when cloudy days come, have it in store; then, it would be worth having. But, says one, if I have to wear it outside, and let people know I profess it, that sort of holiness wont do for me, for the world will expect holy living on my part; and I have so much to contend with in the world; and dress and drink and self, in a word, sin of every kind; but worse than all this, love of applause, this man-slayer—for it has slain its thousands. Farewell, for the present, to the Pulpit and the Pew.

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**By-and-By.**

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Is thy head drooping low with heavy sorrow?  
Does thy life seem a dreary blank or woe?  
Is thy heart full of fears about to-morrow?  
Dost thy bitter cup seem to overflow?

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Dost thou question the justice of God's dealing ?  
 Dost thou murmur beneath the blow, and sigh ?  
 Knowest thou not for each wound with him there's healing?  
 Thou shalt know all His reasons by and by.

Did it seem to thy soul, so full of anguish,  
 That, of all in the wide and dreary earth,  
 Thine alone was the heart He made to languish,  
 Thine alone was the quickly-vanished mirth !  
 When, amidst all thy merriment and laughter,  
 Came the call, didst thou ask, rebellious "Why?"  
 He has said, we can only know hereafter,  
 Thou shalt know all His reasons by and by.

Did'st thou think others' pathway was all roses,  
 And that thine was the only thorny road ?  
 Many a heart which in Jesus now reposes,  
 Only reached through such trials up to God,  
 Whom the Lord loveth best He fits by sorrow  
 For a place very near his throne on high ;  
 Jesus knows, He'll sustain to-day, to-morrow,  
 Thou shalt know all his reasons by and by.

When death's angel has entered at the casement,  
 And has called all thy dearest ones away,  
 Did'st thou meekly bow down in self-abasement,  
 Or in murmuring accents say him nay ?  
 Did'st thou think it a cruel dispensation,  
 When the flowers were transplanted to the sky ?  
 Did'st thou think He would give no compensation ?  
 Thou shalt know all about it by and by.

Then, with humbled and God-devoted spirit,  
 Oh ! return, broken-hearted to His breast !  
 Trust in him ; think no more of selfish merit ;  
 Lean thy head where the weary all find rest ;

Take His hand, nor attempt a wilful guiding.  
Stay thy heart on thy Saviour, ever nigh :  
He knows best : in Him trusting and abiding,  
Thou shalt know all about it by and by.

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**My Own Experience During Two Years.**

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I need not make any apology to the public, as it is very widely circulated of me being an insane woman. I now invite the attention of the public to the dealings of God with me and my family during the past years. I will need no teacher in this work, for He that has kept me to the present, through one of the greatest trials that ever woman passed through, will keep me

“ To prove His utmost salvation,  
His fulness of love ”

I render back to God His own gifts, hoping that the Church and the world will be benefitted, sanctification built up, and, above all, God glorified. As my beloved father was taken out of Thornhill on account of the messages that I was called of God to carry, I will, in plain words, as the Holy Ghost enables me, tell of all the way the Lord my God has led me during the past.

In the first place, I must tell of my sanctification. It was in the year 1871, during the ministry of the Rev. Charles Fish. I was deeply afflicted, and, to all appearance, on a bed of death. I was converted to God in my tenth year, and lived as Christians generally live, sometimes happy and, at other times, miserable, on account of deviations from the plain path of duty. I will not at present enlarge on my personal experience during the intervening years between my justification and sanctification.



Suffice it to say, my path was rough, and it was made more so by my hasty words and actions. I made many of the mistakes that most Christians make, and ever lived in Complaining street. But when God sanctified me, he set me free from sin,—but not from reproach and scandal. Instead of me being a pattern, as they used to say, and the best of wives, as my husband himself said, when I was sanctified throughout body, soul and spirit. Now, as soon as I endeavored to live fully to the Lord, reproach and shame were cast upon me, and also lies. This seems a vulgar word, and I would rather not write it, but I dare not keep back any part of God's sayings, and He says that lies came thick and fast. I hated sin with a perfect hatred, and I loved the Lord with all my heart; but still I wanted to do more for God, and the non-confession of it kept me back in Divine life. On two occasions I so grieved the Spirit of the Lord that I had to go and ask Him for forgiveness; but it was soon granted. In the year 1876 I was called of God to go around to the people, and wherever I went it seemed that the Lord wanted me to tell them of his word, and the very words that He gave me I was forced to utter, or else grieve His Spirit. I now think it is but right for me to have the privilege of making known how the Lord sustained me in these fires of persecution.

It is not in man to direct his own steps; and, if ever any person experienced the plain direction of High Heaven, it was this unworthy servant. Without having the least desire to cast any reproach on the cause of God, or any of his people, I must, in order, set forth the glory of God in its noonday splendor, for I walked in the full light of his countenance. I was deprived from attending the ministry of the Word, for this reason: God said, when he sent me around with those messages, that he would not allow me to be put down. As the church did not understand the work that God had called me to, they openly and profanely called me a silly woman. One person said that if I had horns on me, you would know what I was. Others said that I and my messages were a nuisance,



**The Messages Explained.**

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Those messages call for explanation.

The first fulfillment of the word of God to the hotel-keeper was, Be ye also ready to carry my servant to his own house dead, meaning I, the Lord.

The third message explains itself. It was evident that the work of God was about to be hindered.

The second fulfillment of the third message was a taylor's wife taken for the rejection of the Lord's word, and saying to sister Ann Preston, "Ah, you did not stop long to night." The night before this woman died, being awaked out of my sleep, I heard the sounds and the unmistakable voice of the Holy Spirit saying, "The destroying angel hath passed by thee." At the strict command of God I said to a sister in the church, who was leaving for Toronto, "Knowest thou not the first message rejected was at his shop?"

This was also noised abroad, that I had clean gone crazy; and this so enraged the church, that it was said openly, by a class-leader, "He judged no one," referring to my judgment, as they foolishly took another meaning out of it, and thought I was passing sentence on her state in the other world,—a thing I would not dare to do in her case. As I never spoke to her on the subject of religion at any time, I was totally unqualified to judge of her standing.

The fourth message was to a Church of England lady, who was suffering under the afflicting hand of God. The first message to her was, "God is love!" and she received it gladly. But the second grieved her, on account of the report of me going out of my mind. It was said to me as I went, Talk about (I withhold her name, as she was a convert to Christianity.) Through my messages and sufferings this came very near to my sister in Christ, for she was sound at heart. But her husband had not so much patience as herself, and was angry to see me

going so often. I knew that I was not wanted, and it, of course, was harder work for me. I felt crucified, knowing it was the will of God for me to go, and leave my children so often; and then the frowns I met with! I would just say, as I once did, "Could you not let some of my sisters go with me?" Death temporal would have been a refuge, as my weary body paced the streets of Thornhill for one whole year. But as this good sister has departed this life, I withhold for ever her name. She herself treated me kindly.

Then came the fifth message: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." This was spoken to a young man and a lady I met on the street on a Sabbath evening. The reproof called forth those words, "She is a silly thing." This young man was seen on the street the day before his death. He died as he lived, and filled a drunkard's grave.

The sixth commandment came: "Be ye followers of God as dear children." This was spoken to a sister in the church. It was easy work because, it was believed. This called forth all the energy of soul, to call at this house, as they had previously called me insane. But, however painful it might be to go into this blacksmith's, I went; and I had to ask liberty to pray. The lady was very kind to my face, but said I must be silly, or I would not go to the above-mentioned bar-room.

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#### **The Reproaches I Bore—continued.**

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"Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which endureth unto eternal life." Reproach is the portion of all God's chosen vessels. I never knew a good man who did not bear some sort of persecution for Christ's sake. It is true, yes, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. The censure I received would not lead me to give this to the public. But God always promised me restoration

to my place and standing in the church. You see I was commanded to write the life of a good sister who had been a constant and faithful witness of this free and full salvation this long number of years. It was wrongfully supposed I had undertaken her cause and wanted the people to believe just as I believed. But five years previous God promised me I would be his living witness of this great salvation. It was not the intention of the Lord to give so much of this sort of writing to the public; but I believe, whatever others may think, God in his infinite wisdom caused me to be thus reproached; perhaps, that I might better serve him and be more fully prepared to bear all the needed criticisms of the past and present and whatever may be in store in the future. I could do nothing the past two years, but like Israel of old, stand still and see the salvation of God. But while the world, and the church, and the community reproached, God said, O woman, greatly beloved!

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**Heavenly Calm.**

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Calm me my God and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me my God and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me my God and keep me calm;  
Let thine out-stretched wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's plain,  
Beside her desert's spring.

*The Way of Holiness Made Plain.*

Yes, keep me calm though loud and rude  
 The sounds my ear that greet ;  
 Calm in the closet's solitude.  
 Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in my hour of bouyant health,  
 Calm in my hour of pain ;  
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
 Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
 Like him who bore my shame ;  
 Calm mid the threatening, taunting throng  
 Who hate thy Holy name.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,  
 Which storms assail in vain ;  
 Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
 The eternal balm to gain.

**Selections.**

## THE RESULTS OF PEACEFUL ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

1. Great mental enlargement. The greatest conception of human intelligence is the idea of God. No other thought so fills the entire spiritual vision. And a constant association with that thought, as it lives in the soul, expands the mind as no other can. We are affected by the character of those with whom we associate. And he who lives and walks with God, possesses a mental elevation corresponding immeasurably with the nature of Him with whom he is thus brought into association. The best of all knowledge is the knowledge of God ; the greatest of all sciences is the science which acquaints us with God.