

BRAMWELL'S LETTERS.

"I have found very few in this circuit who know anything about sanctification. What are we? God be merciful to us! O, God, save us, both preachers and people! Amen. Do pray more still, and say to the Lord for me, 'I will not let thee go unless thou bless him.' May we live ever to God."

It is said of Bramwell that he labored to promote the sanctification of his hearers, both by his addresses in the pulpit, and his faithful instructions in private. To accomplish this great object he fasted, watched and prayed, in season and out of season, both day and night.

To a young preacher he wrote thus: "Live in entire sanctification—all your heart God's throne. Never grieve him, or cause him to depart from you. Take care how you act towards women. Keep your eyes, your heart, from wandering. Be a man of God."

To another he wrote: "The work, I can truly say to you, is, in general, deepening through the circuit. Nothing was known about entire sanctification; and on this ground I yet mourn." How many ministers mourn in these evil days on account of so little interest being manifested on the part of members of the church concerning the great work of entire sanctification? Echo says, How many?

Mr. Bramwell propounded to a certain preacher the following pointed, but very important questions: "Do you feel a clear witness of entire sanctification—the cleansing blood? And do you declare this and walk in it?"

To another he wrote: "Nothing in this world can equal the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, especially when the love of God becomes the ruling principle of the soul. To struggle with outward sin is hard work. To fight with the risings of evil nature is hard work. But when the soul receives the all-cleansing blood, when the mind enjoys this indwelling God, when he reigns alone—then we find the great benefit of salvation. All is quiet, all is calm—you stand unmoved. Water, fire, devils, men, can not all disturb your rest. Besides, you are prepared for every work, can preach, pray, etc., etc., and have all to him. Some say it is 'good,' others 'midding,' and others 'very bad'; you can still say, Glory! and proceed with your work. Happy man! happy work! happy end!"

To a Mr. Sigston he wrote: "An idea is going forth, that when we are justified we are entirely sanctified, and to feel evil nature after justification is to lose pardon, etc. You can depend upon it, this is the devil's great gun. We shall have much trouble with this, and I am afraid we can not suppress it. Does not the history of the church from that time to the present prove that Mr. Bramwell's fears in this matter were not wholly groundless? It appears that this holy man made it a rule to examine the leaders of 'bards' once a year, at which time he asked them the following questions among others: "Do you enjoy a clear sense of your acceptance with God? And are you wholly sanctified?"

The following, written to a Mr. William Stones, sets forth in plain language Mr. Bramwell's mind concerning the great benefits of the work of entire sanctification in the soul: "I am more than ever convinced of the great advantage we receive from entire sanctification. It preserves the soul in rest, in the midst of all the storms of life. It gives such satisfaction in every station, so much approves of the order of God, has such a proper outlook for his glory, a full deliverance from self, and such a strong desire for the good of our neighbor in every way. The world is gone, we live above; yea, we dwell in God and God in us. We can speak when we will, and be silent at our pleasure. Such victory is gained; such salvation is accomplished! We are nothing, and feel it; and we can do nothing without God; hence we give him all the praise of every good thought and action. Keep yourself in the love of God. I have known several who have received it, and some who have lost it. We need not lose it. We may stand, for God is able to keep us forever. Live in it, talk about it, preach it, and enforce it with all patience, with all kindness; and if you do this, hell, the world, and numbers among the Methodists, yea, some leaders, if not preachers, will in some artful way seek to hinder your success."

To his daughter he wrote thus: "Now, my dear Ann, live to God. Rest is no-

thing short of a clean heart; plead for this several times a day. Believe. God must cleanse according to his word. Amen. The Lord grant it!"

The attainment of entire sanctification was what he would constantly impress upon the minds of all who entered into conversation with him. Too many, he feared, were only court worshippers, when it is their privilege to enter into the holy of holies. May the united prayer of a wholly consecrated church be, "O Lord, give us holy ministers in all our circuits! O Lord, revive the work of holiness in the churches! Amen and amen." More anon, perhaps, the Lord willing.—Christian Standard

A LONG REMEMBERED SERMON.

One week day afternoon in the autumn of 1619, a congregation gathered at a chapel in the village of Gedham, near Cambridge, to listen to a sermon by John Rogers, an aged Puritan preacher, one of those children of John Rogers the martyr who stood with their mother and witnessed their father's death at the stake.

The place was crowded, and the assembly hung upon the lips of the man of God, and listened with careful attention to his words. His theme was the study of the Scriptures, and he most solemnly reproved the people for their neglect of the Word of God, and in his reproof he personated the divine Being, and on his behalf spoke as follows:

"Well, I have trusted you so long with my Bible; you have slogged it. It lies in your houses, all covered with dust, and cobwebs. You care not to look into it. Do you use my Bible so? Well, you shall have my Bible no longer." And then, taking it up, he turned as if to carry it away. Then turning back again, he personated the people of God, and falling on his knees commenced to plead most earnestly:

"Lord whatsoever thou dost to us, take not thy Bible from us. Kill our children, burn our houses, destroy our goods, only spare us thy Bible; take not away the Bible."

Then again personating the heavenly Father, he continued:

"Say you so? Well, I will try you a little while longer. Here is my Bible for you. I will see how you will use it, whether you love it more, whether you will value it more, whether you will practice it more, and live more according to it."

The effect of such a plea upon the crowded congregation can hardly be imagined. The people were melted into tears, and carried from that place impressions never to be effaced. Sixty years after, the eminent Thomas Goodwin told the learned John Howe the story of that day, when he, a college boy of nineteen, listened to those words of power and pathos, and, after the congregation was dismissed, went out to the grove and essayed to mount his horse and return to Cambridge, but found himself too deeply affected and too weak to do it, but bowed his head upon the saddle and wept for a quarter of an hour. And there was awakened in his heart that day a love of God's Word which never died out, and there was kindled in his soul a flame which burned to life's latest hour. Would that the repetition of this story might prove to some souls like the touch of the bones of Elisha the prophet to the dead body that was cast into his sepulchre, and might quicken them to a new life and a new love for that Word which liveth and abideth forever.—The Christian.

A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR DAY.

Calling one day upon a business man in his office I found him, as usual, "up to his eyes" in work.

"Sit down and wait a moment," he said, handing me a chair.

"You are always working," I exclaimed; "how many hours do you put in each day?" "Twenty-four," he replied, with a smile.

My face expressed my astonishment. "Yes," he said, "I work ten or twelve hours here; the rest of the time I am working at the other side of the world—by proxy, of course."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Let me explain," he returned, more seriously than before. "When I was at school I became deeply interested in the mission cause. I determined to go out to China and to work in the field. But my

father died, and his business here was in such a state that no outsider could successfully carry it on.

"There were a mother, sisters and younger brothers dependent upon the profits of the house. I was obliged to remain here. But I determined, nevertheless, to have a representative in the field, and I took up the support of a native preacher in China."

Here my friend took down a much thumbed map of Southern China and pointed out a certain town.

"That is where my man is at work," he said. "We have representatives of our business in several of the principal cities of the world. I call this our missionary branch. My man there is working while I sleep. He is my substitute."

"In that way I work twenty four hours a day—for the Master. I work here for the money to keep my representative working over there."—Exchange.

AN IMPORTANT SOCIETY FORGOTTEN.

"John, I would like to invite my friends, Mrs. Smalley, this evening. Will you be able to be in?"

"No, my dear; I must attend the meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters to-night."

"Well, tomorrow evening?"

"I have the Royal Arcanum, and you know—"

"What about Wednesday evening?"

"Oh, the Odd Fellows meet that night; on Thursday evening I have a meeting of the Knights of Labor to attend; on Friday the Royal Templars of Temperance; on Saturday, there a special meeting of the Masonic Lodge, and I couldn't miss that; and then Sunday night—let me see—What is there on Sunday night, my dear?"

"The grand an Ancient order of Christian Fellowship."

"Why, I had forgotten. Am I a member of that? Let me see—"

"But you had forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member."

"What's that?"

"Your wife's—Society."—Ex.

BETTER OBEY GOD.

A lady, a stranger, came in yesterday and told us she was wonderfully moved this week over the still form of a young lady whom God had called in the East to be a missionary, and she had refused.

"I could not tell you what I felt over that corpse," she said. The little feet that had refused to go errands for God were going to be laid in the grave.

We look mostly at the privilege side of working for the Lord, but is there not a judgment side to this great question? How many lives have been cut off for disobedience to this call, and, worse yet, how many souls may have been cut off from God and heaven!

We have known a number of instances where God took away from earth the life that was refused to His service. Some one may say, "Well, but people die in the work; they die any way." I know they do, but I would prefer dying in the path of obedience myself. It is safer and sweeter so far, and there have been instances of the other kind, too marked to be passed unnoticed by any careful observer.

Add to these the blighted, transient lives that are spared, and we think the wreckage is enough to warn any who are tempted to be Jonah. Then, too, I notice that, while Jonah got another chance to go to Nineveh, some folks put themselves where they could not go, and are called no more. Sometimes they get hardened, and actually congratulate themselves on their escape.

This is an awful condition. Sometimes their life is such a sad failure, or goes out in sad silence. Sometimes it is a pitiful moan to the very end. Alas, "what might have been!"—Selected.

It is said of Fenelon that he had such communion with God his very face shone. Lord Peterborough, a skeptic, was obliged to spend the night with him at an inn. In the morning he rushed away, saying, "If I stay another night with that man I shall be a Christian in spite of myself." Fenelon's manner was full of grace, his voice full of love, and his face full of glory. The invitation, "Come to Jesus," was in every act. He was a "spiritual magnet." That is what God wants us all to be. That is what we all can be by just yielding up all to him, and letting him live in us. Under no other condition can this transforming power fulfil its own mission to our souls.—Christian Work.

EQUIPMENT FOR SOUL-WINNING.

The essential equipments for one who would win souls is not superior knowledge or intelligence, but right relations with God and men and genuine sincerity. Dr. Dixon has well said, "If you would be a soul-winner you must be a righteous man. Righteous in the sense that you are in right relation with God" which will give you power. "Righteous in the sense that you are in right relation to your fellowmen," which will give you influence.

The first requisite, therefore, is the power which comes to him alone who sustains the relation of consecration and complete surrender to God, the Holy spirit thus having complete possession and control of the entire being. Yet a man may sustain this relation and possess this power and yet be hindered and measurably fail as a soul-winner unless he also sustains such relation to his fellows that they have confidence in him, for such confidence alone will give him influence with men. It is of the utmost importance, therefore that he who would become a winner of souls should seek to adjust himself to these essential conditions, and so far as possible remove every obstacle or circumstance that would tend to weaken or destroy the confidence of men in him. Having thus adjusted himself he must be perfectly sincere, for if there be the least indication of sham about his work or his religion it will be detected and his influence will be diminished in proportion to the evidence of such sham or want of sincerity. Mr. Spurgeon tells us that Mr. Dickins would have become a spiritualist but for the fact that the pretended spirit of Lindley Murray for whom he had inquired, when Dickins asked, "Are you Lindley Murray?" replied, "I am," and Dickins knew at once that it was deception, because Lindley Murray would have used correct grammar. Thus frequently some little inconsistency in our speech or our manner will betray sham or insincerity in us or what we are doing or saying and rob us of the power to win a soul to Christ.—Christian Conservator.

TOO BUSY FOR CHRISTIAN WORK.

There are professing Christians who do not perform one solid day's work for Christ in the whole year, who seem to think their busy pastor should give them frequent social visits and hasten to see them in all cases of slight illness. If one ask them why they do not visit the sick, look after the careless, or give themselves to any Christian service, the invariable answer is, they cannot find time for such work. A pastor of considerable experience says: "I have always found those very busy men who have no time for work in the Lord's vineyard, among the most 'slotthul in business' of any in the congregation." An earnest business man who carries on his business in an orderly and systematic manner will have time to spend with his family and in Christian work also.—Sel.

Jesus "came unto his own." To men forgetful of their Godlike nature he came to tell them that they were the sons of God; and to men who could not do without him he came because they needed him. O, my dear friends, by what high warrants does the Savior claim us for his own.

The material for machinery and the whole alphabet for societies seems about used up; but there is still plenty of coal that may be mined for fire to run the thing.

Affectation in wisdom or dress only displays the fool inside. It is only hanging out the sign. Affectation in dress is affectation in wisdom to begin with.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

A GENTILMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail;  
His coat was rough and rather worn,  
His cheeks were thin and pale—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time for play;  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs today.

He met his mother on the street;  
Off came his little hat.  
My door was shut; he waited there  
Until I heard him rap.  
He took the bundle from my hand,  
And, when I dropped my pen,  
He sprang to pick it up for me—  
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;  
His voice is gently pitched;  
He does not fling his books about  
As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let you pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,  
He serves you if he can;  
For, in whatever company,  
The manners make the man.  
At ten or forty 'tis the same;  
The manner tells the tale,  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.  
—Margaret E. Sangster, in "Our Little Men."

MOTHERS AND BOYS.

Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the serene autumn as he did in the daisied springtime.—Selected.

Lord, I discover an arrant laziness in my soul. For when I begin to read a chapter in my Bible, before I begin to read it, I look where it endeth. And if it endeth not on the same side, I cannot keep my hands from turning over the leaf to measure the length thereof on the other side; if it swells to many verses, I begin to grudge. Surely my heart is not rightly affected. Were I truly hungry after heavenly food, I would not complain of meat. Scourge, Lord, this laziness out of my soul; make the reading of thy word not a penance, but a pleasure unto me. Teach me that, as among many heaps of gold, all being equally pure, that is the best which is the biggest, so that I may esteem that chapter the best, that is the longest.—Thos. Fuller.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Missionary Board has a supply of the photos which sold so well at Beulah last summer. They comprise two groups which are very instructive to all who are interested in our work in South Africa.

The Dumisa group (six pictures on one card).

Mission Station at Dumisa.  
Native girls finishing mud floor of church.

Baptismal Pool.  
School children bringing corn.  
Shelling corn.

Natives stamping clothes (a Boer custom).

The Tabamhlope group (five pictures on one card):

Christmas Feast (showing mud hut home of Sanders family).

Christmas Service (Mrs. Sanders at organ).

Native wedding dance.

Native bride in gorgeous robes.  
British police station.

Either of these groupes will be mailed, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25c. The profit from the sale goes to the Foreign Mission Fund. Address C. K. Short, St. John.

*Handwritten note:* powder every hour for best effect. then give a Sabbath powder 7 3 9 9 every hour till healed, 1776 1