

but little of the real life of God, neither know the beauty of holiness nor the fair glistening garments of praise with which God clothes the cleansed and spirit filled soul. Great companies of persons in all the churches need that first touch which shall change the blindness to at least the power to see men as trees walking, and until that initial experience is reached it is useless to enquire into their desires after the deeper things of the spirit.

But within the church is *the church*. "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." Among the crowds of nominal church members is a great company of humble, sincere souls, "who have tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come," and among these I think I find an eagerness and a hunger for the deeper work of grace—that perfecting in holiness without which the soul must ever be wearied by constant defeat and the consciousness of weakness in the hours when the almighty strength of an indwelling Christ can alone avail. Speaking for the Methodist Episcopal church, I think I can say that so far as my small knowledge of it extends—for I have been away from America for years—I say, I think I find a great hungering and thirsting after holiness even among people and in circles where the scriptural terminology of the blessed life is held in suspicion.

The language of Canaan may be misunderstood, but there is no question in my mind that increasing companies of the best people in all our churches are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and I incline to believe that multiplied thousands of them are entering into the actual experience of perfect love, and if these are generally of the humbler sort—there again it has always been so—"For you see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called (*i. e.*, effectually called), for wisdom crieth aloud in the streets, and all men with New Testaments in their hands and with Charles Wesley's hymns in their ears cannot plead ignorance, for there is no speech nor Methodist language in which the voice (of holiness) is not heard. But the ears of the mighty are holden—and carnal hearts in the church occupied with many good things, lose the best. Inferior goods occupy many of our highest and most wealthy and learned and brilliant, and the inferior goods is permitted to become the enemy of the best.

O, my Methodism, which found me a careless, godless youth, a world's diameter from where I now stand—would God I could cause thee to hear the voice of the Son of Man as He crieth. "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich * * * and anoint thine eyes with eye salve, that thou mayest see." Then wouldst thou see that not great buildings and mighty institutions, not high scholarship nor proud gatherings of large numbers, not talks of a splendid past nor pride of ancestry, but having the spirit of devotion to God and a flaming zeal for the souls of men—the abiding tokens of a clean heart filled with the Holy Ghost—that in these are thy strength, thy promise for a better future and the real grounds of hope for being trusted with a great programme for a world's redemption. Yet there are many, though generally of our humbler folk, who are called, have heard and accepted—effectually called to be saints—who know the cleansing blood and wear "a white stone and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiv-

eth it," that new best name of perfect love, and for these I am sure I speak when I say they want holiness—they want it in the pulpit, they want the deep, cleansing streams to flow up through their pastors' hearts, through their lips into the hearts of the listening congregations. They want these to flow through our editors' hearts and down through their pens till the pages of our official papers will be filled with the tender green grass upon which the flocks of God may feed. They want it in our schools and colleges and seminaries. They want that which has been the birthright of Methodist schools, not to be hidden from Methodist eyes or so muffled as not to be perceptible to Methodist ears.

I think the want deepens.

I think the cry for holiness grows more urgent.

Now, I enquire, how may this great convention help?

1. I speak merely as an individual man. I thank you with all my heart for your holiness camp-meetings.

2. May I ask in your camps for great gentleness in dealing with the church and its leaders. You have had much to bear, but shall we *not* win by forbearance? Ye that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.

How shall we win gainsayers if we answer harshness with harshness? Wherein are we better than they? Would it not be profitable to make our camp meeting scripture—those beautiful lineaments of "perfect love" that St. Paul so enticingly portrays in 1st Cor. 13, "Love suffereth long and is kind," and that other scripture of James I., 3 to 4, "The trying of your faith worketh patience" (ability to bear.) But let patience have her perfect work that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

3. And in our organized institutions shall we not look for as much co-operation as possible? I do not at all desire to enter upon any debatable ground, and must confess great hesitancy in even suggesting anything, because I do not know the facts clearly.

Why do I name any of these things? Because I want to throw down all bars between the hungry sheep that abound in the church and the rich pastures of our Holiness camps and institutions, and I know we can save a vastly greater multitude and glorify our God more highly if we make it easy for the hungry ones to come where the fresh, green pastures and quiet waters are.

Brethren, many currents necessarily flow in a great national and international church, but one of the strongest is that of deep, hungry-heartedness which is powerfully moving many, many of God's tender and immature flock to long for holiness. Make much room for kindly welcome that these may be gently led into the rich valleys of Canaan.—*Christian Witness*.

Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg, Natal,

October 6th, 1913.

Dear Highway,—In Act 2, 17, we read: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon flesh."

All Bible students understand this prophecy to refer to the present time, known as the Holy Ghost dispensation, and ushered in on that memorable day of Pentecost. Further, all know that during the preceding dispensation, sometimes called that of the Father, the Spirit was poured out on only a few, such as the prophets,

priests and kings; and not given to the great mass of believers in the true God.

One result promised in the above text is, "and your old men shall dream dreams." Old Testament history is full of illustrations showing this to be a common method by which God spoke to His anointed ones. I have heard Christians scoff at the idea of dreams being from God. Probably such people were never spoken to in this way, as when a dream is from God it is different from the million common ones that any person is likely to have. Such a dream is sure to be recognized as a message from above, especially when one has learned the voice of God, like young Samuel in the days of Eli.

Nor are these God-given dreams confined to old men, as many can testify. Our evangelist, Lydia, has a very remarkable experience along this line. For example, one of the girls of our church had fallen into sin, but still kept up her profession. Lydia saw the whole circumstance in a dream, and was so convinced that God had shown her that she asked the girl about it. Naturally, this much impressed Ida, the girl in question, who confessed the whole matter.

Another time Lydia saw in a dream a certain woman who was to come the next morning after her to go and pray with a sick person. She was told that she should fast until after the prayer of faith should have been offered. Strange to say, Lydia forgot to fast, and was eating when the woman arrived. She did not finish her breakfast, though, but went with the woman, and prayed for the sick one, who was healed, as she had dreamed.

Passages of scripture that have puzzled her are often made clear by a dream. Frequently the backsliding of church members is made known to her. And especially does she foreknow the coming of any event of importance which concerns her or our mission work. I will not take more space here to relate her visions, but may again have occasion to speak of them.

She sometimes visits our church members across the Pongolo, doing good work. When thus sent she will say, "I knew you were to ask this of me, as I saw it in a dream."

She foresaw the recent withdrawals from our church. It is a long story, but I will give it in brief. The "Tongues Movement" has reached South Africa, and finds adherents among black as well as white. The ignorant Zulus, with no European teacher or educated native, soon pervert this system of faith as taught by recognized leaders. Several of our members, including two preachers, visited a church of this sect about seventy miles distant, for the express purpose of receiving the Spirit and the gift of tongues. Upon their return they held daily meetings at the home of the leader, Peter Zondo; and soon were joined by others, especially their near relatives, all our church members. These new seekers soon came into the same experience, or professed to, though Lydia dreamed that two of them had a profession only. She asked them why they made their various strange noises, and indulged in such extravagant actions; but they could give her no answer.

After a few weeks, when their number had swelled to about ten, they came in force to visit the church to which they all belong. It was communion Sunday and many were here from across the Pongolo. But as these were late in arriving our first service, that of testimony, was held in our 8x12 native hut. The "Zionists," as they are called, had come to demonstrate, and hoped to be expelled from our