

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES

Rev. Ronald Sabine has resigned as pastor of our church at Havelock, Nova Scotia, and is open for a call for the next church year.

Rev. and Mrs. Norman Trafton and Randolph Nicholson will conduct a revival campaign at Millville, N. B., March 9—30. Rev. R. H. Parks is the pastor.

Rev. F. A. Dunlop will be at North Head, Grand Manan, March 12—30, assisting Rev. J. A. Owens in special services.

Rev. W. E. Smith, Associate Editor of the Highway, has moved to Cambridge, Mass. His street address is 227 Western Avenue.

We wish to thank the pastors who have responded to our recent appeal for co-operation in our effort to gather in renewal arrears of our subscribers. A special word is due Rev. G. R. Symonds, of Seal Cove, who sent in \$51.00. We shall appreciate the continued assistance of our pastors.

GOOD NEWS!

All our Highway family will rejoice to learn that a new home has been built at Hartland, N. B., for Mr. and Mrs. Ziba Orser. Rev. A. D. Cann, pastor of our Hartland Church who has acted as treasurer of the fund created to rebuild the home destroyed by fire a few weeks ago, reports that Brother and Sister Orser are in their new home and also that Evelyn, who was so severely burned at the time of the fire, is recovering satisfactorily. The fine response of friends far and near has brought the building fund past the \$2,000 mark and many men in the Hartland area contributed free labour. I'm sure that all will agree with the kind sentiment expressed toward these dear people who suffered such a great loss and all will be happy to learn of their having a home once more.

IN APPRECIATION

To my friends and brothers and sisters in the Lord. Greetings in Jesus' name.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks for your kindness to us since fire destroyed our home. Your gifts and expressions of friendship and prayers will ever be remembered.

May God bless and richly repay you all for your contributions to us in our time of need.

We also wish to thank each and everyone for gifts of money and the many lovely cards that have been sent to our daughter Evelyn.

We covet your prayers that she may soon be able to come home from the hospital.

Your brother and sister in Christ,
MR & MRS. ZIBA ORSER

Mrs. Norman Sollows\$5.00

QUARTERLY MEETING

District No. 3, at Beal's, Maine, March 20—23, Rev. F. A. Anderson, pastor.

SUPPLEMENTARY FUND

Mr. Claude Cronkhite.....\$1.50
Mrs. Charles Churchill..... 1.50
Mrs. I. E. Kilcollins..... .50
Mrs. Myrtle Lenfestey..... .50
Mrs. W. E. McDavid..... .50

HOW HUDSON TAYLOR

WAS SANCTIFIED

E. W. Lawrence

Hudson Taylor came into the experience of personal salvation in his seventeenth year as a

result of the faithful praying of his mother and sister. But there came an even greater crisis in his life, the blessing of entire sanctification. He was then in his thirty-seventh year. The importance of this will be evident when it is remembered that by then he had spent many years in missionary service in inland China, had returned to England, and in 1866 gone back to China again with a party of twenty new recruits. He was, therefore, already a recognized missionary leader.

From the beginning of 1869 he had been deeply dissatisfied with his spiritual attainments, and was oppressed by a sense of failure and living far below his privileged inheritance through grace. In writing to his parents (March 13, 1869) he said: "I cannot tell you how I am buffeted sometimes by temptation. I never knew how bad a heart I had. Yet I do know that I love God and love His work, and desire to serve Him only and in all things . . . Often I am tempted to think that one so full of sin cannot be a child of God at all." Then follows a request: "Pray that the Lord will keep me from sin, will sanctify me wholly, will use me more largely in His service."

Conscious of defeat, Hudson Taylor sought by more diligent reading of the Word of God to end the warfare. To his sister Amelia he wrote (October, 1869): "My mind has been greatly exercised for six or eight weeks past, feeling the need personally, and for the mission, of more holiness, life, power in our souls. But personal need stood first and was the greatest. I felt the ingratitude, the danger, the sin of not living near to God. I prayed, agonized, fasted, strove, made resolutions, read the Word more diligently, sought more time for retirement and meditation—but all was without effect. Every day, almost every hour, the consciousness of sin oppressed me . . . Each day brought its register of sin and failure, of lack of power. To will was indeed present with me, but how to perform I found not. Then came the question, 'Is there no rescue?' Must it be thus to the end? Constant conflict, and instead of victory too often defeat . . . I hated myself; I hated my sin; and yet I gained no strength against it."

Hudson Taylor was living amid the November fog of Romans seven, rather than in the glorious June sunshine of Romans eight and the love of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. One can almost hear him crying: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and with the song writer:

Tell me, can I never be free
From this dreadful bondage within?
Is there no deliverance for me?
Must I always have sin dwell within?

A little later he remarked that while he did not doubt that he was a child of God by adoption, yet he was powerless to rise to the many privileges of sonship. "All the time I felt assured there was in Christ all I needed; but the practical question was how was I to get it out?" Then the light of God dawned. "I saw that faith was the only prerequisite . . . but I had not this faith . . . Unbelief was, I felt, the damning sin of the world—yet I indulged in it."

At this time a letter arrived from a fellow-worker, Mr. John McCarthy; and through it Hudson Taylor saw the truth of oneness with Christ. "A sentence in a letter from dear McCarthy was used to remove the scales from

my eyes, and the Spirit of God revealed the truth of the oneness with Jesus as I had never known it before."

McCarthy had been through the same spiritual experience himself, and told Taylor that faith would be strengthened, not by striving after faith, but by resting upon the Faithful One Himself. To his sister Amelia, in England, he wrote: "As I thought of the Vine and the branches, what light the blessed Spirit poured direct into my soul! How great seemed my mistake in having wished to get sap, the fulness out of Him . . . I saw that I was a member of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. The vine now I see is not the root merely, but all—root, stem, branches, twigs, leaves, flowers, fruit. And Jesus is not only that: He is soul and sunshine, air and showers, and ten thousand times more than we have ever dreamed, wished for, or needed. Oh, the joy of seeing this truth!" "Oh, my dear sister, it is a wonderful thing to be really one with a Risen and Exalted Savior; to be a member of Christ. Think what it involves. Can Christ be rich and I poor? . . . The sweetest part, if one may speak of one part being sweeter than another; is the rest that full identification with Christ brings."

It was this very truth of oneness (identification in life and resurrection) with Christ that the blessed Spirit used to bring Dr. Hudson Taylor into the fulness of the Pentecostal anointing. This deliverance from indwelling sin and soul rest did eventually become his possession. The painful conflict between "the flesh" and "the Spirit" did come to an end! "Oh, how good was God in bringing this conflict to an end!" he cried. This oneness with Christ which the Spirit revealed to Taylor was therefore a glorious sin-liberating union, and involved the full indwelling in Christ Himself, who had thus made him free from sin.

Galatians 2:20 he made his own: "I now believe I am dead to sin. God reckons me so, and tells me to reckon myself so . . . Christ dwelling in the heart by faith is power indeed, is life indeed. And Christ and sin will not dwell together."

Mr. Judd, another co-worker, gives a picture of the sanctified Hudson Taylor. "When I went to welcome him," he said, "he was so full of joy that he scarcely knew how to speak to me . . . Walking up and down the room with his hands behind him he exclaimed, 'O Mr. Judd, God has made me a new man.' . . . Whenever he spoke in meetings after that, a new power seemed to flow from him."

And thus Hudson Taylor entered the blessing of Scriptural holiness. His faith was to be tested; and though tried in the furnace of affliction, proved to be without alloy.

First his child and then his wife died. Taylor was left alone. What did the indwelling Holy Spirit mean to him then? "How lonesome were the weary hours when confined to my room. Then it was understood why the Lord had made that passage so real to me, 'Who-soever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst . . . ' How quickly he came and always satisfied my sorrowing heart, so much so that I often wondered whether it were possible that my loved one, who had been taken, could be enjoying more of His presence than I was in my lonely chamber."

—Christian Witness.