

The King's Highway.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness: . . . The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. Isaiah 35:8.

Vol. VI. (New Series.)

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 15, 1895.

(Semi-Monthly.) No. 1

HOW HE LED ME.

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About ten years ago, I began to feel an inexpressible hungering and longing for the fulness of Christ's love. I had often had seasons of great joy and peace in Christ, and in his service. I had seen many precious souls brought into the fold of Christ. I fully believe I then belonged to Christ, that my name was in his family record.

I loved the work of the ministry, but had long felt an inward unrest, a void in my soul that was not filled. Seasons of great joy would be followed by seasons of darkness and doubt. If I had peace, I feared it would not continue; and it did not.

Many anxious Christians came to me, complaining of the same thing. How could I help them on that point, when I did not know how to get right myself? I took them to the seventh chapter of Romans, and there left them, saying, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I was there myself, and supposed I must live and die there.

In this state I was exposed to severe temptations and attacks of the enemy. I made strong and repeated resolutions that I would be faithful, but could not keep them. Then I sought and found forgiveness again, and was happy, and said, "Oh that I could always enjoy such peace!" But it was soon disturbed by some word, or act, or heart-wandering.

Thus I lived on for many years: now happy in my Christian experience, and now unhappy; sometimes doubting and fearing, and sometimes resting. God gave me success in winning souls and granted me many hours of sweet communion with my Saviour, for which I am truly grateful; still I was unsatisfied—I wanted an *uninterrupted* rest and peace.

I often read those precious words, uttered by my Saviour, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." I longed and prayed to be there, but knew not the way. Oh that some one had then taught me the way of rest in Jesus!

I frequently met Christians who claimed sinless perfection: many of them were, indeed, a better type of Christians than ordinary professors; but they did not seem perfect to me. The rest in Jesus, for which I longed, was still unfound.

At last I felt that the question for me to settle was this—Can an imperfect Christian sweetly and constantly rest in a perfect Saviour, without condemnation.

This I revolved in my mind for a long time. I read, as far as I could, the experiences of those who lived nearest to Christ. I searched the Scriptures for light, and asked such as had power with God to pray with and for me, that I might be led aright on this great question. At length I became satisfied that Christ had made provision for me and all his children to abide in the fulness of his love without one moment's interruption.

Having settled this, I said: I need this; I long for it; I cannot truly represent religion without it, and Christ is dishonored by me every day I live without it.

I therefore deliberately resolved, by the help of my Redeemer, to obtain it at any sacrifice; little realizing how unlike Christ I then was, or how much would be needed to bring me there.

I first procured a blank book, which I called my "Consecration Book," and slowly and solemnly, on my knees, wrote in it the following *dedication*:

ANDOVER, February 10, 1859.

"This day I make a new consecration of my all to Christ.

"Jesus, I now and forever give myself to thee; my soul to be washed in thy

blood and saved in heaven at last; my whole body to be used for thy glory; my mouth to speak for thee at all times; my eyes to weep over lost sinners, or to be used for any purpose for thy glory; my feet to carry me where thou shalt wish me to go; my heart to be burdened for souls, or used for thee anywhere; my intellect to be employed at all times for thy cause and glory. I give to thee my wife, my children, my property, all I have, and all that ever shall be mine. I will obey thee in every known duty.

"A. B. E."

I then asked for grace to enable me to carry out that vow, and that I might take nothing from the altar. I supposed, with this consecration, entire as far as knowledge went, I should soon receive all that my longing heart could contain; but in this I was sadly mistaken.

I think I then came nearer to Christ. But as clearer light began to shine into my heart, I saw more of its vileness.

I find in my journal the following:—

BOSTON, December 22, 1859.

"The last three weeks have been weeks of great searching of heart. I never had my heart so searched before. I detect, pride, envy, self-will, a great deal of unbelief, my love to the Saviour to be very weak. Yet I have consecrated all to Christ, and cannot withdraw it from the altar. Oh, can a worm so vile be like Christ? I know it is possible; and if I am ever to be like him, why not now, while I am where I can do good in leading others to him?"

I felt like a patient who, though in the hands of a skilful physician, groans and writhes under the severe treatment which has been found necessary in order to save his life. But my constant prayer was, "Be thorough with me, Jesus—be thorough." Many a discouraging day followed this consecration and these heart-searchings. I grew weak and small and unworthy in my own estimation.

At times my joy and peace were almost unbounded. Sometimes I felt that I grasped the prize so earnestly sought, but was shown some hidden sin in my heart which greatly humbled and distressed me. How fully I realized the words of J. B. Taylor, who said, while seeking this blessing, "Notwithstanding my profession that I had crucified the world, the flesh, and the devil, I have had keener sorrows for indwelling sin than I ever experienced before conversion.

"Oh, the distress which I have felt on account of pride, envy, love of the world, and other evil passions which have risen up and disturbed my peace, and separated between God and my soul!" How many have realized all this, and even more, in their struggles after abiding rest in Jesus!

One sin that troubled me most, and was the hardest to overcome, was a strong will—a desire, and almost a determination, to have my own way;—and thus—even in regard to little things, or any little injury or supposed wrong—to speak without reflection, and sometimes severely, even to those I knew were my friends; to say, "I will do this," and "I will not do that."

This, I clearly saw, must be overcome, if I would become a consistent and useful Christian. As I could not do it myself, I gave it over to Jesus: he could give me grace to overcome even this. But I found I gave nothing into the hands of Jesus, except by a simple faith. My faith was very deficient and weak: to believe the promises fully was not easy. I believed the theory of religion; but to have my heart grasp the reality, without wavering, was more difficult. Yet I found my faith growing stronger, until at last I came to believe just what God had said in the word. I found first the blade of faith, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. No rest could be obtained until

I could believe just what God had said, and trust him fully.

I felt that I must have in my heart something I did not then possess. Before I could be filled with the fulness of Christ's love I must be emptied of self. Oh, the longing of my heart for what I then believed, and now believe, to be sweet and constant rest in Jesus! I believed I should receive it, and thought it was near.

I soon found it easier to resist temptation. I began to trust Christ and his promises more fully.

With this mingling of faith, desire and expectation, I commenced a meeting on Cape Cod. After re-dedicating myself, in company with others, anew to God, I was in my room alone, pleading for the fulness of Christ's love, when all at once a sweet heavenly peace filled all the vacuum in my soul, leaving no longing, no unrest, no dissatisfied feeling in my bosom. I felt, I knew, that I was accepted fully of Jesus. A calm, simple, childlike trust took possession of my whole being. I felt that if I had a thousand hearts and lives, I would give them all to the Saviour: my grateful love found expression in these glowing lines:—

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!"

Then, for the first time in my life, I had that rest which is more than peace. I had felt peace before, but feared I should not retain it; now I had peace without fear, which really became rest.

That night I retired to sleep without one fear—much like a tired babe resting in its mother's arms. I believed Jesus had received me, and would keep me. I had no fear of losing that happy state: the fear which had so disturbed my rest was taken away. I seemed in a new world; my burden was gone, my cup was full, and Jesus was present with me. I felt not only that I was forgiven and cleansed, but that Jesus would hereafter keep me; that I should not have to help him keep me, as I had been vainly trying to do, but could trust it all to him; that now I had two hands instead of one to work with.

I was a Christian before. I loved Christ, and his people, and his cause; yet did not, could not, trust myself without fear in his hands. But now I seemed all at once to lose a great burden of care and anxiety.

I found that much of my care had been not only useless, but a hindrance to my success, rendering my work in Christ's cause much harder and less pleasant to myself. I had been like the traveller with a heavy burden on his back, who, when invited by a friend to ride in his carriage and rest himself, took his seat with his burden still weighing him down. When asked to lay his burden off while riding, and rest, he replied, "Oh, sir, you have been so kind to let me ride, I will carry my burden myself." I had not learned to lay my burden on Jesus while toiling in his vineyard, which would have rendered my work comparatively light and easy.

The Bible seemed like a new book. I had, as it were, read with a veil before my eyes. All through the week I labored on without fear of losing the long-sought, and now so highly-prized blessing. I believed, in the hour of temptation, Christ would keep me, and I should not lose that happy state.

This change occurred about five o'clock on the evening of the second day of November, 1863; and although I never felt so weak and small, yet Jesus has been my all since then. There has not been one hour of conscious doubt or darkness since that time. A heaven of peace and rest fills my soul. Day and night the Saviour seems by me. Preaching is a luxury—it

is a glorious work. In prayer Christ does not seem far away, but near and with me. The Bible still appears like a new book. All Christians are dearer to me than ever before. All earthly ties are more precious to me; home, friends, all blessings, temporal or spiritual, are dearer and brighter than ever before. That terrible fear and torment about death is in a great measure gone. Thought is quickened. My views of truth are much clearer than before. I have come to believe just what God says. I can trust him, and go forward, even "with sealed orders."

My success in leading souls to Jesus has been much greater than before. My joy in telling the world of Christ and his goodness constantly increases. And as I realize more and more the greatness of his love, and the perfection of his character, my swelling heart often cries out:—

"Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!"

Oh that I had an angel's tongue, or could in some way express to others the love I bear to Jesus!

"I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne."

If any one should ask if this is "sinless perfection," I would answer, No, by no means. I feel very imperfect and weak, yet I am enabled to believe and trust Jesus; and he is so near that I have realized, in several instances of little inconsistencies, that before the dark wave reached my soul to produce condemnation, Jesus said, "Peace, be still."

Temptation is presented, but the power of it is broken. I seem to have a present Saviour in every time of need; so that for several years I have done the trusting and Jesus the keeping; it is much easier now to resist temptation than it was before.

I feared the crosses would be much heavier if I was nearer Jesus; but they are much lighter now; so that I can sum it all up in a few words, and call it, not perfection, not a sinless state, but *rest*—the rest of faith—a calm, sweet resting all with Christ. This state of heart is reached only by faith, and retained only by faith; not by helping Christ take care of us, but by trusting him to do it all.

God has raised the standard; we are to come up to it.

I'd sooner have a washerwoman baptized with the Holy Ghost than a bishop without it. I'd a thousand times sooner sit at the feet of a poor, illiterate man, whatever the color of his skin, if he were full of the Holy Ghost, than at the feet of the most ordained apostolic successional individual there is on earth. I want men who are full of faith and the Holy Ghost.—*General Booth*.

When God intends to fill a soul, He first makes it empty; when He intends to enrich a soul, He first makes it poor; when He intends to exalt a soul, He first makes it humble; when He intends to save a soul, He first makes it sensible of its own miseries, wants and nothingness, and then fills it with Himself, which is unspeakably glorious. This is the fulness of New Testament privilege for every Christian.—*Sel.*

The Rev. David Sandeman, the devoted missionary to China.—After his death there was found written in his note book, in large letters, "ETERNITY, ETERNITY," and afterwards, "Let me act more as if I were now in the next world, looking back to see how I should have acted for the glory of Jesus." As D. Brainard says, "O to live on the verge of eternity! would that I could continually dwell on its borders, in studying out and following out every avocation!"

"Is the young man safe?" Not while his father is taking crooked steps.—*Ram's Horn*.

We will fail to lead others into the fulness unless we have boldness to enter ourselves.

In the day of prosperity we have many refuges to resort to; in the day of adversity only one.—*H. Bonar*.

Again and again we have to keep in mind what we are all liable to forget, that we walk by faith, not by joy.

Hardened sinners not only tremble but fall beneath the stroke of the gospel by those who lay the axe to the root of the tree.

I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.—*Rutherford*.

Perhaps your Master knows what a capital plowman you are; and he never means to let you become a reaper, because you do the plowing so well.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

What an amazement it must be to the angels to see men praying for the Holy Spirit with their lips, and with the same lips censuring those who have received the Holy Spirit.

People all about are praying for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. But when the blessing comes on a church or an individual, many who have been making that prayer cry, "Fanaticism!"

If God shows you something that ought to be done do not try to get some one else to do it. Far from being humility, to lay it on some one else is usually shirking. What did God show it to you for if not for you to do it?

Put one in your church soon.—A new, common-sense and commendable feature in church buildings is the nursery room, where the little children are in care of a nurse while their mothers attend the church service.—*Standard*.

Dr. B. Carradine is out on a holiness evangelistic tour for six months, which will take him through the States of Kentucky, Illinois, Oklahoma, Texas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, California, Georgia, Alabama and Colorado.

Never get scared if you get persecuted or are opposed because of real holiness. Be thankful you make the devil trouble enough to notice you. The devil never wastes his ammunition upon dead people; of what use to shoot the dead?

A holy minister, who was nearing the river of death, said, "When you hear that I have passed away say, 'Praise the Lord, Bro. F— has gone home.'" While life is a boon to be desired for what may be accomplished in it, death is the "gate to endless joy" to the one who has lived for God.

What we mean by purpose of heart is that in us which will resist every temptation, surmount every difficulty, overcome all opposition, that will continue steadfast in every trial, that will remain undaunted in every trouble, and press to the goal marked out with undaunted courage.—*Sel.*

A sinner desires to be a Christian. If he have purpose of heart to be one he will not be long in finding salvation. The Christian desires to be filled with the Holy Spirit. If he have purpose of heart he will soon leave doubts and fears behind and be rejoicing in the experience of a full salvation.—*Sel.*