

**Spiritual Experiences of Departed Saints.**

**Wm. Carvosso, an Early Cornish Methodist. Born, 1750; Fell Asleep, 1834.**

"I have sometimes had seasons of remarkable visitations from the Presence of the Lord. I well remember on one occasion, while paying a visit to my Cambridge friends, I was one night in bed, so filled, so overpowered, with the glory of God, that, had there been a thousand suns shining at noonday, the brightness of that divine glory would have eclipsed the whole! I was constrained to shout aloud for joy. It was the overwhelming power of saving grace. Now it was that I again received the impress of the seal, and the earnest of the Spirit in my heart. Language fails in giving but a faint description of what I then experienced. I can never forget it in time, nor to all eternity. Many years before, perhaps not fewer than thirty, I was sealed by the Spirit in a somewhat similar manner. While walking one day between Mousehole and Newlyn, I was drawn to turn aside from the public road, and, under the canopy of heaven, kneel down to prayer. I had not long been engaged with God before I was so visited from above, and overpowered by the Divine glory, that my shouting could be heard at a distance. It was a weight of glory that I seemed incapable of bearing in the body; and I, therefore, cried out (perhaps unwisely), 'Lord, stay Thine hand!' In this glorious baptism, these words came to my heart with indescribable power, 'I have sealed thee unto the day of redemption.' Giving glory to my God, I can say, to the present moment, I feel the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin. I am become a living temple, glorious all within. I can now love God with all my heart, with all my mind, and with all my strength. My inward heaven of joy and peace was, I think, never so great as of late, O Lord, help me to make some suitable return of love and gratitude! O stupendous, redeeming grace. Feelingly I can sing:

O Love, thou bottomless abyss,  
My sins are swallowed up in thee!  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
Mercy—free, boundless mercy—cries."

**Aunt Helen's Plan.**

"Oh, dear! Aunt Helen," said Nannie, "I do wish I had some money."

"What for?" asked her aunt.

"Why, I need it so," replied Nannie.

"My church account is not paid up, my subscriptions to the benevolences are unsettled, half my years dues to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society are still to be found, and now, worst of all, this miserable little mite box which I took last fall has just turned up empty. Here it is the first of September and all those things must be paid in a month's time. What I shall ever do or how I shall ever pay them all is more than I know."

Nannie glanced up at her aunt with a comical air of perplexity and went on: "I don't see how you do it, Auntie. I heard the treasurer tell you that your subscription was paid up and the secretary of the benevolences said he had nothing against you. I know your missionary dues are the first thing with you and when I found this," giving her mite box a vicious little shake, "I crept into your room and lifted yours. It is almost full and heavy. They can't be all pennies to weigh so. How do you manage, Aunt Helen?"

Aunt Helen smiled at her impetuous niece and replied, "Oh, I have a plan."

"Yes, I suppose you mean give a tenth, but Aunt Helen, all I have wouldn't make a decent tenth. How can I give a tenth when I haven't any?"

Miss Evans' smile changed to a laugh. "You absurd child," she said. "How dared you promise to give to the church, the benevolences, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and all the rest if you had nothing to give?"

"Oh, well, I—it isn't quite so bad as that, of course, but I never do seem to have any money. Tell me about your plan."

"Get your Bible," was the reply, "and turn to I. Corinthians, sixteenth chapter and second verse, and will find it."

Nannie turned over the leaves of her

Bible, thinking, "Just like Aunt Helen, always going to the Bible for everything"—and read: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

"I change it a little to make it suit my case," said her aunt. "Every pay day, lay by you, in store, as God hath prospered you, that you may have something with which to do the Lord's work."

Silence reigned in the room for a time while Miss Nannie's wise aunt waited for her words to be digested. Then she went on: "You know, Nannie, something about the work which the Lord has given me to do, how it has been necessary to divert a large part of my income from my own personal use into other channels and how small, for many years, was the part that was left."

It was when the left over part was the very smallest that your problem confronted me. I tried to dodge it just as you have been doing. I said I couldn't afford to give and that hurt my conscience and my pride. Then I said I would give what I had left and there wasn't anything left."

Finally I made up my mind there was but one way out of my difficulties—to face my problem boldly, and settle it. This is how I did it. I decided that as long as the Lord gave me so much to do for him in a direct way, he could not want me to give a tenth for church purposes and I decided on a smaller proportion of my income. That settled, every pay day I laid aside my church money. Then, and not till then, did I begin to enjoy the luxury of giving."

You know how the Lord has prospered me since then, Nannie. I have been able to increase the amount laid aside and to take a more active part in church work. I attribute my larger usefulness to my plan, for after all it is the purpose lying underneath which rules the action of the individual. If one really cares for missions she will be interested in promoting them, she will be ready by self-denial to save money to aid in the work."

"Aunt Helen," interrupted Nannie suddenly, "I believe that is where your candy money has gone."

Aunt Helen looked a little puzzled.

"Gone where, child?"

"Why, into that mite box. Now hasn't it?"

Aunt Helen flushed a little and said: "Don't you think it is better for some one to have rice to live on than for me to indulge a foolish appetite?"

"Oh! I won't chew any gum or eat any more peanuts or caramels," said Nannie.

"Well," replied her aunt, "you will only be following the example of many an earnest worker for God if you deny yourself. It is only a little while since I heard a lady tell one way in which she obtained money for her mite box. I don't know about her means. I could only judge by her dress, which was rich, and her story, which indicated money in small sums at least always at her disposal."

She said she was extremely fond of ice cream soda and was in the habit of indulging in a glass whenever she went out during the Summer; but she learned of the needs of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society; knew how anxious the sisters were to forward the cause and began to think how she could help. The thought of this indulgence of her appetite came to her and she decided to give up her soda and put its price into her mite box. Every time she wished to gratify her desire for a soda she denied herself and dropped ten cents into the box. If a friend treated her, into the little box went her dime when she went home."

"Another lady was very fond of beautiful flowers and her one indulgence was to purchase on Saturday for the Sabbath enjoyment some hot house flowers. There came a time when she became intensely interested in the welfare of God's people and she gave the price of her flowers to promote his cause. No doubt her eyes missed their usual feast but her soul was filled with a consciousness of well-doing."

"It is easy enough to talk, child, and lay plans for self-denial and self-sacrifice, but it isn't so easy to live them. It is only when above and beyond the plans there is an earnest desire for the furtherance of God's kingdom which is created by a knowledge of its needs that one can have the courage to carry out plans involving a denial of self."

Even then we shall fail many times, to our shame and disgust, unless we add, also, a personal consecration which is broad and deep and based on continual intercourse with the Father."

Miss Nannie rose and shaking out her crisp skirts said, "Well, good-bye, Aunt Helen. If I don't buy me a fall hat and do mend up my old gloves, I think I can square up this fall—and, next year, I too will have a plan."—Woman's Missionary Friend.

**REVENGE.**

Some one has said "Revenge is sweet." But this is not true of the Christian, for the bitterest medicine that he could take would be to revenge himself of a wrong or injury. The revenge would sear his conscience, grieve God, and lay a burden on his heart that only a humble spirit of willingness to ask pardon could lift.

The Bible says, "See that none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good." One of the greatest deeds of human life is scoring to revenge an injury. It reminds on-lookers of one, who when he was reviled, reviled not again, and nearly always wins the adversary's heart; and it is always better to win an enemy's heart than to try and defeat him.

An old writer has said, "A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours." The sanctified Christian will never show a spirit of retaliation, a desire to get even, but will forgive injury and wrong, and in a humble and sweet spirit like that of his Master will try and win his opponent by love.

Old Master Quarles said, "Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged, slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, 'tis finished; He is below himself that is not above an injury."

The Christian life must be made up of the spirit of forbearance and peace and sacrifice; the spirit of brotherly kindness and love, anything short of this is not real Christianity although it may be thus labeled.

A haughty, proud spirit always cries out for revenge, and generally seeks such an opportunity. But the true spirit of humility returns good for evil, and thus fulfills the Royal law of the scriptures.

"The fairest action of our human life is scoring to revenge an injury; He who forgives without a further strife His adversary's heart to him doth tie. And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said, To win the heart than overthrow the head."—Christian Missionary Herald.

**Worth While.**

"Dear, you were not very kind and cordial to Stella's friend."

"But, mamma, I'll never see her again, very likely, and I met her for only a few minutes. It didn't seem worth while to try to be especially nice to her?"

May's mother sat silent a moment thinking. Then she said, gently, "Yesterday auntie came home from down town and told us how pleasantly a young girl in a bookstore waited upon her. Do you remember how she enjoyed telling of it and how happy it seemed to have made her?"

"Yes answered May, reluctantly. "And last Sunday you were delighted with Miss Innes lovely friend, and so pleased because she said something pleasant to you."

"Yes, I know." "And grandma enjoys so much sitting by the window and catching a glimpse of a smiling face each morning, though she has never met its owner. Dear, our lives are made up of such little things. It's always worth while to try to make someone happy, though it's only for a moment. That moment may be multiplied a hundred times in the life of the person to whom it was given. Very few of us can give to others great happiness; but we can lend them happy thoughts, impulses toward better and sweeter things, delight in the love we show them."

And this time May was ready with a hearty, "Yes, mamma, I know it's so when I stop to think of it."—Selected.

**One of God's Little Ministers**

One night when a family were all gathered around the fire a little girl looked

up and said; "Father, why does everybody like Eva? She has a weak back and can't play like the rest of us, and isn't often at school; and yet everybody likes her. How is that?"

"Well," said her father, "look at that lamp. It is a very frail thing, and doesn't make any noise, yet it makes this room very bright and pleasant, does it not? The lamp gives light; little Eva gives love, and that is why people love her."

"Yes, that was it; Eva was always 'ministering before the Lord,'" for they who love always do that. Won't you try, each one of you, to be one of God's little ministers?—Selected.

**The "Power" Heresy.**

This heresy is especially peculiar to the East and is founded on Acts 1: 8: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

It is wonderful how adroitly Satan uses the errors in the old version to fasten heresies on so many people. This passage is really the great citadel of this heresy. Only a few days ago I heard a New York evangelist manipulate this passage with great force while preaching in a holiness college, urging the sanctified people to come to the altar and seek power, some responding to the invitation.

It is a shame that holiness people do not walk in all the light God gives them, as only in this way can they be justified, much less sanctified. The true reading of this passage is very clear and beautiful; "You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost having come upon you;" i. e., the Holy Ghost Himself is the power, and the only power, you ever can receive.

"Then, Brother Godbey, you make sanctification the ultimatum of all progress." Nay, verily it is the beginning of all real and glorious spiritual progress. When you receive Him (as you do in sanctification,) you receive none other than the very and eternal God. But you must remember you cannot exhaust God. You reach the swelling flood of the beautiful Ohio, faint with thirst; you drink to full satiety, but you do not drink up the river; it is still there, broad and deep as ever. This is a faint illustration. God is infinitely greater than the watery world. After you receive the Holy Ghost in entire sanctification, you go on to know Him in a richer, more copious and glorious knowledge.

This heresy is very adroit, like Satan it's father. Here we see illustrated the infinite importance of having the real word of God. The omission of the schismatic letter "h" in pronouncing shibboleth once cost 42,000 Ephraimites their lives. When you seek "power" other than the incoming of the Holy Spirit, you throw wide open the door for Satan to come in and ruin you world without end. This vain hallucination will bewilder you in the swamps of doubts and fears, where Satan's myrmidons will torment and ruin you. The millionaires with their hoarded gold are seeking after nothing but more gold. The more they have, the more they want, till in the awful succession of the fallen apostle, they plunge headlong into hell. Shall the children of this world be wiser in their generation than the children of light? God forbid.

So let this be our attitude once for all, now and forever—that we desire nothing but God.

In the real sanctification we receive Him, our portion forever. Henceforth we deflect neither to the right nor to the left, being absolutely satisfied with Him alone. Oh, how sweetly restful now the soul, utterly and forever disencumbered of transitory things; yet more insatiable than Croesus with his hoarded millions, we are still indefinitely pressing on to loftier heights deeper depths, broader latitudes, and more aggressive longitudes, transitory things being lost in total eclipse, amid the transcendent glories of the Omnipotent Majesty, "Our Father."—Selected.

Prayer is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness.—Hugh Miller.

I must every day have fresh grace from Heaven, and I obtain it only in direct waiting upon God Himself.—Andrew Murray.

**Taking the Minister up.**

Years ago there was trouble in a certain church over the young pastor. Many members insisted upon his leaving. His few ardent friends insisted with equal zeal upon his remaining. Much bad feeling had been generated. The case was critical.

Finally two prominent gentlemen called the congregation together and counseled them as follows: 'It is true our pastor is not a great man. He does not preach learned or eloquent sermons, but we all know he is a good man, and that he is doing all in his power to promote our spiritual interests. Let us all agree to bear with him, and, instead of talking him down, let us go out from this meeting resolved to talk him up.'

The advice was accepted. The result you can guess. He remained in that church nearly half a century, and a remarkable success attended his ministry to the close.

A good many people talk the minister down. They discount all his doings. They misunderstand his plainest sayings. They credit him with unworthy motives. They predestinate his failure. An angel from heaven could not succeed under such conditions.

That is unwise. It is unfair. And it is wicked. How much better 'to talk' up the minister!

The world will accept him at your estimate, and respect him according to the measure of your own respect.

Talk up the minister in your home. Help him to win and save the children.

Talk up the minister among the young people. Lift not a finger to break the spell of his uplifting influence.

Talk up the minister among your fellow members. Be his solid friend. Join his body-guard. Suffer no tongue of malice to speak against him in your presence.

Talk up the ministers in the social circle, on the street, in the cars, in the factory, store or office. Magnify his strong points. Minify his weak ones. Speak kindly of him, or speak not at all.

Do you know what such loyalty to the minister means? In nine cases out of ten it means success.—Christian Guardian.

**A Holy Life.**

A half life is made up of a number of small things; little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles of battle, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam that "go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions, and imprudence, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh; the avoidances of such little things as these go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.—Bonar.

Running over the files of one of our contemporaries the other day our eye lighted upon the following description of the type of religion demanded by the times; it is so good and so apt to the present day that we give it to our own readers as we find it; "The world needs a religion today that will make a man's word as good as his note; that will make its possessor pay one hundred cents on the dollar, six sixteen ounces to the pound, thirty six inches to the yard, four pecks to the bushel, and one hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet to the cord; that will make a workman do a full day's work for a full day's pay, whether the eye of his employer is on him or not; that will make capital disgorge the lion's share of all the profits and divide them equally and justly with labor; that will cause the manufacture to cease from adulterating his goods, his clerks from purloining from his employer, the official from embezzling the funds committed to his trust; in fine a religion that will make men honest, upright, pure and trustworthy in all the walks of life; a religion that not only makes men happy, but also makes them righteous." Is that the kind of religion you have? If not, you should seek it, for this is the kind of religion you need.—Methodist Recorder.