

ance, but feared my unworthiness. So during the morning meeting I promised the Lord that if He would give me one more evidence of my acceptance with Him, I would never doubt again. The good Lord right there gave me the witness that I was His child. I left the meeting, was baptized with my wife and two others and from that hour I have never doubted my conversion or lost the evidence of my acceptance with God.

The minister told me all I had to do was to go right along doing my duty every day, and do the best I could; so I did this. Sometimes I would have a glorious time, sometimes a hard time. Sometimes the devil would make me quite proud of myself, and tell me that I had done great things and that people thought I was a great fellow, and when I would have a hard time he would make me ashamed of myself. I remember one day of some person speaking harsh things of a deacon that I thought much of, and while I was defending him, to my astonishment I found myself angry. Oh, how badly I felt, for I did not know it was there. I went on and did the very best I knew how. I took the Bible for my guide; I believed I should walk just as that taught. So I would endeavor to live in line with the Word. I soon found there was something wanting, so I prayed and asked the Lord to reveal to me anything that was lacking in my experience. I believed that I should walk as Christ walked, talk as He talked, and love as He loved. I soon found there was something yet remaining in my heart that was not entirely in conformity to all the will of God. I prayed in earnest that the Lord would reveal to me anything that was lacking in my experience. The Lord showed me that there was in my heart the remains of the carnal mind, and although I lived very near the Lord and performed every duty as far as I knew, yet there was that uprising in my heart which I hated. But the light kept flowing into my heart until I saw it like a cage of unclean birds. I went down before the Lord and made a full consecration of myself and all I possessed, and all I ever would possess in time and eternity. I laid myself on the altar just as clay in the hands of the potter. Right there and then I knew the Lord received the sacrifice.

I went to meeting that night. Rev. E. McLeod preached from Mal. iii. 3, "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." I sat and listened. I could hardly keep my seat until he got through. I rose up and began to speak. I could not begin to tell how the refining fire went through my soul and burned up all the dross. I found that pride, anger, malice and all the elements of every kind of sin, were all gone, and my heart filled with pure love to God and man. Also, the fear of men, what they might say or think. Before this, the fear of man was before me. But now that was taken away, and I was willing to leave home, friends, and all for Christ, and go to India, or anywhere He might lead me. My will was completely lost in the will of God. I was then enabled to love God with all my heart, and my neighbor as myself. My heart was continually praising God for His wonderful love to me. Oh, how my soul went out after the unsaved. I saw many come to Christ.

I did not call this wonderful blessing by any particular name. My testimony was that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth

me from all sin." I knew my heart was pure, and filled with pure love. This was a second definite blessing, as much so as my conversion. I enjoyed this blessing for about five or six years. I lost it twice in that time for a short time, but I went right to the Lord and He restored it to me. After that period I lost the blessing the third time for about twenty years. I lost the blessing by neglecting to pray where there was a social gathering. Although I had lost this sweet blessing, I never went into the sins of the world or backslid from my place in the church. I would have a hard time sometimes, but the Lord knew all about me, that it was not a wilful sin. About 1880, Evangelist Hartt came to our city, preaching entire, instantaneous sanctification by faith. It was not long before I saw he was preaching my experience. He did not preach long before there arose a strong opposition to the doctrine in the church to which I belonged. However, the Lord had His hand on the movement. My wife got into the experience and the good Lord restored my soul into full salvation. Praise the Lord for it. And now I am saved to the uttermost. I would say I never heard a sermon preached on the subject of entire sanctification, nor read a work on it, until I heard Brother Hartt preach it.

We have not been able to obtain a sketch of Sister Kimball's Christian experience more than that it is mentioned by Brother Kimball that she was converted in the same revival in which he was converted, and received the blessing of entire sanctification in 1880, under the preaching of Rev. A. Hartt. The writer had the privilege of being her pastor for three years; the most of that time she was an invalid, but always manifested a sweet, joyful, contented spirit and a perfect resignation to the divine will of God, and gave a definite and clear testimony to the two definite works of grace in her Christian experience. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance," (Psa. 112, 6).

THE MISSIONARY BOARD.

In response to a call for a meeting of the Missionary Board seven members responded, and met at the residence of Dr. J. E. Jewett, Woodstock; on the afternoon of the 21st inst. Those present were: Rev. S. A. Baker, president; Rev. H. C. Archer, treasurer; Rev. P. J. Trafton, secretary; Rev. M. S. Trafton, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Jewett and Mrs. Archer. The Board wishes to express their appreciation of the ready response of the Missionary Societies and friends to the appeal for money to meet the emergency, but the amount received is not as yet sufficient to supply the need, and we sincerely hope that others will send in their money to Rev. H. C. Archer as soon as possible.

The natives about our Mission station are very needy for clothing, and on account of the prolonged drouth they are in great need of food. There is a railroad being built from Vryhied to a point near Paulpietersburg, and at the present time Brother Kierstead is taking up work among the men who are employed in its construction, and to enable him to be near his work he has moved his family to the Village of Paulpietersburg.

We could use tons of good second clothing for men, women and children, if we had it, in clothing the naked in our South African work.

Have you renewed your subscription for the Highway?

RISING ABOVE PETTINESS.

Only a little person can be touched by little things. When I hear a woman complain of a slight upon her or an insult she has received, I am ashamed of as well as sorry for her.

I wonder why she does not try to hide the happening instead of telling it abroad in a childish hunt for sympathy, for in reality the blame is partly hers.

It is possible for every one of us to have so fine a dignity and self-respect that an attempt to slight or insult us would be like firing a popgun at a lion.

A favorite anecdote that those who love her tell of Alice Freeman Palmer is this:

One of those women who are forever thinking themselves aggrieved and slighted came to Miss Freeman with her troubles.

"Why not be superior to these things and let them go unregarded? You will soon find you have nothing to regard." Wellesley's famous president suggested gently.

"Miss Freeman," retorted Miss S—, "I wonder how you would like to be insulted?"

"Miss Freeman drew herself up with splendid dignity.

"Miss S—, there is no one living who could insult me."

Now, Alice Freeman Palmer was a distinguished college president, but that does not mean that one must be of a high station to possess that dignity. It is a matter of character rather than of station, a result of self-respect rather than that of external conditions.

I have seen in people of lowly estate, just as I have seen it lacking in many who had wealth and position. One of the best exhibitions of it I ever saw was in a shop girl.

While I was waiting to be served the other day I had the opportunity of seeing one of the most disagreeable women I ever had laid eyes on.

She asked for a certain kind of lace. The shop girl patiently showed her half a hundred varieties, with each of which she found some fault—"too commonplace," "not bold enough," etc. The girl patiently tried box after box, and finally said that it was all the shop had in stock.

"I know there must be others up on those shelves that you are not showing me," said the most disagreeable one, petulantly.

"I have shown you all there are, madam," the girl said quietly.

"I feel sure that you have just what I want right there, only you won't look for it," was the maddening answer as the disagreeable one dounced away.

"How can you endure people like that?" I asked the girl, red hot with the fury she did not seem to feel for herself.

"O, we think they just don't know any better," she answered quite calmly.

Now, wouldn't that have enraged the disagreeable one?

And wasn't it a truly splendid example of the dignity that sheds insult as a duck's back sheds water?

Hold yourself above slight and rudeness or insult. Next time you start to feel aggrieved remember Miss Freeman's advice, "Be superior to those things and let them go unregarded. You will soon find you have nothing to regard."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.