

"I RESTED MY WEARY SOUL IN THE BOSOM OF JESUS."

(By Bishop Wm. Taylor)

The partial account, given below, of Bishop Taylor's experience on the Kadesh—border of the Promised Land—is from his own gifted pen, and illustrates the fact that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;" and that He alone who knows the route by which every soul must arrive, is faithful to lead:

I tried

**The Theory of a Gradual Growth Out of Sin.**

into holiness, but found from sad experience it was not in the nature of sin to grow out, but to grow in and grow on, and bring forth fruit unto death, and that it had to be restrained till totally extirpated by the Holy Sanctifier.

A sincere spirit of legalism, more than anything else, trammelled my faith and prevented the Holy Spirit from perfecting that which was lacking in my faith. It was not theoretical but practical legalism. I did not for a moment trust to anything I had done, but, under cover of vows and covenants to be holy, I was trusting to what I was going to do. To the best of my knowledge I presented my body, my whole being on God's altar, and worked myself nearly to death trying to be holy. I was often blessed and comforted, and hoped at the moment that I had found the pearl of perfect love, but soon perceived I was mistaken. I had been justified by faith, kept in a justified relation to God by faith; my ministry, from its commencement, had been attended by the soul-saving power of Jesus, and why I failed to cross over into the promised land of perfect love was a profound puzzle to me; but I was getting light and gathering strength in the struggle.

In the month of August, 1845, I attended a camp meeting in Fincastle Circuit, the old camp where my presiding elder, three years before, appointed me to the work of an itinerant minister. On my way to the camp meeting I saw that, in connection with an entire consecration of my whole being to God, which I had been sincerely trying to gain from the beginning I should pay no particular attention to my emotional sensibilities nor to their changes, nor to the great blessings I was daily receiving in answer to prayer, but should simply accept the Bible record of God's provisions and promises as an adequate basis of faith and on the evidences contained in these credentials, receive and trust the divine Saviour for all that He had come to do for me, and nothing less. I was then and there enabled to establish two essential facts: (1) to be true to Jesus Christ; (2) to receive and trust Him to be true to me. So there, on my horse on the road, I began to say more emphatically than ever before, "I belong to God. Every fibre of my being I consecrate to Him I consent to perfect obedience. I have no power to do anything toward saving myself, but in utter helplessness I receive and trust Jesus for full salvation."

Then the tempter said: "Take care; don't go too fast; there may be reservations in your consecration you don't think of."

I replied: "I surrender everything I can think of, and everything I can't think of. I accept a principle of obedience that covers all possibilities in the will of God."

"But you don't feel anything different from your ordinary experiences?"

"The Word of God is sure. On the evidences it contains I receive and trust the Blessor, without any stipulation as to the blessing, or the joyful feeling it may bring."

I went on to the camp meeting maintaining my two facts as the Lord gave me power to do, without aid of joyous emotional sensibility or feeling.

At the close of the camp meeting I returned to my circuit, steadily maintaining my facts. Through the series of my special services in Sweet Springs Valley, and in the series of Sheriff C.'s neighborhood. I stood by my two facts, as Abraham stood by his offered sacrifice, in spite of smothering darkness and devouring fowls, but I felt no assurance of the Holy Spirit that I was sanctified wholly. I was not; my consecration, so far as I knew, was complete, but the point of self-conscious, utter impotency, where faith ceases to struggle, and reclines calmly on the bosom of Jesus I had not quite reached.

One sleepless night during my week of services with Daddy Perkins I said to myself: "What shall I do? A blank disappointment at C's next Wednesday night will be damaging to my reputation for judicious management and fidelity to truth, and prelude the possible achievement of greater soul-saving victories there! To preach at the two places, twenty miles apart, is impossible." In a moment the oft-repeated fact went through me like an electric shock: "With God all things are possible." I nestled on the bosom of Jesus, and rested my weary head and heart near to the throbbing heart of infinite love and sympathy. I laughed and cried, and said: "Yes, all things are possible with God. He can arrange for two appointments at the same hour, twenty miles apart. I don't know how. He may have a dozen ways of doing it, and I will let Him do it in any way He may choose. Yes, and I will let Him do it in any way he may choose. Yes, and I will let Him do anything else He has engaged to do for me!" I was not praying specially for holiness that night, but I rested my weary soul on the bosom of Jesus, and saw spread out before me an ocean of available soul-saving resources in God, and overheard the whispers of the Holy Spirit, saying, "Jesus saves you. He saves you. He saves you now. Hallelujah!"

Satan was listening, and said, "Maybe He doesn't."

"But He does, and it is the easiest thing in the world for Him to save me from all sin, wash my spirit clean and make me a full partaker 'of the divine nature.' I can't do any of it. He can do it all, and I will henceforth let Him attend to His own work in His own way." Instead of receiving a great blessing, I received the great Blessor as the bridegroom of my soul. I was fully united to Him in the bonds of mutual fidelity, confidence, and love. I have from that day to this dwelt with Jesus, and verified the truth of "the record of God concerning His Son." Through the mistakes of my eyes, ears, judgment, and memory I have given Him trouble enough, and myself too;

but He has wonderfully preserved me from sin, and led me to victory in a thousand battles for the rescue of perishing sinners in many climes; and, strange as it may seem, the greatest Gospel achievements of my life resulted from His overruling of some of my greatest mistakes.

I claim no exemption from the infirmities, temptations, trials, and tribulations to which the children of God have been subjected through all the ages of the past, and cheerfully concur in God's providential adjustment of them for the correction, discipline, and development of Christian character. To be sure I have thus far been exempt from serious bodily illness ever since I was a lad of about fourteen years, and in nearly one hundred voyages, long and short, at sea have never been detained an hour by shipwreck or quarantine. I thankfully accepted these providential mercies, but did not receive them in answer to prayer. I am not indifferent to such things; but I know not what is best for me, and my Father does, so I prefer to leave all such things to the manifestation of His own pleasure, and appreciate them the more highly in that I had not teased and begged and bothered Him about such things. Moreover, I don't want my exemption from, nor mitigation of any hard discipline that God sees needful in character-building for eternity.—Heart and Life.

**QUARTERLY MEETINGS.**

This is to give notice the Quarterly Meeting of District No. 1 will convene with the Reformed Baptist Church at Frederickton on Thursday evening, Aug. 26th, lasting over Sunday. Come all who can and be a help.

BERTRAM M. COLPITTS, Secy.

Second District Quarterly Meeting will be held at Westchester Station, N. S., Sept. 16-19.

**TRIUMPH FOR PROHIBITION.**

The result of the plebiscite taken on Saturday shows that the province is overwhelmingly in favor of the Prohibition and just about as strongly opposed to the sale of wines and beer. Albert County has the honor of giving the largest relative majority, where the vote was 6 to 1 in favor of prohibition. In Carleton County the vote was 4 to 1. The vote in Hartland town was 383 for and 47 against it. There were 50 votes for wines and beer. The vote was similar in all the towns and villages along the river.—Carleton Observer.

**WOMEN AND CIGARETTES.**

We noticed that it was said that the habit of smoking cigarettes was growing so that in Chicago the Women's Club Building had to provide a smoking room. The good news now comes to us that recently at the convention of the National meeting of the Women's Federated Clubs a positive anti-cigarette resolution against cigarettes used by women, or by anybody, and asking for a law to prohibit their sale was enthusiastically endorsed. Thank the Lord he is answering the prayers of good praying people in this no-tobacco war.—Christian Witness.