

tical life and have given themselves over to a life of self-denial and meditation. Some of them will lie on a bed of spikes for years. Others will hold their arms up till they become rigid and fixed. These holy men are generally very dirty and vile. Ascetics sought to get away from the pollution of the world, but having to take with them their own vile hearts that knew not the cleansing power of Jesus' blood, they fell into the grossest immoralities, thus proving that the unsanctified heart carries within it the elements of defeat, whether it be alone or on the street with the crowd.

How different the teaching of Jesus. He taught separation from the sinful pleasures and the questionable indulgences of the world, yet He also taught the necessity of contact. "Ye are the salt of the earth." But how can salt exert its saving power without contact with that which needs salting? There is nothing morbid or melancholy about the true religion of Christ. It sees the corruption of this old world, and is fully convinced of the inherent sinfulness of the heart of man, but it is possessed of a confidence that there is a remedy adequate to the disease. "Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound." It shines as a light in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation."

Another perversion of holiness is seen in the sacerdotal and the ceremonial conception of piety. The Roman Catholic Church is the best exemplification of this spirit, although every church that loses its real vital contact with Christ by faith, becomes more or less under the domination of this delusion. Rome arrogates to herself the exclusive right to dispense the grace of God, as the Pope is the vicegerent of Christ and all grace must flow through him. She has multiplied holy days and holy places, has multiplied fake miracles; she has built great cathedrals and adorned them with beautiful pictures and sacred images; she has beautified the altar and magnified the power of the priest till he stands an indispensable intermediary between the soul and God; she casts over all the service a solemn and mystical influence; she has magnified her power in the eyes of the people by feeding the children a false history of the church with its spiritual triumphs; she takes all the glory of apostolic purity and power and that of post-apostolic days. True, Rome can trace her undisputed history back to that time, but she is the apostate church, even as ancient Israel was and is the apostate Israel under the curse and punishment of God. The holiness of Rome is not moral and spiritual, but ceremonial. She has no power to transform life and character. When one of her devotees becomes truly saved and sanctified, he is made the object of bitter persecution on the part of all his former co-religionists. How Rome magnifies the Lenten season and makes all her people become seekers for holiness then! They are up early in the morning and away to their places of worship; they eliminate meat and regulate their attendance at the theatre and the dance; they eat less candy and do so on and so forth. But the pity of it all is, they trust in these superficial good works to merit the favor of God. The salvation that Rome teaches is wholly by works, and they can curse and swear, lie and do all manner of abominable sins and still be good Catholics, provided they confess regularly to the priest and show some outward conformity to the teachings of the church. Poor Rome! We pity her, with all her sanctimonious religiosity, her arrogant assumptions to superior holiness, and all her blindness of heart and corruption of life.

But wait a minute! Evangelical churches that ignore or grieve the Holy Ghost are about as

deep in the mire of legality and ceremonialism as Rome. One thing that is most observable in these days of the apostasy of the Protestant churches, is their growing emphasis on forms and ceremonies. They are coming to magnify Lent more and more. But to the holy person one day is as another. If they have the Holy Ghost they have a Christmas Day, a Good Friday and Easter Sunday, and a Thanksgiving Day crowded into every day, for they feel the reality of the precious blood cleansing their hearts from sin; they feel the power of the resurrection glory in their souls in the night season and all the day long; if they have only pea soup and johnny-cake they have a thanksgiving dinner. O! the shame and the mockery of putting on a pious face and assuming a devout spirit for forty days preceding the crucifixion of Christ! They that do this take the lid off speedily as soon as Lent is over and sail on the high seas of self-indulgence and worldliness.

When we see churches taking into their membership those that have never sought and found a change of heart, but who merely conform to the matter of having a little water poured on their heads or being immersed in water, and then taking the vows of the church, only to be as worldly and carnal as ever, we say this is the same as Rome does. Only Rome can put it on better than we can. But those that have been truly baptized with water unto repentance, and have repented of their sins and have been justified freely, will soon become hungry for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and only this experience can save us from becoming formalists and legalists, trusting in something besides the blood of Jesus as the ground of our personal salvation.

Another misrepresentation of holiness, has been the fanatical cults that have sprung up declaring the baptism of the Holy Ghost to be another blessing separate from that of entire sanctification. This has been called the third blessing. Some years ago this error swept the country in the teaching of the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire. Emphasis was given to the fire. It proved to be wildfire and to be wholly subversive to the teaching and experience of heart holiness. Now there has come the "Modern Tongues Movement" with its emotional extravagancies. This has been very popular, even with many preachers, who would not for a moment listen to the teaching of the possibility of having inbred sin destroyed.

The devil knows that holiness is a real thing and so he will caricature it and distort it so that many good people become afraid of the name of holiness and sanctification. True holiness has a most scriptural and firm foundation.

But we must confess that mere holiness orthodoxy without the real indwelling of the Holy Ghost is about the deadest thing yet. It may be "icily regular, faultily faultless, and splendidly powerless." Think of a preacher standing up and preaching about the first and second blessings without any special unction and glory on his soul, and all the service one of spiritual apathy and deadness. No wonder the church soon has to begin and put on some man-made embellishments to hide the spiritual deadness. If the Holy Ghost be not present, then vestments and liturgies become a necessity. To many, these things mean worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

In another article we hope to show what the beauty of holiness is.

OBITUARY

Clarence H. Pearce

Clarence Herschel Pearce, who had been confined to his bed most of the time for the past

eighteen months, his affliction being cancer, died at 8.15 o'clock Tuesday evening, March 4th. He had been a great sufferer.

Mr. Pearce was born in Fort Fairfield April 23, 1883, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pearce, of Fort Fairfield. He was married in Fort Fairfield August 17, 1909, to Miss Jaqueline A. Donaghy, daughter of Mrs. Frances G. Donaghy. He is survived by his wife and five sons—Frank, Joseph, William, Varney, Charles; also by the following sisters and brothers: Kate, Preston N. Burleigh, Belle, Mrs. George A. Gorham, Mollie, Mrs. Fred L. Putnam, Claire, Mrs. Arthur O. Putnam, alil of Houlton; Charles A. Pearce, White Salmon, Wash., and Varney W., Waterville.

The funeral was held Thursday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, at Bethel Baptist church, in charge of Rev. T. L. Brindley, assisted by Rev. Perley Briggs and Rev. F. T. Wright. The pall-bearers were the four brothers-in-law, of Houlton. The body was placed in the vault at Riverside cemetery, for interment there in the spring.

Mr. Pearce was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church of this town; also a Forester. He had been a very obliging mail-carrier for 19 years, never having lost a day during all that time through sickness.

Great sorrow has been felt by many over the long and intense sufferings of the man now deceased, and much regret that he has been compelled to leave his earthly life in what should have been its prime.—Fort Fairfield Review.

Mrs. Phoebe E. Slipp

Mrs. Phoebe E. Slipp, who had been sick eight weeks, four weeks of that time confined to her bed, died at 7.00 a. m. Saturday, February 15, as the result of pneumonia.

Mrs. Slipp was born in Hampstead, N. B., June 14, 1851, a daughter of Stephen Palmer and Phoebe Coy. She was married at the age of 22 years in Hampstead to Israel Merritt Slipp of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Slipp moved to Fort Fairfield more than forty years ago. Mr. Slipp died October 22, 1898, in Fort Fairfield, having been a successful farmer here for a long time. Mrs. Slipp leaves to mourn five children—Dora, Mrs. Burton Crosby, Misses Alma and Ella, and Robert R. Slipp, all of Fort Fairfield, and Lena, Mrs. S. D. Slipp, of Madison, Conn.

The funeral was held at 2.00 o'clock Monday afternoon at the home, Rev. H. H. Marr, pastor of the United Parish, officiating, assisted by Rev. W. Perley Briggs, pastor of the Reformed Baptist Church. Mrs. Jasper F. Crouse nicely sang "Abide With Me" and "Asleep in Jesus." The flowers were very beautiful.

The pall-bearers were: Joseph A. Emery, Otis T. Ames, Israel E. Kilcollins, James Wilcox and B. A. W. Boyd. Rev. Fred T. Wright was chosen as a pall-bearer but was unable to attend, as he was out of town. The body was placed in the vault at Riverside, for interment in the family lot in that cemetery in the spring.

The out-of-town people present at the funeral were: Mrs. Alice Peters, Florenceville, N. B., and Edward Coy and Archie Burlock, of Presque Isle.

Mrs. Slipp was for many years a faithful member of the Congregational Church. She was also a very fine woman in every way, an accommodating neighbor, a loyal friend, an affectionate wife and a most indulgent and devoted mother. It seems as if she has, by her good, unselfish and kindly deeds on earth, merited all the good things that can be the lot of any person in the world to come.—Fort Fairfield Review.