



REV. S. H. CLARK.

The first sermon on heart purity, or sanctification, as a second work of grace subsequent to regeneration, I heard in the Free Christian Baptist Church, Main street, Woodstock, in the fall of 1884, by the late Rev. G. W. MacDonald, then pastor of that church, and before its close the Holy Spirit spoke to my heart, saying, If you had heard such preaching before you backslid you would not be in the place you are today. A few days after this I was stricken with congestion of lungs and brain, and for some weeks my life was despaired of, but after rallying I was taken to my home in Millville, and this seemed to change the whole tenor of my life as regards my future occupation. In February of the following year, under the labors of Revs. A. H. Trafton, W. B. Wiggins and Joseph Noble, a revival along holiness lines began in Millville, and I sought and personally found Christ as my restoration and forgiver. While kneeling one Sabbath afternoon alone in my father's kitchen (all the rest absent at church) before God, I gave up my sins. He took me back and restored unto me the joy of His salvation. I knew that sanctification must be a second work of grace, as I had not obtained such an experience when regenerated a few years before, nor was my heart now satisfied. And, as my father and mother were both in the experience of holiness which had been sought and definitely found after years of walking in communion with God, I the more readily accepted its teaching and used to pray earnestly for the work to be done upon my heart; yet I felt great fear within me that if I got this experience I would have to give up and go out into the work. It was not until the next year, while attending school in St. John and boarding at the Hotel Ottawa, then managed by Brother and Sister E. Cosman, I was invited to attend the union holiness meetings in Cochrane's hall, King street, and there I for the first time met Sister Jos. Bullock and Bro. J. F. Bullock, whose never-failing faith and prayer, coupled with those in my hotel life (among whom I want to mention Brother and Sister John Kimball, who have since joined the hosts above) held me in the firm grip of faith until by the power of the Holy Spirit I was enabled to resolve by the grace of God to fight it through, cost what it would, for I felt, as I yet feel, it was either holiness or hell for me. So on this foundation, after returning from a meeting which had been prolonged to help me, up in Room No. 30, in the hotel, about one or two o'clock in the morning of 26th, 1886, heaven came down my soul to greet. Hallelujah! was the first acclamation of the new Spirit-filled child. Oh, glory! What a sense of going down until I struck the foundation, salvation, victory, power. Can I forget it? Never. I was indeed present

myself—right there, amen. Well do I remember how the things I once loved and the habits I once had fell off and God's presence so sweetly dwelt within. On coming down to the hotel office in the morning Brother Cosman came from his desk and taking me in his arms, began to praise God, saying, "You need not tell me, Brother Clark; I can see it in your face." Oh, how tender has been the feeling toward those precious saints since that time, and even as I think of them this morning tears will unbidden flow. I expect to strike hands with them as their trophy in glory. Hallelujah! About that time began the disciplining of the brethren in the late F. C. B. church, and I had left school and gone out into life for myself. For about three years I thought perhaps it was only a test of my faith as regards my call to the work; but as I used to pray and as God was blessing my work in Sabbath school and church (I was then worshipping with the M. E. Church of Maine), the Spirit used to very definitely point out my duty.

I used to pray, "Lord, you know so many of the holiness brethren have no place to preach with visible means of support; oh, make me successful in business so I can help them, for you know, Lord, all I have is thine, and I will be true to holiness and the work." How many hours of weeping and prayer none but God and the angels know, as time after time I have seen all earthly prospects blighted and life seemingly more than a failure, until I had to cry, "Lord, it is enough; I will go where you want me to go." In January, 1907, I went to Hartland, told my mission to none but God, and asked Him to lead. Brother Archer was then pastor of that church and he invited me to take one of the services—not the one I felt I was worthy to take, but the one God put on His heart was best for me, and this resulted in the fact that for seven weeks I was with him in that place, and while there calls began to come to me that convinced me that I was in the will of God, and since that time the way has been opened, souls have been saved, believers sanctified and many made to rejoice in the Lord under my labors, for all of which I give Him the praise and glory.

If you want to know further why I am in the work of holiness, you can see my reason in Hebrews 12, 14; and if for preaching the Word, in 1st Corinthians 9, 16.

This morning my heart says:

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing,
All glory to God, I'm a child of the King.
Though a nexile from home, yet still I may sing,

The possibilities of the speedy evangelization of the world may be seen from the following facts as to census taking in India. "On the first of March, 1901, between seven o'clock and midnight, 1,325,000 enumerators took the census of from thirty to fifty families assigned to each of them. They were superintended by 122,000 supervisors, and these in turn by 6,800 charge superintendents. In just two weeks the Indian government published the results, and they showed a population of 294,361,056. All of the work was done cheerfully, voluntarily and without remuneration. What could not God's people accomplish if they should unitedly and in the Spirit carry out Wesley's motto for the whole church, 'All at it and always at it?'"—*Vanguard*.

"If we are not responsible for the thoughts that pass our doors, we are at least responsible for those we admit and entertain."

WHY PREACHERS FAIL.

Many preachers fail, not because they lack knowledge, but because they lack unction. They are orthodox, but they never take fire when they preach. Their sermons are all brains and no blood. They have plenty of thought but no feeling. The dinner they serve up to their people on Sunday is elaborately prepared, but cold. No preacher is to be excused who does not as diligently study his manner as his matter. It was said of a certain preacher that he got his matter from God and his manner from the devil.

Many a good sermon is spoiled by a cold delivery. Two men were addressing a large meeting in Exeter Hall, the one a D. D. and the other a workingman. The doctor was polished and pompous in his style of oratory, and his words fell like a drizzling rain upon the audience—they fairly shivered as he proceeded.

Presently the workingman rose to speak. He told of his experiences and spoke of his convictions; he was on fire with his subject and his words fell like sparks among gunpowder—the people took fire and broke out in thunders of applause. Said a gentleman to a man sitting by his side and who was applauding vigorously, "What is he saying?" "Oh I don't know, but look how he is saying it."

How much of pulpit power under God depends on that element of enthusiasm. They make others feel who feel themselves. How can he plead for souls who neither knows nor feels the value of his own? How can he recommend a Savior to others who himself despises and rejects him?—Selected.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

This book is not to be compared with other books. It is not of the same class or order. It is inspired in a sense alone, and is not among other books. As towers an Alp above the mole hills of the meadow, so high the Scriptures rise above the purest, truest, holiest literature of man's composing.—Spurgeon.

LIFE THAT COUNTS.

You may bring to your office and put in a frame
A motto as fine as its paint;
But if you're a crook when you're playing the game
That motto won't make you a saint.
You can stick up the placards all over the hall,
But here is the word I announce,
It isn't the motto that hangs on the wall,
But the motto you LIVE that counts.

If the motto says "Smile" and you carry a frown,
"Do it now," and you linger and wait.
If the motto says "Help" and you trample men down,
If the motto says "Love" and you hate,
You won't get away with the mottoes you stall
For Truth will come forth with a bounce;
It isn't the motto that hangs on the wall,
But the motto you LIVE that counts.
—Selected.

"There is no service like his that serves because he loves."

Make it your habit not to be critical about small things.—*Edward Everett Hale*.

If I take care of my character, my reputation will take care of itself.—*D. L. Moody*.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in meeting it with the eyes open.—*Richter*.

"There is only one man who can escape criticism, and that is the man who has done nothing."

There are two days about which nobody should ever worry, and these are yesterday and to-morrow.—*Robert J. Burdette*.

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