

Practical Papers.

EXAMPLES OF EMINENT SANCTITY FROM CANADIAN METHODIST HISTORY.

BY JOHN CARROL.

MAITLAND MCCRAKEN.



IF this eminently holy man I have been striving to receive enough particulars to present his example before our readers, but I fear it has been almost vainly done. Like some of the bright examples in the Holy Scripture there is enough to arouse and encourage us, but not enough to satisfy our curiosity. When I first became converted in "Little" York, in 1824, that is to say fifty years ago, I had my ardent desire for an enlarged Christian experience and a blameless life influenced by overhearing a young man, several years older than myself, who had lived in Kingston, conversing with occasional visitors from that town about the eminent holiness of a "Brother McCracken." Subsequently, when I came to prepare my biographical history, I found that this person lived in Montreal, about the year 1816. The search of the Rev. George Ferguson's Journal, "the preaching soldier," led me to write the following paragraph: "We have seen that by the kindness of friends in Upper and Lower Canada, he (Ferguson) had obtained a discharge, dated May 10th, 1816. The Montreal Quarterly Meeting recommended him to the General Conference, to be received on trial for the ministry. The Paris Session of that Conference, June 16th of that year, acted on that recommendation, and appointed him to the Ottawa circuit, of which appointment he received information from the lips of the Rev. Wm. Brown, the preacher appointed to Montreal. The principal appointment on the circuit to which he was sent was only about thirty miles from the city; nevertheless, to equip himself for the itinerancy, and transport his family, was then a formidable undertaking with the means at his disposal. But God appeared for him, and raised him up friends; *the heavenly-minded Maitland McCracken left a twenty dollar note in his hand at his final hand shaking,*" &c.

Mr. McCracken was of Scottish origin, a native of the Highlands, I think, and very respectably connected in this country. He was a brother of the present venerable widow McLeod, a person of eminent piety in the Wesleyan Church in Kingston. Maitland was converted early in this country, in Montreal, probably; but the instrumentality in bringing it about and the particulars we know not. Some years after he removed to Kingston, where he was a member of the "British Society;" and probably he was in connection with the "Missionaries" in Montreal at the time of his extending assistance to Mr. Ferguson. If so, it showed his great superiority to party strife; for at that time there was a painfully embittered feeling between many in the two societies against each other. With this exception, the state of piety in both connexions was ardent. The old Methodist doctrines were clearly and faithfully preached, and the old measures for promoting piety and holiness vigorously employed.

Mr. McCracken seems to have been more than usually devoted from the first, and early entered into the enjoyment of perfect love; for his profession of that state of grace was understood by all who knew or heard of him; and none who knew him doubted his profession. He was then young, and ever remained single. He was employed in the large mercantile establishment of, if I mistake not, a Mr. Hutchinson, and held, I think, the position of a book-keeper. A fellow-clerk of his, newly from Scotland, with Presbyterian education and prejudices, was so impressed with the character and conversation of young McCracken, that it led to his conversion and union with Methodism. This was Mr. John McLeod, long afterwards one of the principal men of the Quebec church, who never wearied in speaking of the excellencies of his, whilom fellow clerk, to whom he owed so much religiously.

McCracken's piety would in this bustling age be pronounced ascetical, it drove him so much into seclusion. All his spare time was spent in his closet, and mostly on his knees. He redeemed all the time he could for this, and seemed to grudge the time for anything else. Although a reliable man to his employer, as all such men must be, it is said of him that he did his work in a hurry, running along the street, when forced to go out, that he might be the sooner back to his loved communion with God. Yet his secret piety or devotion bore practical fruits. He was "ready to all good works;" his word in the Society meetings "was with power," and I suspect he "gave away all his living." He died early, and well I have no doubt, but have not the particulars: "He was not, for God took him." His piety lives in his younger relations. A nephew, who is an Episcopal clergyman, and who has favored me with a letter, is eminently liberal, evangelical, and pious; and, if I mistake not, believes in and enjoys the state of salvation enjoyed by his saintly uncle. May God fill all the churches with such members and ministers! Amen.

"So may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
And each succeeding race remove,
To join the family above."

THE PROCESS OF FULL SALVATION.



WHAT are the prominent characteristics of that state of mind in which it is possible instantly and fully to accept Christ as a perfect Saviour; to find at once and forever those treasures of salvation which lie hid in the open field of the divine promises and which are all contained in that one pearl of great price, the love of God dwelling in a peaceful, pure spirit?

1. The first characteristic of this mental state is that it has a clear and thorough knowledge of the blessing sought. Many know not what they are looking for: they have the sense of want, but that want is not present in a clearly apprehended, definite form. The seeker of whom we speak feels that he wants salvation from sin, not outward sin that does not exist. Sin has not dominion over him. What he wants is salvation from inward sin, the presence of which he is constantly painfully conscious; and though always successfully resisted, its inbeing is never felt without calling forth sincere confession, and a bitter repentance often repeated before God. He wants selfishness, and pride, and anger, and evil desire cast out, that he might be perfectly free to love God with all his heart, and to imitate in thought as well as by his words and actions the spotless example of Christ. He wants such a cleansing as takes away all iniquity, and enables him as the elect of God, holy and beloved, to put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering, every grace of the Spirit, but above all the perfect love of God. Heart holiness then is the blessing sought: this explicit knowledge of his wants is the first characteristic of which we speak.

2. The second is hope. He believes this blessing is attainable by him. Under that searching, all-revealing light of the Spirit, with which the whole soul is lit up like a transparency, sin seems to blend itself with every fibre of the soul's tissue, it mars every thought, defiles every action, shades every word. Under this deep and all-pervading conviction of inward sinfulness, we cannot abound in hope in reference to full salvation, but through the power of the Holy Ghost. The light that reveals sin must also reveal Christ, or the spirit would fail before him and we should give up in despair; but through the infinite mercy of God we are divinely assured that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; and that "We, even we, shall see his face. We shall be holy here."

3. In the third place there is a firm, unalterable decision that in the strength of the Lord we will have it. This cuts off all wavering and all the veerings of vacillation at a stroke, and makes the crooked ways of indecision straight at once, and its rough places plain, overleaping a thousand difficulties and hindrances at a single bound. If this resolution is deeply formed it will easily express itself in a proper form of words, or by signature to a written form, and both will be found alike helpful to the final settlement of this all-

important matter, in which we solemnly engage to serve God wholly, cost what it will; and if this be done publicly it is like cutting down the bridge that separates from the world, making retreat impossible.

4. Fourthly, we notice the existence of an intense, burning desire for the blessing in all its fulness. This manifests in the all-absorbing earnestness with which it is sought, and the urgency of the divinely vehement prayers offered up for it, even reminding the Lord Jesus of his own words, "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me."

5. The last characteristic we notice is the presence of that living faith that fully sanctifies. It is such a trust, such a reliance on the written word of the divine testimony as voluntarily, unhesitatingly, fully commits itself to such acts as are in themselves the most strongly marked, and the highest expression of that confidence. Thus Abraham went out at the command of God? not knowing whither he went; and thus he took Isaac to the mount of sacrifice. In this faith Daniel entered the lion's den, and the three Hebrew children the burning fiery furnace; and in this faith Immanuel, the innocent Lamb of God, committed himself into the hands of wicked men to be crucified, knowing that thus he should get the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; and this faith is eminently characteristic of that act of the living Christian by which he comes out from the world, separates himself, touches not the unclean thing, because he believes that word, "I will receive you," and his eye resting on that or some other divinely illuminated promise, he dies to sin, he is sprinkled and whiter than snow; he is made whole; he is cleansed and filled with peace and righteousness and joy; triumphantly and sweetly singing:

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me."

This in few words is the glorious process of a full salvation, and the exulting soul is sweetly reassured and greatly strengthened by remembering just here that Jesus is just as able to keep as he is to save, for "He is able to keep that which we have committed unto His care unto that day." Thus, assuredly, calmly and fully do those that believe enter into rest. This crowning act and exercise of saving faith is like that of a traveller who stands on the margin of a deep, swift river at midnight. The other side he must gain, and as he waits he hears cheering voices from beyond the stream telling him to step out that there is a solid highway beneath his feet, yet he hesitates to make the venture; backward he cannot go, the woods are all on fire, he must cross that flood or die.

How fearfully, how tremblingly he stands. He cannot hold on to the bank and let himself down to test the bridge, it is too far below the level of his feet, he must trust his all to the testimony of the loving voices that are calling him away, and boldly, confidently drop on the rock beneath, even though it be all invisible and impalpable. 'Tis done, he bounds from the shore and lighting down on the divine faithfulness as on adamant, and swiftly touching

the other shore, exultingly exclaims "I am saved." This is the way over which the redeemed of the Lord shall pass in safety to the promised land of rest and righteousness.

Finally, if we should speak figuratively of the process as a whole, it is as if the morning broke upon the storm-clouds when they had formed themselves in array—making manifest to the full extent their destructive forces; while the startled soul, like the revealing light itself, pales in the forked lightnings as they flash upon it and now while yet its frail bark trembled on the sea, the sunlight that reveals the tempest discloses, but a little way beyond, yet outside the region of the storm, a haven that may be securely approached. It is always beautifully calm and perfectly safe, embosomed like Eden in the divinely appointed mountain heights that shelter it not only from the shocks of the remote tempest, but from the least disturbance from its waves. O how earnestly the almost shipwrecked mariner desires to enter into that port and rest! This is the only refuge in this restless universe for wearied souls. O were he not only entered but anchored here; that he might prove that the fruit of righteousness is peace, and that the effect of righteousness is quietness and assurance forever! It shall be so now if he defers the task no longer. He resolves to enter in at once, to pass the bar or perish in the surf. With the eye of faith he beholds Christ walking on the troubled waters, hails his Omnipotent Lord, and welcomes Him on board, and immediately his vessel is at the desired haven. No more deadly conflicts now with care or fear or inward sin. He knows the truth of that promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

PERSONAL MINISTRY.

BY I. E. PAGE.

"AND say to Archippus, Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." Every saved man has a ministry altogether his own; the fulfilment of it is his true life-work, and that fulfilment will demand diligence for its accomplishment. Here is a question worth looking at in the light of God's requirements, and the acknowledged need which exists for suitable instruments to carry on His work. Every consecrated man should ask the question, What is my mission? For what purpose am I here—created, redeemed, saved? What is the design of my Maker in regard to my gifts, opportunities, and brief life? and how can I employ all to the highest purpose, and gain a full reward? The death of the Lord Jesus looked to the redemption of individuals, "that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man:" and on every man the claim for a consecrated life comes

down. No two persons are absolutely alike. Each individual of the species stands forth an unique specimen of the Divine workmanship. He has, of course, capabilities in common with his fellows, as face answers to face in harmony of shape, but no other man is an exact likeness to himself. From this individuality arises personal influence, and the fact that each man, coming in contact with the truth of God, receives into his mind and character portions of truth which appeal more powerfully to him than other men. These aspects of truth are his charge, and to exhibit and illustrate them the business of his life. The Apostle of the Gentiles speaks of his gospel—"According to *my* gospel;" and all readers of the Epistles of James, John, and Peter, will recall how different was the aspect of truth with which each was entrusted. Something like this is true of every believer, and hence the infinite adaptedness and freshness of gospel truth. Again, each man is brought by relationship and social affinities into contact with those over whom his influence has greater power than that of any other man. A solemn consideration for Christian thought! There are those around us, immortal men and women, whom we, by some peculiarity in our character and theirs, may influence as no other persons could. A grave responsibility, and one for which we shall be called to give account! Dr. Bushnell has a famous sermon on "Every man's life a plan of God," based on the words, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me." The plan of the highest possible life for each man is before the eye of God, and to live in harmony with God's plan is to succeed in life. If we could but see it! So many years usually pass in blundering and failure before we learn how to live! It is interesting to think that there are instances in which the mission of good may be something altogether different from what they themselves imagine, and that they fulfil all unconsciously a ministry which God ordained as theirs. We think of the learned and controversial works of Rutherford—heavy tomes in Latin and English! Where is their influence now? He was born to write those glorious "Letters!" And thus, doubtless, many of God's saints have lived, doing many mighty works in His name, while *the* work of their life has been something of which they thought little. But usually men may ascertain what is the work for which they are called and fitted, and intelligently devote their powers to its accomplishment. And in the great vineyard, various is the work to be done for the Master! Some are called to the ministry of teaching; and thoughts which are the fruit of their minds become seed-thoughts in the minds of other men, and multiply into harvests a hundred-fold. To others is given the labourer's post, in toilsomeness and pain to break up the fallow ground, hew down the forest, remove the mountains. There are men and women to whom is committed the ministry of example—to be uplifted in God's hand, lamp-like, and shine—men who live so that their fellows read the Divine epistle in their lives in large type, and when they are gone, say to their children, "What a saint of God was that!" Others have appointed to them the difficult mission of the sufferer, endured with power to glorify God in the fire—to walk in the furnace when it is heated seven-fold, and yet be unhurt; till unbelief and indifference,

attracted by the miracle of their patience, discern the "form of the Fourth" with them, and fall and adore Him, "because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort!" Others in the home life, amid peaceful influences, train up hardy influences, train up hardy soldiers for the future fight of faith; while to others is given the stewardship of wealth, to gain it, and use it for high service in the Master's work. Every believer has his work, and the good Lord wills that he accomplish it!

Next in importance to the question, What is my ministry? is that of, How shall I fulfil it? Absolutely self-surrender to God must ever be the first qualification. All property in self, all direction and will, must be yielded up. How can we know the noblest and best life of which we are capable? He must arrange it for us who says, "As the heaven is higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." "Thy will be done!" that must be the law of every man's life who would live to purpose. Let this self-surrender be followed by whole-heartedness of service—desires, affections, purpose, and will, gathering up their whole strength to the accomplishment of the appointed work, and it will be done. He only really lives, who lives with all his might. Such a man may hope in God that his work shall not fail. God will take care of that. His example shall not "waste its sweetness on the desert air," nor his blows fall aimlessly, nor his labour be "in vain in the Lord." Self-surrender, earnestness, cheerful faith in God—these are the elements of success. Let the reader ask, Have I found my work? Am I doing it?

The word is full of voices calling for consecrated men, whose one thought shall be to do the will of God, and whose ministry this, to bless mankind for His sake.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
 And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
 Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
 The good begun by thee shall onward flow
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
 The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
 Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
 And yield thee fruits Divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

ABBREVIATION.—The art of abbreviation in writing or speaking is most difficult to learn, yet it is no less important on that account. It is easy to say a great deal, and yet say nothing worth hearing: he speaks to purpose who can present wise thoughts in a few words: on the other hand the man who talks much without thinking is like a child who, in daily conversation, evinces that he possesses neither culture nor experience.

A TALK WITH AN OBJECTOR.

BY REV. D. STEELE, D.D.



Y DEAR FELLOW-BELIEVER IN CHRIST,—You have honest objections to the experience of entire sanctification as a distinct blessing. Let me help you to remove them. You may be stumbling over the glaring imperfections of some who profess to be walking in this higher path of Christian life. In the first place, remember that impenitent men are using the same argument against all our endeavors to turn them to Christ. You invariably tell them that Christianity is liable to be counterfeited by hypocritical professors, that all valuable things are exposed to base imitations, and that the most valuable is the most exposed. Please apply your own logic to yourself when reasoning on the question of the higher Christian life. Then remember that no sane man professes to be perfect in judgment, or in act, but in love to God and man, and that, too, not in degree, but in kind. You should constantly bear in mind this fact, that a man can never appear above the criticism of his fellow-men. Did Jesus Christ, the absolutely sinless man, escape hostile criticism? Was he not accused of being a demoniac, a wine-bibber, a Sabbath-breaker, a Beelzebub, and a subverter of the law? The difficulty was not in Jesus, but in his green-eyed critics. Perhaps this is the solution of your perplexity about the imperfect exemplifications of the love “that passeth knowledge.” God once said to Abraham, “walk thou *before me* and be perfect.” He did not command him to be perfect in the estimation of fallible men. Suppose that Abraham had interpreted the command to include men as well as the heart-searching Jehovah? He is commanded to go to Mount Moriah, and to offer Isaac in sacrifice. He goes and exhibits to God a heart perfectly obedient as proved by the severest test. God is satisfied. But some of Abraham’s jealous neighbors wonder what the mysterious three days’ journey means. They follow on the patriarch’s track afar, and, at last, they see him actually seize his son and cruelly bind him hand and foot; and then, oh horrible! he draws out from his belt a great sheath knife, and raises it on high and attempts to plunge it into the throbbing heart of innocence. But something seemed to prevent the wicked purpose,—the spies are too far away to see what it was,—but they saw enough of Abraham’s harsh conduct in his family to satisfy them that his profession to be an especial “friend of God” is a stupendous piece of hypocrisy. “Perfection on earth,” say they, “is all a myth; we have proved it.” Yet, while this damaging misconstruction of Abraham’s conduct is whispered from one to another of the neighboring Canaanites, the patriarch is in the enjoyment of the inward testimony that his ways pleased Jehovah; he walks before him and is perfect. It may be thus with many a living friend of God, maligned of men, while approved of heaven.

False professions of this blessed experience should be expected, and due allowance should be made by all candid minds. But where there is a secret disrelish for an experience so high, it is natural to magnify such instances out of all due proportion to the number of the genuine professors, as wicked men magnify the hypocrisies in the Christian Church till they hide the multitude of true Christians.

Are you stumbled at the fact that many seek the fulness of divine love, and do not find? So many feebly seek regeneration and fail. There are no instances of persons seeking with their whole heart, with an unappeasable hunger, and a tireless persistence, who have not received this greatest of divine benefactions. In the distribution of his spiritual blessings God is no respecter of persons. It is not true that some were made to be empty, while others were created to be filled. This would be a dark calumny on the character of the Creator. "Every one that asked receiveth."

Fanaticisms have attended the profession of this high grace. True. Extremists and unbalanced minds have abused justification by faith. Yet this doctrine resounds in all our churches. In all attempts to promote experimental godliness, there is danger that some one may go astray from the path of sobriety. Our Protestantism, which accords to every soul the right of studying the Bible and of access immediately to God without the intervention of a Latin-mumbling priest, must run the risk of more or less abuse of freedom, and eccentricity in doctrinal belief. There is no cure but the iron railroad track of papal infallibility prescribing the exact grooves in which all religious thought and devotion shall run. The remedy is a thousand-fold worse than the evil. The fanaticisms which have attended the people who have devoted themselves wholly to Christ, and have been filled with the fulness of the Spirit, have been greatly exaggerated by the imaginations of unsympathizing enemies. They are not half so disastrous as the heresies that spring up in a cold and wordly church, void of the spirit of truth.

Again, the people who profess holiness are generally unpopular. They are secretly hated. A very accurate observer of human nature has suggested the reason. He asks and answers this question: "Are we not apt to have a secret distaste to any who say they are saved from all sin?" Answer. "It is very possible we may, and that upon several grounds; partly from a concern for the good of souls, who may be hurt, if these are not what they profess; partly from a kind of implicit envy at those who speak of higher attainments than our own; and, partly from our natural slowness and unreadiness of heart to believe the works of God." This answer could very easily be extended to include other reasons for this distaste. A holy life is a rebuke to all unholiness. Jesus was a perpetual rebuke to the Jews. In the intense light of his pure life, their spots and strains were made manifest through the white-wash of ceremonialism. Their hatred of the light was turned against the light-bearer, and Jesus of Nazareth was the best abused man of his times. In this respect the servant must not expect to be above his Lord. A person entirely dead to the world, and thoroughly alive unto Christ, through every

fibre of his being, will make all conformers to this world so uncomfortable that they will begin to hate him and to pick all manner of flaws in his life. They are not willing to give up their idols, and holiness comes to kindle a destroying fire among them. They are averse to strenuous effort, to earnest wrestlings with God at Peniel, and hence they dislike those who point to the sunlit heights of perfect love, and urge them to mount up thither, as disturbers of their repose. Again, since all love to God is in antagonism to the spirit of the world, the higher the degree, the more intense that antagonism.

Another reason may be found in the activity of Satan, who seeks to plunder the gospel of that element which gives it the highest efficiency in its warfare with his kingdom. "He blinds the eyes of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ shine unto them." He succeeds so well with unbelievers that he applies the same method to believers, blinding their eyes to the highest gospel privilege, entire sanctification, lest the light of this blessing should gladden their eyes, strengthen their hearts, and intensify their zeal against his kingdom. Says John Wesley, in a letter to a Christian woman respecting her preacher, in 1771: "I hope he is not ashamed to preach full salvation receivable now by faith. This is the word which God will always bless, and which the Devil particularly hates; therefore, he is constantly stirring up both his own children, and the weak children of God against it." Hence the difficulty which the great Head of the Church has in keeping this doctrine in the pulpit. It dropped out of the English pulpit, and Methodism was raised up to bring it back. Wesley, true to the great light, "the grand *depositum* intrusted to the Methodists," found his preachers inclined to abandon this precious theme. Even now, after the inquiry on this subject among the laity has become so general, the majority of preachers pass over the subject like a slurred note in music, as if it was a demi-semi-quaver in the jubilant song of our Christianity, and not its very key-note.

Some believers may be warped by the influence of those who are mistaken in their profession of this blessing. Many, quickened and gladdened by some manifestation of the Saviour's love, jump to the conclusion that they are entirely sanctified, through the fulness of love shed abroad in their hearts, and, under injudicious advice, rush into a declaration of full salvation, before they have the witness of the Spirit to this great work (1 Cor. ii. 12). Such persons soon become what Mr. Fletcher styles "land-flood" or freshet "professors," left high and dry by the evanescent emotion of which they are the subjects.

The injudicious presentation of this blessing, by some of its advocates, has contributed to the eclipse of faith of which we speak. Mt. Sinai, instead of Mt. Calvary, has been taken for the pulpit, and the terrors of the Lord have been denounced upon the Lord's children, heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. Let not this offend you. The wise counsel of the founder of Methodism has not always been heeded in preaching on this subject, "always by way of promise; always drawing, rather than driving." Thus injudicious advocates have awakened prejudice. All these causes combined have almost wrested this doctrine as a great vital, practical truth from the pul-

pits of Christendom, and driven it into select meetings in parlors; from the candlestick to the bushel. O Lord! how long, how long, must this precious light be hidden from the faith of thy people? Speedily lift it up from the bushel to the candlestick there to shine till its splendors blend in the brightness of thy coming!

Are you afraid that if you embrace Jesus as a whole Saviour you will lose your broad sympathy for the whole body of believers, and become clannish? Are those who have found full salvation inclined to clannishness from choice, or from necessity? Is there not such a chilly temperature in many churches that ardent lovers of Jesus can no more dwell safely in them than they can in a sepulchre? They prefer the light and warmth of a sympathizing Christian fellowship. Suppose now that all the Church were rejoicing in the increased grace given to each victorious soul; and, as in the case of St. Paul who had been caught up to the third heavens, they were glorifying God in him, we should hear no more of the segregation of those who are fully saved, than we hear in the New Testament Church of the withdrawal of the Spirit-baptized from the neophytes who had not yet received the Holy Ghost since they believed.

My dear brother or sister in Jesus, the fault may be more in your prejudice, your apathy, your love of the world, and lack of consecration to Christ, than in the souls drawn together by the mighty magnetism of love to Christ, the ruling passion of their bosoms. Don't you suppose that the Jews accused the disciples of clannishness, when they persisted in their ten days' upper room meeting before Pentecost, and afterwards in their breaking bread from house to house? The cure for the fault-finding Jews was to secure the pentecostal blessing, and feel the mighty attraction of Christian love. Your remedy is that perfect love which will bind you to all believing souls with a threefold cord.

But you see no reason why you, after a score of years in the average Christian life, should rein up your soul to this one definite aim, full salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ, and go through with a mighty struggle to attain that which only a minority of the justified profess to receive before they are laid on the bed of death. You think that if such a glorious experience had been designed for you, you would have been led into it long ago, especially, since in your daily prayers you have constantly prayed for the fulness of the Spirit. It may be that a subtle scepticism has kept you from vigorous efforts to grasp this great prize which you might have seized in any day of your past Christian life, if you had sincerely believed in Christ's power to do this work, and sought for perfect love with all the intensity of spirit of which you were capable. The fact that you have gone so long without the pearl of perfect love, is a reason why you should put your hand vigorously to this work now that you may enjoy its blessedness on earth, and the world be benefitted by your increased love and zeal and power. Heaven is never stumbled into. The heaven on earth of evangelical perfection will not be entered by chance. There must be a definite aim uniting all the forces of the soul. "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." (Jer-xxix. 13.)

THE WORD OF THE TESTIMONY.

BY HENRY BELDEN.

I.—IT IS GOD'S INTENTION TO SANCTIFY HIS PEOPLE WHOLLY.—(*This was the object of Christ's death.*)

1 Thess. iv. 3. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification.

Gal. i. 4. "Who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present world, according to the will of God and our Father."

Ephes. v. 25-27. "Even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word; that He might present it to Himself, a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

Titus ii. 14. "Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous for good works."

John xvii. 15, 17, 20-23. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil. Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me. And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou has sent Me, and hast loved them as Thou has loved Me."

Matt. i. 21. "And thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save the people from their sins."

1 Pet. ii. 24. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed."

Matt. vi. 10. "Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven."

Rom. vii. 3, 4. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending His own son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

II.—GOD IS ABLE TO DO IT.—(*The blood of Christ is of sufficient efficacy.*)

Ephes. iii. 20. "Now, unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

Psa. xviii. 32. "It is God . . . that maketh my way perfect."

1 John i. 7-9. "And the blood of Jesus Christ His son cleauſeth us from all ſin. If we confeſs our ſins, He is faithful and juſt to forgive us our ſins, and to cleaſe us from all unrighteouſneſs."

Jude 24. "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to preſent you faultleſs before the preſence of His glory with exceeding joy."

2 Cor. ix. 8. "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all ſufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

III.—HE HAS PROMISED TO DO IT IN THIS LIFE.

1 Theſſ. v. 23, 24. "And the very God of peace ſanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole ſpirit and ſoul and body be preſerved blameleſs unto the coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Faithful is He that calleth you, who alſo will do it."

Luke i. 74, 75. "That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might ſerve Him without fear, in holineſs and righteouſneſs before Him, all the days of our life."

Jer. xxxi. 31-33. "Behold, the days come, ſaith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the houſe of Iſrael, and with the houſe of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which My covenant they brake, although I was a huſband unto them, ſaith the Lord: but this ſhall be the covenant that I will make with the houſe of Iſrael. After thoſe days, ſaith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they ſhall be My people." With this, compare Heb. viii. 6-11.

Jer. xxxii. 40. "And I will make an everlaſting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them to do them good; but I will put My fear in their hearts, that they ſhall not depart from Me."

Ezek. xxxvi. 25-27. "Then I will ſprinkle clean water upon you, and ye ſhall be clean; from all your filthineſs, and from all your idols, will I cleaſe you. A new heart alſo will I give you, and a new ſpirit will I put within you; and I will take away the ſtony heart out of your fleſh, and I will give you a heart of fleſh. And I will put My Spirit within you and cauſe you to walk in My ſtatutes, and ye ſhall keep My judgments, and do them." See alſo Ezek. xxxvii. 23.

Pſa. cxlv. 19. "He will fulfil the deſire of them that fear Him."

Matt. v. 6. "Bleſſed are they which do hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs: for they ſhall be filled."

IV.—HE HAS MADE PROVISIONS FOR IT.

Rom. viii. 3, 4. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the fleſh, God, ſending His own Son in the likeness of ſinful fleſh, and for ſin, condemned ſin in the fleſh; that the righteouſneſs of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the fleſh, but after the Spirit."

The three great enemies of the Christian are the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. God has provided for our overcoming these. See 1 John v. 4, 5. "This is the victory 'hat overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

Gal. v. 16. "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." Ephes. vi. 16. "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Rom. xvi. 20. "And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

2 Pet. i. 4. "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

V.—HE HAS COMMANDED US TO AVAIL OURSELVES OF THESE PROVISIONS.

Matt. v. 48. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

2 Cor. vii. 1. "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

2 Cor. xiii. 11. "Be perfect . . ."

1 Pet. i. 15, 16. "But as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy."

VI.—HE HAS MADE THEM EFFECTUAL TO SOME.

John i. 47. "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

Luke i. 6. "And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

Acts xx. 26. "Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men."

Gal. ii. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless 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."

1 Thess. ii. 10. "Ye are witnesses, and God also; how holily and justly, and unblamably, we behaved ourselves among you that believe."

Heb. xi. 4. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts."

Heb. xi. 5. "Enoch . . . before his translation, had this testimony, that he pleased God."

Job i. 1. "And that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil."

Christians are everywhere agreed that, when the holy Scriptures decide any question, that decision is final. If the above passages do not declare both the attainability and the actual attainment of entire sanctification in this life, then I see not how it can be in the power of language to express such an idea.

Very many other passages of a similar character may be easily found with the assistance of a "Reference Bible" or a Concordance. The doctrine of sanctification is so plainly revealed in the Bible, that the candid and intelligent inquirer after truth will most readily find it there. Much of the disagreement in sentiment which exists in relation to this subject, has arisen from a neglect of the Scripture evidence. I have here endeavored to present a few of the more important passages which prove the doctrine, in order that, standing alone, and disconnected with any metaphysical discussion, they may more clearly exhibit the unobscured teachings of the Holy Spirit. May the "testimony of the Lord make wise the simple."

OUR TABLE TALK ; OR, FAMILY CULTURE AND PASTIME.



ABASHMENT. No Christian or even virtuous person need suffer abashment ; they should not do an act which will cause them shame. To abash is more than to confound, as confound is more than to confuse ; it is to alarm and make ashamed. Those who are virtuous or Christians, may be confused when in a state of innocency ; but they can neither be frightened nor make ashamed.

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.--It is proper to begin when young to improve the mind, for the longer the task of improvement is deferred the more and more difficult will it become. Horace, the Roman poet, relates that a countryman who wanted to pass a river stood loitering on the banks of it in the foolish expectation that a current so rapid would soon discharge its waters ; but the stream still flowed, increased by fresh torrents from the mountains, and it must for ever flow because the sources from whence it is derived is inexhaustible. It is very foolish for any one to allow the ever-multiplying difficulties in the way of self-improvement to daunt or discourage him ; it is noble to struggle with and overcome in mental as well as spiritual conflicts.

INHUMANITY.—A humane person is always kind, sympathizing, and tender hearted, would not cause pain to a creeping or flying insect. It is his opinion that it is no less inhuman to torture a harmless insect than it would be a more bulky creature, for the sensations of many insects are as intense as those of animals of more enlarged dimensions. The common house-fly when coming in contact with a lighted candle, and partly burning its wings, suffers much, and cannot conceal its anguish ; the spider when touched will put on the appearance of death, and if hurt will exhibit signs of suffering. The immortal Shakespere has said : * * * "The poor beetle which we tread upon in corporal sufferance feels a pang as great as when a giant dies." There may be instances in which it might be necessary to extirpate as far as possible destructive insects, and kill for food more bulky creatures, but the work should never be cruelly done.

ADVICE.—Good advice is like milk and honey, if it comes from a right source and a noble spirit, and is received into true hearts willing to be led and governed by it, for it must prove beneficial to the recipient. But advice is not always good, it is sometimes selfish; as when men fill their coffers with gold by advising others to enter upon the uncertainties of a course of law, instead of making peace with an enemy. Such counsellors get rich upon the gain gotten from the unwary, and often make human hearts bleed with anguish and sorrow over their irreparable loss. Bishop Wall once said “Sui t at law may be sometimes convenien, but he had need be more than a man who can manage them with justice and innocence.”

EDUCATION.—Good education cannot be overestimated. It is the foundation of all refined society, and is of two kinds, religious and secular. Some persons are content with only one of these, while the wise and good are earnest to obtain both. Secular education is for this world only, and it instructs its possessor how to obtain and hold this world's good; but has no reference whatever to the supply of man's spiritual wants, either for this world or that which is to come. Did not man posses moral nature as well as physical and mental he would need nothing more than a secular education; but he has a spiritual nature, which requires cultivation as much as his physical and mental and even more so, because it is vastly more important. A man may enjoy the highest secular knowledge and yet be an unsightly debaucher, a moving pestilence. Sound religious education, which teaches man's duty to God, to himself, and to his fellow-men, and held in connection with knowledge to be obtained in the schools, will largely influence man's whole being—will elevate him here, and help to prepare him for the glories of the immortal state. In one of the Greek authors we have this beautiful sentiment: *To lead a virtuous life is pleasant, and to die is by no means bitter to those who look forward to immortal fame.*—*Arrianus*. The Scripture is still more beautiful which says, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

THE TRUE COIN.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.



TWO pilgrims came to a castle gate,
 A gate locked fast and barred;
 They paused aweary, for it was late,
 And their journey had been hard.
 Two pilgrims, I say, yet all unlike,
 For one with haughty mien,
 And kingly step paced up and down
 The little strip of green,—

The green that bordered the castle gate ;—
The ether, meek and sweet,
Leaned by a pillar, resting thus
His tired and wounded feet.
His soft eyes wandered over the fields
He strove so hard to win ;
“ And am I worthy,” he murmured low,
“ Worthy to enter in ?”

The Warder came to the castle gate—
The gate locked fast and barred ;
His look searched keenly the pilgrims through,
And his voice was cold and hard :
“ Only the rich can enter here”—
A struggling, hopeless sigh,
And he that leaned by the castle gate
Sank down as if to die.

“ Here, Warder, is gold ;” and the gold poured out,
And rolled on the strip of grass ;
“ Nothing is lacking, unbar the gate,
Unlock it and let me pass.”
The Warder stood on the other side,
With measured speech, and cold,
“ I spake of riches, yet said I
Nothing to thee of gold.”

Then he that lay by the castle gate
As one lies who is dead,
Felt the pulse of his heart revive,
And he raised his languid head.
Lo, the Warder was hard no more ;
His eye had the look of a dove.
“ Thou must be rich, but the coin,” he said,
“ In my master’s realm—is love.”

Then he that paced with the haughty step
On the little strip of green,
Gathered his gold, and went away,
And never more was seen ;
And the gate flew open—so wide and far,
That a troop might freely pass—
To him who lay with his wealth of love,
Fainting upon the grass.

THE MIDNIGHT SONG.

BY D. A. WHEDON, M.D.



T is well known there have been many "songs in the night," but there was one sung at midnight by a couple of suffering Christians, in an old Roman prison, which we would like to have heard. We have read the story repeatedly, and always with thrilling interest.

They were Christian Jews, earnest and warm-hearted in their attachment to their new faith and its Lord, and were putting to the test their professed readiness to suffer for His sake. It was in the ancient Philippi, proud in its dignity, as to all intents and purposes a part of Rome itself, where the person of a man should have been a sacred thing. Yet these men, despite their Roman citizenship, had been dragged into the forum, with a mob at their heels, as the disturbers of the peace by their new religion; and without a hearing, without the examination of a single witness, and without the chance of a word in self-defence or explanation, their garments were torn from them by the enraged magistrates, and such a scourging inflicted upon their naked flesh as only Roman wrath knew how to administer. The law, thus twice trampled on, was a third time violated in sending them without trial to the public prison, where their inhuman jailer thrust them, wounded and bleeding, into a dungeon, from which escape was, by any power of their own, impossible; and then most brutally, because without shadow of necessity, fastened them immovably in the stocks. Before them was only the prospect of certain death; hours of weariness were passed in this painful position, with increasing torture from the stocks and their wounds, until it would seem that their condition had become unendurable. And then it was, in the depth of midnight, that they were so lifted up with holy joy, and so filled with the glory of God, that, with souls triumphing over their pain, they broke forth into loud songs of praise to God.

What words they sung, no man can tell; but they were Jews, and knew the old Hebrew psalms. It might have been this: "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness—such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, bound in affliction and iron. They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses; He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and broke their bands in sunder. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Or, it might have been one of the early and more specially Christian hymns, a fragment of which has come down to us: "If we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him; if we shall deny Him, He will also deny us; if we believe not, yet He abideth faithful, for He cannot deny Himself." But they sung lustily, and with such unction that the prisoners in other and remote parts of the prison heard them. And Another heard them, and honored their faith. Their Lord, as if indignant at the barbarities inflicted upon His servants, arose, and by an earthquake shook those massive prison walls to their very foundation—shook till bolts sprung back, bars fell out, the doors flew open, the stocks released their victims, and every fetter fell off. Paul and Silas glorified Him, and now Jesus glorifies them. Their midnight hour was their hour of triumph, and it became their hour of deliverance.

Triumphant suffering marks the centuries of the Church's history. Not always does deliverance come, and sometimes the light seems almost to go out

in darkness. She flies from the Jerusalem persecutions, and her people scatter abroad through all lands; she hides in the catacombs from the rage of Nero and the madness of Caligula; she leaves the cities and seeks the mountains, and makes her home in the solitude of the desert; but in the persecution, the bloodshed, the dying, she sings praises to her Redeemer. And He always sees and hears and cares, and in the long run He always brings her up out of the depths, and sends her on her way rejoicing.

It is never wise to explain the processes and motives of Divine Providence in particular events, beyond what is clearly authorized; but there is a philosophy of the history of the Church, the essential principles of which are given us in the Scriptures, and we may sometimes interpret particular events in accordance with them. We cannot tell why Paul and Silas, divinely called to enter Macedonia with the Gospel, should make their first step in Europe a plunge into such a calamity and disaster, nor why the first three centuries were so full of woe to the best people in the world. But it is worth something to the whole Church, for all ages, to have written that beautiful epistle to the Phillippian Church, with its reference to this midnight scene: "Unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake, having *the same conflict which ye saw in me.*" And it is of inconceivable moment to have had demonstrated, for all time, at the outset of her history, through the severest trials that hate and fury could devise and power could inflict, the absolute verity of St. Paul's heroic shout, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us."

The life of the Church is but the aggregate life of individual Christians. It was Daniel in the den of lions whom they were not permitted to touch; it was Peter in prison for whom the Church unceasingly prayed, and whom the angel delivered; it was Paul and Silas who were thrust into the stocks; it is the individual, everywhere, always, who is tempted, who prays, suffers, believes, endures, receives promises, and who triumphs. Does every one find a midnight somewhere in his history, where evidently all human devices are empty and futile, and help is in God alone? Who can tell? Who, but God, knows the history of a soul? Who, but He, can tell how much of discipline it needs in order to its highest spiritual culture—how much of pruning to bring out its best fruit-bearing powers—how much of disappointment and trial, of one sort and another, to develop an absolute and perfect reliance on Christ—how much of suffering, in short, to make us realize that the whole universe is but dross compared with the love and glory which are in Him for His faithful people? May there be, for all such, the song of triumphant faith and holy joy.—*Zion's Herald.*

WE are reminded of that bright little boy—and he was the son of a clergyman too—whose father wishing to inculcate a useful lesson, gave him two five-cent pieces, and laying them on the table, asked him what he would do with them. Putting his finger upon one, the boy said: "This one I am going to give to the heathen, and the other I am going to keep myself." After playing with them awhile, one of them rolled away, and he could not find it. "Well, my boy," said the father, "which one have you lost?" "Oh," said he, "I have lost the one I was going to give to the heathen." When God gives a man a large fortune to play with, it is always the part "he was going to give to the heathen" that he loses.

PROMETHEUS.

BY EDWARD H. RICE, A.M.



HE woods of classic lands are no longer peopled with fanciful deities, nor do babbling brooks and mountain breezes proclaim the presence of the spirits of the earth and air. Yet the poetic legends of the past still live in "immortal youth." We love the fables of mythology, for they often clothe in fancy's fairest dress the grandest moral truths, or they seem to shadow dimly forth the sublimest lessons of sacred story. No classic myth so well illustrates this fact as the familiar legend of Prometheus.

Long, long ago, when this old world was young—so young, indeed, that men seemed like children, prattling round the feet of the Great Father of all, the earth was fair and beautiful; no noxious weeds sprang from the fertile soil, but in all lands reigned one perpetual, glorious summer. Yet in all the world there flashed no spark of fire; and man felt not the lack, for great Jove held the chilling winds with mighty hand, and only gentle breezes fanned the happy earth. But all at once there came an awful change; man fell under the displeasure of the ruler of the universe, and the dread sentence came that he must die. Despairingly he gazed upon the wide-spread earth, now covered thick with briars and tangled weeds, and scalding tears stole down his pallid cheeks as his great loss came slowly o'er his mind. The harsh winds blew from the far-off sea, and man, who knew no fiercer breath than the summer zephyr, shrank from their icy blasts, and hid himself in sheltering caves.

But soon he felt the sharp pangs of hunger, and sallied forth in quest of food; but lo! the plants seemed dead, and e'en the ground on which his chilled feet stood was stiff and rigid as the flinty rock. Hour after hour he trod the barren earth, and at length, in sheer desperation, seized a luckless kid, and tearing it limb from limb, ate the quivering flesh while yet the warm blood flowed. As the air grew colder, and the snow fell, man strove to build himself a house, to shield him from the icy breath of winter; but as his rude stone tools struck the sturdy oak they shivered in his grasp, and wounded the hands that held them. At last, baffled, mocked, discouraged, he crawled back to his cave to die.

On high Olympus, bathed in bright glories, sat the celestial beings; but none turned his gaze earthward. The bright sun-god still drove his shining chariot through the open sky, but he paused not in his swift course to look down on suffering man. All, all seemed pitiless, and man must expiate his crime, and perish from the earth. But look again. One god now stands alone, pondering in silent thought on those new wonders that from day to day make up the mighty history of the universe. He looked upon weak man, and then in rapid thought he travelled through the upper world, to see what gift would elevate a fallen race, majestic e'en in ruin.

While he thus pondered the sun's bright chariot comes in view, and as he feels the fast increasing heat his mind conceives a bold design; for, as the prancing steeds go dashing by, he touches with a reed the swiftly-rolling wheels, and as the cane bursts into ruddy flame he seeks in haste the dark abode where man lay in misery. On the floor of the cave were strewn mosses and twigs, which Prometheus gathered into a little heap, and then applied the

blazing torch. The heap soon flashed into a bright flame, whose radiance lit up the whole cavern. Slowly man awoke up from the deep sleep that seemed but a type of the death so near, and with tardy, painful progress crawled toward the fire. As he bent feebly over its warm, glowing embers, his stiffened limbs returned to health and vigour, for soon he trod the ground with firm elastic tread.

But Prometheus' mission was but just begun. He had saved man's life, and now he was to lead him on to a noble destiny. He showed man how the white-winged ships were made, and taught him how to sail over the rough sea and g in the destined haven. He pointed out the iron hidden in the earth; and even the obdurate rock gave way to the all-powerful fire. Earth, air and sky, each owned the power of the wondrous element, and where before was abject, squalid ignorance, now graceful art and pleasing science held their gentle and ennobling sway. Beneath the keen chisel of the sculptor the cold marble breathed, and clever artists cheated the god-born instincts of the hungry birds.

Yes, man was saved. And yet, how great the cost! for Jove's dread wrath, averted from its first weak victim, fell in crushing fury on the generous god who had interfered in his behalf. Kratos and Bia bound Prometheus to the "cold rocks of Mount Caucasus," and vengeful Jove sent a relentless vulture to prey upon his vitals. Still, he could not die, for nature preternaturally quickened, each night replaced what the rapacious bird had eaten in the day, and thus he lived in one perpetual agony. For long, long months he lay, and the purple life-blood coursed through his swelling veins like liquid fire, and each throbbing artery was a shooting pang. At length the day of deliverance came; for Hercules, returning from his long and storied wanderings, shot the vulture, and liberated the much-enduring god. This was a joyful day for old Prometheus, for, liberated, disenthralled, he sought once more the upper world; and there he ever sits, near the high throne of the Olympian Jove, and gazes down benignly on the race now moving with majestic strides to an æsthetic and intellectual perfection.

And what means this fantastic legend of Prometheus, the Fire Thief, and the Bound? Is it aught else than the heathen notion of man's primeval purity, his mysterious fall, and his wondrous redemption.

The classic story of man's early days is only less beautiful than the sublime words of inspiration. The heathen legend of man's alienation from his Maker is indeed vague; but in revelation alone do we find clear language in regard to moral transgression. The light that flashed through the dark cavern where man had hid himself, was but a flickering glimmer compared with the effulgent radiance that lit up the darkened earth when the herald angels proclaimed the advent of the Messiah. The fearful suffering that racked Prometheus' frame is but a type of that unspeakable agony which fell upon the Son of God when, beneath the darkened heavens, and above the quaking earth, He cried, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. The slaying of the vulture, the delivery of Prometheus, and his triumphant entry into the mansions of the blest, are but a type of our Lord's glorious resurrection.

Faint indeed the type, dim and shadowy the analogy, for in æsthetic culture the heathen mind found its highest ideal of redemption. Yet in the very day when the marble grew instinct with life and beauty, when the birds of the air came down to pluck at painted grapes, Paul wrote his fearful rebuke to the dwellers in the Eternal City. Something more was needed than mere appreciation of artistic beauty—something nobler than painting, sculpture, poetry or song; and in due time this full salvation came.

Yet, as the heathen bards thought of him who had saved the race from ignorance and barbarity, their gratitude found voice in joyful song. But in later days the poet's lyre was tuned to nobler melodies, for, with soul enraptured and face transfigured, the Christian muse may sing :

He who so patiently
The crown of thorns did wear,
He hath gone up on high ;
Our hope is with Him there.

Now is His truth reveal'd—
His majesty and might ;
The grave has been unseal'd ;
Christ is our life and light.

His victory has destroy'd
The shafts that once could slay.
Sing praise ! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE FOLLY OF MAN.

BY THE REV E. J. TROYER.

WHO would think of setting his own house on fire—of running his own ship upon the rocks—of deliberately wrecking his own fortune—of starving himself—or pointing a dagger to or plunging it into his own heart? Men of consummate folly, or driven by black despair, may do these things ; but what can we think of the common madness of the unbelieving portion of the world, who deliberately rush on to eternity? How many thousands hear of their sins from the word of God, of the love of God, of the agonies of Christ upon the cross, of eternal glory and everlasting punishment, and yet close their ears and heart against it all. They challenge as it were the love, the glory, and the judgment of God to move them. They defy the affecting scene of Calvary to melt the heart. The workings of God's Spirit with them too they reject, and they stand deliberately confronting eternity. With folly which cannot be expressed, they hasten to their doom. What can we think of such? Mark the elements with which they are contending—nothing short of the love of God, His truth, and the operations of His Spirit.

The mighty river of God's love carries untold numbers into the haven of rest ; but the obstinate rejection of that love on the part of any sinner will inevitably conduct him to the gloomy regions of the damned into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Dear reader, are you unsaved? Behold, then, what you are striving against! The love of God! His love extended to you in the gift of His Son. Behold Him bleeding for you on the cross! And yet you are without that love—you know it not—you are rejecting it still—you have not opened your heart to receive it—and as such, you are braving the thought of eternity. But delay not! Remember Lot's wife! Linger not, or you may be enwrapped in the flames of divine wrath.

Whilst the door of mercy stands wide open, enter in. Jesus says, "Come!" Will you not come? He says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock!" Will you not open to the gracious One, and know the fullness of His love? Believe then—"Believe (at once) on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

CONSECRATION.

BY REV. C. W. L. CHRISTIEN.

Lord, I make a full surrender,
All I yield to Thee ;
For Thy love, so great and tender,
Asks the gift of me.

Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it for Thine own ;
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Now no longer mine ;
Let no evil thing prevent me
Extending it with Thine.

Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear the sacred vow !
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me,
Thus my all to give ;
For the blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.

Show Thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging Friend ;
Keep me till, in death's glad hour,
Faith in sight shall end.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PRAYING.

JIMMY, THE CONVERTED PARISH 'PRENTICE.

Continued from our last.

I CANNOT remember the several accidents with which he met, but he had often large pieces of coals fall upon him, sometimes tons weight. Oftentimes he had to be dug out from among the *debris*, oftentimes he was taken up for dead. Nearly all the bones of his body had at one time or another been broken. His

arms and legs had been smashed and re-smashed. Many of his fingers and his toes were broken, his back was covered with scars, and his whole body seemed to have been covered with wounds and bruises. At one time after a very severe accident, he informed me that he was taken to the hospital at Birmingham, when Dr. Clarke, with several ministers from the Conference then sitting, visited him, looking on him as a living wonder. When taken into the hospital it was found that his breast had been forced open, smashing about three-fourths of his ribs, so that his heart could be seen beating: his abdomen was ripped open, almost throughout its length, and his bowels were hanging out, and he lived and got well. *Such could not be nature.* How inflammations were kept down, and how the parts were repaired can only be answered by saying "*it was a miracle.*"* That he had not at all exaggerated I knew for a certainty, as I saw the marks of the scars and the seams where he had been sown up. The latter extended throughout the length of the trunk, and must have exposed all the viscera. Colliers were not as well paid in those days as they are now, and owing to his accidental and frequent family afflictions, Jimmy often felt the pinchings of poverty, and often had to trust in faith for the next meal. But he says he was never disappointed. His Father, whom he trusted, would not forget his child. It was his custom every morning, when residing at C—, to get up between four and five o'clock, when his wife would get him his cup of coffee, and he would walk four miles over the mountain, to attend the nearest morning six o'clock prayer-meeting.

* The only case with which I am acquainted, in any way approaching, was that of a soldier in the Mauritius who to escape punishment in the cells, ran himself through with his bayonet: the instrument passed through the abdomen between the liver, stomach and bowels, without materially damaging either. The man was kept on cold water for some days, with a little fluid nutriment gradually added as inflammation and fever subsided, and made a good recovery.

During one of the trying seasons of adversity which fell to his lot, his landlord threatened that if the rent were not ready by the day, he should turn him out of house and home. On the morning of the dreaded day, not having the money ready, his wife said to him, "You won't go to-day to the prayer-meeting?" "Oh yes," he said, "get me my cup of coffee, and I will have one more feast of love before I am turned out; neither can the landlord turn me out if it be not the Lord's will. He never left me yet. I have done my best, I have striven to pay everybody, but God sent the affliction, which I could not help, so he will make us a way of escape. Jimmy started off; it was a cold, foggy morning, and as Jimmy went musing along over the wild moor, his foot caught in a tuft of herbage, and he fell flat on his face. When he regained his feet, he was frightened by seeing a tall man standing before him, whom he had not noticed. Startled, he made to avoid the stranger, who, however, saluted him, and said, "Friend, you appear to be in trouble what is the matter?" Jimmy replied, "Nothing of much consequence," and endeavored to turn the conversation to another subject. The stranger, however, was not to be thwarted, and said, "You are in trouble. I know it, so tell me all about it." Jimmy then narrated all his trouble respecting his arrears in rent, illness, &c., but added, "It will be all right; my Father will put it straight, and I am going to the prayer-meeting to get one more feast of love, as perhaps it will be the last I may have here." Upon this the stranger handed him £5, saying, "Here is the money to pay all, and to help you on afresh." He refused to accept it, saying, "You are a stranger, I cannot therefore accept it as a gift, and I cannot borrow it, as I could not undertake for some time to pay it back."

No parleying was necessary, the money was in Jimmy's hand, and the stranger was gone. He thrust out his arm to give back the money, but no one was there; he strained his eyes in every direction, but no one appeared, and at the last he felt persuaded that the Lord had sent it.

He said to me, "I have ever looked for that stranger wherever I have gone, but have never seen or heard of any such person." And doubtless he would never know the truth until he learnt it at the

throne of God. Was it a miracle? Was it an angel who brought the money, and then as suddenly vanished; or was a rich person led there by God, suddenly to appear to, and as suddenly to disappear from, the half-bewildered man? We leave our readers to judge for themselves. That it was a wonder and a manifold answer to prayer is certain. It made Jimmy's heart bound for joy; with no trouble on his mind, he had a glorious feast of love at the prayer-meeting, and a glorious day all day besides.

It was a custom with many of the early Methodists to pray at midnight, and a young lady belonging to the same band as Jimmy, for greater privacy and sanctity, was accustomed to go to the chapel and lock herself in there alone and undisturbed in His sanctuary to praise God. Two young men who heard of this determined to play a practical joke, and robing themselves in white sheets, secreted themselves within the chapel, and there awaited the entrance of the young Christian. On her appearing they stood before her in the white sheets, but God, who knows all hearts, knows how to defend his helpless and weakly servants. He smote the young men. One died instantaneously, while the other lingered on in intense agony, and died after two or three days. Such warnings as these seemed necessary at that time because of the fearful extent of wickedness into which the colliers and others had fallen, and imposed an awe on the evil-doers.

About this time Jimmy had a severe conflict with his Satanic Majesty. He was going to the meeting when it seemed as though Satan said, "You shan't go." The road all at once seemed on fire, the hedges on each side appeared as walls of fire, and it seemed as though the devil contested his every step; but Jimmy was thus not to be kept back from the meeting, and halloed and yelled at the devil, and prayed to God to help him to overcome. He pushed on through the fire, but so great was the mental struggle, that on arriving at the chapel he was in a complete lather of perspiration; Satan fled beaten, and Jimmy had a glorious revelation of God's love.

We have heard of similar conflicts with Satan. Luther threw the inkstand, as he thought, at his head. Both cases may have been real, even as Job was allowed to be visibly tempted. At any

rate, whether real or not in a material sense, they were real to the parties, and the fight was the same. That Satan does not ordinarily so tempt Christians is certain, seeing that he can often overcome with minor temptations. If he does use extraordinary means it must be in those cases where the heart is perfect and upright before God, and fenced in with a hedge, as was that of Job. Under such circumstances it may be that he is allowed to put on extraordinary pressure. Jimmy resisted and overcame, and obtained a blessing far outweighing the conflict that he had undergone.

Jimmy did not learn to read for some years after his conversion, but then chiefly picked it up himself by learning passages of Scripture, and trying to spell out the words according to the sounds. It was his custom to take his Bible with him early in the morning into the pit. One morning, going earlier than usual, he went off into a sleep or trance, in which state he remained three or four days. When he revived and came to himself his coffin was lying opposite to him, ready for his enclosure. He got up, and for a time nearly frightened to death his friends and acquaintances. On narrating the circumstances to me he said, "At that time I was shown heaven and hell. I cannot describe the grandeur of the joys of heaven, nor the awful misery of the damned, and if I were to wish to tell you what I saw I dare not—my lips are sealed. I may, however, say one thing, I saw some in heaven whom I did not expect to see there, and many, as preachers, leaders, and members in hell, whom from their profession I expected to see in heaven. These last, however, had missed the goal, having backslidden in heart, or only having put on religion as a garb for selfish purposes." Such a manifestation cannot be accounted for physically. That deep and long sleeps do occur occasionally is a fact well known; but how the mind could be so deeply occupied and remember the whole is a mystery. St. Paul, when favored with the heavenly vision, said, "Whether in the body or no, I cannot tell," though the vision he could distinctly remember; and so Jimmy, weary and worn out in body, might at the same time have, like St. Paul, been caught up to heaven, and scanned the vaults of hell. He seemed very chary on the subject, and especially guarded, lest he should

say anything more than he was permitted. On one of the collieries on which Jimmy worked was a row of twelve cottages, in which lived twelve pitmen and their families. They seemed to revel in filth and dirt, and in the neighborhood were known as the wicked of the wicked. The black death (probably a form of plague, the symptoms of which Jimmy accurately described to me) broke out among them, one person lying ill in each cottage. The neighborhood was panic-stricken; none dare go near, and the sufferers were left to themselves. Jimmy also was for holding aloof, because of his family; but then, he said, these have souls to save, and God can keep me unhurt in His service; perhaps if I go I may lead them to the Saviour. Jimmy's mind made up, he went daily after his day's work in the pit was over; and having done all he could for the bodily comfort of the sufferers, read and prayed with each, and in turn pointed all to Jesus. In a few days the twelve victims died, but Jimmy had not ceased to wait upon them, and all died happy in Jesus. In answer to his prayers no more cases occurred. It was arranged for the twelve to be buried in one day, but the clergyman was afraid to bury them, and only consented on condition that Jimmy stood between himself and the dead. That was a solemn funeral. Jimmy, fagged and worn out by continual working at the pit by day and tending the sick by night, on returning home said to his wife, "I am struck with the black death, the swellings are already forming." He then went into his chamber alone and wrestled with God, and did not come out from thence until all symptoms had disappeared.

Jimmy's eldest daughter was a backslider and suddenly she was missing. She could not be found anywhere, and her father's heart was well-nigh broken. He wrestled and prayed that her whereabouts might be made known, and after agonising alone in the chapel till two o'clock in the morning, he felt persuaded his prayer would be answered. On leaving the chapel she appeared to him. He essayed to shake hands with her, but she drew back and said "Touch me not." She then told him that in a struggle with a murderer she had been drowned, but that before death she had been restored to God's favor, and was safe. She then vanished from his sight. The pond

which she had mentioned was dragged and her body found. The murderer was taken up, but there being no eye witnesses, and Jimmy not pressing extreme measures, he got off.

When the old man had got past work, his wife being dead and his family scattered, he said, "I will now go to the workhouse; I can be as happy there as elsewhere." On his way two gentlemen met him. They were strangers, but one of them stopped him and said, "What is your name, my good man?" "James —," was the reply. "Where are you going?" the gentleman said. "To the workhouse," answered Jimmy, "as I now feel unable to work, and have not means to keep a home of my own." The gentleman then said, "You are just the man I wanted. I am the new manager just appointed, and the company tell me you have been for a long time a good and worthy servant; they have therefore directed me to give you a cottage to live in, coals for firing, and a few shillings a week pension as long as you live, so make yourself comfortable and easy, and turn your steps from the workhouse to your cottage." Thus Jimmy was provided for in his old age. His God, whom he had loved and served, did not forsake him when he was old. It was while living and enjoying the leisure secured by his pension that I became acquainted with him, and learned from him the above facts, which I have limited to the best of my remembrance in as nearly as possible his own words. They who honor God will be honored by Him, and those who are the most diligent and dutiful in His service must experience the largest amount of blessing here, and secure the foremost places in heaven hereafter. Such positions are not yet filled, and if in recording this little narrative any are drawn to seek a closer communion with God, and to give themselves more entirely to His service, the end for which it has been written will be abundantly answered.

T. P. Lucas.

NOBLE IMPULSES.

"I HAVE had such noble impulses lately," said a bright, intelligent girl to an elderly lady with whom she was spending the afternoon.

"Have you, my dear? What induced them, may I ask?"

"I have been reading such a lovely book! 'Professor Blackie on Self-Culture.' O! but *you* would like it."

"I have not seen it, Allie," was the reply, "so you must please tell me about it."

"The beginning of it was on 'The Culture of the Intellect,' but I missed that and began to read farther on. I have read 'Physical Culture,' and 'Moral Culture,' and so much enjoyed it all."

"And why did you not read 'Intellectual Culture?'" asked Allie's friend.

"It looked *dry*, and I thought I shouldn't care about it. There is a great deal about imagination and memory, and what you must do to cultivate them. Ay! but I have almost made up my mind to do as the Professor recommends."

"Almost never accomplished anything great or noble," was the reply.

Alice laughed, but went on talking.

"It is not what you would call a religious book: but it is *good*; the foundation of it is, that we should live so as to please God."

"Why not follow its teachings, then?"

"It is beautiful and easy in theory, Ma'am, but see what the *practice* would involve! Such care, and preciseness and watchfulness! I could not be troubled; but I like to read such things, and one feels the better for it."

The conversation was here interrupted, and there was no opportunity for resuming it. Alice soon went, and the old lady was left to her musings. She remembered many fair girls, and some promising youths, who, like Allie, had frequently had "noble impulses;" but, alas! those impulses had not developed into *principles*, and consequently the lives of such had been comparatively useless.

There was Ella B—, said the old lady at last, turning to address me, who had been watching her thoughtful countenance; "she was always having 'noble impulses.' One day she was 'moved,' she said, to try and do good to the destitute children in H— Yard. For a shilling a week a poor woman would let her have a room, and she would gather in the children, and read and talk to them, and then before dismissing them, give each a loaf of bread to take home. I suggested that it would be expensive;

but Ella thought her father would be so delighted to see her so employed, that he would let her have all the money she needed. I need not have feared for Mr. B—'s purse, for the poor woman only obtained *one* of Ella's shillings, and the boys and girls *one* loaf each. It was a 'noble impulse,' but *only* an impulse."

"I have heard you mention Carrie J—," I suggested, for I loved to hear the old lady talk.

"Ah, poor Carrie!" she replied; "she was as warm-hearted a girl as I ever knew, always wishful to do good, but never successful in her efforts, simply because she followed her impulses. 'Carrie, darling, I said to her one day, 'you begin so many things, and do not carry them on.' 'Well, Auntie,' she replied, (she always called me Auntie,) 'that is because I am finding out that *my occupations are only of relative importance.*' I waited, for I did not understand the speech. Carrie fidgetted and blushed, and at last asked, 'Don't you see, Auntie?' I confessed I did not, and the dear girl tried to explain how that when she became a teacher in the Sunday-school, she found the lessons she gave the children were comparatively useless, because of evil home-influences; so she gave up her class for the *more important* duty of visiting the mothers. This brought her into contact with so much ignorance and misery, that she was *impelled* to try to establish a clothing-club and a sewing-meeting for *mothers*; but this she found did not succeed, because *the fathers* spent so much at the public-house, and she must try and do something with the men. She knew many ladies had great influence with rough men, and she spoke of Miss Marsh, Mrs. Daniell and Miss Macpherson; but poor little Carrie is at present *doing nothing*. What her next impulse may be I cannot tell. I trust God will graciously direct and teach her."

There was a long pause now, and I thought my friend had ceased, but she again spoke:—

"I was just thinking of Edward N—, he was a fine specimen of an English schoolboy, but he has disappointed the expectations of all his friends. I had one day been talking to him about his future, when he exclaimed,—

"'Ah! I mean to be a *model man!*'

"'Indeed!' I said, 'then why not be a model boy?'

"'You forget, ma'am,' he said, 'that boys' characters are not formed yet; I know Wordsworth says, "The child is father to the man," but it is not always so, because a boy is *gaining* knowledge of character, and can form his own from the best model.'

"'And *who* may be your model, Edward?' I asked.

"'Not *one man only*,' he replied; 'but I am reading a good deal of history and biography, and then I make notes of the traits in character that I admire, and mean to cultivate them, so that I may possess Wellington's punctuality, Stephenson's perseverance, Sir Philip Sidney's generosity, Washington's truthfulness, and so on.'

"I could but smile at the boy's ardor and enthusiasm, and noting the smile, he shook his head, saying,—

"'You think I am aiming too high?'

"'No, indeed!' I said, 'but not high enough.' So I found I Peter ii., and read how the Apostle says of Christ that He 'suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should *follow His steps*;' and I showed him our Saviour's own words in John xiii. 15, and tried to say a little about humility, and the hindrances he would find in his own evil heart. I asked him if he would not come to Jesus as a sinner, and ask for his pardoning mercy, and then for grace to lead a new life. The boy listened with tears; but alas! hitherto he has not trodden in the Saviour's steps, and the noble impulses of his boyhood have not been carried out as he intended, for although I thoroughly believe in his truthfulness, I know him to be lamentably deficient in punctuality and perseverance. He has just now entered upon a new situation, and tells me he shall turn over a new leaf."

Our conversation here ceased, but not my observation of Edward N—. Apparently, like Allie, he "could not be troubled," and when reminded of his *purposes*, and how they have been broken, if not in Allie's words, yet in similar, he remarked, "See what the practice involves!" He has now been many years in a foreign land, and has possibly learned his own utter insufficiency and helplessness, and I sometimes hope that ere now he has been led to the knowledge

of "the truth as it is in Jesus," and is willing to be guided and taught "as a little child."

"I like impulsive children," said a Sunday-school teacher, "they say just what they feel at the moment."

"Yes," I replied, "and it is what they feel for a moment."

"I like those sayings that come fresh from the heart," she maintained; "some people speak hesitatingly; decided utterance are more to my mind."

"What do you think of Peter's hasty utterance?" I enquired, "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee!"

"Well, I admire Peter's warm heartedness; and you know he really did lay down his life for the Saviour's sake."

"Yes, he did; because through grace he was led to mourn his errors and to realise his own insufficiency, and after the resurrection of Jesus, his understanding was opened, and he declared of his risen Lord, 'Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' The utterance is as decided as the former one, but Peter no longer has exalted views of himself, but he exalts his Master."

"Most likely you are right," returned my young friend; "but after all, I like the 'noble impulses' that prompted Peter's speeches."

"But, my dear girl, you must remember that his loving and warm impulses afterwards became settled principles; his attachment to his Master was intensified, and if there was less vehemence in his professions, he bore the cross without flinching; indeed Luke tells us that he and his companion 'rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His Name.' There was principle there."

My dear young friends, it would be easy to give more true sketches of impulsive good people, but I prefer to ask whether *you*, in your present profession of love to Jesus, are merely yielding to an impulse, or expressing a resolute but humble purpose? *True love* is not calculating or exacting, but neither is it sometimes hot and sometimes cold. True love to Jesus is nothing like the sentimentality that contents itself with singing. "I mean to sing for Jesus;" but it sees *the work* that most needs to be done,

and quietly performs it for the Saviour's sake. True love to Jesus does not seek the highest place in the school, or the most respectable district for tract distribution; but, thankful for the privilege of working, finds delight in the service, and most heartily enjoys the "easy yoke," believing that no work will be too lowly to receive the Saviour's approval; for even "a cup of cold water" given to a disciple "in the name of a disciple, . . . shall in no wise lose" its "reward."

"The common task
Would furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves—a road
That leads us daily nearer God."

—S. S. Magazine.

WRECKS.

THE FALSE LIGHT.

"LUKEWARM" professors are like the wreckers on the Florida reefs, who kindle false lights to lure the vessels to destruction. A ship is coming in after nightfall. The night is dark and stormy. The sea runs high. The ship labors. The tempest howls through the rigging. The great waves smite her. The master paces the quarter deck, anxious and watchful. Oh! if he could see the harbor-light to guide him in the safe channel. He hails the "look-out" in the maintop:

"Hallo, aloft!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Do you see the light?"

"No light."

And again keen eyes peer through the darkness. The vessel rushes blindly on her course. Ah! is that the combing of a breaker?

"Hallo, aloft! do you see the light?"

"No-o-o!"

The storm increases. The vessel groans and strains in every timber. The sea rages. And now the shout comes down:

"On deck, there! I see the light."

"Where away?"

"Two points off the lee bow."

"Steady, quarter-master; keep her full!"

And on she ploughs her way, cheered by the guiding light. Ah! what is this? She is in the midst of breakers! And now she strikes on the reef, and the masts "go by the board," and the wreckers come tumbling in over her bulwarks,

and their knives are red, and their hands filled with plunder. Their false light has cast away the ship.

So a treacherous Christian says to the souls of his fellow men :

"Follow me. I am going into port. I will guide you safely."

And following, they come upon the rocks of perdition—and he is a murderer of souls.—*President Finney.*

LOVEFEAST.



THE WITNESS AND THE FRUITS.

THE Lord has been pleased for some years past to give me as clear a witness of my being cleansed from all sin, as ever I enjoyed of pardon. My fruit is now unto holiness, the eye is now single, the motive pure. Self and all its clamour being destroyed, my life has become more and more simple ; everything is now done unto and for the Lord. Thoughts of self do not trouble me. It is easy now in honour to prefer others, and to take the lowest place. God is all in all to me, and all my soul is love. The Lord has put His law in my mind : "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Doing good to the souls and bodies of my neighbours, loving them as myself. These fruits of love cause a constant, deepening peace, the peace of God which passeth all understanding. Temptations to anger, and uncharitableness, and other evils, I have at times when circumstances favour them ; but with Christ in me I am preserved. He gives me power to resist, and to control, and rule my once very irritable spirit. Everything is of grace. No longer I, but Christ liveth in me, and blessedly keeps me from every feeling contrary to love. Temptations to discouragement and belief often try me sorely, that so little success crowns Christian labour, but I am sustained with the conscious feeling that I am doing the will of God, and the sort of work needed, perhaps, to precede the harvest of good my soul earnestly longs for. In prayer I am less influenced by feelings as to success, and more occupied with the promises of God. Very soon after my conversion, which was thirty-three years since, and was very clear, I received light

on the deeper work by reading the life and letters of H. A. Rogers. Before I got quite through the reading of it I received the blessing of purity. I suffered much because of the remaining evils of my heart, and was delighted to find one who was so fully delivered as was the subject of that book. It was by belief of the truth of God I received the same blessing. The time of receiving was most solemn. In my bedroom, while pleading for deliverance, the Holy Spirit guided my poor distressed mind to "the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from all sin." I said, "Lord, it can, it does cleanse me now;" and I seemed more filled with confidence in the perfect remedy than with tumultuous joy. I was calm, but fully saved ; and not until I began to testify to friends and in class and band meetings, did I experience much joy. It was by faith, it is still by faith in the cleansing blood, that I keep clear in the blessing.

I walked for many years in this light and liberty of the gospel, but while passing through providential changes in life, and away from those who talked of, and understood the work of sanctification, I ceased to speak so often about it, until I lost the clear evidence of it, but still continued to feel my whole heart was given to God, and longed for the company of the wholly sanctified. But though my whole heart was given constantly to God, yet the seldom speaking of it, or fully confessing that I was thus given up, caused a loss of power. It pleased the Lord to send—and make a great blessing to me, and others in our neighbourhood—His honoured servants, Brothers Rowbotham and Gibson, to visit us. Two discourses on Christian perfection by brother Rowbotham, together with the reading of books given by Mr. Gibson, greatly helped me to stir up the gift of God within me. This was about three years ago. Again these honoured servants of the Lord have visited us, and several are cleansed through their labours of love among us in this village. I am fully convinced, that in order to keep this blessing in its clearness and strength of evidence, there must be not only living it up, but often speaking of it unequivocally. I ought to have named the entire subjection of my will to God : this is amongst the clear evidences of the work of sanctification being wrought in me.

I do not reason against, but obey, the will of God, and love it. Satan used to keep my spirit in bondage through fear, that if I was wholly given up to God he would put me to doing many things that I should shrink from doing exceedingly; also, those living in entire holiness are called to suffer much, &c.; but I find these fears groundless, and that, when the heart is cleansed from the corruption upon which Satan worked, I can turn round upon him when the old temptation comes, and say, "If the Lord calls me to suffer, or to unpleasant duties, I don't object. It will be all right. As my day, my strength is sure to be." S. W.

WILLING TO HAVE A POOR TIME.

I had not long enjoyed the blessing of pardon and acceptance with God, when a painful sense of remaining corruptions led me, under the good Spirit's influence, to look for something higher; but very confused were my ideas about its nature or attainment. This feeling increased, and especially so after I was appointed as local preacher. I have often come home from my meetings mourning my sad lack of liberty and power, while the inward monitor would still suggest, "You'll never see much good till you get a clean heart." I began to seek for it, but came to the conclusion that it was a change that must be wrought gradually, and not a present and distinct blessing to be claimed just now. In this course I got on for years, sometimes feeling I was making some little progress, oftener sadly discouraged and tempted to give up preaching. At length I was brought to a crisis in regard to the matter. My liberty in preaching was at times more than usually curtailed, a cloud would sometimes seem to rest on my mind, so that it got confused, and my tongue could hardly express my words. None who heard me dreamed what a burden my work had become to me, and though I shuddered at the very thought of preaching, yet something seemed to say, "You dare not give it up."

Thus I was brought to a point where I must decide, so I firmly resolved never to rest till I got the blessing. I read all I could lay my hands on, bearing on the subject. I got help especially from Mr. Wesley's plain account of Christian per-

fection, and his sermon on that subject. These, with Arthur's "Tongue of Fire," were unspeakable blessings to me. I heartily thanked God for such men to mark the road so plainly. While I read my heart felt all on fire for the blessing they described, and I pleaded hard that I might not have to preach another time without it. Sabbath was drawing nigh with its duties, but no comfort. Saturday arrived, and I shut myself up: the whole day I spent in reading and prayer, and could clearly see my way, until I came to this point, that it is a blessing this moment to be attained. Here I hesitated for some time. At length down I bowed before the Lord, and made a full surrender of my all to Him, and looking up, cried, "Lord, wilt thou have me just now? my all is on the altar, a living sacrifice to Thee." At once the power came down: the Divine presence overshadowed me: I could only say for some time, "My Lord and my God." I had no rapturous joy, but such a sacred peace as I had never enjoyed before. I got up early on Sabbath morning, intending to have a great day. Now, I thought I want a good many things to-day. First, I require a fresh manifestation this morning; and next, I want a very prosperous Sabbath in God's house, and many souls brought to Him. For the first, I spent several hours; I went to work, and had a poor sorrowful day of it. This was a sore trial for me; but next morning light dawned on the subject: I saw clearly where my error lay, I had given up my all to God the night before, my will not excepted, and just the next morning must have it again. God must meet my ideas of what would make a good Sabbath, and because He does not give me my will, hence my sorrow and misery. I saw the case so clearly, that I felt deeply ashamed before God, and renewed again my vows that I had so thoughtlessly broken. I saw that as a servant I had no right to dictate to the Master how the day was to be filled up, but sin only go to work, knowing such was His will, and humbly expect His blessing and presence.

That lesson has been a great blessing to me ever since, and from that day till now there has been no complaining of clouds and confusion. I enjoy liberty in every sense of that heavenly word. I feel my heart is free and full, and loves its glorious matter to declare. God gives

me the plain, the simple, the searching word; and imparts also the life-giving power, so that I know I am not labouring in vain. H. M.

IS THIS THE BLESSING?

Until a few months ago I was conscious of indwelling sin, and how to get rid of it was a problem too hard for me to solve. I often had yearnings after a higher life, but the more I thought of it, the further it seemed to get from me. I was led away by the fallacy, that I had to do, and to be, something greatly different, before I could realise the "perfect love which casteth out all fear." My mind was in the dark on the subject till about two years ago, when I began to read *THE KING'S HIGHWAY*, lent by a friend, with whom I often conversed on the subject. But it was not until the latter end of last summer that I became anxious to obtain what I now enjoy. Gradually light began to dawn, and I felt I was getting nearer to what my heart desired; until at last, while pleading with God in our prayer-meeting, I was led in such a manner to give myself to Jesus, as I now feel unable to describe. While uttering the words, "Here, Lord, I give myself unreservedly to Thee.

"Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole."

I was filled with a holy calm. I left the prayer-meeting, and on my way home fell into a pleasant reverie, when suddenly I was brought to a stand. My soul was singing, and making melody within. I was struck with the verse which, all unconsciously, I was singing. It was,—

"Here then my God vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice."

I asked, What is the meaning of this? Is this what I have desired so long? I felt, "It is the blessing, and my heart is responding to the voice of God within!" And there, with the beautiful canopy of the starry heavens above me, I stood speechless in the presence of God, and realised the fact that He was filling me with with all His fulness. O the blessedness of that moment! Never to be forgotten. I feel it still. The peace of mind, the rest of soul then given, have been constant and enduring; and now I feel it

be the greatest joy of my life to tell others what God has done for me. W. M.

SPECIAL MEETINGS—THE RESULT.

Twelve months ago last Christmas, a few of us in the society were led to hold some special prayer-meetings, to ask God's blessing on our Church, and for a revival; and, praise the Lord, He answered our prayers, and gave us more than we asked, or even thought of. Several of us were led to seek for entire holiness. I for one saw how far short I had been living of the glory of God, and was determined by the grace of God to obtain the higher blessing. One Sunday night last November, after the service, we had our usual prayer-meeting, and after that we had a vestry meeting, to help any that were seeking the Lord; and while kneeling there, I felt what I had been seeking after some months, that the blood of Christ was indeed cleansing me from all sin. I felt the melting power of God's infinite love sanctifying my soul. I felt humbled into nothing, but Christ was all in all to me, and I still feel the same, and am willing to be anything or nothing, so long as Jesus may be glorified. T. F.

THE WORD AND PRAYER.

"Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." The above passage of scripture, with others, had for some months been the subjects of my earnest consideration. From these, and constant prayer to God, I was convinced that higher degrees in religion were to be attained. After about ten months, a meeting for holiness was held. I was invited, and went, and there the Spirit, sent from God, revealed to me the simple way through Jesus Christ for a full and complete salvation. I made a full surrender of everything I had, or was, or might have. I laid the sacrifice upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift, and soon, by trusting in Jesus, I had the evidence of acceptance and the settled calm. Like the babe asleep in the arms of its fond parent, so am I in the loving arms of Jesus.

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS.

Words Anonymous.]

[Music by J. P. SAMUEL.]

p *f*

1. Child-ren, 'tis a lit - tle thing, Speak a word for Je - sus;

p *f*

If no rich - er gift you bring, Speak a word for Je - sus.

Chorus. *pp*

Gen - tle words, lov - ing words, How they melt and bless us;

f

Oh! there's wondrous power in words, Speak a word for Je - sus.

2. When you hear His name profaned,
Speak a word for Jesus;
By His wondrous love constrained,
Speak a word for Jesus.
Gentle words, &c.
3. Oh! then never be ashamed,
Speak a word for Jesus;
Let your tongue, by love inflamed,
Speak a word for Jesus.
Gentle words, &c.