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GUIDE TO HOLINESS ARTICLES
Volume 13 -- January to July, 1848 -- Part 4

Edited by Dexter S. King

Boston:
Published by Geo. C. Rand & Co.
No. 3 Cornhill

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Digital Edition 12/03/97
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INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL PUBLICATION

This is one of nineteen divisions of a bound book containing articles from the "Guide To Holiness," edited by Dexter S. King, during the years 1847 to 1850. The indexes in this bound book of articles from the Guide did designate the "Volume" of the Guide from which each of these divisions was taken -- Volume 13, Volume 14, Volume 15, Volume 16. However, I was unable to determine whether each of these divisions consists of a complete issue of the Guide, or whether some or all of the divisions consist of selections from one or more issues of the Guide. No specific date was included at the beginning of these divisions, as one would expect to find if they were complete and separate issues of the magazine. Therefore, instead of designating these divisions to be "Issues" of the Guide, I have designated each of them as a "Part" of the Guide "Volume" from which they were taken, assigning each "Part" the number corresponding with its consecutive place in the bound book. The articles of this digital publication were a part of Guide Volume 13, shown to have been originally published from January, 1848 to July, 1848. -- DVM

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01 -- THOUGHTS ON HOLINESS -- No. 8

No True Rest Out of God

In illustrating the proposition that there is no true rest out of God, it is hardly necessary to say, that we mean mental, and not physical rest -- that pure, tranquil, and happy silence of the spirit, which, without being exempt from temptation, triumphs, nevertheless, over both doubt and sorrow. It is a rest also, which, in being adequate to the wants of the soul, is strong in its foundations, and in its duration is everlasting.

Our first remark is the very trite one, that there is no true rest in mere worldly possessions. To rest there would be to rest upon that which is stamped every where with the tokens of ruin, and is sliding away from beneath us. Disease is in the air which we breathe, carrying on its insidious attacks against both man and beast; the worm is preying at the root of the tree beneath which we sit; our habitations are beaten by the storms, and are crumbling around us. Our riches, in whatever form they exist, take wings and fly away.

2. The same attributes of uncertainty, imperfection, and decay, which characterize earthly possessions, belong also to all purely earthly pleasures. We refer particularly, however, to the pleasures of sense. When they are irregular, the pleasures of sense, besides being subject to rapid extinction, punish us while they flatter and please. When properly subordinate, they undoubtedly have a limited value; -- but it will be generally admitted, that such pleasures are not, and were not designed to be the true rest of the soul.

3. It becomes a more important remark, when we say further, that we cannot rest in human friendship, honorable and desirable as it is. The foundations of human friendship are so easily shaken, that we are frequently advised by persons of discernment, to be very careful in forming intimate alliances of that nature, in consequence of the troubles and dangers which subsequently attend them. Certain it is, that the hopes which we had placed in earthly intimacies and friendships, are often blighted, when they were strongest and dearest -- not because those whom we trusted, and on whose bosoms we leaned, designed to deceive us in the first instance, but because they had not a full understanding of the weakness and imperfections of their own character. "Yea," says the Psalmist, "mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me." -- Psalm 41:9. It is a melancholy fact, that in the small body of the twelve disciples, with every thing in their divine Master calculated to secure confidence and love, and

with no want on their part of outward manifestations of friendship, one of the number was found to be a traitor.

4. It may be remarked again, that we cannot find true rest in earthly dignities and honors, which are often sought after with much eagerness. Men, who have despised wealth, and have been above and beyond the enticements of sensual pleasure, men who have been deaf to the calls of friendship, have listened ardently to what they called the voice of honor, and have toiled, in the spirit of martyrs, up the slippery steps of ambition. In some instances, perhaps in many, they have gained their object; but they have never found true rest of spirit. The pyramid of human greatness is built upon a basis of sand; and those, whose daring and blood-worn feet have reached the summit, are often thrown off and dashed to pieces by the sodden rending and reeling of the foundations below. Hannibal passed the Alps, but he did not reach Rome. Napoleon lifted his conquering arm amid the burning walls of Moscow; but he was neither conqueror nor emperor, but a helpless outcast and slave, when he laid his dying head on the distant rock of St. Helena.

5. We cannot find the true rest in human reason. Nothing of which even the possibility of error can be predicated, can furnish the basis of such rest. Human reason, standing alone, and out of God, is liable to err. Indeed, human reason, that is to say, reason under the influences of the natural heart, can hardly fail to err. If men take pride in it and rest in it, if they pronounce its eulogium and assert its infallibility, it is because, seeing it through the medium of its own perverseness, they are too blind to notice its imperfections. Among the ancients, who was a greater master of reason than Cicero? And among the moderns, it would be difficult to find any man who had greater intellectual capacity than Bacon. And yet the readers of history cannot resist the painful impression, that their vast intellectual powers, wanting in too great a degree, in a divine illumination, failed to perfect their characters and to make them happy. The apostle Paul, whose intellectual greatness enabled him to speak with authority on this subject, says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and though I understand all mysteries and knowledge, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

6. We cannot rest with entire security in Christians; -- not even in Christian ministers. It is true, that the gospel which they preach is a great treasure; but the words of inspiration declare it to be a treasure "in earthen vessels;" -- and the excellency and glorious results, which from time to time characterize their ministry, are declared to be of God, and not of men.

And it may properly be added here, that the various institutions and ceremonies, which are practically sustained through the agency of the ministry, and which are exceedingly important in their influence, are not the place of true and permanent rest, but only lead to that place; -- much the same as ministers themselves, who teach others by means of such institutions and ceremonies, as well as from the Scriptures, are not, in themselves, the place of rest, and would not be solely trusted as such, but are like way-marks and guide-boards, pointing to the place.

7. Again, we cannot rest, with any abiding confidence, in the letter of the Scriptures. It is not the Bible which saves the soul, but the Bible rightly received, and rightly used; and especially considered in its relation of means to an end. The most distinguished infidels, Paine, Voltaire, Bayle, and others, were acquainted with the Bible; -- their frequent attacks upon it are an evidence that they knew it in the letter. They knew it, in order to reject it. Others know it, in order to receive

it; -- but their reception of it does not make it, and cannot make it, in itself considered, the place of the soul's rest. The Bible, filled as it is with divine wisdom, is only a part of the system of instrumentalities or means, which constitute the way. Considered in that light, it is important, it is indispensable. Read, then, and pass on. Understand the truth, and obey it. The traveler, who stops in the way, does not get home.

8. Where, then, shall we find rest? We remark, in the first place, that we shall find it in the Savior. In the language of Scripture, Christ is "a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." Laden with sin, and beaten with the storms of life, which have their Origin in sin, men flee to him. He himself has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." No words can express the value of the rest, which the sinner finds in Christ; a rest from the thunders and the flaming sword of a violated law; a rest from the stings of conscience and the agonies of despair. The avenger of blood, which tracked him, step by step, through every path of life, has stopped and turned back.

And it may be proper to add here, that when men think and speak of rest in the Savior, their thoughts generally turn upon the atonement, and upon what Christ has done and suffered, to snatch them from hell. It is the rest of forgiveness, rather than the rest of security; -- a rest from the penalty already incurred, and not a rest from the fears and anxieties of incurring it again; -- a rest from the hell of penal fire, rather than a rest from that hell of self-love, self-seeking, and self-will, which separates from God.

9. We proceed to say, then, that there is a rest above and beyond this, a rest in God himself Christ, considered in his human nature, and as a teacher and atoning sacrifice, is justly described as the way. A way implies a termination or end of the way. And in this case, the termination is God himself.

As Christ is one with the Father, the great and ultimate object, for which he came into the world, was not merely to redeem men from the penalty of the law, but to make them also one with the Father, as he himself is one. How beautiful, how transporting is the thought! Christ not only saves us from penal destruction, -- but, going on and completing the work of inward purification, becomes one with us in the bosom of God. Believing in him as the "way, the truth, and the life," we first pass into him; and thus being in him, who is the way, he becomes our companion by spiritual unity, and we thus pass on together into the depths of God, the Infinite Love. And it was thus that the Savior prayed while here on earth, -- "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.

To this rest, divine, peaceable, immutable, let the Christian take heed, and seek it with his whole heart.

10. When Christians generally find the true rest in God by sanctification, the world also will find rest. The world will be, and must be, as Christians are, who are the light of the world. The true light shines in them and through them, just so far as they are in divine unity, and no further. The world will never be converted, until the doctrine of sanctification is universally promulgated and universally takes effect. The souls, that are at rest in divine unity, are the souls of true spiritual power. Power goes out of them, as it did out of the Savior, by a necessary emanation. They act

without acting, speak without speaking, convince by reasoning without the form of reasoning; because, by the necessary laws of spiritual influences, the divinity of their life, standing in itself alone, is action, speech, and reason irresistible. This explains the import of the last clause of the passage just now quoted, "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." -- A. K.

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02 -- HOLINESS -- EXPERIENCE -- A. OSBORN

Dear Bro. King:-- Having been a subscriber to your periodical from its beginning, and taking a deep interest in the subject it advocates, I am induced to communicate, through this medium, a sketch of what the Lord has done for me. Should God be glorified, and his children encouraged, or in any wise benefited, my object will be gained. -- A. Osborn

* * *

Seward, N. Y., February 25th, 1848

My conversion to God dates back to the beginning of 1830; nothing special being said on the subject of sanctification at that time, four or five years elapsed before I was excited and led to seek for its attainment. At this time it pleased God to make an example of his sanctifying grace in the case of one of the members of our class; a sister sought and obtained the blessing. The change was so great -- its evidences so strong, and her testimony so convincing, that none could resist a conviction of its reality and its blessedness. To this day, I feel thankful to God for this instance of his grace, and cannot help remarking how much good one sanctified soul may do by letting this light shine, and exhorting others to seek for the same blessing. But, alas! how many conceal the light, and hence either soon lose it, or entirely fail to be any special example or blessing to others.

Had this sister done so, I might for years longer have remained satisfied with a merely justified state, but the light now broke in upon my mind; conviction fastened upon my heart; I saw the beauty of holiness -- I felt its necessity. Immediately, the purpose was formed to seek after this blessing, and as soon put into practice.

Endeavoring to carry out the newly-formed purpose, I found that a new era had commenced in my religious career; my former and present enjoyments were obscured by the greater ones in prospect; a discovery of remaining depravity surprised and humbled me; a second repentance ensued, more distressing than the first. I abhorred myself in the dust and ashes, and groaned under the painful and apparently increasing burden of inbred sin. I sought for deliverance; sought as well as I knew how for some length of time; but failing of success, I became discouraged and relaxed my efforts.

It was not long, however, before I was again induced to seek for the desire of my heart; but again I failed, and gave the matter up for the present. Thus, for two years, I continued alternately to seek and to neglect, to hope and to despair. At times my anxiety and struggle of mind became

intense and all-absorbing. I spent hours in secret, earnest prayer, but at the very height of my exercises it would be suggested to me as follows:

"You have sought for sanctification a long time, sought it with all your heart, and yet failed; you can never seek any harder or more earnestly; how can you then expect to succeed? Yours is a hopeless case -- you might as well give it up."

This reasoning appeared to me then (but not now) sound and conclusive; the temptation was almost irresistible; for a time the enemy triumphed, but the spirit of conviction did not subside; the excellence, the loveliness of the desired blessing was still before me, and again I was on the track, "faint, yet pursuing." The Lord, however, did not leave me without some encouragement in this long struggle for redemption; several passages of Scripture were forcibly impressed on my mind, as also was the following quotation from one of Mr. Wesley's sermons:

"Look for it (sanctification) every day, every hour, every moment, why not this hour? this moment? Certainly you may look for it now, if you believe it is by faith. And by this token you may surely know whether you seek it by faith or by works: If by works, you want something to be done first, before you are sanctified. You think, I must be, or do, thus or thus. Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. If you seek it by faith, you may expect it as you are, and if as you are, then expect it now. It is of importance to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points. Expect it by faith, expect it as you are, and expect it now."

I now took fresh courage; I clearly saw, that though I had sought and failed so many times, yet it was possible for me to have it the next time I asked for it. Soon after this, the following passage from the Christian Manual struck my mind with peculiar force: "Some who believe that sanctification is to be obtained by faith, and yet hold that faith in the Antinomian or Solifidian way, and do not rightly balance faith and works. While some seek by works alone, they seek by faith alone. They ask as though they expected God would infuse sanctification into them, instead of working it in them, through their own exertions. It is true that sanctification is obtained by faith; but then it is a faith which is accompanied by earnest efforts to overcome all sin, and to possess and practice all righteousness."

Here I distinctly saw how I had so long failed. I had sought it by faith without suitable or sufficient works; the earnest, agonizing spirit of the closet, was not followed by a constant watchfulness, and a rigid self-denial of everything opposed to holiness. It evaporated during the intervals of devotion. Seeing, and endeavoring to avoid the rock upon which I split, it was not long before my prayers were answered. This event, never to be forgotten, occurred under the following circumstances:

Making a visit one day to a sick brother, (husband of the sister above referred to,) prayer was proposed; during its exercise, a wonderful spirit of agonizing, believing prayer was felt; all hearts seemed to melt into tenderness; God was present; the cloud of the Divine glory rested there, and after continuing for sometime in this attitude, I felt that a change was effected; the long-felt burden of inbred sin gave place to the most delightful ease and quietness of heart; an inexpressible simplicity and sweetness of spirit pervaded the soul; God seemed to be all around me; prayer

appeared like simply talking to him, face to face. I had often been blest, and melted down before God, but this instance was more deep and abiding than any before.

I returned home exceeding happy; my joy was full -- my peace like a river; no tongue can tell the heaven of love that filled my soul; God had taken up his abode there; every desire and inclination were brought into subjection to his will; to pray without ceasing was easy -- "rejoice evermore, natural; death had lost its sting, the grave its gloom. O, what a blessed state of union and communion with God that was; what a triumph of soul over every thing; what a life hid with Christ in God!

Nearly ten years had now elapsed since the blessing of sanctification was first received, and though I cannot say that I had always walked in the light of it, yet has it always been kept prominently before my mind, and made the great personal object of my life.

Several times it has been renewed powerfully and lastingly; once, when engaged in a protracted meeting in Berne, Albany Co. (Rev. Aaron Rogers, of the N. Y. conference was present.) At that time the power of God prostrated me upon the altar floor, and so deepened and established his work in my heart, that for nearly twelve months the evidence and fruit of it were as constant as the breath of life, and as satisfactory as the fact of my own existence.

But time would fail me to give a full account of the past; I can only speak a little of the present. I am thankful to be able to say that the present evidences of this blessing are as clear and satisfactory as they ever were, and the fruits of it more abundant. God's will appears so infinitely good and blessed, that it not only absorbs my own, but leads to an ardent desire and effort to do and suffer it to my utmost capacity. His Word is open to my understanding in a peculiar sense, and its truths and promises come home to my heart with as much force (seemingly) as though spoken directly from heaven. His providences -- every event in life -- reflect light, and disclose an every where present God, overruling all things for good. Faith opens the most glorious prospects beyond the grave, and gives an insight into the glories of the heavenly world. All -- all is on the altar, and it seems to require but little effort to keep it there. O, the peace -- the joy -- the triumph of a present, free, full salvation. "Now unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen."

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03 -- PRESENT EXPERIENCE

Lord! I am still!
I have no prayer to offer unto thee,
Save that my heart doth say unceasingly,
"Do thou thy will!"

Thou know'st I could
Not ask exemption from the ills of life,
For I have found that "all," with sweetest strife,

"Work for my good!"

I had been led
To mourn o'er what thy Providence disclosed;
The adverse fate, that daily toil imposed
For daily bread --

The keener smart
Of separation from a lawful good,
(A cherished gift,) which seemed as though it could
But break this heart:--

I can recall
When I was restless -- wearied of the state
Of those who seem only to "stand and wait,"
Yet hear no call!

But now I find
I can retain no more this view of things,
For each development of time still brings
God to my mind.

To human sight,
The fires still blaze beneath me and around:
But I have proved they have no power to wound
The heart that's right.

Either God's will
The innate fury of the fire destroys,
Making the flame innocuous, by that voice
That governs still --

Or he imparts
The famed asbestos' charm to foil its power,
And makes my weakness, in the trying hour,
Proof 'gainst its darts, --

Or else to share
The suffering which my much-loved Master knew,
He nerves with martyr-faith, one of his "few,"
All pain to bear.

Heart, then be still!
'Tis God who works in each or either case:
He only asks of thee this prayer to raise,
"Do thou thy will!"

New York, March
E. M. B.

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04 -- CHRISTIAN PERFECTION (Continued)
From Africa's Luminary-Extra

* * *

Sept. 1st, 1847

Dear _____, Your affectionate letter, dated Aug. 27th, which I received this morning, gives me so much pleasure, and so draws my heart toward you, that I am sweetly constrained to snatch the first moment I can get, to commence an answer. You have awakened new sentiments of praise to our gracious heavenly Father, and led me to adopt the Psalmist's words, and in heart exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Truly he is a God that heareth prayer. How delightful is the duty to rejoice with those who rejoice; especially when the cause of rejoicing is of so high and holy an order. And is it not wonderful, in how many ways he manifests his love. When he sees us in need of the consolations of his grace, and our souls, prepared by penitence and self-abasement, to receive his kind complaisant smile, and when he sees that chastisement is best for us, to bring our wandering souls back to him again, he as a wise and loving Father bestows this token of his love: and shall not many of us have cause to praise him through eternity for the latter? Times of sickness doubtless are, to many of us, among the most useful seasons of our lives, bringing us to a closer union with God.

Truly, _____, we cannot be otherwise than "dissatisfied with all our doings till we are conscious that the Holy Spirit actuates us in all; and is not this sight of our own imperfections a gift from above, highly to be prized? So it seems to me; indeed it has always, since the beginning of my religious life, seemed to me of so much importance, that I have practiced praying for it with earnestness; and I think in some degree, the answer of my prayers has been given me; for I too have all along seen all my own works stamped with imperfection; and this always incites me to ardent prayer for Divine influence, in all I speak or do: it is only in the merits of Christ that I can rest satisfied, when I feel that those merits are all my own, through faith in him; O, how good is the Lord to give us so great and precious promises, as those you have quoted, as having been given to you. O! what cause for gratitude that he does so stoop to notice us; and has so abundantly provided for our complete restoration from the sad effects of the fall, by so costly a medium -- the death of his own dear Son!

You speak of having "no particular joy." But from what you have related, I think you have a sinking into all the will of God; which in my opinion is preferable to much sensible, ecstatic joy, and indeed, is it not joy enough to be able, with a full and free heart, to say in the language of our blessed Savior, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done?" Your joy is now of a deeper and holier order than formerly; not so subject to changes by outward circumstances. It was not at first of such

an ecstatic kind probably as you had expected, and this is the reason you called it no particular joy. But have you not joy in yielding yourself and your all to him, who justly claims the offering as his right? And do you not find it more than your needful meat and drink to do your heavenly Father's will? Is it not joy in the Holy Ghost -- joy unspeakable and full of glory? although it may not seem like joy compared to former ecstasies, occasioned by the sensible smiles of your Redeemer, when you felt yourself to be less assimilated to his likeness than you now are? A deep, steady, calm and settled peace, is your portion now; with Christ as your full Savior. O! how heavenly is that state of soul! Is not the name of Jesus more precious now than ever, and do you not find a peculiar sweetness in the word Holiness?

I delight in that exclamation of yours, "His requirements how reasonable, O how reasonable!" Truly, most reasonable. "Ingratitude! to withhold any part of our hearts!" Yes, and foolishness too; for by doing so we only make our way through life more difficult, and the end uncertain. It is easy to be a Christian, when one has the whole mind made up to it; and then how sweetly, how easily does life glide along, while we feel that this life is but the beginning of one that is never to end, and can look forward with pleasing hope to the moment of introduction into that higher and holier state, where there will be an everlasting increase of happiness, in perpetual, new developments of the character and perfections of our blessed Lord. O why should any of us be satisfied to be half way Christians! I thank the Lord I never have, and never can see any reasonableness in it. Let me be all that the Bible requires me to be? and promises I shall be, if faithful, has from the first been the language of my heart.

* * *

Sept. 8th, 1847

My Dear S_____, How good is the Lord! to show such kindness to his poor fallen creatures, as to receive us as his children on a condition so easy as that of believing on his dear Son, when, by our sins, we deserved eternal banishment from his presence!

'Tis mercy en, let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more:"

My heart rejoices, -- my very soul is glad, for the perfect peace in which you are kept by having your mind staid on God. This is the precious boon of all his faithful children: peace! O how comprehensive a word, full of heavenly meaning! How rich the comfort of the "peace of God that passeth understanding" which flows in the heart of the Christian, whose all of evil nature is subdued and cast out, and whose will is, by the power of Divine grace, cheerfully surrendered to the will of God: then "Perfect love casteth out fear;" this I am aware you prove: you are now governed by filial love which prompts to obedience; and you find the Divine commandments now to be not grievous, but delightful. To these thoughts I have been led at this time by your very welcome letter of the 3d inst., which I received on Sabbath morning, and which gave me fresh cause of gratitude and praise on your behalf. You speak of sinking out of self into God, and add -- "in short, a rest in God," -- that is the state to be desired, and sought after the happiest state, -- to be able to say, truly, with all the heart, "Thy will be done, not mine." Is not this rest of which you speak, what our Savior meant when he uttered those memorable words in Matthew's Gospel,

11:29. The more we learn of him to be meek and lowly in heart, the more doubtless; we shall know of this rest. Rest, while actively engaged in the most laborious services, for the promotion of his glory? and while enduring pain or bereavement; while we stay our helpless souls on him, who is our life and our strength: what a paradox! Rest! peaceful rest in the midst of toil, care, and sufferings! The natural unrenewed mind cannot comprehend it; to such, our talk of rest under all circumstances must seem like the wild ranting of a maniac; but we can thank God that it is a sacred reality!

Holiness, or purity of heart, assimilates us to our Creator, and having, though a faint resemblance, his likeness, -- in an humble degree, unity of spirit with our Lord, his will becomes our pleasure, -- his service our delight; while he gives us power to do whatever he commands, though of ourselves we cannot speak even one useful word or conceive one holy thought. No one, I think, can experience more thoroughly than I do, this truth, so clearly and impressively expressed by our blessed Savior, in the words, "Without me ye can do nothing." I find myself obliged to depend entirely on the aid of his spirit for ability to do or speak anything proper or useful. How absolutely necessary, then, for me to live by faith. And thanks be unto God, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith; faith in a crucified but risen Savior. To the sufferings and death of the adorable Jesus, I look with unspeakable gratitude; but I love especially to think of him, as not now the man of sorrows, suffering grief and pain extreme for us, but as Our glorious High Priest, who ever intercedes before the throne in Heaven for us; presenting there the all-prevailing plea of his sacrificial death, and all-sufficient merits in Our behalf.

Faith seems to be the primary duty, as unbelief is the primary sin. By searching the Scriptures carefully, with prayer for the understanding of them, (as I desired to know "what I must do to be saved;") I observed some years ago, that Faith seemed more insisted on than any other duty, aye, and can we not see a plain reason for that, in the simple fact that in the exercise of childlike dependent faith, our hearts become at once "habitations of God through the Spirit?" they are filled with gratitude and love, and no disposition to sin remains. How can a soul covet the

does seem to me that simple, childlike, confiding faith, or reliance upon all the word of God, is the basis of every good work; and that nothing really good can exist in us without it. Observe the Apostle's emphatic saying, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." O, I do heartily thank the Lord for his having brought us into this pleasant, easy way of salvation; easy while we abide trusting in him "who is our life," but if we cease to trust in him, we shall, that instant, get out of the "way," and not find any other way of salvation; and we cannot then say, that the ways of Wisdom are not pleasantness and all her paths peace, but will only have to acknowledge ourselves to have strayed from those ways, and those narrow peaceful pass which may Divine mercy ever prevent us from doing.

Permit me to express the hope that your mind's eye may never be diverted from the Savior by any means. While you continue steadfastly looking to Jesus and doing everything as in his sight, and with a single eye to his glory, you will be supported; and become more and more firmly "rooted and grounded in love." My daily prayer for you is, that you may be wholly kept from the power of the evil one, and that you may increase more and more in all the image of Christ. That he may "confirm, establish, settle you," and make you a bright example of holy living, Instrumental in bringing many others into the glorious "Highway." May you never turn the eye from the Redeemer

down upon self with all the discouragements that surround self, as your unworthy friend has been too prone to do, and then like poor Peter on the water, begin to sink. May I persuade you never to let any temptation, however plausible it may appear, cause you to hide your light under a bushel, by refusing to speak of what God has done, for you, to the praise and glory of his grace: a sense of unworthiness need not hinder your thus honoring the Lord, for this but exalts his goodness and manifests his power.

The enemy may, among other temptations, suggest the idea of boasting; but you need not give place to the suggestion for a moment, for you will have within yourself, the consciousness that you never before was so entirely free from a disposition to boast, or to appear anything consequential in the eyes of fellow beings, as now. Perfect humility with perfect love, fills the soul, and you no longer seek the good opinions of men; but inquire, how do my actions appear in the sight of my holy Judge? [who "is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity" even in thought] is the question with you. Glory be to God for the high and holy stand to which we may come, through believing in Jesus. While we aim at the glory of God alone, we are above all human criticism. I trust you understand me; I mean above its influence, so that we will not be in the least swayed one way or the other, by it. We may expect that the people of the world will scrutinize our actions more closely than ever, and be ever looking for our halting; and it will be no strange thing if they call our good, evil; and where they cannot see evil in our actions, they will impugn our motives, and accuse us of something wrong therein; because they cannot see the high and holy object at which the Spirit leads us to aim, nor appreciate the motive, so infinitely above their best notions of virtue. But this is only one of the trials of our graces, and an opportunity for the exercise of our faith in God, which if we endure properly, patiently committing our cause to "Him who judgeth righteously," we shall come forth as gold tried in the fire, and purified; and He will "make our light to shine as the noonday." In this respect, what a noble independence of the world does pure Christianity give us. Glory be to God again for his goodness and love to all creatures wholly unworthy of the least of it! I often feel like adopting the exclamation that I heard one of our preachers in America make, in the course of a sermon, "Glory to God a thousand times repeated, for the way of salvation by Jesus Christ." Possessing a disposition to perfect obedience of our Heavenly Father, through the sanctifying influence of his Spirit, desiring in all our works to please him, and to have the honor only, that comes from God, we have no need of other motives. We look far beyond them; while we consider ourselves strangers and pilgrims in this world; having here no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

I rejoice that you have been so far kept from doubting, by the goodness of the Lord, so kindly sustaining you with his precious promises, always, according to his own precious word, "raising up a standard against "the enemy" which he is "notable to gainsay nor resist." So he will always do if you abide in him; and your confidence, and your comfort, will gain strength day by day. I am very sure it is the Christian's privilege to grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of our blessed Lord continually. We need not fear the withdrawal of his Spirit, or the hiding of the light of his countenance, if we are faithful; God is love, and he deals in love with his children: He never will forsake. us, if we do not forsake him. I find it best for me, as in years past, to claim full salvation by the exercise of present faith, thus:-- Lord, I am thine; -- thou dost this moment save me; the blood of Jesus cleanseth me; -- it cleanseth me now: at the same time seeing well to the duty of entire self consecration, having the whole sacrifice, which He enabled me to make, eleven years ago ... as newly laid on the sanctifying altar; at each repetition of this precious Scripture, not

in word merely, but with the heart, faith is strengthened and temptation to doubt driven away. In conclusion allow me to say that whether this correspondence is at all profitable to you or not, it is so much so to me that I am very glad we commenced it, -- though ashamed of having let so much time pass previously unimproved.

* * *

The following are Extracts of letters to a brother, who had recently experienced the blessing of perfect love.

Aug. 6th, 1847

I find all my strength is derived from my union with Christ, and faith is the bond of that union. Most clearly and delightfully has our Savior's parable of the vine presented itself to my mind, when he calls us the branches, thus closely united to him by faith, partaking of his nature, deriving our life, all our strength, our vigor, and activity from him. Truly of ourselves we can do nothing.

Since you were here I have been enabled to keep all upon the altar of sacrifice; and have consequently felt the cleansing influence of the precious blood of Jesus.

I find it is not sufficient that we once experience this, but our hearts are so prone to wander from and forget God, that we "every moment need the merit of the Savior's death applied," we need every moment to offer ourselves as living sacrifices, and then we must necessarily from the position we occupy, be under the influence of the "all-cleansing blood." We place ourselves in a situation to receive constantly its sprinkling, to feel its saving power. We are not only made but kept forever clean.

Aug. 7th, 1847

Be assured the witness of entire sanctification may be dimmed, beclouded, or lost, by what may seem a very little thing, -- a thought, word, -- a temper amiss, -- the turning the eye of the mind, -- a want of confidential faith in the Savior, may bring gloomy shadows over the mind that may not be soon removed, though there may be a constant design and effort to do right, and this too accompanied with much prayer:-- I do not say that the soul will be left entirely without divine consolation, -- or without many answers to prayer, and some of them while praying -- and while the soul endeavors to live faithfully, there may be at times a sacred sense of the preciousness of the blood of Christ, as the fountain that cleanseth from all sin, with a sweet sense of the divine favor, and this may sometimes last for days or weeks together, with a joyful sense of belonging to the Lord.

Yet I am well assured, and have always been, from the time the blessed Witness of sanctification was given, that it is possible to retain it uninterruptedly, simply by abiding in Christ, by faith.

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05 -- LETTER TO MY DEAR MOTHER

My Beloved Mother -- I have been struggling, as you know, for a little more than ten years, in the way to the kingdom. My struggles have been often very weak, and at times nearly suspended. I have had a very evil nature to contend with -- severe trials, and deep waters of affliction to encounter. I have it to say, however, that in all my wanderings and weaknesses, God has stooped to be merciful; he has never left me, and has frequently manifested his sovereign love. I regard these moments of divine manifestation and favor as worth ages of earth-born joy. What, then, must it be, to have the soul exist in continual harmony with God, purified and sublimated by his abiding presence, resting tranquilly in him, and moving cheerfully at his bidding? Such, I cannot say, is my condition -- would that I could. I mourn the existence within me of something unholy -- something discordant, something which prevents the fulfillment of that delightful promise of our Savior, "And my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

O, when shall I experience this gracious, permanent visitation of my Savior and my God?

"Come in! come in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor hence again remove;
Come sup with me, and let the feast
Be everlasting love."

This has been the language of my heart, for a year past. I desire not the world in any of its departments -- I know it cannot bless me. I have but one ruling desire, which is well expressed by the Christian poet:

"I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood."

In the contemplation of this subject, I have derived peculiar profit from the work of Professor' Upham, entitled "Principles of the Interior or Hidden Life." He presents the subject in a clear, commanding, and attractive light. I have also had other helps -- the "Guide," is one of no inferior character. I found the January number, containing a sketch of the heavenly-minded Dr. Fisk, peculiarly sanctifying in its influence. Oh! how sweet and precious is the savor of life, which is flung out by such Christians, upon our dead and miserable world! I have always found the biographies of eminent Christians extremely profitable. It was after I had backslidden from God, that I was mercifully restored to divine favor, while reading the history of John Fletcher. I have read a hundred times, with a heart glowing with admiration and delight, the characters of faithful Abraham, pious Joseph, patient Job, and the devotional David. It is the simplicity and purity of holy men that charms me. The world, which is full of duplicity and discord, affords no resting place for the heart. But the saints bear evidence that there is "a rest that remains to the people of God." They have no affinity for the corruptions of the world. They live in a higher and purer element. They have reached the "land of Beulah," and feast continually upon the rich fruits of the heavenly Canaan. The world is in commotion, but they feel it not; its vain pomp and empty mockeries are presented to them in vain. They walk with God. They are, therefore, simple, because they live like children continually and entirely dependent upon their heavenly Father. They

are safe, because they are tied to the throne of God. They are sublime, because their minds, soaring far from earth, revel in the sunlight of eternity, and bask in the beams of the infinite presence. Hence I love the saints, and I love to converse with them, living or dead.

But this, dear mother, is not sufficient for me. My own heart remains impure, unsatisfied, unfilled. I am not yet dead to the world. I am ashamed of my earthly-mindedness; I deplore the remains of indwelling sin. Nature is still turbulent and rebellious. My will is not entirely subject to the divine will, yet blessed be God, that I can say with confidence, I expect to realize this glorious consummation. I rejoice to know that I love God; but my unworthiness so stares me in the face, that I am often ashamed to think that God loves me: however, this sentiment vanishes when I reflect that it is not of debt, but of grace. Saint John says, "herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us." This, too, I have clearly proved.

"I never shall forget the day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

But how to venture with my little all upon this unbounded ocean of love, I know not. I see it to be my privilege, yet my inability is continually buried at me by the adversary of souls. I wait patiently for God to bruise him beneath my feet, and I am asking daily with some degree of resignation, as well as faith, for spiritual freedom. Sometimes I think that, with the forth-coming spring, when nature shall burst from her icy fetters, exhibiting her Maker's glory, and heralding her Maker's praise, my soul, too, will perhaps become disenthralled, leap into liberty, and exult in the efficacy of that atoning sacrifice which "saves to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." Yet I am not waiting for that particular period -- nor for any period, only for God's time. My great deficiency is want of faith. Oh! pray for me, that I may obtain a complete victory over "the world, the flesh, and the devil." There is some thralldom still from each of these sources.

I have very much more to say, dear mother, but time is short, and duties various and urgent. I feel grateful for the prayers which I know you are accustomed to offer in my behalf. I often think I feel their blessed effects, as I also sensibly enjoy the benefits of early teaching, training and praying, when first I learned to distinguish words kneeling by your side. They seem like so many cords around my heart, while in this distant land, binding me to truth and duty, to heaven and to God.

My prayers are offered reciprocally for you, dear mother, and thus it would seem that our gracious Lord condescends to become a third party -- a connecting link between us! I have sometimes looked upon the moon riding serenely through the blue vault above me, and I have said, "perhaps my mother is looking upon that same bright object now -- my brother, my sister, is indulging in the calm contemplation which is frequently begotten by the influence of that silver orb." The reflection was followed by hallowed associations, while the moon thus became a bond of union, and appeared more beautiful and valuable than ever before.

There is, however, a bond of union purer and more hallowed, stronger and more sublime -- Christians meet together in Christ, in God. Retiring into their closets, even at distant points, they may ascend on the wings of faith far above the moon, and all worlds, and together gaze upon the ineffable beauty of the Holy One. Here they may hold sweet communion together, and declare also

that "Truly their fellowship is with the Father and with the Son." Here they may recruit their strength, and here each may aid the other by the prayer of faith. The value of this divine bond of union seems to be, furthermore, greatly enhanced by the reflection, that we are continually drawn with increasing force toward that divine center; that there we are converging, and shall soon all meet, with soul and body redeemed and disenthralled, to go Out no more for ever, but to unite in eternal hosannas to the lover and Savior of men.

In view, then, of our present temporary separation, can we not triumphantly say,

"Mountains rise and rivets roll,
To sever us, in vain."

Yes! Though united by natural ties, my dear mother, we are also united by ties that shall outlive nature! So, indeed, I feel toward all Christians. Hallelujah! Glory to God in the highest! Amen.

Affectionately, your unworthy son
In the bonds of Christian love,
Grant Co., Ky., Feb. 29th, 1845
W.

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06 -- PRESS ON

What though the clouds of doubt may rise,
And fierce temptations meet thine eyes;
Oh, raise thy thoughts above the skies,
And still press on.

Thy Savior's strength thou wilt receive,
And victory o'er thy foes achieve,
If thou wilt only Christ believe,
And still press on.

Go forward, then, in his great name,
The principles of truth proclaim,
And while on earth you may remain,
Oh, still press on.

Press on, until with joy you see
The depths of Jesus' love to thee,
Till by his side you're safe and free,
Press on, press on.

Press on to do the Savior's will,

The last remains of sin to kill,
Thy soul with heavenly grace to fill;
Oh, still press on.

Press on, the perfect love to feel,
Which doth by faith the witness seal,
As Jesus doth himself reveal;
Oh, still press on.

Through all this wilderness of woe,
Still in the Savior's footsteps go,
Religion's power and glory know,
And still press on.

Until the sands of life are run,
Until thy work on earth is done,
And thou the crown of joy hast won,
Oh, still press on.

Southampton, Mass.
H. M. N.

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07 -- OBJECTIONS

Children of the most high God! by your making a profession of religion, you stand pledged to the world, both unbelieving and Christian, to be holy. By your connecting yourselves voluntarily with some Christian church, you not only stand pledged to live a holy life to the utmost of your power, but also to contribute your healthiest and best I directed influence to the making all within your sphere as holy as the exalted privileges of the gospel of Christ will enable them to be. Remember this in every part of your homeward way, that in so far as you do not, directly or indirectly, in your life and conversation, aim at the holiness of all men beneath your influence, you are acting without the appropriate object of the Christian life in view. Let this sentiment be an ever-present guardian to your lips and actions, that it is the chief behest of the Christian pilgrimage, to lead as many into the paths of holiness as you possibly can: and to lay all your sanctified powers under contributions, to make them as holy as the fulness of the blessed Savior will permit. When you act thus consistently with the high claims of Christian obligation, you may indulge the conviction that you are becoming like your holy Master.

Dearly beloved in Christ: if you are ever inclined to make objections to making an immediate effort to gain the witness of God that you are holy, what objections do you make? What can you? We bear some say, that holiness is too great an attainment for the helpless and the guilty to make in this life. Are you now halting upon this objection, which so many make? If so, let us try to see if it can be satisfactorily answered. Now you will admit that this scripture is in the Bible, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." This passage states, 1st, That God is holy, and 2nd, Imperatively

commands men to be holy. That the divine Being is holy, is deemed an all-sufficient reason for demanding this nature in men. We suppose, not that men are to be holy in manner or degree as God is; but, that they be holy in their sphere as he is in his sphere. Your Heavenly Father has graciously written an epistle to you, in which he has kindly commanded you to be holy. Now you are under the highest and holiest obligations, as children of grace, both to believe it with all your might, and exert every faculty to obey, not the letter only, but the spirit of the command. Filial affection and fear unite in forbidding you to hesitate for one moment. Hesitancy is evidence of doubt and indecision in your mind, but these ought to be banished by the paternal authority and command. But if this is your state of mind, you are chargeable with ingratitude, not toward a human benefactor and parent, but towards one who has been so kind as not only to pardon your oft-repeated transgressions and delinquencies, but to place you by adoption in his family, and call you his children, and name himself your Father. If any command is to be obeyed at once, this ought to be. As it is binding upon every person who reads the precious Word, and as it is the duty of all to read it, hence, obedience is a duty of immediately binding import upon all. That you are weak and fallible, as stated in the objection, only will make you the more remarkable monuments of saving grace. That you are guilty, only proves you the more directly objects upon which this great and holy work is to be wrought. You will mark this as a general truth, that almost all who do not strive to come up to this command, make this objection. That it is advanced by so many, is no adequate reason why we, as hearty searchers for truth, should delay long upon it as a valid objection. But it merits attention, because it has ruined so many precious souls, and is retaining many more under its cruel thralldom, who would accept of emancipation. Let us make the only two suppositions that can be made -- That Jehovah, in his gospel scheme, contemplates the removal of sin, 1st, In part, 2nd, Wholly, both its guilt, and pollution and power.

The first supposition contains the embodied creed of all partialists. Directly upon this, we may here predicate the following items: 1st, That in no place in the Sacred Scriptures has God intimated it as his pleasure or will to limit either the number or degree of sins to be removed; 2nd, That in no passage in the Prophets is there the most distant hint to a limitation; 3d, That our Savior himself is very express in saying, The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life; " 4th, Especially in the Lord's prayer, are the terms employed the most general and the most unlimited; 5th, The Evangelists never employ a single qualifying term of limitation; 6th, The primitive Disciples, both from their own writings and the testimony of heathens, it is gleaned, were accustomed to use terms expressive of the entire removal of sin being contemplated by the sacred Scriptures; 7th, That the creeds of modern churches embrace this doctrine as illimitable; 5th, That many in the modern church are daily witnesses to the broadest interpretation of the Holy Scriptures upon this point. -- R. January 25.

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08 -- SANCTIFICATION -- HOW PRESENTED

Mr. Editor -- If you think the few thoughts below worth publishing, you may give them a place in the Guide.

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In discoursing or writing on the great subject of Sanctification, we should be careful to present it in that light in which our Savior and his Apostles taught it to the churches. High attainments in grace are presented in the 25th of Matthew, where our Savior shows the graces that must be in us, and the good works that must adorn us, in order that we may be accepted at the last day. Now, that which will make us acceptable at the Judgment, should be held forth as that perfection of love to which we may attain in this life. In our Lord's sermon on the mount, we have the doctrine held forth in different points of view. It consists of sincerity and simplicity, in giving alms, fasting, prayer, conversing, in forgiving our enemies and praying for our persecutors, in laying up treasures in heaven, and seeking the glory of God in all things.

Whoever lives up to the standard set forth in this sermon, is no doubt in possession of that perfect love which casteth out fear, and unites the soul to God. In all the Epistles we find the doctrine of perfection. In the 12th of Romans the Apostle presents the subject in its true light. When the Apostle exhorts us to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks, he presents a practical view of the great truth.

In the self-denying life of the Apostle Paul, we may see plainly what the doctrine implies. What can give us such exalted views of this doctrine, as the whole career of St. Paul? We do not expect in uninspired men such an elevation of character; but still they may possess the same inward goodness of heart, and pure love to God, as was manifested by this great man. Let us not for a moment think that the standard of Christian perfection is too elevated, as set forth in the life of St. Paul. His words were, "follow me as I follow Christ." We must make a practical use of this sublime truth. We must aim at exemplifying all the precepts of our Savior, and his holy Apostles; for they taught, and lived, for our instruction; and the best guide to a knowledge of their doctrine, is a careful investigation of their lives. It is said of Christ that he was "holy, blameless, and separate from sinners -- that he went about doing good. And the Apostle could say, "for me to live is Christ, and I count not my life dear unto me, that I may win Christ, and be found of him."

How much we need practical illustrations; and then the clearness, and soundness of our teaching, on this great subject, will not appear to be in vain; and it will not be said that the standard of holy living, is below the high standard of our doctrine on this question.

We want living examples of holiness, such as were St. Paul and many others, of whom we have read, who were full of good works as well as of faith and the Holy Ghost." -- S. W. S.

The more we are disunited from the unnecessary and tangling alliances of this life, the more fully and freely will our minds be directed to the life which is to come. The more we are separated from that which is temporal, the more closely shall we be allied to that which is eternal; the more we are disunited from the creature, the more we shall be united to the Creator.

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09 -- GOD IS MY ROCK

God is my Rock! Foundation sure
On which I build my faith and hope

'Mid earthly tempests still secure,
Exultingly I here look up,
While furious wind, and beating rain
And sweeping flood, assail in vain!

God is my Rock! within whose side
I've found a cleft, a safe retreat,
Where 'mid life's woes I ever hide,
And find with Him communion sweet,
Till earthly storms have all passed o'er,
And I have gained the heavenly shore!

God is my Rock! When hosts of foes
In dread array my soul surround,
And earth and hell combined oppose,
With all their powers cannot confound,
The eternal Rock is my defense,
My refuge is Omnipotence!

God is my Rock! Whence waters sweet
In rich profusion ceaseless flow,
To cheer me 'mid the oppressive heat,
As through the wilderness I go
O famished ones, come drink with me
These living streams! so pure! so free!

God is my Rock! Beneath whose shade,
While wandering in this weary land,
Fatigued and faint, my steps have stayed,
And mid the desert's burning sand,
Thus sheltered from the scorching sun,
I've rested till the heat was gone.

God is my Rock! When wrecked by sin,
And 'whelmed beneath despair's dark wave
Death claimed me for his prey. O, then,
I saw a hand reached out to save!
And quickly to that Rock it led,
That Rock that towered above my head!

And there I found my hope, my rest,
My peace, my joy, my happy home!
How tranquil my once troubled breast!
And e'en while raging billows foam
In nature's last convulsive shock,
I will exult in God my Rock!

M.
Mount Holly, N.J., January, 1848

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THE END