

IF IT IS NOT TRUE.

There are those who insist that it is not possible for one to be entirely sanctified in this life. They have arguments that satisfy their minds. They have no small following of seemingly sincere Christian people. We know Christian people who would think it most blasphemous for one to confess that Christ enables them to live without sinning. There are ministers of wide and most successful service to God and the Church, ministers of thorough learning, ministers who are deeply devoted to Christ and the salvation of men, who deny the possibility of being made pure in heart and life today. What of it?

We need to remind ourselves that if we are compelled to disagree with others we are not by that token compelled to question their integrity. But neither are we compelled to throw away our own convictions because certain good Christian people think differently from what we do.

But, now suppose that it is true that entire sanctification is not possible. If it is not true that one can be saved from all sin in this life, what then? What will we do with our heart hunger for purity if purity of heart is not possible? To deny our hungry heart in its longings for conformity to the likeness of Jesus Christ is not to destroy that longing. The thirst for holiness is not done away by denying the possibility of holiness.

What will we do with those who have confessed to obtaining this good grace? Paul the Apostle, for instance. George Fox, for instance. John Wesley, and Whitfield, and Samuel Rutherford, William Asbury, and Bishops Foster and Simpson, and Joyce and Mrs. and Dr. Palmer, and Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, and John Inskip, and maybe your mother and mine, for instance. Now if it is not possible for man to be entirely sanctified what shall we do with these men and women who have lived and died and wrought out on the battle field of their day the blessed witness to a full salvation in Jesus Christ?

What will we do with the Bible promises and commands and exhortations and calls to Holiness? What will we do with the recorded prayers of Jesus Christ and of Paul for the sanctification of the early church and for all discipleship in all times?

What will we do about destiny? Heaven is a holy place and is open only to holy persons. Hell is directly the opposite. I am going to one or the other place of destiny. My character has everything to do with my destiny. If I can not be made holy by the grace of God then my outlook is most hopeless.

If it is not true that I can be made free from sin now, then what am I going to do about my own conscience? My conscience condemns me for an unclean look, or an unclean longing. My judgment supports my conscience and I know what I am under compulsion from the loicg of my own moral sense to be holy now and all the time. I have faith in a holy God and I want fellowship with him. I know, I am sure that I know, that God can not fellowship with me if I am unholy and I dare not believe that he will condone my sinfulness. Something in my own conscience cries, "I must be holy." Pray tell me, if I cannot be made holy what will I do with myself?

We need not write again—"if it is not true," for, thanks be unto God, it is true that we may be pure. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—Christian Witness.

STAINS INSIDE.

While walking down the street one day, I passed a store when the proprietor was washing the large plate-glass window. There was one soiled spot which defied all efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard at it, using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. "It's on the inside," he called out to someone in the store.

Many are striving to cleanse the soul from its stains. They wash it with the tears of sorrow; they scrub it with the soap of good resolves; but still the consciousness of it is not removed. The trouble is: "It's on the inside." It is the heart that is bad. If the fountain is bitter the stream will not be sweet.

Nothing but the blood of Jesus, applied by the mighty hand of the Holy Spirit can cleanse the inside. Nothing but God's Spirit alone can reach the inside.—Epworth Herald.

COME CLEAR OUT.

A converted Chinaman, visiting America, was greatly puzzled over the little difference he saw between professing Christians and men of the world. Speaking of the matter, he said: "When the disciples of my country come out from the world, they come clear out." This is what God requires for us—an out-and-out life for Him.—Sel.

STEER AWAY FROM THE ROCKS.

A pilot who was guiding a vessel up a narrow, rock-bound channel was congratulated, when he docked the boat, on his skill.

"It must be pretty hard to learn where all the rocks in the channel are," said the admiring passenger.

"I don't know where all the rocks are," said the pilot.

"Then, how in the world do you keep off them?"

"Easy enough. I know where the deep water is."

Locating deep water was all the pilot needed to do. There were thousands of rocks beyond and behind the channel, but they didn't worry him. If he knew the deep water he could keep the vessel in it and guide his ship safely into port.—Sel.

"Give while you live;  
Your dying gift may fail  
To hush the world's sad wail;  
Your gold laid up with care  
An enemy may share;  
The shameless prodigal  
Perchance may waste it all.  
Give, and the influence  
May save from rank offence  
The children of your love;  
Lay up such wealth above  
Since God gives back the price  
Of all your sacrifice."

—Sel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed you will find our renewal for the Highway.

God is blessing us in Waterville, and we feel He is as near and sometimes nearer to us here than He was in the United States.

How I praise Him for this wonderful salvation.

Yours in Jesus,  
MRS. CHESTER CULBERSON.

Dear Brother Baker:

Gave hand of fellowship to one May 29. Three more have offered themselves and intended taking them in next Sunday, but my health is such that the doctor has advised me to take a rest and go away where I will not have any care. The church has granted me this privilege and said for me to take a month or six weeks, whatever was needed, and they would care for the family.

Yours,  
C. S. HILYARD.

Seal Cove, Grand Manan, N. B., June 7-21.

EXPERIENCE.

Some Things as I Remember Them.

I was born in the Parish of Prince William, York County, N. B., about 74 years ago. My mother died when I was two years old. I was the youngest of nine children, five sisters and four brothers. My father married again, and in a few years the old farm was sold and we were scattered. I remember of having no home, and what it means. I got very little schooling. I lived with my uncle, W. Blaney, four years, a very moral man of the Episcopal Church, and I was confirmed. I was impressed to give my heart to God, but I did not know what a fool I was. This was the strongest impression I had. I was about 14 years old then. We came to Maple Ridge, and this was a wilderness in the natural and in the spiritual sense. The good Lord let me live, and for 20 years I lived in sin. I saw myself "plucked as a brand from the burning fire." The spirit left me for a time, but the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth forever. About 40 years ago the spirit awoke me up and I thought of my soul, and was under conviction for months. I got to the end of myself and surrendered, and I was born of God, and I had a new life. I found there was one way to be saved, and that is Jesus, bless his name forever. These were the best days of my life, old things passed away and all things were new. Glory to God forever! I was afraid I would lose this blessed experience and I found that the old habits would come back. I had not heard of "the Second Work of Grace," but the Holy Spirit led me to consecrate, and I obeyed, and one night I crossed over and I gained the promised land about 40 years ago and found it, a good land. Then I had a test over baptism, and I argued long, but the Spirit led and I settled that, and I was filled. O glory and found that if the Son makes us free, we are free indeed.

My prayer is to be kept true and have a deeper work of grace in my heart.

Yours in the faith,  
P. GRAHAM BLANEY.