

Reflections.

BY JOHN WESLEY.

The sea is an excellent figure of the fulness of God, and that of the blessed Spirit. For, as the river all return to the sea, so the bodies, the souls, and the good works of the righteous, return unto God, to live there in eternal repose.

The sympathies formed by grace far surpass those formed by nature.

The bottom of the soul may be in repose while we are in many outward troubles; just as the bottom of the sea is calm while the surface is strongly agitated.

The best help to a growth in grace are the ill usage, the affronts, and the losses which befall us. We should receive them with all thankfulness, as preferable to all others were it only on this account—that our will has no part therein.

The readiest way to escape from our sufferings is to be willing they should endure as long as God pleases.

If we suffer persecution and affliction in a right manner, we attain a larger measure of conformity to Christ, by a due improvement of one of these occasions than we could have done merely by imitating. His mercy in abundance of good works.

One of the greatest evidence of God's love to those that love Him is to send afflictions, with grace to bear them.

We ought quietly so suffer whatever befalls us, to bear the defects of others and our own, to confess them to God in secret prayer, or with groans which cannot be uttered; but never to speak a sharp or peevish word nor to murmur or repine, but thoroughly willing that God should treat you in the manner that pleases Him. We are His humbly and therefore ought to be ready to suffer, even to the death, with out complaining.

We are to bear with those we cannot amend, and to be content with offering them to God. This is true resignation. And since He has borne our infirmities, we may well bear those of each other for His sake.

To abandon all, to strip one's self of all in order to seek and to follow Jesus Christ naked to Bethlehem, where He was born; naked to the hall where He was scourged; and naked to Calvary, where He died on the cross is so great a mercy, that neither the things, nor the knowledge of it is given to any, but through faith in the Son of God.

Humility alone unites patience with love, without which it is impossible to draw profit from suffering, or, indeed, to avoid complaint, especially when we think we have given no occasion for what men make us suffer.

True humility is a kind of self-annihilation, and this is the center of all virtues.

A soul returned to God ought to be attentive to everything which is said to him, on the head of salvation, with a desire to profit thereby.

The bearing men, and suffering evils in meekness and silence, is the sum of a Christian life.

God is the first object of our love; its next office is, to bear the defects of other. And we should begin the practice of this amidst our own household.

We should chiefly exercise our love toward them who most shock either our way of thinking or our temper, or our knowledge, or the desire we have that others should be as virtuous as we wish to be ourselves.

God hardly gives His Spirit even to those whom He has established in grace, if they do not pray for it on all

occasions, not only once, but many times.

God does nothing but in answer to prayer: and even they who have been converted to God without praying for it themselves (which is exceedingly rare), were not without the prayers of others. Every new victory which a soul gains is the effect of a new prayer.

On every occasion of uneasiness, we should retire to prayer, that we may give place to the grace and light of God, and then form our resolutions, without being in any pain about what success they may have.

In the greatest temptations, a single look to Christ, and the barely pronouncing His name, suffices to overcome the wicked one, so it be done with confidence and calmness of spirit.

God's command to "pray without ceasing," is founded on the necessity we have His grace to preserve the life of God in the soul, which can no more subsist one moment without it, than the body without air.

Prayer continues in the desire of the heart though the understanding be employed on outward things.

In souls filled with love, the desire to please God is a continual prayer.

As the furious hate which the devil bears us is termed the roaring of a lion, so our vehement love may be termed crying after God.

God only requires of his adult children, that their hearts by truly purified, and that they offer Him continually the wishes and vows that naturally spring from perfect love.

For these desires being the genuine fruits of love, are the most perfect prayer that can spring from it.

It is scarce conceivable how straight the way is wherein God leads them that follow Him; and how dependent on Him we must be, unless we are wanting in our faithfulness to Him.

It is hardly creditable of how great consequence before God the smallest things are; and what great inconveniences sometimes follow those which appear to be light faults.

As a very little dust will disorder a clock, and the least sand will obscure sight, so the least grain of sin which is upon the heart will hinder its right motion toward God.

We should be continually laboring to cut off all the useless things that surrounds us: and God usually retrenches the superfluities of our souls in the same proportions as we do those of our bodies.

The best means of resisting the devil is to destroy whatever of the world remains in us, in order to raise for God upon its ruins, a building all of love. Then shall we begin, in this fleeting life, to love God as we shall love Him in eternity.

We scarce conceive how easy it is to rob God of His due, in our friendship with the most virtuous persons, until they are torn from us by death. But if this loss produce lasting sorrow, that is clear proof that we had before two treasures, between which we divided out heart.

If, after having renounced all, we do not watch incessantly, and beseech God to accompany our vigilance with His, we shall be again entangled and overcome. As the most dangerous wind may enter at a little openings, so the devil never enters more dangerously than by little unobserved incidents, which seem to be nothing yet insensibly open the heart to great temptations.

God is so great, that He communicates greatness to the least things that is done for His service.

"The boy who does a thing just because the other boys do it, is apt to scratch a poor man's back all his life. There are times when it is safest to be lonesome."

Some Day.

By Rev. Thomas J. MacMurry, LL.B.

Some day we shall lay down the burdens of life

That we have been bearing with patience for years;

Some day we shall rest at the close of the strife

And rejoice after all our mourning and fears.

Some day we shall enter the mansions above

To commune with dear ones whom death took away;

And there in the light of our kind Father's love

We shall joyously chant thro' eternal day.

Some day we shall know all the mysteries deep

Of that Providence oft so strangely revealed.

Know why in this earth-life God called us to weep

And suffer the wounds that still are unhealed.

Some day we shall wonder at Heaven's expanse,

Its long, gorgeous isles and its throne grand and white,

Its glittering hosts, and its songs that entrance;

And our eyes shall scarce bear the marvelous sight.

No tears shall be shed on that evergreen shore;

No sighs will break out 'mong the glad dazzling throng;

But bliss unalloyed will reign evermore

On those hills that echo with rapturous song.

Sanctified and Satisfied.

Mrs. F. M. Rowe.

I have been to Christ for cleansing;

In the fountain deep and wide,

I have plunged; His Spirit whispers, Sanctified.

Now my heart with joy is singing,

Dwelling close to Jesus' side,

In his love I'm sweetly resting Satisfied.

Consecrated, soul and body,

For his service set aside,

All I have upon the Altar Sanctified.

Taking all that Jesus offers,

Every needful want supplied,

All my hopes and earnest longings Satisfied.

Emptied all my sinful nature,

Hatred, unbelief and pride,

Self all conquered, Jesus keeps me Sanctified.

Filled with all his glorious fullness,

Wanting nothing else beside,

Loving, trusting; every moment Satisfied.

Satan and his hosts assail me,

In my Savior's cross I hide,

Hear again his blest assurance, "Sanctified."

Should the storms of life o'ertake me,

Raging sea and angry tide,

Christ is with me, still I'm resting Satisfied.

Savior, may I ever linger

Near thy wounded bleeding side,

May thy Holy Spirit keep me Sanctified,

Till with Thee and holy angels,

I shall ever more abide;

Till I wake in Thine own likeness, Satisfied.

—Selected.

Beware

Of suspicions of a brother's motives.  
Of the tendency to withdraw from those whom you think do not appreciate you.  
Of losing hope for others.  
Of thinking you have done "enough" for anybody.  
Of getting impatient with anybody's blindness or short-sightedness.  
Of consigning everybody to perdition that does not have fellowship with you.  
Of presuming that all men have faith and of acting therefore to all with equal frankness.  
Of standing on your dignity.  
Of forgetting your own faults while faithfully finding those of others.  
Of forcing providence.  
Of following your own understanding.  
Of lagging behind the Spirit.  
Of taking things out of God's hands.  
Of fussiness, foolishness and fanaticism.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

"Did God Send You, Sir?"

A gentleman saw two children before him in the cars, a boy and a girl. Both looked tired. They were dressed poorly but neatly, and were travelling alone. Toward noon the little girl got up from her seat; presently he found her kneeling on the floor, with her head bowed in the cushion. Was she sick? Did she find this an easy way to sleep? No, she was praying.

"What are you doing, my little girl?" he asked, when she got up.

"I was saying, 'Our Father who art in heaven,'" she said.

"And what are you saying it for now?" he asked again.

"I'm so hungry," she said.

"We've been travelling two days," said the boy, "and our luncheon is all gone."

The gentleman wished he had something in his pocket, but it was empty. At the next stopping place he went out himself and bought something for the children to eat.

When he handed it to the child, "I knew it would come," she said looking up with a blush of joy upon her face. "Did God send you, sir?"

Yes, God sent the gentleman. The child did not see how the cars were to furnish the "daily bread," going so fast and no pantry. But the Son of God taught her to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and the little girl believed it. She asked him and God well knows ever so many ways to answer our prayers. You see, he let a kind gentleman bring her some.

There is a small word in the Bible of which some people ask, "What does it mean?" The word is "faith." What is faith?

It is asking God, believing and trusting him. This is what the little girl did; and it is the kind of asking which God loves, and loves to answer.—Selected.

Acting a Lie.

Dolly had been told never to meddle with a beautiful vase on a bracket over the piano. "It will break very easily," her mother said. Now, Dolly had an intense desire to take the vase down without breaking it, but on trying to put it back the bracket slipped off its nail and the vase fell to the floor and was broken into a dozen pieces. Dolly was frightened. As she stood there trying to think her way out of the dilemma, her kitten came into the room.

"I'll shut Spotty into the room, and mamma'll think she did it," decided Dolly "and Spotty can't tell."

So the kitten was shut up in the parlour, and when Dolly's mother came home she found Spotty there and the vase broken.

"Do you s'pose Spotty did it?" asked Dolly.

"I think she must have done so," answered her mother. "You don't know anything about it, do you?"

Dolly pretended that she didn't hear the question, and got out of the room as soon as possible. That night she couldn't sleep. "You lie," something said to her. "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't say I didn't break it." "But you might just as well have said so," the voice of conscience told her. "If you didn't tell a lie, you acted one, and that is just as bad as telling one."

Dolly stood it as long as she could. She got up and went to her mother's bed.

"Mamma, I broke the vase," she sobbed out. "I thought if I acted a lie you wouldn't find out about it, but I can't sleep for thinking that God knows, if you don't."

Ah, that's it—God knows, if no one else. We can't deceive him.—New York Observer.

At Your Own Door.

Sophia had been praying for twelve years to become a foreign missionary. One day she had so prayed, and the Heavenly Father seemed to say:

"Sophia, stop; where were you born?"

"In Germany, Father."

"Well, are you not a foreign missionary already?"

Then Father said, "Who lives on the floor above you?"

"A family of Swedes."  
"And who above them?"  
"Why, some Switzers."

"Who in the rear?"  
"Italians."  
"And a block away!"  
"Some Chinese."

"And you have never said a word to those people about my Son! Do you think I will send you thousands of miles to the foreign and heathen, when you never care enough about them at your own door to speak with them about their souls."—Southern Christian Advocate.

Rest in Jesus.

A poor English girl in a home in Paris, ill in body and hopeless in spirit, was greatly affected by hearing some children singing. "I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto me and rest.'" When they came to the words, "Weary and worn and sad," she said, "That's me, that's me! What did he do? Fill it up." She never rested till she had heard the whole of the hymn, which tells how Jesus gives rest to such. By and by she asked, "Is that true?" On being told "Yes," she asked, "Have you come to Jesus? Has he given you rest?" "He has." Raising herself, she asked, "Do you mind my coming close to you? Maybe it would be easier to go to Jesus with one who has been before than to go alone." So saying, she nestled her head on the shoulder of her who watched, and, clutching her as one in the agony of death, she murmured, "Now try and take me with you to Jesus." Their voices joined in prayer. The presence of Jesus filled her heart, and she had rest and peace.—Western Christian Advocate.

Christian Perfection As Taught By John Wesley.

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And can any mistake flow from pure love?

"I answer, (1) Many mistakes may consist with pure love; (2) Some may accidentally flow from it: I mean, love itself may incline us to mistake. The pure love of our neighbor, springing from the love of God, thinketh no evil, believeth and hopeth all things. Now this very temper, unsuspecting, ready to believe and hood the best of all men, may occasion our thinking some men better than they really are. Here then is a manifest mistake accidentally flowing from pure love.

"How shall we avoid setting perfection too high or too low?"

By keeping to the Bible, and setting it just as high as the Scripture does. It is higher and nothing lower than this,—the pure love of God and man; the loving God with all our heart and soul, and our neighbor as ourselves. It is love governing the heart and life, running through all our tempers, words and actions.

Queen Victoria was once visiting one of the large cities of England where a large choir of three or four thousand boys and girls were gathered on a great wooden platform to sing a song of welcome. The next morning after the queen had returned to her palace, she ordered a telegram sent to the mayor of the city. It had no reference to the civic formalities or public functions of her visit, but was, "The queen wishes to know, did the children all get home safely?" No more momentous question can be asked by monarch, by nation or by parents: "Will the children reach home safely?"—W. N. Hartshorn.

A wound from the tongue is worse than a wound from the sword; the latter affects only the body—the former, the spirit, the soul.

NOTICE.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Alliance of the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada, will convene (D. V.), at Boulah Camp Ground, King's Co N B, Wednesday, June 29th, 1910, at 10.30 a m.

The first business session will begin at 3.30 p m of the same day.

Every member of the Alliance is expected to be present at the first business session.

W B WIGGINS  
Secretary