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## A FALL INTO INFIDELITY, AND A MERCIFUL DELIVERANCE FROM IT.

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EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE EXPERIENCES OF A LIVING MAN—  
JOSEPH BARKER.

IN 18—, a minister, well known in our Canadian Methodist Church, retired from the itinerant ministry of the Methodist New Connexion in the great maritime city of Liverpool,—this was our brother, Michael Baxter,—and a young man was called out to fill his place. He had been a local preacher in the Primitive Methodist body, to which community, after many wanderings, he has now returned; but for some reason or other his way opened into the regular ministry in the branch of Methodism before indicated. That young man was JOSEPH BARKER.

He was a native of England, and born and brought up in humble circumstances. His parents were pious, and his father particularly exemplary and devout. There must have been talent as well as piety in the family, for three of his brothers, I think, besides himself, became ministers. Joseph became a member of the Methodist Society at the age of a little past sixteen; at the age of twenty he became a local preacher; and before he was twenty-three, he entered the travelling ministry. He was principally self-educated, but whoever looks into his works will see that he mastered nearly everything which belongs to a liberal education.

He spoke and wrote his vernacular with purity and vigour; he mastered the dead languages, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, to an extent which enabled him to avail himself of them in acquiring

accurate information, and to present what he knew in a classical and forceful way. His range of reading was extensive, and his thoroughness in mastering the authors he read was prodigious. A writer so pregnant with matter in every line, displaying such unusual stores of information, is seldom met with. He is said not to have been impassioned in speaking, but fluent and voluble to a degree, with this evidence of oratory, that he attracted multitudes to hear him, over whom he demonstrated uncommon powers of persuasion.

He seems to have been a serious, conscientious minister, who laboured hard and met with a large amount of success as an evangelist and pastor. He had just that amount of talent, studiousness, industry, and power of influencing others, that, had he been content to run in the denominational rut which had been worn for him, and in which most others were content to travel, he would no doubt have risen to an eminent position in the body to which he belonged; but his was not the cautious, non-committal, reticent and law-abiding turn of mind which is necessary, along with at least fair abilities, to give a man position in almost any combination of men, especially in religious communities.

His characteristics of mind, according to his own analysis of his mental constitution, which estimate seems pretty well supported by facts, were the following: "A rationalising tendency, a practical tendency"—(his preaching was nearly altogether practical)—"and a reforming tendency." These attributes of his ministrations contributed to make his preaching lucid, attractive and immediately effective. His freedom in inquiry amounted almost to a scorn of all restraint. He knew no fear, and his powers of debate were extraordinary. A clergyman who knew him says he was unequalled as a debater. The former disposition of heart, and consciousness of the powers just indicated, made him ready to meet all comers in conflict, and he usually received the palm of victory.

A man of the character described would be the person to run an independent church of a sort of eclectic character, like the Church of the Pilgrims, or the Brooklyn Tabernacle; but such a man in a connexional organisation will soon be viewed with suspicion, and ere long be brought into collision with some one or other of his many colleagues. Such a minister, like a kicking horse, will work best alone; but put him in a team and there will be trouble, and the larger and more complicated the team, the worse it will be.

Mr. Barker was envied by some of his less popular brethren, and his bold and paradoxical statements were challenged from time to time, to which challenges he "gave place by subjection—no, not for an hour." In fact, the attacks upon him seemed to have exaggerated his peculiarities; and gradually he became more and more alienated from his brethren and his brethren from him. There was evidently a want of forbearance on both sides. His opponents perhaps were sometimes wanting in "the meekness of wisdom," and he in that teachableness which enabled the wise man to say, "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness, and an excellent oil which shall not break my head." He felt perhaps too profound a contempt for the inferiority and narrowness of his assailants. He was the greater offender: the consciousness of his own powers, and his impatience of restraint, led to this, that he would brook no dictation.

His inquiries ranged over all kinds of subjects—scientific, civil, social, religious and ecclesiastical. He set up to be a reformer, and called the press to his aid, publishing a paper, while he laboured first in one circuit and then in another. He was several times arraigned, and finally he was expelled.

He had many admirers and sympathisers, and vast numbers followed his fortunes; and had he possessed a talent for consolidating and edifying equal to his power for unsettling, he might have organised a community rivalling in numbers those that were left behind in the body from which he had been excluded. But that was evidently not his forte. At first he became the pastor of a church that had gone out from the old body; but his crotchets and vagaries grew so fast upon him that his people could not keep pace with him, and were forced, sadly against their will (for they were wedded to him), to give him up.

These events coincided with the rise and spread of chartism and secularism, into which he flung himself with all his powers, both by speech and pen. His paper had a wide circulation, and he travelled the country over as lecturer and debater on all manner of subjects, drifting farther and farther from orthodoxy through socinianism to deism, till at last he landed in blank atheism. But this last depth was not fully reached, I think, till he had removed to America. In the meantime he was elected by acclamation to the British House of Commons, although he never sat, but was prose-

cuted for treason ; yet, while many who had not offended to half the extent were banished to the penal colonies—banished for circulating the works of Barker—he, the author and publisher, strange to say, although evincing the most defiant attitude towards his prosecutors, came off scot free. We cannot make our review so interesting and readable as we could if we were to go into minute details and particulars, which our narrow limits will not admit of.

My purpose in writing this article is to make what occurred to this strong and active-minded man admonitory to others. In doing which I will let him give his own account of his dreary experience of the effects of atheism, in the first place ; and in the second, the bright prospects and ravishing discoveries which a return to Christianity imparted.

Hear him with regard to the former : “ I had reached a sad extreme ; I had lost all trust in a fatherly God, and all hope of a better life. I had come near to the horrors of utter atheism. The universe was an appalling and inexplicable mystery. The world was a dreary habitation, life a weary affair ; and there were times when I wished I had never been born. Life had come to be a burden rather than a blessing, and there were seasons when the dark suggestion came to throw it down.

“ On one occasion a financial panic almost destroyed the value of my property, and put an end to my income. I could once have said, ‘ Although the fig tree shall not blossom, nor shall fruit be on the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall ; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.’ But now I had *no* God. The universe had no great fatherly Ruler. The affairs of men were governed by chance, or a hard, grinding necessity : and all good ground for hope and cheerful trust had given place to fear and doubt and sad uncertainty.

“ My youngest son was taken ill—racked with excruciating pain. It seemed as if the agony would drive him to distraction, or cut short his days. And there I stood, watching his agony and distracted with his cries, unable to utter a whisper of a gracious Providence, or to offer up a prayer for help or deliverance.

“ I was called to attend the funeral of a child. The parents were in great distress, and I was anxious to speak to them a word of comfort ; but doubt and unbelief had left me no such word to speak. I remembered a day when I could have said, ‘ Of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ But the happy day was gone, and I was dumb in the presence of the mourners.

"I was called on another occasion to visit a friend, a brother sceptic, who was sick and likely to die. I had often visited him when he was well, and we had managed on those occasions to interest and amuse each other; but now we were helpless. Both were in sorrow, and neither could console his brother. And there we were, looking mournfully on each other in the face of death, speechless and comfortless. \* \* \* My friend, like myself, had been a Christian in his earlier days, and had rejoiced in the assurance of God's love and favour and in the hopes of future and eternal blessedness; and now he was passing away in utter cheerlessness. He died, and I followed his remains to the grave: I spoke, but I had no great comforting truths with which to cheer the sad hearts of his weeping kindred. I looked down with his disconsolate widow and his sorrowing children into the dark, cold vault, but could say nothing of a better life. We 'sorrowed as those who have no hope.'

"We had a young woman who had lived with us, with the exception of two short intervals, all the time we had lived in America. She had come to regard us as her natural guardians, and we had come to look on her as one of our own family. The second time she left us she caught a fever, and returned to us in hopes that in her old and quiet home she would soon be well again. We procured her medical aid, but the fever got worse. The doctor lost hopes, and it soon became evident that she was doomed to a speedy death. I attended her during the last sad night of her sufferings. I heard her moanings. I wanted to comfort her, but I had not the power. I could once have spoken to her of a Father in heaven and of a better world; but I could speak on those subjects no longer. I could once have knelt by her side and prayed; but I could pray no more. I could neither comfort myself nor my dying charge. She passed away without a word of consolation, or a whisper of hope to cheer her as she trod the dark valley of the shadow of death.

"She was interred on the slope of the hill, on the opposite side of the stream over against my farm, within view of the field and garden in which I often worked, and the lonely dwelling in which I frequently slept. There on that quiet farm, and in that solitary dwelling, with that one melancholy grave in view, I passed at times the long sad days and the still and solemn nights, in utter loneliness, gazing on the desolate scene around, or feeding on saddening thoughts within, 'without God and without hope in the world.' \* \* \* I was wretched and apart from God and Christ, and immortally, my wretchedness was incurable; and the sense of wretchedness constrained me to look once more in the direction of the religion that had cheered me in my earlier days."

[His return to God, and great happiness in coming back to the fountain of living waters, will have to be deferred till another time.]

## WESLEY GROVE NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

BY REV. C. S. EBY, B.A.

THE "National Association for the Promotion of Christian Holiness" have held during the summer now closing five "National Camp Meetings," for the specific object indicated in the name. It may well be a matter of surprise that such an association should have occasion to have a distinct existence within the pale of the Methodist Church. Yet so it is; and no one who is at all acquainted with the inner life of the M. E. Church in the United States will be surprised to learn that men who insist on the doctrine which formerly was *peculiar* to Methodism, and which John Wesley thought we were specially raised up to proclaim, should now be looked upon as *peculiar* and fanatical in a Methodism where this old peculiarity has become overgrown with the world and outgrown by modern mushroom improvements. These men, honoured of God, have accomplished wonders within the last eight years to stem the fearful downward tendency of the Church, and lead her back to primitive Christianity and original Methodism. The Lord has singularly owned their efforts this summer, and they have witnessed days of power in the forest temples of Fernwood, Urbana, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Old Orchard Beach and Wesley Grove.

The object of the present paper is to give the reader a glimpse of this work at Wesley Grove, Newburgh District, N. Y. Conference. The beautiful camp ground known as Wesley Grove lies about thirty miles from Newburgh, and sixty-seven miles from the City of New York. It is the property of a joint stock company, which holds it under the control of the Newburgh District. Providence seems to have prepared the place for the purpose with a gentle slope and abundance of water. The only buildings besides canvas tents are the preachers' stand and a board building for grocery and store-rooms. The tents have a clean and very neat appearance, and are perfect in their arrangement. A large awning is spread over a part of the auditorium, encircled by the tents; and besides this, there is a complete canvas pavilion capable of holding two thousand persons. The ground has been in use for eight years, but this is the first National Camp Meeting held there.

The order maintained on the ground was admirable. There were here no mere pleasure-seekers, nor was the sacred spot degraded to a religious Saratoga. At no camp meeting have I ever seen so little of the innovation of worldliness and dissipation. All the tent-holders seemed to be there on business with the Lord, and they "minded their business." The only exception to the above description was the afternoon of those days when the great outside world came in vast crowds to "see the circus." Then thousands thronged within and around the encampment, but left us again with nightfall.

The management of the meeting, which devolved mostly on Rev. J. S. Inskip, was most admirable. None of the services were allowed to be so long as to tire the body, and were often varied so as to relieve the sameness and the strain. The bell rang at five in the morning for the benefit of the sleepy. Half-past five a prayer-meeting was held in the pavilion; after breakfast, at eight o'clock, prayer and experience meeting; at ten, preaching from the stand; at one, a children's meeting; half-past two, preaching from the stand; after tea, a six o'clock prayer meeting; and then the closing public service at seven o'clock. At ten the bell rang for all to retire. The call was generally responded to, and we were seldom disturbed by night meetings, which may account for the freshness that was so apparent up to the close.

The preaching of the brethren of the Association was an intellectual treat, leaving out all the spiritual benefit conferred. These men, who are turning the American Methodist world upside down, are no mean men in any way you take them. They are men of deep thought, clear theology, strong faith, large heart and mighty sympathy. They are as varied as they could well be. Father Coleman is sublime in his marvellous simplicity; George Hughes has the genial richness of a noble type of Englishman; J. A. Wood is sweet-spirited and gentle as I would fancy the apostle John to have been; L. R. Dunn is logical and precise; W. B. Osborne is a veritable Boanerges; Alex. McLean would give one the idea of a model pastor; W. H. Boole thinks clearly, expresses his thought tersely and convincingly, a master preacher indeed; J. E. Searles is the embodiment of brotherly love; and then, at the head of them all, J. S. Inskip, the president, a man of massive brain, large soul, and mighty impulses. Varied as are their gifts and temperaments,

the same spirit and the baptism of fire has made each into a flaming messenger of heaven, and moulded them all into one harmonious whole.

The services were nearly all conducted by those brethren of the association, who always evinced great tact and experience. The preaching, from the commencement, seemed every time to be just the message required at that moment, so that the congregation that came to tarry were led step by step into clearer light, and brighter experience of divine things. A sacred influence rested on the encampment, the power of which increased day by day. The Master favoured us with wonderfully fine weather, so that not a single service was interrupted. From the very start scores presented themselves as seekers of the blessing of perfect love, and at times hundreds responded to the call. Ever and anon the shout of triumph was heard as souls were ushered into the full liberty of the sons of God. Ofttimes the power of the Lord came down, and powerful men were prostrated, apparently unconscious, to the earth, and awoke with a new song in their mouths. Then messages would come of blessed victories gained by others while wrestling with God in the seclusion of the private tent. There may have been at times certain manifestations and noise that might possibly slightly offend the over-fastidious; but would to God we had more of it, if accompanied by such tokens of unmistakable good. Men came from almost every point of the compass seeking the blessing of holiness, the sweet rest of faith; men who knew what the blessings of a Christian life were; men who, on account of living near to God, saw more clearly the need of the "second blessing;" and, thanks be unto God, they did not come in vain. The experience of these men and women seemed specially marked, although no two entered into the fulness in exactly the same manner—one shouting, another melted into wondrous tenderness, another sunk into speechless awe—but all testified to the same satisfying fulness in Christ. Many sinners were also converted, but the chief work aimed at and accomplished was the quickening and elevating of the Church of God, bringing the professed followers of Christ to a higher plane, so that they could hereafter work for God, and nurse those who should afterwards be born into the kingdom.

The ministers of the District in which the meeting was held were sadly conspicuous by their absence. Not more than three or

four out of the forty members of the District supported the movement--the only ones, as a brother informed me, among so many preachers who profess to enjoy the blessing of entire sanctification, or preach it as taught by Wesley. But great things are hoped as the result of this meeting, and still more glorious manifestations are anticipated for next year, when the association are expected to hold another camp meeting in the same place. There was no attempt at "numbering the people;" the results are left to God and the Church. God, who has so signally honoured other meetings of the same character with wide-spread after-results, will doubtless add this seal also to the precious manifestation of His presence and power in August, 1875, in Wesley Grove National Camp Meeting.

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### AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE!

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WHEN that devoted man of God, the Rev. Alfred Cookman, lay dying, he had a most beautiful and remarkable vision—"something between sleeping and waking," as he termed it. He thought he was within the gates of heaven, surrounded by the glorified. The first he met was his aged grandfather, whom he had last seen in the Old World. The aged sire came up to him and said,—"When you were in England, I took great pleasure in showing you the different places of interest; now I welcome you to heaven, my grandson, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Then he saw his beloved father, who many years before left New York harbour on the ill-fated *President*, and was never heard from. He too greeted him, and said, "Welcome, my son, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Next came his brother George, who had been suddenly called from earth a little while before: he, coming up to him, embraced him in his arms, and said, "Welcome, my brother, washed in the blood of the Lamb." Last of all came Bruner, his darling boy, who three years before had been taken from his embrace. He too greeted him, and with seraphic joy exclaimed, "Welcome, my father, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Each then in turn took him by the hand, and presented him to the throne. Just then he awoke, and turning to his beloved wife, who was sitting near, he related to her the dream. When he had told

her all, he then added with especial emphasis, "That was an abundant entrance."

The triumphant entrance that Alfred Cockman thus experienced in a vision, was his to experience in vivid reality a few days after. As he lay upon his couch, suffering the most acute pain, but with his countenance all aglow with the holiness that burnt within his breast, he said, "I have tried to preach holiness; I have honestly declared it, and oh, what a comfort it is to me now! I have been true to holiness; and now Jesus saves me—saves me fully. I am washed and made clean. Oh, I am so sweetly washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Then shortly before he passed away, he is said to have exclaimed, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

His was indeed "an abundant entrance!"—an entrance such as he had laboured and longed for in life, and which he experienced at last with overflowing joy. To him the welcome came with gladness; and as he bade farewell to earth, and entered the gates thrown open wide, he doubtless heard the angelic choirs greeting him in an angel song to the many mansions of the blest:—

"Welcome to heaven, dear brother, welcome home;  
Welcome to thy inheritance of light!  
Welcome for ever to thy Master's joy!  
Thy work is done, thy pilgrimage is past;  
Thy guardian angel's vigil is fulfilled.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thy brethren who have entered into rest  
Long for thy coming, and the angel choirs  
Are ready with their symphonies of praise.  
Nor shall thy voice be mute: a golden harp  
For thee is hanging on the tree of life,  
And sweetly shall its chords for ever ring,  
Responsive to thy touch of ecstasy,  
With hallelujahs to thy Lord and ours."

"An abundant entrance!" What depth of meaning and beauty of expression there is in this sentence. The words "abundance," "abundant," "abundantly," are often used in scripture, as expressive of an overflowing fulness or excess. Hence we read of an "abundance of peace," "abundance of grace," "abundance of joy." God is spoken of as being "abundant in goodness," "abundant in mercy," and such is His loving kindness, that He will "abundantly pardon." The idea to be conveyed is that of an overflowing fulness, exceeding plenty, ample sufficiency. It implies something even

more than mere plenty, and gives us the idea of excess, redundance, superfluity. Plenty denotes a sufficiency, but an abundance denotes an exuberance, a bursting forth on every side. These words are often used by the apostles as expressive of their joys, honours and labours. They are also used as expressive of the Christian's triumphant entrance into glory, and in this sense the idea is exceedingly beautiful. Hence says Peter, "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 Peter i. 11. The word "abundant" is derived from the word "abundans"—to overflow, to abound—and signifies, wave upon wave. Let me illustrate its meaning. Yonder is a vessel upon the lake, making for the port. Scarcely a breath of air is moving; there is a perfect calm. By tacking about the vessel manages to get into the harbour; it just enters, and that is all. By and by a breeze springs up and another vessel appears in sight. Its sails are spread, and gallantly it flies before the wind. The billows roll around it, the white caps dash behind, while wave after wave speeds it on its course and sends it sweeping through the entrance of the harbour as far in as it can go. Both vessels have entered; but while one has simply had an entrance, the other has had "an abundant entrance."

Many professing Christianity will get to heaven; we don't doubt it for one moment; but, oh! how varied will be their entrance; for while many will barely have an entrance, others will have an abundant entrance, and go "sweeping through the gates." All depends upon our present course of action. Holy living and holy doing will prepare the way, and secure for us the "abundant entrance" by and by. If such an entrance may be ours, and if all our future glory depends upon our present action, how foolish we are not to put forth every effort to secure the greater glory then.

Dear reader, are you living and aiming for "an abundant entrance?" or are you going quietly along, unmindful of your entrance into glory, so long as you do but enter there! Oh, how often we hear professing Christians say, "I hope to see the end of a Christian life, and shall be satisfied if I do but just get into heaven." No, no, we should not rest satisfied with the hope or prospect of a mere entrance; nothing short of "an abundant entrance" should satisfy the desire of the child of God. Praise God! such an entrance may be ours. The poorest, weakest, dullest among us may, if he or

she will, experience such an entrance by and by. And, oh! what an entrance it will be! Greeted by friends we loved, welcomed to glory by the angels, and presented to the throne by the Saviour, while the loud hallelujahs shall reverberate through the arches of the skies,—“Welcome to glory, washed in the blood of the Lamb!” Yes, he who thus enters will not be a stranger there!

“But rather as one who, travel-worn and weary,  
Weary of wandering through many climes,  
At length returning homeward, eyes far off  
The white cliffs of his fatherland, and ere  
The labouring ship touches its sacred soil  
Leaps on the pier, while round him crowding press  
Children, and kith and friends, who in a breath  
Ask of his welfare, and with joyous tongues  
Pour all their love into his thirsty ear.”

Dear reader, will you not labour for “an abundant entrance?” Will you not this very day, nay, this very moment, solemnly covenant with God and make a renewed consecration of your “little all” to Him, and resolve, by His grace assisting, that you will henceforth “walk in the light as He is in the light?” So shall you sweetly realise by an experimental knowledge the cleansing efficacy of Jesus’ blood, and “an *entrance* shall be ministered unto you *abundantly* into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

JOHN RIDLEY.

## A MINISTER’S EXPERIENCE.

REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

I CANNOT review my past life and fail to make mention of my precious parents. Few have been more favoured in this respect. My honoured father, whom God’s providence has buried in the deep sea, and my devoted mother, who still lingers on the shores of time to bless us with her counsels and example, were both faithful in the domestic sphere. As the best evidence of their influence and labours, five sons and an only daughter, the entire circle, are a united family in Christ, and rejoice in the hope and prospect of rejoining our glorified father, and so constituting an undivided household in heaven. Oh! the luxury of an experience where the hearts of a large family are intimately bound to one another, and thus all closely united to Jesus! Let Christian parents be stimulated and encouraged to labour for so desirable a result.

When just turned ten years of age, I realised clearly and satisfactorily the converting grace of God. Oh! I shall never forget the twelfth of February, 1838—the birthday of my eternal life. Connecting myself immediately with the Church of my fathers, I laid it down as a rule or principle always to attend my class-meeting. To a rigid observance of this rule during my boyhood and youth I gratefully attribute the fact that I have always retained my place in the Church of God.

May I commend a similar purpose and principle to Methodists everywhere? for I am sure that their observation will illustrate the suggestion that one who regularly attends the class-meeting very rarely makes shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

At the age of eighteen I took up the silver trumpet that had fallen from the hand of my faithful father and began to preach, in my humble way, the everlasting Gospel. Quitting about this time one of the happiest homes to enter the itinerant work, my excellent mother remarked, just upon the threshold of my departure, "My son, if you would be supremely happy or extensively useful in your ministry, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus." It was a cursory suggestion, perhaps forgotten almost as soon as expressed; nevertheless, applied by the Divine Spirit, it made the profoundest impression upon my mind and heart.

Oh, the value of single sentences which any one may utter in the ordinary intercourse of life! Sermons and exhortations are frequently forgotten, while the wish or counsel, simply and concisely expressed, will abide to lead the soul into the clearer light. Let this fact, which will find an illustration in very many experiences, serve to stimulate and encourage even the feeblest to speak for Jesus. My mother's passing but pointed remark followed me like a good angel as I moved to and fro in my first sphere of itinerant duty, viz.: Attleborough circuit, Philadelphia Conference. Frequently I felt to yield myself to God, and pray for the grace of entire sanctification; but then the experience would lift itself in my view as a mountain of glory, and I would say, "It is not for me." I could not possibly scale that shining summit; and if I might, my besetments and trials are such, I could not successfully maintain so lofty a position.

While thus exercised in mind, Bishop Hamline, accompanied by his devoted and useful wife, came to Newtown, one of the principal appointments on the circuit, that he might dedicate a neat church which we had been erecting for the worship of God. Remaining about a week, he not only preached again and again, and always with the unction of the Holy One, but took occasion to converse with me pointedly respecting my religious experience. His gentle and yet dignified bearing, devotional spirit, beautiful Christian example, unctuous manner, divinely-illuminated face, apostolic labours and fatherly counsels, made the profoundest impression on

my mind and heart. I heard him as one sent from God, and certainly he was. His usefulness, so hallowed and blessed, has not only remained with me ever since, but even seems to me to increase as I pass along in my sublunary pilgrimage. Oh, how I praise God for the life and labours of the beloved Bishop Hamline!

One week-day afternoon, after a most delightful discourse, he urged us to seize the opportunity and do what we had often desired, resolved and promised to do, viz., as believers, yield ourselves to God as those who were alive from the dead, and from that hour trust constantly in Jesus as our Saviour from all sin. I said, "I will, with the help of the Almighty Spirit, I will." Kneeling by myself, I brought an entire consecration to the altar, *i.e.*, Christ.

But some one will say, "Had you not dedicated yourself to God at the time of your conversion?" I answer, Yes; but with this difference: then I brought to the Lord Jesus powers dead in trespasses and sins; now I would consecrate powers permeated with the new life of regeneration. I would present myself a living sacrifice. Then I gave myself away; but now, with this increased illumination of the Spirit, I felt that my surrender was more intelligent, specific and careful—it was my hands, my feet, my senses, my attributes of mind and heart, my hours, my energies, my reputation, my kindred, my worldly substance, my everything. Then I was anxious respecting pardon: now my desire and faith compassed something more; I wanted the conscious presence of the sanctifier in my heart.

Carefully consecrating everything, I covenanted with my own heart and with my heavenly Father that this entire but unworthy offering should remain upon the altar, and that henceforth I would please God by believing that the altar (Christ) sanctifieth the gift. Do you ask what was the immediate effect? I answer, peace—a broad, deep, full, satisfying and sacred peace. This proceeded not only from the testimony of a good conscience before God, but likewise from the presence and operation of the Spirit in my heart. Still I could not say that I was entirely sanctified, except as I had sanctified or set apart myself unto God.

The following day, finding Bishop and Mrs. Hamline, I ventured to tell them of my consecration and faith in Jesus; and in the confession realised increasing light and strength. A little while after it was proposed by Mrs. Hamline that we spend a season in prayer. Prostrated before God, one and another prayed; and while thus engaged, God for Christ's sake gave me the Holy Spirit as I had never received it before, so that I was constrained to conclude and confess—

" 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless:  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace."

The great work of sanctification that I had so often prayed and hoped for was wrought in me—even in me. I could not doubt it. The evidence in my case was as direct and indubitable as the witness of sonship received at the time of my adoption into the family heaven. Oh, it was glorious, divinely glorious!

Need I say that the experience of sanctification inaugurated a new epoch in my religious life? Oh, what blessed rest in Jesus! what an abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb! what a consoling union and constant communion with God! what increased power to do or to suffer the will of my Father in heaven! what delight in the Master's service! what fear to grieve the infinitely Holy Spirit! what love for and desire to be with the entirely sanctified! what joy in religious conversation! what confidence in prayer! what illumination in the perusal of the sacred Word! what increased unction in the performance of public duties!

Oh, that I could conclude just here these allusions to personal experience with the simple *addendum*, that my life to the present has answered to the description of "endless progression, preceded by endless peace!" Fidelity to truth, however, with a solicitude that others may profit by my errors, constrains me to add another page of personal testimony. Have you never known a sky full of sunshine, the promise of a beautiful day, subsequently obscured by lowering clouds? Have you never known a jewel of incalculable value to its owner lost through culpable carelessness? Alas, that so bright a morning in my spiritual history should not have shone more and more unto the perfect day; that I should, under any circumstances, have carelessly parted with this pearl of personal experience!

Eight weeks transpired; weeks of light, strength, love, and blessings. Conference came on. I found myself in the midst of beloved brethren. Forgetting how easily the infinitely Holy Spirit might be grieved, I allowed myself to drift into the spirit of the hour, and, after an indulgence in foolish joking and story-telling, realised that I had suffered serious loss. To my next field of labour I proceeded with consciously diminished spiritual power.

Perhaps to satisfy my conscience, I began to favour the arguments of those who insisted that sanctification, as a work of the Holy Spirit, could not involve an experience distinct from regeneration. Oh, how many precious years I wasted in quibbling and debating respecting theological differences, not seeing that I was antagonising a doctrine that must be "spiritually discerned," and the tendency of which is manifestly to bring people nearer to God!

Meanwhile I had foolishly fallen into the habit of using tobacco, an indulgence which, besides the palatable gratification, seemed to minister to both my nervous and social natures. Years elapsed. When I would confront the obligation of entire consecration, the

sacrifice of my foolish habit would be presented as a test of obedience. I would consent. Light, strength and blessing were the result. Afterwards temptation would be presented. I would listen to suggestions like these: "This is one of the good things of God;" "Your religion does not require a course of asceticism;" "This indulgence is not specially forbidden on the New Testament pages;" "Some good people whom you know are addicted to this practice." Thus seeking to quiet an uneasy conscience, I would drift back into the old habit again. After a while, I began to see that the indulgence at best was doubtful for me, and that I was giving my carnality rather than my Christian experience the benefits of the doubt. It could not really harm me to give it up, while to persist in the practice was costing me too much in my religious enjoyment.

I found that after all my objections to sanctification as a distinct work of grace, there was nevertheless a conscious lack in my own religious experience. It was not strong, round, full or abiding. I frequently asked myself, "What is that I need and desire in comparison with what I have and profess;" I looked at the three steps insisted upon by the friends, viz., first, entire consecration; second, acceptance of Jesus moment by moment as a perfect Saviour; third, a meek but definite confession of the grace received; and I said, "These are scriptural and reasonable duties" The remembrance of my experience in Newtown supplied an overwhelming confirmation of all this, and at the same time a powerful stimulus in the direction of duty. "What then," I said; "I will cast aside all preconceived theories, doubtful indulgences, culpable unbelief, and retrace my steps."

Alas! that I should have wandered from the light at all, and afterwards wasted so many years in vacillating between self and God! Can I ever forgive myself? Oh, what a bitter, bitter memory! The acknowledgment that I here make, constrained by candour and a concern for others, is among the greatest humiliations of my life. If I had the ear of those who have entered into the clearer light of Christian purity, I would beseech, entreat, supplicate, and charge them, with a brother's earnestness, that they be warned by my folly. Oh! let such consent to die, if it were possible, a hundred deaths, before they wilfully depart from the path of holiness; for if they retrace their steps, there will still be remembrance of original purity tarnished, and that will prove a drop of bitterness in the cup of their sweetest comfort.

Eternal praise to my long-suffering Lord! Nearly ten years have elapsed since, as the pastor of the Green Street Church in the city of Philadelphia, I again dedicated myself carefully to God, the consecration, of course, including the doubtful indulgence. I said, "I will try and abstain for Christ's sake. I would do

anything for His sake; and certainly I can consent to this self-denial that Jesus may be glorified." Again I accepted Christ as my Saviour from all sins; realised the virtues of the sanctifying spirit; and since then have been walking "in the light as God is in the light," have fellowship with the saints, and humbly testify that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him;" that is, as I understand, continually repeat those exercises or duties you performed when you accepted Christ as your all-sufficient Saviour. I received Him in a spirit of entire consecration, implicit faith, and humble confession. The constant repetition of these three steps enabled me to "walk in Him." I cannot afford even for a single moment to remove my offering to fail in looking unto Jesus, or to part with the spirit of confession.

Thus I have honestly unfolded some personal experiences in connection with the doctrine and grace of sanctification. The recital humbles me in the dust as it calls up the memory of years of vacillating and unsatisfactory religious life; but it also fills me with the profoundest gratitude for that abounding mercy which not only bore with me, but brought me to see again my privilege in the gospel, and now, for ten years, has been preserving me in the experience and blessing me in the profession of this great grace. Precious reader, I now offer you this testimony; but remember, before it meets your eye, it has been carefully placed upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift, and an earnest prayer offered that it may be blessed to your spiritual profit. As you lay down this humble article, will you not for your own sake, and for the Church's sake, and for the world's sake, and especially for Christ's sake, resolve to be entirely and eternally the Lord's? May God help and bless you!

*(Copied from the "GUIDE" for Jan. 1867.)*

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## ONE OF THE FATHERS OF METHODISM.

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A MEMOIR OF BY-GONE DAYS.

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THE CLASS MEETING AT MADELEY VICARAGE—*Continued.*

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Mr. Fletcher.—"Well, Brother Harris, are the promises precious to you? Are you daily reading and studying the scriptures? Do you enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Christ?"

Mr. H.—"My soul is athirst for the full salvation of which I have heard so much to-day. In my earlier years I was rigidly attached to the doctrines of Calvin; but I thank God that a clearer light has

shined upon me, and I not only hope, but I know that I am a child of God and an heir of heaven. I shall thank God through all eternity that I was ever permitted to hear that great light, John Wesley, preach the gospel. I have read with great profit his writings and sermons, Mr. Fletcher. The promises of God are very precious to me; and though I have a large farm and many servants, and have a great deal of care, yet I bless God I daily find time to study His word. The Lord has given me a help-meet in my companion. At one time she was driven from her father's house for being a Methodist; but I thank God that she *is* a Methodist, and we are going on our way together to our heavenly home. Glory to God! He has done great things for me, whereof I am glad. Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Mr. F.—"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto Thy great name be all the glory! Let us sing together—

'The saints triumphant in thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know;  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.'

I can more easily tell you, sir, what this 'revelation of the Son' is not than what it is. The tongues of men and angels want proper words to express the sweetness and glory with which the Son of God visits the soul that cannot rest without Him. This blessing is not to be described, but enjoyed. May the Lord Himself explain the mystery of giving you to eat of the hidden manna, and bestowing upon you the new name which no man knows save he that receives it."

Mrs. F.—"My love, would you not explain a little more fully this subject of the manifestation of Christ to His disciples."

Mr. F.—"O, most cheerfully. It has been the theme of my most delightful meditation. The revelation of Christ, by which a carnal professor becomes a holy and happy possessor of the faith, is a supernatural, spiritual, experimental manifestation of the spirit, power and love, and sometimes of the person of God manifest in the flesh, whereby He is known and enjoyed in a manner altogether new; as new as the knowledge that a man who never tasted anything but bread and water would have of honey and wine, suppose, being dissatisfied with any descriptions of those rich productions of nature, he actually tasted them for himself. His life is a course of cheerful evangelical obedience, and his most common actions become good works done to the glory of God. Through patience as well as through faith we inherit this promised blessing. Our nature wants to step at once into a throne; but He offers first to nail us to the tree, and to crucify our flesh with its affections and lusts. And from this we shrink as from the grave. We expect to be carried at once to the top of Mount Tabor to see unutterable glory; but He leads

us to Gethsemane to watch and pray, or to Calvary to suffer and die with Him. Here we recoil and do not choose to know Him. Instead of manifesting Himself at once as the meridian sun, He will perhaps appear only as the morning star. Brother Brocas, do you not see it is not all you can do, nor all the holiness you can attain unto, can give a title to heaven? I hope you are following after that holiness without which no man can see the Lord."

Mr. Brocas.—"I would not be without that knowledge, however small it is, which I have of the scriptures, and of Christ as He is there revealed, for thrones and dominions; but I know this will not give me a title to heaven, or prepare my soul for its pure enjoyment. No! but love is of God; if our love is made perfect we shall have boldness in the day of judgment. I can say to-day, I know that I have passed from death unto life, because I love the brethren, I love the love-feasts, and I love the class-meeting. I profess to be one of those whom the Calvinists style 'inconsistent beings,' who believe the inbeing of sin can be destroyed before death. Were I to say, 'no spot of guilt remains in me;' 'I have no sin;' I should deceive myself and the truth would not be in me. But my sins are confessed; they are lamented with an humble broken heart, and the promise is, such 'shall be cleansed from all unrighteousness;' yea, and 'perfect holiness in the fear of God.' At this my soul rejoices; my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God. Yes, sir, I believe in Him; and the promise is, 'Whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed,' &c. I call upon the name of the Lord; it is amazing that He suffers it; but so He does. He has promised whosoever calls on the name of the Lord shall be saved. The promises of God are all on my side; at this my soul rejoiceth to-day; yea, and I will rejoice. Were I to tell you how happy I sometimes am, it might offend some. O what views I sometimes get in private of Him in whose presence seraphim veil their faces. The Calvinistic divines may call it cant and all a delusion; but my longing soul longs to describe the rock, *the firm rock*, on which He has set my feet. My lisping, stammering tongue has a thousand times tried in vain to describe the high way—the only way—which leads to heaven, holiness and God."

Mr. F.—"My dear, shall we sing that beautiful new song of Mr. Toplady's—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.'

Mr. F.—"Yes, my dear; let us all sing. [They sing the hymn.] How strange it is that one who could write so bitterly against Mr. Wesley, and who could accuse me of being atheistic because

I defended Mr. W.'s doctrines of free and full salvation, should yet be able to sing so sweetly of the salvation that saves from sin and makes us pure. Surely the heart is often nearer right than the head. The Jews rejected their Saviour, not so much because they did not earnestly desire His coming, as because He did not come in the manner they expected. Let us see that none of this Judaism cleaves to us. If thou wilt absolutely come to Mount Zion in a triumphal chariot, or make thy entrance into the New Jerusalem upon a prancing horse, thou art never likely to get there. When he says, 'Surely I come quickly to make my abode with thee,' let thy faith close in with the word; ardently yet meekly embrace the promise. This will instantly beget power; and with that power thou mayst instantly bring prayer, and possibly the prayer which opens heaven, which humbly wrestles with God, inherits the blessing, and turns the well-known petition, 'Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus,' into the well-known praises, 'He is come, He is come.' O praise the Lord, O my soul. If he tarry it will be to give thy faith and desires more time to open, that thou mayst at his appearing be able to take in more of his perfecting grace and sanctifying power. Up, then, sincere expectants of God's kingdom! Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him. So does free grace invite itself to thy tent. Nay, it is now with thee in its creating, redeeming, and sanctifying influences. 'And when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself to the ground.' Go and do likewise. If thou seest any beauty in the humbling grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sanctifying love of God, and in the comfortable fellowship of the Holy Ghost, let thy free will run to meet them, and bow thyself toward the ground. O, for a speedy going out of thy tent—thy sinful self! O, for a race of desire in the way of faith! O, for incessant prostrations! And Abraham said, 'My Lord, if I have now found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant.' O, for the humble pressing of a loving faith! O, for the faith which stopped the sun! O, for the importunate faith of the two disciples who detained Christ when he made as though he would have gone further! This promise is 'Yea, and amen' in Christ; only plead it according to the preceding directions, and as sure as the Lord is the true and faithful witness, so sure will the God of hope and love soon fill you with all joy and peace, that ye may abound in pure love, as well as in confirmed hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. Let us sing with the pious Calvinists:

'Love divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heaven to earth come down;'

and especially this next verse:

'Breathe, O breathe, thy loving spirit,  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find thy promised rest;'

and the last verse :

‘Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be.’

Then with singing, followed by prayer and benediction, this memorable meeting closed. And in a short time afterward the two friends, B. and H., were wending their way homewards. The influence which the day at Madeley exercised upon their experience will be traced in their future lives. They went forth: the one in the midst of rural scenes and the unceasing cares of a farm; the other to struggle with the anxieties of a commercial pursuit amid a thronged city—both baptised with high resolves to do and dare for Jesus. And nobly did they fulfil their heavenly purpose.

We return to Shrewsbury. Within its walls there stood, and for aught I know it stands there still, a dreary prison. Its high and gloomy walls enclosed at all times many a sad as well as many a criminal heart; and from its scaffold a scene was exhibited with the regularity of every semi-annual assize court, which should have made Justice often blush, while Mercy turned away to weep. Half a score or more of men and women were brought forth to expiate some perhaps trivial crime by the extreme penalty of the law. But even these scenes of brutality were mild compared with the seething corruption which reeked in its corridors and cells. Here force, licentiousness and brutality held riot, and the doomed inmates of the overcrowded condemned cell could say, “No man careth for our souls.”

Mr. Brocas resided at this time at Sansaw, a few miles from the city. In March, 1784, he heard the news that thirteen miserable persons were condemned at Shrewsbury. Ten of these were subsequently reprieved—three remained under the fearful sentence. The heart of Mr. B. was strangely and deeply moved. “To-morrow,” says he, “they are to be suspended before a gazing multitude, and who can tell whether they have a friend to pity them. None on earth can now help them, and I fear that they know not the language of supplication. Oh, that those who know the Saviour and have heard of those miserable men would be instant in prayer for the salvation of their souls! O Lord, look down from heaven; give me a heart to pray for them, and give to them a heart to pray for themselves!”

The prayer was answered so far as Mr. B. himself was concerned, for three days after he thus writes: “For some time I have had a strange desire to go to see the prisoners in jail. The last time but one that I went to Shrewsbury, this was my chief business; but, alas! the cross was too heavy. I could not prevail upon any one to accompany me; and as I knew but little of that dismal place, and was acquainted with none of the prisoners, I was obliged to give it up. But my conscience gave me no rest. I thought of the value

of immortal souls, and of the possibility that some of the culprits might be for ever lost in consequence of their ignorance of Christ. I availed myself, therefore, of the first opportunity of going back again. After various discouragements I obtained admission, and immediately began to address a young man in irons. Others heard and flocked about me. I trembled through anxiety and fear. While I was musing the fire kindled, and truly I wanted no sermon to read. Several appropriate scriptures came powerfully to my mind. I therefore took my bible from my pocket and read them. While I was endeavouring to explain them, others in abundance were brought to my recollection. I felt a desire that all the world should be present, that I might have preached unto them salvation by Jesus Christ. I made the prisoners a promise that I would pray to the God of mercy on their behalf; and O, may He hearken to the voice of my cry."

JAMES HARRIS.

## Essays.

### DANCING DISCIPLES.

WE have been requested by several to express our views on the subject of dancing, in its relation to Christian character. Our first thought is, that the whole matter ought to be self-adjusting; that while those who have no higher object may naturally be expected to fritter away life in vain amusements, Christians, who have waked up to the claims of God and the solemnities of eternity, can have no possible relish for such hilarity, and hence hardly need any counsel in the case. In other words, people ought to be so thoroughly converted to God as to make it safe to throw out this sweeping challenge: Now commit as many murders, steal as much money, tell as many lies, use as much profane language, practise as much adultery, cheat as many people, drink as much whiskey, use as much tobacco, wear as much jewellery, and attend as many dancing parties, as you desire! We ought to be saved from all desire for such "fruits of the flesh," so that a positive prohibition would impose no galling yoke and constitute no painful constraint upon our liberties. Alas, that current Christianity does not always turn out such excellent work as is here indicated! Many who profess to have turned their backs upon the world, are greatly troubled with intermittent longings after "the flesh-pots of Egypt." Not really satisfied with gospel "manna," their mouth sometimes waters for the "leeks and onions" of this vain world.

Considering the dance as a fashionable amusement, with its usual excitement, associations, and accompaniments, we have no hesitation in saying that real Christians can have nothing to do with it. You may desire some of our reasons for taking this radical position :

1. It has an unholy look. We are commanded to "abstain from all appearance of evil." On this passage Albert Barnes makes the following comment : "A great variety of subjects, such as those pertaining to dress, amusements, the opera, the ball-room, games of chance and hazard, and various practices in the transaction of business come under this general class which, though on the supposition that they cannot be proved to be in themselves positively wrong or forbidden, have much the appearance of evil, and will be so interpreted by others. In these instances it may be certain that there will be no sin committed by abstaining, there may be by indulgence." The most pious have uniformly regarded the dance in the light of a sinful performance, and they are grieved to have those who call themselves Christians spend their time and energies so foolishly. If the "dancing disciples" claim to have a deep experience and a strong faith, while they regard those who object to their course as obtuse and weak, the plainest principles of the gospel require them to give up a questionable practice rather than offend their weak brethren.

2. It is a worldly amusement. It is patronised by the children of the world because their heart-cravings for happiness find here a temporary satisfaction. They drown their sorrows in the whirling excitement of the hour. The pleasure derived is that of exuberant animalism. There is nothing in it that ought to feed a soul in communion with God. Christians claim to be new creatures, with new desires, motives, principles, and aspirations. The word to them is, "Be not conformed to this world." "Come out from among them and be separate." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" The grace of God teaches us that, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world." Who will deny that the giddy dance tends to worldly mindedness? Who will affirm that it promotes spirituality—that it generates a spirit of prayer—that it is favourable to a growth in grace—that it ever kindled a flame of devotion or led a sinner to Jesus Christ? Religious conversation would be considered quite out of place amid the foolish gossip and fashionable glitter of the ball room. Vanity and sensuality are enthroned, and piety is effectually crowded out. The whole tide and tendency of this hilarious exercise are on the devil's side.

3. It is detrimental to health. While a given amount of physical exercise, under proper circumstances, is beneficial, very few will be

rash enough to make this claim for the popular dance. The heated halls, the late suppers, the feverish excitement, the interruption of sleep, the long-continued exertion involved in jumping and whirling for hours in succession, followed by exposure to all kinds of weather, with the blood hot and clothing often insufficient for protection—these are the conditions that naturally invite disease, and have actually dug for thousands a premature grave.

4. It is dangerous to the morals. Custom makes it allowable for young women to dress for such occasions in a way that would hardly be considered modest at any other time. The sexes are brought into such familiar and fascinating relations with each other, that lascivious feelings are naturally generated, and licentious practices are too often the final and fatal result. On this point we shall give the testimonies of some others, whose deliberate conclusions confirm our strongest words and our worst fears in the matter.

Mr. J. H. Brookes has written an excellent little work on the subject, in which the author says: Fashion, which is often a fool, and still oftener a fiend, even while wearing a smiling face, has succeeded in enthroning the waltz, and her still more lascivious sisters, as the recognised queens of our best society, and under their sway it is fast getting to be our worst society. At the beck of these base tyrants, there are young ladies, I am sorry to say, who will permit liberties to be taken with them in public which, if attempted in private, they would resent as the most shocking insult. There are fathers and mothers who permit their daughters to attend the "club" or the "hop;" and after gliding for hours through the voluptuous movement of the waltz, they are accompanied home, it may be, by an accomplished libertine, half drunk with champagne.

The bishops of the Roman Catholic Church, in the United States, published a Pastoral Letter in 1866, wherein they bear this faithful testimony:

We consider it to be our duty to warn our people against those amusements which may easily become to them an occasion of sin, and especially against the fashionable dances, which, as at present carried on, are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and fraught with the greatest danger to morals.

Bishop Coxe, of the Episcopal Church, uses the following forcible language:

The enormities of theatrical exhibitions, and the lasciviousness of dances, too commonly tolerated in our times, are so disgraceful to the age and so irreconcilable with the gospel of Christ, that I feel it my duty to the souls of my flock to warn those who run with the world "to the same excess of riot" in these things, that they presume not to come to the holy table.

The *Baptist Quarterly* for October, 1867, deals a heavy blow, to which a brief extract can hardly do justice. It says:

The dance consists substantially of a system of means, contrived with more than human ingenuity, to incite the instincts of sex to action. . . . Passion, and nothing else, is the true basis of the popularity of the dance.

The late Mr. Alexander, of the Presbyterian Church, wisely remarks:

The step is so easily taken from apparently innocent dancing to that which is free, indiscreet, amorous and licentious, that a tender conscience will find it safest to reject all.

Wm. S. Potts, for many years a Presbyterian pastor in St. Louis, draws a dark picture of the dance:

The female is expected to make her appearance in a ball-dress, which means that as much of the person as modesty will at all permit shall be exposed. She may be held in the embrace of the smooth-tongued stranger whom she never saw before, and whose heart is filled with lust, and her panting breast drawn close to his, while waltzing or practising any of the still more indelicate dances now most fashionable. Do these assemblies and acts commend themselves as very proper for either your sons or daughters?

S. R. Wilson, in a sermon on dancing, thus strikes home:

The promiscuous dance is incompatible with modesty. The evil, indeed, begins in the dancing-school, which, instead of being called a school of easy manners, ought rather to be styled a place where girls are taught to substitute the *finesse* of the coquette for true female delicacy, and the boys take their primary lessons in the art of seduction.

These utterances are in harmony with many more that might be selected from the wise and the good, in condemnation of this fashionable and demoralising amusement. To us the case is so plain that an elaborate argument seems out of place. The idea of dancing disciples of the "lowly Nazarene" appears so self-contradictory, that we wonder how any person who has one grain of grace and two grains of sense should ever have attempted thus to form a partnership between Christ and Belial.—*Bible Banner*.

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Let believers feel their responsibilities, understand their privileges, and seek after "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." When the Saviour shall come again, "to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe," those who are partakers of His holiness shall sparkle like jewels in the crown that will adorn His brow, and shall enjoy the glorious consummation of that holiness, as they rise higher and higher in the scale of blessedness, and come nearer and nearer to the Triune and Holy Jehovah.

## JESUS CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS AT THE BRIGHTON CONFERENCE,  
BY REV. THEO. MONOD.

“And I, brethren,” etc.—1 *Cor.* ii.

WE ought, he said, to begin a little higher up in Paul's letter to understand the strength of these words. Just previously we read “Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.” He is made unto us what we in our blindness and ignorance need, wisdom; what our guilt needs, righteousness; what our pollution needs, sanctification; what our perdition needs, redemption. And why is all this in Christ Jesus for us? “That according as it is written, he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.” Paul has spoken of Christ and of glorying in Christ, but now what has he got to say about himself? “And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.” When Paul came, the word did not go around, “There is an eloquent preacher, there is a deep thinker.” “For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.” There he stood, there we stand. We have just simply to declare the testimony of God. Any child can bear a message, and we have to bear a message to repeat what God has said, and that is all. And what is God's witness? That He has given to us eternal life in His Son. But how in His Son? In the spirit of His Son? Yes, but how? Through the blood of His Son. Everything was summed up for the apostle in this one subject, in this one living “Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.”

“And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling” I would pity him who, having to bear the witness of God, should not feel weakness, and fear, and much trembling. But how is it that weakness had such power, that that fear taught people not to fear, that that trembling brought trembling souls peace? “My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.” No doubt he had learned a great deal about the way of preaching among the Pharisees, but he forgot all about that; he would not any more speak as they did; he spoke as the Lord did, with power. “That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.” Observe the force of this reasoning. He might have preached with a great deal of human wisdom and with great excellency of speech, but after he had gone what would have remained of it all? The people would have forgotten his words,

and they would have said, "If only Paul came back again we would be alive again." Their faith would have been founded on his wisdom. But when there was no Paul at all, when he could say, "Not I, but Christ in me," then their faith was founded on the power of God; and the same power that convinced them of sin, that same power that comforted them, and strengthened them, and filled them with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, was always with them. Therefore, when he went they lost the pleasure of hearing him, but they did not lose the power of his preaching.

"Howbeit we speak wisdom." It is not the wisdom of men, but it is not foolishness. The world thinks the whole thing absurd, that we should be reconciled to God because some one died outside the gates of Jerusalem eighteen centuries ago, and still more absurd that we should be able to do and love what is right by ceasing from ourselves, and receiving our life from God. The world thinks it is perhaps respectable if we are sincere in holding that belief; but "Really now, between ourselves," they say, "there is no sense in it." And yet there is great sense in it: there is God's wisdom in it. "Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect." I will just remind you that Christ says, "Be ye perfect, as your father which is in heaven is perfect." I would also point you to what Paul says, that the aim of his whole work is, "Warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." What I think he means is, that he brings every man into the truth, and then into a growth of progress in that life of Christ, until the man becomes a perfect man. If a mother shows me a beautiful baby, and I say it is a perfect baby, that does not mean that it is not going to grow; it means just the reverse—that it is a beautifully healthy child, that will grow into a strong man.

"Yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of the world, that comes to naught." Don't you think that we Christians have given a great deal too much of our time and thoughts to the princes of this world, thinking to ourselves, "what kind of figure do we make in the eyes of the great men of the world, the intelligent men?" We have nothing at all to do with them, but to bear our witness to them, and through Christian love to bring them to the Lord Jesus Christ. "But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory." God wants us to glory in Him, and the wisdom is hidden, and if we would find it out we must go and hide just where it is hidden,—“hidden with Christ in God.” We have here to search into the deep things of God, and how are we going to do it? In a very simple way. If you wanted to know what I think on a given subject, you might ponder over it for many days and never guess aright; but if you ask *me*, and I tell you, you will know my

thoughts. "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." Ask *Him*. "Now we have received not the spirit of the world but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God."

Oh, brethren, this verse is enough to feast upon for a life-time. All those things, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption, belong to us; but we do not know them, we do not take them, until the Spirit of God comes and shows us them. You ask me, "How do you reconcile these things? You tell us that we must believe, and give ourselves without reserve to God, and now you say we can neither understand nor do anything without the Spirit of God!" I do not know how these facts are reconciled; I do not know how and where the Spirit of God and the will of man meet, and how they act on each other. I do not know how my mind acts on my body, but this is perfectly certain, that God takes no pleasure in the death of a sinner nor in the sins of the saint; that He is ever perfectly willing and able to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him; and that without His Spirit we can understand nothing and can do nothing.

Happy is the man who can say, "I have received." We have received, that is what we are here for, and I know that many here can say, "I have received." There was no obstacle in the world to our receiving the Spirit of God, but that we would not have it or did not believe that it was ours. We are met in order to ask for the Spirit of God, in order to do the will of God, for we shall not get the Spirit of God for anything else. If we are willing, then is God's Spirit freely given. If we are not willing, oh, let us ask God to break these miserable, stubborn hearts of ours, that we may be willing, and that His power may act upon us. There has been much unreality about our religious life. We sing, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," but do we ever expect Him to come? If any one says to us, He *has* kindled a fire of sacred love in my heart—are we not apt to think that he is under a delusion? We must bring our daily life, our Monday and Tuesday's life, into harmony with what we preach and what we sing. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet He himself is judged of no man." That is of no worldly man, for they do not understand Him. "For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct Him? But we have the mind of Christ." This is the tone of true, normal, regular Christian life. We want the mind of Christ himself. And have we a right to expect it? Why, brethren, He has given us Himself, and if we have Himself in any true sense, in no metaphysical sense, we have the

mind of Christ. How would you like to have your child with you in a metaphysical or metaphorical sense? No, we want to have Him in the real sense of having anybody with us; to have Him in our heart of hearts, and to say, "We have the mind of Christ." Now I say that this is simply the answer to a prayer of Christ himself. He prays for all those who shall believe on Him; He prays for you, "that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them."

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## ADVICES TO THE NEWLY SANCTIFIED.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY REV. S. BAKER, AT OHIO STATE CAMP MEETING.

### SUBMISSION TO OTHERS.

"**Y**E younger, submit yourselves to the elder; yea, all of you be subject one to another."—1 Peter v. 5. It takes perfect love to do this. Receive the counsels of your brethren. Your class-leader may not enjoy entire sanctification; but listen to him as attentively as if he were an angel. If his counsel is at variance with the Word of God, then take the word. But how seldom do such give unwholesome counsel. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." It is very dangerous to suppose you have the light that supersedes the counsel of the officary or of the feeblest of God's children. The Lord teaches by all these means. He intends us to sift out what we hear; that is God's order. Counsel comes to us like the wheat and chaff, all mixed; we must sift it out. If I think the counsel I receive is out of place, I am more likely than otherwise to get a good lesson out of it.

Attend to all the means of grace in your church. If you have a holiness meeting, you will like it the best; but you must not neglect the usual means of grace. You must do your part in making them all you would have them be. If in the Sunday-school, and you imagine all does not go right, keep there; there will be one good spirit there at least. You are to be one of the "wheel-horses" of the congregation. A true horse will work if the harness does not quite fit.

### GUARD AGAINST FANATICISM.

"And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more, in knowledge and in all judgment, that ye may approve things that are excellent."—Phil. i. 9, 10. There is a necessity of knowledge, with love, in all the walks of life. Some have more knowledge than love, and are too exacting. Others have too little knowledge with their love; this leads directly to fanaticism. Never go against the sense of propriety. Always try the spirits, whether they are of God.

## READING MATTER.

If we would preserve the blessing, there must be an eternal abandonment of trashy literature. This rule also applies to justification, for all live by the same rule. We should take some of the publications on holiness, and our church paper also. But above all, read the blessed Bible. We must be Bible readers and Bible Christians.

## CONFESSION.

We cannot live in this age, and in this part of our work, without confession. If we hold fast, I do not see how we can keep from confession. I have to do it, however others are led to do.

We should confess all that God has done for us, and not continually talk of our weaknesses. It is well enough sometimes to give expression to them; but if we do so constantly, we shall become spiritual hypochondriacs. We cannot talk in this way without toning down our faith; we look away from Christ to our weaknesses.

Distinctness in profession is necessary. We will be tempted to indistinctness; but if we become ambiguous, our experience will come down. If tempted to ambiguity, be more definite—only be consecrated.

As to terms in confession, let us use that one which the Holy Spirit uses which suits us at the time. Many terms are used in the Bible, to suit different mental and spiritual states. Then use the term that best expresses our feeling at the time of confession. But if we have a prejudice against any term that is scriptural, we ought to use it until the soul comes into line with God, so as not to object to any of God's terms.

## ARGUING.

Do not argue on the subject of sanctification, anywhere. We cannot state the doctrine in dogmatic terms so that others will comprehend it; it is a thing of experience. We may answer questions as best we know how. We cannot convince others by argument. They will get us into unbelief if we do not watch. We can tell those who would argue, "I know it is so," and so let the matter pass. This braces the mind against unbelief, and really prepares the other to enter into the blessing we love so well.

## THE ORDER OF REVIVAL.

**G**OD'S work is one work. Nevertheless it has parts. And every portion of the gospel is to be proclaimed, so that men may be fully saved and nourished. Some are wonderfully earnest in presenting Jesus to sinners, while others are as faithful in pointing the Church to the uttermost salvation. Now, there must

be—there is—a divine order in promoting the work of Jesus. What is it? How shall we “rightly divide the word of truth?”

Let us answer by illustration. After the resurrection, the disciples for a season were of one accord in one place. They were obediently promoting their own graces. The Scriptures were opened to them; they saw the great promises, and measured their faith quite up to them; they were perfected in love and endued with power. When these things were accomplished, they went out to the unsaved, and not before. How could they? They were not ready. Of what avail to labour, if in the midst of it they had found it necessary, for personal comfort and salvation, to take breath and cry, “Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief!” Surely, comparatively little. The partially saved have faith for themselves; but it is weak; they may have faith for others, but how easily it is broken. But the church of Pentecost had a perfect and a mighty faith. The members could not say to each other, “Know ye the Lord,” as a sanctifier, for “all knew him, from the least even unto the greatest.” So when they went out, the preaching and the testimony was in perfect assurance, and sinners were converted by the thousand.

So it is a general fact, that the Church needs sanctification and edification in order that the word of the Lord may run and be glorified among sinners. A wholly unsanctified congregation cannot save sinners; while a church partially sanctified, may or may not save others; and a church with a few wholly sanctified and the rest with little or no grace, will almost certainly have some fruit; but *a wholly sanctified church cannot avoid saving sinners*

Not long since there was a church which was holding special services. A devoted sister of another church was powerfully impressed to attend one of those services, and say to that church in the name of the Lord: “Holiness, or the wilderness.” She delivered her message. But the minister refused the work of holiness, and continued to work for sinners. As a result, the church generally remained in the wilderness, “compassing the mountain,” and sinners as generally remained in Egyptian bondage. A few “sanctified” ones were mainly instrumental in saving a few of the unconverted. Unless there is at least a movement toward the promised land, *sinners are not converted in the wilderness.*

You wish for a revival do you? Well, if the church is right, you can have it. If not, the revival must begin there. And in order to this, let sinners alone. Preaching to them, unless by a passing shot, will harden both them and the Church. It is only when the Church is “joined to its idols,” that it is to be “let alone”—that is, no longer regarded as the body of Christ—and you can honourably “turn to the Gentiles.” But before this, pray, preach, and exhort holiness, and likely the Church will move in the way of

purity. When the work of full salvation is progressing well, sinners will begin also. The sanctifying atmosphere is a convicting and converting atmosphere. At this point you will be tempted to stop labouring on the line of entire sanctification, and go in for sinners. That were a great mistake. Keep driving on the car of full salvation. The broad, deep work of conversion requires the broadening and deepening work of holiness. Lift up the Church, and it will lift up the world. It is simply wonderful how sinners are converted at holiness meetings, where almost all the labour is for the Church. But when the strength of faith is wrought on the Church, ask it, in its renewed and deepened power, to move on the world, and if that power is general and permanent, sinners will be slain in multitudes.

Even if the converts were less numerous by preaching holiness than otherwise, they would be more apt to stand and to grow, among those who enjoy entire sanctification, than otherwise. The "holiness people," so-called, make excellent nursing-fathers and nursing mothers in Israel. The spirit which enters into many revivals is not very thorough. The separateness of the live Christian from the world in sinful things is not very carefully taught, and consequently the "converts" are not all converted. On the line of holiness, however, we more usually find close discriminations on the nature of sin, and the radical nature of Christianity. The sinner under conviction sees the life that Jesus expects of him, and when he moves toward God he is prepared more fully to "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all carnal desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that he will not follow or be led by them."

We are not claiming that no good can be done except on the strictest line of holiness; God uses the best means at His hand. But it is our duty to use the very best methods, which call the people of God to holiness, and use a purified Church to save men.—*Harvester.*

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How can I glorify God? How can I show forth His virtues? what will He have me do? These questions you must ask God for yourself, inasmuch as not one on earth can answer them for you. But will He reveal His will concerning me? If He has fitted you for His service, it surely is not too much to ask what His good pleasure is; and you may calmly wait His manifestation, as it is likely your patience will show His virtues as much as your activity. Is not the Holy Ghost the *leader* of faithful souls? If it be your meat and your drink to do the will of God, we venture to predict that it will not be long before it will be told you what you are to do.

# The Home.

## THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

### *PART III.—FAITHFUL IN MUCH.*

#### CHAPTER III.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

YES, of a truth Philip was one of God's own children. Do not misunderstand me. The boy showed at times self-will, and sudden passion, and a spark of vanity now and again. All these were in him; and his simple nature could not hide them; though it could and did conquer them in the long run. But there was no swerving of his inmost heart from a true and loyal love to Christ, whose life on earth became the pattern for his own. When I studied Philip's character, in its transparent simplicity, the words that came most often to my mind were those of our Lord's speaking: "If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." There seemed to be no darkness, no dissimulation in Philip at all. He loved the light, and always came to the light, even when he brought to it deeds to be reprov'd.

How life changed to George and me! The blankness and emptiness were gone. The future lay before us, with the promise of a beautiful life outside our own, that would link us again to the busy world. Year by year our interest in it grew deeper. There were masters to choose for Philip; a day-school to find for him, where he could have the wholesome companionship of other boys. We sent him to a large public school, where his brilliant gifts and insatiable thirst for knowledge would find full scope. George was himself a good classical scholar, and his old love for study revived, now there was a young brain, quick and eager, at work beside him. The hours that had been wont to drag so wearily along began to "glide with down upon their feet." Philip's studies, Philip's sports, Philip's friendships, absorbed us both.

That Mrs. Transome should have been neglected by us all will seem natural enough to those who understand children. After that first evening he never spoke of her; but he did not forget her, as we knew afterwards. His childish notion was that he would wait till he was rich enough to pay her well before he sought her out. There was a second person he did not even mention to us—his rich uncle

living in Burnstone. Probably he never thought of him ; for he had all a child's absorbed 'occupation with the present, giving no backward glances to the past, and having only a vague and rosy glimpse into the future, as of a pleasant region where happy discoveries stretched before him.

Before he had completed his seventeenth year he won a scholarship, worth fifty pounds a year for three years. The head-master of his school, with whom he was a favourite, strongly urged him to remain another year under his tuition, and then to go to college. But the boy's mind was set upon studying as a medical student in one of the hospitals. The loyal spirit that was within him, longing to serve God diligently, and to tread closely in the footsteps of his Lord, could point out no better way than this.

"I can go among the very worst and poorest then," he said to us earnestly, when we were trying to dissuade him. "You think I am too good for it? Why, if I were a hundred times better and more clever I should be hardly fit for such work. When I think of them down there in their misery and ignorance and sin, I feel as if it would be treason for me to forsake them just to grow rich or famous. I should choose to be a popular doctor at the East end, amongst the very worst, if I might have my choice."

My heart felt somewhat heavy with disappointment, for I had built many a castle in the air for my boy; and it had never entered my thoughts that he should busy himself and his great gifts amongst the very low and ignorant. As for George, his face was lit up with a smile that was almost heavenly.

"We shall have very little to leave you, Philip," I said.

"Are you going to die soon, Aunt Milly?" he asked, laughing; "when I'm an old man of fifty, you'll not be seventy years of age; think of that! It's scarcely worth while for me to consider what you can leave to me. No, no; I shall be sure of more than Jesus Christ ever had. If I'm only clever enough to make a good doctor, and it comes true of me, 'He went about doing good,' that's enough for me."

His expression softened into a grave tenderness, and his voice grew low as he spoke. He did not often talk in this way to us; and I can see again his boyish, handsome face, half turned away from our eyes. It was a summer's evening, and we had the window opened, that the fitful western wind might come in, rustling the papers on my brother's table, and breathing softly across his feverish face. George had taken Philip's hand into his, and was holding it fast, as he looked at him with his strange smile. Just then we heard the distant tinkle of the house-door bell, a sound that had become frequent since Philip had gone to school, where he had formed many friendships. We knew our quiet talk was over; and so it proved. In a few minutes Thomas came in with a message.

"There's a shabby sort of a woman," he said in a disparaging tone, "asking if Master Philip Champion is living here still. She won't tell me her business, but she says it's very particular; for she's come all the way from Liverpool a-purpose to see him."

"What's her name, Thomas?" asked my brother.

"Mrs. Brown, sir," he replied.

"That is the woman your father left you with, Philip," I said, with a quick throb of my heart. I could not hear the name without an undefined dread that it foreboded some change; and any change now would be an evil, and a sorrow. The boy's face flushed crimson, and a glow spread over it, full of eager hope and gladness.

"My father's come back!" he cried.

He had not spoken of his father for years; and I had hoped that he had slowly reconciled himself to the idea that he had been lost at sea. But the eager, excited face before me contradicted the hope. The childish faith and expectation had never died; but now they sprang up into full vigour and life at the mere mention of this woman's name. "My father's come home!" he cried again, in a tone that brought tears into my eyes, and my brother's.

"Philip," said George, in his low, patient, measured voice, "remember!—it is over twelve years since your father went away."

"I shall look for him to come back," he exclaimed, vehemently, "as long as it is possible for him to be alive, unless I find out for certain that he is dead,"

"Twelve years!" repeated George, as though his thoughts were dwelling upon all that Captain John Champion must have suffered, if he were still alive; "twelve years, my dear boy!"

"Sailors have been lost longer than that," said Philip, moving towards the door, where Thomas was still standing. It was not a minute since he had uttered the woman's name; but it seemed to me already as if our hold upon Philip were slackened, and our close relationship with him were lost. He was not our boy, after all; but belonged to some other, a stranger. Yes; I own to it; a strong and bitter feeling of jealous disappointment seized upon me.

"Let me come with you, Philip," I cried, as he was passing out of my sight.

Was there any tone in my voice that betrayed me? I cannot tell; only I know that my boy turned back again quickly, and stooped down to kiss me, and George held out his worn, hollow hand, as if to draw me nearer to him. I believe both of them felt a quick instinctive sympathy for me—as deep as men can ever feel for a woman, whose hand is forced to loose its grasp of her chief treasure. But neither of them knew what that moment was to me.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CAPTIVITY.

I HAD time, while Philip and I went to the dining-room, and Thomas fetched the woman in from the hall, to consider how very improbable it was that she should bring any intelligence about Captain John Champion, after so many years. This somewhat reassured me; though the glimpse I had had into Philip's heart could never be forgotten. Through all these years there had been a deep want, a profound, passionate longing, which no love or care of ours could satisfy. George and I could not be to him what his own father and mother would have been; so different in the hidden root of things must adopted relationships be from real ones.

Mrs. Brown came in, and Philip placed a chair for her. He was trembling with agitation, and could not command his voice to speak. She gazed critically at him, as if on her oath as to his identity.

"You're fairly like your father," she said after this survey; "but you're more like your poor mother. It's a hard world, this is, for poor folks like me, and I've had a heap of trouble, but I've not forgot him or her. You've forgot him, I'll be bound?"

"No, never!" cried Philip. But he could say no more. He leaned his hand on my shoulder, and I felt how his strong young frame trembled; whilst his colour came and went as fitfully as a delicate girl's.

"I've brought some news of Captain John Champion," continued the woman, in cold, hard tones. "Maybe you'll not think it worth much, but it's the last we've heard. If it's worth paying my passage from Liverpool and back, I'll be satisfied; for I've got a sister in London that I haven't met for twenty years, and I'm glad eno' for the chance of seeing her again. But I must leave it to you, now I'm here, as I made no bargain beforehand."

"We'll pay your expenses willingly," I answered, for Philip's hand pressed more heavily on my shoulder, and I saw he could hardly control himself; "only tell us at once all you know."

"It's a long story," she went on, with no change in voice or face. "I've been knocked about a good deal ever since Master Philip left me—nine years ago now, as you'll recollect, ma'am—and never stayed more than a year, or eighteen months at the longest, in one place; so it were no wonder folks lost sight of me, and couldn't find me out, let them want ever so much. It might have been Captain John Champion hisself seeking after me, he'd have found it just as hard work; for I gave up entirely after being away more than three years. But it wasn't John Champion hisself, poor fellow! However, it were a seafaring man, as had gone out with him in his ship, and being wrecked with him, and saved with him, and brought home news of him, if he only could have lit upon me."

"How long ago?" cried Philip.

"It's four years, pretty nigh, since *he* came 'back," said Mrs. Brown, "and he did his best to find me out; but he couldn't, and he gave up at last, and went another voyage, and another, and another, searching for me whenever he was ashore, but never hearing a word of me till three months ago, when one of his old mates came lodging at my house in Liverpool, and heard me tell how I'd once a captain's son to take care of, and how some grand folks in London had taken to him. 'What was the little chap's name?' he said. 'Philip Champion,' I said. 'That's Dan Sterne's old captain,' he said; 'him as was shipwrecked off the Ivory Coast somewhere.' So he went looking for him next day, and found Dan Sterne at death's door in the hospital; for he was quite worn out with following the sea, and was fallen into a waste, with no more than a few days' life in him. He sent for me as soon as ever he'd heard his shipmate's story, and I went there not much too soon to hear what he'd got to say."

Philip had sunk down on his knees at my side, with his eyes fastened upon the woman's face, as if he could look through hers into the brain beyond, and read what was there more quickly than he could learn it from her slow utterance.

"I'm not sure I rightly recollect it all," she said, "but he told me how the ship was broken to pieces on the rocks, and all aboard her were drowned, save him and the captain, and they two got on shore, and lived for a few days watching for a sail on the sea till some of the black men came down and carried them up the country, and made slaves of them. Ah! he said, they knew what sufferings were, but they bore up under them, and the negroes treated them better when they found how clever the captain was. Only they never let him out of their sight,—never, night or day. Dan Sterne wasn't watched so close, and he managed to escape; and he made his way through forests, and bogs, and jungles, and wild beasts, and wild men, day after day, night after night, till he reached a place where there were civilised folks,—Portuguese, he thought; and after he'd been there a few months a ship brought him home to old England. That's nigh upon four years ago, and he did his utmost to find me out, as he promised the captain he'd be sure to do if he ever saw England again; but he couldn't find me; and I only found him dying in the hospital."

"Is he dead?" asked Philip: "is that all?"

"Ay, he's dead," she answered; "and that's all, save a little bit of a map he gave me, where the place is that they were cast ashore upon. He pricked the place with a pin as near as he could guess, and he said they went east from there. I was to be sure and say they journeyed east from there: neither north nor south, but due east. Captain John Champion, he said, was pretty middling in

health, but he was a close prisoner among them, and could not get a chance of escape."

She was searching in her basket for the map, and drew it out at last,—a yellow sea-stained chart, crumpled in many folds. Philip could not take it from her, but I took it, and smoothed it out on my lap, for her to point out the pin-mark made by the dying seaman. As she laid her finger upon it, a deep heavy sob broke from my boy's lips.

"Philip!" I said,—*"Philip!"* and I drew his head down to rest upon my shoulder, and laid my cheek against his forehead. I think he felt then how dearly I loved him, for he clasped his arms round me, and wept as passionately and unrestrainedly as though I had been his mother. I made a sign to the woman to leave us, and so we two were alone, filled with one thought, and partly one sorrow.

"Aunt Milly," he whispered, "this is almost worse than if my father were dead."

"Not almost, but quite," I said to myself. But I did not speak it aloud; and by and by Philip roused himself, and leaned over the old chart to look at that pin-mark. It seemed only a week or two since he was standing at my knee to learn his first lesson in geography, and now! Ah! I foresaw that moment what lay before me; and how the restless, faithful love of that young heart would carry him far away from me.

At last Philip carried off the chart to George's room, while I went to dismiss Mrs. Brown. I followed him as quickly as possible, grudging every moment I must be away from him just then. He was kneeling by the side of George's sofa, with the chart open before him, and was telling him rapidly all that we had heard. The eager, sorrowful, boyish face! The tremulous vibrating voice! The imploring, penetrating gaze, with which he met our eyes! It is all present to me now; and once more I feel the pang after pang that pierced my heart that night and for many a long night to follow.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord," said Mary. "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also," said Simeon, as if in answer. It seems to me as though that must be said of every deep love whose birth we welcome with songs of gladness, and which we cherish as a heavenly gift, till the sharp, poignant anguish comes in its train. Yet not for centuries upon centuries of grief would Mary have foregone the blessedness of calling the Lord her Son.

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"The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot."

## MY GUIDE.

"Behold I have given Him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people."—*Isa.* lv. 4.

"This God is our God forever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death."—*Psa.* xlvi. 14.

I ASKED for a guide, my sight seemed dim,  
The way grew dark, and I asked for Him  
Out of my pressing need.  
My wandering feet were prone to stray  
Off from the beaten well-worn way;  
And I was faint indeed.

One came. His voice was soft and sweet,  
And I marked how torn were His weary feet,  
As He said, "The path I know;"  
While He kindly laid my hand on His arm,  
And whispered, "To thee there shall come no harm  
In the path we twain shall go."

Was He a stranger, ye ask, and think,  
I must needs from His gentle guidance shrink,  
Till I had proved Him true?  
Scarcely before had I gazed on Him,  
But His sight was strong, though mine was dim,  
He had watched me my whole life through.

Yea, more than this, when He saw me lost,  
The space from His Father's house He crossed,  
A wilderness bleak and wild;  
He came through the briers, and thorns and heat,  
Though He left in blood the print of His feet,  
And sought me, a wandering child.

My clothes were torn, I had nought to wear;  
He took off His own, and clothed me there,  
When He washed the stains away  
Which had gathered with every step I went,  
Stumbling through fear and discontent,  
In the time I had been astray.

And then of His Father's house He spoke;  
O'er my homeless heart those sweet words broke,  
Like music soft and low;  
"Take me, oh, take me there!" I cried;  
"The world is bleak, and its paths so wide  
Are full of grief and woe."

But He said, "Not yet ; there is work for thee ;  
 I would have thee prove that thou lovest me,  
     I have loved thee, child, so long ;  
 The world has known thee a sinner here,  
 Following thy own will year by year,—  
     A will so fierce and strong.

"Let it see thee now as a child of God ;  
 Ransomed, redeemed by a Saviour's blood,  
     Walking, renewed in 'light' ;  
 Putting thy hand to the lowliest task,  
 Where He in His wisdom thy strength would ask,  
     With a faith all clear and bright."

Then I bowed my head with shame, and said,  
 "I see, dear Lord ; oh, let me tread  
     Where Thou wouldst have me go ;  
 Only be Thou at my side to aid ;  
 Of myself, dear Lord, I should be afraid,  
     If Thou didst not lead me so."

Marvel ye now that I trust my guide,  
 Or my smallest needs to Him confide ;  
     With His words so kind and true,  
 Spoken afresh to me day by day,  
 As He bids me "journey" or bids me "stay,"  
     Where He gives me work to do ?

I only long that mine eyes may be  
 Steadily fixed on Him that He  
     May guide me at His will ;  
 That my hands be faithful in work begun,  
 And my willing feet on His errands run ;  
     Or when He bids, stand still.

Will ye not try this guide so good ?  
 He hath bought you too with His precious blood,  
     And watched you your whole lives through.  
 There is room on His arm for you to lean ;  
 He ever will be and aye hath been  
     A "leader" strong and true.

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The responsibility of believing is yours ; the responsibility of saving you now, fully, for ever, is Christ's.

## THE BIBLE AND ITS FOES.

IF collected from the earliest times to the present day, infidel books would occupy far more than a thousand times the space of the one volume against which they are directed, and would certainly be much more numerous than all the works that all other "sacred" books ever had the honour of provoking, either for or against them. If all these books were placed in one library, and this single one set on a table in the middle of it, and a stranger were told that this book—affirmed to be, for the most part, the work of a number of unlearned and obscure men belonging to a despised nation called the Jews—had drawn upon itself, for its exposure, confutation and destruction, this multitude of volumes, I imagine he would be inclined to say, "Then I presume this little book was annihilated long ago; though how it could be needful to write a thousandth part so much, for any such purpose, I cannot comprehend. For, if the book be what these authors say, surely it should not be difficult to show it to be so; and if so, what wonderful madness to write all these volumes!" How surprised would he then be to learn that they were felt not to be enough; that similar works were being multiplied every day, and never more actively than at the present time; and still to no purpose in disabusing mankind of this frenzy! He would learn, indeed, that so far from accomplishing the object, the new volumes are little more than necessary to replace those of this fruitful yet fruitless literature, which is continually sinking into oblivion.

But the volume itself survives both friends and foes. Without being able to speak one word on its own behalf, but what it has already said; without any power of explanation or rejoinder, in deprecation of the attacks made upon it, or to assist those who defend it; it passes along the ages in majestic silence. Impassive amidst all this tumult of controversy, in which it takes no part, it might be likened to some great ship floating down a mighty river, like the Amazon or Orinoco, the shores of which are inhabited by various savage tribes. From every little creek or inlet, from every petty port or bay, sally flotillas of canoes, some seemingly friendly, and some seemingly hostile, filled with warriors in all the terrors of war paint, and their artillery of bows and arrows. They are hostile tribes; and soon turning their weapons against one another, assail each other with great fury and mutual loss. Meantime, the noble vessel silently moves on through the scene of confusion without deigning to alter its course or to fire a shot; perhaps here and there a seaman casts a compassionate glance from the lofty bulwarks, and wonders at the hardihood of those who come to assail his leviathan.—Roger's "*Superhuman Origin of the Bible.*"

## BOGUS CONFESSION.

A REAL, genuine, *bona fide* confession is about the rarest utterance one ever hears. We know some excellent people who never in their lives—never, at all events, since their maturity—have gone frankly to the public, their church, or their most intimate friend, and said, “I was wrong; I am sorry; forgive me.” As a matter of curiosity, we wish the reader would stop right here, and see if he can recall *one solitary instance* in which he has done this.

There is plenty of bogus confession; but of real, honest confession, very little. There is the confession commendatory. “I tell you,” says Mr. H., “I have got an awful temper. It flames up mighty quick; don’t last long, but it’s hot while it burns. There’s considerable lion in me, and I suppose there always will be. I often say things that I am sorry for afterward. But I cannot help it. It’s in me, and it’s got to come out.” He thinks he has made a confession. Not at all. He has been patting himself on his back, and pluming himself on sin. The peacock is not prouder of his tail than this man of his pet passion.

There is the confession general. The man catches up the general confession of public prayer, and repeats it over and over in prayer-meeting, in family prayers, at his own bedside—“I have done the things I ought not to have done, and I have left undone the things I ought to have done, and there is no health in me.” Now, the confession of a congregation must be in general terms; but the confession of an individual to his own conscience and his God ought to be particular. If Harry were to come to me Monday night with “I have done the things I ought not to have done, and there is no health in me; good night, father;” and again on Tuesday night with “I have done the things, &c.; good night, father;” on Wednesday night I should stop him and say, “Hold here a moment; tell me what are some of the things you have done you ought not to have done, some of the things you have left undone you ought to have done.” I should ask him, in the language of the lawyers, to give me a bill of particulars. Confession in mere general terms of general sinfulness is no confession at all.

There is the confession theological. This is the declaration of an article of belief. It is in effect an orthodox syllogism, thus: “All men are sinners, I am a man; therefore, I am a sinner.” Sometimes it is put in a less orthodox way, thus: “Oh, yes. I suppose I am a sinner; all men are sinners; and I do not pretend to be any better than my neighbours.”

There are three occasions when a man has nothing to do with his neighbours—when he is born, when he dies, and when he stands before God’s judgment seat. And there is a fourth occasion when

he had better forget his neighbours, namely, when he stands before his own conscience to be judged. Correct views concerning the general sinfulness of the race are important; but they are unimportant compared with correct views concerning our individual selves. We have known men as proud as Lucifer, who were unimpeachably orthodox concerning Adam's fall and general depravity; and we have known men who have held views a great deal more charitable than philosophical, representing human nature in general, who keenly felt their own sins and shortcomings, and their own need of a personal Saviour.

It is very easy to brag of our sins, or to roll off by rote formal confessions of sins, or to incorporate in our creed a general recognition of the general sinfulness of mankind. But those are all bogus confessions. So go to God and say, "In that business transaction I was mean; in that one I lied; in that word to my wife I was cruel and barbarous—I might better have struck her a blow with my hand than with my tongue; in that punishment of my child I was tyrannical and unjust; I have been selfish, proud, false, mean;"—that may be a simple matter, but it is just the hardest thing any man is ever called on to do. No penance imposed by pope or priest, no pilgrimage by Mohammedan devotee, but would be easier to average humanity. And it is only this sort of confession that means anything.—*Christian Weekly.*

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W O R K .

W O R K, for it is a noble thing,  
 With worthy ends in view,  
 To tread the path that God ordains,  
 With steadfast hearts and true,  
 That will not quail, whate'er betide,  
 But bravely bear us through.

It recks not what the place may be  
 That we are called to fill,  
 How much there is of seeming good,  
 How much of seeming ill;  
 'Tis ours to bend the energies  
 And consecrate the will.

Work, and with cheerful, earnest hearts,  
 Your bravest and your best;  
 For in a busy world like ours  
 There is no place of rest;  
 And think not they who vainly dream  
 Their lives away are blest.

For in each weary, painful task  
 A lesson is inwrought,  
 If we would read the truth aright,  
 And let ourselves be taught  
 Patience, and faith and fortitude,  
 And fixedness of thought.

Work with the head and heart and hands,  
 And ever bear in mind  
 That there are sorrows here to soothe,  
 And spirits bruised to bind,  
 And cords of love in closer bond  
 Round human hearts to wind.

'Tis true the flesh will ofttimes fail  
 When life is dim and drear ;  
 Then closer cling to Him whose voice  
 Can still each doubt and fear,  
 And shed on these dark hearts of ours  
 Heaven's sunshine, calm and clear.

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#### A FEW WORDS WITH ONE'S CONSCIENCE.

“IS it right thus to waste my money and impair my strength?”  
 A controversy was going on between a Christian's conscience  
 and his *pipe*, and expressed itself in this inquiry.

He took the whole case to God. The controversy was continued on the man's knees. It was getting to be a poor chance for Satan. Prayer is the last court of appeal he desires to see a case carried into. The man got up from the floor. It was all settled in his mind. He laid his pipe on the floor, and with one twist of his heel crushed it!

Was it right for him to use tobacco and impair his strength? The devotees of nicotine think little of its harm. The smoker simply reflects that his troubles are drifting away in the little smoke-balloons he is sending up, and the chewer has a calmness decidedly agreeable in view of the “hard times.” Of course a sedative is here, but few understand the nature of the narcotic element in tobacco, nicotine. Acting as a sedative narcotic in small doses, “in larger quantities,” says a high authority, “or with those unaccustomed to it, it causes giddiness, faintness, nausea, vomiting, and purging, with great debility. As the nausea continues with severe retching, the skin becomes cold and clammy, the muscles relaxed, the pulse feeble, and fainting and sometimes convulsions ensue, terminating in death.”

Says Dr. Nichols, writing of the deadly nature of nicotine, "The *one hundredth* part of a grain pricked into the skin with a pin will produce giddiness, nausea, and fainting."

I was calling at the house of a friend. A stuffed fox stood in the corner of the parlour, a family pet while alive. It was a bright yellow little fellow, with the sharp-pointed nose his ancestors had handed down to him. "How did he die?" I asked.

"Well, some one gave him a cigar, and he chewed it and we think he swallowed it." So he died! I told my friend I didn't wonder.

Poor Reynard, that nibble of nicotine was too much for you! You have plenty of company, though.

Recently we were interested in a sad case of a smoker fatally smitten with tobacco-paralysis, and that of a young chewer frequently sick on account of his practice, and frequently punished. To escape detection, he would swallow his "quid." He was taken sick one night, and died. Medical examination discovered two small pieces of tobacco in his stomach. It is useless in the face of such facts to say that a "little" tobacco every hour or two don't harm, and that the old pipe in the vest-pocket is a good friend. They once talked that way about whiskey, but science has honey-combed that argument. Poison is poison, and from the fatal cases mentioned above, the evils of tobacco shade off into many and daily infirmities. There are thousands of nicotine-nibblers in the country who are groaning over their "nerves," and the pipe in the mouth or the plug in the pocket will explain it all.

Christian people everywhere are acting with *crushing* decision in the matter, and putting their pipes under their heels.

They find something in the use of tobacco antagonistic to that deep, fundamental principle *of* our religion, self-denial.

They feel that a man has no right to steep in nicotine, and so defile and destroy, this "temple of the Holy Ghost," the human body.

Christian sentiment has risen up against whiskey, and it is now rising up against tobacco.—*Rev. E. A. Rand.*

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### SAVING SOULS BY "WEAK THINGS."

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**A**N exchange, in referring to the evangelical labours of unpretending yet successful revivalists, both in this country and Europe, says: If ever God confounded the wisdom of this world, He is doing it now. On every side He is bringing it to naught. The proud, lying prophets are amazed and bewildered; they know not what to think or to say. A simple Bible-reading gathers more people in one hour than the ablest man of science can command in

a month. A hearty gospel song stirs a vast assembly beyond the most startling revelations of the astronomer, the chemist, or the natural philosopher. Men shake their heads, and say, all fanaticism, all fanaticism! Secular papers criticise and talk of the bad grammar, and the nasal whine, and the rough and ready manner of the preachers and teachers; starched and trained theologians call for order and a technical presentation of the truth; but in the midst of all, the simple story of the cross wins its way, and the poor and the rich feel the life-giving power, and believe and rejoice. Herein do we give most hearty thanks to our Father in heaven. Let Him save by whom He will. And we can and do devoutly pray that the whole membership of the Church of Christ may take part in the work of saving the world.—*Golden Censer.*

### THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

“That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death.”—*Phil. iii. 10.*

KEEP me, Lord, beneath the shadow  
Of Thy ever-sheltering wing;  
Bear me heavenward, gracious Spirit,  
While I suffer let me sing;  
And my broken song will be  
Midnight music unto Thee.

Sharp the pang, how sharp Thou knowest,  
And the thorn-wreath still is keen;  
Thou hast weighed the woes I suffer  
With the glory yet unseen;  
And I journey to my rest,  
On my loving Saviour's breast.

Guide me with Thy heavenly counsel,  
Till this weary way be o'er,  
Then receive my longing spirit,  
Safe with Thee for evermore,  
In Thy glorious light to trace  
All the mystery of Thy grace.

ANNA SHIPTON.

Full trust and entire consecration are the two oars with which we pull straight out into the sea of perfect love. Let both be steadily plied, and we shall happily cross the ocean of perfect love, and safely reach the port of eternal glory.

## HOW TO KILL A REVIVAL.

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IT is the easiest thing in the world. It is not a long process, and the dying seems an easy death. We stepped into a prayer-meeting where the dying process was going on. Those present were very few. They were singing to a drawling tune,—

“ Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate ;  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great ? ”

Then followed a prayer which seemed to say, This meeting will be more than half out when this prayer is at an end. The brother prayed for things in general and nothing in particular. Then, to while away the time, another long hymn. Then remarks by the leader—after having invited the “brethren” to “say a word” and waiting till it was evident that there was nothing to be said. In his remarks the leader spoke of the late revival. They had had a glorious time. But the season had become unfavourable, being exceedingly oppressive. He hoped the work would not stop, but he confessed he saw signs that it was almost over. He had heard of no new cases of conviction and conversion. He had lived a long time, he said, in the Church, and he had never yet seen a revival in the summer-time. People were so languid. They had to work so hard it was very unfavourable to active effort. All we could do we could not make a revival continue.

And we thought one such leader as he and one such meeting as that were enough to chill any revival. The revival was in fact killed by an easy and quick death. One singing, one prayer, and one exhortation did it.—*Evangelist.*

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## A FOOT LAMP.

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ONE of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere, in daily life, the things that illustrate the word of the Lord. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out at night without a light. Throw open your lattice in the evening and look out, you will see what seem to be little stars twinkling on the pavement. You will hear the clatter of sandals, as the late traveller rattles along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot, to keep his step a safe one. In an instant the voice comes to your memory, written in that same city three thousand years ago, “Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path.”—*Exchange.*

## IN THE POOL.

IT was only when the afflicted entered into the pool, at the time its waters were troubled, that they were cured. And so it is with us ; we may stand on the brink of full salvation all our lives and yet fail to enter into that glorious experience. If we would have it, let us plunge into the very centre of the stream, and then, oh how precious to find ourselves lost in wonder, love, and praise. O, my soul ! rest no longer on the brink ; wish no longer ; agonize no longer ; but enter, leaving that old self, a dead body, upon the shore, no more to be raised into life ; but being dead to the world, let us live the life which was in Christ Jesus our Lord. Then, and not till then, may we work to the best advantage in our Master's fold, in winning precious souls to Himself. God help us all to die that we may live.—*Harvester.*

## THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,  
 For I have none to give ;  
 I love Thee, Lord ; but all the love is Thine,  
 For by Thy life I live.  
 I am as nothing, and rejoice to be  
 Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.  
 Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need,  
 And there is none beside ;  
 From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed ;  
 In Thee the bless'd abide.  
 Fountain of life, and all-abounding grace,  
 Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

MADAME GUYON.

## AN EXAMPLE OF PRAYER.

WE see an example of our Lord Jesus Christ's habits about private prayer. We are told that "in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." We shall find the same thing often recorded of our Lord in Gospel history. When He was baptised we are told that He was "praying." (Luke iii. 21.) When He was transfigured, we are told that "as He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered." (Luke ix. 29.) In short, our Lord prayed always, and did not faint. Sinless as He was, He set us an example of diligent communion with His Father. His Godhead did not render Him independent of the use of all means as a man. His very perfection was a perfection kept up through the exercise of prayer.

## MISSIONARY AND GENERAL REVIEW.

## THE ENGLISH CONFERENCES.

JUNE and July are the months in which these Conferences are held. That of the METHODIST NEW CONNEXION was first in order, and met at Hanley, Staffordshire, which is a stronghold of the denomination. There had been much controversy during the year relating to the class-meeting question, but the Conference wisely resolved not to make any change in respect to that important means of grace. This denomination, though comparatively small in numbers, maintains Foreign Missions in China, in connection with which there is a Training Institution, which is highly commended not only by the missionaries, but by others who have visited it. There is also a mission in Australasia, with two missionaries who have had encouraging success. For many years a mission has been maintained in Ireland, at great expense but not without success. There are hundreds of emigrants who were brought to God by its instrumentality, and are now useful members in the Church, not a few of whom are ministers in Canada.

Next we have the PRIMITIVE METHODISTS, who seem to have had a year of unusual prosperity. The Conference met at Leicester. The religious services, especially the "Camp Meeting," were seasons of great spiritual power. For a few years past, a school for the sons of ministers and laymen has been in successful operation at York, and also a Theological Institute at Sunderland. Now, in addition to these there is also to be a female school at London. A Connexional Sunday School Union has been formed. There are both Home and Foreign Missions. The former comprise England, Ireland and Scotland; the latter, Canada, Australasia and Africa. Rev. S. Antliff, D.D., late Missionary Secretary, after spending some months in Canada in 1874, went to Australasia, where he is now making a missionary tour through the whole of that country, and expects to return to England next year.

The BIBLE CHRISTIAN Conference was the next which was held, and met at Exeter. This Conference, like the others already named, consists of both ministers and laymen. The Primitive Methodist Conference is peculiar, inasmuch as it is only legally constituted when there are two laymen present to one minister. There had been much discussion in the Bible Christian Church about changing the name of the denomination, which is certainly a most singular one and not at all complimentary to other denominations, but as there was no disposition manifested by the people for any change, the Conference resolved that the present name should be retained. The Bible Christians are strongest in Corn-

wall and Devonshire. There are missions in Australasia and Canada. With the Conference in Canada, there are districts in Prince Edward Island and the states of Ohio and Wisconsin.

The WESLEYAN Conference, by far the largest of all the Conferences, met in Sheffield on the last Wednesday in July, and was attended by about 800 ministers. Various committees of review had been in session during the two preceding weeks, so that those ministers who attend all the committees and the Conference would be absent from their circuits nearly five weeks. Sheffield is a town of vast importance, and has long been famous in the annals of Methodism. All the various branches thereof are well represented. The mayor of the town is an influential member of the Methodist New Connexion; Wesley College and the Methodist New Connexion College are within the town limits. Fifteen years had rolled away since the Conference last met in Sheffield, during which several ministers of more than ordinary character had gone to their eternal home. Among others may be named, Revs. Dr. S. Hannah, Dixon, Etheridge, Stinson, Hoole and Wiseman, with Messrs. R. Young, W. J. Shrewsbury, W. Shaw, G. B. McDonald, F. A. West, P. Keeling, P. M'Owan, W. Lord, T. Vasey, T. Jackson and W. L. Thornton. Most of these were at the last Sheffield Conference. Revs. S. R. Hall, W. Arthur and C. Prest were also absent through ill health; the last named has since died, full of age and honours. "God buries His workmen but carries on His work." There is no lack of men in the Wesleyan Conference. All the departments appear to be well filled, and it may be safely said that never did the Connexion enjoy much greater prosperity than at present. It is not our purpose to dwell on all the evidences of this prosperity, but we may refer to a few. (1.) The net increase of members, which is 6,417; making a total of 358,062. The deaths were 6,012, and the loss through removals over 13,000. (2.) Numerous church erections. (3.) The extension of Home Missions, and the desire expressed for evangelistic labours, also the vigorous manner in which missions are prosecuted in the metropolis. For the better efficiency of Sunday schools, a Sunday School Union has been formed, and a depository has been established for the sale of Sunday school books. The Connexional funds are sustained with extraordinary liberality. The contributions of Sir F. Lycett, W. Mewburn, Esq., and others, surpass all with which we are acquainted. One day as the Rev. J. W. Greeves was leaving Conference, a gentleman gave him a check for £500, or \$2,500, as a thank-offering, which was to be divided as follows: Wesleyan Home Missions, £250; Lay Missions, London, £50; and Foreign Missions and Worn-out Ministers' Fund, £100 each. There were some matters which seemed to excite more than ordinary interest. The fraternal visit of various Protestant ministers, accompanied by an address. Then there was the question of lay delegation, which

resulted in the appointment of committees to report next Conference. Dr. Jobson's remarks on this question deserve careful consideration by Methodists in various parts of the world who are now discussing this question. He said: "Who were to be the lay representatives in the Conference? Men who talked about Methodism or men who worked it? Men who talked of class meetings or men who attended them and led them? It was a fallacy to suppose that Methodists, with their strong Saxon sense, would be satisfied with representatives who could pay their own travelling expenses and hotel bills. They would have representatives on higher ground, if they paid poorer men for their time and contributed for their travel and support. Should lay representation be adopted, there would speedily be a marked change in the class of men attending the Conference. They would attend to Wesley's emphatic counsel if ministers did not—"Do not make rich men necessary to you."

A minister had attended a meeting of the Liberation Society, which was an unusual occurrence; the District Meeting of which he was a member had passed a resolution somewhat condemnatory, and on being read in Conference formed the subject of a lengthy discussion, which closed by a resolution awarding full liberty to all ministers to act as they may deem prudent in all public questions, but at the same time that they would not do anything which might imperil the peace of the body.

The Wesleyan missions, as usual, are becoming more and more important. Dr. Punshon takes the place of Dr. Wiseman at the Mission House, where his versatile talents will find ample scope. Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., is appointed to visit South Africa with a view to form a Conference in that part of the world. The Australasian Conference has been divided into four annual and one general conference. Rev. E. Jenkins, M.A., is about to visit the missions in India, and China. A college is talked about for South India. Education is an important auxiliary to missions everywhere, but especially in India. Deputations had recently visited the missions in France and Germany, and at the close of the Conference, a party of ladies and gentlemen were about to visit Rome and the Italian states, where no doubt their intercourse with the missionaries and their families will be salutary, and exert a beneficial influence on the missions generally. Bishop Simpson, of the M. E. Church, had been spending some time on the continent of Europe, and in his address at the Conference he urged very strongly that the Wesleyan missions there should be prosecuted as vigorously as possible, as he felt sure that a rich harvest would be reaped by and by.

The meeting held at every Conference for the recognition of returned missionaries is usually a meeting of more than ordinary interest, and that of this year was equal to any former year, though the number of returned missionaries was not so large. These meetings tend to keep the missionary spirit alive in Methodism.

As there is considerable difficulty experienced by the friends of missions to keep up the funds to such a state as to meet the wants of the work, we present the following from the *Missionary News*, which may afford encouragement as well as a stimulus to increased action: "I spent ten or eleven days at Vavan, and attended a good many of their wonderful missionary meetings. I spoke and heard some Tongan ministers, and was surprised and affected. But the givings are WONDERFUL. It occupied, in every instance, quite as much time to make the collection and to count the money as was taken up in the speaking. I have heard many people censure our missionaries for taking so much money from them; but, having seen for myself, I can smile at such censures. I know the Tongan is no poorer for what he gives, and the Tongan will not give if he does not like to. I spent sixteen days in Haabi. The missionary meetings were all held before my arrival. We then took on board *The Wesley* over one hundred tons of copru (dried cocoa-nut), worth £7 10s., or \$37 per ton, but sells in London at this date at \$110 per ton. This was only part proceeds of missionary collections. I was told that there were at Niuaus two hundred tons waiting to be removed, which the people have given to Home and Foreign Missions. Next we went to Tonga, where the district meeting was held. In this circuit of Tongatabu alone, they have raised already—and the collections were not finished when I was there—for Home and Foreign Missions, \$4,000 more than last year."

#### MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

These devoted men have returned home to America. The effect of their labours will long be enjoyed by the Churches of Britain. Their mission in London was such as probably the metropolis never saw before. The chief labourers in the movement refused all compensation for their services, but the expenses connected with their visit to London would startle many penurious persons whom we know, who generally complain about the *cost* of religion. But here is the balance sheet as issued by the treasurer of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's London Mission, which shows that the expenses incurred in the metropolis were \$141,980. The expenses are thus allotted. The northern division (Agricultural Hall, &c.), \$14,225; western (Opera House), \$32,260; eastern (Bow Road Hall), \$35,520; southern (Camberwell, &c.), \$30,455. The general expenses are set down at \$29,965, and they include \$4,250, paid to ministers and evangelists who assisted Mr. Moody; \$1,600 for distribution of the *Christian* among ministers and others; and \$14,250 for chairs, which have been sold for \$6,350. The public have already contributed \$141,190 toward the total required, mainly in the form of donations, of which \$11,890 have been received in sums ranging from 12½ cents to \$2,750. The result is that a balance of \$790 is still wanted. This balance sheet has

caused much conversation, and not a few are of opinion that the movement has not been as efficiently managed as it might have been.

#### METHODISM IN AMERICA.

It is believed that however successful Methodism has been in other parts of the world, America has been the scene of its grandest triumphs. We do not report the success of our denomination for purposes of self-glorification, but for the purpose of encouraging those who may sometimes feel disheartened. We would ascribe all the glory to God. The M. E. Church South, was thus described by Dr. M'Ferrin, Missionary Secretary, at the Fraternal Camp Meeting, held at Round Lake. "Our work is divided into 37 Annual Conferences. We have eight bishops, all active and effective except Bishop Paine, the senior bishop, who has been working very vigorously until within a few months past. His health is now feeble. Our Church numbers about 700,000 members. There has been an increase of white membership in our Church since 1855 of about 300,000. We have had greater prosperity in that department than we ever witnessed before. We have Sunday school scholars amounting to nearly 400,000. Our educational institutions are prosperous, considering the hard times. We have a number of colleges, male and female, where there are hundreds of our children being trained and educated in Christian institutions of learning. Our missionary work is progressing. I am sorry that our class meetings are not kept up as well as they ought to be, but our prayer meetings are extending, and our love feasts are seasons of great refreshing among God's people, and our preaching services are well attended. Last year was one of the most prosperous years we have ever had. We built a great many new churches, repaired a great many old houses, and God gave us a large increase as the fruits of the year. The present year has been filled with gracious revivals, and I trust the spirit of holiness and consecration is increasing and enlarging among our people."

Bishop Simpson, when speaking at the late Wesleyan Conference, Sheffield, said, respecting the M. E. Church, "God hath blessed us, until from the little band that you sent over to us, He has given to us a number of communicants amounting to over one and a half millions, while the Southern Church counts a communion of 700,000. There are others that swell the number to 2,700,000 actual communicants. Think of 1775, think of 1875! In 1775 you were a small body. Mr. Wesley was gathering his 'helpers' into his small Conference. You were denounced as heretics in faith and schismatics in practice. We on our side were a little band of eight or ten English ministers, and had not the sacrament of baptism or the Lord's Supper administered among us, and very few of such ordinances comparatively among you. Now think of 1875."

## CANADA.

We presume our readers generally are well acquainted with Methodist affairs in our own land. The weekly journals, the *Guardian*, and *Provincial Wesleyan*, are full of details respecting our missions in the Dominion, but we are sorry that neither of these excellent journals are as extensively circulated as they ought to be. The Annual Conferences have all been held; and while doubtless some may have been disappointed, we believe that on the whole all are gratified that matters have been so amicably adjusted. We are sorry that some persons belonging to other denominations, instead of rejoicing with us at the success of the Methodist Union movement, have gone among the few dissentients, and have succeeded in drawing away some to their respective denominations, whose numbers are thus augmented by robbing other churches. Such proceedings do not tend to advance the divine glory, nor will they be likely to strengthen the spirit of fraternity that should exist among all the churches, but especially such as claim to belong to the great Methodist family.

We have just received the minutes of two of the Eastern Conferences, which we have read with pleasure. These Conferences all elected new presidents. Revs. D. D. Currie, A. W. Nicholson and T. Harris, were the men whom their brethren delighted to honour. They are excellent brethren, with whom we formed an acquaintance at the General Conference. May their presidential year be prosperous. The educational institutions at Mount Alison are enjoying a career of prosperity, and have just opened the fall session with the prospect of continued success. Three brethren from the Newfoundland Conference are among the students in the theological department. We are glad to find that the Newfoundland Conference is rapidly increasing its numbers, and as it is unable to raise a sufficient number of ministers within its bounds, it receives accessions now and then from good old England. It is with pleasure we record the fact that our brethren in that far away Conference are alive to the importance of holiness; hence they held a holiness meeting in connection with their Conference, which was a season of great spiritual power. There is great need for an increase of missionaries in Newfoundland. We question whether any other Conference contains more mission ground. The people too are very poor, and are mostly depending on the fisheries, and as these have failed this year, the missions will need the careful consideration of the Central Board.

Increasing applications are made to the Mission House for reinforcements from Japan, British Columbia and the North West, but the paucity of means renders it impracticable for the committee to comply with those pressing demands. The income for the late fiscal year is in excess of last year, but the expenditure is so very

much larger, that the committee must in justice pause. Now is the time for the friends of missions to devise liberal things.

Our friends in the city of Ottawa, led on by our zealous and devoted brother, Rev. W. J. Hunter, are engaged in the erection of a Dominion church, which is a great undertaking. We are glad that they are receiving help from various parts of the Dominion, which they greatly need, in consequence of the depression in the lumber trade, on which Ottawa so much depends.

The Financial District Meetings have been held in the various Conferences of our Church. We understand that in some instances, where applications were made for aid from the Contingent and Mission Funds, it was found that several brethren with families were expecting to receive very inadequate support this year. We think that a large majority of the members of the General Conference were decidedly in favour of making \$750 the minimum salary, though this was not published, as it was thought the majority of circuits would far exceed this amount. Last May we attended a District Meeting, when the lay members unanimously resolved that so far as their respective circuits were concerned, not one should be below the last named sum.

As the season is upon us when services are being held on many of our circuits, we recommend the following *good* sermon as deserving of notice. It was delivered some time ago at a revival meeting, held among the coloured people in Missouri:—

"Now, bredren and sisters, we want mounahs heah to-night. No foolin'. Ef you can't mounh for your sins, don't come foolin' roun' dis altah. You's tryin' mighty ha'hd to be converted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spises mockery'. Sometimes you sinnahs comes foh'rd and holds your heads too high a-comin'. You come befoah you's ready. You starts too soon. You don't repent. You's no mounah. You's a foolin' with the Lord. You come struttin' up to de a h; you flops down on your knees, and you peeps fruh you fingahs, dis way, an' you cocks up you eahs to see who's makin' de bes' prayer. You's no mounahs. Ef you comes heah to fool, you bettah stay away. Better go to hell from the pew asleepin', or from you cabin a swearin', dan from the mounahs' bench a foolin'. Ef you's not in eirnes', keep away from heah; don't bodder us. Do you want us to make ourselves hoas and weah out our lungs a prayin' for you when you knows you's only foolin' with de Lord? I tells you to be mighty cahful. I want to see you comin' so burdened by the weight of you sins that you can't hold up you heads. I want to see you so heart-broke that you knees knock together when you walk. You must be low-minded. De Bible lays great stress on de low. You's got to get low down in de dus'. De good book says: 'Low (lo), in the Book it is writ'. Now, mind dat and be low."

## CURRENT EVENTS.

## THE PAST SUMMER.

“THE harvest is past and the summer is ended.” The autumnal equinox has brought with it the accustomed signs of change. The many-tinted splendour of the forest shows that nature with us is passing into the “sere and yellow leaf.” To minds habituated to reflection, the season is suggestive of many interesting and important lessons. The first is one of gratitude to Him who is the fountain of all blessing, the giver of every good and perfect gift. How much of benediction has been crowded into the last few months. The breath of heaven has come to us laden with health, and the earth has brought forth its fruits in abundance. Seldom have we had a summer so free from epidemics, and seldom has the husbandman had more cause to rejoice on account of the abundance which has been the reward of his labour. This delightful season has, however, come and gone—has come laden with golden opportunity, and to such as embraced it, it has yielded an abundant blessing; but to the sluggard who has slept in harvest, the improvident idler who refused to make hay when the sun shined, it has left nothing but humiliation and bitter and fruitless regrets. How solemnly admonitory is this! Life itself is a summer which is thus criminally allowed to pass by unimproved by thousands, who in the end will have to take up that saddest of lamentations, “*The harvest is past and the summer is ended, and we are not saved.*” The glorious opportunities of summer will be present to the imagination of the idler to enhance the misery which he has brought upon himself through the dreary days of winter; but if he has wisdom given him to profit by the lesson, if it makes him prompt to improve the opportunities of another season, the evil which he has doomed himself to suffer will be but temporary, and may even be forgotten in the possession of the abundance which he may hereafter secure by the careful redemption of time. Not so with such as fail to improve the opportunities of life in securing the salvation of the soul. Here the summer is never repeated. This grand opportunity once past never returns. Salvation once forfeited, the loss is not only incalculable but irreparable. “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

## THE MITRE OR THE CROWN.

The conflict of authority between the Church of Rome and the Civil power predicted by Mr Gladstone, has actually occurred sooner probably than he anticipated, and has been attended by results which fully justified his apprehensions. “The Guibord Case,” which attracted so much attention, is in itself so trifling a

matter as to be scarcely worthy of a moment's consideration ; but as an illustration of a principle, no one who is not prepared to resign the government of this country—and, for that matter, of the whole world—to the Roman hierarchy, can afford to pass over it lightly. Whether M. Guibord's bones find a final resting-place in so-called consecrated ground or not, is a matter of small moment either to him or to anybody else ; but it is a question of some importance whether we are to be governed by laws of our own making, or by the arbitrary dictum of a haughty and irresponsible foreign power. Does the supreme power in the government of this country centre in the Queen or in the Pope ? This is the real question at issue. Of this there can be no reasonable doubt. And it is because this is so well understood by the Romish bishops that they are evidently determined to fight out the battle to the bitter end, and if they cannot defeat the letter of the law, to set its principle at defiance. If, through the intervention of an ignorant and infuriated mob—which has already received the public thanks of Bishop Bourget for the violation of the law—the interment can be prevented, the bones of the “accursed Guibord” will never be laid beside those of his wife, the order of Her Majesty's Privy Council to the contrary notwithstanding. But if the civil authority cannot be resisted by brute force, it appears this is to be accomplished by prelatical audacity. The threatened interdiction and cursing of the ground in which the remains of Guibord may be buried, as a piece of ecclesiastical mummery, a pitiable exhibition of priestly venom and spite against a fellow creature who has passed beyond the limit of human authority, may well be regarded with sorrowful contempt ; but as an act of rebellion, an expression of contempt for the decisions of the highest civil tribunal of the empire, and a wanton and outrageous insult to the sovereign, it assumes a far graver aspect, and merits a weightier condemnation.

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#### POLITICS AND POPERY.

To politics generally, and to party politics in particular, we have heretofore in these pages given a wide berth ; and we do not intend to adopt a different course in the future from that which we have followed in the past, except the necessity is laid upon us ; but there are certainly features in the political aspect of our country which call for the most serious consideration, in which the patriot and Christian are alike interested, and upon which it is the duty of every good man to speak out. As to the relative claims of the two great political parties into which the country is divided, we have nothing to say. Until we are able to learn what the distinctive principle is which separates them from each other, we shall look with equal eye upon both ; and even if the adoption of two distinctly separate lines of policy should at any time elevate them from the position of mere

factions to the dignity of parties, we should be inclined to allow others who may be supposed to know more about statecraft than ourselves to discuss the questions at issue between them, so long as they did not intrench upon the sphere of morals and religion. But if either or both of these factions lend their influence to the fostering of a power which is at war with both civil and religious liberty—a grasping, unscrupulous organisation, which is not only inimical to evangelical Christianity, but to every distinctive element of our modern Christian civilisation—they must not expect us to be silent. Now this is precisely what they are doing. “The Catholic vote” is the idol before which both “Conservative” and “Liberal” bow down, and at whose shrine they worship. No wonder that the Romish hierarchy is audacious and defiant if, as we have but too good reason to believe, even the very highest appointment in the power of the Crown, in this Protestant province of Ontario, is not made without respect to its will. The fact is that such is the attitude of parties, and their relative strength, and such the lust of power in both of them, that the Catholic League, the instrument of the priests, holds the balance of power and is master of the situation. It is high time for Christian men to look into this matter. If the existing state of things is one of the necessary incidents of party government, it is a serious question whether this thing, whatever advantages it may possess, does not really cost more than it is worth.

#### PROHIBITION.

The Convention which met in Montreal on the 15th September was an event of no small significance and importance. It is said to have been the most intelligent, influential, and business-like gathering of the kind ever convened in this country. Its promoters were chiefly members of Parliament interested in the passage of a Prohibitory Liquor Law, who were anxious to submit several important questions relating to this matter to the representatives of the several temperance organisations. The questions referred chiefly to the state of public opinion and the feasibility of executing the law if it were enacted; the character and provisions which the law must possess in order to render it acceptable to temperance men; and, finally, the acceptability or non-acceptability of a law passed subject to ratification or rejection by the vote of the people. These several questions were very fully discussed, and the sense of the Convention embodied in a series of resolutions strongly condemnatory of the license laws; affirming in the most unequivocal terms that nothing short of the total prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage would be satisfactory to the Convention; and, finally, urging the Dominion Parliament to enact a law having this for its object, subject to

ratification by popular vote. The prevailing opinion among these representative men appeared to be that the time for half-way measures had passed; that these had been tried long enough to demonstrate their insufficiency to impose any effectual restraint upon the demon of intemperance; that nothing short of the most radical and comprehensive legislation will touch the core of the evil, and effect the desired reformation; and that the common sense and conscience of the masses of the Canadian people may be relied on, not only for the acceptance but for the execution of such a law as will fully meet the exigency of the case. We sincerely hope that in this latter particular they have not reckoned without their host, or reposed a more generous confidence in the people than is deserved. We are by no means prepared to say that they have. Indeed, we are unwilling to think so meanly of our countrymen as to suppose that if the question of the continuance or non-continuance of a traffic which has proved such an unmitigated curse to tens of thousands, and is at this moment doing more mischief than pestilence, famine, and war put together, were fairly submitted to them, they would deliberately vote for it to be continued. We cannot, however, close our eyes to the fact that a tremendous battle remains to be fought. The enemy has too much vitality and energy to be easily vanquished. Opposition to the contemplated law will often be found coming from quarters from which it would have been least expected to come. The temperance men, however, are not afraid to meet the issue. In the name of the Lord they have set up their banner; and, knowing that they have right upon their side, they are prepared to make the trial and abide the result.

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#### FAVOURABLE INDICATIONS.

If we read aright the signs of the times, there are not wanting in our Church indications of the approach of increased prosperity and power. We hear of extensive and careful preparations in many places for the approaching winter campaign. The missionary anniversaries are appointed early, in order, among other things, that they may be out of the way, and leave ministers and members of churches free to devote their undivided energies to the direct work of soul-saving. Conventions have been held for the consideration of questions closely affecting the most vital interests of the Church. One of these at least, we are pleased to observe, has been devoted exclusively to the subject of the Higher Christian Life. Intelligent, serious, and reverent exchange of thought and sentiment on such a subject can scarcely fail to do good. Another of these gatherings has been called for the consideration of matters more practical, such as, "The relation of fidelity to our Methodist economy and success;" "How may stewards assist in the working of a circuit?" "What should be done to maintain the interest in our classes?"

"How may we more efficiently utilise the talents of our local preachers?" and "Do we attach sufficient importance to personal holiness as a qualification for Christian work?" Not ministers alone, but gifted laymen take a leading part in the discussion of these topics, and thus are the occupants of the pulpit and of the pew brought into closer sympathy and co-operation with each other, and the various aspects of these important questions are likely to be better understood than they could be, however ably they might be discussed by persons belonging to one particular class. The more frequently ministers and intelligent laymen are brought together in gatherings of the kind in question, and the more freely they indulge in the exchange of thought and sentiment in respect to the most effectual practical methods of promoting the vitality and prosperity of the Church, the better will it be for both parties, and for those great interests which both have at heart.

#### OUR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

All our denominational colleges and schools are again, from all that we can learn, in successful operation. Never in the past, it is believed, had these institutions so firm a hold upon the confidence and affection of the Methodist people; and, notwithstanding the hardness of the times, we confidently predict a larger attendance of students this year than at any time in the past. Two causes especially will contribute to this result: first and chiefly, the growing intelligence of our people, and their increased appreciation of the advantages of a liberal education; and secondly, the rapid improvement of their temporal circumstances. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come;" and perhaps no people have ever more strikingly illustrated the truth of this scripture than the members of our own Church. Notwithstanding that enlarged liberality which has been the object of the admiration and the wonder of Christians of every name, the increase of their wealth has been marvellous. And the grace which has renewed their hearts has quickened their intellectual faculties into an intenser life. Methodism has distinguished itself scarcely less as an educator than as an evangelist. Its primary and principal object has been to lead men to Christ; but the schoolmaster has followed closely the steps of the preacher. Wherever this form of Christianity has gained a foothold, colleges and schools have sprang up, and growth in grace has been accompanied by growth of knowledge, as well as of all the elements of material prosperity, thus promoting the interests of both worlds. And as it has been in the past, so may it be in the future. May this distinction never be lost by us.

By an oversight, the heading "Essays" appears on p. 598, where it is not needed.

## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE BRIGHTON CONVENTION, 1875. London: F. E. Longley.  
Philadelphia: The National Association for the Promotion of Holiness.

THE world moves. Ten years ago the doctrine of holiness was looked upon as an exclusively Methodist tenet, while its profession was recognised as indubitable evidence of fanaticism or of spiritual pride. It is so no longer. In almost every denomination are now to be found witnesses of perfect love, and meetings for the promotion of scriptural holiness are held, in which all the Protestant churches are represented. This is a significant "sign of the times." The Spirit of the Lord has been poured out, and love triumphs over prejudice. The heaven is spreading, and multitudes already feel the quickening power. May it spread swiftly till the earth is filled.

What is popularly known as the "Higher Life" movement in England seems to have begun—so far as human agency is concerned—with the visit of several devoted brethren from the United States. The names of Moody, Sankey, Mahan, Boardman, and Pearsall Smith, have been more or less associated with the work. At first Mr. Smith was strongly opposed, and a portion of the religious press had leading articles designed to show the unscripturalness of his teaching; but he went steadily forward in what he believed was a divine call, and soon drew into sympathy with himself a number who had been blessed through his instrumentality. Meetings for consecration and prayer were held in several places, and at last it was decided to hold one on a larger scale for ten days, at Oxford, in 1874. The success was so remarkable that many were taken by surprise. Over *fifteen hundred* persons from various parts of Great Britain and the Continent came to wait upon God for full salvation. Many returned to their homes baptised "with the Holy Ghost and with power," while many more were stirred up to seek with earnestness the same grace.

When the Oxford Conference broke up many felt that there ought to be another; and accordingly arrangements were made for holding one at Brighton in May, 1875. The record of this meeting makes up the contents of the little volume (pp. 148) now before us. It is compiled from "notes" taken by persons who were present,—chiefly by Mr. Pearsall Smith,—consequently the merest outlines are given of the various addresses—sometimes not that. We regret this. A verbatim report of the best addresses would have formed a rich contribution to the literature of holiness. Our readers will concur in this view as they peruse the address (obtained from another source) of the Rev. Theo. Monod, in another part of this number. Notwithstanding this drawback, the account of the Brighton Convention is one which every lover of holiness may read with profit and delight. We would like to see it scattered broadcast among the churches.

We may state in this connection that we have just received a circular announcing that a depository of book and tracts on the Higher Life is about to be opened in the Y. M. C. A. building, Toronto; a gentleman, whose name is not given, having offered to fit up the room, stock it, and provide for expense of management for one year. Thus the blessed work is spreading—

"O, that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss."

A HUMBLE OVERTURE FOR METHODIST UNIFICATION. By  
the Rev. John Carroll. Toronto: Printed for the Author at the Book Room.

FOR many years Bro. Carroll has been a firm believer in the possibility and desirability of Methodist unification in this Dominion. Years ago, we remember, he projected a monthly publication to advocate this special subject, but for some reason it was not issued. In the columns of THE GUARDIAN, however, he frequently advocated the movement; and when the union of the three bodies

was an accomplished fact, no one rejoiced more than Bro. Carroll, although he regarded it only as a partial measure—a step in the right direction. In this new publication (a tract of 8 pages) he returns to his favourite theme. Every one who knows Bro. C. is aware that he has a heart big enough for half-a-dozen ordinary men; and consequently, when his sympathies are enlisted in a cause, where cautious or timid souls see mountains of difficulty, he sees only mole-hills. Bro. C. advocates compromise, and is of opinion that none of our original principles forbid this. He would give lay representation in all church courts, and participation in all church business, except in the examination of ministerial character; he holds, however, that the chairmen of all church boards should be ministers. He would concede something to our Episcopal Methodist brethren—say an elective General Superintendency, holding office for four years; also, a modified form of presiding eldership, and the ordination of deacons.

From the above outline it will be seen Bro. C. is not inclined to stick at trifles. For our own part we heartily sympathise in his *desire* for union; but we are of opinion that it is not best to push matters too rapidly. In some of the other Methodist bodies the union sentiment is steadily growing, and it will be just as well to let it grow for a time, so that in the event of union, it may be one heartily concurred in by both ministers and people. "Make haste slowly" is now in order.

#### A TRACT ON CHRISTIAN BAPTISM. By Rev. D. Hunt, Kingsville.

WE owe Bro. Hunt an apology for not having noticed his tract sooner. It was received some time ago, but was mislaid among some other papers. Some may doubt whether controversy on this subject is likely to accomplish much good; but from what we know of the tactics of some of our Immersionist brethren, we don't wonder when those who have to do with them bristle up into controversy. Bro. Hunt wields a trenchant pen, and he is by no means mealy-mouthed in the application of his facts and arguments. We have no doubt he *loves* his Baptist brethren as in duty bound; but it is pretty evident he doesn't *like* them very much. The circulation of this tract would do good service in many localities.

#### THE RELIGION OF LIFE. By the Rev. J. G. Manly. Toronto: Wesleyan Book Room.

IN this unpretending little volume we have a singularly thoughtful exposition—critical and homiletical—of the ever memorable conversation between Christ and Nicodemus. The theme is old, yet ever new, and it loses none of its freshness and interest in Mr. Manly's hands. We heartily welcome this venture in what (to Canadian authors at least) is an almost entirely new field, and we trust it will meet with such success as will encourage others to use their biblical scholarship for the edification of the Church at large. Mr. Manly's style is suggestive, at times reminding one of some of the best productions of Dr. Culross. We hope the work will have a large circulation.

A friend having promised us an extended review of this book, we content ourselves for the present with the above brief notice.

"THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD" (Weekly); "THE ADVOCATE OF HOLINESS" (Monthly). Philadelphia: The National Association. "THE BANNER OF HOLINESS" (Weekly). The Western Association for the Promotion of Holiness.

WE group the above together, as they are all devoted to the same subject, and to show how the doctrine of holiness is spreading since the brave little "GUIDE" pioneered the way. There are other publications of a similar stamp, whose names we have noticed in some of our exchanges. Well, there's room and work for all. May witnesses multiply, till scriptural holiness is spread all over the world.



## CALENDAR.

Prepared for *Earnest Christianity* by Rev. GEO. H. CORNISH.

### PHASES OF THE MOON.

First Quar. 7th day, 10hrs., 47min., A.M. | Last Quar. 21st day, 8hrs., 56min., A.M.  
 Full Moon 14th " 5 " 38 " P.M. | New Moon 23th " 11 " 55 " A.M.

In the Old Roman Calendar the year had but ten months, beginning with March, hence October was the eighth, and was so named from the Latin "Octo." It is the month of gladness, plenty, and thanksgiving. The fields yield their increase, the vines yield their grapes, and the orchards shake off their ripened fruit. Autumnal frosts now change the foliage of the trees, reminding us of the words of the prophet, "We all do fade as a leaf."

1	Fri.	(2) The Fifth Canada Meth. Conf. met at Earnestown, Bp. Hedding	1828
2	Sat.	Rev. Jonathan Gladwin died, aged 34 years ..... [presiding	1837
3	Sun.	Rev. John Hick reported a revival at Stanstead .....	1822
4	Mon.	Rev. John Shannon died, aged 26 years .....	1862
5	Tue.	Rev. John Hunt, Missionary in Fiji, died, aged 36 years .....	1848
6	Wed.	Rev. Samuel Belton died, aged 71 years .....	1861
7	Thu.	(8) Mrs. Wesley, wife of Rev. John Wesley, died .....	1781
8	Fri.	Rev. Wm. Case appointed General Superint. of Missions in Canada	1828
9	Sat.	{ Rev. Benjamin Nankville died, aged 57 years .....	1856
		{ Rev. James Spencer, M.A. died, aged 51 years .....	1863
		{ Rev. Edward Harris died, aged 41 years .....	1874
10	Sun.	America discovered by Columbus .....	1492
11	Mon.	(12) Rev. Robert Hibbard drowned while crossing the St. Lawrence	1812
12	Tue.	Rev. Barnabas Hitchcock died, aged 80 years .....	1864
13	Wed.	Battle of Queenston Heights .....	1812
14	Thu.	Rev. John Wesley sailed from England for Georgia .....	1735
15	Fri.	(16) Rev. William Squire died, aged 56 years .....	1852
16	Sat.	Rev. Joseph Reynolds died, aged 64 years .....	1874
17	Sun	Queen Charlotte died .....	1818
18	Mon.	Lord Palmerston died, aged 80 years .....	1865
19	Tue.	Rev. William Case died, aged 75 years .....	1855
20	Wed.	Rev. Thomas Robson died, aged 49 years .....	1868
21	Thu.	Rev. J. H. Mulholland died, aged 25 years .....	1862
22	Fri.	Rev. Wm. H. Schofield, M.A. died, aged 29 years .....	1869
23	Sat.	(22) Rev. Thomas Lawson drowned while crossing the Grand River, [aged 46 years.	1870
24	Sun.	Rev. George F. Playter died, aged 55 years .....	1866
25	Mon.	King George II. died, and King George III. ascended the throne...	1760
26	Tue.	The North-West passage discovered by Capt. McClure .....	1850
27	Wed.	Captain Cook born .....	1728
28	Thu.	Alfred the Great died .....	900
29	Fri.	Sir Walter Raleigh executed for high treason .....	1618
30	Sat.	First Indian Saw Mill at the Credit Mission commenced work ..	1851
31	Sun.	The Reformation under Martin Luther began ..	1517

## CONSECRATION.

Words by FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord, to Thee.

2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.

Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.

**Chorus.**

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood, Lord, I give to Thee my  
 Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fi - ing flood, the healing flood,

life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth e - ter - nal - ly.

3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.  
 Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine.  
 Take my heart—it is Thine own, It shall be Thy royal throne.
5. Take my love—my Lord I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store!  
 Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for Thee!