

I am identified with the Holiness cause. I love the holy brethren.

I was converted when quite young, and struggled along for a good many years in my Christian life, often having the victory and often pretty well overcome.

Some twenty-four or five years ago my mind was especially directed to the account of Enoch walking with God three hundred years. He walked with God. He was by nature like as we all are, fallen on account of sin; yet by some way he had come to a condition so that he walked with God. "Now two that are not agreed cannot walk together." At what time in his life he commenced to walk with God we may not be able to definitely conclude; but we are told that it was after his son Methuselah was born, so that we would almost conclude that he had arrived at the age of sixty-five years.

Walking with God certainly indicates a high standard of Christian living; by some means his heart must have been made clean and pure, his faith must have taken hold of something. He had the testimony that he pleased God.

We are told that without faith it is impossible to please Him. He came to God by faith. Those that come to God must believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. He sought by faith and obtained; he got just what was for him to get, a clean heart. There does not seem to have been any break. Three hundred years—a long time to walk with God and please Him. A good many even what may be called good Christian people seem to think that this walking with God and pleasing Him all the time in our daily living is a thing that cannot be done. As I said before, my mind having been called to the account of this ancient man of God, my faith took hold of the promises, and I came firmly to the conclusion that it was possible for men in the present age to live lives that would be pleasing to God, and just a simple faith and trust in God gave me to enjoy a fullness of blessing that dispelled all my fears and brought me into such a heavenly communion and fellowship with God, that I could realize that the Blood of Christ had cleansed my heart from all sin.

It seems to me that there would be something wanting in the great plan of salvation if it did not make it possible for the followers of Christ to live in daily fellowship and communion with their divine Leader. Men naturally are living in sin, and while living in sin man cannot please God and walk with Him. He is not in fellowship with God, and so he must be gotten out of that condition of living and the way of bringing him out of that condition is a perfect way and means a perfect and complete salvation, so that by taking on the whole armor the Christian is enabled to fight the good fight of faith and be more than a conqueror, laying hold of eternal life, the Grace of God being sufficient for him along the daily walks of life. Praise the Lord for ever and ever.

He has come to abide, ever to abide  
My own loving Saviour abideth with me.  
B. N. Goodspeed.

MISSIONS.

- E. M. Smith (native worker) . . . . . \$35.00
- Mrs. Ira B. Burlock . . . . . 3.00
- H. C. Archer, Treasurer.

The Holy City.

(Joseph Allen)

I have heard of that Beautiful City  
With its mansions and streets of pure gold,  
The sacred, holy, New Jerusalem,  
Which was sought by the pilgrims of old.  
The Holy City,  
Which was sought by the pilgrims of old.

John saw the new earth welcome that City,  
Adorned as a bride at her Lord's side,  
Garnished with precious stones, walls of jasper,  
With pearly gates ever open wide.  
The Holy City,  
With pearly gates ever open wide.

I have heard of the God of that City,  
His glory fills the temples above  
With divine billows eternal to roll,  
All his attributes centre in Love.  
The Holy Father,  
All his attributes centre in Love.

I have heard of the Lamb of that City,  
No fair creature with Him may compare,  
Glorified features of the Son of God,  
And His loved ones shall be like Him there.  
The Holy City,  
And His loved ones shall be like Him there.

I have heard of the song of that City,  
Which the ransomed ones only can sing,  
Sweetly it echoes on the River of Life,  
While they strike their harp's highest-toned string.  
The Holy City,  
While they strike their harp's highest-toned string.

I have heard of the Light of that City,  
Its radiant beams outshine the sun's ball;  
It streams from the throne of God and the Lamb,  
Where no shadow of earth's sorrows fall.  
The Holy City,  
Where no shadow of earth's sorrows fall.

I've heard of the River of that City,  
Which gladdens the City of our King,  
Mighty sources of the throne's overflow,  
Where its chrystal fountains ever spring.  
The Holy City,  
Where its chrystal fountains ever spring.

Oh, I long to be there in that City  
With dear ones who have trodden before,  
And Christ the beautiful King of All Kings,  
Who on earth all my sin and shame bore.  
The Holy Saviour,  
Who on earth all my sin and shame bore.

How long shall we dwell in that City,  
Flooded with raptures never yet told?  
Eternal ages with God and the Lamb,  
All their glory to ever behold.  
The Holy City,  
All its glories to ever behold.

When Dr. Livingstone visited England after his great exploring tour, he was much praised for his sacrifices. In reply, he said: "People talk of the sacrifices I made in spending so large a portion of my life in Africa. Can you call that a sacrifice, which is only a small payment of that great debt to God which can never be fully discharged? Say, rather, that it is a privilege. I have never made a sacrifice."

CONSECRATED.

What a comfort it is to have the inner com- home or abroad, in joy or sorrow, living or dying, that we are the Lord's; that we are all sciousness that whether asleep or awake, at the Lord's; His now and His forever. What a substantial peace and joy it brings to the soul to be thus rooted and grounded in God. The thought is inspiring, exulting, enrapturing. Being His, He pledges Himself to be mine. Being His and He mine, no harm can befall me; for whatever betides, it is by my Father's permission, and can but result in good. When we give ourselves to God un- plicitly, His comfort is ours. His joy is ours, His wisdom and strength are ours. All that He hath of spiritual good belongs to us; and all we have to do is to apply the principle of confiding trust, and we shall be filled with "every spiritual blessing in the heaven lies through Christ." Real consecration to God puts on such sweet, intimate and holy famil- iarity with Him, that we can rest so blessedly in His arms, no matter though the foundations of the earth were shaking about us. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, that cannot be moved." If we want God to sanctify us, body, soul and spirit, we must consecrate all this, and nothing less, to Him. He sanctifies what we consecrate; and He does this when we have performed our part of the work. O, how much spiritual life we lose by keeping away from God! The sweet, luscious inheritance of grace, comes to us in its fulness, only after we have dedicated ourselves to God, and have been sanctified by the renewing en- ergies of the Holy Spirit. Then, not till then, can we live in the land of perpetual sunshine. —Rev. C. C. Goss (Christian Witness.)

A CHEERY HEART.

Every mother knows how much more work can be got out of a servant who works with a cheery heart than out of one that is driven re- luctantly to his task. You remember our Lord's parable where He traces idleness to fear. "I knew thee that thou wast an austere man, gathering where thou didst not strew, and I was afraid, and I went and hid thy talent." No work was got out of that servant because there was no joy in him. The opposite state of mind—diligence in righteous work, inspired by gladness which in its turn is inspired by the remembrance of God's ways—is the mark of a true servant of God.—Alexander MacLaren.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS

"Professor, how did you like the sermon?" asked a gentleman as the two stepped out of a country church after listening to an ambitious young preacher. "Oh, very well, very well," said the professor, "but I rather enjoyed it bet- ter when I read it some days ago." The little preacher had appropriated a big preacher's ser- mon. If we preach other men's sermons, let us be honest and give them the credit for them. People know when the coat we have on is too large for us.