

not allow it now to lead you into this bright fullness? O, why do you not avail yourself of your privileges, and thus come to Jesus? You wonder that sinners do not come to Christ; but is it not a greater wonder that you, who have tasted the good word of life, when the Spirit invites you to those richer joys, should hesitate just as your unconverted neighbour hesitates? Perhaps you say you do not understand it. Just so says your unconverted neighbor. He does not know, and you do not seem to remember, that it is spiritually discerned.

But, "Some who profess this grace bring dishonor upon it." Yes, but this is just what your unconverted friend says of professors of religion. So, you see, when we press you close, you answer just as the unconverted do. My brother, I hold you fast to this truth, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." I lay it on your conscience, be you minister or layman, be you male or female, be you near or far off; I say to you with authority given of the Holy Ghost, "This is the will of God." If you go away without this, I believe you will travel into darkness. Pass this around, and let everyone say, "This is the will of God, even my sanctification."

And this will be the power of the church. During the centenary year we heard much about the numbers of the Church. But it is not numbers, nor fine churches, nor ecclesiastical polity, nor theological schools, nor ritual, that constitute power. These are all well in their place; but purity, after all, is true power. This has ever been so, and ever must be so. In 1760, as Wesley recorded in his journal, a very extraordinary revival commenced in Yorkshire, then extended to London, and finally crossed to Ireland, and was the beginning of the societies at Dublin and Limerick. This progressed till the societies of Ireland seemed wrapped in revival influence. Wesley explicitly says, that wherever the work of holiness spread, the work of God generally revived. Dr. Stevens, in his admirable History of Methodism, insists that this doctrine of Christian perfection was the great potential idea of Wesleyanism; and what was true then is true now. This power which comes through purity and by self-consecration is a mighty one; for, giving up ourselves, we receive the Divine fullness, and we are strong because filled with the Almighty Spirit; the body and the soul are filled with almightiness. Oh, what a sublime idea is just here! And this power is not confined to us who experience this, but it is felt upon the outside world. Why is it that the erecting in this wilderness of a standard having upon it, "Holiness to the Lord," has attracted such multitudes? Why is it that so many unconverted are listening with such attention? Because of the presentation of this always-attractive scene, and this, because it involves the exaltation of Christ. And why does it exalt Christ? Because it declares He is a great, present, precious, complete Saviour, and He has said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me,"—And that is true in more ways than one. Will you not, then, let Christ draw you now to Himself? Will you continue to cling to the world, or will you give it up and let Jesus take you into the land of Beulah, where the birds sing and the air is all joy? All may have this grace, not to die by alone, but when responsibilities are upon us and temptations around us. To live is more than to die; for to live is to toil; but to die is to go home. If you would fill your death-chamber with quiet, let Jesus fill your heart with Himself, and then fill your own life with obedience. Life is a journey upon the edge of a precipice, and a step may launch us over,—are we ready? We



Sister Sanders and Family at Balmoral Farm, South Africa.

BALMORAL (MISSIONARY) FARM FUND.

Previously acknowledged .....	\$2,029.61
Amount now needed .....	1,116.84
Toward which we have received:	
Mrs. I. F. Keirstead (Monthly) .....	1.00
Mrs. George S Crosby .....	3.00
Charles Foster .....	1.00
Mrs. Charles Foster .....	1.00
A. J. Hoyt .....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Nickerson .....	2.00
Iva Nickerson .....	.50
Vera Nickerson .....	.50
Gladys Nickerson .....	.50
Edith Nickerson .....	.50
Miss Bertie M. Graham .....	1.00
Mrs. D. H. Nixon (monthly) .....	1.00
Allan Dow .....	1.00
Mrs W. L. Estabrook (monthly) .....	1.00
Chester Culberson .....	5.35

may have Christ in us, the Life of our life, and the Soul of our soul, making our hearts stout, and our hands strong, and our life joyous and useful.

Some may accuse of one-idealism, but surely we cannot urge a more glorious specialty than that which brings us together here, for there is an intimate connection between the sanctification of the Church and the conversion of the world. You all remember that immediately following the dedication service here, before a sermon had been preached or an invitation given, there were persons who sought and found Jesus as their pardoning Saviour. We have the strongest convictions about this subject. I look around today and recognize different faces, some from Delaware, some from New York, and others from Philadelphia, all friends cherished and beloved, to whom I would gladly give worldly good if I could, and if it would be a blessing; and yet I would rather give everyone this sanctifying power than the material universe.

I have been wondering whether we shall sit down together in the heavenly kingdom. Oh, my precious friends, shall it be so? Shall we all shine and shout while we make the heavenly arches ring, ascribing to God glory, dominion, and blessing, and power forever? Remember that without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

I love this way. Under a sermon by Bishop Hamline, at about this hour of the day, I made

the consecration. I had been very thoughtful for some time; but I said, "Now I will, I do, give these hands, these feet, this body, my soul, to Jesus; my heart to be His home, and my life to spend in His service." I laid myself upon the altar, and I said, "The altar sanctifieth the gift;" and then peace, full, perfect peace, came unto my soul. I had peace before, but never anything like this. I almost feared to go to sleep that night, but I slept and woke, and Jesus was with me. I went to my friends, Bishop and Mrs. Hamline, and told them of this, and in the telling of it I was conscious of a blessing. Mrs. Hamline said, "Let us have a season of prayer;" and while one after another prayed, the witness of this came into my heart with all the clearness of nooday. Do you wonder that with this experience I stand here today and advocate this glorious truth? Oh young men, be holy! This is the grace you need. Sunday-school teachers, and class leaders, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Friends, let us all be holy, and then shall the Church be "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."—*Heart and Life.*

"ICH DIEN" (I SERVE)

Weary and worn from the trenches  
 A soldier struggled along,  
 No kindly hand to help him,  
 No Tipperary song.  
 He had done "his bit" in the fighting,  
 He had earned a little rest,  
 So he plodded his way weak and patient,  
 For hed'd striven and done his best.

He moved to one side as an auto  
 Overtook him on the way,  
 And a wistful glance he cast aside  
 As though he would like to say,  
 "'Tis 'Tommy' to do the fighting,  
 And trudge on weary feet,  
 While the staff ride by in a carriage  
 With cushions on the seat."

But a cheery voice now hailed him,  
 "Get in, my man, and ride;  
 We will take you to your base point  
 Whatever else betide";  
 And two young men jumped to the ground  
 And steadied his trembling knees,  
 And talked to him in friendly tones  
 To put him at his ease.

Then the soldier's mouth was opened  
 And he spoke right from his heart,  
 "I will show you my sweetheart's photo,  
 From which I never part."  
 Then he spoke of the dear old homeland  
 To the listeners by his side.  
 No thought had he of birth and rank,  
 As his thoughts he did confide.

But a sudden thought came o'er him  
 As he spoke to the youngest there,  
 "Did you ever carry a portrait  
 Of one for whom you care?"  
 A smile passed o'er the young man's face

As he gave him a coin of gold,  
 "Yes, I carry the face of my father,  
 Of whom you have oft been told."

"He prays for the men in the trenches,  
 And his interest never fails,  
 And, comrades, he who speaks to you  
 Men call the Prince of Wales."

—Henry A. Ashmead.

BRIGHTON  
 APR 5 1908  
 N. B.