

Practical Papers.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.

PART I.—WHAT IT IS.

CHAPTER VI.—NOT FOR ME! WHY NOT?

“For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.”—PETER AT PENTECOST CONCERNING THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.



MODESTY is lovely, presumption is folly, and pride is madness, but there is a holy boldness which is one of the chiefest of the beauties of holiness.

When the apostles were most supported and engrossed by divine influence, made the very temples of the Holy Spirit, and illumined in every chamber of the soul, then they were boldest, and then their adversaries took note of them that they had been with Jesus.

It becomes even Princes and Kings to take the shoes from their feet in their approaches to God, even when called into his presence by the voice of the Lord himself. It is holy ground, and all self-complacency will certainly give place to a deep sense of pollution in the vision of the spotless majesty of the Most High, and strength itself will melt into weakness in view of his omnipotence. A Job will exclaim, “I abhor myself!” An Isaiah will cry, “Woe is me, I am undone!” A Daniel will feel his “comeliness turned into corruption.” A John will fall upon his face as a dead man. No strength will remain in him.

And yet when even a child hears his name called, like the little boy in the Tabernacle lent to the Lord for ever by his mother—“Samuel! Samuel!” then it is surely more pleasing to God to have the willing response, “Here, Lord, am I,” than the reluctant plea, “Not me, Lord, not me! send by whom thou wilt send, but not me.”

The Lord was offended with Moses for his pertinacious modesty when called and bidden to strike for the liberty of Israel from Egyptian bondage. And also with Barak when sent for by Deborah the prophetess, and commissioned to break the iron yoke of Amalek. And in both cases he divided the responsibility, as they desired, and the glory too! In the one instance making Aaron a large sharer with his brother Moses, and in the other giving one part to Deborah, and another to Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, leaving only the third to the shrinking Barak.

God is not well pleased with this shrinking plea of the over-modest disciple who says, "Not for me." He has opened the new and living way by the blood of the covenant through the rent veil into the most holy place, and exhorts us in the language of the apostle, "Let us enter in boldly." And it is not modesty, but unbelief, which puts in this shrinking plea.

"Not for me!" Why not? Why, this is the very plea that the unconverted, in their utter unbelief of the freeness of God's grace and mercy, urge when pressed to fly to Christ for salvation—"Not for me." And yet we who have tasted and felt the love of the Lord know how foolish their plea is. We know that the invitation is unto "all the ends of the earth," and to "whosoever will." And surely salvation is no more free in the first draught of the waters of life than in the second and deeper. Christ is no more freely offered in the faith of his atonement than in the assurance of his personal presence and sanctifying power. He has not given himself to us in half of his offices freely, then to withhold himself from us in the other half. If we are content to take him as a half-way Saviour—a deliverer from condemnation merely—but refuse to look to him as a present Saviour from sin, it is our own fault. He is a full Saviour; and to all who trust him he gives full salvation. To all and to each.

"But this is not like conversion," says an objector. "It is a special matter designed and bestowed upon special instruments of God called to special responsibilities. Luther was a great man, called of God for a great work. Baxter also—Wesley and D'Aubigne. And these great men were endowed with great faith. I am not like one of these. It would be presumption in me to expect any such measure of faith."

To answer, and silence this plea is very easy,—but to do away with the unbelief that utters it is another matter. How do you know, beloved disciple of Jesus, that the Lord is not calling *you* to be a special instrument specially endowed for great and good things? Has God revealed to you his plans? Can you say certainly that God has not great things in store for you. Luther, a poor monk, buried up in a convent, without a dollar in the world, or a friend to lean upon, or so much as a Bible of his own to read, might have taken up your plea perhaps with quite as much shew of reason as you—and yet suppose he had? and had persisted in it, and refused to press for the fulness of salvation? Ah! then he might have remained a monk for ever, and the honor and glory of the Reformer would have crowned other instruments. So with you. You may shut yourself out from great light and love and usefulness—you may let another take *your* crown—but it will be your own fault, through an evil heart of unbelief, if you do. And tell me now,—upon your own admission, that this second conversion is a power of distinguished usefulness to him who secures it, are you not taking too much on yourself in rejecting it? Certainly it does make useful as well as happy Christians, and refusing to press for it is no slight matter. You had better weigh it well.

WILLIAM CARVOSSO

Was left an orphan at ten, and bound prentice to a farmer. His father was a sailor, impressed and compelled to serve on a British man-of-war, and his days were ended at last in the Greenwich Hospital. His mother gave him some instruction in the—to him—difficult art of reading, when a child, but of writing he knew nothing until he was sixty-five years old. In his youth he was inducted into the mysteries of cock-fighting, wrestling, card-playing, and other like things.

At twenty-one years of age it pleased God to arrest him and bring him to Christ. His sister, just then newly converted, was the means of this. His

struggles were great. Satan tempted him, tried him. It was hard to give up the world. Unbelief whispered, "The day of grace is past: it is now too late." But at last he came to the determination, "Whether saved or lost, never to cease crying for mercy." "And the moment this resolution was formed in my heart," he says, "Christ appeared within, and God pardoned all my sins, and set my soul at liberty. The Spirit himself now bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God."

This was his conversion. For a time all was fair, peaceful, joyous, happy. By and by, however, he discovered a deeper depth of his necessities. In his own graphic simile, "My heart appeared to me as a small garden with a large stump in it, which had been recently cut down level with the ground, and a little loose earth strewed over it. Seeing something shooting up I did not like, on attempting to pluck it up, I discovered the deadly remains of the carnal mind, and what a work must be done before I could be 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.' What I now wanted was inward holiness."

One night about a year after his conversion, he returned from a meeting greatly distressed with a sense of his unholiness, and turned aside into a lonely barn to wrestle with God; and while kneeling there on the threshing-floor he gained a little light, but not enough to burst his bonds and set him free. Shortly after, however, in a prayer meeting, his eyes were opened to see all clearly. "I felt," he says, "that I was nothing, and Christ was all in all. Him I now cheerfully received in all his offices; my Prophet to teach me, my Priest to atone for me, my King to reign over me. Oh, what boundless, boundless happiness there is in Christ, and all for such a poor sinner as I am! This change took place March 13, 1772."

In pencil mark at the bottom of the page, in the memoir from which this extract is taken, a reader has noted, "*A second conversion precise as to time.*" This narration, however, is not given simply as an illustration of second conversion, but rather to meet the special pleading "*not for me,*" on the ground that it is a special endowment for eminent ones. I wish to shew that it is an endowment to make eminent ones. Often and often, in the providence of God, it has taken men from the respectable ranks of mediocrity, or the low walks of obscurity, and lifted them to eminence.

Here is a youth just out of an apprenticeship to a farmer—a farmer's boy of all work, able to spell out a few words indeed upon the printed page, but unable to write a word or form a letter with the pen. Not an *eminent one* certainly; and yet he said, "It is for me—I must have it; and by the grace of God I will." And by the grace of God he did.

And now mark what follows. The fire kindled in that poor boy's heart burned so glowingly and so gloriously, that the angel of the Lord took from that altar the living coals to touch the lips and purge the sins of thousands. Carvosso married and became a pilcher fisherman in the obscure fishing village of Mouse-hole, on the coast of England—a fisher of men, too, and few more successful than he. Four months of the year he plied his seine for pilchers, but he caught pilcher-catchers the whole year round. Their first chapel was a small room in a fisher's hut; the next an offensive fish-drying cellar; the next a large upper room, made ready, but so frail as to crumble and tumble and crash, a heap of ruins, under the weight of the first assembly. Numbers grew, and zeal with numbers, and ability with zeal, and they built a fine chapel. The whole place was transformed.

Tired of fishing, he became a farmer. The parish where his farm lay was unbroken fallow ground; weeds rank, stones ungathered, fields unhedged, a heath in the desert. Soon, however, under the diligent hand of Carvosso, it began to blossom as the rose. The few scattered sheep grew into three

flourishing classes. His hands were full. From abroad they sent for him; and at one place, Cambuslang, where he went from house to house through the day, and held class-meetings at night, seven hundred or more were hopefully converted to God.

For sixty years this farmer boy, made eminent by grace, wrought on. And yet, strange to say, until he was sixty-five years old, the forming of the letter P in his class-book, to mark the presence of the members of his classes, was his utmost effort in the art of writing. His wife used to rally him about his penmanship, saying, "All you can do is to make P's."

A simple circumstance induced him, after he was sixty-five, to make extraordinary effort and learn to write. He mastered the art, and used it too. His letters and his autobiography are quite voluminous and very respectable in style; and, what is more than all, have been first and last the means, perhaps, of more good than his personal labors during all the sixty years of his distinguished usefulness. Comment is needless. Let Carosso persuade you that faith and grace can raise even the obscure to eminence, while unbelief paralyses even those distinguished for native abilities and superior opportunities and positions, and leaves them to float along in mediocrity or sink into obscurity.

This upon the assumption of your plea that this is a limited matter. But in fact this assumption is entirely groundless. Nay, more. It limits God, and God's holy word, and God's boundless grace. Not for me! Why not? Is not Christ able? Is he unwilling? Are the commands binding only upon a few? Can any enter heaven without holiness? Is there any other way of becoming holy? Is your name mentioned as an exception in the promises and invitations of the Word? Do you find any such phenomena as a proclamation like this, "Look unto me *ye few*, and be ye saved, for I am God?" Or like this, "Whosoever will, let him drink of the waters of life freely—*except yourself?*" Or like this, "For the promise is, *not* unto you and your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as 'he Lord our God shall call,' but only to a few eminent ones, or a few of peculiar temperament, or a few in favorable circumstances?"

Favorable circumstances! Not for me! My circumstances, my associations, my calling, my position so unfavorable! Ah, if only I was a minister with nothing to do but to do good, and study how to do it!

Now let another of the Lord's eminent ones witness for him:—

HENRY HAVELOCK.

The gallant soldier and heroic Christian Havelock was converted on board the "General Kyd," outward-bound for India. He was young, and only a lieutenant, with an untried sword both as a soldier and a Christian, but destined to great deeds in both fields. His enlistment was as hearty under the banner of the Lion of the tribe of Judah as under the lion of Britain, and his commission from the King of heaven had the broad seal of authenticity in the assurance of sins forgiven, as undoubted and unequivocal as his commission from the king of his country. *He landed at Calcutta a soldier of the cross.* But there God had in store for him yet better things. It was not in Havelock's nature to hide his colors. His uniform did not more fully declare his profession as a military man, than did his uniform Christian conduct his position in the Church militant. Once fairly settled at Fort William, he sought out those in Calcutta distinguished in the service of his own new-found Captain and King, and his intercourse with them was greatly blessed. His conversion was on board the "General Kyd." It was then on the high seas that he was met by Him of whom the Psalmist said, "Help is

laid upon one mighty to save, whose hand is in the sea." But now in the British Indian capital, and in the fortress, the same glorious Saviour met him again, and opened his eyes more fully than ever, and revealed himself to him anew. His biographer says of this second conversion, that "the Scriptures opened to him in yet greater fulness, and his consecration to his Master's service assumed yet greater intelligence and force."

Now, Havelock would have been a distinguished soldier, and a decided Christian without doubt, even if he had not been met and blessed the second time as he was. But to understand the philosophy of his unswerving dauntlessness in religion, and the deep solicitude he felt for the conversion of his soldiers and of the heathen, to find the source of the steady brilliance of his light, we must look to the two scenes, the first on the "General Kyd," but not less to the second in Fort William, and see how there the living union was formed, first and then more fully opened, afterward by faith between him and his Saviour; that living union which, like the tubes from the living olive trees in the vision of the prophet, poured the golden oil in constant current into the golden lamps, keeping their light ever fresh, never dim. His after life as a man, a soldier, and a Christian, was but the unfolding of the elements then fully set at work, to make him what he was, under the constant presence, and culture, and providence of his Captain and King.

Now, suppose Havelock had said, in the first instance, as doubtless he may have been tempted to say, and as some of his fellow-officers in the service, and fellow-voyagers in the "General Kyd," did probably say, "Not for me." Or in the second instance, where now would have been the record which has thrilled all Christendom with wonder and delight, the record which is on high? Where? And yet he, a youth, and a subordinate officer, amongst scoffing fellow-officers, and amongst a soldiery not over devout or pure, going into a heathen land, and his trade war, and his profession ambition, surely he might have exclaimed with a sigh of despair, "My circumstances! Oh, my circumstances! Not for me! not for me!" Yet it was for him, and it is for you too, if through unbelief you do not reject it. Again let me intreat you, weigh it well. Again let me ask you, can you reject it and be innocent?

"But my temperament! With my perplexities and trials! Ah! my temperament would never allow me to live in it, if I should gain it." Of all the pleas put in by those already convinced of the reality and blessedness of full salvation, this is the most frequent; and the most plausible too to those who so plead, and yet of all it is the most foolish and groundless.

The plea in all reason and common sense ought to be reversed. It should be, "Ah, my temperament and my temptations! I can never live unless I *do* have the fulness of faith, and the fulness of salvation. I *must* have it. Whatever others may do who have less to contend with, I must have it, and by the grace of God I will."

To make our very necessities a plea for rejecting instead of receiving it, is against all reason. Just as well might the poor cripple, who can only walk a few steps at a time without falling down, make that a plea for refusing the strong arm of a willing brother who offers to hold him up, and help him on to the end. And just as well might a poor sufferer gasping for breath in a close room, dying for want of air, refuse to have the free air let in, on the plea that he could not breathe with what he had already.

If all was right, temperament and temper, disposition and aim, position and circumstances, no Saviour would be needed. As it is, the more irritable our temperament, and irascible our temper, the more distracting our cares, and the more subtle and powerful our adversaries, and the worse our associations, the more we need a Saviour, and the more we need all the fulness of faith and salvation.

Says He who walketh in glory amidst the golden candlesticks, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see. Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh I will give to sit with me upon my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

"Rise! touched with love divine,
Turn out his enemy, and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in!"

"WATCH AND PRAY."



HE night is dark—behold, the shade was deeper
In the still garden of Gethsemane,
When the calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,
"Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with Me?"

O thou, so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials—
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou always sufferest tribulation?
What if thy Christian warfare never cease?
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

Here are we all to suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone;
Watch thou this hour in trustful patience only,
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn:

And He will come in His own time from Heaven,
To set His earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful even,
And the bright Morning yet will break for thee.

BIBLE EXPERIENCE.

No. I.—ST. PAUL.

BY PROFESSOR BURWASH.



OW many times, in the doubts and difficulties of the inner life, have we said to ourselves, Oh that I had one glimpse at the inner life of the saints of the inspired days! We knew not then how many glimpses at that inner life may be had from the sacred pages. So it is, doubtless, with many others seeking the higher life in our day. Why? The current has been setting in the evangelical Christian church for years back, in the direction of subjectivity, mysticism,—the religion of frames and feelings. This form of religion is the one extreme; Rationalism and Ritualism occupy the opposite one, making use of reason,—the other of natural sentiment as the basis of religious life. Both these classes of religionists can join in sneering at what they call pictorial piety. It may be that the lesson which we have to learn is, that this mystical element is not the only thing in religion,—nay more, is not the most important thing. Certain it is that this element is not so prominent in the biographies of Wesley and Fletcher, or even of Mrs. Fletcher, as it is in those of some nearer our own time, or in the lives of Madame Guyon and others of the Continental school. We remember when the latter seemed far more *profitable* to us as reading for spiritual improvement, though we see it otherwise now.

So is it with the Apostolic writings: the mystical element—the religious *emotion*—is there, but still more prominent are the enlightened religious *understanding*, and the *practical Christian affections*. “*Faith worketh by love.*” The Spirit, in his sanctifying work, penetrates every part of our nature, enlightening the understanding, kindling the emotions, renewing the affections and desires, and subduing the will; but when we speak of *experience*, in the modern and limited sense of the word, we refer almost entirely to the emotional element in religion, to that calm peaceful *frame*, or those joyous exulting *feelings* which we so often take to indicate peculiar nearness to God, and the perfect rest of faith; or otherwise to that troubled, tossed, and restless state which ensues when such calm is interrupted. Perhaps our experience in ordinary Christian life may be described thus,—at times we enjoy the peace described above, our thoughts turn upwards and inwards, and we *consciously* think of God. At other times our whole soul seems to go out into the work, the care, the toils of life, and in the intensity of our application to these

things we lose sight of self, and fail to criticise our thoughts and feelings as they flow onward. Then, again, when we turn inward once more, perhaps we find a lack of the fixedness of soul, of the contemplation of God in Christ which we had previously enjoyed, and then spring up chidings of heart, instead of the calm peace which had been ours. Let us look at experience in this limited aspect, and ask ourselves how was it with such a man as Paul in this respect. Perhaps the following questions may guide us:—

1. What was Paul's experience as to frame of mind, as described above?
2. Did he regard this as the most important element of his religious life?
3. What other elements entered prominently into his religion?
4. By what steps did he arrive at such a realization of the religion of Christ?

Doubtless the first stage in Paul's religious life was a painful *introspection*. Perhaps this took place during the three days spent in the house of Judas, in Damascus. Perhaps it may have commenced before; perhaps he did not enter into its fulness until a later period. Whatever may have been the date, yet, in the seventh chapter of the Romans, he doubtless describes his own experience,—the vividness of the picture, apart from the use of the personal pronoun, would indicate this. Every Christian, called like him to fulfil the power of the law of sin and death, may take comfort from the thought, that God led Paul to the enjoyment of sanctifying grace by the path of humiliation at the sight of the sin that dwelt within him. We must all, also, admit that the Apostle Paul emerged from this state of painful sense of sin and bondage, into a happy, confident frame of mind, in which he enjoyed freedom from all guilt (see Rom. v. 1), and also a sense of deliverance from the power of indwelling sin (Rom. viii. 1, 2). It would seem probable that, from the time of his baptism by Ananias, he enjoyed this new experience thus fully. Unless it be in the conflict with Barnabas, we read of nothing, either in his history or his epistles, after this period, which would lead us to suppose that he ever felt consciously guilty of committing sin. On the other hand, he declares himself conscious of no sin (1 Cor. iv. 4), which Alford renders: "I am conscious to myself of no (official) delinquency." Dr. Poor, in Lange's Commentary, says, "all these expressions,"—giving the Greek, Latin, and the English of our version,—signify, "I am conscious of no wrong;" see, also, 2 Cor. i. 12. Nay, more, I think we may regard the Apostle as declaring not only that his outward actions were in strict accordance with the law of conscience, but also that the motives from which he acted were consciously pure before God. See on this point such passages as 2 Cor. v. 11, 12, 13, 14; see, also, the whole of the fourth chapter of this epistle; also, Gal. ii. 20, and Phil. iii. These seem to us to be clearly the language of a man who walked in the constant consciousness of integrity and sincerity, doing the will of God from his heart, with no mixed, or earthly, or selfish motives.

But while there was this constant conscious integrity, and the deep inward faith in God which it accompanies, the Apostle's soul does not present

itself to us as an unruffled sea of placid gladness. He by no means seems to have dwelt in a spirit of calm contemplation, severed from the hopes and fears, the anxieties and pains of life. There was nothing of the stoic about Paul. On the other hand, he seems to enter with eager, almost passionate earnestness, into every work set before him, and to give himself freely to the often painful ardour which such affections, in a great heart, are sure to produce. But the passions which agitated his soul were holy passions, love to God, love of men, zeal for the right, jealousy of unholy influences, and sorrow over every triumph of sin.

A very clear conception of the Apostle's inner life may be obtained by reading the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of second Corinthians. He evidently has distress, perplexity,—he is cast down, dishonored, sorrowful; but in all these things he preserves a conscience void of offence towards God and man.

Here, then, in two respects the experience of St. Paul resembles that which we have described as that of the ordinary Christian. Did the third element enter also into his religious life? He had his seasons of calm peace, or of conscious or abounding joy. He had also his times of work,—when, forgetful of self, he gave himself over entirely to the great earnest battle for God and the right, and entered into it with love, zeal, earnestness, yea, and indignation too, when necessary. But were there also times in which he would fain have returned to calm contemplation and introspection, but found it difficult or impossible to do so,—times in which thoughts would not be controlled, and anxieties would not be suppressed, and affections would wander, and the spirit find no rest? Let us see 2 Cor. iv. 7, &c., "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed . . . ;" vii. 5, "For when we were come into Macedonia our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears." Here seems to be an approach to that which we have been looking for,—but note, that even in these passages there is very little of the self-conscious, introspective element. The sadness, or even darkness here referred to, is not the result of a forcing inward of the thoughts and activities of the soul, but it is rather the result of external circumstances,—the perplexity arises from troubles, the despondency from persecutions, the fears within from the fightings without. There is nothing here, nor, if we mistake not, in any other part of the Apostle's writings, which presents him as severed from the active work of life, and given up to that introspective meditation in which we find so much of our spiritual darkness and perplexity. He does not often tell us about his feelings, but when he does it is in connexion with active work, rather than with pensive meditation. In another number we shall endeavor to ascertain the precise relation of this experience of feelings to Paul's religious life.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE ITINERANCY.

BY REV. H. JOHNSTON, M.A.

(SECOND PAPER.)



IN a former paper we have noticed the advantages which the system of the Itinerancy confers upon the Church. It gives scope for Church aggression and diffusion. It makes the Church connectional. It gives to the entire Church the diversified gifts of the entire ministry. It is adapted to the Church, which is in deep sympathy with the masses, and whose agencies are brought to act upon the *many* rather than the select *few*. Such a benefit should not be lightly esteemed: for the Church that deals with the masses is the Church that shall exercise a controlling influence in forming national character. With *the people* is the great producing power of national wealth—with them are the strength and sinews of empire—with them are the great popularizing agencies of thought and feeling and habits; and to reach these there is no ecclesiastical agency more effective than an evangelical Itinerancy. Other advantages than these might be signalized. It places every man in that part of the work for which he seems best prepared, and gives a ministerial power suitable to the moral and religious necessities of a place; whereas in the settled pastorate, the minister is often retained, irrespective of his adaptation to that place, or of the necessities of another. It gratifies that great law of change, that love of variety, which the mighty Master Builder of our common humanity has inwrought through the very texture of the soul. It preserves purity of doctrine: for with the frequent change of teachers a difference of teaching would soon be perceived by the hearers. It maintains the peace of the Church: for while it removes ministers of general esteem and love, it also transfers those who do not gain the affections of the flock, and who might otherwise be inflicted upon them for an indefinite term of years. Long and bitter are the quarrels which sometimes arise between settled pastors and people. Now, while judicial records assure us of contentions and of discords that frequently arise from the system of the settled pastorate, it is a fact worthy of notice that in all Methodism the first lawsuit between minister and people has yet to be filed. These are some of the advantages of the circuit system to the Church as a body; but they are not confined to the Church, they belong alike to the ministry.

In this paper we shall indicate some of the advantages to the ministers themselves.

1. In the first place, the Itinerancy cultivates the spirit of evangelism; it meets the fundamental idea of the ministry as an embassy of pardon to sin-

ful men; it keeps before the minister the subject-matter of his mission. His aim is to save men by the foolishness of preaching. The Spirit acts through the medium of Gospel truth, as the electric fluid through the wires of the telegraph; and his effort is, instead of giving moral lessons on a variety of Scripture subjects, to give the Word "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," that sinners may feel its keenness and edge, and be convicted of their sins and their need of a Saviour. His very life-work is to hold up Christ from place to place, to ply new hearers with old truths, to witness glorious results in the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers; these add fuel to the hallowed flame, and kindle him into a holier fervor, "he is enlarged to preach the Gospel to the regions beyond." His love of Christ and love for souls urge him to seek a new field, when he has done all that he can in the old, where with fresh contact and new enterprises he may bring all his power to bear with greater vigor upon the strongholds of the enemy.

2. It gives to the ministry the spirit of manly independence. The itinerant feels that his work is to save all the souls he can, and not merely to keep on good terms with the people. The settled pastor sometimes keeps his position for years at the expense of personal feeling and comfort; his spirit is constantly fretted, and his life embittered by a few fault-finding, cantankerous, and unreasonable men, who are to be found in every community of Christians. If the part be a desirable one, he is led to shape his course for as long a term as possible, and must often choke down indignities and truckle to the influential few. If the charge is not a desirable one, how natural to be constantly looking out to see if he cannot discover a better place! Even if he have the faith and pluck to break up his establishment and go out, Abraham-like, not knowing whither he must go, peddling his ministerial gifts as wares, and submit to the humiliation of having his whole life and habits and relations canvassed by the congregations to whom he offers himself. What a tendency in such a system to make men sycophants, or sufferers, or hirelings! But the itinerant need keep no terms with consequences. He is the sentinel of truth. If they will not have him in one place he can be sent to another. He casts himself upon the magnanimity and affection of the people for his support, and if these fail him he can patiently wait the expiration of his term, and then remove without contention or strife.

3. It cherishes the self-sacrificing spirit. The system doubtless imposes great burdens and inconveniences upon the ministry. There is the labor and expense of removal. It is trying to leave a loving and beloved people for strangers, to sunder all the sweet intimacies of life, to enter upon untried friendships, and commence a new course of pulpit labors and pastoral duties among an unknown flock. Yet, when men, with an exquisite relish for the refined enjoyments of life, and susceptible of the warmest and tenderest attachments, yielding to the strong and full-flowing tide of pitying love for souls, voluntarily renounce personal comforts and wishes, from a conviction that the interests of Christ's cause are best served by the sacrifice, they become Christ-like, and he is most noble who is most like the Redeemer of the world in the spirit of self-sacrificing love.

4. It cultivates the heroic. The system trains men to a heroic and vigorous propagandism; with the work of heroes to perform they heroically perform it. Inspired by the grace of God, they shrink from no labors and trials, dread no dangers and privations; the men who have led the van in this grand work have been men of incessant toil, of mighty personal influence, of fervid zeal, and heroic daring, of whom none can more truthfully adopt the language of St. Paul: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness, in painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger, and thirst, and fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Hallowed, thrice hallowed be the memories of these noble men. Long will the world cherish their image and bless their name. And honor, all honor to that system which thus brings out of men the stuff of which heroes are made.

5. The system gives an efficient ministry. It opens a broad field for development. Men of intellect confined to narrow circles are cramped and dwarfed, and have scarcely been heard of beyond their parish limits, when they might have shaken the world. The name of Whitfield would have been unknown had he been forced to settle down and confine his exertions to one place; but he flew abroad like the flaming angel of the Apocalypse, bearing the good news of salvation from shore to shore, and now, "being dead, he yet speaketh." The genius of a system is ever resolving itself into some great representatives, so that those who occupy the foreground represent the men who do not appear. What shall we say, then, of a system whose out-workings have given us a Punshon, the "Jupiter touans" of British preachers; and a Simpson, the Apollo of American divines? The standing pool is without life and freshness, the sweeping river ever renews itself, and pours the full volume of its gathered waters into the rejoicing sea. The system gives to the ministry a practical education. They are educated, not *for*, but *in* the ministry. They are drilled, not on parade ground, but in the service, with the experiments of Divine grace in human hearts as the manual and text book. The preachers are called to mingle with all classes of society, to study men and things as well as books; and with a profound knowledge of men and the moral forces that move them, they should be able to preach *ad populum*, thus securing the highest encomiums that has ever been pronounced upon the saying of Him who spake as never man spake. "The common people heard Him gladly." These are some of the advantages of the Itinerant system. That it has dangers, and great dangers, we cannot doubt: these we will make the subject of our concluding paper.

PRAISE Him, sun, and moon, and stars! Praise Him, church militant on earth! Praise Him, church triumphant in heart! Let the church beneath raise up its right hand of gratulation, and the Church above reach down its right hand of joy; and while the two are clasped, let the elders of the church put to our lips the wine of earthly celebration, and the cup-bearers of heaven bring up out of the vaults of eternity the oldest wine, prepared by Him who "trod the wine-press alone," and so let two worlds at once keep jubilee.

THOMAS COLLINS.

BY REV. B. SHERLOCK.



HE age of spiritual heroism has not yet departed. It is possible to be a saint of the intensest kind in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Some smiling reader asks: Who that believes that high holiness has been attained and exemplified in a former generation will doubt its possibility now? Few, perhaps, of our readers have ever shaped to themselves any serious theory as a reason why the mighty holiness which distinguished many of the men whose lives are the choice reading of our most earnest Christians, should not be reproduced in modern days. Yet we must confess, that with many others of the well-wishers of our Zion, we shared in a fear lest we should not see, "in this our day," men worthy to rank with Bramwell, and Abbott, and Stoner, Wooster, and John Smith. The half-despairing wail of the author of the "Tongue of Fire," which we read soon after the book was issued, lived in our memory:—"Never, perhaps, did earthly eyes see more frequently than we see in our day, men with ordinary Christian excellencies, men in private life whose walk is blameless, men in the ministry who are admirable, worthy, and useful, but are not men '*full of the Holy Ghost*'—a rare and minished race? It was with a joyous relief, therefore, that we found those fears evaporating while we perused the unique biography of the minister whose name stands at the head of this article, especially as when turning to the last page of the book, we found that his death occurred so late as December 27th, 1864. Our design is not to exhibit to those who have read the book our skill in the formation of a digest or synopsis; but rather, in union with the design of this periodical, to call the attention of the lovers of holiness to one of the most readable, attractive and spiritually stimulating books which has been issued during the last twenty years or more. Though there seems no aim on the part of the biographer to exhibit himself, yet one cannot but be charmed with the unique humor, the strong spiritual genius, and the character-painting ability displayed in the book. Thomas Collins seems to live before our eyes with a distinctness seldom produced by the pencil of the biographic artist. Looking at the portrait we see that, with all his seraphic piety, with all that fervent integrity which prompted his prophet-like protests against sin, he is still every inch a *man*, and not in the smallest degree a *monk*. One of the most sanctified of saints, and yet one of the most tender of husbands—most genial of parents. Loving God with all the fervor of a purified heart, he was yet a lover of nature, with an eye for the sublime and the picturesque, and not altogether blind even to the comic side of things. He could thunder to a congregation of sinners until, to their startled consciences, God seemed armed with the sin-avenging sword of eternal doom; he could also make innocent rhymes for the amusement of his children, and mingle with them in their juvenile recreations. Conscientious as any Puritan of the seventeenth century, yet his

religion is full of joy as that of the Psalmist who calls on all the universe to join him in praising the Lord.

Mr. Collins was a minister of the Wesleyan body in England, of which connexion his biographer, the Rev. Samuel Coley, is at present a very popular and successful member. Having already given in general terms our estimate, both of the author and his subject, we shall now present a few of the suggestive facts of his history. His father, who was a man of eminent piety and independent character, dedicated him to God when but a few hours old, by putting a Bible on his breast, a pen in his infant hand, and then praying that God would accept the lad, and would help him by tongue and pen to bless his fellows, an act at which many would smile, but which was acknowledged and owned of God. How godly the training of his infant years was, may be presumed from the fact already mentioned, and also when we learn that his name was put on the "class-book" at the age of seven years, and the "penny a week" that British Methodism expects from all its members as a minimum, regularly paid on his behalf. The results of dedication, teaching, and prayer, gladdened his parents' hearts in the clear conversion of the boy, under the ministry of Rev. Gideon Ouseley, at the age of nine years. Boarding-school associations dimmed his enjoyment; but he does not seem to have lost his regard for religious things, nor given way to open sin. However, at the age of sixteen, we find him seeking a restoration to Divine favor, which he found in connection with the labors of Rev. W. Davies. Thenceforward his religious life was steady and progressive until, in a few years afterward, at a prayer-meeting, he entered into the experience of *perfect love*. In the words of his biographer, he "was enabled to believe the cleansing Word, and in the strength of that path to bow his whole will utterly to Christ, to whom he surrendered all authority in his soul. The act of devotion was complete. Thenceforth life was a priesthood, and sacrifice a vocation. . . . 'Not your own' was printed indelibly upon his heart. His sister, during his last illness, remarked to him with joy upon his long testimony before the Church, of the bliss and duty of perfect love. His reply was, 'I got it, I kept it, I have it now, and it is a heaven.'" The reception of this grace wrought a marked change, the description of which we slightly abridge:—"Until this time the productions of his pen had been too labored. Simplicity, that last of excellencies, was wanting. Gaudy adornings had cumbered the truth, and big words had dimmed the ear more than they touched the heart. . . . A change now, however, passed over his soul that made for ever after mere time-wasting architecture of words abhorrent to him. I have done with it," said he. ". . . Everything was real and powerful. A clever skeptic once said to me, 'Thomas Collins is the hardest hitter I ever knew.' His brother says, 'After that night he threw aside his abounding rhetoric, and became a plain witness for the truth. Until then his sermons had been too high-flown for my young apprehension, but the preaching of that afternoon smote me with impressions that have never been erased. Six in that service found peace with God.' This was the hopeful beginnings of one of the purest revival careers of modern times."

The baptism of purity and power then received, began a series which converted the preacher into an instrument of good, whose words were like thunder-peals to the ordinary sinner, like lightning to smite the towering pride of the formalist; but, like the abundant rain wherewith the garden of the Lord was refreshed, putting on almost after every sermon a greater brilliancy of verdure, until circuits that had been almost as a barren wilderness, or as the sluggard's garden, became beautiful with a luxuriant foliage, and rich with the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Churches were built and filled; old debts paid up; salaries of ministers increased and cheerfully paid. And all this not as the result of persistent and audacious begging as has occurred in some places; but because Pentecostal blessing added large numbers to the membership, and the same influence opened every purse, because it expanded every heart. How successful he was in promoting perfect love there are frequent instances recorded. Let this one suffice, in which we have an interesting phrase of the biographer's experience:—"His morning text in Tipton Chapel was Jeremiah xiii., 27: 'Wilt thou not be made clean? When shall it once be?' Unction, richer than was wont even to him, came down. Such power I had never felt under any ministry. . . . At the urging of the query: When shall it once be? The loving Father says, Now! What do you say? When? 'Now,' breathed audibly from pew to pew. The Son who gave his cleansing blood says, *Now*; what do you say? At this reiteration of appeal, 'Now,' louder and more earnest circled me in answer. The waiting sanctifier, the Spirit of holiness, says—'Now;' what do you say? When? Twice the response, though it moved my inmost heart, had passed, leaving me trained in the school of order, silent; but with that third questioning came a gush of influence irresistible. I could keep my lips no longer, but, like the rest, cried—'Now!' What is more and better far, my soul, that blessed moment, as certainly said—'Now,' as did my tongue. It was no flash of enthusiasm—it was a work of the Holy Ghost."

Accounts of similar triumph abound throughout the volume,—here, one-half of a family converted as the result of an ordinary visit; there, a thoughtless one, met on the highway and, by conversation and prayer, lifted all the way from the darkness of sin's undisputed reign, into the liberty and light of God's people; again, some rowdy of the bar-room, or prize-ring, stops with the crowds who *will* listen at the door of his prayer-meetings, falls groaning under sin, but soon rises rejoicing in Jesus. A Sabbath-school or other anniversary sermon is preached on another circuit (an occasion when some ministers think it not unlawful to "show what is in them"), and the record is, "Fifteen souls found peace, five entered into the rest from inbred sin." The only seasons at which such victories are not the rule, are the few Sabbaths in the beginnings of his labors on some of his circuits, when as yet there was little spiritual co-operation on the part of the people. Was there anything extraordinary in the sense of being *abnormal* about this man? We confess we cannot find anything of the kind. He was not even a free evangelist like Caughey and some others. He was a circuit preacher, and most of his time a Superintendent. A man of excellent mind he certainly was; but

many are the ministers of equal ability, whose work, in comparison to *his*, is as that of a private policeman, monotonously pacing his beat; wearing the livery of authority, taking its pay, but achieving nothing to that of the daring captain who dashes in faith upon the enemy, conquers a province for his master, and lays the trophies in triumph at his sovereign's feet. Why do such men as Collins prevail so mightily? We will tell. Page 65, his words are quoted: "I expect salvation every sermon;" page 99, "I plead continually for outpourings of the Holy Ghost." On the same page a friend tells,— "Sometimes a whole day passed in fasting, intercession and meditation." Again, from the journal: "I went to my lonely retreat among the rocks. Having to form a new class this evening my heart was broken with desire for conversions." Page 159: "Six hours this day I dedicate to acts of devotion to get baptized with the Spirit of power for entrance upon my new circuit." On page 182 we find that the godlessness of certain colliers moves him, and it is told us that "February 11th was spent in fasting and special prayer in their behalf. During those hours of wrestling his desire grew intense, and his faith venturesome. He asks, 'Lord give me and my brethren a hundred souls in the next week.' At the close of the week I have no doubt that the hundred has been given to us," is his triumphant record. Let Professor Tyndall's friend apply his scientific methods in examining the effects and preparing them with the cause, as revealed in these extracts. And let the writer and every reader, especially every *preaching* reader, learn from these records how to win the glory that waits for those "who turn many to righteousness."

A PRAYER FOR PURITY.



ORD, make me pure, for certainly I know
 The pure in heart shall see Thee face to face
 In that great Temple, wherein all who go
 Come out no more, but find eternal place.

Lord, make me pure, for while I here remain
 Some service for Thee I would gladly do;
 And without holiness my toil is vain—
 The shaft will miss the mark with aim untrue.

Lord, make me pure, there is no light in sin;
 They who love darkness wander far astray;
 Life's slippery paths need counsel—shine within,
 So in Thy light my feet shall keep Thy way.

A WORD TO SEEKERS.

 (Translated from *Die Heilsfuelle*.)



IF you need more light on certain points, pray God for it. If you lack determination, courage, and faith, cry to God for help with the perseverance of Jacob. Unite prayer with searching the Scriptures and the use of all the means of grace, and employ every help in order to obtain the blessing. Besides the Bible, suitable hymns, and verses of hymns, may be a means of encouragement. The reading of books, periodicals, tracts, &c., on the subject may be a help. The Bible, however, must always be considered as the principal source of instruction on this as on all other points of doctrine respecting our salvation.

Have a single eye, and be sincere before God and man in your searchings and prayer with regard to this highly-important subject. Conceal nothing, hold nothing back, evade no known duty, spare no passion, renounce every sinful indulgence, remembering God will not hear us if we regard iniquity in our hearts. We must be conscious that we are sincere before God and man and that we desire to be saved, and *remain saved*, from all sin. If this be the case, then we are only one step from the land of entire purity and rest.

But you must consider that without faith the specified preparation for sanctification will avail nothing. The most accurate knowledge of the subject, the profoundest sense of our natural depravity, and our need of thorough cleansing, all penitence and confession, resignation and consecration, together with the most earnest supplication and prayer, will be without effect if we lack faith.

If the proper state of mind is attained—that is, if we have arrived at the borders of the promised land of rest from internal enemies, and the enjoyment of perfect love—the fulness of God—then it is our privilege by *one further act of faith* to obtain the blessing—to enter into the land and possess it. And this last happy step across the boundary into the promised land is in most cases not as difficult as many former steps of our journey have been. We need only to *will* and to *venture*, trusting in the mercy and faithfulness of God, and the work is done. Such faith the Lord requires of all His children, and it is impossible to none.

To believe that God has promised this great blessing, that He is able and willing to impart it, and that he will impart it in due season, is not *all* of that faith which is required to secure the blessing. More is required. We must come, as in justification, to the *present tense*, namely, that He will do it *now*. More than this, that He *actually does it now*. To believe that He will do it is all right at its proper time, but it is not the whole of the requisite faith to secure the blessing. When we believe and feel that we are near the goal, we have achieved a great victory, but if we go no farther it will profit us nothing. What would it profit a man if he *almost* came into the possession

of a great earthly treasure, or even almost reached heaven, if he finally failed to enjoy it? The application is easy.

All who have been converted or justified, reached a point of time in their penitential struggle when they by faith obtained the pardon of their sins, and were adopted into the family of God as children. When did they reach that point? Was it not when they *believed*? Not *before*, but as *soon* as they believed. Exactly so it is in the struggle for entire sanctification. The order and nature of faith is the same, the difference is in the object aimed at. In conversion, this is justification and regeneration; in sanctification, it is entire cleansing from indwelling sin, and perfecting in love.

Now, if the penitent under the guilt and burden of sin, without much experience in regard to the work and ways of God, may exercise faith to the removal of his sins, and obtain peace and consolation, why should he, after such experience and knowledge with regard to the plan of salvation and God's willingness to hear and answer prayer, not be able to exercise that faith which secures entire purification? Is God not able to fully sanctify His children as to pardon and renew the penitent? Does He not declare our sanctification to be His will?

We doubt not the fulfilling of a promise made by a well-tried friend—we place full confidence in his word. But our friend is a feeble, fallible mortal, and he might possibly fail to fulfil his promise. He might be overcome by temptation to break his word, or if ever so faithful and willing, not be *able* to fulfil it. But this cannot be the case with God, our best Friend. He is immutable, and can in no wise be prevented from fulfilling His promise if our *unbelief* prevent Him not.

But whatever may hinder us and protract our conflict for entire sanctification, the sincere seeker will finally succeed if he persevere. Let him only guard against the mistaken notion that his success lies in the distant future—that weeks, months, and even years may pass by before he will realise it. This is an artifice of the devil, whereby innumerable multitudes have been deceived. If we earnestly seek the blessing, without which we never shall obtain it, we must expect it *daily, hourly*—yea, *momentarily*. Those who desire more time, have not yet fully discovered their need; are not yet tired enough of inbred sin, and lack earnestness in seeking deliverance therefrom.

Those who hunger and thirst after the full salvation of God, count the days and hours for their deliverance from their inward tormenting fears, and for the full baptism of the Spirit and power of their Redeemer. Deny me what Thou wilt, O my God, only not this—is the language of their souls. They willingly consecrate and risk *all* in order to obtain this precious treasure. Nothing on earth or in heaven seems sufficient to them to mitigate the heart-wound, to fill the heart-void, but God and His full salvation. Those who await the blessing in such a frame of mind, and with such a desire by faith, need in no case wait long for it.

If the reader be a seeker of this great salvation, will he permit us to put the following questions to him:—

Do you comprehend what is meant by *entire* sanctification? Do you feel the need of it? Do you desire it with all your heart, and are you willing to accept it on any terms? Are you determined to avoid all manner of sin before God and man, and to continue in prayer and supplication until you have succeeded? Have you made a full consecration of yourself and yours, your property, your gifts and talents, your time, your influence and honor—your all; and are you determined never to take anything back? Is this your will, your feeling, your determination? Are you resolved to live and die with this mind? Do you expect sanctification by *faith alone*? Do you expect it *to-day, now*? Do you expect it as a work of the Holy Spirit applying the blood of Jesus to your soul? Do you expect it with a fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost than you ever experienced before? Do you expect besides a cleansing from all inward pollution of sin, an increase of love toward God and man, of spiritual gifts, and an improvement of all the Christian virtues? All this you may expect with certainty if you exercise the requisite faith for the attainment of entire sanctification. If you seek it by earnest prayer, and expect it by faith, it must be and will be your portion. Heaven and earth will pass away, but the word and promises will remain for ever. Do you believe this? "All things are possible to him that believeth." *Do you believe now?* If you do, you are not disappointed; you have the blessing, and you know and feel it. You need not now be told to give God the glory. The grace of God in your heart will incite you to this. You will speak out of the abundance of the heart, and be constrained to cry out, in the language of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

THE ENDUEMENT OF POWER.

BY MR. W. BRAIMBRIDGE.



HIS gift may be regarded as a special bestowment, imparted for the effectiveness of all the Christian graces. The gift is relative; it is a commission, a power, to give strength and success to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

Justification and sanctification may be considered as personal in the good they represent, the former bringing peace with God, the latter purity within the soul. Conjointly they raise man from the ruins of the fall, and put upon the soul the image of God. By these we may be said to be "partakers of the Divine nature." Thus man is brought

into friendship with God, and made "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

But the enduement of power, promised by our Saviour to His disciples, is an unction from above, to render holiness a force, giving it influence for the good of others. Piety is a good, but this is to make it of service, that the personal good may become also a good to others. The first disciples were unquestionably men of piety and zeal, men highly qualified for service in God's great vineyard, and they were chosen for the work of spreading the glorious Gospel to the ends of the earth. But they required *power* that they might be bold, strong, wise, and equal, in all respects, to the great work for which they were ordained.

The emblems of this power were, in their case, "the sound of a mighty rushing wind," and "cloven tongues of fire;" the one to give sweep and force, the other consuming and purifying in its effects; the one to give vehemence and intrepidity, to overcome obstacles, and carry forward the Gospel to the ends of the earth; the other to produce purity—consuming, refining, that the world might be converted by it.

As to the attainment of this enduement of power, we have no specific Scripture teaching on record as the precise mode. There is the question asked of the disciples at Ephesus, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" followed in the case of those disciples with results similar to those of the great Pentecostal outpouring. And we have for an example the instructions given to the apostles, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." From these it may be inferred—

1. That the Holy Ghost is to be "received" by Christians *after* they have believed.
2. That a special preparation is needed to preach the Gospel, after the call being given and the instruments chosen.
3. The example of the apostles gives an assurance, that to the asking, believing, waiting, expecting soul power will be given.
4. It is therefore to be earnestly sought, joyfully waited for, and received, that the same glorious results may follow Gospel preaching in all ages and to the ends of the earth.

The same element, *power*, and the same *results* of power are promised to the successors of the apostles; and these results, in the conviction, conversion, and sanctification of men, are to be the "signs" and "fruits" of their call, and their "crown of rejoicing" in the other life. Let us all deeply ponder the words, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto ME."

A HOLY life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act, or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life.

POWER IN PRAYER.

BY REV. J. C. GREAVES.



OWARDS the close of 1823 a young man was visiting at the Rev. John Nelson's, at Birstal. It was the quarterly fast-day. He right heartily united with the praying band, and with strong confidence asked the Lord to save ten souls that day. Thoughtful suppliants hesitated to say "Amen" to so definite a prayer, and afterward the supposed indiscretion was subject of remark.

The evening meeting came. It was entrusted to the zealous brother, who again urged his desire and faith for ten souls that day. Eight persons present yielded themselves to God and obtained forgiveness.

"It is time to conclude," said a quiet orderly brother, adding, as he thought, to give force to the suggestion: "and you've got eight."

"Yes! but I asked the Lord for ten, and I think I asked in faith."

"But I know every one in this room, and they are all converted."

"Well, but there are many unconverted outside. Let us have more prayer."

On the prayer meeting went. Three young persons entered,—two nieces of John Nelson and a servant. They had been listening outside, and felt they must now come in. Very soon the two former obtained peace with God.

"Hadn't you better conclude now?" it was again suggested.

But there was the eleventh penitent! How could he leave that straggling soul? Praising the Lord for ten, he declared his belief that God could save her also as a "make-weight," and that prayer would thus be abundantly answered. Her soul was set at liberty before the meeting ended.

The visitor soon after went abroad as a missionary. In twelve years he returned; and one day, during the Leeds Conference, he was surrounded by the very ten who, so long before in that one meeting, had found rest to their souls,—and the eleventh would have been there if circumstances had permitted. Nearly all of them are now in glory. In the summer of 1872 I saw the man of God, now

"In age and feebleness extreme."

He had not preached for many years. I told him I had heard the story of the eleven conversions, and asked if it was as commonly reported. "O yes!" he said, with a joyous laugh; and, as though it had been but yesterday, proceeded to tell the facts as here related.

"And I'll tell you something else," he said. "After that meeting Mr. Nelson said: 'I wish you could get them to take hold on God for five hundred, and as many more as the Lord will, but not less than five hundred.'"

He went on to say that about that time there was a general mighty awakening, and hundreds were brought to God, which led him to think the people did "take hold."

I take this as an illustration of the practical working of "the law of faith,"—not the blind credulous thing which even good men sometimes call faith, but that which penetrates the invisible, which understands God, which consciously "takes hold" on him, which is the "evidence of things not seen." How is this evidence understood? Only in the light of God. "I shall have souls to-night, said Thomas Collins, I know His sign;" and it was so. Let us live near God, and,—knowing the future and men's susceptibility to gracious influences as He does,—He will "inspire" in us the faith which has at once "power with God and with men."—*King's Highway.*

THE REST OF FAITH.

BY REV. WILLIAM T. PASCOE.



HOLINESS has many aspects. God's Word refers to it by the use of different terms. "Perfection," "love made perfect," "sanctify you wholly," "abide in Me," "filled with the Spirit," "holiness," "a life of faith," are all Scriptural terms used to denote the condition of those believers who are cleansed from all sin, inward and outward. So far as the experience is concerned, it matters little which term is more frequently used, or whether any one is preferred to another. Indeed, it is not wise to confine ourselves to one term, because each presents the subject in a somewhat different aspect, and adds to the completeness of our ideas on the subject. Christian perfection implies the fulness of moral purity, consequent upon being cleansed from all sin; perfect love implies the perfection of the moral graces, of which love is the sum and crown; entire sanctification implies that separation from the world and consecration to God which only those believers manifest who accept the fullest provision of God's grace. Entire holiness refers to that practical purity and blamelessness of heart and life which God requires of all his disciples; hence, each different term, commonly in use, has some different aspect of the truth to present, and the whole gives us a clear idea of the doctrine and experience. There is, however, one view of the truth which has been made very prominent by several advocates of the doctrine of full salvation, and by many persons is considered less liable to exception than any other term,— "The rest of faith." The expression brings very prominently before the mind a very important element of entire holiness—perfect peace, through perfect trust. No one can come closely into contact with religious life in the present day without finding that the unrest which characterizes almost every grade of society has found its way into the Church, and the one thing that multitudes of Christians long for, but do not possess,—expected when they became Christians, but have not found—is perfect rest! We do not say that this state of unrest is essentially characteristic of the Christian life in any of its stages; we merely state the fact. The cause we have not far to seek: it is sin! Though the power of sin is broken in every true Christian, yet, so long as any sin remain in his heart, there must be frequent disturbances of his peace. But how shall this state of perfect rest—contentment, submission, satisfaction—be obtained? When it is seen that such an experience is possible, it is often longed for more than a worn out watchman longs for the morning. How earnestly such persons strive to obtain it! They consecrate all; they are scrupulously watchful over their thoughts, words, and actions; they pray mightily for it, and yet fail to obtain perfect rest. How is this? Sometimes it is because there is more confidence placed *in these things than in Jesus*. But we are not sanctified by works. Having begun in the Spirit, we do not end in the flesh. *Struggling* never sanctified a soul. A man's own effort never brought him soul-rest. How, then, shall we obtain this blessing? through "the rest of faith;" faith lays hold on the promises, and rests there, without a doubt or fear. Shall he, whose word shall never pass away, have suspicion thrown on his truthfulness? God forbid! Shall not he who saves the soul be trusted implicitly? There will be no salvation in any other way.

And when we learn, without a question, to rely on God's precious word, and claim the fulfilment of his promise to cleanse from all unrighteousness, then we obtain that perfect sense of rest which no soul can have by any other means.

We *retain* this experience in the same way. It is "the rest of faith." The expression is beautifully descriptive of the life which is yielded fully to God as a holy, living sacrifice. The life becomes identified with that of our blessed Saviour. He is accepted as the Lord who rules over every part, and arranges every circumstance; and faithfully the soul rests in him. There is no anxious concern about life's plans or events; it is left in God's hands to dispose of all, in the fullest belief that he will so order it as best to promote his servant's good and his own glory. It is "the rest of faith." This is beautifully expressed by Paul, when stating his own experience of full salvation: "I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the *faith of the Son of God*, who loved me, and gave himself for me." It is a life of complete dependence in Jesus, which draws Divine energy from him every moment; it is a life of complete submission to Jesus, which allows no purpose, or wish, or thought to interfere with Christ's dominion over the whole nature; and there it rests—calmly, lovingly, holily,—and Jesus keeps the soul in the possession of all graces and gifts needed to insure the most perfect peace.

If the inquiry be made, How shall we advance in the enjoyment and power of full salvation? the answer is the same, through "the rest of faith." Faith alone can receive the gracious gifts of God—and faith is essentially a restful principle. We can never abide at one stage of Christian experience. That which satisfied me a year ago cannot satisfy me now. My knowledge of God, of his nature, perfections, and claims is continually advancing. But that ever-enlarging capacity can only be filled through "the rest of faith." It is God who worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure: but this is only done as the soul rests in him, by unwavering faith, to accomplish all the work that he has begun. Then shall we ever be filled—increasingly filled—with righteousness and true holiness.

"The rest of faith!" Oh, the sense of safety, the sweet enjoyment of love, and the bliss of perfect happiness, which are thus enjoyed! "The rest of faith!" Oh, how easy to live,—giving up anxious, perplexing, corroding care, as all things are given up into the hands of Jesus! It is the highest, brightest, divinest life all the way through, which is entered upon, and maintained by "*The Rest of Faith!*"—*King's Highway*.

DAILY PRAYER.—An aged minister once gave some advice to a young Christian. It was this: "Never neglect, never forget, secret daily prayer. It is here that the Christian always loses ground. Neglect this, and you cannot fail to grow cold and indifferent. Never let a day pass over your head without earnest prayer." The good old man is dead, but the words he uttered may serve as a warning to more than one, especially to the young. Never neglect secret prayer. Are you busy? Do you excuse yourself because you are so hurried every day? Remember who gives you time. Are you well and strong? Thank God for health. Are you sick? Surely your heart must frame petitions to him who holds life and death in his hand. Are you exposed to temptations? There is no safeguard like prayer. Have you neglected this duty? Take up again the broken threads. Have you never begun? "Life is short and time is fleeting." Do not neglect secret prayer.

Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

In the Cross of Christ I glory ;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time.
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me :
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory ;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

NAMES AND TITLES OF OUR SAVIOUR.

“ His names and titles in Scripture are said to be two hundred in number, and all of them significant and important. Every name he bears is as ointment poured forth. His lips drop as the honeycomb ; honey and milk is under his tongue ; and the smell of his garments is like the smell of Lebanon. His people sit under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to their taste. To them he is altogether lovely.

“ To them he is an advocate, the angel of the covenant, the author and finisher of faith, as the apple-tree among the

trees of the wood, the beloved, the shepherd and bishop of souls, the bread of life, the bundle of myrrh, the bridegroom, the bright and morning star, and the brightness of the Father's glory.

“ He is their creator, captain, counsellor, covenant, corner-stone, covert from the tempest, cluster of camphire, and the chiefest among ten thousand. He is to them as the dew, the door in the fold, a diadem, a daysman, a deliverer, and the desire of all nations, ranks, and generations of pious men.

“ In their eyes he is the express image of God, the elect, Emmanuel, the everlasting Father, and eternal life. He is a fountain of living water to thirsty souls, of joy to troubled ones, of life to dying ones. He is the foundation on which his people with safety build their hopes of heaven. He is the father of eternity, the fir-tree, under whose shadow saints rejoice, the first and the last, the first-fruits, the first-born among many brethren, and the first-begotten from the dead.

“ To his chosen he is as the most fine gold, a guide, a governor, a glorious Lord, God, the true God, over all God blessed for ever. He is head of the Church, the help, the hope, the husband, the heritage, the high priest, the habitation of his people. He is the horn of their salvation. He rides upon the heavens by his name JAH. He is the Jehovah of armies, the inheritance, judge and king of his people. He is their light, their life, their leader, their law-giver, their atoning lamb, the lily of the valley, the lion of the tribe of Judah.

“ He is the man Christ Jesus, the master, the mediator, the minister of the sanctuary, which the Lord pitched and not man. He is the mighty God of Isaiah, the morning star of John, the Michael of Daniel, the Melchizedec of David and Paul, and the Messiah of all the prophets. He is the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth

He is both the root and offspring of David. He is the peace, the prince, the priest, the prophet, the purifier, the potentate, the propitiation, the physician, the plant of renown, the power of God, the passover of all saints. He is a polished shaft in the quiver of God.

"He is the rock, the refuge, the ruler, the ransom, the refiner, the redeemer, the righteousness and the resurrection of all humble souls. He is the rose of Sharon. He is the seed of woman, the seed of Abraham, the seed of David, the Son of God, the son of man, the strength, the shield, the surety, the shepherd, the Shiloh, the sacrifice, the sanctuary, the salvation, the sanctification, and sun of righteousness of all believers.

"He is the truth, the treasure, the teacher, the temple, the tree of life the great testator of his Church. He is the way, the well of salvation, the Word of God, the wisdom of God, the faithful witness, the wonderful."

A DYING TESTIMONY.

I was alone at midnight with an aged woman, whose days were nearly spent. "You are not afraid to stay with me while I die," she said, "for Christ is here." After a pause she continued, "I have a few words to say to you, then I will go to sleep. I am the last of my family; for a hundred and fifty years the promises of God have never failed to us. He has been our over-present help, and our gracious friend. For an hundred and fifty years no one has died in our family who had not hope in Christ. The youths and adults slept in Jesus; and Christ took the lambs that he called from us and bore them over the dark waters,—and over those waters I am now going. O Father, 'thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' To you I leave my old Bible, and, finally, I have a testimony for you to give to as many as you can in my name, that after sixty-one years, wherein I have professed the name of Christ, I can say that the Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad; and I know that my Redeemer liveth. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." In a few moments she was dead. I kept the Bible as a precious memento of a family of whom it could

be said that they had all died believers.
—Mrs. Julia M. Wright.

"I AM NOT PREPARED."

A NOBLE ship, while on a voyage recently, from Boston to San Francisco, was overtaken by a severe storm. For several days there was reason to fear that none of her crew would ever see land again. Among them was a boy who had left a home in which God was honored, and where he had been taught that a life of sin, and of neglect of the Saviour of sinners, was not one which could prepare the soul to meet that Saviour in peace.

One of the sailors, who was sitting near him in a sheltered place, where they were awaiting commands from the captain, remarked to him impatiently and thoughtlessly—

"I wish the old ship would go down, and down with it."

"I don't," was the reply of the boy; and in a half-serious, half-careless way, he added, "I am not prepared to die."

The next moment the order came for the boy to go aloft. He went bravely up the frozen rigging, and out on one of the icy yards; here his numb and stiffening fingers refused their office, he lost his hold and fell into the sea, while the ship drifted swiftly away before the storm. Nothing could be done to save him—he was not seen again—and thus, but a few moments after the sad announcement, "I am not prepared," that sailor-boy was hurried away into eternity.

How many bright and promising boys will read this true story of the unexpected and dreadful end of one with as good prospects of long life as are their own, whose hearts would shrink and tremble before the question, "I am not prepared?"

Remember, dear young friends, that the icy yard-arm of a ship, in a howling winter's storm, is not the only place from which one may go in a moment to another world. Is it well with your soul? Have you a "home beyond the tide?" There is but a step, at any time, between you and death. But if you have committed your all to Jesus Christ, and if your daily trust is in him, you are prepared either to live a long life of use-

fulness to his honor and glory, or to answer an early summons to sleep in death.

May the last words of the sailor-boy, for whom so many bitter tears have fallen, so afflict many young hearts, that by God's blessing, the sorrowful confession may not be theirs in view of death, whenever it shall come—"I am not prepared?"—*Methodist Visitor*.

THE MOSAIC OF HUMANITY.

When I have looked at humanity I have sometimes thought of it as a great picture. What shall be God's great picture of humanity in the last great day, when angels and seraphim and cherubim shall gather around, and perhaps beings from some distant part of the universe look on as God shall hold it up before their astonished sight, and show how he has arranged and polished and perfected it; taking some from Europe, and some from America, and some from Asia, and some from Africa; some from the rich and some from the poor, some from the learned and some from the ignorant, some from the valleys and some from the mountain tops, and wrought them all into the great picture of his humanity, to show forth his glory!

In some of the great halls of Europe, may be seen pictures, not painted with the brush, but mosaics, which are made up of small pieces of stone and glass and other materials. The artist takes these little pieces, some of them so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and polishing and arranging them, he forms them into the grand and beautiful picture. Each individual part of the picture may be a worthless piece of glass, or marble, or shell, but with each in its place, the whole constitutes the masterpiece of art. So I think it will be with humanity in the hands of the Great Artist. God is picking up these little worthless pieces of stone and brass, that might be trodden under foot unnoticed, and is making of them his great masterpiece; and if you and I are in his hands, we shall each have his place in that great Mosaic, and shall shine there for ever to the glory of God; and insignificant as we may be, not one of us could be taken out of the picture without marring it. Then,

though you and I may be the smallest of all, if God will so serve us as to make us a part of his great picture, it shall be enough. It seems to me that if the little pieces of stone, metal, and glass were endowed with consciousness each would bring itself and lay itself on the artist's table, and say, "Here am I, use me anywhere, but let me form some part of the picture." So should we bring ourselves to God, the great Artist, each willing and anxious to occupy his own place, and none other. And thus coming, God will use us each in our own sphere, and according to our individual peculiarities. I do not know what your place or work may be: you may be a singer, if so, then sing for Jesus; or you may have an eloquent tongue, then use that for God. Do not be anxious about the place, do well the duties of the hour and place, and then you will be happy and useful.

But the great trouble is, we want to be somewhere else than where we are, or somebody else than God has made us, and that mars the picture. Oh, make this resolution, here, this hour, that henceforth you will be where and what God wants you to be; that you will be a father, or mother, or child, or citizen; a good and faithful physician, or attorney, or poet, or laborer; that just where God has put you, you will do the very best for him and for yourself that you can. Thus will you always be the Lord's, and always about the Lord's work, and answering God's order; you cannot fail to be happy.—*Bishop Simpson*.

THE AGED PROCRASTINATOR.

THERE was in my congregation, when I became its pastor, a brave, handsome man—a soldier—far advanced in life, in whom I became deeply interested. When I first saw him he had passed his four-score years, and although exceedingly feeble, his large frame and his flashing eye bore abundant testimony to what he once was. Although in private life a most amiable and inoffensive man, he indulged too freely in strong drink, and was utterly careless as to his future state. In my occasional interviews with him I found him always ready to converse on

topics pertaining to politics, but upon religious topics he was utterly silent, save in assenting or dissenting by a "yes" or "no" to my questions.

Hearing that he was very ill, and rapidly approaching the close of his long life, I hastened to see him. It was on a cold day in early winter. I found him bolstered up in a large armchair, covered with warm clothing, and sitting in front of a fire, towards which he was a little inclined, sustaining himself with a staff which he grasped with his tremulous hands. A more striking illustration of the utter feebleness to which age may reduce the strongest frame I never saw. The suns of almost ninety years had now rolled over him; and although utterly helpless as to his body, his mind was clear and collected. I sat by his side, and as kindly and tenderly, but yet as pointedly as I could, I spoke to him of sin, and of death, and of judgment, and of salvation through faith in the finished work of Jesus Christ. He assented to all I said. I told him that the sands of his glass were almost run—that the grave must soon be made his house—and I sought to impress upon him the infinite need there was of employing the last and rapidly waning hour of life in securing the salvation of his soul. I told him of Manasseh, who in old age lifted up his bloody hands for mercy to heaven, and found it. I told him of the dying thief, who, in the agonies of death, implored mercy from a Saviour, and received it. Hoping from his appearance that I had excited a little emotion, I asked him directly, "Do you feel that you are a sinner?" "O yes," he replied. "Do you think that you can go to heaven without faith in Jesus Christ?" I again asked him. He hesitated a moment, but emphatically replied, "No." Feeling that I had now a ground upon which I could strongly press home immediate duty, I again asked him, "Why not commit your sinful soul this moment into the hands of Jesus Christ, who says to you, as well as to all men, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out?'" He hesitated for a few moments. I resolved not to break silence. I watched every movement of his countenance, to see if I could read the emotions of his soul. Feeling that I was waiting for a reply to my last question, he made a slight effort to rise from his inclined

position, and finally said, in a low and tremulous voice, "*I hope my time will come yet!*" Never did I hear a sentence fall from human lips which more deeply affected me, or which has been more constantly before my mind. It swept from me at once the fond hopes I was beginning to indulge that he yet might be saved; it seemed to ring the very death-knell of his soul. Going on to ninety years—unable to get up or lie down on himself—with his grave just before him—confessing his belief in all the great truths of the Gospel—and yet, when pressed to lay hold on Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, turning away from eternal life, saying, "*I hope my time will come yet!*" The delusion seemed awful.

But that time never came. He lingered on a few weeks. One spring of life failed after another. Soon all access to his mind was closed; and after lingering in perfect unconsciousness of all that was passing around him for a few days, his immortal spirit went up to the judgment.

Reader, this is a true story. The excuse offered by the subject of my narrative as his reason for not seeking salvation, is a reason which, strange as it may seem, is offered by great numbers around us. We find it on the lips of youth, who, although persuaded of the truth of religion, will not surrender the pursuit of unsatisfying pleasure to embrace Christ. It is on the tongue of those in mid-life, who are so much concerned in the things of a day as to have no time for the things of eternity. And we find it on the faltering tongue of old age, when the candle of life, burnt down to the socket, is emitting its last lurid rays. But although it deceives from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, how few expel the deceiver! Often it so bewitches a man that he is absolutely pleased with the dexterity with which he cheats himself out of heaven. It asks for to-day, and points to to-morrow. It asks for this year, and points to the next. And thus, by piecemeal, it cheats us out of all time; and finally hurls us, without repentance and unprepared, into eternity. Dear reader, are you one of those who indulge this fallacious hope? Oh, listen to the voice which seems to rise from the grave of him of whom I have been speaking: "Seek first the

kingdom of God and his righteousness?" "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;" "Behold, now is the accepted time; this is the day of salvation."—*Methodist Visitor*.

OUR LOVEFEAST.

TESTIMONIES AT VINELAND CAMP MEETING.

A Brother.—I was converted to God in the city of London, when the whole family, parents and thirteen children, were out of Christ. But God, in his infinite compassion, sanctified my soul in three days after I was converted; and then the first requirement God made upon me was to testify of this before my father. I promised I would, and I went to his house and fulfilled my covenant to God. My father said, "You are crazy; you used to be a good and pleasant boy, but you have got so much religion that it is changing you, and you must either leave the Methodist Church or leave my house." I said, "By the grace of God I will never leave the Methodist Church." "Then leave my house," said he: and I did. God made use of that circumstance, and it proved the beginning of conversions in that family; and now, father and five of the children are in heaven, and I am joyfully following on to meet them there.

A Brother.—Though seventy-four years of age, I enjoy the liberty in Christ which I did when twenty-one years old, and much more; for during twenty-four years I have experienced perfect love.

A Minister.—I found this blessing of a clean heart nineteen years ago next month. When I was received into Conference I was sent to follow a very popular man, and it pleased God to put me in great trials. I was greatly afflicted with the fear of man, and sometimes before the congregation I would lose my place and way. Once, I remember, that, having my eyes closed in prayer, I imagined myself turned round, and that embarrassed me much when I opened my eyes and arose from my knees. I was considerably confused in my experience. While in this state I

took up and began to read Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection." When I had read it about half through the Spirit of God said to me as though it was the voice of a man, "This is what you want." I put the book away, and kneeled down and said, "O Lord, if this is what I need, I will never rest until I find it, and by the help of grace I will never sleep till I have it." I said to my wife, "I am going down to the barn, and will never come back till I get this blessing." As I was going, I felt that if I owned the whole world I would give it, if I had not said this to my wife—for we sometimes can lie to God easier than to man. Reaching the barn, I got into my carriage and kneeled down. There I stayed and wrestled with God; and sometime towards morning the Lord came into my soul. Hallelujah! He satisfied me that the blessing was mine; and it has been a cardinal idea with me ever since, that if any man will plant himself here, and say, Lord, I will stay right here till I get this grace, God will give it speedily. On my return to the house, I found that my wife had been up, too, praying for me; and I said to her, "I have received it!" and then it seemed to me as if floods of glory deluged my soul. I stand fast in this grace to-day.

Rev. Alfred Cookman.—Frequently I felt to yield myself to God, and pray for the grace of entire sanctification; but then, this experience would lift itself in my view as a mountain of glory, and I would say, "It is not for me." I could not possibly scale that shining summit; and if I could, my besetments and trials are such, I could not successfully maintain so lofty a position. While thus exercised in mind, Bishop Hamline, accompanied by his devoted wife, came to New Town, that he might dedicate a church, which we had been erecting for the worship of God. Remaining about a week, he not only preached again and again, and always with the unction of the Holy One, but took occasion to converse with me pointedly respecting my religious experience. His gentle, and yet dignified bearing, devotional spirit, beautiful Christian example, unctuous manner, divinely illuminated face, apostolic labor, and fatherly counsels, made the profoundest impression upon my

mind and heart. I heard him as one sent from God, and certainly he was; his influence, so hallowed and blessed, not only remained with me ever since, but even seems to increase as I pass along in my sublunary pilgrimage. One weekday afternoon, after a most delightful discourse, he urged us to seize the opportunity, and *do* what we had often desired and resolved and promised to do, viz., as believers, yield ourselves to God as those who were alive from the dead, and from that hour trust in Jesus as our Saviour from all sin. Kneeling by myself, I brought an entire consecration to the altar. But some one will say, "Had you not done that at the time of your conversion?" I answer yes, but with this difference,—then I brought powers dead in trespasses and sins, now I would consecrate powers permeated with the new life of regeneration, I would offer myself a living sacrifice: then I gave myself away, but now, with the increased illumination of the Spirit, I felt that my surrender was more intelligent, specific, and careful—it was my hands, my feet, my senses, my attributes of mind and heart, my hours, my energies, my reputation, my worldly substance, my everything, without reservation or limitation: then I was anxious for pardon, but now my desire and faith compassed something more,—I wanted the conscious presence of the Sanctifier in my heart. Carefully consecrating everything, I covenanted with my own heart and with my heavenly Father that this entire, but unworthy offering, should remain upon the altar, and henceforth I will please God by believing that the altar (Spirit) sanctifieth the gift. Do you ask what was the immediate effect? I answer, peace!—a broad, deep, full, satisfying, and sacred peace. This proceeded, not only from the testimony of a good conscience before God, but likewise from the presence and operation of the Spirit in my heart. Still I could not say that I was entirely sanctified, except as I have sanctified myself to God.

The following day, found Bishop and Mrs. Hamline; I ventured to tell them of my consecration and faith in Jesus, and in the confession realized increasing light and strength.

A little while after it was proposed by Mrs. Hamline that we spend a season in prayer. Prostrated before God, one

and another prayed; and while thus engaged, God, for Christ's sake, gave me the Spirit as I had never received it before, so that I was constrained to conclude and confess that the great work of heart purity that I have so often prayed and hoped for is wrought in me. Wonderful! God does sanctify my soul, I cannot doubt—oh, no!

"Thou dost this moment save,
With full redemption bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

The evidence in my case was as direct and indubitable as the witness of the sonship vouchsafed at the time of my adoption into the family of heaven. Need I say the experience of sanctification inaugurated a new epoch in my religious life? Some of the characteristics of this higher life were, blessedness in Jesus, a clearer and more abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb. What a conscious union, and constant communion with God; what increased power to do and to suffer the will of my Father; a steadier growth in grace; what delight in the Master's service; what fear to grieve the infinitely Holy Spirit; what love for, and desire to be with those who love holiness; what access and confidence in prayer; what interest and comfort in religious conversation, what illumination and joy in the perusal of the blessed Word; what increased zeal and power in the pulpit!

THE CHURCH ABROAD.—"The King's Highway" has a very interesting letter from the wife of a Wesleyan minister of Sittingbourne, Kent. She says, "I am induced to make known to you a few particulars relating to an extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit our Society is experiencing in the sanctification of believers. It commenced in the men's Bible-class. Sixty-two members were present. It was the monthly band-meeting. Suddenly, two or three strong men fell on the floor; the entire company bowed themselves in prayer, and continued for more than an hour, broken by groans for deliverance, shouts of victory! 'Hallelujah!' 'Glory, glory!' 'This is heaven!' 'It is the baptism of the Holy Ghost!' The blessed work is even now spreading."

Editor's Portfolio.

OUR LORD'S GREAT ERRAND.

MR. WHITEFIELD had a brother who for some years appeared to be a sincere Christian, but he declined, and finally wandered from the path of duty. After hearing his brother preach one afternoon, he retired in great distress of mind. At the supper-table he groaned, and could neither eat nor drink, saying: "I am a lost man!" The Countess of Huntingdon, who sat opposite, exclaimed: "I am glad of it! I am glad of it!" "It is wicked in you to say you are glad I am a lost man." "I repeat it," said she, "I am heartily glad of it!" He looked at her, astonished at her barbarity. "I am glad of it," said she, "because it is written, 'The son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.'" With tears rolling down his cheeks he said, "What a precious Scripture truth is that! and how is it that it comes with such a power to my mind? Oh, madam," said he, "I bless God for that! Then *He will save me*. I trust my soul in his hands. He has forgiven me." He soon after went out, felt unwell, fell down, and expired.

Backslider in heart re turn to the Great Shepherd. You *are* lost. He came to seek and to save thee. Return ere thy feet stumble on the dark mountains.

WHAT ARE THE EVIDENCES OF LUKEWARMNESS?

ALEPH asks this question. Here are a few. God has become less an object of devout contemplation and delight, and the desire for communion and fellowship with him is weak. Under the dispensations of his Providence hard thoughts are entertained,—the soul is restless and disturbed, and turns from one thing to another for relief, instead of quietly casting itself upon God. When trials assail, and injuries are inflicted, second causes are too much regarded, and the disposition grows to consider the instrument rather than the hand that wields it. The conscience is less tender, the sense of

God's presence not so keen. Circumspection and carefulness in the daily walks of life are not so marked as formerly. The anxiety about pleasing God is not as tender, nor the fear of God as remarkable for its reverence and humility, nor the person of Christ so glorious, nor his works as precious, as in the days gone by. There is a decay of love to Christians,—a decline in interest, and a slacking of effort to promote the cause of Christ. The prayer-meeting is neglected, and prayer for others is omitted. There is less effort to persuade people to attend the means of grace, and personal interest in religion declines. Piety flows in a particular channel, and zeal for party is accounted zeal for Christ. The news of the day is read with greater interest than an account of the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world. Whoever is afflicted with lukewarmness does not *feel* for sinners. It is a terrible malady,—a plague to the Church, a curse to the world, the horror of God. Read Rev. iii. 14-22.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

1. *Do you believe that a sinner can cultivate such a love and actual possession of goodness and manhood as the Bible recommends, without a change of heart?*

No. What is a change of heart? Of old, the mind was popularly believed to be located in the heart. A change of heart is a change of purpose and of affections, and no sinner can come to be good without a "change of heart." Goodness implies that very thing. And in every such change of purpose and affections God works with the sinner. We "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling," but God also "worketh in us to will and to do." But no man has any right to sit down moping and mourning and waiting for God to change his heart. It is our business to trust God to do his part of the work, and to fall to and do our own. God is helping us and working with us all the time, doubtless, but his hand is hid. Resolving to be a Christian is, so far as we are

conscious of it, as simple and direct an act as resolving to be a soldier.

2. *What is your interpretation of "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth?"*

In one sense the meek do inherit the earth. People who are always at law gain nothing; people who are warlike hold nothing. The empire of Bonaparte descends not to his heirs, the peaceful Republic of Switzerland lives on through all storms. The people who got the most good out of the late war in America were the negroes, who struck scarcely a blow. It is a general law that meekness and long-suffering are more profitable than combativeness. The meekness of which Christ spoke is long-suffering,—but not wholly and literally non-resistant. There is an extreme in everything, and even forbearance may cease to be a virtue. If the meek man happen to inherit little of the earth, he enjoys it a hundred times more than his quarrelsome neighbor, and a man's riches are measured by what he enjoys, and not by what he has.—*Christian Union*.

PERFECTING HOLINESS.

BISHOP JAMES, preaching before the Rock River Conference, on the subject of holiness, said: After all that Christ has done for you, is your spirit so that you are willing to just get into heaven? Religion fires the whole man. I believe there are two things that will form the experience of the good in heaven. One is their Christian usefulness on earth, and the other is their attainments in holiness on earth. The more like God here, the nearer we shall be to God there. Do we talk about seeing our friends in heaven and the prophets and apostles? We may. But if we see them in heaven we must have this holiness. When Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitefield were alienated because of their theological differences, Mr. Whitefield was asked by a friend if he expected to see Mr. Wesley in heaven. Mr. Whitefield, with great gravity and exceeding humility, replied, "I fear not, brother; I fear that holy man of God will be so near the Divine presence that I shall scarcely get a glimpse of him." For one, I want to be a holy man. I want to see every one in heaven, hear every note of melody, look into every countenance in its recovered holiness, feel every joy that thrills the Divine bosom, and spreads gladness throughout the realm of spiritual existence. Let us have holiness here. Let us spread holiness. And if we have the whole of religion here, we shall have the whole of heaven hereafter.—*Methodist Visitor*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"M. N." asks if it is according to sound doctrine to speak of justified persons as under the dominion of sin," and calls attention to a late number of *Earnest Christianity*, in which, under the heading, "Heavenly Realities," p. 152, it is said: "To-day is as truly the day of salvation for the saint from the dominion of sin, as for the sinner from its condemnation," and asks, "Is the saint under the dominion of sin?" (1.)

"Again, on p. 154, in the article headed, 'Our Lovefeast,' by Rev. W. E. Boardman, after telling us of the terrible burden of sin under which he labored, which was succeeded by glorious manifestations of Divine light and love, says, 'Forgiveness did not satisfy me, I wanted the dominion of sin destroyed.'" (2.)

"We have for years feared that the great and glorious change wrought by the Holy Spirit, in our regeneration at the time of justification, is not rightly appreciated, consequently truth has suffered. Is it not common to confound the remains of sin with the reign of sin?" (3.)

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

(1.) The writer of the article in question does not write from a Methodist stand-point. She uses the term "dominion of sin," much as we would use the phrase, "indwelling sin."

(2.) The same remark will apply in this case. The phraseology is not the best, but we prefer to let people express their own idea in their own way.

(3.) We are glad to receive "M. N.'s" communication, and hope it may suggest to some trenchant writer the subject of an enlightening article for our Magazine.

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

THE Missionary Colleges prosper in India, notwithstanding their distinctive religious character. In the six years ending 1870-71, 1,881 students have attended the Government, and 1,762 the Missionary Colleges in Bengal. The annual cost of each student has been, in the State College £33 6s. 0d., in the Missionary College, £19 14s. 0d.

FAITH is a saving grace—the simpler the faith the stronger. *Gold* can be tried, *tinsel* cannot stand trial. To be thankful for what we have, and to be hopeful for what we have not, is the best and happiest way of carrying on commerce with the court of heaven.

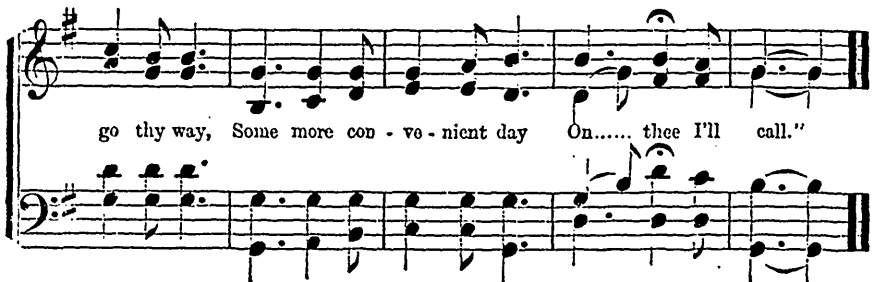
A Women's Christian Association has been formed at Newark, U. S., with the very Christian object of "watching over the young women in shops and stores," finding situations for those in want of them, and helping the friendless. Every Christian congregation should do the same.

"ALMOST PERSUADED."

"ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME."

1. "Almost per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Almost per-suad-ed

Christ to re-ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go Spir-it,



go thy way, Some more con-vo-nient day On..... thee I'll call."

2.

"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away.
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are ling'ring near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
 O wand'rer, come!

3.

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
 "Almost" cannot avail;
 "Almost" is but to fail!
 Sad, sad that bitter wail—
 "Almost, but lost!"

4.

"Almost persuaded"—tempt not this doom;
 "Almost persuaded"—yet there is room!
 Now the new life begin,
 Mercy is more than sin,
 Jesus will let you in,—
 Quite into Heaven.