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GUIDE TO HOLINESS ARTICLES
Volume 14 -- July 1848 to January 1849 -- Part 1

Edited by Dexter S. King

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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 14, shown to have been originally published from July, 1848 to January, 1849. -- DVM

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01 -- THOUGHTS ON HOLINESS -- No. 11

On The Naturalness of a Truly Holy Life

A natural life is that life which develops itself in accordance with the principles of its own nature, and which, in doing so, is true and harmonious to itself. The sinner, in his unregenerate state, lives and acts naturally in sinning; because that which he does is not only his own doing, but is done voluntarily and easily, and harmonizes with its own central principle of movement. This central principle in fallen man is self. The great law of selfishness, which requires him to place himself first, and God and humanity under him, regulates all his actions. From this principle, which operates as an internal and life-giving force, his actions flow out as constantly and as naturally as trees grow in a soil which is appropriate to them, and as waters flow from mountains to the ocean.

2. A holy life, also, when it is once fully and permanently established, is as natural to those who are holy, as a sinful life is to those who are sinful. In mixed, or partly sanctified life, which is intermediate between the sinful and the holy, there is a conflict of natures; and we cannot well say, for any length of time, what the true or real nature is -- so that nature seems to be kept in abeyance, without any definite locality, either right or wrong. But when a person has obtained inward victory, when selfishness has ceased to exist, and when also he is freed from the lingering and perplexing influences of former evil habits, he is then the subject of a truly natural life. Just the opposite of the unregenerate man, with a life as true and just as that of the other is untrue and unjust; he does right, not by an effort which has the appearance, as well as the reality, of going against nature, but because, with his present disposition, he cannot do otherwise. He not only loves God, but he does it without reflecting on his love, without any effort; which would imply a conflict with some inward, opposing principle. He does it freely, easily, and perfectly; which would not be the case if he did it with conscious effort, or if his mind were diverted from the object of his love to reflections on the love itself. Holiness has become a nature; so much so that he realizes as he never did or could before, the high meaning and truth of that important passage in the first Epistle of John, "Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for his seed [that is, God] remaineth in him. And he cannot sin, because he is born of God."

3. It is one of the characteristics of a holy life, when it is not merely incipient but has become a nature, that, with the single exception of that which, in being sin is the opposite of itself, it easily harmonizes and sympathizes with what now is. In other words, while the inward fountain of holy love at the heart is always the same, and always full, the streams which flow from it, repelled by opposition, or attracted by sympathy, take their course variously, in the diversified

channels of Providence. Accordingly, harmonizing with the present objects of his thoughts and affections, the holy man is one in nature, but diversified in manifestation. He "weeps with those who weep, and rejoices with those who rejoice." Under the unerring impulses of the life which is from God, he becomes "all things to all men," but without losing the identity of his character as one united with God, and as being the "temple of the Holy Ghost." Instructed by the teachings of love, which is the best of all teachers, he is a man of smiles or of tears, of action or of rest. He rests when it is the time to rest, because rest in its time is better than toil out of time; but he labors when Providence calls him to labor, and love makes his labor sweet. He has a heart for humanity and a heart for nature. More than a mere amateur of the outward world, he loves the rocks and the mountains for their own beauty and sublimity, and for the God that dwells in them. His heart warms and melts in the summer sunshine; but the thunder is his also, and the lightning. Nothing is out of place, because place is subordinated to the eternity and ubiquity of the life within. He is a citizen of his country, and serves her well, without losing the evidence of his citizenship in heaven -- a subject of the powers that are ordained of God, without ceasing to be the subject of Him who has ordained them. He sings praises with the devoted Christian, and his heart yearns and melts over the impenitent sinner. In his simplicity, he is the companion of children, and in his wisdom, the counselor of age. He can sit at meat with the "publican and sinner," or receive the hospitality of the unhumiliated Pharisee; and, in both cases, he unites the proprieties of love with the faithfulness of duty. And all this, which seems to imply contradiction, and to require effort, is what it is, in all its ease and all its promptness, because it is not the result of worldly calculation, but the infallible working of a divine nature.

4. It is important to understand the view which has now been presented. The want of a full understanding of it has sometimes perplexed those persons, who have been led by the Holy Ghost into the higher stages of experience. They doubt their love, because they find it so easy and natural to love. The suggestion arises in their minds, because the perception of their own working is lost in the fact of God's working, that perhaps nothing is done at all. Certain it is that their present state is very different from their former state, when they were but beginners in the religious life. Formerly, their life was a divided one. The inward struggle was almost incessant. But now, the unity of their affections in God has put an end to all interior trouble, except so far as the soul is tried by temptations originating from without. Formerly, they found the service of God, both in its inward and outward forms, obstructed and hard, requiring the greatest effort. But now they rejoice in God always, as if they had no other business, and no other desire. Formerly, they could hardly eat, or speak, or move, without great anxiety in consequence of finding sin intermingled with everything. But now they find the grace of God sufficient for the regulation of the appetites and the social principles; and those things which were once occasions of temptation and sorrow, are now occasions of gratitude. Formerly, they conformed their actions to God, who was a God afar off; and this was troublesome because the agency was in a great degree in themselves. But now God, who dwells within, conforms the soul to the action, and thus they are not conscious either of effort or trouble. In a word, "their yoke is easy, and their burden is light."

5. Thus holiness has become a new nature. To serve God, to speak of God, and to love him, has become natural. The countenance is cheerful, because the heart is full of light. Happy is such a man. If he seems to do nothing, it is because God works in him. If his burden is light, it is because God bears it. Satan sometimes says to such: "Ye are deceived. Why do ye not fast as did

John's disciples?" But Jesus says: "Can the children of the bridechamber fast, while the Bridegroom is with them?" -- Mark 2:19 -- A. K.

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02 -- ST. PAUL ON SANCTIFICATION From the Christian Advocate and Journal

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole Spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." -- 1 Thess. 5:28

This good wish of the apostle is in the form of a benediction. He, as it were, takes hold of God, as Jacob did of the angel, and holds him by a firm grasp of faith, until he pour down upon them the full tide of sanctifying grace. He will not wait till they seek it for themselves, but seeks it for them, agonizingly impatient till they receive it. Worthy servant of God! Worthy the care of souls! Verily he has his reward.

There are two points in this passage worthy to be deeply pondered. First. The blessing itself which he pronounces upon them -- entire sanctification. He coveted, and that earnestly, the best gifts, for the people of his care. He struggles in spirit, and by letter, that his people may be holy; not partially, but perfectly, holy. For the attainment of this blessed work, in their behalf, he fixes his watchful eye upon them, and exercises all his mighty influence and energy in order to the production of this great salvation in them. He is not content that they should remain "babes in Christ," when they ought to be "perfect men." He will not always have them sipping, even the sincere milk of the word. He will wean them from that, and present to them strong meat that they may be "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might," and be "prepared unto every good word and work." He will have them to leave the "first principles Of the doctrines of Christ," and come up into perfection speedily. "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly."

Second. In whose name does he pronounce this primary Christian blessing? "The very God of peace sanctify you." The apostle was himself acquainted with this gracious Being. O, how familiarly he knew the heart and nature of him upon whom he now takes hold! O, how often had he taken hold of the same Being before! How many had been baptized with the Holy Ghost, through his pious benediction, in this name, previous to this time! How confident he was that the Being to whom he came was the very one that could accomplish this work! -- this necessary, this desirable work! "The God of peace" -- "the very God of peace" -- the very God and Author of that peace peculiar to entire sanctification -- that very God who loves peace, who dwells in peace, and who delights to impart peace; nay, who is the Fountain of peace: and this because he is holy, and because he would bless us with the peace of holiness, he would bless us with entire sanctification. How proper the name in which to invoke the benediction of holiness!

Dear reader, before I conclude this subject, permit me to make a few remarks:

1. It is evident from this passage that entire sanctification is our privilege, and is attainable in this life, and at any time before death, or "the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Consequently, attainable early in life. The whole passage is in favor of this construction; but it is not favorable to

the notion of deferring the attainment of it until death, or [until] "the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Remember the foolish virgins, and admit that "now is the accepted time." "Behold, now is the day of salvation!"

2. It is also evident that it is our privilege to live, and to live in the enjoyment of the blessing of entire sanctification, under all circumstances, all along through life, and have it to death, and therefore "unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." "And I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body he preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

3. If we would attain to this great blessing we must apply directly to the "very God of peace." To whom can we come with more confidence of safety than to the very God of peace? We need fear no disastrous conflict in coming to such a being. He is not the God of hostility, but the "God of peace," even "the very God of peace." To make you holy is his delight; because this is a quality of his own nature -- a prominent feature in the "express image of his person." In doing this, he only restores you to your original self. And if he exultingly pronounced you "very good" in the person of your federal origin, he will do so in your personal renovation, when he creates you anew in Christ Jesus. Verily I say unto you, there is joy in heaven over one sinner sanctified, more than over ninety and nine holy persons who need no sanctification. "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

Reader, wherever you be, permit me to ask, How do you stand affected with regard to this subject? Was the apostle needlessly solicitous about this state of grace? We presume he was not. How then can you be innocently indifferent to it? In view of our almost universal negligence on this all-important topic, I am constrained to cry, God be merciful to us! -- A. Baillie

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03 -- MEMOIR OF MRS. ANNA JANE JOHNSTON

The subject of this memoir was the daughter of George and Susannah McKenzie, and was born in Wilmington, North Carolina. Her parents being wealthy, she was brought up in all the customs of fashionable life, attending balls, theaters, and other like amusements; for these were looked upon as innocent. Her mother was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and inculcated upon the minds of her children the propriety of attending church. The agreeable manners and cheerful spirits of this young lady, endeared her to all with whom she had any contact.

Though always possessed of an amiable disposition, it appears there was nothing special in her religious views, until the age of twenty-four. She sustained an irreparable loss in the death of her excellent mother, to whom she always looked up for counsel and advice. About four years thereafter, she was deprived of the protection and instruction of a kind and affectionate father, whose death was premature. Being involved in debt from suretyship, nearly all his estate was consumed.

Anna, together with her sisters, was thrown upon her own resources for support. In this situation, she repaired to the country to spend a few weeks with her friends. While she was there, it was announced that a Methodist preacher would preach on a funeral occasion, in the

neighborhood. Anna, in company with her friends, attended his ministry, with deep prejudice, from popular rumor -- it being the first Methodist speaker she had ever heard. The minister was a young man, of good appearance, and traits of deep humility marked his general deportment. He preached, but it was a new kind of preaching to her -- something she had never heard before. It was a new style of eloquence. Every word, and every sentence, made a deep impression upon her mind, and she left the place deeply convicted. The depravity of human nature she had never heard set forth in such vivid light. Sin was represented in all its awful, malignant, and destructive forms. Fashionable amusements she had viewed in a very different light. She understood that the young gentleman who preached was stationed at Wilmington, and on her return, she was extremely anxious to attend his ministry. But her friends were violently opposed to it. However, she brooked the difficulty, and in company with several young ladies, attended the Methodist church. After that, she became a regular attendant. Her convictions increased, and her desires to attain holiness was the object of her deep concern.

To unite herself with that branch of the church, would subject her to censure and reproach. In this trying situation she remained for some time; but at length she acquired courage to have an interview with the presiding elder of the district. He seemed to anticipate all her difficulty, met all her objections, and so completely set her mind at ease, that, at the close of public service, before an immense multitude, she approached the altar, and presented her hand to the minister, and gave her heart to God.

A short time after this, she attended a camp-meeting, and while there she had faith to believe that God, for Christ's sake, pardoned her sins, and adopted her into the family of heaven. Such peace in believing in the Holy Ghost, surpasses all human knowledge. Two years after this, the writer of these memoirs became acquainted with her, and in the course of the year, they were happily united in the sacred bonds of matrimony.

I have viewed her as the greatest friend on earth. She possessed the itinerant spirit, and urged me on to continue in the traveling connection. She was willing to labor under privations, to facilitate my ministry and usefulness. But prudence dictated that I should circumscribe my field of labor, and confine it to a narrower and local order. In all my trials and perplexities, she ever stood at my side, and with her invincible courage and consoling admonitions would say, "Exercise patience, and all things will work for good to them that love God."

Her attachment to the traveling ministry was always manifest. For a number of years my house was an asylum for the weather-beaten and weary minister; and, by day or night, Anna was ready to minister to them, to make them comfortable and happy. I always viewed her as a woman of deep piety, in public, and in private. She possessed a remarkable uniformity of character and Christian dignity. Her prudence and chaste conversation convinced all in the circle of her acquaintance, that she was a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Although she was a woman of physical infirmity, yet, under severe attacks, she would submit to the rod, and pleasantly say, "All is designed right for my ultimate good."

She had ardently prayed, if it was the will of Providence, that she might live to see all her children grow up to maturity, and in this her request was abundantly granted -- she living to see her youngest son attain to the age of twenty years.

Four months anterior to her death, her constitution seemed to pass through a radical change, and her health became better than it had been for years. On the 8th day of January, she was violently attacked with Neuralgia. The disease seemed to take a death grasp upon the functions of life, and no skill or medicine could remove it. I discovered that she was very ill, and felt it my duty to apprise her of her situation. She replied, "I am very sick." I asked if it was the will of the Lord to take her, did she feel prepared and ready. She observed that she had been preparing for that momentous change for more than thirty years, and if it was the will of God to take her, she could say "I know that I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." After this, she called her younger sons to her, and advised them in the most pathetic manner to be good, and meet her in heaven. On the day before she died, I asked how she felt in reference to her future prospects. She answered, "All is well! I trust my eternal salvation upon the atonement, and the divine merits of Christ, my Savior, and adorable Advocate with the Father." Thus lived and died Anna Jane Johnston, aged fifty-seven years and fifteen days.

She possessed a mind naturally clear and strong, of a discriminating and independent character. Her temperament was warm and quick. She had the happy disposition of forgiving and forgetting injuries, and if she had acted or spoken unadvisedly, she, with the utmost readiness, ingenuously made confession, and asked forgiveness.

Her habits were rather retiring and modest. She was disgusted with the pride and vanity of the world. She had a great taste for mental improvement, but most of her reading was confined to books which treated of religion. She was unremitting and regular in her private devotions. From the clear and convincing view which she had of the holiness of God, and the purity of his law, she always had a godly jealousy over her own heart, and was afraid of expressing herself too confidently in regard to her meetness for heaven. She was a firm believer in the divinity of Christ, and had from time to time, more or less joy and peace. She was one of those Christians who enjoyed more vital godliness than she was willing to profess to others. This was manifest to those who were intimately acquainted with her, and enjoyed her confidential associations. In every relation of life which she sustained, she acquitted herself in a manner highly honorable to her sex.

In her death we have much to console us. We are assured, from her unspotted and devout life as a Christian, as well as from the frame of mind which she evinced on her sick and dying bed, that she is with her Savior. As she lived in the Lord, so she died in him, and shall ever be with the Lord. And we know, for it is written in God's word, she shall rise again to everlasting life. We sorrow not as others, who have no hope. For them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. -- S. Johnston

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04 -- "BE OF GOOD CHEER, I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD." -- CHRIST

"The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror.
The world must sink beneath the Hand
That arms us for the war."

How shall I overcome the world, was a question that often arose in my mind, after I had experienced religion. I did not seek my enjoyment in the fleeting pleasures of the world, for I had found the source of true happiness; and having once drank of the pure fountain of living waters, I was fully satisfied that the shallow streams of earthly enjoyment would never again allay my thirst. But we are prone to wander from the source of uncreated good, and the heart that is not fully consecrated to God is ever averse to a life of faith, and will at times be blinded by the allurements and fashions of the world. How often have I retired to my chamber at night, and recalled the thoughts and actions of the day, and wept in bitterness of spirit, because my heart had been so much engrossed with the things which are seen.

I have thought of the fading and transitory, nature of earthly objects; and when comparing them with the solid and lasting pleasures which religion affords, and the blessed and eternal realities of the life to come, have felt that "all was vanity and vexation of spirit."

Like the inebriate who, weary of the intoxicating cup, denounces it as an enemy, and resolves never to taste it again, yet overcome by an insatiable appetite, he yields to the long-formed habit, and drinks again and again; so have I often denounced the world as an enemy, and have sighed to be released from its follies and its temptations. I have often heard Christians speak of this beautiful world, and express their gratitude to God for the enjoyment which it afforded them, but I looked upon it with a suspicious eye, fearing that it should draw my heart away from God. I often prayed for strength to overcome the world but I regarded iniquity in my heart, and the word of inspiration saith, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

I was striving to attain to a standard of Christian experience higher than that of most Christians around me; yet I was fully sensible that I did not love God with all my heart. I still cherished unbelief in my heart.

At length, I was led to contemplate the character of the Savior. I followed him from the manger to the cross, through all his toils, his travels, and his sufferings, as recorded by the Evangelists, and predicted by the Prophets. Almost before I was aware of it, my soul was transfixed with admiration before Him who is the one altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand. There was a beauty in holiness that I never saw before; and often did my heart, from its inmost depths, breathe forth the language of the Psalmist, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

The remark was once made by a young man who had been a bitter opposer of religion, but whose heart was won to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, by studying and meditating upon the goodness of God, "I believe," said he, "that no person could dwell for any considerable length of time upon this delightful theme, without feeling a desire to become a Christian." Before I had finished the study in which I was engaged, my thoughts were almost insensibly led away from myself. I dwelt no longer upon the hardness and unbelief of my heart, or the ensnaring pleasures and vanities of the world; but I was lost in wonder, love and praise, in contemplating the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, of the love of Christ. What though my heart was sinful and depraved, and roots of bitterness were springing up, to check and destroy the tender plants of

grace! What though the world, the flesh, and the devil, were constantly striving to draw my affections away from God! Infinite love had opened an exhaustless fountain, where depraved nature might be renewed -- might plunge into the purple flood, and rise to all the life of God.

The salvation provided in the Gospel may well be called a present, a full, and a free salvation.

I had been trying to be saved by works. I had struggled long and resolutely to conquer a cruel foe; but now I came all helpless and dependent, casting away my own righteousness, and trusting solely in the merits of Christ, and yielded to be saved by grace. There was not, as I had often thought there must be, a mighty exercise of faith. But it was a calm submission to the will of God.

I fell on the atoning lamb,
And I was saved by grace."

"Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

"Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days.
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

The Savior had engrossed my warmest love, and I felt that no earthly charm my soul could move. "I sunk, by dying love compelled, and owned him conqueror."

I now learned rightly how to appreciate the joys of earth. I found that they were not weeds to be despised, neither were they fruits of Paradise. They were like wild flowers, to cheer the pilgrim on his journey, and yet not protract his stay on earth. I no longer prayed to be taken out of the world, but I could say with the poet,

"That uncreated beauty which hath gained
My ravished heart, hath all your glory stained;
His loveliness my soul hath prepossest,
And left no room for any other guest."

-- Lavinia R. Pool

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The pathway of the just through this world is subject to the same vicissitudes as that of the wicked. God sends his rain alike upon the just and the unjust. But the storm, as well as the bright sunlight, is an agent in the hand of the Father of Mercies; who causes all things to work for the

good of those who love Him. The clouds of affliction he charges with refreshing showers of grace; and the cheerful radiance of love give the Christian a foretaste of joys unfading, eternal.

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05 -- EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A MINISTER TO A BROTHER MINISTER

The best of all is, God is with me. He blesses me with full salvation, gives me constant peace, and condescends to own my ministry with his presence and power.

I never felt more like living and dying to make this sin-stricken world better, than of late. To be identified with the Savior of the world, in the great purposes that drew him from his throne to a cross of infamy, for man -- for ME -- is, I feel, an honor which Gabriel might envy me. Glory to the Lamb! What a heaven of peace there is in having nothing to do but just to please God and bathe in his smile. Every duty done, tells happily on my own soul, so that I find I work hard for the Lord all day, and he is with me, and blesses me, and encourages me, and pays me, and then, to my astonishment, I find at night, that I have been building my own house! My heart hastens to its God every day, with its freight of precious things, and lays itself and all its treasures at his feet. Just there, a smile so ineffable meets me, that my nature exults in its salvation, or silently faints at his feet.

O, these are the days of great and good things for me. God is carrying on a great work of full salvation in this city, (New York,) in which he is using many instrumentalities, eminently of his own choosing. There are, I suppose, several hundreds here, who are constant witnesses of this great salvation.

O, what will become of that minister in the M. E. Church who will not be holy? -- who will not give up himself wholly to the Lord? -- who prefers himself, a worm, to Jesus Christ, a God? What is it makes us hesitate, but some secret idea that entire union with the Savior will somehow bring us down from our high places of personal dignity. And what is this but a proffering of our own depraved nature to the immaculate nature of Christ? Yes, professing to believe the doctrine of holiness, and testifying at our ordination that we are "groaning after it," we yet live on, -- aye, choose to live on, year after year, without it. We, who by the very stipulations of our call to the ministry, are to be "ensamples to the flock," "in faith" and "in purity," as well as "in doctrine," -- how unbelieving, how impure!

The choicest of the flock of Christ -- the few holy souls "that will live godly," in the higher sense, are precisely those whom we refuse to feed. Here they are, with all the half-hearted in the church against them. Here is Satan continually tempting them: "You are too fast you make too high professions -- why, even your minister does not pretend to such high attainments;" -- thus making use of the very respect which our people have for us, to keep them down in religion. And yet here we are, refusing to shelter them by our example, or to feed them with the precious marrow and fatness of gospel truth. Well may the Savior say to such ministers, "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat." "For as much as ye did it not to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me."

I apprehend the awful guilt of tolerating unsanctified affections, more clearly of late than ever before. The indifference of spiritual things, and the spiritual weakness entailed upon us by this toleration, result, probably, in a large number of instances, in the destruction of souls. And then how terrible a sin it is to prefer myself before God -- a sin of which every man is guilty, who does not truly, and in the present tense, desire to be emptied of self and filled with God. A minister of Christ, preaching for a salary and a reputation, instead of toiling his life away to get poor sinners in this revolted world to love Jesus! O God! What a noble object abandoned, and for one how utterly worthless! -- how thoroughly damning! What high relationships are here spurned -- what dignity despised -- what a crown lost!

How our indignation kindles against the Pope, when we read, "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." But let us read the passage again, with our eye, not fixed on Rome, but meekly turned within. What a life-like taking is here of the heart of every minister among us, who cherishes in his soul an opposition to being personally holy.

"Opposeth." -- Does he not "oppose" God, who says, "Be ye holy?" Does he not "exalt himself above God," when he still refuses to give himself away, that he may receive the fullness of God in return! If I have an article which I refuse to exchange with you, for something you offer me, do I not, in that refusal, demonstrate that I consider mine of value above yours? "Give me thy heart," says God, promising, on my compliance, to be my God. Why do I refuse to make the exchange, but that, in some sense, I feel "above God?" "Above all that is worshipped," continues Paul. And when we enter the house of God, with a heart that still refuses its whole affections to the Savior, what is the object dearest to us? Whom are we most concerned that the people should love and honor? Ourselves, or Jesus Christ? Do we come with all our hearts to exhibit the Savior? or to show -- a man?

Here, then, is "the man of sin." Here is the abomination "that opposeth and exalteth itself above God." Here, in the person of our own unsanctified hearts, is the infernal usurper that would supplant Christ in the worship of his own house. How long shall the usurper reign? God is waiting for us to cast ourselves upon our face, and give a response that shall send a thrill through three worlds. -- B. W. G.

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06 -- CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE -- H. H. MOORE

A few months after my conversion, which was clear and decided, the memoirs of Carvosso and Wesley were put into my hands, which were read with much care, and the impression was indelibly made upon my mind, that a deeper work of grace -- destroying the remains of indwelling sin -- should be immediately effected in my heart. To this end, much time was spent in prayer, for a number of days, and many efforts were made to believe, till meeting with our minister, my heart, without any reservation, was laid open to him. He replied that he did not enjoy the blessing; but told me not to be discouraged, for our quarterly meeting was near at hand, and that our presiding elder enjoyed the blessing, and would probably preach on the subject. I was much surprised that our preacher was not a sanctified man, but, for the moment, was determined not to give the matter

up; and now, looking back to that period, it seems the blessing was near my heart. Soon, however, it was suggested that holiness was only for a favored few, peculiarly constituted; and if our preacher did not enjoy it, I was foolish and presumptuous to think about it. Nevertheless, the conviction that I ought to be holy, was not taken off from my conscience.

Upwards of nine years passed away, (during which time I was licensed to exhort, afterwards to preach, and entered the traveling connection in August, 1846;) and, although I had an abiding conviction of duty, offered many prayers, and formed many resolutions, yet my heart and holiness were strangers.

With a strong desire to promote the glory of God, and the good of souls, I entered upon the duties of my first appointment. But few were converted. I was far from being satisfied, but could find no greater reason for it than what existed in my own heart. With unutterable feelings, I saw I was not what a gospel minister ought to be. The idea of being at an appointment as a useless thing, when it might be filled with the useful and holy, was not to be endured; and I determined to quit the field, and give up my hope of heaven, or seek for entire conformity to the will of God.

I did not hesitate long. The conviction was so irresistible that I must be holy, or nothing, that it was not difficult to enter upon the work; but many and cruel were the suggestions that such was my peculiar constitution, that I could not attain and enjoy the blessing. These I vigorously resisted. The point at which I aimed was the expulsion of sin from my heart, so that I should have no more conflicts with it from within. I began to search the scriptures for myself, to see if there were really unqualified promises of holiness in it. I found many, and was enabled to take hold of them as made to me. I was now engaged in the duties of my second appointment, but this subject was all-absorbing.

After a few days, my resolve to be holy was found to be steady, and was daily becoming more deeply set. The work of grace was going on perceptibly in my heart, the world was receding, and I was drawing nearer to God. I found myself with increased zeal, engaged in the work of the Lord, and more than ever enabled to keep his commandments; but was not, as I had supposed I should be, under any particular condemnation, or guilt, more than a general but deep impression of my past unfaithfulness, and my present worthlessness.

Two weeks at my new appointment had now passed, and I had been so much taken up with my resolution to do the commandments of God, that I had thought of but little else. Indeed, my mind was so taken up with consecration, that I had hardly thought of any other branch of the doctrine of holiness at all. In great condescension, God gave me to see clearly that my resolution was fixed, but that by resolving I could not make myself holy. My attention was immediately devoted to Christ. His death, and his intercessions for me, soon absorbed my mind. I said but little, only as some favorable opportunity presented itself, for the honor of Christ -- read the Bible much, and was enabled to see that blessings were there for my poor, unworthy self. There was a life in the words of Christ. Two days thus passed, with my mind fixed on Christ, as my atoning and mighty Savior. I then had the victory over sin, but I desired that the whole body of sin should be destroyed.

Now, I had but one desire -- my prayer was nearly unceasing -- and I was constantly watching for the blessing; I believed it would soon be morning in my soul. The bright Morning Star shone with a mellow luster, and gray streaks of light appeared in the east. At family worship that evening, I knelt before the throne of grace, not knowing what I should pray for; but the Spirit helped my infirmities, and gave me such views of the atonement, and of God, as I never had before. This clear apprehension of them was either faith in them, or was followed by instantaneous faith. The Spirit made intercessions with groanings that could not be uttered, and my prayer was short. I arose, feeling that something had been wrought in my heart. Of this I had no doubt but what to call it, I did not know. I thought it must be holiness, but knew it was God's prerogative to let me know.

I went immediately to my room -- read Paul's letter to the Philippians, and spent some time in prayer. I still thought it would be dishonoring God, to try to determine myself what it was he had done for me. This was God's work; but how can he do it? Probably, thought I, by applying by his Spirit to my heart some striking and unfamiliar passage of scripture -- for a familiar passage cannot be made to bear forcibly enough to convince me. Like Thomas, I was resolved not to believe only on the most conclusive testimony. I was now looking with the greatest interest for God to testify to what he had done, and the following old, familiar text, clothed with new life and power, came to my mind and heart, with such a divine evidence and conviction; that not a doubt was left in my heart: "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit of God, that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God." -- 1 Cor. 2:12.

The question was settled: I was at rest. It seemed that I was in Christ with God. I did not know before that a mortal could realize so much of the presence of God. Contrary to my expectations, I had no desire to say anything about it, at the time. My soul was filled with all that sacred awe that "dares not move and all the silent heaven of love." I had no boisterous feelings, but a heavenly calm; no overflowing joy, but a solemn stillness -- a sweet repose. I felt no longer the motions of sin within, and when it came from without against my heart, it was like a ball of iron thrown against a wall of brass. God was the wall of fire round about me, and the glory in the midst. -- H. H. Moore, Jamestown, Dec. 14, 1847

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07 -- LETTER FROM A FRIEND -- CLEMENTINE

The Guide is hailed as a welcome messenger, not only to the weary and tempest-tossed, but to those who ride above the storm, or who have entered the harbor of perfect love -- of entire trust and confidence in God. We love to contemplate the efficiency of the gospel as manifested to God's chosen ones. We are cheered with the thought, that what they have attained, we may also participate in. Yes, we may prove with all saints, even the most holy and consecrated, what is the breadth, and length, and depth and height -- and then be filled with all the fullness of God. The apostle, with all his powers of imagination, was at a loss for language to express this salvation, and was led to exclaim, "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." No wonder

"This love's a deep where all our thoughts are drowned!"

Holiness! The expression imparts a thrill indescribable to its lovers. And then to think that all the Father hath to bestow is ours through Christ. From the earliest dawn of my Christian experience, I have looked upon Christ as a whole Savior, able to save, not only from the guilt, but the reigning power and dominion of sin. The bold expressions of confidence and entire trust in Christ, which I find scattered throughout your valuable work, to me have been rendered a great blessing. I am but seldom favored with the hearing of a direct testimony on this point, and have been variously exercised in relation to it.

As to myself, I have no doubt with regard to the great work being wrought in me; I have the direct witness of the Spirit; even Satan himself has left off tempting concerning present attainments, and would point to the future; but what have I to do with the far off future? The present only is mine. I am now saved. The blood of Christ now cleanseth! Glory to God -- there is no separation between heaven and my soul -- I have an open intercourse. The present and past are as different as light is from darkness.

If we were heirs to a large estate, yet there remained doubt with regard to our title to it, what satisfaction should we have in the contemplation of our possession? The enemy might come and dispute our right, and at once throw us into confusion. Glory to God! we may have a guarantee signed and sealed with the blood of the everlasting covenant. We may know the things freely given to us of God, by his Spirit.

With regard to the time and manner of my receiving this salvation, there is nothing very specific; it came not with observation, but distilled like the gentle dew; it flowed like the little rill which gradually increases till it becomes a deep and broad river. I know, indeed, that when the full consecration was made, a deep peace sprung up in my heart, such as I had hitherto been a stranger to, and I had a willingness, unknown before, to do the will of God. Thus I went on for months; my attention was so given to doing the will of God, and to the sweet peace that followed, that the blessing of holiness, so far as the name was concerned, was but seldom reverted to in thought.

At times I would think I had that in possession for which I sought; at others, that such a state of mind was not consistent with the great blessing of holiness. Oh! how I have wished for an experienced hand to lead me. It is to be regretted that we have so few fathers and mothers, as it regards this great blessing. I have sought direction from those who, I thought, ought to be leaders, but have as often been driven back to the great Fountain of all good, to learn by experience.

The cup was bitter, and has been drunk to the very dregs. I lived in this state of mind a year; my evidence increasing till it became a certainty. With shame I confess, I lost the evidence. I partially attribute my fall to my not having a correct view of the nature of faith. I failed in not expressing, on suitable occasions, what God had wrought. I did not lose this pearl at once, but by degrees, and almost imperceptibly. Thus I lived for some four or five years; every year found me on the retrograde -- still farther away. The last year, I seemed left powerless and without strength. Prayer was a burden more than a pleasure; the Bible a sealed book; even a romance had more interest to me. My heart was so hard that I could not even shed a tear over my lost estate.

Mine has been a thorny path -- one of struggle, of conflict, darkness and bondage. The Lord has seen fit to lay his afflicting hand upon me; the body has been prostrated by disease; health has been enfeebled; friends have been removed -- a combination of circumstances too numerous and painful to mention, aroused me. Before I was afflicted I went astray. The effect desired has been secured. "The last link is broken that bound me to sin," and I am free! Glory to God! I think I never was more thankful than for the first melting of heart that produced the flowing tears. I could not ask my Father for that I had once enjoyed; I did not dare to, nor did I expect it. I left myself in his hands, to be dealt by just as he pleased.

All I asked was to feel once more that I was saved. Glory to his name! it was granted. During this time the enemy was busy: "It was of no use to make another effort; if I should attain that for which I sought, I should not retain it; I had resolved, and fallen as many times -- it would be a fruitless effort to endeavor to stand." I am conscious that I have not been alone in this temptation; many that are now in darkness and bondage, fain would be free, but for the suggestion, "Thou canst not stand." But mark the sequel. The temptation followed me for months, still pointing to the future. I could not stand such and such trials.

Thus I lived: I dared not look at the future. I learned from that temptation to live the present moment, do present duty, and leave the future where it should be -- with God. It is enough for me to know that I am now saved. The blood of Christ now cleanseth! Christ is mine and I am his. The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. When I lie down, I am surrounded with his presence; when I arise, he is still with me; when I bow before his throne, what a heaven of bliss! the sacredness of those hours are better realized than told. Words are poor things to give expression to the converse carried on between the soul truly subjected to God and its Maker.

Some have expressed a wish that their experience in the things of God were written out and given to the world, on account of the peculiar manifestations therein displayed. On the contrary, I would give mine, or a sketch of it, on account of its simplicity. He led me and I followed on. The characteristic of my daily experience is quietude, assurance, rest of soul -- like the little child which has just learned to lisp its mother's name -- content to live on her smiles, knowing no other happiness. -- Clementene

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08 -- PERSONAL EXPERIENCE -- A. O.

Bro. King: The following communication I have solicited for publication in the Guide; the authoress, Mrs. J. A. H_____, is a sister of unusual talent, and of great energy of character. Here is only an account of her first exercises and experience on the subject of holiness. Since then, the providence of God has led her through trials greater than fall to the lot of ordinary Christians; yet the grace of sanctification has triumphed amidst them all, and still shines with increasing luster. You may hereafter expect to hear of her subsequent trials and triumphs. -- A. O. Seward, January, 1848

Dear Bro. ____: But to your request. When I first read it, my heart shrank from the task; not that I did not love the blessing of holiness, but the greatest hindrance seemed to be, at the time

when I experienced this blessing I did not write my exercises and enjoyments -- my thoughts and meditations. This was deferred till a number of years after, when I believe yourself suggested the thought that I had better write down my experience. I did so. What I brought together from memory was hastily sketched, at a time when I only wrote for my own comfort, not expecting any of it would be brought before the public.

My first exercises and experience in this blessing began not many months after I found the pardoning love of God. I then felt the roots of bitterness springing up in my heart. I was alarmed, fearing I had done something wrong; but, upon examining my heart, I felt a consciousness that my sins were all pardoned. I prayed much read my Bible, and found it was the will of God, even my sanctification. But how to obtain it I knew not.

I soon obtained Wesley on Christian Perfection; this gave me some light. I also read every work I could find on holiness, but none gave me so much encouragement as Fletcher's Checks to Antinomianism. Here I saw more clearly how to come by faith and believe on Jesus. Continuing to pray for light and direction, I had new discoveries of the willingness of Christ to cleanse me from all sin, till my faith was fixed on this point: Jesus is able, is willing, is ready, to save me to the uttermost, and to save me now.

This part, of being saved now, seemed to be the hardest of all. Sometimes my faith would nearly grasp the blessing, when unbelief would gain the ascendancy, suggesting that I must first wait a number of years; but again faith triumphed, and my soul was exceedingly happy in the prospect of the perfect love of God; and my conscience grew more tender.

I aimed to shun every appearance of evil; and every blessing I received, seemed to bring me nearer the great blessing of holiness. Every time I approached the throne of grace, it appeared as if all sin in my heart would expire; for I was looking for a period when instantaneously I should feel the cleansing blood applied to wash and make me wholly clean. Blessed be the name of the Lord, that time did arrive.

On the 7th of Dec. 1832, a number of us met together for a social visit -- a season of prayer was proposed -- during the fore part of which, while one after another was praying, my soul was in an awful struggle to be blessed. I cared not how, nor in what way, if I might but feel the power of God as I never had felt it before. I did not seem to fix my faith on the blessing of holiness; my only cry was, Lord bless me, even me. I opened my mouth in prayer, and in an instant I felt the power of God running through soul and body. I lay speechless at his feet, not having power to move a finger; but I could hear them sing, and heard one say, She is cold -- her pulse has stopped. But this had no effect on my mind; my soul was full of glory; it appeared that it was all glory; at every breath I wanted to say, glory. O, such a heavenly calm -- such a sweet sense of the divine presence. O, who can express it? I never could find language to bring it into words. None but those who feel it know its sacred joys, and they cannot express it.

I had been blessed times without number, but this exceeded all. After an hour or more, I recovered my strength, so as to sit up; but my soul was full of glory. I began to inquire, Is this holiness? I was very fearful of deceiving myself, for I had set the mark of Christian perfection very high.

Up to this time, I believe I had never heard a sermon on this subject, though I was at church nearly every Sabbath. Another difficulty stood in my way: not one of the class professed to enjoy the blessing, and my class-leader himself, did not fully believe the doctrine. I had conversed with him on the subject; and, though he was a man of thirty years' experience, and one in whom I placed the utmost confidence, yet he had early formed unfavorable opinions of this blessing, by seeing a member who professed to enjoy it, afterwards make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. He thought this was all a mistake. If we lived up to the grace given, and continued faithful to death, we should receive a crown of glory. This last objection often staggered me, for I knew if I came out and professed the blessing, I should be watched continually by the church. This led me to cry to God earnestly, that I might not be deceived.

I think I had the blessing fixed as near angelic perfection as I could, and one reason for my ignorance was, I had never seen but one of my acquaintances in the church who had professed to enjoy it. Even on this extensive circuit, I do not remember of ever hearing but one preacher talk of personal holiness, and he was a young man seeking for it.

O, what a dark time this was! Thank God, the light has since shone! But to my subject. That evening I returned, and stayed at Bro. N. E_____'s. It appeared to me I had not received the blessing I desired, but only a foretaste -- as though the Lord was about to take up his abode in my heart. Still I was happy in God all the time. The next day, being rainy, I was prevented returning home. So I continued to wait for all the desire of my heart. In the evening we thought it best to have a season of prayer, hoping to experience the blessing for which we sought. It seemed easy to be blessed; it was only ask and receive. In an instant it appeared that all sin was destroyed -- the overwhelming presence of God came upon my soul and body. I thought I could look into my heart and see it all clean; all light and purity seemed to be stamped there.

O, such a view as I had of the purity and holiness of the Divine Being, of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, taking their abode in my heart, and of Jesus, looking and loving; his image there can never be destroyed. I felt a consciousness of the cleansing blood of Christ applied to my heart. Nought but love dwelt there. I was entirely lost to everything of earth, as much as if I had been in heaven. It appeared to me that I was with the heavenly host, and heard them sing praises to God; but my soul gazed with greater delight on my bleeding Savior, who suffered to save me from all sin. O, what a company of holy beings seemed surrounding me. During all this time I had no thought that I was an inhabitant of earth, my whole soul being enraptured with glory.

We knelt down about eight o'clock in the evening, and when I opened my eyes to look around me again on earth, it was two o'clock in the morning. O, what glory shone about the room. No pen can describe, no tongue can tell, the unutterable glory that filled my soul. It appeared like a new world; and as soon as my eyes were shut, it seemed that angels were all about me, praising God for what he had done for my soul. I retired to rest, but O, what a holy converse I had with my Savior. It was like conversing with a friend face to face. I fell into a drowse, but I was still with the Lord.

When I arose in the morning, now, thought I, is this holiness? I can not doubt it -- I never will doubt it. I knelt down and asked the Lord, if my soul was entirely cleansed from all sin, that I

might have the witness in such a way as I never could doubt it. Instantly I felt the witness as clear as I ever saw the sun shine. I exclaimed, "I am thine, I am thine forever." I took up the Bible, and desired the Lord to direct me to some passage that would apply to my case. I opened upon the fifteenth of John, third verse: "Now ye are clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you," &c., and read on to the tenth verse. This was applied as powerfully to my heart, as though I had heard it from heaven. A wonderful change was effected -- it really seemed a new creation had taken place in and all around me.

We started for the house of prayer -- it being Sabbath morning. It was impressed on my mind that I must tell what the Lord had done for my soul. But Satan suggested: "Wait till you live it awhile -- prove it by its fruits -- for if you should not live it, you will bring disgrace on the cause." But I cried, "Lord, continue the witness of thy Spirit, and I will do what thou requirest." I bore testimony in a plain and simple manner to what grace had done, and in a moment an overwhelming sense of the divine presence so rested upon me, that I was again lost in wonder, love, and praise. It was not a great ecstasy, but a sinking into God -- "that sacred awe that dares not move, and all that silent heaven of love." I rejoiced evermore -- prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks.

I returned home lost in prayer and praise. I neither wanted to eat, drink, or sleep. God's will was mine, and I delighted to be with him in secret, continually. I lived by the moment, and felt that every moment I had the merits of Christ's death. The Bible seemed entirely a new book; its every promise I could claim as my own. My memory, which before was quite imperfect, was now so strengthened that I could remember whole chapters, after reading them once. I also could clearly distinguish between the emotions of the Spirit and the devices of Satan. It seemed that I advanced in the way to heaven more in one day than I had done in months before. I felt that to live was Christ, and to die would be gain. In this state of feeling I went on from conquering unto conquest, praising God with my whole heart.

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09 -- THE GUIDE

Brooklyn, Jan. 18th, 1848

Dear Bro. King:-- Who has not admired the richness, the simplicity, the depths and heights, the majesty and sweetness of the Christian's holy freedom? the glorious liberty of the sons of God? If angels are excited with ecstatic joy at every cheering intelligence of the progress of holiness in our world, should not Christians also rejoice, and renew their efforts and prayers for holiness? I send you a paragraph from my wife's letter to me, yesterday. -- W. H. B.

"I cannot expect, in a letter, to paint to you the exact state of the little garden the Lord has in my bosom. One thing I can say: it is fenced by sovereign grace, and guarded all round by the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God. It is watered every day by the sweet, refreshing dews of love divine, and occasionally, the showers of joy unspeakable and full of glory, make it all a pool. The well-spring of life in the midst of the garden, sends up unceasingly a fountain of sweet waters, making the trees of the garden neither barren nor unfruitful, but always abounding in the fruits of

the spirit. The Lord often walks in it, and always, in his temporary absence, leaves his image. It is always cheered by the rays of the Sun of righteousness, except when the Master's enemy sends clouds of darts. They sometimes obscure its brightness, but always fall ere they reach the walls."

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THE END