

Practical Papers.

EASTERTIDE; OR, THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.—THE SEALING OF THE SEPULCHRE.

Now the next day that followed the day of the Preparation, the Chief Priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will arise again. Command, therefore, that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead, so the last error shall be worse than the first. Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch: go your way, make it as sure as ye can. So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch.—Matt. xxvii. 62-66.

“ On the seventh day reposing, lo! the great Creator stood,
Saw the glorious work accomplished,—saw, and felt that it was good;
Heaven, earth, man, and beast have being, day and night their courses run:
First Creation,—infant manhood,—earliest Sabbath,—it is done.

“ On the seventh day reposing, Jesus filled His sainted tomb,
From His Spirit's toil retreating, while He broke man's fatal doom;
'Twas a new creation bursting, brighter than the primal one;
'Tis fulfilment, reconciliation,—'tis redemption—it is done.”—DA COSTA.



ABBATH morning in Jerusalem! Beautiful everywhere, the Sabbath light seems doubly beautiful here. The deep blue Syrian sky is cloudless, save where, in the distant horizon, morning mists are rising from the Western Sea. The glorious sun sweeps upward from behind the slopes of Olivet, for again God hath spoken, saying, “Let there be light!” and the wondrous miracle,—old as creation, yet new every morning,—is repeated: and lo! there is light. Far to the south-west its earliest beams flash back from the tideless waters of the Dead Sea, while still beyond the rugged outlines of the hills of Moab seem soft and beautiful in the rosy light. Here it decks the slopes of Olivet with

countless liquid gems; there, beneath, it lights up the gloomy recesses of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, and even softens the grim outlines of the "Hill of Blood." Beyond the Kedron valley it falls softly upon the sleeping city, gilding its gloomy battlements and towers, and pours a flood of golden radiance upon yon temple's marble magnificence, till all its sculptured columns seem wreathed with burnished jewels, and every pinnacle glows as if touched with living fire. Oh! who can think, while gazing on so fair a picture, that yonder peerless city is stained with crime beyond forgiveness, and that over it hangs the shadow of a swift and terrible doom!

Sabbath morning in Jerusalem! and throughout the city reigns the quiet of Sabbath rest. The vast multitudes who came up to the feast are still in the city, or encamped around its walls, and on this the great day of the feast, they are early astir,—but men move to and fro with almost noiseless footsteps, and speak in whispers, with bated breath. The spell of yesterday's dread tragedy is still upon their spirits, and over the rude multitude broods an unwonted and solemn awe. All seem to feel, that in the death of Jesus of Nazareth an event has occurred whose final issues none can foresee; but within the city, or near it, there are three groups whose respective attitudes towards the dead prophet call for more than a passing remark,—the disheartened disciples, the loving confessors who had given Jesus burial, and the Chief Priests and Pharisees who had procured his condemnation. In regard to the first, little need be said. They "trusted that this had been he which should have redeemed Israel;" but not understanding the Scriptures, nor the power of God, the crucifixion of the Master scattered all their bright hopes, and left them a prey to the bitterest disappointment. From the moment when "they all forsook him and fled," the twelve, with the exception of John, disappear from view, and we see no more of them till after the resurrection. Of the women we have a better record. Naturally timid and retiring, and living in an age and in a country where "woman's work" was neither understood nor recognized, the conduct of these women affords one of the finest examples of female heroism ever given to the world. Fearless of consequences,—prompted by the over-mastering love that made them forgetful of all personal considerations,—they followed Jesus to Calvary, and stood by his cross to the last; and when Joseph and Nicodemus came to give him burial, these same loving hearts followed as chief mourners behind his bier. Three of the evangelists unite in testimony concerning this fact. Matthew tells us "there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre;" Mark testifies that "Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of Joses, beheld where he was laid;" while Luke records that "the women . . . beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid," after which they returned and "prepared spices and ointments, and rested the seventh day according to the commandment." Beautiful testimony! Love to Jesus might have prompted them to fulfil their pious task at the earliest possible moment, and a mere sentimental piety would say: "Surely this is a work of necessity, and may be done on the Sabbath day;" but these women had learned that "obedience is better than sacrifice," that God's name cannot be glorified by works that break

His law, and so they "rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment."

Their pious task accomplished, the friends of Jesus withdraw from the scene, and once more the foes appear. "The Chief Priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate." Travellers tell us that when the lion-hunters of Africa go out in pursuit of their lordly game, they surround, in large numbers, the place where the lion is concealed, and when he is discovered they endeavor, by hurling the spear or discharging the bullet, from a safe distance, to inflict upon him a mortal wound, while securing themselves as far as possible from their dangerous foe; but when their weapons have taken effect, and the kingly beast is stretched lifeless on the sward, even then the hunters will approach with the utmost caution, fearful that some lingering spark of life may yet be there, and that their victim, with a last expiring effort, may spring to his feet and take summary vengeance upon his foes. In the conduct of the Chief Priests and Pharisees, the superstitious fear of the lion-hunters seems to be repeated. "The Lion of the tribe of Judah" has been taken in the toils of the hunters, and behind the safe shelter of Roman authority, they have inflicted upon him a mortal wound. They saw his life-blood flow,—they heard his expiring groan,—they know that he has been laid in the tomb of Joseph,—and what need they fear from a dead man? They know that he was unjustly condemned,—but what matter? Dead men tell no tales; and these Chief Priests,—Sadducees nearly every one of them,—fear no haunting from angel or spirit. Still they are not at rest, they are disquieted by vague apprehensions; and so they come to Pilate, saying, "Sir, we remember." Ah! that's the secret—they *remember*. Spite of all their bravado, conscience has been working, and now *memory* is awakened never to sleep again,—fearful warning to those who "crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." Time was when these Chief Priests and Pharisees thought that if Jesus was only put to death they would be rid of all further trouble concerning him; but now that the end is accomplished, and he lies cold and lifeless in Joseph's tomb, their trouble seems worse than ever. The dead Christ is an object of greater dread than the living Prophet.

"One of the striking ironies of God's judgment may be observed in the circumstance, that the members of the Sanhedrim are forced to go upon the morning of the Paschal Sabbath to the sepulchre of Jesus, for the purpose of sealing the stone, because the dead Christ allowed them no rest. . . . Upon this morning of the feast, it was no formal meeting of council they held: the most decided enemies of Jesus consulted among themselves, and then dropped in singly, as if by accident, to make their request to Pilate: and thus there came to be a kind of priestly council in the Governor's palace, to which the Evangelist here alludes. It was alleged by these priests, that the disciples might come and steal away the corpse; and this lying assertion reveals to us how well prepared they were for any emergency, even the worst. But, beneath all this disguise, they were the prey of fear, and the real motive was terror. Influenced by a monstrous superstitious belief in the power of the seal of Jewish authority, and of a Roman guard, they imagined themselves

able to shut up in the grave the possibility of a resurrection by Jesus, the Divine retribution, a result of that resurrection, and, above all, their own wicked fears; and so they desecrate the great Passover Sabbath by their restless occupation, seeking to secure the grave of Him whom they had accused and condemned for His miracles of love wrought on ordinary Sabbaths. The disembodied spirit of the Jewish law must wander around the grave of Jesus upon the most sacred Sabbath of the year. In that act we have the last expression of their abandonment to the Gentiles of salvation through a Messiah; and also the strongest expression of the folly they manifested in their unbelief. By means of a priestly seal, and a borrowed military guard, they desire to secure in a permanent tomb the spirit and life of Christ,—the spirit of his past, present, and future, as if all were a mere deception.”—*Lange*.

The Chief Priests and Pharisees base their request for a seal and guard on the allegation that Jesus had said, while he was yet alive, “After three days I will rise again.” When did he say so? Never to them. True, he had repeatedly said so to his disciples, and possibly Judas might have repeated the words to the priests; but it is more probable they had in remembrance his words: “Destroy this temple; and in three days I will raise it up.” If so, they convicted themselves of falsehood; for when the words were uttered they pretended to understand them literally, whereas they now give them their legitimate application. Be that as it may, they evidently dread the possibility of a resurrection, and vainly hope, by means of the seal and the guard, to render it impossible. Behold in this another illustration of the way in which wicked men often work out, unconsciously, God’s purposes. They thought to disprove the predicted resurrection of Jesus, and lo! they secure the most triumphant evidence of its accomplishment.

Pilate grants their request: “Ye have a watch.” That is, Your request is granted; you shall have a watch. “Go your way, make it as sure as ye can.” Yes! go your way; add this as your crowning act of folly and sin. Affix your seals and station your guard. Repeat the old yet ever new history that legalism is ever the servant of the kingdom of darkness. Many a time since then has the experiment been tried, and men have sought, by the might of the secular arm, to shut the spirit and truth of Christ in a hopeless tomb; but of this we may rest assured, that the truth that has Christ in it never can be buried too deep for a resurrection, and neither Jewish seals nor Roman arms can bar *His* way to empire!

(*To be continued.*)

RESURRECTION.—“In each of the three great periods of the Church was exhibited an instance of one taken up into heaven, body and spirit, as an encouragement to the hope of believers of attaining the same felicity,—Enoch before the law was given; Elijah under the legal economy; and Jesus Christ under the evangelical dispensation. And God, in conducting these events, has gradually disclosed life and immortality from the dawning of the morning light to the full glory of meridian splendour.”—*Hunter*.

PRACTICAL SANCTIFICATION.



HOWEVER imperfectly the doctrine of entire sanctification may be understood by many, as an article of the creed, it is in no danger of being neglected, as an experience of the heart, for want of teachers. Some of the ablest preachers, and the most successful evangelists of the day, teach the experience of it as a specialty. They are, in more senses than the most obvious one, *professors* of sanctification. This experience has been the exclusive topic of a number of the largest and most influential camp-meetings. Perhaps, since the reformation of Luther, no one doctrine of Christianity has enlisted mightier agencies for its exemplification.

This is well. It will, as much as anything else, help to preserve the church from sinking into a mere formal religion, without any living experience of the vital doctrines it embodies in its creed. Of this there is great danger, in the Methodist as well as other branches of the church, in this very practical age, with its progressive ideas, and its activity in thought on all religious questions. There never was greater need of a strong preventive agency, in the shape of a clear testimony in favor of experimental religion. There can be no doubt of the need of a wholly sanctified church. The absence of revival power—the feeble influence of Christianity on the masses of gold-blinded men of our time—the want of enthusiasm in the great financial schemes of the church—may all be changed to the low ground occupied by professing Christians in relation to spiritual religion.

But is not the question worthy at least a thought, whether the ground which the church needs to occupy with a high spiritual religion is not more in practical life? We do not ask for any less sanctification as taught and experienced in the prayer and camp-meeting, but for more in the household, the field, and the work-shop—for a high type of spiritual life which can live and thrive in the one place as well as the other. The circumstances of our time demand from the church something more than emotional experience. The sanctification which can be exhibited to the world outside the class-room, in sweet tempers at home, and the exaltation of Christ in connection with the business of this world, will go farther toward making Christianity a universal religion, than all professions of higher life in connection with exciting religious services can possibly do. Indeed, in the present temper of the world, its attention is most likely to be drawn to experimental religion, by first witnessing its superior fruits in daily life, and being then forced to enquire after the cause, it will be led back to the class-room and the closet, to find the inspiration of this practical holiness in the wonderful experiences of the soul in the love of Christ. By this process will the world come to respect inward religion, more than by hearing strong attestations of purity gained by an experience in the warm circle of a devotional meeting,—which purity so often fails entirely when subjected to the trial of pressure in daily life.

It is a fact that the church enrols in its lists very few, comparatively, whose whole time and thought can be given to the study of doctrines, and the cultivation of lively spiritual affections; the many in its ranks are plain men and women, compelled daily to draw arms in the stern battle of life—to confront the demands of family for care and education. Their thoughts are largely of ways and means as to the exigencies of this life. They have but little time to give *directly* to the cultivation of spiritual affections. Now the highest sanctification is just as much within the reach of these as of those others who are very little entangled with the affairs of this life. But it does not consist in searching the heart after an emotional love, nor in reaching out after experiences of passionate feeling. It is rather the subjection of one's self to a principle which constantly presents life, just as its varied duties come, as a sacrificial offering to God. (Rom. xii. 1.) It consists in that lofty view of Christianity which makes the routine duties of the day, rightly performed, as acceptable service as the praises of the sanctuary, or prayers of the closet,—which serves God “not only in His house but our own.”

And when life is subjected to this principle, every act being done for Christ, will, as nearly as the judgment can direct, be done as He wants it. The servant works to please his master, not himself. We are told the Duke of Wellington was once informed by his agent of a great bargain made for him in the purchase of some land, several hundred pounds under its value, on account of the seller's necessity. The Duke at once commanded the agent to pay the man enough to make up the full value of the property. Now, if that incident did occur, that man, though himself willing to make dishonest bargains, would after this occurrence be strictly honest because his master desired it. So when men come to recognize that they are working for Christ in their daily labour as well as in Sabbath services, their work will be done as He wants it, not as evil human nature might prompt. Their lives will be as nearly as possible perfect imitations of His. The guilty world will meet this sanctification every day. It will see and feel it in shop and market. And as a heathen, in England or America, cannot but appreciate the fruits of Christianity, as seen in railroads, better dwellings, etc., long before he learns the spirit of our religion, so the world cannot fail to appreciate such fruits of a sanctified heart as appear in practical life; and when it inquires after the origin of such purity, it will be led to the devotional meeting, prepared to respect the deep experience of spiritual life, which is there exhibited as the foundation or controlling power of all good living.

E. A. STAFFORD.

SANCTIFICATION.—“The sanctification of *nature* corrects some sins that it may more secretly practice others. The sanctification of *grace* wages war with all sin. It aims at its universal mortification. When this is felt in the soul, we may take encouragement from our very failures, as they prove to us that we are honestly contending against that which is hateful to God.”—*Choice Sayings.*

THE SABBATH.



THE Sabbath was made for man. It is the day of rest, which has often been called "the best of all the seven." It is a merciful arrangement of Jehovah, that one-seventh portion of our time is to be spent in rest. How soon would the strongest become weak, if there were no rest days, so that exhausted nature could recuperate! No matter what may be the kind of labor a man may follow, he must have sufficient time to rest, or his energies will soon be worn out. Facts could be given from a variety of sources to prove the truth of this statement.

The performance of Christian duty always brings its own reward, and the neglect invariably secures the penalty. This may not in every instance be apparent to the casual observer, but it is as certain as effect follows cause. To keep holy the Sabbath is a divine command. (See Gen. ii. 1-3.) Men who violate this command will be sure to suffer. Dr. Talmage says, "The fact is, Sabbath-made ropes will break, and Sabbath-made shoes will leak, and Sabbath-made coats will rip, and Sabbath-made muskets will miss fire, and Sabbath occupations will be blasted."

As with individuals, so with nations. Those nations which reverence the Sabbath most, will, other things been equal, enjoy the most prosperity; whereas those which neglect and violate Sabbath laws, will sooner or later come to ruin: even a partial acquaintance with the history of nations will corroborate this statement.

The age in which we live is remarkable for its testing character. Everything and every institution is now passing through the crucible, hence we find that the Sabbath law is being tested in an almost endless variety of ways, and by reason of the contentions that are now going on, we fear that many retain loose ideas respecting the sanctity of the holy day. Business is pursued so earnestly, and the competition in all branches is so keen, that the Sabbath is often encroached upon to meet the demands of trade and commerce. The number of men employed on our railways and canals, even in Canada, is truly frightful; while the plea offered is, that such arrangements are absolutely necessary.

There is danger to be apprehended by our country lest, while railways are becoming more extensive every year, there will be an increasing amount of Sabbath desecration, as the number of employes will necessarily increase, and large dividends will be considered more necessary than the observance of the Sabbath law. There is one form of Sabbath desecration to which we would especially call the attention of the readers of "Earnest Christianity"—*Sabbath Visiting*. City ministers are often pained to observe empty pews at the Sabbath morning service, because the occupants are gone into the country to spend the day. Ministers in the country are also often pained by some of their people assigning as a reason for their non-attendance at Church—a friend or friends came from the city, and we could not leave them.

In other instances, people will go a mile or two to church, and spend the after part of the day with some friends in eating and drinking, and talking about all kinds of subjects, particularly business and politics. Any good received at church is soon forgotten. We would have our readers to remember, that to act thus is not "remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

In many parts of Canada, Sabbath is the great visiting day. We have sometimes been surprised at the number of persons whom we have found at friends' houses on Sabbath days. To say the least, *two* evils are often thus committed: *first*, neglecting public worship; *second*, causing others to do so.

Our space is limited, but we cannot forbear to remark, how that much injury is often done by *visiting the sick* on Sabbath days. Dr. ———, of ———, told the writer that he always dreaded the approach of Monday, as all his patients were sure to be worse on that day than on any other, and he could only account for such a singular phenomenon from the fact that sick-rooms are sure to be crowded on Sabbath. The following incident occurred in one of our circuits. A gentleman was returning home from Sabbath evening service, and seeing a great number of vehicles in the yard of ———, he supposed that Mrs. ——— had died. To his delight, however, he found the lady was not dead, but an unusual number of visitors had called.

Dr. ———, a good Methodist, told the writer that the Sabbath was his busiest day, and that he could not take office as class-leader, as he would be sure to be called from the class-room to attend some patient. Said medical gentleman was called out of church eleven Sabbaths in succession to attend cases of ailment that were said to demand immediate attention.

We ask, why do such things occur? People visit the sick on the Sabbath because it is the most convenient day. They dare not, for decency sake, plough their fields or stand in their stores on Sabbath, but they can visit the sick without any loss of business. How much do they value their friends when they will not sacrifice a few hours' business to visit them? Why do people call for medical aid more on Sabbath days than other days of the week? In many instances, we believe that they do so for the same reason that they visit more frequently on that day; hence we think, that if such sickness was to befall them on Monday, they would hardly deem it as sufficient reason to neglect their business, or call in a member of the healing art.

The Sabbath should be a day of religious enjoyment, not a day of gloom and sadness, nor of eating and drinking, nor visiting. There are many reasons to justify the choice. Therefore we would entreat our readers to use all laudable means to maintain the sanctity of the Sabbath. Let the cattle have rest. Do not compel the poor dumb brutes to toil all the week, and then run with fleetness on the day of rest. A foreigner once said that England was the hell of horses, and we have often thought that the remark is too true of Canada, so far as the Sabbath is concerned. Let our friends resolve, that no unnecessary visits shall be performed on that day, so that young people may not be able to point to the example of their seniors as a reason for their own conduct in seeking pleasure on the Lord's day.

E. B.

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY.



LIKE the ring of these little words. They strike some chord in our inner nature and thrill us, so that we wish the kingdoms were all ablaze with earnest Christianity. Although the wise man has written, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" there is a temptation, nevertheless, to ask this very question. It is easy to see that man has laid his hand upon nature, and has made its powers, more than in any former days, subserve his interests. Christianity, to say the least, has kept abreast with the mechanical, intellectual, and political advances of the race. She is still marching onward in her glorious mission, and God's great army is planting standards of the Cross amongst the nations. And looking only on the bright side of the picture, we sing of the "Old, old story":—

"More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell."

We are almost ready to take up the language of the "great voices in heaven," which John heard, and say, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

But along with these bright prospects there are dark shadings. All that take shelter under the great covenant of grace do not stand forth as moral lights to scatter the darkness of sin that surrounds them. And the enemies of Christianity are, in great force, still upon the field. Sin abounds still; and if *earnest Christianity*, in the days of the Apostles, of Luther, or of Wesley, was necessary, it is so still. Our work may differ somewhat from that in former days; but the foe is the same, and, like our noble fathers, we are not only to defend the truth, but to conquer as we go.

The success of the churches, if I have not misunderstood a common sentiment, does not equal the agencies. In point of numbers, sanctuaries, and other handmaids, we never before stood on such vantage-ground. But, somehow, our reasonable expectations are not realized. *Why is this?* Has God changed? Is Christ unequal to what the times demand? Is the Holy Spirit less willing, than long ago, to fire our hearts and fill us with the old-time power? To all these questions relating to the persons of the "Ever-blessed Trinity" there is only one answer, and that is, without any qualification, in the negative. The reasons of this want of great success must, therefore, lie at our own doors. I cannot pretend to know all these evil causes, but I may perhaps indicate the direction in which they lie. We are told that Dr. Carey's great sermon, on Isaiah liv. 2-3, had two divisions,—“Expect great things from God,” and “Attempt great things for God.” I don't think we do too much of the latter, and I fear we are verily guilty with reference to the

former. The spirit of expectation in our ordinary worship is not fostered as it should be. Self-denial is in very many below the true standard. The meekness and gentleness of the Christian spirit should be more fully expressed in the outward appearance than they are. Greater boldness as witnesses for Jesus, would be far better than so much fear of, and conformity to, the world. And, by the way, our worship should be more seasoned than it is with responses. Outspoken responses are Scriptural and profitable. We do not always make most headway in a calm. Divine worship will bear a storm of "Amen!"—"Hallelujah!"—"Praise the Lord!" Of course, these, like singing, should be uttered with the spirit, and with the understanding also.

Earnest Christianity is a felt want in the churches. O ye who are in earnest, flag not in your zeal! God will not forsake such; and He will use you to inspire the halting and quicken the dead.

"Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved."

This earnest Christianity is realized when we open our hearts by faith to be filled with the Spirit. I once knew a man who was good to keep order near the door during revival services, but he was very weak, and almost useless, notwithstanding his peculiar zeal. As in his case, so in all others. Earnestness in some secondary matter is of no avail. We must place our own body, soul, and life before God, and ask for the "Refining fire." Along with this consecration and prayer we must trust in Christ for a full salvation—not merely trust that He saves, but that He saves to the uttermost. Just here, according unto our faith, it is done unto us. "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe ye receive *them*, and ye shall have *them*." It may not be amiss to point out the way to earnest Christian life; but I fancy that more fall short through a want of earnest personal effort, than through a want of knowledge. Last Conference, while on the way from a meeting relating to holiness, in company with a good brother, he spake about as follows: "It seems to me to be a matter of sweet personal experience. I got real hungry for a fullness; and in drawing near to God, in private, *He filled me*. And I believe it is just a personal matter—a personal experience when we really draw near to God for it." It seems to me that this is looking for the higher life in the right way. To such a seeker the fullness sought results in the fullness found.

The earnest Christianity needed is that which is *constant* rather than *occasional*. And, thanks be to God, we may be "Steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord"—"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you: yea, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." I do rejoice to see God's people at the fountain drinking. But, oh! how much our power and influence for good is multiplied if we live earnest Christians, *until* called up to the church above! An earnest Christian life speaks for Jesus everywhere. It is a recognized power in the

prayer-meeting, class-meeting, and love-feast. And it helps the pulpit to see such in the congregation—to witness their attention, and to hear their “Amen,” or see it upon their lips.

When the inhabitants of Zion shake themselves from the dust, and keep their garments always white, when, in a word, Christianity everywhere shall be *earnest Christianity*, then Christ soon “shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the rivers unto the end of the earth. They of the wilderness shall bow before Him; and His enemies shall lick the dust.” O Lord, for thy Name’s sake, pour out Thy Spirit upon Thy people, for they are called by Thy name. And may the church universal, down through the time before her, be a manifestation of Earnest Christianity!

E. S. RUPERT.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.

PART I.—WHAT IT IS.

CHAPTER III.—EXAMPLES COMPARED.

“Ye are my witnesses.”



MARTIN LUTHER'S experience has been given at length, because the great reformer stands in forefront of Protestantism, a true and noble type of the real, ripe, whole-souled Christian, very much abridged and condensed, however, from the accounts given by his biographers. It is entitled to great weight as an example. Let not its force be broken by the thought that Luther was great, and a special instrument of God specially endowed. So far as salvation is concerned, Luther stood with us precisely. He was a man, and a sinner, as we all are. Faith in him and in us is the same thing, and Jesus is the same to all and for all in all time. The same rays of the Sun of righteousness shining through the same tears of penitence, cause the same bow of the covenant to arch the same clouds of despair, in all ages and nations, and the same eye of faith discerns the promise, and rests joyously upon it, in all persons, alike the great and the small.

It will be observed that Luther's first light and comfort was in the forgiveness of sins; and the last and greatest, in the full apprehension of Christ as his sanctification. We shall have occasion to see the same thing in every instance as we go on. How this comes to pass we shall see very clearly when we come to speak of the philosophy of Christian experience.

With some, the force of Luther's example may be broken by the fact that he was bred in all the superstitions of Rome, and had a second shell to break

through, after he was out of the first. We will, therefore, take another example, one from the ranks of those bred in the full blaze of the light of the Protestant day, three centuries after Luther's time.

MERLE D'AUBIGNE

Was educated at Geneva, the home of Calvin, and the stronghold of the Reformation. Calvin himself is not a better representative of the Reformed religion, or a nobler champion, than Merle D'Aubigne, the famous historian of the Reformation. His conversion was at Geneva, while in the university. The subsequent deeper work was several years later at Kiel, in Germany. His conversion, together with others, a noble band, was by the instrumentality of one of the Lord's Scottish noble men, Robert Haldane. In some sort it was the payment of an old debt of three hundred years' standing due from Scotland to Geneva. Knox, driven from home by bloody persecutions, found refuge three several times in Geneva, and during the years of his stay there—while, doubtless, he imparted much of his iron energy and Scottish firmness—he certainly received much of the clear light of the Swiss mountain height, so elevated above the murky mists of the Campagna, the Tiber, and Rome. Right eagerly Robert Haldane sought to pay the debt, and God helped him, as the conversion of D'Aubigne, Monod, Gonthier, Gaussin, Rieu, and many more, will testify.

Dr. Cheever, as quoted in the memoirs of R. and J. A. Haldane, speaks of D'Aubigne's conviction as follows:—

"At this juncture it was that D'Aubigne heard of the visit of Mr. Haldane. He heard of him as the English or Scotch gentleman who spoke so much about the Bible; a thing which seemed very strange to him and the other students, to whom the Bible was a shut book. He afterwards met Mr. Haldane at a private house, along with some of his friends, and heard him read from an English Bible a chapter from the Epistle to the Romans, concerning the natural corruption of man—a doctrine in regard to which he had never received any instruction. He was astonished to hear of men being corrupt by nature; but clearly convinced by the passages read to him, he said to Mr. Haldane, 'Now I do indeed see this doctrine in the Bible.' 'Yes,' replied the good man, 'but do you see it in your heart?' It was but a simple question, but it came home to his conscience. It was the sword of the Spirit; and from that time he saw and felt that his heart was indeed corrupted, and knew from the Word of God that he could be saved by grace alone in Jesus Christ."

The *conversion* of D'Aubigne was decided, clear, and unmistakeable. He himself speaks of it in his "Travelling Recollections in Germany, England, and Scotland," chap. i., § 2, in these explicit words:—"I had been seized by the Word of God;" (while at the university in Geneva); "I had believed in the divinity of Christ, in original sin, the power of which I had experienced in my own heart; and in justification by faith. I had experienced the joys of the new birth."

Of the *later, deeper, work* he speaks more fully in the same connection, and just as explicitly. After his conversion, he completed his course at the university at Geneva, was ordained, went to Germany; pursued study still further, first at Leipsic, then at Berlin, and then spent four years as a pastor over the French Church at Hamburg. Several years had thus fled before the time came for the Lord to give him the final full knowledge of Jesus as all in all. It was on this wise. At an inn in Kiel, he had planned and entered upon a journey with two of his old Genevan fellow-students and fellow-converts to Copenhagen. They met at Kiel, a remarkable trio—Rev. Frederick Monod,

settled at Paris; Rev. Charles Rieu, pastor of Fredencia, in Jutland; and D'Aubigne. Steamboats were irregular; they waited at the hotel. D'Aubigne was then in the midst of a terrible struggle. Kiel was a university, and Klucker, an old champion of the word and an experienced Christian, was Biblical professor there. D'Aubigne says:—"I called upon him and requested him to elucidate several passages of Scripture for my satisfaction. . . . The old Doctor would not enter into any detailed solution of my difficulties. 'Were I to succeed in ridding you of them,' he said to me, 'others would soon arise; there is a shorter, deeper, and more complete way of annihilating them. Let Christ be really to you the Son of God, the Saviour, the Author of eternal life. Only be firmly settled in His grace, and then these difficulties of detail will never stop you; the light which proceeds from Christ will disperse all your darkness.' The old divine had shewn me the way; I saw it was the right one, but to follow it was a hard task."

The Way. Yes, indeed, and the *right one*. Happy for D'Aubigne that he saw it! Happy that its hardness did not keep him back from it! Whilst they waited at Kiel for the steamboat, they devoted part of the time to reading the Word of God together—a pattern for all detained Christian travellers. Rieu was chaplain. D'Aubigne says of him that he had even then far outstripped both himself and M. Monod in the divine life. Two years after, he finished his brilliant career upon earth by a triumphant transit to heaven. His converse was very sweet. They all three communicated their thoughts to each other on the Word of God, but Rieu brought out the hidden riches of the book of God most abundantly.

"We were studying the Epistle to the Ephesians," says D'Aubigne, "and had got to the end of the third chapter. When we read the two last verses, 'Now unto him who is able to do EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory,' &c., this expression fell upon my soul as a revelation from God. 'He can do by His power,' I said to myself, 'above all we *ask*, above all even that we *think*, nay, EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY above all!' A *full trust in Christ* for the work to be done within my poor heart now filled my soul. We all three knelt down; and, although I had never fully confided my inward struggles to my friends, the prayer of Rieu was filled with such admirable faith as he would have uttered had he known all my wants. When I arose in that inn-room in Kiel, I felt as if my 'wings were renewed as the wings of eagles.' From that time forward I comprehended that all my own efforts were of no avail; that Christ was able to do all by His 'power that worketh in us;' and the habitual attitude of my soul was to lie at the foot of the cross, crying to Him, 'Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy who oppresses me. Do all Thyself. I know that Thou wilt do it. Thou wilt even do *exceeding abundantly* above all that I ask.'

"I was not disappointed; all my doubts were removed, my anguish quelled, and the Lord 'extended to me peace as a river.' Then I could comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Then I was able to say, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul: for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'"

In these sketches of experience, nothing has been said in either case touching the question of entire instantaneous sanctification, or Christian perfection. Neither the great Reformer nor the great historian of the Reformation made any profession of perfection themselves. Indeed, Luther expressly disclaims it, and D'Aubigne records the disclaimer. Yet, in both the soul and

marrow of the full experience of salvation at the last, was the *perception* and the *reception* of the Lord Jesus as their righteousness in the sense of *sanctification*, as already before they had taken Him as their righteousness in the sense of justification; for these senses are both included in the term "righteousness of God," as used by Paul, and exulted in by Luther, and in both senses Christ is complete to the believer, and in both, the believer is complete in Christ. Luther and D'Aubigne alike hungered after righteousness, true holiness, and either would fain have satisfied himself with husks from any hand, if he could, but he could not. God had in store for both, the true bread that cometh down from heaven to the full. Both struggled long and manfully, each in his own way, both in vain, until each gave up his own way, and took the Lord Jesus as THE WAY. Both fought resolutely, and were foiled in every onset, and would have fallen at last slain and conquered, had not God taught them the sweet truth uttered by the loving disciple, "*This is the victory that overcometh,—even your faith.*" By faith at last, by full trust in Jesus, both conquered an abiding peace, and both gained the full salvation.

To these examples scores upon scores might be added of the same class; those who have given themselves wholly to Jesus, and taken Jesus wholly to themselves, and so found the abiding sunshine, and the serene sky of full salvation, but who yet make no profession of perfection, but, like Luther and D'Aubigne, disclaim it. The memoirs of the great and good, gone to their reward, abound in such, and the living witnesses are many,—Richard Baxter, Jonathan Edwards, Hewitson, McCheyne, Mrs. Edwards, Adelaide L. Newton, and a host of others. In the "*Life and Times of Richard Baxter,*" (2 vols. 8vo. London,) a very circumstantial account is given of this great man's experience; quite as distinct as either Luther's or D'Aubigne's, both as to his final apprehension of Christ as all in all, and to his conversion years before. President Edwards himself has given to the world a sketch as remarkable as either, known to be the experience of his own beloved consort, one of the happiest Christians that ever lived. And in the details he has spread out of his own inner life, if the moments of the first and the last great transitions are less distinctly traced, the same fulness of faith at the last, and the same precious results are as clearly seen.

The memoirs of Hewitson by Bullie, and of Adelaide L. Newton by the same, furnish each a lovely instance also. Hewitson describes a long and severe struggle years after his conversion, terminating finally in such an apprehension of Christ in His fullness, as his righteousness—sanctification—as filled him with heavenly consolations, and abode with him ever after.

But we have no space even for references to each of the noble many in this bright cloud of witnesses, much less for their experience in detail. Other classes must be compared with this if we would gain a clear comprehension of the whole subject. We will call this class THE LUTHERAN. Another may be called THE WESLEYAN, and a third THE OBERLINIAN. The Wesleyans received their first light in this matter, and their first impulse, from the Moravian brethren of Germany. And the Oberlinians took their terms, and some colors and shades of view, from the Wesleyans. Both use the terms, "*perfect love,*"

"*Christian perfection*," "*entire sanctification*," to describe the experience in question, and "*doctrine of sanctification*," or "*doctrine of holiness*," as expressive of their creed about it. The Oberlinians differ from the Wesleyans in their philosophy of the will of man, and of the law of God. Their view of the claims of the law as graduated to the sinner's ability, enables them to hold and profess perfect sanctification when they come to yield wholly to the known will of God, and take Christ wholly as their righteousness and true holiness. The Wesleyans admit the claims of the law of God as requiring absolute perfection, like the spotless purity of Jesus, and the holy angels, and make no professions of it, but only of *Christian perfection*, making a broad distinction between Christian and angelic perfection.

Both Wesleyans and Oberlinians differ from Lutherans in the use of terms, and in the theology of the experience described; but aside from this, in all that is essential in the experience itself all are agreed. Of the Wesleyans, the memoirs of Carvasso are clearest and simplest in the development of the experimental truth. He was a man of God. His faith was wonderful, and his views clear as the light. Bramwell, if less clear, was even more absorbed and ardent. Mrs. Rogers was truly seraphic. Mrs. Fletcher's memoirs are very fascinating, as, indeed, are all these, and many more of this class. They have opened the eyes of thousands to the higher walks of Christian life, and impelled tens of thousands to press for the mark. But so far as we can see, there is no essential difference between the experience they describe, and those of Luther and D'Aubigne, Baxter and Edwards. All alike begin with a sense of their guilt and peril, and come sooner or later to a sense of sins forgiven, blotted out in the blood of Jesus, and then again, sooner or later, in every case, hungering and thirsting for true holiness is induced, and, after varied struggles, the issue, in all alike, is that of finding in Christ the end of the law for sanctification.

This union will be apparent if we place any two of them side by side. Here, for instance, are the expressions of Mrs. Rogers and of D'Aubigne, from their own pens in their own words, descriptive of their own views and feelings at the moment their struggles were crowned with the victory that overcometh, viz., full trust in Jesus.

D'AUBIGNE,

MRS. ROGERS,

[*Pardon the repetition, it seems to be necessary.*]

After describing his conversion clearly, and the subsequent struggles and turn given to the current of his desires and efforts, by the counsels of the good old champion of the faith Kluker at Kiel, and the scene at the inn with his two fellow-travellers, Monod and Rieu; their reading in the Word of God the third chapter of Ephesians, and the power with which the two last verses were sent home to his heart, says, "When I arose, in that room at Kiel, I felt as if my wings

After all the record of her earlier contest, and earlier experience of sins forgiven, and after describing her heart-searchings, doubts, fears, desires, and efforts for true holiness, comes at last to the moment when she sees Christ to be all in all, and receives him. Then she says, "Lord, my soul is delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all. I am at Thy feet, a helpless, worthless worm; but take hold of Thee as my fulness! Everything that I want, Thou art. Thou art wisdom, strength, love, holi-

were renewed as the wings of eagles.' From that time forward, I comprehended that my own efforts were of no avail; that Christ was to do all by His 'power that worketh in us;' and the habitual attitude of my soul was to lie at the foot of the cross, crying to Him, 'Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy that oppresses me. Do all Thyself. I know that Thou wilt. Thou wilt even do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask.'

"I was not disappointed; all my doubts were soon dispelled, and not only was I delivered from that inward anguish which in the end would have destroyed me, had not God been faithful; but the Lord 'extended peace to me like a river.' Then I could 'comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," (filled with the fullness of God.)

ness: yes, and Thou art mine! I am conquered and subdued by love. Thy love sinks me into nothing; it overflows my soul. O my Jesus, Thou art all in all! In Thee I behold and feel all the fulness of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God; the intercourse is open; sin, inbred sin, no longer hinders the close communion, and God is all my own. Oh, the depths of that solid peace my soul now felt!"

And this, like D'Aubigne, she describes, not merely as the rapture of a favoured hour, but as the habitual attitude of the soul at the foot of the cross.

"Yea, Christ all in all to me,
And all my heart is love."
With every coming hour I prove
His nature and His name is love."

Like David in his expressions of love to Jonathan, when these dear friends parted in the field, Mrs. Rogers "excelled" in ardency of feelings and words, but in all that is essential there is not a single line of difference. Both are self-emptied, both prostrate in the dust at the foot of the cross; both accept Jesus as all in all, and find themselves conquerors, and more than conquerors, through faith in His name.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE PRINCES.

*A Conversation between Brainerd, Payson, Bramwell, McCheyne, and a Traveller on the King's Highway.**

BY REV. I. E. PAGE.



TRAVELLER.—We are happily met, good friends; and great will be my joy to talk of Divine things with you who have known them so fully. May I say that you have long been numbered among my friends, though I have not seen you in the flesh. With *your* history, David Brainerd, I have been long familiar; and have read again and again, with burning heart, the story of your work among

* David Brainerd, "Life of;" Dr. E. Payson, "Memoir" and "Sermons;" Robert M. McCheyne, "Memoir and Remains" and "Additional Remains;" William Bramwell, "Memoirs." The passages here given are in the precise words of the writers named.

the Indians. In my younger days I thought your views of life somewhat gloomy ; but have learned to stand abased before the example of your purity, self-sacrifice, and labours more abundant. Nor is yours, Dr. Payson, a name unfamiliar to me. The story of your ministry has been a power to influence me ; while the account so pathetically told of the agonizing sufferings and triumphant victory with which your life closed has made my soul melt and glow.

“ O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past !”

William Bramwell ! man of the fervid spirit and seraphic love, I greet thee ! an Elijah of modern days ! How have thy words stirred me, brother, and made me fall abased before God ; yet encouraged to ask that thy God might fill with power my heart as He did thine. And I hail thee, Robert McCheyne, full of the gentleness and tenderness of Jesus thy Example, whose spirit thou did'st catch, and like Him, early die. Thou art “ the beloved disciple ” of those I see following Jesus—steeped in His love, and breathing His compassion for souls. Very sweet have been thy words to me, McCheyne ; and the fragrance of thy life is “ like the smell of Lebanon.” Followers of Jesus are ye all, and I would follow in your steps that I may find the secret place of holiest communion. Let me hear and be stimulated by your words.

Bramwell.—“ I am nearer the throne, and never was so dependent on Jesus. He is my all, bless the Lord ! God is working, but we want greater things. This walking with God, this conversation in heaven ! O how I am ashamed ! I sink in silent love. I wonder how the Lord has ever borne with me so long. I never had such a view of God and myself. I pray that every moment of my life may show forth His praise. Praise Him for ever !”

McCheyne.—“ I am persuaded that I shall obtain the highest amount of present happiness, I shall do most for God's glory and the good of man, and I shall have the fullest reward in eternity, by maintaining a conscience always washed in Christ's blood, by being filled with the Holy Spirit at all times, and by attaining the most entire likeness to Christ in mind, will, and heart, that it is possible for a redeemed sinner to attain to in this world.”

Payson.—“ My gracious God is still loading me with His unmerited goodness. His mercies follow each other as wave follows wave, and the last seems ever the greatest. This morning I seem to enjoy the happiness of heaven.”

Brainerd.—“ I long for God and a conformity to His will in inward holiness ten thousand times more than for anything here below.”

Bramwell.—“ Then there is no torment, no dread of death, eternity or judgment. This view makes all calm, and fills the soul with Divine consolation. It is heaven—already heaven.”

Brainerd.—“ O for sanctification ! My very soul pants for the complete restoration to the image of my Saviour, that I may be fit for the blessed enjoyments and employments of the heavenly world.”

Traveller.—It is good to the heart to hear words like these. O what a height and depth is holiness ! May I have grace to seek it ! But it appears that numbers even among the professed people of God are surprisingly indif-

ferent to the whole matter. Why do not all who seek the better country search for the priceless pearl—this meetness for heaven?

McCheyne.—"Ah! I fear there is little of this. The most of God's people are content to be saved from the hell that is *without*. They are not so anxious to be saved from the hell that is *within*. I fear there is little feeling of your need of the indwelling Spirit. I fear you do not know 'the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe.'"

Brainard.—"I bless God He has for some years given me an abiding conviction that it is impossible for any rational creature to enjoy true happiness without being entirely devoted to Him. Under the influence of this conviction I have in some measure acted. O that I had done more so!"

Bramwell.—"It is astonishing how the devil is cheating us, at the same time filling for a moment our heads and emptying our hearts. What shall we do? How shall we return? I sometimes nearly lose my hope. In all churches, till the present time, Satan has used outward splendour to darken inward glory."

McCheyne.—"Again, what fruit is there of *actual likeness to God* in you? Do you love to be much with God? To climb up near to God (Gen. v. 22), to love, and long, and plead, and wrestle, and stretch after him? Are you weaned from the world (Ps. cxxxii), from its praise, from its hatred, from its scorn? Do you give yourselves clean away to God (2 Cor. viii. 5), and all that is yours? Are you willing that your will should be lost in His great will?"

Payson.—"My Christian friends, has God done all this for you? Has He loved you with an everlasting love? Has He quickened you when you were dead in trespasses and sins? Has He raised you up together, and made you sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus? Need anything, then, be said to convince you that you ought to love Him, to praise Him, to live to Him, and Him only?"

Traveller.—"Alas! that these appeals should be needed. Would God there were to-day an uprising of his His Church to seek these things. Then would she go forth robed in the beauty of her Lord, inspired with His wisdom, and girded with His power, to accomplish His work. But how many of His people are asleep! And of those who are awake to their need how many grope in darkness, desiring to be holy, but baffled with perplexity and weary with failure! What shall we, who desire the whole image of Christ, do?"

Bramwell.—"The reason why many who seek to be saved from the remains of the carnal mind do not obtain the blessing is, because they have secretly backslidden and forfeited the Divine favour. If they were correctly acquainted with their own state, they would again seek to be justified by faith in Christ."

McCheyne.—"The matter is very plain, brethren, if we had spiritual eyes to see it. If we live a life of faith on the Son of God, then we shall assuredly live a life of holiness. I do not say *we ought to do so*; but I say we shall as a matter of necessary consequence. But, in so far as we do not live a life of faith, in so far we shall live a life of unholiness. It is through faith that God purifies the heart, and there is no other way."

Payson.—"The best means of keeping near to God is the closet. Here the battle is won or lost."

Brainerd.—"The way to enjoy the Divine presence and be fitted for His service, is to live a life of great devotion and constant self-dedication to Him; observing the motions and dispositions of our own hearts, whence we may learn the corruptions that lodge there, and our constant need of help from God for the performance of the least duty."

McCheyne.—"Whoever would live a life of persevering holiness, let him keep his eyes fixed on the Saviour. As long as Peter looked only to the Saviour he walked upon the sea in safety to go to Jesus; but when he looked around and saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink, cried, 'Lord save me!' Just so will it be with you. As long as you look believingly to the Saviour who loved you and gave Himself for you, so long you may tread the waters of life's troubled sea, and the soles of your feet shall not be wet; but venture to look around upon the winds and waves that threaten you on every hand, and, like Peter, you begin to sink, and cry, 'Lord, save me!' How justly, then may we address to you the Saviour's rebuke to Peter, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

Payson.—"Let your great Physician heal you in his own way. Only follow His directions, and take the medicine which He prescribes, and then quietly leave the result with Him."

Bramwell.—"I am more than ever ashamed of unbelief. O how it dishonours God and His truth! All is ours, and we shall receive all."

Traveller.—"Made holy by Christ, united to Christ by believing, kept by His power through faith—this, then, seems to be God's way of holiness. This will bring the pilgrim soul into "a goodly land" of peace and joy and power, the wealth of which can only be known by those who have gone up, in God's name, to possess it. Glad I should be to hear your testimonies as to this experience of the Divine mercy and power."

Payson.—"I have done trying to praise God for His mercies. All we can do falls so far short of what we owe, that it seems little better than mockery to thank him in our feeble language; and I can only stand in stupid astonishment to see how good He will be notwithstanding all I can do to prevent it."

Bramwell.—"I am seeking the Lord every day. I am sure I grow in grace. This is my labour—to see God and love him. I have left all in His hands; I have no care but to please Him; 'I am dead, and my life is hid with Christ in God.' I am more dependent than ever, see myself more and more, and can only say, 'Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' O the mind, the sweet mind of Christ! May I follow the Lord every moment!"

McCheyne.—"I declare to you that I had rather be one hour with God than a thousand with the sweetest society on earth or in heaven. All other joys are but streams. God is the fountain."

Brainerd.—"O, it is sweet to be the Lord's, to be sensibly devoted to Him! What a blessed portion is God! How glorious, how lovely! O how my soul longs to employ my time wholly for God."

Payson.—"O what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will I have found happiness."

Traveller.—Let the glory of these testimonies be given to God, glorified in His people. But I long to hear more.

McCheyne.—"I find there are two things it is impossible to desire with sufficient ardor—personal holiness and the honour of Christ in the salvation of souls."

Bramwell.—"I want much more of God. I long, I pray, I cannot rest without the fulness of God. We shall soon have done with preparing for glory. We must lay up every day. God grant that we may have a full reward."

Brainerd.—"I have received my all from God. O that I could return my all to God! Surely God is worthy of my highest affection and most devout adoration. He is infinitely worthy that I should make Him my last end, and live for ever to Him. O that I might never more, in any one instance, live to myself!"

Payson.—"I enjoyed a very unusual degree of sweetness and fervour this morning. O how precious did Christ appear to my soul! How I longed to be a pure flame of fire in His service, to be all zeal, and love, and fervour! With what gratitude did I look to Him, saying, Blessed Saviour! behold how happy I am! and to Thee all my happiness is owing! But for Thee I should now have been lifting up my eyes, being in torment. O what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

Traveller.—Praise God! praise God! And now I must say farewell. May we speak of these things in the city of the blessed.

Payson.—"I am going, but God will surely be with you."

McCheyne.—"There is no joy like that of holiness. May Enoch's companion be yours!"

Brainerd.—"O, my brother, pursue after holiness; press toward the blessed mark, and let your thirsty soul continually say, I shall never be satisfied till I awake in Thy likeness."

Bramwell.—"Farewell! the everlasting God be with you always!"

—THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

JUSTIFICATION.—"As the sun, by his beams, doth not only expel cold, but works heat and fruitfulness also: thus, in the justification of a sinner repenting, there is a further reach than the taking away of sin; there is also infusion of grace and virtue into the sinner's heart. The father of the prodigal did not only take off all his son's rags, but put on the best he had, and a ring on his finger.

"HE MUST REIGN."—It has often been said of Edward, the Black Prince, that he never fought a battle which he did not win; and of the great Duke of Marlboro', that he never besieged a city that he did not take. Shall that be said of men, which we deny concerning the Most High God? Is He less successful than some human generals? Shall these invincibly prevail, and grace be liable to defeat? *Impossible!*

IN MEMORIAM.



HE late MRS. M. B. ROBLIN, of Belleville, was a charming type of a true Christian lady. Nature had been by no means illiberal here in conferring her favors; on the contrary, she had generously endowed Mrs. Roblin with superior intellectual gifts, and, with an equally beneficent hand, had as munificently bestowed graces to adorn, as she had affluently bestowed mental wealth to enrich. A superior mind, highly cultivated, was sanctified by the Spirit; a divine Christianity shed its lustre upon rare gifts and graces, exalting the elevated and beautifying the lovely.

Mental and moral opulence is not hereditary, yet it is at least fortunate for a child to have had parents of high intellectual and moral worth. Such was the case with Mrs. Roblin. Her father, the late Dr. Austin, of Picton, was a gentleman of fine attainments. His professional studies were successfully pursued in the City of New York, where he enjoyed the advantage of attending the celebrated Dr. Mott's lectures, together with those of other distinguished medical professors. Dr. Austin was a gentleman of scholarly accomplishments, who won and retained a high position as a medical man. Commencing his medical practice in early life, in the County of Prince Edward, he continued to practice there, till, in riper age, he ceased to work and live. He lived and died as a Christian lives and dies. His memory is still precious within the bounds of Prince Edward—the scene of *his* benevolent and successful professional toil. Like the distinguished Dr. J. Mason Good, he loved and revered the word of God; and few, even of the clerical profession, were more thoroughly acquainted with the Book of books than he. The mother of Mrs. Roblin was one of an old and prominent family in the early settlement of Canada, as appears from Canniff's *History*. One of her family, viz., Major Rogers, raised and equipped a corps at his own expense for the service of the British in America; while, though prior to this, another, bearing the same name and holding the same rank, being delegated by the British government, took possession of Upper Canada in behalf of the crown. The late James Rogers of Haldimand, the grandfather of Mrs. R., held large and valuable estates in Vermont, which he voluntarily abandoned when the colonies revolted. He and his family came to the wilderness of Canada, relinquishing his property, thus giving such an evidence of genuine loyalty to the British flag as contrasts grandly with the bread-and-butter loyalty of a later period in the history of our country. Mrs. Austin, though not brought up a Methodist, was early converted to God and united with that church. She, with her husband, Dr. A., continued in connection with the Methodist church till called to join the church above.

At the age of seventeen, Miss Austin, the eldest daughter of the Dr.'s family, gave her heart to God, and with an unwavering fidelity followed her Saviour for two-and-thirty years, when the cross was exchanged for the crown. She united with the church for life, and her purpose was maintained till life

closed. Her early aspirations were quickened and elevated by her conversion. She diligently improved her advantages and her opportunities—so much so, that she became not only proficient in the usual studies pursued by young ladies, but became equally so in several of the sciences, not then as now generally regarded as an open and an attractive field to the young lady of grace and accomplishment.

By the removal to a better world of a devoted mother, the cares of a mother largely devolved upon the senior daughter. The charge was great; and wisdom and grace were necessary in one upon whom, in early years, so grave a responsibility rested. God gave both the wisdom and the grace: Miss Austin was, to her brothers and sisters, mother, counsellor and friend. By her Christian example, precepts and prayers she was highly instrumental in the conversion to God of her brothers and sisters; and to-day, in more than one heart, there are cherished memories of her sisterly affection, prudence and piety.

In May, 1851, Miss Austin became the wife of Marshall B. Roblin, Esq., eldest son of J. P. Roblin, Ex-M.P. for the County of Prince Edward. Twenty-two years of unalloyed matrimonial bliss were hers. Rarely have matrimonial relations been so uninterruptedly joyous. Aside from personal afflictions and worldly mutations, the sky was cloudless,—one long-continued spring from the bridal-day till the hour death severed the silken bond that bound two loving hearts.

Mrs. Roblin, greatly favored and blessed of God as she was, nevertheless was no stranger to affliction. For nineteen years she was called to exemplify the sufficiency of God's grace in sustaining the sufferer. The warm affection, the consecrated zeal, the cultured mind, the agile frame, would lead mortals instinctively to presume that God would be most glorified by the constant activity a vigorous health would permit. He saw otherwise! And He was glorified by the patient resignation, the cheerful acquiescence of His afflicted one. In the intervals of severe suffering and prolonged prostration, the zeal for God was constant in its active development. To her, as a Sabbath School teacher and as a Missionary collector, the church was deeply indebted; and not unfrequently labors of love were performed when the frail body might righteously have claimed exemption from toil in order to gain its recuperation in tranquility and repose.

The last two anniversaries of the Sabbath School, of which her loved husband was and still is the superintendent, found her an invalid. But in the invalid's chamber and on the invalid's bed, head and heart and hands were engaged for the Sunday School anniversaries. The Christmas-trees on these occasions owed much of their beauty as well as of their value to her who, in weakness as well as in strength, found a rich reward in attention to the command of the good Shepherd,—“*Feed my lambs.*” The Christian grace of Mrs. R. was usually more severely tried by inability to attend the house of the Lord than by physical suffering. And the latter was sometimes very acute, extorting the prayer, “O, for five minutes of relief from distress!” The writer has been repeatedly astonished at the *cheerfulness* of Mrs. R. during

her sufferings. Patience and resignation do not express the condition of mind and heart at such times. The sunny smile, accompanied by the pleasant observation from her lips, spoke of the sunshine of the soul. Hers was a *joyous* Christianity. Fidelity in its most ample signification was a characteristic of Mrs. Roblin. With a faithfulness that never faltered, she held by the institutions, doctrines, usages, and general rules of our Societies. Without affecting in anywise singularity of style, she nevertheless uncompromisingly exhibited a Christian independence, and always maintained a just sense of the liberty of a child of God. A genuine Christian—and not *of* the world, she was as little enslaved by its fashion as governed by its spirit. Yet, in attention to the judicious and harmless conventionalities of life, in appearance, in conversation and the like, she was as much the lady as she was the Christian. Rigid in the observance of all she deemed right in regard to herself, and strong in her convictions of religious faith, she was liberal in regard to others, never unchristianizing them simply because they adopted not her non-essential views either in regard to matters of creed or practice. With the *true* Christian, of whatever type, she could sit under the shadow of the cross and there talk of the sinner's Friend, the heart all glowing the meanwhile with love both for the Master and the disciple. In many instances the ties of friendship formed in childhood's years continued till death sundered every tie appertaining to earth. She retained a strong affection for her old ministers, and none were more welcome under her hospitable roof than they. She coveted their society as she prized their friendship. Gifted with more than ordinary conversational powers, she was always interesting to them; nor less so, even to children, who loved her companionship, forgetting, as they were made insensibly to do, both her years and her mental superiority. Adapting herself to their capacity, she secured their affection while she advanced their intellectual and moral interests. Beloved by a widely-extended circle of the wise and the good, she passed through life without experiencing a wound, as sometimes even the best are called to do, from the sharp, swift arrows of an envenomed tongue.

An esteemed brother, W. H. Austin, Esq., of Trenton, says, "I owe much to my departed sister;" while an equally near relative, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Fowler, echoes the same grateful sentiment. Best known *to*, she was best loved *by*, her most intimate relatives and friends.

Her final illness commenced in February and continued through the eight succeeding months, accomplishing its course in October. To her ever-attentive husband she said, a few days before her death, "Be near me at the last. Hold me in your arms. Right out of your arms into the arms of Jesus,"—from the best loved of earth to the best loved of heaven!

Among her last words were the following sentences, which dropped from her lips at successive intervals of days or hours: "I have peace." "I don't doubt." "I have no fear of death nor the grave. I look into my grave so calmly. I don't feel like weeping." "I am all ready, and almost longing for release from pain and distress." "I am just waiting—waiting for Jesus," "I only weep, dear husband, when I think of you." To her loving brother's

enquiry, she replied, "Just waiting by the River—just waiting by the River." To the venerable Mrs. Appleby—long known and tenderly loved—she breathed forth the last words which ever fell from her pale and quivering lips—precious, priceless words—words of holy faith and holy triumph,—"NONE BUT JESUS!"

"As the bird to its sheltering nest,
When the storm on the hills is abroad,
So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest,
To repose on the bosom of God."

Kingston, May, 1873.

G. R. SANDERSON.

A CAMP MEETING INCIDENT.



NUMBER of seekers were at the altar of prayer: some for pardon, others for purity. My attention was directed to an intelligent young man who seemed to be earnestly seeking the Lord. After some conversation with him I found that he had once enjoyed religion, but for years had wandered from his Saviour. Having pointed him to Christ as well as I could, I left him, believing that he took hold by faith on the promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," and directed my attention to others.

After a time a friend came to me desiring me again to speak to him, as he seemed to have let go his hold on Christ through the fear that he had been deceived. Turning to him again, the following conversation took place: "You think you are deceived?" "Yes." "Well, the deception must be either in yourself or God. You do not think it is in God?" "No." "Then it of course must be in yourself. Now the only way you can practice deception is by insincerity in presenting yourself to God. If you are not sincere in your approaches to Him, or if you keep back anything knowingly, you have no right to exercise faith; but if to the best of your knowledge you are sincere in offering your heart to God, then He has bound Himself to take it, and you have a right to reckon yourself the Lord's. In short, the extent of your sincerity is the measure of the confidence you may have that Christ does now accept you." He at once grasped the idea as a drowning man catches the life buoy, the conflict in his soul was hushed, and gradually he sank away into perfect rest of faith; his body even partaking of and sympathizing with the exercises of the mind, gradually yielded to complete exhaustion, until he became as helpless as a child. The incident attracted chief attention for the time being on the camp ground, and was of the most thrilling character. We record this incident for two reasons: 1st. To encourage those who wish to point seeking souls to the cross. The Lord always gives a word in season to meet the most difficult emergency. 2nd. In the hope that possibly some reader may be benefitted by the thought, that our sincerity in consecrating ourselves to God should be the real ground of confidence as to our acceptance with God. How simple this test, and yet how scriptural and effective! Do you believe you are accepted amongst the beloved? The reply should be, not a description of present feelings, but, I this moment consecrate myself to God! and He that says "Son, give me thy heart," implies in the command that He accepts the moment it is rendered unto Him.

B. N.

Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

THE NEWSPAPERS ON WATCH-MEETINGS.

It is a noticeable fact that these meetings, once considered the peculiarity of the Methodist Connexion, are becoming so general, that even the daily newspapers take knowledge of them. They are becoming quite a national religious institution, and one which, even if accompanied by some things uncongenial to many spiritual minds, is capable, under God, of becoming the medium of unexpected blessing.

The *Daily Telegraph* gives somewhat lengthy notices of the services held on New Year's Eve, in the leading churches and chapels. Foremost in the list, as the headquarters of ecclesiasticism, we notice that held at St. Alban's, Holborn. Crowds attended, spite of the weather, and, to quote from the *Telegraph*, instead of a "correct and æsthetic service, the priest was unsurpliced, minus vestments, the hymns culled from Wesleyan manuals, and the preacher outpreached any Wesleyan in the metropolis as to the doctrine of free-will."

The question arises, "Are these things so?" and if so, what do they mean?

The services at various places of worship appear to have been largely attended and interesting—those at the Moravian Church and Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle deeply so. The list closes with an account of the midnight service at the Cow-cross Mission hall, where, after the old year had died into the past, the congregation adjourned to Clerkenwell-green, to welcome its successor by lime-light.

Another similar service, of the most solemn character, and accompanied with results that will be, as we trust, eternal in their issues, was held at the "Edinburgh Castle," Limehouse. And hundreds more such gatherings were held throughout the land, for which we thank God, and from which we expect many a blessing as the New Year grows old.

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

ONE Monday morning a minister was informed that a man who, the preceding evening, had listened to his discourse in perfect health, had suddenly been ushered into eternity. His personal responsibility to preach the Gospel as to dying men, as to those who, for aught he knew, might be about to appear at the bar of God, at once flashed upon his mind.

Rising anxiously from his seat, he proceeded to examine the manuscript of the sermon which the departed soul had last heard, with the intensely earnest hope that he should find in it as much Gospel truth as, had it been then and there, through the grace of God, understood and believed by the departed hearer, would have saved his soul. To his inexpressible grief, after the examination was over, he found the contrary. He saw that the hearers might have believed every word of that discourse and remained unsaved. The sermon was scriptural and well prepared, lacking nothing save the Gospel suited to a dying man.

Penetrated with a sense of his own unfaithfulness, he burst into tears, and, falling down at the mercy-seat, confessed before God, with much contrition, his dread omission; and ere he rose from his knees, he made the solemn vow that, with Divine help, to the day of his death, he would never preach a sermon without setting forth as much of the glorious Gospel as would, if truly believed, save any unregenerate soul then present.

WAITING HOURS.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him. He only is my rock and my salvation. He is my defence; I shall not be moved."—Psa. lxxii. 5, 6.

I WAS recovering from a long attack of Italian fever when I crossed to Naples,

and after a stormy voyage, I found myself, in the sultry season of July, in one of the large empty hotels, where the dull north rooms, so shunned at all other seasons, are welcome refuges from the heat. Everything around was parched, the sirocco blew furiously from the African coast, and seemed to wither everything over which it passed. The Lazzaroni were still loitering about, but sight-seers there were none, except a few Americans, who, like myself, were pressing on to other places, and, unlike me, were sight-seeing, in defiance of the burning sun, that seemed never to set on the whitened stone and blue bay beneath our windows.

Naturally I needed rest, and I felt it; and yet I was pressed in the spirit to hasten my departure towards the north. Much I prayed to be guided, and therefore I am assured that I was guided. I had not asked "Make my path pleasant, and my burden light," but I desired to know what I should do, and where I should go, and how I should follow my Lord.

A servant whom I had engaged to accompany me thus far was now to leave me earlier than I had anticipated; and as she was quite useless to me, I was thankful that the Lord had appointed it.

So the second day of my arrival I prepared to leave, and previous to the departure of the servant, I sent her to the railway to procure the correct time of departure and a time-table. This she told me she had forgotten; but she had certified the hour of the train best suited for me the following morning, and then she went on her way.

Great was my dismay to find that no such train went to the place I wished to reach, and there remained only one, late in the afternoon, which would carry me into the night.

To prolong my stay until the following day seemed impossible. Every hour in the heat and glare of the city was reducing the little strength for my still lengthened journey, and after I prayed I felt more convinced that I was to leave at once by the afternoon train, which was all that remained.

As I proceeded on my journey I found that I had overrated my power; and often I pondered in my heart, was it my own will, or the Spirit acting on it, brought me there? but it always ended

in a consciousness that I had sought Him who was my Guide, and that I must not weigh spiritual blessings with earthly measures. Before I had been many hours on the road I was so exhausted, that, when I had to leave the train for another, I felt it impossible to proceed, and was obliged to remain at one of the small stations long before we reached the point which I had anticipated.

I determined to get what accommodation I could for the night. In the confusion of changing carriages, and taking in other passengers, I could obtain no information of an hotel. Every one was occupied with his own business, and had no time to answer my inquiries.

At last, in my desolation, I stood still and silent, and prayed the Lord to put kindness for me into the heart of some one of this crowd of strangers. And as the Lord of the whole earth is never too occupied to attend to the moan of His desolate ones, I had scarcely breathed the cry for help before He answered me.

A porter looked at me compassionately, fetched me a chair, the only one in the luggage department (waiting room there was none), and, with a gentle courtesy which I have experienced so often from the Italians, he bade me rest until the train had departed, when he would speak to the luggage manager for me, who would tell me what was well to do. So, taking the quick answer to my prayer as a token that, after all, I was in the way, I lifted up my heart in praise to Him whom I desired to follow, and who had never lost sight of me in all the distracting confusion and din.

The train was off, many of the officials moved away to their homes, for it was one of the last night trains. Presently the luggage manager, an old officer, introduced by my kind friend Luigi the porter, came towards me. He told me we were more than a mile from the town, and that he knew no hotel where I could lodge, nor any place where I could procure a bed for the night.

However, after some consultation, a youth offered to send me a conveyance, stating that he knew where I could procure sleeping accommodation.

In half an hour an old cabriolet arrived, that, for antiquity and dirt, I had never seen equalled, except in some of the waste places of our own country

timber-yards, among carriages all too far past mending to be allowed a place even in the yard. The driver corresponded exactly with the vehicle—one of our wild Arabs of the East-end would hardly compete with him; and his shrewd, knowing grin and most perplexing patois rendered him rather an object of terror to me than interest or amusement, as it might have been under different circumstances. However, even this had been procured at the expense of some extra time taken from the hours of rest of the kindly railway officials. There was nothing else to be done. The station was about to be locked up; so, gratefully thanking them, and most of all the kind porter, whose words and looks of sympathy I took direct from the Lord, I mounted my strange conveyance. As the manager assisted me to enter it, he told me to remember that the house where I should sleep was opposite a large church, adding, "You cannot mistake it, and the train leaves at seven."

I had committed myself to Him who had cared for me hitherto, and to whom I had made my prayer; nevertheless, my heart sank within me when my driver insisted on sharing his seat with a rough companion whom he found on the way, who presented an appearance even more startling than his own. He drove furiously, and the long-legged horse, whose bones nearly protruded through his skin, galloped at intervals, when he did not entirely refuse to obey whip or voice to proceed.

We had left what seemed to be the high road, and we threaded the dark, narrow streets of the town, the tall, black buildings throwing a deeper shadow from the light of the moon, which now rose, and shed its silver glory through the openings. In vain I strove to gather some information of the way I was going. It seemed a maze of turning and winding.

I felt by the gestures of my driver and his companion that their mirth was at my expense, but to all my inquiries, "Where are we going?" he only replied by a fresh burst of laughter, and a shrewd sign to his companion.

At last he drew up at a house in the corner of a triangular street. In face of it I saw a large building, and the white moonlight shone on its pinnacles. I never doubted it was the church my

good-natured friends had told me to discern as my land-mark.

Before I could ask a question, my wild driver had carried my bag, with which I was unfortunately encumbered, into the house, and, grasping his fare, which I had prepared for him, he was gone, and I was alone.

Certainly I have heard of, but never have I witnessed, even in broad daylight, a place of such fearful augur as that in which I was called to pass the night. My first impulse was to rush back to the station, and ask to be allowed to remain with the luggage till the midnight train. But in that case I must leave what was most valuable to me in the hands of thieves, perhaps. But to walk was impossible, not a cabriolet was to be heard or seen, and even if I could reach it, the station was now closed until after midnight.

A rough looking man showed me my room, which for dirt, I had never seen equalled. The door had neither bolt, bar, nor lock. In sickening disgust at all around, my weariness, the excessive heat of Southern Italy in July, my long fast, and the momentary terror that swept like an ice-storm over my sinking heart, leave the scene vividly on my mind's eye.

I counted the chimes from a distant belfry as I stood at the open window; sounds of loud revelry was the only noise that broke the silence of the night without—voices of women singing, and boisterous laughter. The moonlight came brighter and fuller, and I saw that the building, which was pointed out as the church I was to keep as my landmark, was a barrack, and I was in a lodging-house in its vicinity.

I barricaded my door with the old broken chair, and, arranging my rug and shawl for my couch, I lay down in utter exhaustion, not to sleep, but to wonder what it all meant. I watched the stars paling, and the day breaking, and my heart was comforted. He who ruled the stars in their course watched over me, and peace spread over my troubled heart; and, like as the still waters image the light above when there is nothing between it and the heavens, so my heart could respond to the eternal faithfulness of the Lord who had called me to follow Him, and all was known to Him.

At last all was silence, broken only by the snore of the sleepers, that sounded

even in the narrow corridor to my chamber. And then, looking up to the Lord, gracious and merciful, I prayed, "Lord, if this be Thy guidance, I ask Thee to let me see wherefore I am in this place. Many a time I have prayed to trust Thee; now I ask to see Thee." Then there came the witness of the Spirit that my prayer was heard, and that my prayer was answered.

I was refreshed, and rested I know not how. God knows, who fed Elijah in the desert.

So I watched the sun rise over the tall buildings and whitened streets. Not a person was visible, but as I stood on my watch, suddenly I saw the kind porter cross the triangle rapidly. My first impulse was to endeavor to attract his notice, and pray him to help me out of this fearful place; but the next it was repressed. It seemed that I should thus distrust the power of the Lord who had so graciously assured me that I should see Him.

The cool air of the early morning, and more, the calm rest which fell on my spirit, strengthened me, and, putting on my hat and gloves, I slowly descended the dark, narrow stairs, and entered a room on the ground-floor, which gave evidence of the last night's meals. The remains of supper and drinking-cups lay around, and from several strange invisible beds were people rising from their sleep.

A large-headed fierce-looking man, in his shirt-sleeves, advanced, and demanded in an insolent tone where I was going.

I replied, "To the terminus," at the same time drawing out my purse to pay his demands, and begging him to fetch me a cabriolet.

"You cannot go until you have ordered your breakfast," he said in a peremptory tone.

"Good," I replied, "I take milk and bread only."

He bade a man near fetch it, while evidently keeping a watch on my movements, suspicious that I should depart, and defraud him of payment.

"Why are you going so early?" he inquired in a blustering tone.

I looked calmly in his face, and replied slowly and solemnly, "My Master calls me."

"Who is your Master?" said my host.

I replied, pointing upwards, "My

Master is my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

If the power of that name above all other names could give sight to the blind and strength to the lame, so to-day it had not lost the power to awe the rude and insolent man. He stared as if an apparition had suddenly risen at his feet; his hair, matted and uncombed, stood from his head, and gave him the aspect of terror and dismay.

And so I spoke of Him whose hand was over me, and, taking out my Italian Testament, I read of the condemnation of the sinner, and the salvation through God's only-begotten Son (John iii.)

The man stood aghast!

It was evident that my words, imperfect as was my Italian, reached his heart. And as I proclaimed the grace and mercy of God the Father in giving His Son, and God the Son in giving Himself, to die for ruined, guilty man, the Spirit of truth declared, "Thou art the man!" in that hour I recognized the power which is promised with the baptism of the Holy Ghost—the power which men shall not gainsay nor resist. Words came unsought, texts learned and long forgotten arose fresh in my mind. From little knowledge of the construction of the language, save what I had from time to time acquired from my Italian Testament, I went on to tell of the crucified and risen Saviour as the only refuge of the sinner from eternal death.

Another would have framed his arguments better. I lay no claim to rhetoric. No matter; God was there, and the words spoken for Him were arrows in His hand.

Another and another man arose from under the table, where they had evidently slept, and listened as I read.

I felt nothing of my strange position; I only felt that I was there, a witness for the Lord God, who had covered me with the shadow of His hand, and put His words in my mouth.

As I recall that hour, my soul still sings her song of gratitude and praise that the Lord had not looked upon my sinking faith, my cowardly heart, but on the perfect obedience of His spotless One, my Sun and Shield—"Behold, O God, our Shield, and look upon the face of Thine Anointed," (Ps. lxxxiv.) Here is the shelter from the storm, the shelter from the heat.

There was a strange solemnity in that group. The men seemed awed; there was no movement, no smile on one of those dark faces.

And now the same cabriolet made its appearance at the door, with an attendant sent by the kind officials of the railway. I saw that the Lord was thus showing me that He had placed me on the hearts of strangers, had I needed help outwardly; and I was not alone, for *He* was with me.

In gathering my shawl around me, my Italian Scriptures, from which I had been reading, fell to the ground. My rough landlord picked it up, and, before returning it to me, he turned the pages with a wistful eye. It opened as it fell—"He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only-begotten Son of God" (John iii.) I watched the curiosity evinced in his countenance as he scanned leaf after leaf, and then, with his eyes still on the little book that had done me good service, he inquired—

"Does this book belong to the lady?"

"It was mine once; it is yours from this moment."

"For me!" exclaimed the man joyfully; "surely, really for *me!*"

"Yes, for you, my friend, that you may remember the day when the English stranger came to your house sent of God, to tell you of the good news of the kingdom of heaven, pardon and peace, which my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my Master, died to secure you."

Oh, it was worth many a night-watch in a foreign land to see the tears stand in those bloodshot eyes, and mark the quiver of those coarse lips, that seemed long strangers to any gentle emotion.

He took the book with reverence between his folded hands, and pressed it to his breast.

As I went out, followed by that strange assembly, I could but mark that they spoke one to another, and evidently with interest. Each one desired to offer me some token of respect and kindness in ready service. My shawls, bag, and personal luggage were divided among them to carry for me, and my rough host was foremost in assisting me into the wonderful vehicle, which might have been a chariot with fleet steeds for all I

knew; for my heart was overflowing with praise as I looked on that group, whom I should behold no more until we meet before the throne of God.

OUR LOVEFEAST.

MY EXPERIENCE.

To God who reigns above

Let all my powers be given,
Who called me by His love

To be an heir of heaven,—
Who called me in my youthful days,
And bade me early seek His face.

When in my early youth

I heard His preached Word,
How oft I felt its truth,
And longed to know the Lord,—
I longed to know *my* sins forgiven,
And feel myself an heir of heaven.

How oft when on the road,

Or in the lonely field,
I felt my sins a load,
And then resolved to yield,—
Resolved to give myself to Him,
Who did my soul from death redeem.

And oft when all alone,

With none but God to hear,
Beside a tree or stone,
I knelt to him in prayer,—
And, weeping, earnestly did pray
That He would wash my sins away.

Thus months and years rolled round,

But brought me no relief,
For still no rest I found,
Nor would I tell my grief:
Ashamed to make my troubles known,
None knew my heart but God alone.

At length I did confess,

And boldly sought the Lord,
And trusted in His grace,
And in His precious Word,—
Then joy broke in upon my soul,
I felt that Jesus made me whole.

O, what amazing love!

That Christ, the Son of God,
Should leave His throne above,—
His holy, blest abode.

Amazing love! that He should die
To save poor sinners such as I.

J. LAWSON.

Editor's Portfolio.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE EVENING OF GOOD FRIDAY.

"And they laid Him in a sepulchre that was hewn out of a rock." Mark xv. 46.

Deep, deep within thy caves, O earth,
Lies untold wealth of many a mine,
Where glittering ore of priceless worth,
And precious rubies shine;
But more than gold and rubies bright,
Hast Thou within Thy heart to-night,—
Yea, were Thy every stone a gem,
And diamonds formed the ocean's hem,
And all Thy rocks were shining ore,
And every sea an emerald store,
'Twere nought—for more than gems and gold
Thy rock-hewn sepulchre doth hold.

Thou hast, O earth, the treasured dust
Of those who've loved and blessed the world;
Who warred with wrong and tyrant lust,
And bold the flag of Truth unfurled;
Compared to His their glory dies,
Who cold within Thy bosom lies.
Thou hast the dust of kings who've reigned,
And nations freed, or nations chained;
Whose nod has bade the world attend,
While peoples trembled to offend;—
But Thou dost guard a noble heir
In Thy Judean sepulchre.

O rubies bright, and mines of gold,
Ye are but dust, ye are but dust;
'Tis all ye are, when all is told,—
Though grass ye are to human lust,
The grave keeps for to-night my wealth,
My life and strength, my hope and health.
O earthly thrones, and crowns and fame,
Ye shadows are, and jets of flame,—
The meteor's glare, and are not mine,—
'Tis Christ, 'tis Christ, that man divine,
Who in His guarded sepulchre
Though dead to-night is nobler;
He is my fame, my King, my crown,
My glory, and my high renown.

Move gently o'er thy course, O earth,
In mourning for thy noblest dead;
Give not to-night the tempest birth,
Bid ocean rest upon his bed.
Ye heavens who heard His dying cry,
Give sorrowing earth your sympathy;

Sweep not your harps, but weep your tears,
Ye golden orbs and silver spheres;
And mourn my soul in harmony,
And prone in dust and ashes lie,
With tears, yet glad, for Thou art free,
The Lord of death hath died for thee;
And, dying, conquered all thy foes,
And taketh now a while's repose;
And, spite of rocks and armed men,
As conqueror, shall come forth again. * * * *

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

I.

For a physician, a man of wealth and influence, but godless and sceptical; has never lived much under religious influences. That he may be led to experience the power of Divine grace, and be made a new creature in Christ Jesus. "Thou hast asked a hard thing, nevertheless" (2 Kings ii. 10); "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" (Gen. xviii. 14).

A correspondent has sent us the above. We recommend it to those who know the power of prayer.

II.

For the present Conference—

1. That it may be a time of great spiritual quickening and power.
2. That Divine wisdom may be given to guide in the important deliberations of the Session.
3. That the providence of God may direct in the stationing of the Ministers, so that the coming year may be marked by a widespread and continuous revival of the work of God.

WRINKLES.

When the conversation of a religious professor has no savor of Christ in his family, in social circles, on journeys, or in the world, it is a wrinkle, its piety is shrivelled.

When he constantly neglects the spiritual converse of a select few,—once refreshing and precious,—and contents himself with the general ordinances of the church, it is a wrinkle.

When cares are permitted to overlay the peace of faith, and deprive him of happy communion with God, it is a wrinkle.

When he suffers a growing conformity to the desires and vain enjoyments of the world in his

family, and lives in a false domestic peace, it is a wrinkle.

When he withholds good from them to whom it is due, and from the holy charitable enterprises of the Church and his brethren, it being in the power of his hand to do it, it is a wrinkle.

When he secretly aims at amassing wealth, and makes the fine gold his confidence, it is a wrinkle,—he is proud, departing from the Lord.

When he forgets that humble love to God and man is the sum of religion, and seeks not the honor that cometh of God only, it is a wrinkle.

When, on self-inquiry, he is at a loss to know wherein his self-denial is practiced for the good of mankind and his personal piety, as Christ hath enjoined, it is a wrinkle.

When he loses the enjoyment of God by glorifying himself in any outward or intellectual work, it is a wrinkle.

When he loses the simplicity of Christ in expediency, or a desire to please, it is a wrinkle.

J. H. BOYD.

UNBELIEF HINDERING CHRIST'S WORK.

WE often speak of the power of *faith*; but there is a power in unbelief that is just as great; and in no respect is the power of unbelief so manifest as in hindering the mighty works of Christ in the earth. It seems strange, at first thought, that the mere attitude of human souls towards God should in anywise hinder His gracious purposes; but we must remember that in the very constitution of things, certain effects depend upon certain causes, and faith in the human soul is the indispensable condition on which the forth-puttings of Christ's power can be seen among men.

In the records of Christ's life we meet with several instances in which this condition of unbelief placed an insuperable barrier in the way of His benevolent designs; and a great many instances in which the existence of a lively faith developed in a marvellous degree His wonder-working power. The mighty works which He wrought where this faith was present were sufficient to show that in Him dwelt an infinite fullness of saving power, and the cases in which He did not exercise it, only indicated that the condition on which its manifestation depended—namely, faith—was wanting. This fact alone makes it manifest that moral

ends were always sought by Jesus in the performance of His miracles. They were never wrought for His own personal benefit, but as a result of faith in those who sought His help. Such indeed is the connection between faith and the manifestations of Christ's power, that where one is the other is sure to follow. We have a remarkable proof of this in a Gospel incident. It is said of Christ on one occasion that "He departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into an house, and would have no man know it, but he could not be hid." Now, *why* could He not be hid? It was easy for Him to conceal Himself when He chose. On another occasion, when His enemies were about to take His life, He hid Himself, and passed through the midst of them, and so went His way. Why could He not do the same on the occasion above referred to? Because a certain woman cried to Him, saying, "Lord, help me! my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." When the cry of need goes up from a believing heart, Christ's saving power cannot be hid.

Why are not Christ's works of healing and saving mercy wrought on a larger scale in the present day? Christ has gone up on high, but His Spirit and His power are still in the world. Before He ascended He said: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." Now, Christ's mightiest works were not those of healing the sick or even raising the dead. Mightier than these is the work of quickening a dead soul, and of healing the maladies that afflict the human spirit. It is said the day of miracles, in the ordinary sense, has gone by. It may be so; but the day of those greatest miracles—the awakening and conversion of souls—has *not* gone by; and it is given to earnest, holy men, to be the instruments in accomplishing these mighty works. When Jesus was on the earth, and after He ascended, His disciples cast out devils by the power of His Name; it is still given to believers to cast them out—instrumentally—by the power of His Spirit; but faith is the indispensable condition of the exercise of that power. Herein, then, is the remedy for the lack of spiritual power in the Church. We need more faith, and this we can have by asking, if we are willing to give up whatever would hinder its freest exercise. The power of Pentecost will be ours if we wait for it in the Pentecostal spirit—all "with one accord." "Lord, increase our faith!"

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

BEAUTIFUL EDEN!

W. H. DOANE.

"HAVING A DESIRE TO DEPART."—Phil. i. 23.

DUET.

1. Beauti - ful E - den! refuge of peace, Home where the songs of the ransom'd ne'er cease;

Oh, how my spir - it, when sadden'd by gloom, Longs to be - hold thee, thou garden of bloom!

CHORUS.

Beauti - ful E - den! beauti - ful E - den! Bright are thy flowers, golden thy fruits; Pure are thy

riv - ers, thy fountains how free! Beauti - ful E - den, my soul longs for thee!

2. Beautiful Eden! sorrow or care
Never can wither thy blossoms so fair;
Sin cannot blight them, and death cannot slay,
Safe in the garden of promise are they.—*Chorus.*
3. Beautiful Eden! place of delight,
Land of the angels, celestial and bright;
Here may the wayfarer stay and take rest,
Here in the heavenly home of the blest — *Chorus.*
4. Beautiful Eden! garden of grace,
Where we may gaze on the Saviour's dear face;
There we shall gather in gladness above,
Roaming the realms of an Eden of love.—*Chorus.*