

"WHY DOCTOR?"

OR

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, TRY IT.

The interesting autobiography of Rev. Charles Freshman, late Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue at Quebec, and graduate of the Jewish Theological Seminary at Prague, at present German Wesleyan minister at Preston, Canada, has just been published by Rev. Samuel Rose, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto. His closing remarks are:

Here, perhaps, I had better write the little word *Finis* and lay down my pen, but as another important event occurred quite recently, which I neglected to mention in its proper place, it may not inappropriately be inserted here, and may be called a "P. S.," an "N. B.," an "Addendum" or anything else that suits the fancy of the reader. Those who have been wearied with the task of reading the preceding pages, may stop when they come to the word "*Finis*" if they please; but if they do, they will never know How I Came to Give Up Smoking Tobacco! It occurred in this way. In the latter part of November, 1867, I was assisting at a protracted meeting in Heidelberg, on my son's mission. During one of the evenings I preached there, a good old lady, a Mrs. Weber, was powerfully awakened to a sense of her lost condition as a sinner. After the meeting, Mrs. Freshman and I went home with her to the house of her son, with whom she is living, and to whose kind hospitality we are always welcome. As she was in great distress of mind, we remained conversing with her, and pointing her to the Saviour who taketh away the sins of the world, till after midnight, when she found peace, and was made happy in God.

After this had been achieved, I thought I deserved to enjoy the luxury "of a good comfortable smoke." While preparing the necessary materials, the following conversation ensued between myself and one of the young men, a grandson of the old lady I have mentioned:—

"Why, doctor," said he, "do you smoke?"

"Yes," said I, "did you never know that before?"

"Well," said he, "your young men are not allowed to smoke, are they?"

"No," said I, "we would like our young men, if possible, to be in every respect an improvement on ourselves."

"Well," said he, "I was reading a short time ago in the *Apologete* an article in which you were styled 'The Father of Methodism in Canada,' and it does seem to me rather inconsistent that a father will persist in doing what he will not allow his children to do."

That was about all he said, and the subject was dropped; but never have I listened to a more powerful sermon than that contained in those few words of that young man. When I came home, I said to one of my daughters: "search through my drawers, and pockets and shelves—everywhere, and wherever you find pipes, tobacco, matches, knives—anything I used in smoking, take it out of my sight, and out of my reach."

The command fell on no unwilling ear, and in less time than it has taken to write

this, not a vestige of it remained, not a crumb if I had been starving, and scarcely an odor was perceptible in places formerly most infected.

From that day to the present, more than six months ago, I have never had a "whiff." To say that I gained the victory without a struggle, would be a simple untruth, and could serve no good purpose. For several days my old appetite would return with considerable intensity, especially after my meals. At such times I would pace the floor, sit down, try to read, get up again, and often could only find relief in prayer for sustaining grace. But I must say the victory thus gained was not such an impossible feat as I had always considered it. Now I not only have no desire to go back to my wallowing in the mire, but I enjoy a delightful sense of freedom from a thralldom which was worse than slavery. My appetite has improved; some of my vests will now hardly button around me. My perceptive faculties are clearer; my sleep more refreshing. I feel younger in years, and more vigorous in body. To all smokers I would say,—"*If you don't believe it, try it!*"—Guide to Holiness, 1868.

Tupper says, "Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel men when all other weapons failed. Reason he parries; Fear he answers blow to blow; Future interests he meets with present pleasures, but Love, that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand—that soft subdoing slumber which wrestles down the giant—there is not one human being in a million whose clay heart is hardened against Love."

GENERAL BOOTH ON HOLINESS.

Holiness is the abolition of sin, the doing of righteousness, and the enthronement of God. It is harmony, it is health, it is union, it is victory, it is joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is the work of the Holy Ghost, begun in pardon and adoption, made complete through body and soul and spirit in full salvation, and brought to perfection in the maturing and fruitfulness of an obedient heart and consecrated life.

The power of holiness is the eternal God. The way of holiness is straight and leads to the cross. The testimony of holiness convicts the sinner. The fruit of Holiness is hard work and real sacrifice for the salvation of the bodies and souls of men. Its watchword is "Others."

If holiness is possible anywhere to anyone at any time, it must be possible everywhere, to every one, and all the time, therefore to you and just now. Desire it above everything else. Pay the price marked on it, nothing less than the sum total of your all, and begin now to believe God is true, and you shall have it.—W. Bramwell Booth.

The Methodist Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, meets in the Central Methodist Church, Moncton, the second week in June. Rev. C. R. Hudson, of Dorchester, will preach in the Reformed Baptist Church Sunday morning on June 17th, and Rev. H. Rice, of Sussex, in the evening.

THE LASSIE'S SONG.

Emeline Hathaway.

"I am far frae my home,"
Sang a wee bit lassie fair;
Little did she ken o' ill,
For her heart had nae been sair.

"The earth is flecked wi' flowers,"
Here she pou'd a blossom sweet.
Bonnie skies were bendin' o'er her.
Daisies bloomed about her feet.

"Oh! the birdies warble blithely,
For my Father made them sae;"
Sweet bird-notes were thrillin' roun'
her
On that glorious summer day.

Still the lassie sang on sweetly,
Of the "hand that dries oor e'e,"
Of the precious "bluid" that cleanseth,
And "oor ain countree."

Wi, the sunlight on her hair.
Standin' there amid the blossoms
She, the fairest flower among them,
She, the sweetest warbler there.

As I listened to her singing'
A' my heart rose up in prayer
That her life might yield rich fragrance,
Like the blossoms sweet and rare.

That her life might sing God's praises,
Like the birdies warblin' free,
That the King, "in a' His beauty"
She, the "pure in heart," might see.

Oh, my Father! keep the bairnie,
Grant her heart may ken nae sin,
Through the "gowden gates o' Heaven"
Safely may she enter in.

GLEAMS OF GLORY.

The following is an extract from a private letter from Dr. C. E. Mason, of Springfield, N. S.:

"I will love him, and manifest myself to him."

"Herein is a mystery of His wonderful love that He reveals Himself unto an unworthy creature like me. Not long ago it came to me in my dreams that there was a new song being put in my mouth, something about my Saviour.

"O, believe me. I saw Him in brightness and glory. I cannot tell it here. But the waves of His love were like lightning that flashed over my soul and my will became absorbed in His will and at that moment I became a child of God and had a foretaste of inexpressable joy and love. O bless His Holy Name.

Yours ever for the Lord."

Christ arises and shines upon souls, in order that they may arise and shine.—Robert Murray McCheyne.

We should be on such close fellowship with our Lord Jesus Christ as to have his aid in our daily labour. He was called the carpenter's son.