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**THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN, WALTER C. PALMER**  
**By George Hughes**

The Life of Walter Clarke Palmer, M.D.,  
And His Sun-Lit Journey To The Celestial City,  
With Introduction By F. G. Hibbard.

"But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect  
day. -- Proverbs 4:18

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**DEDICATION**

To Mrs. S. A. Lankford Palmer, the beloved surviving companion of Dr. Walter C. Palmer,  
late editor of the Guide To Holiness, "The Elect Lady" who for over sixty years has known the  
blessedness of Christian Purity, and has been a joyful witness of this rich grace, and who nobly  
shared the toils and triumphs of the dear departed one and to the friends of bible holiness of all  
Christian denominations, who love the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who are longing for  
the universal establishment of His Kingdom on earth, this volume is affectionately dedicated, with  
earnest prayer that all who peruse it may find in it a lasting benediction.

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## INTRODUCTION

The biographical literature of the Church ranks among its choicest treasures. Its peculiar value lies in its indisputable testimony to the Divine origin of the Gospel. It is the standing exponent before the world of that "hidden life in Christ" which is the essence and mystery of revealed religion. By this, more than by any verbal commentary, the common mind is assisted to form its truest ideas of the spiritual import of Holy Scripture. To those who have never experienced the power and excellence of the great salvation, we can offer no higher clew, no better test of its quality and virtue, than is obtained by a contemplation of its historical development in its effects on character and social life. Here only does it discover to the eye of the world its transcendence and its divinity.

The Gospel is a practical system. It is not a speculation, it is not a philosophy, it is not a hypothesis: it is a fact. It proposes to save men from sin, to elevate and restore humanity to its true, its original dignity, and thus realize the Divine idea in man's creation. In order to this it must fall into society as it is, grapple with the realities and temptations of the world as it "lies in wickedness," estranged from God -- that same world into which Christ came, and which "knew him not." It is here, by its transforming power, that it must win its way, and prove its origin to be of God. It is just here, and for this end, that the exemplary light and lives of holy men become witnesses of Christ. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be my witnesses."

And it is here also that New Testament revelation opens its doctrinal and ethical teaching, by a living portrait of a perfect human life and nature in the person of its blessed and adorable Author. But even the holy life of the immaculate Saviour is not sufficient to meet all the demands for exemplary living. It might be admitted that such a person as our Lord Jesus Christ -- "God manifest in the flesh" -- could lead an immaculate life, and still a doubt remain as to the extent and efficacy of grace in saving such a nature as we inherit, in such a world as this we live in. The question might still arise, "But what can the Gospel do for such a person as I, who am 'a man of

unclean lips, and who dwell amongst a people of unclean lips?" It is this question which is answered by the holy lives of those who can testify as an experience, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin;" "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." Here lies the sphere and here the exemplary office of Christian biography.

In the rank of witnesses of a full salvation, already referred to, the subject of the following memoir deserves a distinguished place. The placidity of his character, the gentleness of his manner, the transparency of his motives, the modesty and humility of his bearing, the suavity of his social intercourse, the outspoken benevolence of his spirit, the deep and earnest convictions of his heart, the calm reliance of his faith, and the glowing warmth of his Christian love, all marked him for the sphere he was to fill. Like the loving and beloved disciple, he could say, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life, declare we unto you, that ye may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." It was thus he presented and urged the glad tidings of that "more abundant life" and liberty which are in and through the Son of God. There was a peculiar mildness and yet earnest, attractive goodness and confidence in his address, which disarmed criticism and doubt, and left open the avenues to the heart. Men "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus."

At that crisis of his life when he resigned his medical profession, that he might devote his undivided time and energies to teaching and encouraging the Church to immediate and entire sanctification, Dr. Palmer acted under a profound conviction of the reality and immanent necessity of its experience. Nothing less could have moved him to such a choice; and of his Divine call to this he gave full proof. Great were the results of his labor, in joint and beautiful harmony with his gifted, now sainted "Phoebe, servant of the Church." Their sphere of operations widened, so that in England and America their "praise was in the Gospel throughout all the Churches." The great "opening of the books" in the day of judgment will alone reveal the full effects of this evangelism. Our heart gladdens at the memory of those gracious times. Men "stood in the ways, and asked for the old paths, Where is the good way, and walked therein, and found rest for their souls."

But it were to expect too much of human nature to suppose so good a work--the glory of the Gospel, and the specific doctrine and profession of the Methodist Episcopal Church--would pass without dissent or opposition. Opposition did arise, even to the height of persecution. It was so in apostolic times; it was so in the days of the Wesleys; it will be so to the end of time. "He that is born after the flesh will persecute him that is born after the Spirit." Holiness as a doctrine, and even as an experience, if it be only an indefinitely future and possible attainment, would not much disturb the carnal mind and provoke resistance. But it was the present necessity of this grace pressed upon the conscience as a duty, as a fitness for working in the Lord's vineyard, as an indispensable meetness for heaven, that roused the antagonism of the worldly mind. We refer to it here, not to awaken sadness, but to assure the reader that our sainted brother has not accomplished his life-work without sore trials and conflict -- more especially to say that, during the controversy he abated nothing of his work. Two rules were observed: first, to commit all to God, and take no part in the controversy, even for self-defense; and secondly, not to mention in the family, nor in any circles, the names of some who had been most bitter in their opposition. Meekly the work went on, and meekly the workers turned neither to the right hand nor to the left. The controversy continued in one form or another, in the Calvinistic or the Methodist Churches, for about fifteen years; but

throughout, the promise to the ancient Church at Philadelphia was verified, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

There is in the method of Revelation a recognition of our individuality. This is a feature which enters vitally into our identity, our accountability, and our distinguishable personality. The books of Holy Scripture are noticeably impressed with the individuality of their respective writers. Our Lord recognized this element in making choice of His apostles -- one a "son of consolation," and another a "son of thunder." There are in the Church "diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." These traits of individuality often operate to occasion corresponding phases of Christian experience in trials and triumphs, in cheerfulness or sadness, in boldness of faith or timidity of doubt. Dr. Palmer was a son of consolation, and his native diffidence and reserve might have kept him in obscurity but for his all-conquering faith, and purpose of entire consecration.

In yielding to the Divine call -- "Go work in my vineyard" -- he had more to overcome than some natures, perhaps most, would have experienced; and in his ready obedience he offers consolation and courage to all, especially to such as are of "little faith." In him we see what God can do for and through a self-distrusting yet wholly consecrated nature. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

The name of Walter C. Palmer must for ever stand associated with the advocacy and defense of the Scriptural doctrine of entire sanctification, as apprehended and taught by the Wesleys. They took great care to define and inculcate the doctrine as marking a distinct stage in the Christian life, a change distinct from regeneration, to be attained instantaneously. The Wesleyan doctrine contemplated sanctification as a blessing equally open and free to all, equally binding upon all, equally promised to all, equally necessary to all: that it should be sought from definite conviction of its necessity, by the full consecration of all the powers to God, through faith in the blood of the Lamb. The witness of the Spirit attesting this new life must also be sought and attained, for the Spirit of God is given "that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God."

These salient points in the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification were clearly and fully and constantly urged by our beloved departed brother, and in this work he "fulfilled his course." In the years of the future, -- "till the Lord come," -- when, as it was concerning the monumental stones at Gilgal, men shall ask, "What meaneth this doctrine of entire sanctification?" the lives and testimony of the Palmers, jointly with the leaders of Zion in all ages who have entered into this soul-rest, shall be given them as their full answer. Such Christian biography, the record of the holy living and happy dying of those who "overcome through the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony," is a blessed heritage to the Church, and must be esteemed as indicating, throughout all time, the true landmarks of orthodoxy, and the way-marks of the true, living, progressive Church. Casting off dead formalism on the one hand, and impalpable mysticism on the other, true Christian experience has grounded itself in the living, written Word, and has been that "light of the world" by which, so far as human instrumentality could go, "all who are wearied out with labor, and are heavy laden," have found and shall find their true rest in Christ. Death cannot silence these witnesses. Faith gives them a voice which echoes down the ages, so that "they being dead, yet speak."

F. G. Hibbard.

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## 01 -- A BRIGHT MORNING -- SERENE AND JOYOUS

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." Deut. 6:6, 7.

"The dearest gift of Heaven,  
Love's written Word of truth,  
To us is early given,  
To guide our steps in youth."

Christian life is a great study. It is a book of countless pages. The Divine signature is on every leaf. The annals of Christianity in this respect are very rich. For nearly nineteen centuries men of thought, of all classes, have been pondering the lessons contained therein.

Since the opening of the New Testament dispensation, lives of peculiar excellence have been presented -- symmetrical, potential lives. They have made indelible impressions upon the age, shaking thrones, affecting the destiny of kingdoms, and of the world itself.

Every such life is like a noble river coursing its way to the sea. As we stand on its bank and mark its steady flow along its well-appointed channel, scattering beauty and fertility on every side, we are filled with admiration. And the natural impulse is to trace it to its source, and to follow it in all its windings until we see it pour its wealth into the bosom of the ocean. Going back to its mountain origin, we shall find there a little rivulet trickling down the rocky heights, gathering volume as it rolls, until it attains its fullness in the plains below, and has a majestic sweep toward its destination.

And it is interesting to note how easily the direction of that river was determined in the beginning. It is said that "near the top of one of the loftiest summits of the Rocky Mountains, more than ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean, are two fountains, so near, and so nearly on a level, that it would be no great stretch of the power and art of man to divert the streamlet which flows from either fountain into that which issues from the other. If you follow the course of one of these infant rivers, you find it, from some slight inclination of the plain, taking an easterly direction and, after traversing for some distance the broad plateau in which it rises, descending from valley to valley, receiving every few miles a fresh impulse from some tributary stream, until at length, uniting with a thousand others, it finds an ocean home in the Gulf of Mexico, through the mouth of the great 'Father of Waters.' If now, retracing your steps to the point of departure, you follow in like manner the course of the other stream, you find yourself descending gradually in a westerly direction until, by a process exactly the counterpart of the former, you are led through the mouth of the Columbia into the bosom of the great Pacific. To go from the terminus of one stream to the terminus of the other, you must overcome an ascent of more than ten thousand feet and travel not less than five thousand miles. Yet in their outset these two streams were neighbors. Neither of them seemed to have any positive or determined bias one way or the other. A very ordinary amount of

effort would seem to be sufficient to make the easterly stream run west, or the westerly stream run east."

Human life is as easily turned as the course of the river in its beginning. A trivial matter may determine its direction. The little streamlet may be led into this or that channel as the operating forces may ordain. Under Christian auspices it is grand to contemplate: under worldly sway the issues are frightful.

It is our privilege in these pages to trace a beautiful and influential Christian life -- a life taking its rise like a little rivulet at Mount Calvary, widening and deepening as it rolled, producing fertility and fruitage on every hand. Such a life was that of Dr. Walter C. Palmer, who recently finished his earthly course. His name is familiar to the thousands of our Israel in our own and in transatlantic lands. We invite the reader to stand with us under the lustrous morning rays and see the beginning of this eminent Christian life. There is nothing more attractive than, amid the early morning streaks in the clear and glorious heavens, to scale mountain heights, breathe the pure, invigorating atmosphere, and listen to the early songs of the birds, as we search for the source of the river which has attracted our attention and excited our admiration. But how much more pleasurable, a thousand-fold, is it to ascend the lofty altitudes of grace, to note the first outflowings of spiritual life under the genial rays of the Sun of righteousness, giving promise of future increase and glory!

Walter Clarke Palmer was the son of Miles and Deborah Clarke Palmer, and was born near Middletown, N. J., February 9, 1804. When he was three months old his parents removed to the city of New York, which became his permanent residence until removed to his heavenly home. His parents were Methodists. They opened their house for the holding of the weekly class-meeting, of which Phineas Rice, a devoted servant of Christ, was the leader. Those gatherings of God's people for prayer and testimony made a lasting impression upon Walter's tender mind. Often, in later years, did he make grateful mention thereof.

This, added to the consistent example, instructions, and prayers of his devoted parents, early led him to seek and find the blessed Jesus. The joys of that early consecration, however, had a brief interruption. "Frequently, even in after-life," says his beloved surviving companion, "I have heard him refer to the temptation that wrested from him his joy in the Lord. In his ninth year, while at play with some rude boys, he was made angry. His joy was gone and, instead of looking to Jesus for pardon, he yielded to the temptation that Jesus could not love him any more. The fear of the Lord continued, but the joys of salvation were not regained until his thirteenth birthday. He said he had heard if he made a wish when he saw a star shooting through the heavens, that wish would surely come to pass. In his childish innocence he always wished he could be converted."

The sweet consciousness of adoption into the Divine family was not long deferred. The outbreathings of his young heart, under the gracious prompting of the Holy Spirit, brought a speedy answer from Heaven.

The most important event of life, the conversion of his soul to God, took place at the age of thirteen: a fact, from among thousands, which proves that the Divine and saving influences of the

Holy Spirit on the hearts of children are not, as many erroneously suppose, ephemeral. Numerous interesting and well-attested facts declare the contrary.

Thousands of parents mourn the profligate course of wayward children, who might have had their offspring walking hand in hand with them in the paths of usefulness and piety had they pursued the course which Dr. Palmer's parents did with their son. These parents first gave themselves to God, and then trained their infant charge for immortality and eternal life. To the glory of grace it is due to say that he was, from a very early age, under the restraining, guiding influence of the all-gracious Spirit. He was particularly the companion of his pious parents. With them he walked to the house of God in company, and talked of the blessed ways of Zion; and from an early age he learned experimentally that,

"The way of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields  
Or walk the golden streets."

He said all along through his early childhood he had one standing wish, and that was that he might know that he was truly born of the Spirit, and that his sins were all blotted out. This happy privilege was awarded him on his thirteenth birthday.

Though so young, his desire for usefulness had already developed itself, and he stood one among a noble band of Sabbath-school teachers. All the week prior to the Sabbath which was to usher in his thirteenth birthday he had been thinking, "What a blessed birthday would it be for me if I might know on Sabbath that this long unsettled question in regard to my adoption could be decided by my being consciously born into the kingdom of grace!" According to the faith of his youthful heart it was done unto him. On that eventful Sabbath, in the large room where the Sabbath-school was held, an opportunity was given for all who desired to, confess their need of an interest in Jesus to manifest it, when young Walter nobly came forward to confess openly, in gratitude to his Saviour, the desire for salvation that had so long been the moving principle of his heart.

Amid a company of sorrowing penitents he knelt, and from the outgushings of his inmost heart began to cry, "My Saviour, save me, me!" As he thus began and continued to plead, unmindful of the presence of any but the Saviour, at whose feet he was now casting himself. The superintendent of the Sabbath-school, who greatly loved the work of directing lambs to the fold, knelt down by him and began to whisper, in loving, assuring terms, "My little son, and is not Jesus your Saviour? You are saying 'My Saviour, my Saviour!' and is he your Saviour?" "Yes, He is my Saviour, my Saviour!" exclaimed the youthful believer; and in a moment "the oil of joy was given for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

The genuineness of his early conversion was fully demonstrated. Walter at once became a worker for Jesus, and he was ever ready to testify of the blessedness of his Christian espousals. To his young companions, especially, he delighted to tell the story, seeking to draw them to the bosom of the Good Shepherd.

The Sabbath-school presented an inviting field for his efforts. While yet in his thirteenth year he was appointed a teacher, exercising his gifts for the glory of his new Master. In this blessed employ he took great delight, and cheering evidences were afforded that his labor was not in vain in the Lord. Here was the blossoming of those holy activities which in after-life produced such abundant fruit.

It has been said, truthfully,

"A flower when offered in the bud is no vain sacrifice."

Here was the flower of a human life offered in the bud to Jesus. The results of this act of consecration will not fully appear until the opening of the records of eternity. Some of the immediate effects, however, should be noted, that the reader may be duly impressed with the importance of child-conversion.

In past years the Church has not clearly apprehended the immensity of her resources in this department. Even Christian parents were strangely lacking in faith touching this matter. They did not expect the hearts of their tender offspring to be linked to the cross while in the freshness and beauty of childhood, Bible-teachings should have given them loftier hopes and led them to corresponding action. A fact or two here will illustrate this slowness of parents to recognize the divine order.

A girl thirteen years of age found her Saviour. When she acquainted her mother with the fact, the tearful reply was, "God has heard my prayers. I expected that you would be converted when you were thirteen." "But, mother, I often felt like submitting to Christ when I was only four or five." "Did you, dear child?" said her mother -- "but I did not expect it then. I was only sowing the seed. I did not expect you would be a Christian until you were thirteen."

In a Chinese Christian family at Amoy, a little boy, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made reply, "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. I am only a little boy: it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the child was ere long baptized.

Ministers of the Gospel, too, with the Christian system standing out before them in its colossal proportions, were circumscribed in vision and in action respecting this important matter. Even Old Testament examples might have given them larger views -- such examples as the child Samuel and the youthful Josiah, who were in beautiful consecration to the Lord. And, surely, the latter dispensation, the glorious Gospel dispensation, they might surely have concluded, would have worked out even grander results, ranging the childhood of Christendom under the banner of Prince Jesus. A fact just here will illustrate how this ministry failed to apprehend the designs of Christ.

A little girl of seven years came forward on an invitation given by a minister to those who wished to join the Church. He passed her by because of her size, simply telling her she must join the Church when she was old enough. Three times she came; and the minister says he felt sharply reproved when she asked, "Am I not old enough to love Jesus now?"

It is reported that in early times the crocodiles became so numerous and troublesome to the inhabitants along the Nile that they made great efforts to destroy them, and cried to their god Osiris to help them. Then a little animal, the ichneumon, appeared. "Behold, Osiris sends help!" said a priest. "How dost thou mock us!" said the people. "Wait for the issue, and confide in the Supreme Power. By the hand of Deity great things may be brought to pass by means apparently trifling," answered the priest. The little animal went about destroying the eggs and young of the crocodile, and soon released the land of its plague, which all the people failed to do. "See!" said the wise priest, "if you wish to extinguish an evil, attack its germs and roots; then a trifle may do what afterward the united efforts of many will fail to accomplish."

We have been too much disposed to act like the misguided inhabitants of the Nile region. We have thought it desirable to wait until evil had attained its full growth, and then we would attack it in its strongholds, expecting in the use of approved weapons to exterminate it. Alas, for us! While we have waited, the deadly brood has overspread the land and baffled our mightiest efforts. Now, however, we have laid hold of heavenly wisdom, and have received help, not from the god Osiris, but from the God of Israel; and the truth of His Word, early imparted to the tender mind, destroys the horrid progeny of sin, ridding the land of the presence and power of evil.

A bright day has dawned upon us! The Sabbath-school institution, now in such successful operation, and the specific efforts for the conversion of children made through this instrumentality, have widened the compass of the vision of the Church and the sweep of her scepter. She is now understanding, as never before, that "the promise is unto us and unto our children." Her grip is also strongly laid upon the promise of Isaiah: "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." The authoritative words of Jesus, too, have a pervading influence: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven" -- as also his command to Peter: "Feed my lambs."

"There was an abbot who desired a piece of ground that lay conveniently for him. The owner refused to sell it, yet, with much persuasion, was contented to let it. The abbot hired it for his rent, and covenanted only to farm it with one crop. He had his bargain, and sowed it with acorns -- a crop that lasted three hundred years. Thus the Lord begs but for the first crop. Let Him sow childhood with acorns, and they will grow up with advancing years to sturdy oaks, so large and deep-rooted that they shall endure for life."

The conversion of Walter Palmer had, in the first place, a preservative influence.

Naturalists tell us that the leaves of a certain tree are exceedingly offensive to venomous serpents. A traveler relates, "that seeing a bird exhibit great alarm and distress without any obvious cause, he watched its motions, saw it repeatedly fly to a certain tree, pluck a leaf from its branches and, returning, deposit it carefully in its nest. After having thus wrought for a while, the mother-bird perched on a branch overlooking her nest, and there watched the slow progress of a large serpent which her vigilant eye had discovered ascending the tree. Coiling itself around the tree, it slowly ascended until, with glistening eye and open mouth, its head was lifted above the edge of the nest. As it came in contact with the leaves with which the bird had covered her young, the serpent dropped as quickly from the tree as though its head had been shattered by a bullet."

Early piety was to Walter Palmer what those leaves placed around the nest by the mother-bird were to her young brood. When this tender youth was led by the loving hands of a Christian mother to Christ, aided by her excellent class-leader, leaves from the tree of life were woven around him, so that the insidious approaches of the great serpent were rendered harmless. His young life was placed in the keeping power of "The Mighty to save," and he could sing, so confidently!--

"While Thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest?  
Sin, earth and hell, I now defy;  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast!"

Naturally possessed of a strong will, mirthful disposition, tender sensibilities, and ardent temperament, we can easily see how these characteristics, unsanctified by grace, might have given him a strong bias for evil. Happy, thrice happy, this young soldier who, on his thirteenth birthday, had these powers marshaled on the side of Christ! His strong will was thenceforward set Godward. His buoyant spirit, wreathed in smiles, tasted "the joy of the Lord which is our strength." His tender sensibilities under the molding hand of the Divine Potter took on beautiful shapes. His ardent temperament carried him out on lines of holy activity, giving him "a zeal according to knowledge." That was indeed the setting of this young life heavenward, for which thousands will praise God throughout eternity.

Another of the immediate effects of this early conversion was its educational potency. A child needs to be brought early under the care of approved educators. To wait until the lines of manhood are being drawn upon the brow would be foolish in the extreme. Every intelligent parent, therefore, endeavors to bring his child early to enjoy the advantages of school-discipline. Under skilled instructors, truth then finds easy access to the opening mind, making its wonted impressions. Character is thus developed, preparing for the verities of after-life.

If this be true as regards the intellectual faculties, much more is it true of the spiritual faculties of the child. He should be early introduced into the School of Christ. He is the Master Teacher: "Never man spake like this man" -- his enemies themselves being judges. He it is that can bring to bear upon the plastic nature the mightiest educational forces. By the agency of the Holy Spirit the Christ-likeness is revealed and transferred to the humble disciple, so that he may,

"Bright with borrowed rays divine,  
His glorious circuit run."

Our young friend was thus early initiated into the School of Christ. His young heart at once felt the presence of the Great Teacher. The perfect life-model was set before him. The infallible Text-Book, every page glowing with the Spirit's light, was placed in his hands. He became measurably conscious, at least, of the immense wealth thus brought into his possession. It was indeed the seal of destiny. Thus from his youth he knew the Scriptures, and they became his life-preserver in all following years.

It would be deeply interesting could we be permitted to enter into the minutiae of the youthful life of our beloved friend. What precious hours of communion with his Saviour, in the blush of the morning, and again in the stillness of the evening hour! What joyous searchings of The Word! How its wise teachings, its bright examples, and its incomparable sanctions must have delighted him! Surely the words of the Psalmist must have been upon his lips: "O, how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day... Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies... I understand more than the ancients, because I keep thy precepts... Therefore I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold!" And as new beauties were daily discovered in the Sacred Book, his heart must surely have longed for fuller revelations, praying as did the inspired servant of God: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law!"

We know that careful Bible-study must have been followed in those early years in order to form the habits which in after-life so signally characterized him. He carried a copy of the sacred treasure in his pocket, and to it he was constantly having recourse, seeking to be thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

One more effect of this early consecration of Walter Palmer to Christ must be observed, viz., its martial discipline. It was a preparation for holy warfare. This young soldier had a commission for active service in the field, under the Captain of his salvation. Hence he needed equipment and drill.

In order to make good soldiers our country has its military schools. Competent officers take the young cadets in hand, give them systematic instruction in military science, and daily practice, so that they may be qualified for active service.

"It is said that Alexander the Great attained such a powerful army, whereby he conquered the world, by having children born and brought up in his camp. They became so well acquainted and exercised with weapons, from their swaddling-clothes, that they looked for no other wealth or country but to fight." And it is the purpose of the Lord of hosts to enlist childhood in his service, the more effectually to circumvent the designs of the Chieftain of darkness, and to usher in the millennial glory of his kingdom.\* [\*From this remark, I suspect that the author, F. G. Hibbard mistakenly believed -- as did many zealous Christians in those days -- that the advancement of the Gospel would usher in the Golden Millennium. -- DVM] Hence the declaration of the Psalmist: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." The Church has yet to learn the full power of converted childhood. The light is breaking, and the plenitude of her resources in this direction will be apprehended ere long.\*

[\*The above, bright prediction of F. G. Hibbard did not come to pass, nor shall it, until the Second Advent of Christ. The blazing revivals of the 19th Century made the commencement of the Golden Age seem near to such as Hibbard, but Church History now shows how sadly and totally mistaken that expectation was. -- DVM]

Early conversions are not evanescent like "the morning cloud and the early dew." The lovely graces of the Holy Spirit are brightly exemplified in Christian childhood, and its influence is wide-reaching.

"Count Zinzendorf, when a boy, used to write notes to the Saviour and throw them out of the window, hoping that He would find them. Later in life, while journeying, he sent back his companion, that he might converse more freely with the Lord, with whom he spake audibly."

"President Edwards gives a narrative of Phoebe Bartlett, a child only five years old. Her religious experience was wonderful. For seventy years she testified to the gracious love of God in revealing himself to her when she was a child. In the memoirs of Dr. Justin Edwards it is stated that the heavenly conversation and Christian spirit manifested in her last sickness were the means of bringing him to the enjoyment of spiritual life. So that, although she was not permitted to preach the Gospel in public, she was made instrumental in leading another person to do so with eminent success."

Mrs. Mary D. James was a striking example of the beauty and the permanency of early piety. She was converted when about ten years of age. And, although it was predicted that her devotion would soon end, those who so declared proved to be false prophets. From the time of her consecration to Christ, she pursued her course steadily. She passed from childhood to womanhood under the genial rays of the Sun of righteousness, developing a character of surpassing loveliness and a life of eminent usefulness. Her early life forms a most interesting memoir, entitled "Mary, or the Young Christian," which graces many of our Sabbath-school libraries. It is sad that this literature of the higher order is being greatly superseded by trashy publications.

And as it was with this holy woman, whose earthly career was so fragrant, and whose departure was so triumphant, so also with the subject of this memoir. Beginning at thirteen the journey to the Celestial City, he had indeed a "sun-lit" path, as will be shown in the following pages.

Bishop Janes was once preaching on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. His description of the translation of the persecutor of the Nazarene "from the power of darkness into the kingdom of His (God's) dear Son" was eloquent. At length, becoming vehement, he cried out, "Bless God, he was not only converted, but he stayed converted!" Thus also with Walter Palmer: he was not only converted -- clearly, soundly converted -- but he stayed converted; the seal of perpetuity was upon his consecration to Christ. And the annals of Christendom teem with such examples, and they are lustrous.

Young Christians are Christ's cadets. They are under martial training. The armor provided is complete. Their feet are shod with "a preparation of the Gospel of peace." The "helmet of salvation" is placed upon their head. Their breast is covered with "the shield of faith." The girdle of truth is drawn around their loins. In their right hand is placed "the sword of the Spirit which is the WORD OF GOD." With this well-tempered weapon they are to cut their way through embattled legions and "drive the alien armies back."

Walter Palmer was one of Christ's cadets. He had blessed aptitudes. He entered spiritedly into the training-school. He was ambitious to be a good soldier, doing valiantly. His Captain saw his capacity and his loyalty, and gave him an honorable commission.

Mr. Spurgeon said at one time: "I have, during the past year, received forty or fifty children into Church membership. Among those I have had at any time to exclude from Church-fellowship, out of a Church of twenty-seven hundred members, I have never had to exclude a single one who was received while yet a child." This is a remarkable statement. Many other ministers give confirmatory testimony. The whole history of the Church shows that those who have done most valorously in Christ's cause have been converted in early life.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler says: "The most important ten years of human life are from five to fifteen years of age. The vast majority of those who pass twenty and remain irreligious are never converted at all. Dr. Spencer tells us that, out of two hundred and thirty-five hopeful converts in his Church, one hundred and thirty-eight were under twenty years, and only four had passed their fiftieth year. I have been permitted, during my ministry, to receive nearly one thousand persons into the Church on confession of their faith; and not one dozen of these had outgrown their fiftieth year. I did, indeed, once baptize a veteran of eighty-five; but the case was so remarkable that it excited the talk and wonder of the town. Such late repentances are too much like what the blunt dying soldier called 'flinging the fag-end of one's life into the face of the Almighty.' "

As our narrative proceeds, the reader will clearly perceive the connection between Walter's youthful espousals to Christ and the successes of mature life.

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## 02 -- MANHOOD IN CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT -- BEAUTY AND STRENGTH

"And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." -- Ephesians 4:24.

"Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart:  
His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
Have fixed my roving heart."

Christianity has its babyhood and its manhood. This truth is clearly taught in the New Testament. Paul, writing to the Hebrew converts, who were then in their spiritual infancy, says: "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." Here, therefore, the one in the first stage of Christian experience is exhorted to go on to the second stage. He is to leave the rudiments of Christian knowledge and take hold of the higher branches. Like a child at school who has mastered the first principles and is introduced to a second and more advanced department, so is it in the Christian life.

The babyhood and the manhood states of Christian experience and life are well defined in the New Testament. Babe-hood in Christ is inexpressibly glorious. All past transgressions are forgiven; the sinful dominion is broken; all the graces of the Spirit are implanted, in the new birth. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" -- every power of the regenerated nature is set Godward. This childhood-state, or the state of Justification as it is commonly called, is not to be underestimated. The justified one, the babe in Christ, is without

condemnation. " Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Nor is it a wilderness-state, as sometimes erroneously represented, nor a state of legality or bondage, but of exalted freedom: Christ himself says, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The justified person walks in the light of the Divine countenance, having within him the witness of the Spirit to his adoption into the family of heaven. Any attempts, therefore, to minimize justification arise from grievous misconceptions of Gospel truth, and are hurtful to the cause of Christian holiness.

But there is a manhood-state as clearly defined as that of infancy in Christ. Paul in writing to the Ephesians, after describing the various orders of Christian workers, says that they are "for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

There is, therefore, a coming unto (not simply toward, but unto) "a perfect man, and the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." This is what is usually termed Entire Sanctification, or "Christian Holiness." It is the "Central Idea Of Christianity," that peculiar doctrine: and experience which Mr. Wesley declared the Methodists were raised up to spread over all lands. In later years other branches of the Evangelical Church have received gracious illuminations upon this subject. Many in these sister-communions are claiming their privilege in Christ, and are uniting for the spread of Scriptural Holiness.

The manhood-state of Christian life includes two things: 1st. The utter extinction of sin, the natural birth-principle, which is not removed in justification; 2d. The bringing of the graces of the Spirit, all of which are implanted at conversion, to perfection -- perfection in nature but not in degree. This manhood-state, therefore, marks emphatically the growth-period of Christian life. All obstructions to growth being removed by the destruction of remaining carnality, the believer is enabled to grow up into Christ his Living Head.

Professor Upham says: "The distinction which is made in the Scriptures between the two is regarded so obvious and incontrovertible by most writers that it has naturally passed as an established truth into treatises on theology."

Bishop Hamline says: "That this perfect love, or entire sanctification, is specifically a new state, and not the mere improvement of a former state, or of regeneration, is plainly inferred from the Bible."

Dr. Adam Clark said to a friend who had been misinformed in regard to his views of entire sanctification: "As to the words which you quote as mine, I totally disclaim them. I never said, I never intended to say them. I believe Justification and Sanctification to be widely distinct works."

This explicit declaration of the eminent commentator should be noted. An attempt has been made to show that he was Zinzendorfian in his views, thereby doing great injustice to one who held strictly to Wesleyan teaching on this subject.

Rev. William Taylor, now "Bishop for Africa," in his very lucid work on "Infancy and Manhood," quoting the passage: "When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one

teach you again, which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk is unskillful in the word of righteousness; for he is a babe" -- remarks: "What a glorious event in the history of any soul, to be born again, to become a babe in Christ, an event that he will celebrate in eternity; but to remain a babe is to become a dwarf, and fail to attain the end for which we were born.

"The persons defined by St. Paul, in this extract from his letter to the Hebrews, appear to have been of this class. He represents them as babes -- not new-born babes; old babes they were, old enough to be men and teachers, but their experience and Christian bearing were characterized by infantile imbecility."

Dr. George Peck says: "The doctrine of entire sanctification, as a distinct work wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost, is the great distinguishing doctrine of Methodism. This given up, and we have little left which we do not hold in common with other denominations. The position that justification and entire sanctification take place at one and the same time, and that regeneration and entire sanctification are identical, is clearly contrary to the position taken by our standard theologians."

Mr. Wesley says: "Sanctification begins in the moment when a man is justified. Yet sin remains in him, yea, the seed of all sin, till he is sanctified throughout." Again he says: "We do not know a single instance, in any place, of a person's receiving in one and the same moment remission of sins, the abiding witness of the Spirit, and a new and a clean heart."

Dr. Clarke says: "I have been twenty-three years a traveling preacher, and have been acquainted with some thousands of Christians, during that time, who were in different states of grace; and I never, to my knowledge, met with a single instance where God both justified and sanctified at the same time." How strange that the writer of such a sentence should be classed with Zinzendorffians!

Rev. J. A. Wood, in his work on "Perfect Love," says of our Hymnology: "The Hymn-Book teaches a distinction. Every edition from the first has contained a specific class of hymns on Sanctification. These hymns, more numerous than those on any other subject, were written principally by the Wesleys, to define, defend, and promote entire sanctification, in early Methodism, when it was greatly controverted. In the changes made in the Hymn-Book from time to time, during the past century, many sweet and clearly defined hymns on this subject have been left out. Still our Hymnal contains a beautiful and choice collection upon it. The following selections show the tone of the doctrinal teaching therein:

"Speak the second time, Be clean,  
Take away my inbred sin;  
Every stumbling-block remove,  
Cast it out by perfect love."

"The seed of sin's disease,  
Spirit of health, remove;  
Spirit of finished holiness,

Spirit of perfect love."

"Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole."

The time intervening between the infancy and manhood of Christian life differs according to the light that individuals receive and the improvement which they make of the light. Some, under the Spirit's illuminations, see their privilege, and at once lay hold of it. Others, quenching the light of the Spirit, protract the struggle with inward carnality, and for many years have a wilderness-march before they reach the promised land.

Happy those who, with "the resolute few," changing the phraseology of one of our familiar hymns, are ready to say,

"E'en now I will at once go up,  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess!"

Those who thus resolve make a speedy passage of the Jordan, and become permanent dwellers in the goodly land -- "the land of corn and wine and oil."

Walter C. Palmer was in the succession of Caleb and Joshua, who said, "We are well able to go up and possess the land." By the communications of Divine strength he was enabled to claim his inheritance.

Providential circumstances favored his obtaining the grace of Christian holiness at a comparatively early period of his Christian life. On September 28, 1827, he was united in marriage to Phoebe, daughter of Henry Worrall of New York. One competent to judge has well said: "Never were hands joined where hearts and tastes were more perfectly one." Those who have been most conversant with the two lives thus so happily blended concur in this judgment. Thenceforward their hopes, their aims, their joys were one.

The beloved companion placed at his side at once entered upon her loving ministries. It was not, however, until about ten years after their marriage that she was brought to the experience of Christian holiness. Having entered definitely and joyously into this experience, she was speedily made a helper to her husband in this regard. Her fully consecrated life and glad testimonies deeply impressed his mind.

He saw his privilege, longed for its attainment, and entered earnestly upon its pursuit. With a willing heart he came to bring this new and richer oblation to Christ's altar. There was no severe or protracted struggle. Acting, as we have often heard him say, under the conviction that "entire consecration is no more than common honesty with God," he made the glad surrender of his body" (himself) as "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service." It was not the offering of a dead body as in conversion, "dead in trespasses and sins," but a body

quicken into life by regenerating grace. It was an intelligent response to the great command: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."

It was at a camp-meeting where this consecration of Dr. Palmer was made and accepted, attested by the fire descending upon the sacrifice. This may account for his love of camp-meetings so strongly evinced in afterlife. While there, pleading with great earnestness and using the words, "If thou wilt thou canst make me clean!" Jesus sweetly and authoritatively said, "I will; be thou clean!" Instantly healing virtue flowed to every part of his moral being. He was every whit made whole. His faith had brought him to the triumph-moment, and his "joy was unspeakable and full of glory."

From that auspicious period he was wholly the Lord's -- body, soul, and spirit -- time, talents, property -- all the Lord's. The sacrifice thus made was made once for all: ever afterward, as Rev. William Taylor expresses it, he was ready "to stand to the main facts."

The change wrought was a radical one, affecting his entire being and laying its broad impress upon his whole life. It did not change his temperament, but it hallowed his natural peculiarities and made them a power in the King's service. The rapid currents of thought and will and affection which had sometimes, heretofore, been prone to flow in earthly channels were now all turned into heavenly channels. He had indeed "put off the old man with his deeds," and put on "the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

It should be observed here, however, that this arrival at the point of Christian perfection did not make him perfect in judgment; hence he was liable to error and mistakes. Nor was he exempt from temptation, else he would have been above his Lord. Nor was he free from infirmities; infirmities are not sins, and the heart may be free from sin and yet we may be compassed with many infirmities. He was simply made perfect in love, and started under favorable auspices upon a career of Christian development.

The immediate effect of this fuller translation into the kingdom of "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" was to constitute him a witness of the power of Christ's blood to cleanse from all sin. In this he followed the Pentecostal model having, like the disciples, had his endowment, he became a witness. This is the law of the spiritual kingdom. The first impulse of one newly converted is to tell the pleasing story -- tell it in flowing tears, thrilling words, or triumphant songs.

So is it also when the second milestone is reached in the pilgrimage Zionward, when the all-cleansing blood is applied, the living Christ fully enthroned in the heart. Testimony is then the natural order. The joy of the Lord is too great to hold. For such a one to hold his peace would make the very stones cry out. We have no sympathy with the idea of a joyless or emotionless entrance into this kingdom; there is an "entrance ministered abundantly" into the Canaan of perfect love as well as into the heavenly Jerusalem.

Dr. Palmer became a true witness for his Lord, by a consistent life, and with joyful lips. When he opened his mouth in testimony, his words were well chosen and unctuous. No rash or

fanatical expressions were littered by him. He had intelligently grasped the prize, and in speaking of it self was debased and Christ exalted. He well understood that he had been fully saved, not by works, but by faith; hence boasting was excluded. The gift of Infinite Love had been placed in his hand, and he had simply closed his hand, saying, in childlike faith, "It is mine!" And, being the joyous possessor of the heavenly treasure, he was ready to declare, on all suitable occasions, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad."

In one of the interesting gatherings of the saints he said:

"Today I am thankful to say, in the words you have just been singing,

'All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
All my help from Thee I bring!'

I am enabled to claim Jesus as my full Saviour. I trust in Him now, and He saves me. The poet says,

'I hold Thee with a trembling hand.  
And will not let Thee go.'

It is not of much consequence how much the little child's hand may tremble, so long as its father holds it in his strong hand while it is being led safely along. So I am being led, relying implicitly on my Father's own word of promise that He will direct my steps."

From the time of Dr. Palmer's experience of perfect love Jesus became peculiarly precious. His name, His character, and His work were thereafter his life-themes. The Scriptures which had most direct reference to Jesus, and the hymns which were most fully freighted with His dear name, were his favorites. In fact, Jesus was the Alpha and Omega of his whole being. So captivated was he with "the chiefest among ten thousand," and the one "altogether lovely," that it was his common custom, in writing to friends, to subscribe himself, "Yours In Jesus, W. C. Palmer."

Those who have listened to his public addresses know how richly they were perfumed with the name of Jesus.

On one occasion he said: "The name of Jesus never sounded sweeter to me than this afternoon, and my heart goes out in thanksgiving for the words of the lesson just read: 'I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.' That work was the deliverance of his people from all sin. He came 'that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life.'"

He had strong faith in the power of Jesus' name to lay Heaven under contribution in behalf of God's dear children. At one time he beautifully illustrated this, saying, "The Father's love for Jesus is the measure of Jesus' love for us. God calls His children and ordains them for a special purpose, and in converting us creates a new power in the earth to win souls to Christ. We are not to go and bring forth fruit in our own strength, but Jesus says, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father

in my name, he will give it you.' The president of one of our banks was on a visit to Buffalo at the time of some political gathering, and while out in the evening his pocket was picked. He was an entire stranger in the city, but the next morning he went to the bank and inquired for the cashier, and related the circumstances of the robbery, and stated that he was president of a certain bank in this city and wished to borrow one hundred dollars. The cashier, not knowing but he was an impostor, eyed him very keenly, and then asked him to write his name as it was then customary for the president of a bank to sign its bills. When the cashier saw the signature, he said, 'Mr. A\_\_\_\_, you may not only have one hundred dollars, but a thousand if you wish it.' May we not expect the name of Jesus to bring to us what God sees we have need of? May we not ask for the gift of a clean heart in the name of Jesus? The blood of Jesus does cleanse from all unrighteousness, and I have the witness within that the work is done."

Thus all the way along it was Jesus -- Jesus the crucified; Jesus the risen Saviour; Jesus the all-prevalent Intercessor; Jesus the Prince of Peace, whose right it is to reign in every human heart. And O, how thrillingly he would often call for the singing of that hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name!"

Another prominent characteristic after his entire sanctification was the spirit of praise. He lived in an atmosphere of praise. Doxologies were often "welling up in his heart," and he called for saints on earth to utter their loud-ringing hallelujahs to mingle with the anthems of the redeemed in glory. He would emphasize the Scripture declaration: "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me, and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show my salvation." In daily life he was ready to say with the poet,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath--  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures."

And not alone when treading in sun-lit paths did he manifest this spirit, but also when dark clouds gathered in the heavens. Then, fully recognizing the fact of his Father's continued love, and that "Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face," he had still a song to sing in the dark and stormy night.

Another of the blessed fruits of holiness in the character of Dr. Palmer was the love-element. His highest conception of this state was love, perfect love; love to God as its supreme object, and a fervent love for all men. And, in its manward exercise, love not to friends only, but to those who despitely used him or reviled his name.

The love-aspects of Christianity were the themes upon which he delighted to dwell -- the love of the Eternal Father in giving his only-begotten Son for our redemption; the love of the beloved Son who, in response to the Father's will, joyfully said, "Lo, I come, in the volume of the Book it is written of me, to do thy will, O God;" the love of the Holy Spirit interblending with that of the Father and the Son, for the solution of the problem of human salvation. This triune

manifestation of the love of the Deity engaged his profoundest thought and elicited his loudest hosannas.

And, subordinate to this, the love of each other, the "love of the brethren," as demonstrating the genuineness of professed love to Christ. Nothing bitter or censorious in spirit or utterance received any sympathy from him. Denunciations of the Church by misguided zealots were wholly at variance with his feelings. An incident will show his spirit in this regard:

Some years ago, in the Tuesday Meeting, a sister said, "The Lord had made her a sharp threshing-instrument having teeth." She verily thought that she had a commission from Heaven to scatter, tear, and slay. She had enlisted in the "Army of the Destructionists." Dr. Palmer, seeing the mischievous work that she was about to undertake, gave her a word of timely warning. "Sister," said he, "be careful; those who use such sharp instruments need to keep them well oiled!" Years afterward she testified that she had learned a good lesson from the doctor's excellent words.

Those who were ready with ruthless hands to tear down what the fathers had upraised with tears and sweat and blood he regarded as "the enemies of the cross of Christ." The poet well expresses the language of his heart concerning the Church:

"For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given.  
Till toils and cares shall end."

And this love was not with him a mere sentiment; it was an active principle, leading to becoming efforts.

He had an experience of what a certain writer thus beautifully expresses: "Love to Christ smoothes the path of duty, and wings the feet to travel it; it is the bow which impels the arrow of obedience; it is the mainspring moving the wheels of duty; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence. Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinews of spiritual strength; yea, the life of sincere devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sear leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity; it cannot be idle; it is full of energy, it cannot content itself with littles; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain; it is a giant, -- it heapeth mountains upon mountains, and thinks the pile but little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweet; it calls death life, and life death; and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment."

This principle of holy love shining so brightly in the character of the dear doctor was in constant exercise. An incident will show how he was led to sow the good seed of the kingdom, hoping for spiritual results:

When the life of William Carvosso was first published, he recommended it so highly to his father-in-law (Henry Worrall) that he was induced to present a copy to every member of his class. Soon after Dr. Palmer met with an old gentleman who began to load him with thanks, saying,

"Doctor, you have made my fortune for time and eternity!" "Brother Scobie," he replied, "I do not know that I have done you any special favor." "Indeed you have," said Brother Scobie. "You recommended the life of William Carvosso to your father-in-law, and he has given me a copy, and it has opened my eyes. I have found out that I am very rich, -- every promise in the Bible belongs to me, -- and I have taken possession of my estate!"

Though almost unknown before he took possession of his estate, the rich inheritance in Christ was at once claimed and made tributary to the great interests of Christ's kingdom by this devoted Christian man "Father Scobie," as he was afterward called, immediately became a most earnest Christian worker and instrumental in bringing many souls to God. His last years were spent in the city of St. Augustine; poor in this world's goods, yet so highly respected as a Christian and for his blessed benevolent activities, that at his death it is said the whole city seemed to be in mourning, and every store was closed on the day of his funeral.

To this manhood-state of Christian life Dr. Palmer attained -- the high estate Of pure love. And "being rooted and grounded in love," he was "able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." He came "in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man" (perfect in love), "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." And upon this foundation of manly Christian character, so broadly and strongly laid, there was built a spiritual superstructure which remained undisturbed by life's mutations, reflecting the glory of the master-builder, Christ.

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### 03 -- A WELL-CHOSEN PROFESSION -- TWICE BLESSED

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." -- Psalm 37:23.

"Beneath His watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up  
Shall guard His children well."

The doctrine of a special providence exercised by our all-wise and loving Father toward His children is very explicitly taught in the Scriptures, and is very full of comfort. Indeed, the fact of the filial relationship implies this. What loving earthly father would leave his child without proper guidance or guardianship? The natural prompting of the parental heart is to provide for the child and to shield him from destroying influences.

How much more, then, does our Heavenly Father watch over His dependent children whom He loves, and to whom He has given such precious promises! It is written, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." How beautifully is this truth presented in the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ! He gently chided His disciples for their undue solicitude. He saw the lines of care upon their brow. Hence he said unto them, "Take no thought for your life" (no anxious thought), "what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on." To emphasize

this teaching, He gave them a lesson from the open book of nature. "The ravens," He said, "neither sow nor reap, and have neither storehouse nor barn, yet God feedeth them." "The lilies of the field toil not, they spin not; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these... Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

"Your Father knoweth"! Ah! that is the guaranty of adequate supplies! What earthly father knowing that his son had need would not fly to his relief, though he were on the other side of the globe? He would, if it were possible, take the first ship and hasten to pour his bounty into the lap of his suffering child. And a thousand times more ready is our Heavenly Father to listen to the cry of His children. Angels wait to do His pleasure in behalf of His loving sons and daughters. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" The prayer of a child of God, lifted to the throne by the intercessory power of the Holy Ghost, holds the angels in exultant expectancy of an earthward mission.

And this gracious providence extends to all the minutia of life, compassing the temporal as well as the spiritual interests. How marvelous the declaration of Jesus: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered"! The life-connection with Christ being established and maintained, all is well. We may "give to the winds our fears, hope and be undismayed." If at any time anxiety invade the mind, the words of the Good Shepherd will dissipate it and re-assure us: "Be ye not of doubtful mind"! The noble Melancthon, when he used sometimes to be anxious and troubled, would chide away his fears by saying, "Let Philip cease to rule the world!"

This doctrine of Divine Providence has been a favorite theme upon which Christian writers have loved to dwell.

Dr. Guthrie says: "Providence has no Sabbath. No night suspends it; and from its labors God never rests. If I may compare small things with great, it is like the motion of the heart. Beating our march to the grave, since the day we began to live, the heart has never ceased to beat. Our limbs may grow weary, not it. We sleep, it never sleeps. Needing no period of repose to remit its strength, by night and by day it throbs in every pulse and, constantly supplying nourishment to the meanest as well as the noblest organs of our frame, with measured, steady, and unfired stroke it drives the blood along the bounding arteries, without any exercise of will on our part, and even when the consciousness of our own existence is lost in dreamless slumber."

Thus steady and constant are the pulse-beats of that wise and beneficent providence which is exercised by our Heavenly Father in this world of living intelligences. Thomson beautifully says:

"There is a power  
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world.  
That guides its motions from the brightest star  
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mold;  
While man, who madly deems himself the lord  
Of all, is naught but weakness and dependence.  
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,  
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone;

Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,  
Was more sufficient for itself than thou."

Mystery, profound mystery, often shrouds this providential administration of the Infinite.

There are times when we stand so appalled in the presence of startling events that we are constrained to exclaim, solemnly yet adoringly: "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" But what is dark and inexplicable to us is as the noonday light to the eye of Omniscience.

It is, as one says, like a piece of tapestry. "I looked upon the wrong side: it seemed to me as a continued nonsense. There was neither head nor foot therein, confusion itself had as much method in it, -- a company of thrums and threads, with many pieces and patches of several sorts, sizes, and colors; all which signified nothing to my understanding. But then, looking on the reverse or right side thereof, all put together did spell excellent proportions and figures of men and cities; so that, indeed, it was a history, not written with a pen but wrought with a needle.

"So, if men look upon some of God's providential dealings with a mere eye of reason, they will hardly find any sense therein, such their disorder. But, alas! the wrong side is presented to our eyes, while the right side is in the view of the God of heaven, who knoweth that an admirable order doth result out of this confusion; and what is presented to Him at present may, hereafter, be so shown to us as to convince our judgments in the truth hereof."

Of one thing we may be assured, namely, that all God's orderings are in love, however inscrutable. Upon that great basal fact we may rest; it is a rock that cannot move. We may and should trust where we cannot trace. And this darkness gathering about our earthly allotments is to have an end --

"Wait thou His time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day!"

How sweet is the promise, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter"! Glad surprises await us in eternity. We shall read the volumes containing the records of Jehovah's providential dealings with wonder and delight.

In nothing, perhaps, does the Christian need Divine guidance more than in the selection of his earthly vocation. A wrong step here is often fraught with disastrous consequences. The subject of our memoir was undoubtedly directed of the Lord in this matter. His choice of the medical profession was wisely ordered.

From his youthful days, he felt that he was called to work in the Vineyard of the Lord. His mind was seriously impressed With the question whether it might not be his duty to give up his favorite project -- the study of medicine -- and enter upon the specific work of preparing for the holy ministry. But after-consideration convinced him that no calling on earth could be more Christlike, in its aims and purposes, than that of the pious physician. To be scientifically acquainted with the mechanism of the human body, built by an Almighty hand, and redeemed at an

infinite price for the purpose of being a habitation for God on earth-what an ennobling science! And to possess a correct knowledge of the healing art, so as to know how to go about doing good, not only to the souls of the redeemed race, but to their bodies also, would be treading in the footsteps of the heavenly Healer when on earth.

After completing his academic studies, in which he so succeeded as to meet the approval of his preceptors and the abiding love of his fellow-students, frequently bearing off the palm where patient, manly investigation was most required, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York.

He passed through all the required gradations of study in medicine and surgery with honor, unscathed by the blighting influence of irreligion and skepticism by which he was daily surrounded. Often has he been heard to adore the riches of grace, in reviewing the dangers to which he was exposed from skeptical surroundings during this critical period of his life, declaring that had it not been for the strong girdings of piety thrown around him in his youthful days, he must have fallen into some of the many snares laid for his feet.

As a medical man he soon became master of a large and lucrative practice. As years rolled on the pressure increased, and few have known more of the toils and pleasures of the successful physician. That there are toils and solitudes in the career of the faithful physician, of which other professional men may know but little, is true; but there is also satisfaction in the life of the successful, pious physician of which few can partake.

Nothing is more sure than that there is a point beyond which human science or skill, however mature, may not reach. "It is appointed unto men once to die," -- and to witness the dissolving tabernacle and weeping friends is sad; but even amid these dis severing ties how grateful the presence of the pious, sympathizing physician to the patient!

Though Dr. Palmer adopted medicine as his calling, and was favored with success above not a few of his fellows, it was a settled conviction with him that his secular business as a medical man should ever be manifestly subservient to the duties of his religious calling. If the toils of his profession were financially encouraging, these earthly gains were not heaped up in coffers. His belief was that the Christian man is as truly called to do a business for God, as the missionary among cannibals, or in unhealthy climes is called to minister for God. One is called to the self-sacrificing work of ministering with his open purse and prayers and well-concerted plans, and the other to present the sacrifice of home comforts and friends, time, health, and often of life -- "in the great cause of man's salvation greatly valorous." More than one prosperous mission owed its origin to plans with which he stood connected, and to which his ever-open purse offered the first installment.

His name long stood as one of the able board of managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America; and when the philanthropists of America began their first mighty movements against the monster Intemperance, he was chosen president of the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society -- we believe, the first total-abstinence society organized in the country. And so long as the arduous duties of his calling would admit, he retained his place as superintendent of a large Sabbath-school. However pressing the duties of his medical profession,

he succeeded in not permitting the demands of the outer life to trespass on the inner life. This, blended with the early training of grace, had much to do with the "promotion of that vigorous, winning, symmetrical piety by which his life was characterized.

In the pursuance of his profession, God was eminently glorified -- it was twice blessed. In the treatment of disease he was remarkably successful. For some years he practiced on old-school principles. He was, like many others of his profession, strongly prejudiced against the homeopathic system. Circumstances, however, led him to put it to the test, and the success was so marked that he was convinced of its efficacy, and having adopted it he ever after practiced it, never having cause to regret his change.

Many were lifted By his skillful hands from their couches of suffering, greatly to the surprise of themselves and friends, and were led to shower their benedictions upon the head of their benefactor. But the triumphs thus achieved were not altogether attributable to scientific skill. He was indeed a master in his profession, availing himself of the newest methods of treating human maladies. But his successes were largely due to special Divine sanctions upon his efforts. His patients were made subjects of prayer, and he looked for heavenly wisdom in the selection of remedies. Thus going forth under the blessing of our covenant-keeping God, he wrought wonders and conferred lasting blessings upon suffering humanity. How many have called him blessed in that he was made the instrument of turning aside the fatal hour, when the life of a father, mother, or darling child was involved!

The spiritual successes of his medical career were still more glorious. "What is your life?" inquires Holy Writ. "It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away." The body is a curiously and wondrously wrought piece of Divine mechanism. It demands and should receive our constant care. But what shall we say of the intelligent and immortal tenant of the body -- the soul? "What shall it profit a man," asks Jesus, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Dr. Palmer had a lively apprehension of its exceeding value. He had personally felt how terrible is the burden of sin. And he had been brought to know the joy of a soul delivered from that burden. Hence, when he went forth in the morning, instrumentally conveying healing and life to the bodies committed to his care, he felt that he was likewise ordained to be a minister of life and salvation to their souls. His natural cheerfulness made him an angel of gladness in the dreary chamber. There was light in his eye, love in his heart, and comfort in his words. His hands and mouth were full of the promises of the Father of mercies to lay upon troubled and bleeding hearts.

If he entered the room of one contrite in spirit, whose tear-dimmed eyes were turned toward Heaven imploringly, the sweet words of Jesus were at hand: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," If he came near the couch of a despondent one, hardly daring to turn a glance toward the mercy seat, but crying piteously, "There is no mercy for me, no mercy for me!" he had a balm ready to pour into that despairing soul. The message of the Father, "Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked;" or the gracious words of Jesus, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" -- these loving words were as excellent oil. As they were uttered the timid one gathered courage, looked and lived.

Had he occasion to visit one of God's dear saints, buffeted of Satan and "in heaviness through manifold temptations"? For such he had a cup of consolation. The apostle's declaration concerning our great High priest was exactly suited to his purpose: "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." Such a message, communicated at the right moment, had marvelous power. The adversary was foiled, and the tempted believer happily relieved.

Did he find one of God's elect in the fiery furnace, heated with unwonted intensity? Did the quivering flesh attest the severity of the ordeal? Was the soul of the sufferer tempted to relax its hold upon the covenant promises? Did the thought that "God had forgotten to be gracious" struggle for the mastery? Ah! under such circumstances the beloved physician had an unfailing remedy in that matchless promise, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." The effect of such an announcement, coming from the eternal throne, was electrical. The eye of the sufferer sparkled; joyous emotions filled his heart, and his lips uttered the great Deliverer's praise. And while tears coursed their way down his cheek, the warm "God bless you!" fell like the music of heaven upon the ear and heart of the honored servant of Christ.

Did these daily visitations call him to enter a desolate abode where poverty had left its deep impress? Did he find a heart groaning under the heavy pressure? What then? Was it burdensome to serve such a one without hope of reward? Nay, Verily! He counted it a joy "to lend, hoping to receive nothing again." It was done for Christ's dear sake who has linked Himself with the poor and the sick, and who will in the Judgment say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." Nor did he feel that he had fully discharged his obligations when medical aid had been rendered gratuitously. With willing heart and hand he often drew upon his purse to meet existing emergencies.

An incident or two may be given in illustration of the foregoing statements.

A sick man, through the instrumentality of our beloved physician, had found Jesus. An intelligent infidel lady in the family thought it was a happy delusion. However, she said if it continued, and there was no shrinking at the last, she would believe that there was a reality in Christianity. The hour came, and the Comforter did abide. The family was gathered to witness the departure of their loved one. The dying man said, joyously, "My eyes are closed to all of earth; I see none of you; but," he exclaimed, "O, the glory, the glory that I see beyond!" The infidel lady, with a shrill voice, cried out, "O, it's true, it's true F' and immediately gave herself in covenant to God, and received the Holy Ghost in a remarkable manner. Her aged father renounced his infidelity in which he had trained his children, and was thoroughly converted.

Then another daughter yielded, and was happily saved. The father lived a joyful Christian a few years, and left the Church militant in hope of a glorious resurrection. The two sisters thus saved have been for many years blessing the Church with their fearless testimony that Jesus saves His people from all sin, holding meetings in their own house for the promotion of holiness.

Memory holds dear an instance where a whole family was brought, to Jesus. Dr. Palmer had been called to attend a married daughter in a serious illness. Through his leadings, under God, she had accepted Jesus as her Saviour. She recovered and made a public profession of her faith. Soon her husband, father, mother, and sister came into the fold, and have continued as followers of Jesus.

Facts of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely, but these are sufficient to give the reader an insight into the beneficent results realized by the departed one in the prosecution of his earthly calling.

To these spiritual successes realized in the medical practice of Dr. Palmer, directly, we must add the victories won on his tours among the Churches. It is not our purpose, however, in this chapter to follow him and his beloved companion on their journeys of usefulness to any extent. To this a full chapter will be devoted. Nevertheless we cannot forbear to insert here some instances of the Divine leadings. The doctor loved to steal awhile away, as did also his companion, from the tumult of the great metropolis, and hold up the banner "all stained with hallowed blood." And it is pleasurable to note how the gracious hand of their Heavenly Father was stretched forth to protect them in times of peril. Mrs. Palmer in her journal gives an example:

We were sent for to attend the Boston camp-meeting, by the Rev. J. Porter, presiding elder of the district. Sister Sarah and myself went early in the week. Dr. Palmer joined us before the close of the meeting. I must record a remarkable preservation of our lives on our return from the New England campmeetings. While on board the elegant steamer Empire State, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, and the passengers mostly retired, the boiler burst. Truly, we could now, judging from appearances, say, "There is but a step between me and death." The consternation among the passengers was awful. Among the hundreds on board, we did not observe any that gave indication of a preparation for eternity. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," such a sweet consciousness had I of victory over death, that "all was calm and heaven within." "I know whom I have believed," was the language of my heart, and from an almost irresistible influence my lips began to pour forth in strains of melody, the peaceful confidence of my heart, in the words,

"While Thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest?" etc.

Sister Sarah united with me, and we sang the words to the beautiful, plaintive tones of the tune "We're going home to die no more." It really seemed, as we were singing, as though we were aided by a supernatural power, and I do not doubt but the strains fell in almost unearthly tones on the listeners. Immediately the scene began to change from wild consternation to more unimpassioned thoughts of the future, bringing into striking contrast the peaceful trust of the Christian and the sad insecurity of the worldling, who is trusting in the god of this world for happiness.

After we had finished these stanzas, we were entreated to repeat them. By this time Dr. Palmer came in, and we commenced the hymn, "How do Thy mercies close me round,, and with

his beautiful bass, the Lord helped us to discourse music which I do not doubt told on hundreds of hearts.

By the time we finished, the boat's company was calm, and the immediate and imminent danger seemed to have subsided.

The deck outside the ladies' cabin was filled with a dense fog, either from the bursted boiler, or the boat being on fire, or both.

The officers of the boat seemed unwilling to inform the people of the facts in the case. Whichever was the case, the difficulty was in some way braved, and after several hours' detention in the midst of Long Island Sound, we were again slowly on our way, reaching the city of New York the next afternoon, instead of early the next morning as due.

"There are some Methodists here!" exclaimed a passenger in the hearing of Dr. Palmer, as the sweet strains of the sanctified singers fell on the ears of the hushed and breathless throng of men who jammed the door and passage-way of the ladies' cabin, anxious for the safety of female friends. What a powerful testimony to the value of Methodistic doctrine and experience this involuntary exclamation was is apparent to all. And that all might have a similar experience, the consecrated three were toiling with all energy and diligence.

It was glorious indeed for them to travel to and fro in the name of the blessed Christ and witness the triumphs of the cross. Mrs. Palmer who on a certain occasion, when attending with the doctor a campmeeting at Cuba, N.Y., penned this jubilant note on the eve of our national anniversary:

July 3d. -- Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth! What shall I say of the manifestations of saving power today? During the morning it rained, and we could not have out-door services. Three or four tents were thrown into one, by the wish of the brethren. Husband and I occupied much of the time. Great grace rested on all. A number were sanctified wholly. The dear family who accommodated us off the ground were not forgotten. I had asked that the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple might not lose its reward, and a blessing worth more than thousands of silver and gold was awarded. The father of Sister De L., a member, I believe, of the Baptist communion, was filled with the Spirit, and spake as the Spirit gave utterance. Though deaf, and unable to hear anything that had been said in the meeting, he uttered sentiments in allusion to what had been said, just the same as though he had heard all. I could not regard this at all less than miraculous. A son of theirs, who is a minister, received the witness of holiness, in power, just about five minutes before we left the ground. Their two daughters promised, as we were leaving them, that they would never rest until they were wholly sanctified. Two other sons, who conveyed Dr. Palmer and myself in separate carriages from the ground to the cars, both received the grace of entire sanctification before we parted.

The case of the son who rode with me was one of singular interest. I had not much more than seated myself in the conveyance with him, when I asked, "Do you enjoy the blessing of holiness?... Everybody is telling me that I must preach, but I do not believe it," he exclaimed. "' I should be far from saying that you were called to preach," said I; "but this I know, that there is but

one way for me to come at duty, and that is by telling the Lord that I was willing to do the things suggested; all I want to know is His will concerning the matter, "for it is only those that will do His will that shall know of the doctrine." He seemed, for a time, evidently unwilling to know the will of the Lord, in this regard, concerning him; fearing to say he was willing, lest the duty might be made plain. But he became convinced that his position was wrong, and unsafe, and he yielded up his will on this point, and on doing this soon found it easy to yield up his whole being to God, through Christ. Then I began to tell him of the way into the holiest, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. Most quickly did he comprehend it, now that hindrances were removed. "How simple!" he exclaimed.

And thus will every one exclaim who complies with the condition upon which alone they may enter; and not until this is done can any man know of the doctrine, however much he may theorize, and in written volumes may publish his ignorance, or darken counsel. This brother now found that the promises were his, and he exulted in conscious possession of full salvation.

Dr. Palmer was engaged with the brother with whom he was riding, in a similar manner; and he also had had similar difficulties. This brother also, before he parted from us, entered into the rest of faith. Thus three brothers, sons of our excellent Brother and Sister De L., who had ministered so kindly to our temporal necessities, were, within two hours, filled with the perfect love of God.

To Mrs. Mary D. James, with whom Mrs. Palmer had frequent correspondence, she wrote at one time giving some remarkable instances of the saving power of God witnessed by herself and husband:

We returned from a meeting last week at Spafford, in Western New York. It was estimated that there were about one hundred and fifty conversions, and I should suppose that about the same number were wholly sanctified. I can give but a faint idea of the interest of the meeting, but I have a mind to tell you of two or three scenes which now come up vividly before me. One was the case of an inebriate, whose wife was a poor dejected wanderer from Christ, and who previously enlisted my sympathies. Her husband, who was yet more woe-stricken and humble in his appearance, came in while I was endeavoring to persuade his wife to return to Him from whom she had so deeply revolted. I remembered Him whose mission to earth was to gather the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and in His name I began to ask this forlorn-looking inebriate to return, for he too, with his wife, had once been a happy child of God. Spirituous liquors had made such fearful ravages upon him, in mind, body, and estate, that I do not wonder that a pious physician present should say, "If Sister Palmer's faith will reach that case, it will exceed my anticipations." His case literally reminded one of the sow that was washed and had returned to her wallowing in the mire, for at first there seemed to be but little more effect or intelligence in return to my affectionate inquiries than might be expected from such an animal. But the voice of kindness and entreaty, through the power of the Holy Spirit, gradually won upon him. Said I, "Will you not, in the strength of the Lord, -- not in your own but in the Lord's strength, -- promise that you will never again touch spirituous liquors? If you will trust in the Lord, you know He will help. But you cannot ask the Lord to help you to do a thing which you have not resolved to do." He caught the idea, and said, "I will resolve, in the strength of the Lord, never, again to touch it; never, NEVER!"

Immediately the Spirit helped his infirmities, and he began to cry, "Lord, have mercy on me and bless me, for Jesus' sake!" and thus he continued to cry. His wife also knelt beside him, and together they wept and pleaded for mercy. We labored with them till a late hour, but we left them weary and heavy laden. Soon after these had obtained acceptance, I conversed with another who also, through the prevalence of strong drink, had wandered far from his Father's house. He had been groaning and supplicating for mercy. "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy," said I. "Now do you confess and forsake your sins?... I do!" he exclaimed, when in a moment he bounded up and began to praise the Lord. Laying hold upon my hand, he cried out, "Bless you! Bless you!" And then springing over the bench, he flew to his wife and took her over to the place where he had been kneeling. She was also a backslider, and there they mingled their supplications, tears, and praises. Many scenes of interest, somewhat similar, did I witness.

Let me tell you of a contrast. The last night of the meeting came, when all the prominent men of the place, almost en masse, presented themselves for prayer. We were accommodated in the tent of the physician who received the blessing of holiness, the first day we came on the ground, and in this tent were gathered the lawyer of the place, with his lady, the squire and his lady, the principal merchant, all seeking religion, with others, occupying important stations; seeking for a renewal in grace, and confessing their faults one to another, it really seems as if the Lord intended to sweep the place and cause a new form of piety to prevail. There had been many backslidings, and the state of religion had been low -- very low. Those who had been professors saw that the difficulty with them had been that they had not obeyed God and gone on to perfection. God gave them some beautiful examples of what He was willing to do. One young lady, from one of the more prominent families, came forward, crying for mercy. Before she left her home, she had been told that not for a thousand dollars would they have her present herself at the altar. In a few moments the Lord gave her a joyful assurance of His justifying grace. She arose and confessed Christ as her Saviour, before a large concourse. About half an hour afterward, I arose and tried to talk to sinners, by way of winning them to Christ, and concluded by saying a few words on the importance of holiness. I stood by this newly converted one, as I talked, when she grasped my hand almost convulsively and said, "O, I must have something more; I have not got all!" I hardly thought it possible that she should so soon after her happy conversion be convicted for a deeper work. I knelt down by her, to tell her she must not cast away the beginning of her confidence, when she weepingly ejaculated, "O, I must be perfect!" I now, to my astonishment, saw that the Holy Spirit had thus early in her heavenward career arrested her mind to the importance of present holiness. And surely it was the Holy Spirit that told me that I must now direct her how to take the higher walk -- the way of holiness. I did so, and in less than an hour, I think, after her conversion she was rejoicing in the enjoyment of full salvation. On the evening of the same day, I went where a number were testifying of the great things God had done for them. One who had just received the blessing of holiness was giving in a lucid testimony to that effect. A brother turned to me and said, "It was only this morning that that person experienced religion!" I referred to these experiences in the public meeting the next day, telling them it was because this form of piety had not before prevailed that backsliding in heart had been so prevalent among them, for never before had I been where so much of this was apparent. But there seemed to have been a proclamation issued from the King of heaven, for the return of these backsliders. Never, I think, on any camp-ground have I witnessed such a general work. The unholy professors were convinced of their error in stopping short of this grace, and earnestly sought and obtained it. Scores of backsliders returned to their Father's house.

And very many who had never known the joys of salvation were made happy partakers of saving grace.

Never has my mind been so arrested to the importance of the fact that it is for the want of personal holiness that so little is done by the laity in the work of soul-saving. Ministers cannot do the work of the people in this department. But ministers can urge upon the people the necessity of personal, present holiness. There can and ought to be examples in experience in this regard, otherwise their teachings will be comparatively powerless. O for a holy ministry and a holy Church!

These were the "Saratogas" and "Newports" of Dr. Palmer and his beloved Phoebe. They had neither time nor inclination to be found among the gay frequenters of these fashionable resorts. They had their highest recreation in leading souls to Jesus. But we cannot further enter into details in this connection; we must reserve this for the space specially devoted thereto.

The honorable and successful vocation of Dr. Palmer had an important bearing upon his subsequent course of life and wonderful triumphs. He was thereby furnished with valuable opportunities for the study of human nature. And he made wise improvement of the opportunities thus afforded. As the varied forms of bodily disease required a nice adaptation of remedies, so the many phases of human character and condition called for ingenious advances and treatment. To know how to deal wisely with a penitent or despairing sinner, or to minister to a tempted and suffering saint, is a rare gift. Rich communications of heavenly wisdom are needed for such work.

Then the medical profession made large drafts upon Dr. Palmer's emotional nature. He needed to know how to mourn with those that mourned, and to weep with those that wept. Loving glances of the eye, kindly words, and the soft touch of a brotherly hand -- these were of prime importance: even more than the well-filled medical chest.

Here, then, was a great training-school, preparing the beloved man to meet the exigencies of the multitudes who were afterward to be thrown upon his hands. In this school he was developing those qualities of mind and heart which were calculated to make him a master of Israel, in the realm to which he was appointed. He was soon to hear his Lord say, as he looked upon famishing thousands, "Make them sit down upon the grass" -- the verdant pasture-slopes of the Good Shepherd; "Give ye them to eat!" And we shall see how the provision was multiplied in his hands and the eager throngs fed to the full.

Another important result of those years of medical life was the attainment of means to support a "Church in the house" -- "The Tuesday Meeting," as it has come to be known and called, which now for nearly half a century has been uninterruptedly held. It has been held at no small cost, in view of the spacious rooms required, and the various appointments. No one was ever called upon for a contribution therefor; it was a cheerful Offering unto the Lord on the part of the doctor and his family.

Then, again, the extended travels of himself and beloved help-meet demanded no small expenditure of means. Their services were freely rendered to the Churches without compensation.

Had the doctor entered the itinerant ministry of the Church, as was at one time suggested, this wide and effectual door for evangelistic effort, at home and abroad, would not have been opened.

In this ordination, therefore, we recognize a wise and beneficent providence. We may well exclaim adoringly, "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" And we have matter for highest praise both as to the immediate results of the well-chosen profession and the after-glories to which it so signally contributed.

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#### 04 -- HOME LIFE -- SUNSHINE AND SHADE

"I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." -- Psalms 101:2.

"Happy the home where Jesus' name  
Is sweet to every ear;  
Where children early lisp His fame,  
And parents hold Him dear."

A Christian home is full of beauty. It is heaven in miniature. It stands out in bold contrast with homes where Christ is not loved and worshipped, which are indeed "drear and dark and desolate." The dwelling-place may be palatial, the appointments gorgeous, the attendants numerous, the gardens blooming with rare and costly flowers -- in fact, there may be everything, externally, that the loftiest ambition can crave. But, alas! the inner life, the joy, the true glory is wanting.

A certain writer has well said, "Home without the Divine presence is at best a moral structure with the central element wanting. The other elements may be arranged and re-arranged; they will never exactly fit, nor be 'compact together,' until it is obtained. We have heard of haunted houses. That house will be haunted with the ghost of an unrealized idea. It will seem to its most thoughtful inmates at best but 'the shadow of some good thing to come;' and the longing for the substance will be the more intense because the shadow, as a providential prophecy, is always there.

"In many a house there is going on, by means of those quick spiritual signs by which one above can read, what we may call a dialogue of souls, composed chiefly of unspoken questions, which, if articulate, might be something like the following: 'How is it that we cannot be to each other as we wish, that we cannot do for each other what we try, even when it seems to be quite within the range of possibility? Why is there such a sorrow in our affection? such a trembling in our joys? so great a fear of change, and so profound a sense of incompleteness in connection with the very best that we can do and be?'

"And what is the answer to such mute yet eager questionings? And who can speak that answer? That One above who hears the dialogue must take part in it; and all must listen while He speaks, and tells of another fatherhood under which the parents must become little children -- of another brotherhood which, when attained, will make the circle complete. When the members of

such a household, who have been looking so much to each other, shall agree to give one earnest look above, and say, 'Our Father which art in heaven!' 'Our Elder Brother, and Advocate with the Father!' -- then will come back sweet as music, into the heart of that house, these fulfilling words from the everlasting Father, 'Ye shall be my sons and daughters;' from the eternal Son, 'Behold my mother and sister and brother!' Then the one thing that was lacking will be present. The missing element will be in its place, and all the other elements will be assembled around it. It is a haunted house no more. The ghost has been chased away. The house is wholesome. Mornings are welcome. Nights are restful. The aching sorrow has passed away now from the heart of that home. The long-sought secret is revealed. Soul whispers to soul, 'Emanuel, God with us!'"

To Dr. Palmer was given, in the orderings of a benign providence, such a home -- a beautiful home. Privileged above the common lot of men with a companion of rare qualities, he had a help-meet indeed in home government. Both being wholly Consecrated to the Lord, there was unity of thought, purpose, and act. They sought, therefore, as far as possible, to rule well their house. In the fear of God, all their arrangements were made in reference to the Divine glory.

To these dear parents were given six children, three of whom it pleased their Heavenly Father to transplant in early life to the immortal clime. Three still survive, two daughters -- Sarah, the wife of Rev. Elon Foster, D. D., of the New York Conference; Phoebe, wife of Mr. Joseph F. Knapp, of Brooklyn, N. Y. -- and a son bearing his father's name, Walter Clark, now residing at Sea Cliff, N.Y.

The dear father was ever a joy in his household. His tender loving spirit, cheerful smiles, and joyous words made his home a place of sunshine. The bonds binding husband and wife and parents and children together were precious. The spirit of true piety governed all the domestic appointments. There was no austerity, no stiffness, no imposing upon any neck an uneasy yoke. The love-element was predominant. Love's yoke is easy and her burdens light.

Some one has said that "true piety is the smile of Jesus on a human face." This was well illustrated in the home of the beloved physician. It was a place of smiles and songs and flowers.

Order, too, which is "heaven's first law," reigned in the household. Let us look within at the early morning hour. The time for holy worship has come. The signal-bell has been rung. The several members of the household make prompt response. The loving salutation is given, the parental kiss and the cheery word. Each one is furnished with a copy of the Sacred Scriptures and a Hymnal. (The Scriptures were read in course, parents, children, and domestics participating.) The lesson being ended, perhaps interspersed with some practical comments by father or mother, it was next in order to sing a song of praise to the Father of lights, from whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift. The hymns which were full of praise were the doctor's favorites. More than once at the sacred home-altar have we heard him call for the singing of the beautiful hymn of Montgomery, which is so full of inspiration, and calculated to awaken grateful love and holy adoration. The hymn is as follows:

"O, bless the Lord, my soul;  
His grace to thee proclaim;  
And all that is within me, join

To bless His holy name.

"The Lord forgives thy sins,  
Prolongs thy feeble breath;  
He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

"He clothes thee with His love,  
Upholds thee with His truth;  
And like the eagle He renews  
The vigor of thy youth.

"Then bless His holy name  
Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:  
O, bless the Lord, my soul."

And as it was sung, all the faculties of his redeemed nature seemed to be employed. With heart and voice he gave utterance to those holy strains.

The glad song rises on the morning air, more than lightning-winged, to mingle with the hallelujahs of the better land. Now comes the prayer, offered by the doctor, or his wife, or some visitor. The memory of those prayers is fragrant. Can children, or visitors, or domestics ever forget them? They were so full of pathos and power, so perfumed with the merit of Christ's atoning sacrifice, so joined to a living faith, that they seemed instantly to reach the throne and bring the answer down.

Rising from the home-altar, each eye was kindled with new brightness and each heart was strong for the duties of the day. The family now gathered around the table to enjoy the morning repast. Jesus was taken with them from the prayer-circle to the table. Each one standing in his or her place, the invocation was made in song, after the custom of Mr. Wesley, in these words:

"Be present at our table, Lord;  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
These mercies bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with Thee!"

It was a cheerful repast. Instead of frivolous converse, as often prevails, passages of holy Scripture were recited. Precious Divine promises were called up to remembrance, fortifying the soul against the insidious approaches of the enemy during the day. Before leaving the table thanks were given in song, in the use of the kindred verse,

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But more because of Jesus' blood;  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of life sent down from heaven!"

The aim of the united head of the family, in these well-ordered exercises, was to impress upon the minds of their children, and indeed upon each one privileged to come within that hallowed circle, that " man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

These exercises ended, they each proceeded to fill up the providential sphere to which they were allotted -- the doctor to pursue his medical calling, and his busy wife to the careful management of domestic affairs, which she ever held sacred amid her public labors. The children went out " with a glad heart and free" to their School-life, preparing for the responsibilities of following years.

The prophet writes, "At evening-time it shall be light." This Scripture was beautifully illustrated in the home-life of Dr. Palmer. When the sun had declined, and the shadows of the night were being stretched forth, there was another happy gathering at the domestic board. The exercises were similar to those of the morning -- the blessing devoutly asked, and thanks returned, in song. And the flying moments were again improved in looking into the law of the Lord, each devout heart being ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!"

After the song of thanksgiving the bell again summoned the domestics, and the evening prayer was offered. It included praise for the mercies of the day and a plea for continued Divine guardianship. Thus the curtains of the night dropped gently in that loved circle. The rustle of angels' wings might almost have been heard, as they came to keep holy vigils around that Christian home. It is written, so inspiringly, "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Thus, in the home of our beloved friend, day after day was passed, love and praise sweetly interblending. The poet well describes the scene:

"The winter's night and summer's day  
Glide imperceptibly away--  
Too short to sing Thy praise;  
Too few we find the happy hours,  
And haste to join those heavenly powers  
In everlasting days."

But in this happy home-circle, sun-lit as it was, there was an intermingling of the shades of sorrow. The hand of sore bereavement was laid upon them in the removal of dear children. In the midst of these mournful visitations, however, the stricken parents were enabled to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Of these sad events Mrs. Phoebe Palmer writes "Alexander H. was born September 27, 1828. He was a lovely yet pallid little exotic, and when but nine months old was transplanted to a more congenial clime beyond the reach of earthly blight. In less than three years, another little son

was intrusted. The treasure was lent but seven short weeks, and was then recalled; giving us two angel-children in heaven."

The third bereavement fell upon the household with crushing weight. The hearts of the parents were wrung with anguish. The sad story is thus given by Mrs. Palmer:

I once had a sorrow which in its particulars was so exceedingly lacerating to my feelings that I never remember to have given a recital on paper, and have seldom with my lips spoken of it. We had a most lovely little child which, for exceeding sweetness and beauty, combined more of angelic perfection than any little being I remember to have seen. How much I loved and admired her precious spirit and ways I will not attempt to describe. Never had she seemed so dear to me as one evening when I laid her from my arms in her couch, with gauze festoonings hanging around it. She was all robed in white and looked so like an angel that, as I laid her in her cradle-bed, I exclaimed, "O, you little angel!" A friend had called and I retired to another room, leaving the child in the care of the nurse. About an hour had passed when I heard a piercing shriek! I flew to the room to see the gauze curtains surrounding the cradle-bed in a blaze. I caught up the darling one. She gave me one agonized look, and then closed her eyes forever on all things earthly. She lingered a few hours in unconsciousness, and then passed away to her native heaven.

My sorrows at first seemed almost greater than I could bear. If any one ever had occasion to look at second causes, I more. The terrible catastrophe had occurred through the strangely provoking carelessness of the nurse. Having a spirit-gas lamp in the room, she attempted to replenish it while the wicks were blazing; taking fire, it burned her hands, and, awful to relate, she flung the blazing lamp away in the corner where our sleeping darling lay. The gauze curtains were at once in a blaze! And thus had the life of our precious one been sacrificed. I know I loved my Saviour at that time, but I was not enjoying the witness of perfect love.

Can you imagine what my temptations were in regard to that nurse? But I looked to my loving, compassionate Saviour to save me from wrong feelings or from looking at second causes. I thought, Surely my Saviour loves me too much to permit such a trial to come upon me, without intending great good to be accomplished, that in measure and weight should be commensurate with the greatness of the trial. He who hath said, "Are not ye of more value than many sparrows?" would not have permitted that life so dear to be taken from the earth, though in such a fearful, tragic way, without His notice. But O! my agony, as I walked the room, wringing my hands and crying, "O Lord, help! help!"

I had shut myself up alone to weep, not willing that any one should witness my distress. A Bible lay on the table: I took it up and, before opening it, looked to heaven and said, "O Lord, Thou dost not willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men; and if Thou doest it not willingly, then Thou hast some special design; and now cause me to learn just the lesson Thou wouldst teach me through this great trial." I then opened the Holy Book on these words: "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" From that moment the loving Holy Spirit whispered to my inmost soul that if I would only look at the all-loving hand of my Heavenly Father, in this afflictive dispensation, and not at second causes, just in proportion to the magnitude of the trial, in all its peculiarities, the result would be glorious. I had been weeping and crying out to the Lord, but the blessed Holy

Comforter said, " Be still, and know that I am God!" From that hour, as a weaned child, I rested down and kissed the rod. "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter," was from that hour, with most hopeful, assuring emphasis, whispered to my heart.

That is indeed a great truth which is written on the inspired page: "The Lord doth not afflict willingly, but for our profit." And then this kindred text: " No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." These Scriptures had striking illustration in the case before us. The law of compensation had its welcome applications. The stricken mother, now nestling more closely in the heart of Jesus, says:

Then began a weaning from the world, wholly beyond any former experiences. The veil separating me from the loved one seemed very slight. She, through the sudden, sharp shock, had been translated; the loosing of the silver cord so quickly had allowed her an early passport to the immediate presence of Jesus.

My soul had aspired to a much greater nearness to the Saviour, and now the prayer,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.  
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,"

had been answered, and the veil separating the terrestrial from the celestial seemed so thin that I apprehended as never before the deep significance of the apostle's words, "YE ARE COME to Mount Zion, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant," etc. Previous to this I had some ambitions connected with this world. My husband was honored in his profession, and the tide of worldly preferment and prosperity ran high. Some of my contemporaries, though religious, were ceasing to stem the tide of worldliness. I might have perhaps done the same; but, in infinite love and wisdom, this trial was permitted; and ever since I have been weaned from the world, and have loved to walk in the lowly vale with my meek and lowly Saviour.

Perhaps the light of eternity may reveal that the death of that lovely child has been subservient to the spiritual life of thousands. From the hour of her death I resolved that the time I might have devoted to her if living should be spent in doing something that might be helpful toward the salvation of souls. In connection with the saving of souls, it was the beginning of days with me. And now shall I not to all eternity praise Him "whose judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out? Shall I not praise Him that He is leading me forth by a right way to a city of habitations?"

Thus this terrible calamity was overruled for good in leading her to a more complete separation from the world and to a fuller consecration to Christ.

The doctor, as we may well understand, had large drafts made upon his tender sensibilities in these trying circumstances. He entered, however, sympathetically into the loftier views of consecration which had been indited by the Holy Spirit in the heart of his companion.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer largely participated in Church benevolences and in the philanthropic enterprises Of the day. In this they gave proof that holiness is not a mere sentiment and confined within narrow circles of selfish enjoyment but, on the contrary, that it inspired a burning love for the perishing children of men.

A mission among the Jews in New York City was projected. Of this Mrs. Palmer thus wrote to Mrs. Bishop Hamline: "Did I tell you that our Jewish mission is at last fairly commenced? We have as yet no chapel, with a steeple and church-going bell, but we meet in the chapel that was solemnly consecrated to the service of Almighty God under our roof. Here our mission has been commenced, and here the sons of Israel meet. Last night we had a meeting, and the God of Jacob was present. Three Jewish missionaries, who had been converted from Judaism, and another preparing for the ministry, with several other converted Jews, were present. It was a good meeting. Last week we had our first meeting. We were reminded of the company assembled in an upper room in the earliest days of Christianity. We had memorable assurances that He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire was with us. He favored us with tokens of His presence and approval. Our missionary at present resides in the house with us, as our guest."

Although the hope of securing a house of worship for the Jews was not then realized, there was the beginning of a work which is now being successfully prosecuted.

Foreign missions also largely engaged their thought and sympathies. They had, indeed, seriously entertained the question of their personal consecration to this work. But as the way was not providentially opened, they devoted their means liberally thereto. They were especially interested in the establishment of a mission in China, and it was established through their efforts. Mrs. Palmer had spoken with Bishop Janes and other bishops, and with some of the Board of Managers of the General Missionary Society, on the subject. But they replied that it would take so long before any fruit would appear, that the Board would not undertake it. One morning, while riding out with Dr. Palmer, she said, "Pa, would you be willing to give so much yearly, for ten years, if twenty others would give the same amount, for the establishment of a mission in China?" Dr. Palmer answered in the affirmative, and said, "I would double the amount named each year." The next question was, "Will you say so at the anniversary of the Missionary Society this evening?" That evening, in the Greene Street church, he did say so. The proposition was no sooner made than Bishop Janes said he would be one of the number. Mr. W. H. Woodbury was the next to volunteer, and the twenty pledges were very quickly made.

They also entered quite enthusiastically into the project of planting the standard of the cross in Palestine. They made proposals in regard to it to Dr. Durbin, then missionary secretary.

Dr. Palmer offered to give one thousand dollars, in ten annual installments of one hundred dollars, if nineteen additional pledges could be procured. Part of the number Dr. Palmer had already obtained. Bishop Simpson nobly sustained their efforts, and secured an appropriation of five thousand dollars from the Missionary Society to inaugurate it. Circumstances, however, hindered the commencement of the work at that time.

All these outflowings of the hearts of these consecrated ones, on the line of Christian benevolence, looking to the salvation of a perishing world, show how deeply they sympathized with Christ's redemptive plans. In this we have a sufficient answer to the objection so often made that holiness makes its subjects "narrow in view, clannish, and indisposed to engage in the great benevolent movements of the Church." Never was there a greater mistake made. Christian holiness is the largest idea that ever entered the human mind. It is the center and circumference of all that is grand in human thought and experience. It gives the most expansive views, and leads to the most generous acts, on all the lines of Christian and philanthropic endeavor. A contrary course on the part of professors of holiness is the surest evidence that their profession is vain.

This chapter would be incomplete if reference were not made to another very attractive feature of the Christian home under contemplation. These Bible-injunctions had special recognition there: "Use hospitality one to another, without grudging;" "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." No home, perhaps, in New York, or indeed elsewhere, has welcomed to its comforts more of the dear people of God than that of Dr. Palmer. It is safe to say that thousands have sojourned pleasantly under his roof. In this work of Christian hospitality husband and wife heartily joined. Among those who were thus entertained were bishops, editors, missionaries, and large numbers of the friends of holiness.

And not alone were those of distinction allowed to share their bounties. Many of "the Lord's poor," the friendless, weary, and invalid ones, have had shelter and nursing and loving ministries meted out to them under that kindly roof. How many sorrowful hearts were thus comforted and went away with buoyant steps and hearts strengthened to enter anew into life's great battle!

Social gatherings at Dr. Palmer's were never conducted in a worldly spirit. Christ was ever kept in full view. The conversation ran in pure channels. Thus while the social principle was honored, the spiritual element was present, and pervading in its influence.

Not among the least of these social gatherings were those which occurred after the Tuesday meeting. Extra preparations were made on that day for the familiar friends or the strangers who might be present. The ambassadors of Christ or friends from a distance were sought out at the close of the meeting, received a warm grasp of the hand, and were invited to remain for the evening repast. Some might think that it would have been more consonant with the feelings of the weary ones, after the exhausting services of the afternoon, to enjoy retirement and rest. There was, however, something to them beyond personal quiet and ease. They were constantly in quest of souls. And if, perchance, the case of some despondent one, or of a soul longing to make the entrance into "Beulah Land," but dimly descrying the way, needing further enlightenment, were brought to their notice, such a one was esteemed a fit subject for hospitable entertainment. And, amid the elevating converse at the table, or at the home-altar at the time of evening prayer, how many were lifted into clear light! Heaven will make joyous revealments, we doubt not, concerning the saving results of hospitality shown in that New York home.

A worldly spirit would be disposed to reckon selfishly touching these benefactions, It would ask, "Why sacrifice the quiet of home-life in that way? Why should the doctor have made his house such a public resort? Why turn it into a hospital for the sick?"

So coldly reasoned one in the days of Jesus. A woman, in the exuberance of her love, came and broke an alabaster box of precious ointment upon His head. "Why this waste?" asked a stoical calculator. Why! The Master understood and appreciated it, and pronounced an encomium upon the humble offerer of the oblation that rolling centuries cannot efface.

The beloved physician and his right-hand companion knew full well that their expenditures were not selfish or wasteful. They were made "in the name of a disciple," and for the sake of Him whom they so ardently loved. And "the fellowship of kindred minds" was far more than any monetary consideration.

And think of the enlargement of Christian acquaintance by this means! Lasting friendships were formed. Could the correspondence arising therefrom be presented, it would be voluminous. It would be found to be richly laden with expressions of gratitude for blessings temporal and spiritual received. But what shall we say of the widening of the circles of heavenly fellowship? What rapturous salutations! What matter' for endless converse under the shadow of the throne, or in the shady bowers along the banks of the river of life! How many such salutations, in one short year of celestial life, must the beloved physician have received! And measureless ages are before him for such fellowship and greetings of the redeemed with whom he took sweet counsel on earth in the social circle. Happy, thrice happy this sainted man, to have been permitted to mingle in such wide circles of Christian love on earth preparatory to the higher fellowship of the glorified above!

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## 05 -- THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE -- GLAD SONGS AND TESTIMONIES

"Aquila and Priscilla salute you much in the Lord, with the church that is in their house." -- I Cor. 16:19.

"Thus Thy Church, whate'er her dwelling,  
Heaven above or earth below,  
One harmonious chorus swelling,  
Loves her Saviour's praise to show."

Great honor attaches to the home of Dr. Palmer in that there was commenced, and has now been continued for forty-eight years with unabated interest, what is familiarly known as "The Tuesday Meeting." It had a humble beginning, but attained, as the years rolled on, large proportions', exerting a world-wide influence.

This is the story of its origin. To Mrs. Sarah Lankford, now Mrs. Sarah Lankford Palmer, belongs the honor and the blessing of its inauguration. In the year 1835 two female prayer-meetings were held, one in Mulberry Street and the other in Allen Street Methodist Episcopal churches, New York, in which she felt a lively interest. But to attend two such meetings each week was quite a tax upon her time and strength, in view of other obligations. The thought was suggested, "Why not unite these two meetings?" The proposal was made to the sisters, and received their assent. It was arranged that it should be held at the house of Dr. Palmer, Mrs. Phoebe Palmer heartily approving.

In anticipation of the first gathering under these new auspices, an unusual sense of responsibility rested upon Mrs. Lankford. Having proposed this union of the two meetings, she felt it was important that the first occasion should be signalized by special tokens of the Divine presence. She therefore spent considerable time in prayer, asking that if the arrangements were in accordance with the Lord's will, He would graciously affix the Spirit's seal to the opening services.

When the Tuesday came for the meeting she felt a great responsibility, thinking perhaps that she had made a mistake and had spoiled the meetings by the change. She spent the whole morning in prayer, and asked the Lord to give her an approving sign regarding the change. After the meeting was opened, one sister who had enjoyed the sweetness of full salvation said "that she had yielded to temptation and was in the dark," and besought their prayers in her behalf. She (Mrs. Lankford) immediately said, " Let us pray," and they all knelt again in prayer. But they were scarcely on their knees before she had the assurance that Jesus had heard her prayer, and she said, " Praise the Lord!" Her heart then went out after other sisters. In rising from their knees, the sister who asked prayer exclaimed, "Wonderful! Jesus has truly come to my heart and healed all my backslidings!" Another said that she had liberty in Christ as never before, and Sister Merritt Said that she never had so rested in Christ without fear; a number found rest in Christ that afternoon.

In the year 1839 there was an event which changed the character of the meeting. Mrs. Dr. Upham, wife of Prof. Upham, was led into the light of full salvation through the instrumentality of a lady in Maine who had received special benefit at the Tuesday meeting. Mrs. Upham naturally became very desirous that her husband should be a partaker of like precious grace. And the conviction was strongly inwrought that if he could be allowed to attend the meeting, this consummation would be reached. She communicated her thoughts to Mrs. Lankford who, on consultation with Mrs. Palmer, yielded to the suggestion, and Dr. Upham and several other brethren were invited to attend. The result proved the wisdom of this counsel. Prof. Upham was speedily and joyously led to know Christ as a Saviour to the uttermost, and became a powerful witness of the truth, in a protracted conversation with Mrs. Palmer his doctrinal difficulties were removed, and he said, "I am satisfied;" next morning he received the heavenly gift. We know how greatly the cause of holiness has been advanced by the clear testimonies and able works of this eminent man.

The sex-barrier was thus broken down, and thenceforward it became a weekly gathering of the Lord's people, both male and female. At the time of its establishment Dr. Palmer resided at 54 Rivington Street. Soon a larger dwelling was required in order to accommodate the throngs that attended. Hence they removed to 23 St. Mark's Place. The crowded parlors again called for a more spacious habitation, and 3t6 East Fifteenth Street was selected. Within those walls the meeting has continued to be held until the present time.

This home was solemnly dedicated to Almighty God at the time of taking possession. The occasion is described by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer in a letter to Mrs. Hamline.

Would that I could describe to you what a meeting we had on the 29th of November! Seldom have I felt so much of the overwhelming power of saving grace. So also with dear Dr.

Palmer and others. I had asked that the Lord would direct in everything he would have us do, as preparatory. Just before our removal, I awoke quite early, one morning, with the suggestion that the Master of assemblies would have me write a dedication-hymn. I arose and, before breakfast, wrote the accompanying hymn which, to the praise of God alone, I will say, was accompanied by an extraordinary unction. About twenty ministers were present, among whom were J. T. Peck, from Syracuse, Dr. Boardman, author of "Higher Life," etc. "Now, thanks be to God who always causeth us to triumph."

We have heard from those who were present on this memorable occasion of the remarkable interest that prevailed. The tokens of the Divine presence were visible. The place from that hour has been hallowed. The saints of the Lord as they have congregated there have been conscious of the fact that the Lord Jehovah had taken up His abode within those consecrated walls.

Dedication-Hymn -- Sung at the Tuesday Afternoon Meeting, November 29, 1870. on the occasion of the dedication of the house, 326 East Fifteenth Street, opposite Stuyvesant Park.

O Thou Most High! in heaven adored,  
While angels bow with veiled face,  
And cry, O holy, holy Lord!  
Behold! we worship from this place.

Though Zion's gates Thou lovest best,  
In wondrous grace Thou dost ordain  
That Jacob's dwellings shall be blest,

And in them Thou dost live and reign.

And now, O Lord, behold and see!  
Thy people in Thy name have met  
To dedicate this house to Thee:  
Here let Thy holy seal be set.

And in this house wilt Thou abide:  
We consecrate it to Thy name;  
In every room and heart reside,  
And here Thy hallowing grace proclaim.

Head of the Church! O! wilt Thou still  
Thy Church in this our house behold,  
With greater grace Thy people fill,  
Give power beyond the days of old.

Until this change of location the leadership had devolved upon Mrs. Lankford. Mrs. Palmer shrank from the responsibility, but was delighted to aid her elder sister in the work. Mrs. Lankford, however, about that time being providentially called to remove from the city, Mrs. Palmer had to take charge of the meeting. A deep sense of the solemnity of her position was realized, and she

was led to seek Divine guidance continually, and to lean upon the arm of Omnipotence. Dr. Palmer, on account of professional engagements, could not often be present. When privileged to attend, by song and prayer and testimony he greatly aided. When Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were away on evangelistic tours, Mrs. Lankford was always ready to respond to their call, and her presence was heartily welcomed. The two sisters, Mrs. Lankford and Mrs. Palmer, were tenderly and indissolubly united in bonds of love, and were mutual helpers in the work of extending the Redeemer's kingdom. Hence they shared joyfully the care and responsibility of this wonderful meeting.

In April, 1845, while confined to her bed by sickness, Mrs. Palmer had been anxious lest her absence from the Tuesday meeting should detract from its interest, and had sought counsel from God on the subject. While thus engaged, Mrs. Lankford entered the room, and her fears were banished. The meeting was the Lord's, and He would care for its management. Like the souls of David and Jonathan, those of Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Lankford were knit together. Rarely has the world witnessed so natural, so beautiful, so persistent an illustration of purest sisterly love or of mutual complementary qualification. An extract from a letter to Mrs. James, under the above date, explains Mrs. Palmer's anxiety about the meeting:

You may wonder why I should regard it so needful that a special person should be present to take charge of the meeting, when there are generally three or four ministers and several leaders, etc., present. The reason is, as before stated, that it is a peculiar meeting, and needs that peculiar management which very childlike, simple piety exhibits, and it is not every day that you can meet with those who know just how to come down to the simplicity of the Gospel: but I think Sister Sarah does.

The blessing of the Lord from the first continued to rest more and more upon this institution, as a few extracts from the diary of Mrs. Palmer will show:

April 11th, 1835. -- Perhaps I have mentioned that our Tuesday meetings have of late been signally blest; lovers of holiness from all parts of the city and its vicinity attend, and a part of the time, both parlors have been filled with a crowd much like tent-meetings or camp-meetings. Last meeting was a season of extraordinary power. I hardly know how to begin to describe it. Persons of different denominations were present, and all drank "into one spirit." One person (not a Methodist) was unable to sustain the shock of power, and sank down overwhelmed. A Baptist minister confessed his belief that holiness was indeed a doctrine of the Bible; lamented his need of it; said that neither himself nor any other minister was fully capacitated to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ without it.

Brother Knox, of the Oneida Conference, made a similar confession, and seemed to be on the very verge of the promised land. Two other ministers were present: both received the powerful baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Tune, 1838. -- In our Tuesday afternoon meeting the power of the Lord was present to bless, in an unusual manner. Glory be to God that this meeting has been rendered a blessing to many! I trust that in the day of eternity it will be found that this Church in the house, through the

blessing of God, has been one of the nurseries of the general Church. Not human might or power, but Jehovah's own right hand hath wrought the good. To Him be glory for ever! Amen!

February 9th, 1846. -- The work of holiness prospers. Three professed to get clear in the enjoyment of the witness on Tuesday, a week since, at the meeting. One was our beloved sister Kidder, wife of the Rev. Brother Kidder, editor.

June, 1846. -- We had an interesting meeting. Bishop Hamline made the introductory remarks. Several ministerial brethren were present, -- Brothers Miller, P. P. Sandford, Redford, Creagh, and Hayter, I was rejoiced to hear Brother Creagh; he is holding fast his confidence, and seems to be established in the faith.

December 15th, 1857. -- Meeting excellent. Densely crowded as usual. Many, unable to get in, occupied the hall and stairs. Have concluded to enlarge our borders. Husband is contracting for an additional building, costing about two thousand dollars, which will probably be commenced this week. We do it for God, in view of arranging for the permanent accommodation of the meeting. And now nay heart is gratefully exclaiming with David, " Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."

In the "Promise of the Father," one of the excellent works of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, we have the mode of conducting the meeting described:

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#### The Tuesday Afternoon Meeting

What is the character of these meetings? Perhaps we may not be able to answer this question better than by giving an extract which we copy from a Congregational paper. It reads thus:

Friends, we assure you that these meetings are not for sectarian or party purposes. A free, hearty, general invitation is extended to all, of every name, to sit together in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus. Inquirers of different denominations are taken with equal cordiality and warmth to the heart of love. Instruction is imparted to all and every one, without distinction, seeking higher attainments in the Divine life. Prayer to God is offered with equal fervency and prevailing importunity in one case as in another.

Our very soul has leaped joyfully in witnessing how completely the Spirit of God annihilates the spirit of sectarianism and leaps over the boundaries of shibboleths. Here we see Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Quakers, United Brethren, and Jews in Christ, forgetting creeds, confessions, hair-splittings, and party distinctions, sitting side by side, drinking deeply of the one living fountain. And should there happen to be any one present who, through mistake or for want of a due sense of Gospel propriety, gives a preponderance in favor of any party, creed, or sect, a cold chilliness steals over every one present. And those who follow such a one pour in the oil and wine of Gospel grace, to neutralize, if possible, the least tincture of the sect, and smooth off the rough edges, and calm every rising suspicion.

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## The Bible, The Blessed Bible, Is The Text-Book

Not Wesley, not Fletcher, not Finney, not Mahan, not Upham, but the Bible, the holy Bible. is the first and last, and in the midst always. The Bible is the standard, the ground-work, the platform, the creed. Here we stand on common ground, and nothing but the spirit of this blessed Book will finally eradicate and extirpate a sectarian spirit. No meetings are attended with more direct and special indications of Divine acceptance. God is evidently present, in a very remarkable manner, to bless, sanctify, and purify.

Hundreds have stepped into this Bethesda, and come out every whirl whole. The atmosphere is invigorating, healthful, and heavenly. Any one has perfect liberty to rise and request prayers, or relate the dealings of God with his soul, drop a word of exhortation, exposition, or consolation, or pour out his heart in prayer or praise, always remembering to be brief and to the point, and never losing sight of the main object of the meeting -- "holiness to the Lord." These meetings are not for debate, controversy, or speechifying, but for holiness. Every one that enters these consecrated halls is expected to conform strictly to the objects and purport of the meeting. Such is the nature, exercise, and spirit of these social gatherings that we feel assured that even the skeptic, the subtle caviler and objector, will be constrained to exclaim, "The finger of God is in it!"

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## How Are These Meetings Conducted?

The meeting commences at half-past two o'clock p. m., and is opened with reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer. Frequently two or three succeed each other in prayer. Several ministers are generally present, and the opening exercises are conducted by some one of these, but much oftener than otherwise by the venerable Dr. Bangs, who during several past years has seldom been absent.

This meeting is far more social in its character than ordinary religious gatherings. It is the design of those under whose supervision it is held that it should be regarded as a social religious company, rather than as a formal meeting requiring set exactions of any sort. The children of this world have their social gatherings where, in intelligent, social converse, heart meets heart in unrestrained fellowship, We can conceive how undesirable any set forms would be under such circumstances, and this social gathering is designed to be, in the religious world, answerable to this want of our social nature as children of the kingdom. After the opening exercises, any one is at liberty to speak, sing, or propose united prayer.

Strangers from various regions generally being present at every meeting, it is not uncommon for those in charge to say something calculated to give direction to the exercises, explanatory of its objects. Many inquirers after the "way of holiness" here gather, and it is not unusual for the meeting to assume something like the form of an inquiry-meeting. There are always present a goodly number who profess to have received the promise of the Father, and who are ever

ready, with yearning hearts, to testify to the praise of Christ, just how they were enabled to overcome every difficulty through faith and plunge into the open fountain that cleanseth from all unrighteousness. It must indeed be delightful to the truly pious of every sect to witness the blended sympathy of hearts made perfect in love and those aspiring to that state.

Here you behold the streams of heaven-originated sympathy flowing out in word, in song, and in prayer, so that the prayer of Christ becomes a heart-felt realization, " that they may all be one, even as we are one." Surely the words of the poet here become an experimental verity:

"The gift which He on one bestows,  
We all delight to prove;  
The grace through every vessel flows  
In purest streams of love."

Testimony follows testimony in quick succession, interspersed with occasional singing and prayer, as the circumstances may seem to demand, in sympathy with the condition of the cases brought before the meeting. In no meeting that we have ever attended have we seen the spirit of the law of Christ so sweetly fulfilled -- "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The testimony of the seeker of salvation, or of the timid, lisping babe in Zion, is listened to with as much interest as that of the most deeply experienced. Whether male or female, all are one in Christ Jesus. We have often thought, in our observings, whether this meeting is not very like that gathering of the early disciples when the one hundred and twenty were assembled with one accord in one place. Here were the chosen apostles of our Lord, and here also were the beloved Marys, Joanna, and the "many other women" who, through evil and good report, with undaunted step, followed the "Man of Sorrows," receiving as their reward the first commission to proclaim the Gospel of a risen Lord.

And these disciples being thus assembled, with their Lord in the midst, wait the promise of the Father, "which," saith He, "ye have heard of me." And here they continued, with one accord, in prayer and supplication, looking to be imbued with the gift of power from on high which, irrespective of persons or sex, had been promised to every one of those waiting disciples. And when it fell, though there may have been dispensed gifts after some sort differing, yet it was to each, singly, a gift of power, and this gift of power moved its recipient, whether male or female, to speak as the Spirit gave utterance. They had now entered upon the dispensation of the Spirit; the day of which Joel spake in which, saith God, "I will pour out my Spirit upon my sons and daughters, upon my servants and my hand-maidens."

And truly does this Pentecostal scene shadow forth what we would say of this interesting weekly gathering. To the praise of God it may be said that many have here received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost; and so penetrating, efficacious, and far-reaching have been its influences that we verily believe that thousands will, in eternity, give God glory for the establishment of this precious means of grace. Intelligence comes on the wings of the wind from near and remote regions, of those who, through the influence of this meeting, have been led to receive Christ as a Saviour from all sin, and are now in turn bearing witness, experimentally, to the truth of the doctrine; and others are believing through their testimony.

In these meetings the utmost freedom prevails. The ministry does not wait for the laity, neither does the laity wait for the ministry. There are seldom less than from six to ten ministers present, and often more. These commingle as one with the laity, irrespective of theological views or dignity of position. It is not unusual for those of different denominations, who, in the religious and literary world, are the observed of all observers, to be sitting undistinguished in those crowded rooms, and only brought out as they may desire the privilege of identifying themselves openly with the interests of the meeting.

"Neither prolonged absence in Europe," writes the biographer of Mrs. Palmer, "nor triumphal translation to Paradise impaired, as was feared by many, the power and blessedness of this potent institution. While its ardent supporters enthusiastically loved the calm, energetic 'Mother in Israel' to whom its origin was mainly due, their faith and hope intelligently reposed in her Lord and their Lord; and they, like her, invariably found Him to be a faithful and covenant-keeping God."

Under date of April 13, 1869, we find record in Mrs. Palmer's diary of a remarkable answer to the prayers of this truly Christian convention:

We had a good meeting today. The fiftieth Psalm was read by Dr. Palmer, and several written requests were read. A Christian lady" from a distance, when on a visit to the city, several months ago, asked the prayers of the meeting for her Bible class, which was composed of about twenty young men. As she presented her request that every one of the young men might be converted, Dr. Palmer replied that it was indeed a large request and rather by the wholesale, but not too great for our Almighty Lord to answer. This petition, with others, was presented at the mercy-seat, in the name of Jesus. On returning home, she was delighted to find that a direct and immediate answer had been given, and that every member of her Bible-class had, during her absence, been brought to Jesus. What a remarkable answer to prayer! And yet, only what we ought to anticipate. We hear such recitals with joyful surprise, scarcely believing, for very joy, like that earnest, praying company who were asking for Peter's release. Had they not expected the answer, ought they to have asked? Still, when the speedy answer came, how amazed they were!

In 1866 the Rev. Roche, once the beloved pastor of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, contributed to the February number of the Ladies' Repository an able and excellent article entitled "Mrs. Phoebe Palmer," from which is excerpted a just and glowing description of this influential Convention:

It is one of the greatest spiritual centers in any land. It is attended by professors of religion, without regard to sex or denomination. A better intercommunion of Christians we may not hope to see in this world. Probably in no Church will there be found, from week to week, so many earnest believers drawn' together from different evangelical bodies. We doubt whether under any pulpit of our country there sit as many ministers for the single purpose of spiritual help. For successive weeks we have seen there from twenty to thirty preachers of the Gospel. Among these are found Baptists, Congregationalists, Dutch Reformed, German Reformed, Presbyterians, Protestant Episcopalians, Methodists; and they mingle in the assembly, engage in the exercises, and assert their profit by the means. The privilege to speak extends to all, and is as promptly embraced by some that are not of our "Church as by any that are in it.

One of the most eloquent testimonies we ever heard was that given by a Protestant Episcopal lady. One of the most thrilling accounts of the attainment of holiness was from a Congregational pastor. One of the most convincing experiences of the power of "perfect love" to sustain us in the most fiery trials that are to try us was from the minister of a Church that does not accept the doctrine.

In this meeting are persons from all parts of the United States and the British possessions; from England, Ireland, and Scotland. Of these, many have read the books, or through her labors become familiar with the name, of Mrs. Palmer. Professor Upham is generally present when in the city. Mrs. Palmer, when there, uniformly speaks, though she consumes no more time than would be allowed to another. It is not an infrequent thing for a half-dozen, and sometimes double that number, to profess to find the blessing for which they sought, in that place. Strangers in the city will declare the mercy they have found of God, and the edification they have secured at the meeting, or, returning to their lodgings, continue to seek the Divine fullness. One case may illustrate many. It was a lady of Richmond, Virginia. She was stopping at the St. Nicholas. While in attendance upon the meeting, she was deeply exercised for purity of heart. Burdened with desire, she went back to the hotel at the close of the services. There she struggled in prayer. Her desire was granted. The St. Nicholas became the "gate of heaven." The next week she gladdened the meeting with her narrative of mercy.

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#### A Remarkable Meeting

It will be interesting to the reader, doubtless, to be permitted to go within the hallowed walls, in spirit if not in bodily presence. We therefore furnish a report of a remarkable meeting held some years ago, when some precious testimonies for the Lord Jesus were given:

John 16, commencing, "In that day ye shall ask me nothing," etc., was read.

Hymn 566 was sung. Br. Belden asked prayers for the Conventions shortly to be held in the West, which, with many other special requests, were presented to the throne of grace.

Dr. Palmer. -- I am thankful that the blessed Holy Spirit is here this afternoon, just as truly as He was in the little upper room in Jerusalem. He is here to reveal the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world to every one that believeth. He loves to do it. He has come, not to reveal himself, "but to take of the things of the Father and of the Son, and make them known unto us. There is not one of God's children here but may realize the fullness of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. The command of God to all His children is, "Be ye holy," and the reason for the command is, "I the Lord your God am holy." It is an absolute necessity, if we would please Him in all things. I praise the Lord that He gives me assurance that I am saved to the uttermost -- saved every moment. O, that all may prove that Jesus is a Saviour who saves from sin!

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## Advancement In Holiness

Rev. Belden. -- I have loved to give my testimony to the power of the cleansing blood of Jesus for many years. He has saved me from all sin. I have a deeper, more blessed sense of being saved now than ever before. It is a deepening, advancing work.

As I received Christ Jesus the Lord, so I walk in Him. I received Him by faith. I came out of that sad error that we are justified by faith, but after that we are to progress by works. We are justified and sanctified by faith. What we have faith in Jesus to do for us, He doeth it. It is none but Jesus who saves. He can save one as well as another. "I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." I live triumphantly in the love and service of Christ. This is not to my credit, but it is due to Jesus, and to Him I give my praises. I live by faith. I do not try to save myself. I look right to Jesus and He saves me. My will flows along sweetly in the will of Christ. I go gladly in the way of His commandments.

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## Perfection Of Simplicity

Sister Boardman. -- I was thinking just now how much I formerly hated the term holiness. I used to think of it as something angelic, altogether too high for poor mortals; but when I came to see that holiness is love -- whole-heartedness -- I gave up my opposition to it, and feel today that I am wholly given up to the Lord. There are some here who wish and say, "O, if I only had this holiness!" They overlook the simplicity of faith. It is so simple, it is only give all to Jesus and believe that He receives us. Consecration must go with faith.

One is the complement to the other. It is the perfection of simplicity.

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## Wonderful Work

Rev. Nast. -- I take the liberty of speaking now. I feel pressed to state what the Lord has done for me, I have been like the man at the pool, having waited many, many years. After I was converted I felt the need of this blessing, but I got far from it. The Lord has borne with me long. Thanks be to God, Jesus prayed that nay faith fail not. He spoke to me as I entered on the new year. He beckoned me to plunge into the fountain. He has done a wonderful work for me -- He has greatly blessed me. My experience does not reach so high as some others, but my motto is, when I am weak then am I strong. I have proofs innumerable that in our weakness He can manifest his strength. The enemy told me that I could not speak, that I would bring a reproach on the cause, that I ought to wait; but I threw myself on the infinite merits of the atonement. I thirsted for such a meeting as this. I rejoice in being here. The joy I had in being with converted people proved that I was converted, and the delight I now feel in being with sanctified people proves that I am a partaker in the benefits of the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

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## Unequivocal Testimony

Rev. Lowrey. -- I wish just to say, by way of ascription of praise to Jesus, that I realize that He has become my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification, and my redemption.

My wisdom in guiding me to the Lamb of God. My sanctification in cleansing me from all sin. My redemption redeeming my whole being to Himself and for Himself. I understand that Jesus has appropriated myself to Him. I believe I obtained this precious blessing many years ago. I did not enjoy a clear sense of it until I ceased to make equivocal confessions of it. My experience was a succession of lights and shades, like an eclipse: the shadow would sometimes pass away. This was the case until I came to the resolve that on all suitable occasions I would confess Jesus as a Saviour, able to save unto the uttermost. He saves me fully this afternoon. I came a thousand miles, and expected no joy so high as to mingle with the friends of Jesus on this happy occasion. Thank the Lord for what He does for me.

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## Renewal Of Strength

Sister B\_\_\_n. -- I used to attend this meeting six or seven years ago quite regularly. Every year as it passed away seemed to be the best. At the commencement of the present year I was under manifold temptations, not understanding the way of faith-the way of full trust. The blessed Comforter has made the last few months very enjoyable and precious by the manifestation of His love, and the revealings of the Lamb of God to my soul.

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## Victory And Persecution

Rev. Cobb. -- It does me a great deal of good to look on your faces. For eight years I preached in the twilight. Then I consecrated myself wholly to God, and proved that His blood cleansed from all sin, and began to tell it, because I was so bidden. I have learned since 1866 to act at all times as in my pastoral visitations, to have Christ always before me, and since that time I have established a weekly meeting for the promotion of holiness, and God has blessed the effort. I obtained leave of my Conference (Minn.) to come east to spend a year. When I came to Albany the friends insisted upon my taking Br. McChesney's place, who had been transferred to Chicago. The Lord permitted us to see many converted, and many sanctified. Since Conference I have been made the leader of a meeting on the subject of holiness, which has been established in Albany, at a central point. It is becoming a great power. We have dropped out all denominational distinctions, and say to all-Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methodist -- come in. Persecution has followed us, and' we have opposition from the pulpit; but the Lord rules. Pray for our Central Meeting, that it may be a power in the salvation of souls and the conversion of sinners.

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## High Hopes For Zion

Rev. Woodruff. -- I know that Jesus is coming nearer to men -- nearer to the Church. He is coming nearer as the world's Physician. He is restoring some of us to health. Hal is a Saxon word, and is the foundation of our word holiness, which means health. The blessed Lord Jesus is coming to put sickness out of the Church. The idea of being well, perfectly healthy, was promised by the Lord Jesus. The great Physician is coming to restore us to health. We have had a Convention on the subject of Holiness in New Haven, Conn., which has worked wonders. The Methodists have been found in the Congregational Church seeking holiness of heart. Only think of it. The Lord Jesus is coming nearer to us in the General Conference, and the world need not be struck with astonishment that Christian ministers are transacting business on the principles of the religion of Jesus.

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## Victories Of Faith

Mrs. Bishop Hamline. -- For almost thirty years I have been endeavoring to walk in this way of holiness, and wonderfully has my faith been tested. Thanks be unto God, I stand by faith. It is twenty-eight years since I first came here, and had the privilege of attending one of these meetings. Dr. Nast, who has just spoken, then opposed the doctrine of entire sanctification, and my dear husband felt great anxiety for him. As for myself, I was always a spiritual paralytic. It seemed almost impossible to attain a life of faith. It took so long for me to be nothing, nearly twenty years after attaching myself to the Church. Then it was a cross to stand out and confess to be a seeker of the blessing of full sanctification. "He who leads the blind by a way they know not brought me to the feet of Jesus, and there I found that he that had Jesus had ALL. Sometimes I have got into perplexity by seeking an experience, or something else, but at last I had to come back and take Christ as at the first -- finding that he that hath Christ hath ALL. I have been the blindest and the slowest to learn; eternity will be too short to tell the wondrous story.

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## Last Days The Best

Rev. Brooks. -- Sister Hamline brought back old recollections. So did Brother Lowrey and Dr. Nast. The last days are the best. Br. Lowrey remembers that I stood almost alone in my Conference; now I am not alone. I am almost morbidly sensitive. It was a long time before I got to live by faith. In the midst of turmoil, such as I have been passing through for the year past, I have had sweet peace. It was hard to trust in Jesus; but Jesus took me by the hand and led me. I have not given an equivocal testimony. Hallelujah! the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin.

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## Testimony From Ohio

Rev. \_\_\_\_\_. -- There is no name which sounds to me so sweet as Jesus. Next to that, holiness. I never knew when and where I was justified. The vicinity I know and, in a few hours, of the time;

but God the Holy Ghost converted me. Last fall, at the National Camp-meeting, the Lord sanctified me fully. Labor and suffering are to be encountered in becoming a good soldier, and I stand for Jesus. I could not go from this house without testifying for Jesus. I had the pleasure of taking Brother French (who was present) into the Church. I say to my Ohio brethren, and to these brethren here, "Go on, in the name of Jesus. I'll meet you there."

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### Every Want Met

Sister Drake. -- I am but a child. The Lord helps me. As I go on in the Christian life it becomes more and more simple. I used to demand of the Lord great manifestations of His power. I wanted feeling, and yet I thought I did not live by feeling. If we may have all the religion we live for, I resolved to live for much, and I got into much toil and Weariness. I met a minister who asked, Has Christ bought your whole need? Yes. Do you get it by taking it? He then said, If I had given myself wholly to God, it was my business to take minute by minute what God gives me. I never loved God as I have for two or three years past. I seem to be like a little child who knows its mother is about. It seems to me that God has come to me. He is my power, my strength, my rest. It is so comfortable to trust Jesus. The Lord gives you the same promise as He did me. "The Lord God will help thee." Jesus says, "I will preserve thy soul from all evil" -- trust Jesus. What! come into this wonderful rest by taking a little promise? Yes! trust Him, and he will fulfill every promise.

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### Song Learned

Rev. \_\_\_\_\_. -- I am loath to leave without testifying. The word of God read at the opening of the meeting is His message to my soul. My experience of this salvation is, that it is a covenant between the Lord and my soul. I give my all into His hands, and my Father's voice speaks to me, and says, "Son, all that I have is thine; thou art ever with me." I am feeding on the hidden manna. I know something of the song as sung around the throne, "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."

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### Twenty Months Of Joy

Rev. W. W. Sever. -- It is always a pleasure to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin. I have come more and more to feel that I cannot do without holiness. God never gives an impossible command. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Now this is the one feature for which I came to God. Take everything but holiness. I gave up joy -- asked only for holiness. Christ came in and worked. It is He, and not I. In our Church you would not expect emotional manifestations. I would not have believed, two years ago, that there could be twenty months of unbroken joy -- not always equal, sometimes, when most needed, a torrent of joy comes in. There were two lines I frequently

gave out to sing, but I never understood them: "He breaks the power of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free." Now they are very precious to me. Brotherly love I never knew before. Christ's people are the Church. Not Episcopalians, not Methodists, not Presbyterians, but Christ's.

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### Wonderful Heritage

Rev. Boardman. -- Sister Hamline has carried me back to an early wonder of my life, viz., a revival of holiness in a Presbyterian theological seminary. All over Eastern Connecticut, the people are hungering for the bread of life. Feeding on the husks of doctrine will never satisfy the soul. With Brother Sever, I see denominational barriers no more. All of one glorious stock -- all of one body. Christ is the Head, and therefore He makes his people well, as Brother Woodruff said; and more than health, He gives "youth." The Saviour set up a little child as the pattern, and all who have need of the manhood of faith will find that they must become as the little child. I feel, Sister Hamline, I am twenty years younger than when we met twenty years ago. We are getting down where we are as simple, as teachable, as a little child. God is about us, so that when we are weak then we are strong. It is beautifully expressed in Psalm 110: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth." Even as thou, O Christ, always wilt be God's holy child Jesus, and we are to be God's holy children in Jesus. What a wonderful heritage we have in the blessed Jesus!

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### An Indwelling Christ

Mrs. Palmer. -- I feel the power of an indwelling Christ. Jesus says, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Christ wants to turn the buyers and sellers out of every heart this afternoon. My heart is wonderfully inspired to believe that God will do great things for us. Let us pray that there may be such a cry for the Church daily; that as all things are possible with God we shall call on Jesus that He may show us the great and mighty things promised. If the Holy Ghost falls upon our General Conference, as it fell upon the assembled disciples on the day of Pentecost, then indeed shall we witness the great and mighty things of our Almighty Lord. Let us pledge ourselves to pray daily for the remarkable outpouring of the Holy Ghost in the Conference. May many here this afternoon apprehend the victory over the world which is, through Christ, taking full possession of the heart!

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### THE LAST MEETING WHICH DR. PALMER ATTENDED

We are also privileged to afford our readers a view of the last meeting the last meeting which Dr. Palmer attended, which was as follows:

The meeting was opened by singing the 476th hymn:

"Jesus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue' declare;  
O, knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there:  
Thine wholly. Thine alone I am;  
Be Thou alone my constant flame."

Requests from Indiana, Nevada, Nebraska, Dakota, and elsewhere were presented, and Rev. John Scarlett, followed by Dr. Palmer, led in prayer.

Mrs. Palmer read a portion of the 5th and 6th of 2d Cor., calling attention to the fact that if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, and does not live unto himself, but "unto Him which died for him." " If we say that we have fellowship with him and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." These are strong assertions, but it is God's Word. When He hath reconciled us unto Himself, there is then no more opposition to God, as there is by nature. We live now, we reason now, we have the offer of salvation now, and Christ is ready for our acceptance now. He not only offers us grace, but beseeches us to accept it. Let us see if we are indulging in any hindrances. There must be a positive separation from the world: we must be new creatures. Through all the teachings of the Bible, there are conditions that must be met. We are not our own; we are bought with a price, and are to be temples of the living God. She could testify to the blessedness of having the Heavenly Teacher causing us to realize that we are the temples of the Holy Ghost. The Word says, "Glorify God in your bodies which are his," and, "Whatsoever ye do, do it all to the glory of God." Even eating and drinking, which are about the most selfish things we do, may be done to the glory of God. She had found it blessedly so in her experience. God can give us the consciousness that He does accept us in the performance of what is termed menial service, if it is done to His glory. Her heart accepted the full blessedness of the atonement.

Dr. Palmer read a letter from a sister testifying of the blessedness of being consciously a temple of the Holy Ghost, and having ever with her the abiding Presence.

He also had received a letter from Br. William Taylor, Chili, who said that his work had never been more hopeful than at the present time. He enjoyed the long rides on horseback over rugged mountains more than he did forty-three years ago, when in his early ministry. He was sixty-two years old, but felt younger and more elastic than he did thirty years ago. There is great reason to praise God, and let us ask that Chili may be given to Br. Taylor. O, what a privilege to be a temple of the Holy Ghost! God is able to inlay these temples with holiness, and prepare them for His dwelling-place.

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Glory To Jesus

Rev. Scarlett realized that he was kept by the power of God unto salvation, through faith. God was taking a greater hold upon him and absorbing his whole being. When he contrasted his own insignificance with other things, he wondered at the love of God. It will be fifty years this month since he was converted, and he was powerfully converted; and his body felt it as well as his

battered infidel soul and darkened mind, and he wanted God to have His way. He was a Deist for nine years; and when he was converted, a Unitarian friend said to him, "I am glad you have been converted; but why don't you say ' Glory be to God,' instead of ' Glory be to Jesus?' " He had no confidence in himself, and he remembered that he went into the woods, and he said, "Glory be to Jesus!" and there was a response. And he found as there was an adaptation of the senses to things in the outer world, so there was an adaptation of spiritual things to spiritual nature. When he said, "Glory be to Jesus!" it was in accordance with the Spirit, and pleasing to Him. Then he said, "Glory be to Gabriel! Glory be to Wesley I" But there was no response in his spiritual nature. Jesus has a name that is adapted to the spiritual senses. As the beauty of the flower pleased the eye, and its fragrance the olfactory senses, so spiritual things affect spiritual senses; and by analogy he was led to think more of the heavenly world and less of the earthly. God had taken all evil passions from his heart, and he desired the good of everybody. God was penetrating his whole body, and operating through his eye and ear and tongue and whole body.. God works in the hearts of unconverted people -- they could not see their faults but for the Holy Spirit. Grace is all around us, permeating all, as the atmosphere fills the lungs by its elastic power. Unbelief is all wrong and is of the devil. When persons take hold of Christ by faith, they have knowledge; but without faith they go immediately down. His faith had been unbroken for fifty years; and though he had made blunders and come short, yet faith had been a shield which at all times blunted the fiery darts of the devil. He believed in Jesus and all that He had said; even though he might not understand all the mysterious truths, yet it was enough for him to know that it was God's Word.

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### Trinity Of Blessings

Br. \_\_\_\_\_ -- "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." His heart felt this great truth. He was thinking of the great company which are presented to the Father at the throne, and as he looked at the Word he read the closing prayer of the apostle; and he said, there is a trinity of blessings embodied in the experience of each individual -- "present you holy," and present you "unblamable," and present you "unreprovable" in His sight. We cannot stand before the throne unless we have experienced here this great truth, " For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." There is where we must stand as we go up to the throne.

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### Watchful In Conversation

Sister Searles. -- In meditating that day, this portion of the Word .had been presented to her: "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God." She saw the necessity of being watchful in conversation, for she wanted all that God had promised, and desired to guard against everything that would hinder the work of God in her soul. Jesus' words were so beautiful to her that morning -- "I am the light of the world." She had proved it in her experience; and although she might be surrounded by trials and perplexities, yet the sunshine of God in her heart was more than a match for anything else. There

was nothing that she so delighted in as praising God. She had read what the Bishops and Doctors had to say, but when people have perfect love in their hearts it will talk of itself; it is like a fire in the bones. God is able to destroy self and every sinful thing in the heart, and make us free indeed in Him. She had the sunshine of God in her heart every hour of her life.

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#### Receive It Not In Vain

Rev. Simmons. -- While the lesson was being read, he was impressed with the thought of not receiving the grace of God in vain, and it seemed as if it were for us to add: Let it have its way in the soul and character and life. The apostle's experience is only such as all may have, when he says, " I am crucified with Christ -- nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me... I do. not frustrate the grace of God." His prayer was, " Lord, save me from receiving the grace of God in vain. He had considerable will, but he wanted it to go along with God's will, as the atom goes with the gale. It was essential to him that he should spend a great deal of time with God. He was once tempted to believe -- but was saved from it -- that one's whole life should" be a prayer, and then there would be no necessity of spending so much time in private prayer. He had read a book telling of the world's demand for workers, and but little time should be spent in retirement; but he had found out that it was a mistake, and that he must have his early hour with God. It is said of William E. Dodge that the source of his strength was in the fact that he spent his morning hour with God. He knew about the sunshine in the heart, and the light seemed the brightest when there was darkness everywhere but there.

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#### Kept From Sin

Sister L\_\_\_\_ was kept and saved by the blessed Jesus, and she was made superior to all the annoyances of life. She was saved, not from trial, but from sin. There was a time when her will was in opposition to God's will, but everything now seemed to waft her Godward. She could testify of the blessedness of the morning hour with God. When she had a family of little ones, she used to rise at four o'clock and have an hour of blessed communion with God, which helped her the whole day, and nothing disturbed her. She used to have a feeling that she wanted to do somebody good, but of late years she wanted to do everybody good. Her heart was full of love to God and to the world.

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#### An Hour With Jesus

Dr. Ward had been greatly benefited years ago by having the testimony of Br. Simmons riveted in his mind, as he told the blessedness of the morning hour spent with God alone -- and he was led then to set apart that hour for God. He was always a good sleeper, but God, in accordance with the inspiration which he put in his heart, awakened him at the hour. He could not tell of the great change that it brought to his whole religious life, and he found that the one hour often merged

into two. If we have family duties, we get strength there to do them; and the brightness of the hour continues all day, and no gloom or shadow comes over the soul. We will find the richest blessings if we take an hour in the morning with God; and our hearts will go out so lovingly to Him, that we will find ourselves sometimes saying, " Good-morning, Father!" -- and we will feel His loving embraces, if not the kisses of His lips.

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### The Name Of Jesus

Sister \_\_\_\_\_. -- Why is it that the name of Jesus so thrilled her heart for more than fifty-six years with such joy? Why, He was called Jesus because " he saves his people from their sins." His power is omnipotent, and his love immense and boundless.

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### The Temple Filled

Rev. Reuss. -- As he listened to the testimonies about the temples of the Holy Ghost, he thought what a blessed thing it would be to have a dedication-service. He assisted in dedicating a house of worship a few days ago, and the account of the dedicating of Solomon's temple was fresh in his mind. There was a great deal of sacrifice and prayer, and when Solomon finished praying, fire came down, and the glory of the Lord filled the house. God heard his prayer, and the answer came: "I have hallowed this house... to put my name there for ever; and mine eyes and my heart shall be there perpetually." He had consecrated the 'temple of his body, but he needed more fire and glory to fill the place. The temples are all built, but they are not all filled. Let us rededicate ourselves to God, to be filled with His presence.

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### Decide For God

Sister Palmer was reminded of a time in her experience, in 1834 when she was brought to a point of decision. When called to lead a meeting she hesitated, and said she was not called to lead but to follow. She honestly thought that if she knew the will of God she would do it; but she kept questioning, and she found she was not willing. She heard a sermon on the text, "I have set before you life and death, therefore choose life." She found that life must be chosen, but death came without a choice. To choose means life. She determined to choose life, and said, " Lord, help me! Let the whole world frown and every friend desert me; thy smile, and every intimation of thy Spirit "shall be obeyed, though it cost me my life." When she decided for God, and was conscious that her will was one with His, the thought of the privilege of being one with God swallowed up every other thought. Let us glorify God in our body and in our spirit, which are His.

The invitation being given, a number signified their desire for the great salvation; and while the closing prayer was being offered by Mrs. Palmer, the tokens of the Divine presence, and the sealing of the Holy Ghost upon consecrated souls, were very manifest. To God be the glory.

Those who peruse this volume will be glad to have us give in this connection some

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### Golden Testimonies

Golden testimonies gathered from the records of various meetings. And, first, we insert a very precious and instructive account of the Holy Spirit's work upon the heart and life of Rev. William Taylor, now Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Africa, followed by others given by a number of the devoted friends of Jesus:

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### Experience Of Rev. William Taylor

I was justified by the grace of God August 28, 1841 -- thirty-eight years ago. My aim was not anything less than holiness. In the start I intended to be holy, but I soon found there were obstructions in my way. I had been perfectly conscious of my sinfulness, guilt, and condemnation; had seen the remedy in Christ on the ground of what He had done, received my acquittal, and the revelation from the Father of pardon and regeneration. Mine was a happy faith as far as this experience went, but there was a grappling with obstacles, remaining carnalities, for which there was no condemnation. I had inherited them. They were a terrible obstructive force. There was legalism. I began the work of consecration determined to be for God, to bind myself thoroughly to His service for ever. I began to work; and work it was -- all work, not much faith mixed with it.

There was ignorance in discriminating the difference between weakness and sin, between temptation and sin, between thoughts of sin and sinful thoughts. Difficulties arising from wandering thoughts, the workings of the imagination, flights of fancy, day-dreams -- for there are day-dreams as well as night dreams -- the one no more wrong than the other. For all this discipline was needed, and I went through a sort of drill, in the mean time having no one to talk with about holiness. At last I heard of a lady who professed sanctification. I went a long distance to see her. She had once enjoyed it, but had lost it. I got light and strength, but could not get carnal nature out.

Four years after I began to preach I found I must give up all to Christ. Just receive Christ as a poor patient would do with his doctor. The saving part is all Divine. We can only do as little children do, let everything go, and let Jesus do as He would. I was limber in His arms. I preached from Genesis through, from creation to glorification. I grew from the start, but could not grow sin out. Finally, I saw that all there was to do was just to receive Christ. I told Him I could not do any better than I had done; now He must do for me. Consecration resolutions could not do the work. As well might a person with the cholera expect to be cured by resolutions, resolving to be better, to have no more cramps, no more pain. No, such a person must submit to treatment. So I submitted to Christ, as a patient to a physician. I just submitted to treatment.

If I belong now to the hard-working line, as I do, it is not in regard to salvation. In that I can do nothing. Christ must do all; then, through the salvation He works in me, I can work for Him.

I let Him carry me as a little child is carried in its mother's arms, and was limber, too. Formerly I tried to help Him to save, and that hindered. Now I let Him do it all, and He made me strong to do. He worked in, and I worked out, that He which He would have me do,

The difference between the consecration of instructed believers and that of the sinner is this. The sinner does not consecrate at all. He has nothing to consecrate. He is a felon under condemnation. His is a surrender, not a consecration, and made mainly from fear. The converted soul lives at first in a moral legal zone. He has been acquitted, his legal relations have been made right, he has given back to him blessings lost through sin. He now has something to consecrate. He needs to have his senses enlightened, to see what he is to consecrate. He sees that he is able to sacrifice, to offer himself a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable to God through Christ. He is not to make an atoning sacrifice, only Christ could do that; but he perceives that it is ours to co-operate with Christ, and surrender all to God; that we are a royal priesthood, subordinate to Christ. Now, the consecration is not made from fear, but in view of the mercies of God. He sees God's provision in Christ through the atonement by the work of the Spirit. The standard is no longer the ten commandments, but beyond them. They are a grand law, and many people think if they only keep the ten commandments they are doing a great work. If they could keep them they could never get to heaven by keeping them. No one gets to heaven now by keeping the ten commandments. There is a zone where legality ends and the eleventh commandment is kept, the commandment of Christ: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." Love is beyond the ten commandments -- " Love as I have loved you." How did He love? He laid aside the riches, the honor and glory of His kingdom. He forsook His home and made common cause with us that we might share all with Him. This love is the great principle of the eleventh-commandment zone -- a zone a thousand miles beyond the principles of the legality zone, the zone of the ten commandments. I have a residence in this southern zone. If any man is wholly given up to God as a living sacrifice, he is ready for God's work anywhere. Since I have been thus surrendered, the Lord knows that if there is any hard work to be done, He has one man who is ready to do it. It is wonderful that one naturally bashful and unobtrusive should ever be so changed as His grace has changed me.

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#### Put On Christ Jesus

Rev. Wm. McAllister. -- Christ is our Saviour, Sanctifier, Redeemer, and Intercessor. He ever liveth to make intercession for us, and there is no time or place but He is on hand. In looking over the New Testament he stumbled on the place where it speaks of the golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints. It had never impressed him before. He knew now why they had such good meetings; one of the vials was being opened; the prayer of Phoebe Palmer and other saints was descending in blessing from the open vial. How often would we go astray did we not know that He has done everything for us? In that wonderful battle in which Lord Nelson accomplished so much, his friends entreated him to change his shining garments and buttons, lest he should be a conspicuous mark for the enemy's riflemen. "No, I will not," he replied; "I'll fight in the garments given me by the king." Our King gives you a white robe to put on; wear it, fight in it, and if it gets soiled it can be washed. If we but knew it, we are now in heaven. In Col. I:12 it says, " Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the

saints in light... and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son." HATH: we are already in the kingdom.

Rev. D. Steele said: "The Holy Ghost is as the air surrounding us, always ready to come in and fill up a vacuum. When the heart is empty and ready to receive Him, He is sure to come in and take possession. Like the sun, He sends His glorious rays into every door and window. But we may close the doors and windows and keep out both air and sunlight, and live in darkness and gloom, if we choose.

"The Holy Spirit sheds His light into every open heart. Every justified soul has received His hallowed beams and rejoiced in His light, but the sanctified soul receives not only His divine illumination and regenerating power, but His actual presence. He comes in and makes His abode there. He lives in the heart which is wholly sanctified as an abiding presence, not as a transient guest."

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#### All We Want -- God

Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith said: " 'My soul shall make her boast in the Lord! ' What we need more than all else is GOD. If in trial we can only recognize His presence, saying joyfully, O, there is God! our souls are abundantly satisfied. It is just like a little child that feels satisfied and joyous if mother is only present. Its face is covered over with smiles, and from a glad heart exclaims, 'O, there is mother!' Now, I can say, reverently and yet joyfully, I have God! It seems to me, dear friends, if every one of us only knew God we would have an answer to all our questions, and troubles and doubts would disappear. I entered into this way, not knowing much about it -- it came to me by degrees. I did not know what kind of a God He was. I had not the least idea that He was so good and lovely. Within the last six months I have learned so much about God that I feel like saying to everybody, Get God -- that is all you need!"

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#### The Altar Sanctifies The Gift

Sister Lois Smith, while listening to the Word, had received new light upon it. When she first sought Christ, the language of Job was hers, " O, that I knew where I might find him!" When seeking for a clean heart she kept saying, "O, that I could go up or somewhere to find Christ!" Some persons have an idea that they must read a great many books and do a great many things before they can have the testimony that they please the Lord. At the time she was convinced that it was her privilege to be cleansed from sin, she had been going over the various points of consecration, but did not apprehend the way till she heard a sermon on the text "Go on to perfection." Afterwards, in class-meeting, she rose and said, as if soliloquizing, "They say ' the altar is Christ,' and the Bible says the altar is holy and sanctifies the gift. I know that the gift is poor and mean, but the altar is holy and I know the gift is sanctified." She resolved to retain this position till convinced of her error. While waiting for the testimony the words came, "Now are ye

dead to sin and alive to God," and she had since been reckoning herself dead, and had the blessed testimony of the Spirit.

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### Only Jesus

Rev. I. Simmons was finding that, day by day, he made progress in the Christian life, and one of the peculiar phases of it was the fact that he was satisfied more easily with "only Jesus." He was growing into the thought more and more, that somehow he was in a kind of a heaven with Jesus. He did not find as much joy now in singing about heaven, as in thinking about Christ. As he sat down to contemplate a text for the Sabbath, holding himself in a receptive attitude, this shone out with great significance in the verse, "That I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings;" and as he dwelt upon the theme, how he felt the power of Christ in his soul! -- a high tide filling up every bay and all along the shore, making one complete sea. He was enjoying a rest from all agitation of spirit -- a rest in working for God, as He took care of him. Some time since watching was painful, but now it was done with a sweet instinct that watches itself, and he had the blessed consciousness of Christ in his soul.

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### In The Land Of Beulah

Sister Abbie Mills said she was "saved by the blood of the crucified One." Her ears had refused to convey the words that had been spoken, but she knew the story they had been telling, and their songs echoed in her heart -- "cleansed by the blood of the Lamb." She was exulting in the promise that Jesus had made to save all fully. She was called by the Spirit unto holiness, and was led step by step into the land of Beulah, where the Lord was her righteousness and keeper.

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### The Roots Taken Out

Rev. H\_\_\_\_, pastor of a German mission, said that while he was in his room asking the Lord to give him a sermon for the following Sunday, there was a rap at the door, and he was called into the garden, where the gardener was trimming some trees and rose-bushes, and wished to call his attention to some facts in connection with his work; and the lessons he derived from him were so precious that he could but think that they were for his sermon. The wild shoots that were growing out of the grafted trees and bushes typify sin in believers. He had tried to fasten this wild shoot down, by tying it to a tree; but no sooner was the rope taken off than the wild shoot went up: this wild shoot typifies pride which exalts itself, while the hanging branches mean humility. Then they came to the rose-bushes, where there were some wild branches which he had bent down to the earth and expected to see them in all their glory next summer: but the gardener told him that they were all good for nothing; and if they grew, the grafted tree would die. Sometimes we try to bend sin down and overcome it by good resolutions, but when the Gardener comes He makes short work with the wild branches. The gardener also told him that if the shoots were cut down every year, but

the wild root left, the old trouble would arise. Some people cut off the wild shoots at every revival or camp meeting, but they are no sooner over than the old trouble shows itself. And then he took the spade and axe and rooted out the wild roots -- that means holiness. Sanctification is the only cure for you and me and that can be done -- shall be done -- is done. We in our ignorance may think that the Gardener destroys the best and leaves what is most unseemly; but He knows what is best, and roots out only what is destructive. Let everything go and let Him have His way in our souls.

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### A Voice From India

Rev. W. E. Newton, a missionary in India, who had just returned in impaired health, said that he arrived in the city on Saturday, and had been to Ocean Grove to see Rev. Elbert Osborn, the venerable father of Rev. W. B. Osborn, who was his presiding elder in India, from whom he had parted in June. He praised the Lord that this full salvation had reached India, and they found it was just what was needed in their work. He blessed the Lord that his general, Rev. William Taylor, had told him of that meeting, and had brought him to the glorious feast.

Before going to India, he spent a night at his father's house, near Pittsburgh, praying for full salvation. God then filled his soul with glory, so that when the morning broke everything seemed new, every leaflet shone with beauty, and the people all around appeared changed; none were ugly or unpleasant. The salvation then obtained was still his. Seven weeks ago while drifting in the Indian Ocean, the vessel having lost her reckoning, and while suffering much from sea-sickness and other diseases, he had never been so happy. With Bishop Janes he could say, "I am not disappointed!" as he lay so near to what physicians and friends thought was his dying hour. Arriving in England, he was warmly welcomed by friends, and had seen the blessed workings of the Salvation Army whose golden motto was, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." During his absence in India five of his family had gone through the golden gates into the heavenly city. One of the number was his dear old grandmother, a saint of nearly a hundred years. He expected to find the vacant chairs in his home, but he knew that those who had filled them were with God, and his heart rejoiced amid its sadness.

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### Take Heed Lest Ye Fall

Rev. Gorham, -- There are three propositions which are self-evident to every Christian. 1st. The post of duty is the post of safety. 2d. The post of duty is the post of bliss. 3d. The post of duty is the post of strength. He had been thinking of the first proposition, because he had heard Br. Parker criticized for saying "that he was afraid to go to a certain place for fear of backsliding." He believed Br. Parker was right. He (Br. G.) was afraid to go where his soul would be subject to mischievous currents of thought or impulse. He was afraid to look at sin -- he ran away from it, and considered it valiant to run. He did not want to look at the devil and grow like him, but he wanted to turn his back on him and look at Jesus, and grow more and more like Him. This whole question of heroism is misapprehended by men. A man is not courageous for God who is not afraid

of being exposed to sin. You may be suspicious of a man who is so strong that he does not care where he goes. It is, indeed, no matter where one goes, if God calls him to go; but to volunteer to go where the soul is subjected to counter-currents is a very grave venture. If we want the shield Of God over us we must keep at the post of duty. He was growing stronger, but was not strong enough to tamper with sin, nor to go voluntarily to the extreme edge of right. He was afraid of the precipice; he might fall. Our strength is all in Him, and not in our will, or intellect, or reason, but in the love that binds us to Him.

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### Help In Time Of Need

Rev. A. C. Morehouse said the sentiment that we are called to be saints was very precious to him. It is a wonderful honor and privilege to be called of God to this. He asked no higher place; it was the ambition of his life to be a saint, to be holy, humble, and like Christ. A short time ago he was requested to go and see a judge about some matter. He went, and the officer in attendance told him to sit down, he could not then see the judge. He happened to know the judge, so he took a card from his pocket and wrote on it, and asked the officer if he would please carry that to the judge. He consented and took it, and shortly returned saying the judge wished to see him in his own room. The officer was humbled, but he felt honored. We have a call from the King of kings; we may go alone into His presence and hold conversation on important business, and be sure of getting help in every time of need. The past year he had been called to the most difficult field of his life, but it had been the happiest. Called by the King of kings to minister to the wants of the needy he had had a wonderful experience.

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### Trust In God

Rev. Moore once heard an able sermon on the text, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of faith." He was delighted with the "manner and most of the matter, but took exception to one illustration. He spoke of one of the old masters being engaged to build a grand structure, and having originated the plans in the general outline, he gave it to his apprentices to work out the details, and when they had finished their work, the master came and touched up and finished it. That minister's idea was that, between the author and finishing, man was left to do the work. He could not accept that idea of it. When we speak of the author of a book, we do not mean that he gave an idea, and then left it for some one to fill out, but that he originated the whole thing, and gave it finished to the public. Jesus is the author, the beginner, and the finisher, and leaves us nothing to do but to look to Him and trust Him. We are God's workmanship, and have nothing to do but to yield to Him, to work in us of His own good pleasure. He knew a gentleman that lived a consistent Christian life, who was thrown into a position in political life where he contracted bad habits, and found himself falling into sin. He believed in the old doctrine of election, but the pleading of wife and children availed nothing, and his resolutions were broken as a rope of sand, and in despair he contemplated suicide. One day he entered his home and falling on his face, said, "O Lord, I have tried and failed; if Thou dost not save me, I am lost." He was saved and had no trouble after that, because he trusted in God to do the work.

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### I Will Teach You

Sister Dawson said many had told how they sought God, but she must tell how God sought her. One Sabbath morning as she went to her room, peaceful and joyful, and bowed before God, a voice came saying, "God has a controversy with you." This was new language to her, and she said, "What, Lord, does this mean?" and the voice came again, "God has a controversy with you." And she said, "For what, Lord? Thou knowest that I love Thee, and love to submit to Thy will." "But you do not love to enjoy my will," was the reply. She said, "Yes, Lord." "Are you willing to profess that the blood cleanses from all sin?... No, Lord. I cannot do that;" and then she reasoned about her infirmities, etc. She had not known that her will was opposed to God, but the light flashed on her, and she saw that she was not wholly given up; but she said, "Lord, help me and I will do it." And O, how He stooped to her ignorance and weakness and saved her through and through! And He kept her by His power every moment.

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### God Is Thy Refuge

Mrs. Mary D. James wanted to magnify the grace of God by narrating the experience of one whom she had visited at the hospital. She went there to undergo a critical surgical operation, and was so nervous that she looked frightened like a child, her whole physical system being prostrated. A minister of Christ preached a sermon in the hospital on the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, and lifting the soul above suffering and trial and causing it to triumph. This woman saw her privilege and gave herself into the hands of the Great Physician -- her soul and body and family -- for she had left four children at home. From that moment she became perfectly triumphant in Christ. When the time came for the operation to be performed which might usher her into eternity, the doctor said, "Are you ready now?" She replied, "Yes, I am ready." And with a firm step she walked into the room and laid herself down upon the table. As she did so, these words were whispered by the Spirit, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." She realized that she was lying in the arms of Infinite Love; and as she became unconscious through the administration of ether, she said: "Living or dying, I am the Lord's!" What was the secret of all this change? She gave herself unreservedly to God. The Lord brought her through the operation safely, and she was then convalescent and rejoicing in her Saviour.

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### The Lord Our Righteousness

Sister Washburn said she had been thinking of the motto on the wall before her, which reads, "The Lord Our Righteousness." He had the power of resurrecting and re-energizing, and not merely covering our deformity with the cloak of imputed righteousness, but a righteousness wrought out through a holy life, which is imparted. He, taking the web of life, stretches the warp and guides the thread and holds the shuttle, and causes the sweet tints of faith and love and charity

and humility to form the texture of a living hope. She thanked God that the old idea of an imputed righteousness has been done away with, and God has shown us, as the earth bringeth forth her bud, so His righteousness shall spring forth as a growth from the life within, when we are grafted in the living Vine and His life imparted to us. He makes us trees of righteousness, whose roots drink from the fountain of life and the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. The foliage covers the trees, and when we see the leaves we know there is life, When the world sees us covered with leaves which testify of the truth, and the lives of God's people are as trees of righteousness, then will the nations be healed.

Mrs. Skidmore knew that she was a child of God, and had proved His Word true. She could hardly tell how she had got through the year; she only knew God had kept her; she had cast herself upon Him hardly knowing what to ask for, and living by the moment. She had talked a great deal in the past, but of late she had been proving the truth of what she had said. A sister, in speaking of being "rooted and grounded," said that when the gardener was putting a plant out for her, she told him to fasten it to a stick, so that when the winds came it would not blow over. During the past year she felt that the Holy Spirit had fastened her to something that held her and sheltered her, so that she had not felt the full force of the storm, but had been covered and had a refuge. The Lord had been so gentle to her in her friends. The Word teaches us what to be to one another, and the Holy Spirit shows us the beautiful character of Jesus exhibited in the saints around us. If we have the Spirit, it will have the effect upon others. God did not require her to be anything she could not be, but He does ask that He may abide in us. It is wonderful how He walks with us and says such comforting things, when we feel that we should fall if we looked down, it is so dark down there; but. He says, "Be of good cheer!" Praise the Lord for His precious promises!

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### Are You On The Lord's Side?

Rev. Horne. -- In his journeying he reached Jerusalem on a Saturday evening, and early on Sunday morning went out on the flat roof of the hotel to view the scenery. As he looked, he saw the mountains were all around him -- Mount Olivet, Mount Gilead, and others -- and the text came home to his mind with great force, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth and for ever," and it made such an impression that he never had forgotten it, Many times in life he had been severely tried, yet he felt that the God of Jacob was his refuge and the "Lord was round about him." God has promised never to forsake them who put their trust in Him, but in order to realize these promises we must be sure that we are on the Lord's side. During the late Rebellion, when everything seemed very dark, a politician went to Mr. Lincoln and expressed his sorrow and concern, and closed his remarks by saying, "If I could only feel perfectly sure that the Lord was on our side!... It does not trouble me," replied Lincoln, "about the Lord being on our side, but the question is, Are we on the Lord's side? -- the Lord is on our side when we are on His side." All the advantage, honor, safety, and blessedness are on that side. He proposed to stand with God, and in so doing to be more than conqueror.

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### Do Everything To The Glory Of God

Sister Clark thought it a great blessing to have sanctified common-sense. To be fully set apart for God does not mean that we are to take leave of our common-sense, but to have our judgment and reason sanctified. We are to live in the world as lights, and to use it as not abusing it, and doing everything with a single eye to the glory of God. If two angels were sent to the world, one to sweep the streets and the other to sway a scepter, one would be doing the will of God equally with the other. When we do all to the glory of God, it ennobles the commonest duty. She once heard Mrs. Palmer say "she put on her hat to please the Lord." Housework had always been a drudgery to her because she lacked physical strength; but one day, as she was cleaning paint, the thought came that she was doing it for His glory, because a dirty house is not to His glory, and immediately her soul merged out into freedom; and since that time she had enjoyed doing everything, as mother, wife, housekeeper, and the routine of life, for the glory of God. If any difficulty arose, she spoke to Jesus about it, for He who numbers the hairs of our head will hear us, and sympathize with us, and give us the victory. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us!" Let us put everything away from us that impedes our progress, and look for a radical inward work that will make our lives holy and spotless.

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### We Are Responsible

Mrs. Hall asked, Am I not responsible if I go away without a blessing? Will God not hold us responsible after all the promises He has given us and charge us with ingratitude and unfaithfulness and unbelief? If we go away without all the Father has for us, it is our fault. We cannot all speak, but we can all have Christ as our complete Saviour here and now. We may all say, He is mine and I am His. There is no perhaps about it; if we are saved at all, it will be through believing; and if saved at all, may be saved now. It is a free salvation. She used to wish that she could only get over the bar of unbelief and accept Christ as other people did; but when the Holy Spirit showed her that she was one that Jesus died for and came to save, then she believed and was saved. God is no respecter of persons, and it is the privilege of every one to be saved. Speaking about definite and immediate answers to prayer, she was suffering greatly in body, and she was where she could not get to her friends or a physician, and She looked up and asked Jesus to remove the pain, and immediately it was gone. She had asked for the healing of others, and God had answered prayer; but she did not seek for subjects, but when the Holy Spirit presented a subject, she was safe in asking and bound to believe. Why not accept a salvation that comes through Christ and which is so reasonable, and safe?

Sister Dennler. -- I know what it is to be kept at rest under turmoil, trials, vexations, and tempests of this life. Eleven years next July, I had only known Jesus about a year and a half when I sought to know Him fully. That is a pleasant remembrance. I never heard anything about sanctification until I came to this meeting. I remember when I went home, I got on my knees and said, " Dear Jesus, I have been hearing about sanctification. I have been so great a sinner, but I believe You are able to do it. What a monument of mercy should I be, if You would only work out this salvation in my heart." He did it. That Tuesday afternoon, the sainted Phoebe Palmer arose and said, "If there are any souls here that have done all they can, and all they know how to do, while we are singing ' I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,' step out on the Word of God." I said, "I am trusting,

yes, indeed I am, dear Lamb of Calvary. Humbly at Thy cross I bow. Then Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me!" I hesitated. I thought, Now if I say it I mean it. I said, "Dear Lord, I will believe Thy Word -- I will do one honorable thing in my life." I said, "Jesus saves me Now!" and it was done.

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### The Divine Covenant

Mrs. Keene, of Philadelphia, said she was very glad that she had heard the verse read, "This is the covenant that I will make with them." There was a time when she was willing to consecrate herself to God fully, and she believed that she did so, but she was troubled about continuing in the way, and thought it would be a hard way, and beset with difficulties; but when she met this verse where God promised to put His laws into our hearts and write them in our minds, it seemed as though this covenant was a very solemn compact on His part, and had all the marks of the ancient covenant, sealed with the blood of the sacrifice of the Lamb of God. That was God's part. Her part was to accept. And when He said He would engrave His laws on her heart and write them on her mind, it seemed too good to be true; but she began to trust Him, and this became to her the anchor of her soul. He said, too, that He would put His Spirit within us, and cause us to walk in His statutes, and keep His judgments, and do them; and this seemed wonderful, that she could have the presence of the Divine Spirit; she could not understand it, but she believed and trusted. But as she had grown in this way, she found that it was impossible to walk without the Spirit, and this is the only way that we can fulfill all righteousness. The law of righteousness can be fulfilled only by those who have the Spirit. This truth, as it unfolded, grew more wonderful and more and more precious to her. "The fruit of the Spirit is love," etc., and she knew she had the Spirit because she had His love. She had proved it when sorrow came very near, but her Heavenly Father had convinced her of the tenderness and eternity of His love. She could not question His love, and He stilled the murmuring before it commenced, for He showed her that He loved her more tenderly even than she loved her boy -- and nothing came to her only through His love. She was glad that she knew Jesus, and what He revealed to her. Our Father takes pains to vindicate His ways to His children, and is always true to His word. She loved Him better every day, and wanted to serve Him ever with a true heart.

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### Believing The Word

Dr. Cullis. -- "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." If anything is true, it is God's word. It is precious to me, I would rather feed on it than on anything in the world. "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." With many, there is no question about the future; they expect to go to glory, but they sometimes miss the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, thus missing this rest in this world. The promises are to be accepted by faith. "All things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." The promise does not hinge on feeling, but believing. I have often been to the Lord to ask Him for something, and had no feeling. I should as soon question my existence as to doubt God's word. Take God at His word. Does not the blood cleanse from all gin? It cleanses, it cleanses! it cleanses the moment we believe. These are not questions but facts.

Shall we believe Jesus? If you want a happy heart, take Jesus. You will have songs on your lips day and night. All things are possible with God, and all things are possible to him that believeth. All the rope in use in her majesty's service has running through it a red cord. It is the line of royalty, and against the law to use in common rope. The same line of royalty runs from Jesus to each of His children, and all looking at us should be able to clearly see the red line. If in the pathway there are thorns, One stands ready to deliver you even though the waters stand up very high on either side.

Mrs. Cullis. -- "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." It is right that we should be witnesses. Not only to stand up once in awhile, and say something; but what did the great witnesses do? They counted not their lives dear, they had faith -- they were willing to do anything for God. Let us ask ourselves, Are we such witnesses? I want to be such a one. Let us not stagger at the promises. The good martyrs did not, and have we not the Holy Spirit? It is not we that testify, it is the Holy Spirit. Let us lose sight of ourselves, of our shortcomings. It is sweeter and sweeter to trust Jesus, whether in parlor or kitchen. The witnesses are about us, but we must look to Jesus only.

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#### A Jewish Witness

Rev. Freshman, of Canada. -- I have often read of these meetings, and I am glad to be here. The Lord has done great things for me. I was brought up in a religion opposed to "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." It could give me no peace in life, or consolation in death. But, blessed be God, He opened my eyes, and led me to see that I was a sinner. God has adopted me into His family and applied the blood of Jesus to my soul. He has honored me in putting me into the ministry, as also my dear father, formerly a Rabbi, who labored faithfully for fifteen years in connection with the Methodist Church in Canada. He died triumphantly -- the chariot being in waiting to take him home. I have been trying to follow in his footsteps. I have come into the enjoyment of perfect love, since which God has graciously blessed my labors.

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#### OUT OF THE PIT

Rev. McNamara loved to testify how Jesus had saved his soul and brought him out of the mire and clay, and placed his feet on the rock Christ Jesus. The Lord Jesus had given him work to perform, and he was doing it with Him. God had thrown him among a strange class of 'people, and he prayed that the Lord might cleanse them and make them pure. He knew what the Lord had done for him. As a priest he pretended to forgive people their sins when there was a cloud over his mind, and he knew not that his own sins were pardoned. As he turned from pope and bishops, he went groping about in the dark not knowing where to go, till one Saturday night he was led into a prayer-meeting among the sailors. He thought he knew more theology than all of them together, and their prayers and testimonies had no more effect upon him than upon a stone; but when the leader of the meeting said, "Who is there that will raise his hand for Jesus?" he flung himself on his knees and went to confessing to Jesus, and He saved him as never before. Later, as he came to this

meeting, and Dr. Palmer asked those to rise who would consecrate themselves to God, he stood up and at that time received a baptism, and God had since been leading priests students and people into the light.

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### Fully Saved

Rev. J. S. Inskip testified that the Lord was still saving him. His heart turned to the Tuesday Meeting with grateful remembrances. It was these friends that had directed his dear companion into the King's highway and, by the aid of the blessed Holy Spirit through her, he was induced to make the entire consecration of all to Jesus. Years ago he had passed through a great trial, and on coming out remarked to a friend, "And there are no wounds!... Suppose there had been wounds, what would you have done?" was asked. He replied that he would have gone immediately to the blood. He was fully saved, and was realizing more and more of the power of this salvation. The Lord had recently given him very precious the promise, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." He was going abroad to proclaim this wonderful salvation, and he expected to be preserved by the way. To him the loveliest spot on earth was here, in this room -- such blessed influences! He was delighted with Jesus, and charmed with perfect love. Since the baptism which went through and through his soul, he had become more and more grounded.

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### With God All Things Are Possible

After the hymn,

"Hallelujah! 'tis done,  
I believe on the Son;  
I've been washed in the blood  
Of the crucified One"--

Rev. George Lansing Taylor said the vital import of that chorus is in the words, "I believe on the Son." When we say that, we get beyond theology into experience of the soul, and that is salvation, for "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." When we state that as the soul's experience, then all difficulties disappear. Talking about no river, his idea of death was simply -- the Lord would open the door and let him out; and it sometimes seemed as though he could almost look through. It is not necessary to be an invalid to feel ready to die. Death was simply dropping the curtain to let us into the place where the Lord is, and where we shall mingle with the saints. So far as physical locality or mechanical arrangement of heaven was concerned, he had no idea. There was nothing between him and the presence of God except his physical body; and nothing between him and God in the present spiritual life but his volitions; when his will was in harmony with God's will, and his faith unshaken, God flowed into him and he went out to God. If his prayer was in accordance with God's will, it was only God working out His own desires. The earth is surrounded by an electrical ether, and in order to accomplish certain results only certain

conditions and combinations are necessary. So the Lord can clear every obstacle from His path. He never had such a marvelous hold on the Divine promises as of late. He put himself into the hands of God and left the responsibilities of the work with Him and God had abundantly blessed him. The Jordan disappeared on one side into the sea, and there were twenty miles of road God can make a wide road for His people.

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#### Anything Short Of Holiness A Failure

Rev. John Parker said he was reaping what he had sown, and had marvelous confidence in the truth of God. He had swung out on that, and was leaving dry land and everybody's approbation and company. For thirty years he had been staking everything on it, but staking on a venture; but he had got where his hands were full of sheaves. God's ideal for souls here is perfect satisfaction in Him; nothing absolutely necessary but God. What God gives we use as stewards for Him, but we can do without everything if we have God. He who does not feel this has yet to learn the luxury of God's supreme sufficiency. One great trouble is to get rid of self; when that is out we have a life of triumph. As to dying, he would as soon die as to go home. As the boy at boarding-school who, the night before the morning that the stage is expected to take him home, cannot sleep, so he was at boarding-school and expected the carriage soon. God filled his soul, not by what He gives, but by what He is. God's ideal character for souls is holiness; therefore less than holiness is failure.

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#### Search The Scriptures

Mrs. Wright said the late beloved Bishop Janes had told her that at the close of every year he took a retrospect of the past, and asked what advancement he had made in the Divine life. Since then she had tried to measure her advancement by the Word of God, and she was enabled to say that she trusted in the promises more fully than ever, and they were yea and amen in Christ Jesus. She blessed the Lord for the preciousness of the Old Testament as well as that of the New. At one time, when collating passages prophetic of the coming Christ, light shone on her heart, revealing a Father's love bending down through the ages, and bringing about the sacrificial atonement, and she felt a near relationship, and she instinctively cried, "Father!" And she had been taught by the Book of Job that worldly consolation and wisdom amounts to nothing, and that we can do nothing without God. She came to the close of the year saying, "How have thy mercies closed me round!" There was a fountain full and free, and her Father owned it, and abundance of Divine riches she could have for the asking. She only needed to look and live.

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#### More Love, More Power

Jennie Smith said that while they were singing,

"O for a thousand tongues to sing

My great Redeemer's praise!"

she asked that she might have more power to use the one she had in praising Christ. If any one could use a thousand tongues to praise Him, she knew she could. She desired to ask prayer for some seeking souls who were Church-members, having the form without the power, and who were at that hour waiting upon the Lord that they might be baptized. She found the love of God more precious every day she lived, and she believed if we had this influence deeper in our hearts the world would know more about this love. She needed a special baptism for her work, and came for that specific purpose. She never had sent a request to this meeting without a seal being set to it in the salvation of souls. She had met a man a thousand miles from here who had received this blessing on the way home from the meeting. She was desirous of being a more effectual instrument in increasing the number of those who should join in the glorious re-union by and by.

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### Sweetness Of Delight

Rev. H. Belden. -- O, how I love Jesus! He fills my whole soul with love. We should have our countenance, actions, behavior, all consistent and harmonious. When tempted by the enemy to be impatient, I say very simply, "Dear Jesus, give me Thy patience," or if I need it, "Give me Thy meekness." Each year's experience is sweeter than the one before, -- a gentle sweetness of delight almost all the time. I am all the Lord's. He can do with me whatever He desires to. I have consented, and I am more in love with His will than ever. God's salvation is full and glorious. I want you all to help me to praise God. The Word says, "Your heart shall live that seek God," and He went about living and loving. There is an attraction in love and in expressing it; and if we are full of love to Jesus, it will attract others to Him. The acknowledgment of love gives freedom. His will was in sweet harmony with God's will.

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### Thy Will Be Done

Mrs. Bottome said while Br. Belden was speaking of being in harmony with the will of God, she was reminded of a picture she saw. It represented a crown of thorns suspended from a common nail by a scarlet thread, and over it, in large, distinct letters, was, "Thy will be done." But among the thorns had been dropped flowers of rarest beauty. She caught the artist's idea, which was this: After a soul says from its depths, "Thy will be done," it is then that God mingles the wonderful flowers around the head of the sufferer. People want joy, long-suffering, and other graces, but they never get them till they accept "the crown of thorns," and say, "Thy will be done," whether it be poverty or anything else that hurts. There were heart's-ease, and passion-flowers, and other beautiful ones, among the thorns; but the secret of their being there was, "Thy will be done." When we come to this entire surrender of life, the Holy Comforter takes the sting from care and the burden of life, and we forget the wounds and griefs of our life's conflicts.

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## Fragrance From The Thorn

Mrs. Dr. Dennler, holding a bouquet which Mrs. Bottome had thrown in her lap as she rose to speak, said: " Here are some beautiful roses. This yellow rose, called Marshal Ney, has a peculiarly sweet fragrance. Formerly this kind of rose was without odor; but it was grafted into a thorn-bush which gave to it an exquisite perfume, which makes it a favorite among roses. So God lets some of His children be united to thorn-bushes, that they may become more lovely, shedding a sweeter perfume and showing forth His praise the more."

In later years it has been the custom for Mrs. Lankford Palmer to read and comment upon the Scriptures. The doctor would follow in exhortation, seeking to emphasize the lesson. In this department he excelled, his words being in the demonstration of the Spirit, and powerful impressions were made.

On one occasion he endeavored to stimulate the faith of those present in the largeness of Gospel provisions for a perishing world. The Scripture lesson was the miraculous feeding of the five thousand.

He remarked that he had been led to select it from having read, that Mr. Moody said the Church in Philadelphia was not ready to do the work that God required. He was more and more convinced that God had made ample provision for a perishing world. We sing--

"Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore."

Can it be possible that God has made such ample provision, and that the Church is withholding it from the perishing? When Christ proposed to feed the multitude in the wilderness. Philip was startled at the proposition, and Andrew said, There is a lad here that has five loaves and two little fishes. Jesus said, Make the men sit down; and he took the bread and blessed it, and gave each disciple a little piece. He did not fill their arms full. John might have said, "Why, Master, this is scarcely enough for myself, it is such a little piece!" but he did not. He could imagine John with a trembling hand breaking the first piece, and it lasted, and the faster he broke it the faster it multiplied, till his Share of the company were fed. No doubt he wished there were fifty thousand to feed, it was so delightful to feed the hungry. God gives a portion of the bread of life to all His children to break to others. It is the very first impulse of the renewed nature to break the bread to others. The disciples went out with a little piece, but they each returned with a basketful. So it would be at the present day if we would begin to break to the multitude. Let us ask great and mighty things of our Almighty Lord. He praised God that He was saving him fully and permitting him almost daily to see souls saved. Last Sabbath between thirty and forty gave clear evidence of a change of heart. O, that our city might feel the power of God, and that many might be baptized and enter the service of the King of glory, who is able to satisfy every desire! Full salvation removes the fear of man.

On another occasion he urged an immediate surrender and acceptance of the promises, in this forcible language:

We have been Singing,

"A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love."

Is it so? May we depend on the promises? May we believe that it is the will of God that each one should be made whole today? Is He willing to take us into such sweet relations to Himself that we shall be holy and bear the image of the Heavenly? He does say, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." Shall we present our bodies a living sacrifice? God condescends in His word to make truth tangible to our minds. If there is to be a sacrifice there must be an altar. Under the old dispensation there were the types and shadows in order to make truth clear to our perceptions. The altar after purification was so holy that whatsoever touched it was made holy. A Jew never thought of questioning whether his sacrifice was accepted after it was placed on the altar, for God had said that it was so. Christ is our altar, and when on earth He was so holy that whosoever touched Him was made whole. Our blessed Jesus would have you present yourselves to Him that He may present you to the Father without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. Do not think of making yourselves better, but present yourselves as you are, a living sacrifice to God. O that we may learn to prove what is the will of God! He was saved moment by moment by the blood of Christ.

He had an impressive way of calling upon Christians to put on the whole armor of God. Once, after the reading of the sixth chapter of Ephesians, he said:

Paul, in the chapter read, seems to sum up the whole matter, and says, " Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Not, as some say, " In my own poor, weak way," but in the power of Omnipotence. "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." The subject during the week of prayer was the outpouring of the Spirit. The time had come for the fulfillment of Joel's prophecy: we may have it here today, and we can do nothing toward the conversion of the world without having the power of the Spirit. It is the privilege of every child of God to go filled with the power of our Almighty God, feeble as we may be Infinite Love promises it. God has called you out from the world, and Heaven and your unconverted friends expect more of you than you are aware of. God, knowing our poverty and helplessness, provided an armor all ready for us to put on. The armory of heaven is open, and every weapon you will need is prepared; it is only for you to put it on. No battle; no victory. The soldier does not care how severe the battle may be, if he can be assured that victory will perch upon his banner. Let us go wherever God may lead us, contemplating victory from-this time forward.

Under such stirring appeals every Christian soldier present felt almost ready to say, "We must, we will put on the whole armor and go forth to glorious war and certain victory."

The preciousness of the covenant relations into which the child of God enters, and the amplitude of the provisions of the covenant were set forth in terms like these:

God has made provision under the new covenant, "that we may do His will as angels do it in heaven." Under the old covenant, which was do and live, man failed. The moral law was broken and no longer required obedience, but it did call for the penalty, which was death. But in the new covenant, which I have read this afternoon, God says, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. This is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel in those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." He fulfills His part of the covenant. When God gave Moses the pattern for the tabernacle, He not only gave the outline, but gave instructions as to the little things, even down to the candlesticks; so God would have us follow the pattern He has given, even to having the mind that was in Christ.

How think you, reader, must unctuous words like the following, dropping from the lips of this man of God, have affected a company gathered in the name of Jesus?

If, while singing,

"O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free,  
A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
So freely shed for me!"

Jesus should have made himself manifest as in the days of His incarnation, and should have stopped us with the inquiry, "Do you really desire that I shall do that for you? Do you believe that I am able to do it?" what would have been the answer? Would it have been, "Thou hast promised and Thou wilt do it?" Our Father is more willing to grant the request for a clean heart than we are to ask; and has said, "According to your faith be it unto you." God has given us exceeding great and precious promises; not that He was under any obligations to His rebellious creatures, but His marvelous love led Him to do it He tells us these promises were given for the express purpose "that we might be made partakers of the Divine nature." May the Lord help us to see our privilege in Christ, and "crown him Lord of all"!

The doctor often proposed that the exercises should take the form of a "Praise-Meeting," in language like this:

In our lesson we read, "Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name." It is written, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God." Isaiah says, "In that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." You will observe, it is not enough to think praise. We are a redeemed company, and we will endeavor to make this a praise meeting. It is cause of thanksgiving that the God of love should propose to prepare any of our inferior race (for we were made a little lower than the angels) to sit with Him on His throne. Jesus is here for that purpose this afternoon. It is God that worketh in you. Let Him do the work. During our absence at the different meetings, we have seen very many enter the "rest of faith," and prove the power of the blood that cleanses, while others have had their names newly written in the Lamb's book of life. I glory in this salvation that saves moment by moment, and saves me now.

The subject at the opening of a new year was the gift of the Holy Ghost. In a few brief but pithy sentences he called for an immediate acceptance of the gift, saying:

The promise of the Holy Ghost, like all the promises of our God, has been fulfilled. It only remains for us to accept. There is nothing our enemy hates so much as direct testimony. A witness that can give positive testimony is never desired by the opposing party in a court of law. Jesus would not send out His witnesses until they were endowed with power to convince the world. We are to give our testimony, that the world may believe. What think ye of Christ? is still the question up before the world. They do not believe Him, and by their actions say, "Crucify Him." Jesus came to deliver us out of the hand of our enemies, and asks us to testify to its fulfillment. Are we all free? If not, shall we not this afternoon assert our liberty? "This is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us."

The presence of the Holy Comforter pervaded the assembly, and many hearts were opened to receive the heavenly Guest. How many times believers have found their Pentecost in these meetings when New Testament truth has been impressively stated, the day of the Lord alone will declare.

But in nothing was the power of this holy pleader more fully demonstrated than when he dwelt upon the boundless love of Christ. On one occasion the reading had been from the epistle of Peter, respecting the preciousness of faith, whereupon he remarked:

He was exulting in the glorious promises. Mr. Moody has said the Lord has no poor children. It must be so; for if we are children, then are we heirs. Settle the point whether you are a child; if a child, then an heir to all the great and precious promises. He had read of a man who had lived and died poor and yet had had a large fortune left him, but he did not know how to use it. Shall our Father leave us an inheritance and we not take possession? These promises are given, that by them we may be made partakers of the Divine nature. The same laws that govern the royal family around the throne govern the family here. It will be a great thing to be taken into that family, but we will not go in as strangers. "God is love." Here the circulating medium is gold, but there the streets upon which we shall walk shall be paved with gold, but the circulating medium will be LOVE. God is love; let Him fill your hearts. He rejoiced that he was enabled to yield himself up fully to His control, and know that His yoke is easy and His burden light.

Sometimes it was suggested that a "Believing Meeting" should be held. It was continually insisted that faith was the sole condition of the reception of entire sanctification. The doctor often said "that there were only two steps" to the blessing: "1st. Entire consecration; 2d. Faith, simple, childlike faith, appropriating faith." Once he remarked:

He was inclined to think that we could not please Jesus better than by having a believing meeting. Jesus wants clean temples to dwell in, and He is saying to each one who accepts the truth, "Now are ye clean." Jesus said to the impotent man, "Wilt thou be made whole?" He would not have put the question if He had not intended to make him whole. How great is the love of Jesus! He tells us, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." Such love is infinite; can we, then, doubt Jesus? God did intend that we should be living temples of the living God, made pure, and

then we should be able to rejoice evermore. It would not require any great effort of infinite power to fill every soul to overflowing. He rejoiced that he was saved through the blood of the Lamb.

The great aim in all these meetings has been to hold up to view with distinctness the privileges of sainthood -- the privilege of being holy, of having the Christ-likeness, and of being "more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us." Dr. Palmer at one time declared with much emphasis:

God would have us free. Temptations are not weights; Jesus was tempted, yet He was more than conqueror. Weights are things that hinder us from obeying God, and keep us in bondage. The Captain of our salvation is not honored by our defeats. The question with us today should be, "Am I a conqueror, or am I a conquered man? Do I wear the chain, or do I walk in freedom?" Our faith needs nourishment. Its food is the Word of God. Our faith hath a firm foundation only as it rests on what God hath promised. Trusting thus on the sure word of prophecy, we have victory. The Lord is able "to keep us from falling... this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Another object sought was the stimulating of Christians to be ambitious to have "an entrance ministered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom." We give an example of the language employed. Dr. Palmer said:

He was very thankful for the instruction we have received from the Living Oracles, and for the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit. We are told not to grieve the Holy Spirit. He has come to give us a lesson in the science of salvation, in advance of anything we have ever learned before, "that we may be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." An English writer, in speaking of the instruction that the Holy Ghost gives, asks, "On what form in the heavenly school do you intend to enter? For on whatever form you leave off here you will begin there." "Eye hath not seen," but we have new powers imparted to us that we may know of this wonderful salvation. They were there to have the Holy Spirit energize their powers and remove all darkness, and give them a brighter view than ever before, so that they may be like the disciples when they came from the Mount, and see "Jesus only." He rejoiced in Christ and in a consciousness that Jesus belonged to him and he belonged to Jesus.

It would hardly have done for any one in such a presence to indulge in the oft-repeated saying, "If I can only just get inside the celestial gates I shall be satisfied!" If a person had been bold enough to make that unworthy utterance, he would surely have received a loving rebuke from the one who was pleading for a triumphant "sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." Indeed, we have heard him make pointed reference to the reply of one who was once stirred to his heart's core by hearing a professed child of God use such language. "Brother, you are too late," he said; "the back seats have all been spoken for long ago!" The valiant soldier of the cross of whom we are writing, was on the conquering line, and all aglow with desire that his fellow soldiers should do valiantly and win a crown studded with many stars.

In glancing at the range of subjects occupying the thought of these weekly assemblies, we must not omit to refer to the blessed atmosphere pervading them. Those who have been accustomed to attend will attest the fact that the saints of the Most High have often sat there as in a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. At times it has really seemed as though the thin veil separating the seen and

the unseen world was being removed. The presence of holy angels and glorified intelligences was apprehended by faith. The melody of that new eternal song which they sing around the throne was almost breaking upon the ear: "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."

The doctor would insist that God's people must learn to sing this song on earth, if they would sing it. in the courts above. Once he said:

He was deeply impressed with the thought, while the chapter was being read, of the innumerable company around the throne who had washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb and were now singing the new song. We are told that none could sing that song but those who had learned it here on earth.. While in prayer his heart bounded with joy at the thought, the same Teacher who taught them this heavenly anthem was present to teach us. If we get at the feet of this Teacher, we may learn the new song and some of those sweet notes that make the anthems of heaven so glorious. Our only happiness is in giving up all for Christ; the enemy may say there is hard work to be done, but the Bible says, "His service is all honorable and glorious." If we would know the joys of heaven we must learn to sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins," etc. He had given himself to Christ for a habitation that He might have His own way with him.

At the close of a meeting like this it was customary to sing that beautiful song,

"My sins are washed away  
Through the blood of the Lamb!"

with the chorus

"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"

And then the other expressive strains, "I've washed my garments white;" "The world is overcome," etc., bringing in after each the chorus, "Glory to the Lamb!"

O, how often we have joined with the company engaged in singing this holy song, when it appeared that we were quite on the verge of heaven, yea, in the very midst of the white-robed multitudes! And the doctor stood there with eyes closed and right hand uplifted, his whole soul adoring the Heavenly Lamb.

When a dear saint of God, who has sustained such important relations to Christ's cause as Dr. Palmer, takes his departure from earth, his words are justly held in affectionate remembrance. We therefore insert here other pointed and unctuous sentences on vital themes, as they fell from his lips in the meeting on various occasions.

\* \* \*

God Is True

While singing "His blood avails for me," I thought how God honors our "faith. God has made us His witnesses, and wants us to testify that He tells the truth, and we want people to believe God. We have a High Priest who has opened to us the way into the holy of holies, and God intended that we should know the power of Jesus to save to the Uttermost, but we must yield ourselves to God, for He will never compel us. God calls us not only to save ourselves, but to be workers together with Him in the salvation of others. He never calls any one to do anything that would dishonor Gabriel. Jesus has as much power on earth as in heaven, and we believe that He could keep us in heaven. I praise the Lord for full salvation as taught in the Old and New Testament, and all down through the ages, but I believe the light shines today as never before, and there are more witnesses to the power of the blood to cleanse. I am kept and saved by the blood of the Lamb.

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### The Great Salvation

Paul was desirous that his brethren should know of this great salvation. He says that they had a zeal, but not according to knowledge. They were ignorant of God's righteousness, and yet were zealous to establish their own righteousness. It is to be feared that there are some men in our day who are more zealous for their own opinions than they are for the cause of Christ, and have no hesitation in acting the part of that servant mentioned in Luke 12:45, who went to beating his fellow servants. Jesus, in His message to the Churches, did say to one, "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." The backslider may generally be known by his fault-finding spirit. He may have light, but love is gone. Let us be careful to keep a living Christ within. We must continue to be lowly in heart to copy after our pattern, which is Christ. Jesus has made ample provision whereby we may walk with Him in newness of life, and be made even here meet for heaven. It is cause of thanksgiving that He is raising up new witnesses to the power of the blood to cleanse from all sin.

\* \* \*

### Believing And Knowing

The Bible says, That knowing and believing the love of God to us, "herein is our love made perfect." "To as many as received him, to them gave he power." How important it is to believe what God hath said! To such "he gives power to become the sons of God;" and such hear Jesus say, "Thou art my beloved." And if each lover of Jesus could hear the utterance from His lips today, "Thou art my beloved," would not our "faith be greatly increased? Our hearts would bound with joy as He would say, "I will cause you to walk in the way of my commandments; I will put my Spirit within you." To encourage His children to obey Him, He sets before them this inducement: "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Jesus has set His love upon us and given us exceeding great and precious promises, for the very purpose "that we may be partakers of the Divine nature" and be "filled with all the fullness of God." My heart is rejoicing in such a Saviour and such a wonderful salvation."

\* \* \*

## Be Thou Clean

My heart is encouraged, as I think that Jesus is as really present as when on the Mount delivering that glorious sermon. I have tried to place myself among that company, and listen to the sweet voice of Jesus as He pronounced these blessings. The blessed Jesus loves to gather every dear child in His arms, and say, "Blessed are they which do hunger," etc. He has not to suffer again. He has done the work, and is ready to say to every one of us, as to the diseased, incurable leper, "Be thou clean." I am thankful Jesus has made provision whereby all His children may be made witnesses of His power to save to the uttermost; and the number is daily increasing among all denominations, and hundreds of souls are being won to Jesus. Full salvation is the only thing that will prepare us for winning souls. Let us take every hindrance out of the way, so that the river of life may flow out through us to all our friends.

While listening to the words of the Scripture-lesson, I felt like singing,

"Blessed Bible! how I love it!  
How it doth my bosom cheer;  
What hath earth like this to covet?  
O, what stores of wealth are here!"

and I said, God condescends to give us His Word to instruct us carefully, so that we may not miss our way. He would have us well instructed in the science of salvation, in the revelations from that other world.

In listening recently to the reading of the biography of Frances Ridley Havergal, I have been specially interested in her remarks on the passage, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," and, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." Why do we not pay more attention to the tense of the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin"? We may keep in this fountain every moment, for every moment we need this cleansing, and every moment we may have it. God has given precious promises to us as our own. We do not realize fully how much bank-stock we have laid up in the Word of God for our hour of need.

\* \* \*

## I Have Come

When singing, "I am coming, Lord," I thought I would like every lover of Jesus to say, "I have come, Lord." You have been coming long enough. He remembered hearing a Presbyterian lady once say, with great emphasis, "What a fool! what a fool! what a fool I have been all these years! I have been giving and giving and giving myself to God, and never believing He received me; but I now believe His word, 'I will receive you.' It has brought joy and comfort to my soul." We acknowledge the claims of Jesus. He has a claim on every one of us, for He has bought us with

His blood, and no heart here would deliberately say, "I will rob Jesus;" and yet when we withhold our all from Him we rob Him. Shall we not present ourselves a living sacrifice unto God, which is only our reasonable service, and say, "Lord, I have come with my all"? Jesus is knocking at the door of every heart, and He would not knock if He did not want to come in. He does want to come in your heart and beautify it for Himself. If we have God with "us we will have almighty strength. We will meet with enemies, and must fight against "principalities and powers," and will need all the grace He has provided. Jesus has provided a full armor, and all we have to do is to put it on. In coming to the meeting he met a friend who said to him, "What would you say to one who had come to the point of putting on the yoke of Christ, but does not know exactly how to do it?" Believing he meant himself, and having but a moment to spare, he endeavored to tell him what it was to believe and to put on Christ, and to trust Him as our Saviour: that the yoke of Christ was an easy yoke, and one who had worn it for years said the yoke was lined with love. They had to part abruptly, but he said, "I am leaving the ground, but I will write to you."

\* \* \*

### A Great Deliverer

The prayer just sung, "Visit us with Thy salvation," might be answered to every heart. What a salvation! Deliverance from all fear! No condemnation! Wonderful! A great many who are called Christians appear to be willing to take up with the Gospel as written in the seventh chapter of Romans, and say, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" as if this were the whole of what Christ purchased for us by His death. But Christ came to deliver us fully -- to save us to the uttermost. Shall we, then, be satisfied with less than this full deliverance? May God be glorified in the salvation of His people fully[ We may live without condemnation and know that Christ is in us, saving us moment by moment. God fulfills His promises to the letter and asks no discount, and I am a witness that He does save to the uttermost.

\* \* \*

### What Is Faith?

Dr. Palmer referred to the familiar incident in the life of Dr. Adam Clark. Whilst preaching at one time on the subject of faith, he was led to call upon a humble Christian in his congregation, saying, "' Betty, what is faith?" To which she replied, "The Lord hath said it, and I believe it." God demands our trust. He has given us "exceeding great and precious promises," which He is ready to fulfill. He calls upon His witnesses to testify of His faithfulness to His Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." O, that our unbelief might give way and every soul prove the Word to be what it is, the living voice of the living God to all who trust in Him!

\* \* \*

### God's Perfect Will

This afternoon we may prove the acceptable and perfect will of God, because now is God's time -- now is the day of salvation. The blessed Holy Spirit is here for that very purpose, to

reveal the truth that the altar sanctifieth the gift. Shall we present ourselves to God for this purpose? We have been redeemed that we may become workers together with God in bringing this world to the feet of Jesus. The mercies of God should lead us to this entire surrender. Shall we not go home and write "Jesus shall have all there is of me"? Shall we not give ourselves up fully to God, that His will may be done in and by us? We shall pass this way but once, and shall we not seek the enduement of power? Our calling is a high and holy one. Jesus has committed to His people the great and important work of making Him known wherever we go. He says, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He knows our weakness, but will fulfill His promise and endue us with power to bring precious souls to Jesus. It must be done by individual effort. God's service is delightful.

\* \* \*

### Take Heed

The admonition from the Throne is a very solemn one to me: "Take heed." They had been brought into this highway; made temples of the living God; had the Holy Comforter to come to abide, and yet they were cautioned to "take heed lest they should fall, or turn aside." The Israelites were permitted to take possession of the land, but how often they went back! It is true God has made a new covenant with us, and we have the Holy Spirit abiding with us, and have clearer light, yet God says to us, "Take heed!" O, that we may be workers together with God and students of the Word, that we may know the will of God concerning us. I am thankful that there are many witnesses of His power to save, according as it is written in His Word. I was very much pleased with an illustration used by Miss Havergal. She said that a person might be at the point of drowning and another, seeing his danger, rescue him from the water and Save him from death; but if he should leave him in that condition, he would certainly die from want of care; but if the person should care for him till he were fully restored, that would be saving to the uttermost. May the Lord help us to know what it is to be fully saved and witness for Jesus!

\* \* \*

### He Will Deliver

It is a blessed thing to know--

"This, this is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And neither knows measure nor end."

Who can measure God's power? and who can measure God's love? And this God has proclaimed liberty to all His children, and everybody may receive his emancipation-papers to-clay and go free. We all acknowledge that we were once slaves, but we have been redeemed, and God has made us free. Jesus shed His blood that we should be holy, and be temples of the Holy Ghost. What greater offering could God make than He has made? "We will come unto him and make our abode with him!" Has He done so? We are His witnesses. I love to repeat that there

are but two steps to this blessing. The first is entire consecration, which is the duty of every lover of Jesus. We are not our own, and it will not take long to make an inventory of all we have and pass it over to Him to whom it belongs. The second step is to believe what God says, because He says it. "I will receive you." Jesus came to "deliver us out of the hand of our enemies, that we might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life." Let every one assert his liberty and trust Him to deliver. My heart has been rejoicing in a thought received as I opened the Book to see what was meant by a city whose walls were "Salvation;" and I found that the gates were "Praise" (Isa. 60:18) -- and I am inclined to think that there is no way of getting into the city without entering through the gates. In whatever condition we may be, we should begin to praise. A salvation to the uttermost is God's free gift, and we may accept it.

\* \* \*

### God Names His People

My heart is full of thankfulness for this wonderful salvation. God did expect to have a people justly named -- He would not have us wrongly named, and He says, "They shall call them the holy people," and if so, He must make provision to make us holy. The prophet says, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace... until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." God wants His people to shine. The Word says, "as a lamp that burneth," giving light and heat, busily engaged in rescuing the perishing. There is a way cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in, a way above the world, called the King's Highway of Holiness, and it says expressly who shall walk there, the redeemed of the Lord. If we have been redeemed, it is not only our privilege but our duty to walk there. It is a way of safety, for no lion or ravenous beast shall go up thereon, and nothing unclean shall pass over it; and as it is the only way to heaven, how necessary to have the precious blood applied that cleanses from all unrighteousness! A traveler inquired of another in the darkness of the evening, the way to a certain place, and he said, "Follow me; I am going directly there." After having gone some distance, the one behind cried out, "Stop, I have got into a ditch." "Then you did not follow me," said the guide, "for I have not fallen into a ditch." Jesus says, "My sheep hear my voice and follow me." He will not lead us into the ditch. Let us mark well the footsteps of our Divine Leader.

\* \* \*

### He Has Come!

My heart has been almost overwhelmed in contemplating the wonderful love that led the great I AM, He who clothes Himself with light as with a garment, and upholds all things by the word of His power, to condescend to clothe Himself with flesh and blood in order to save a guilty and fallen race. We have been celebrating the great love of God in the gift of His Son during these Christmas festivities. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." "In him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." "He took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham." Who can fathom the depths of such love? Yet it is well to contemplate it, for the beloved disciple John, who was a good theologian, declares that it is knowing and believing the love of God to us, that herein is our love made perfect. He has indeed come to earth, and has taken upon Him our nature that He might be a sympathizing High Priest. He is here with us today on

purpose to sanctify and cleanse us. He has come to establish His kingdom in every heart in order to reign there. My soul rejoices in an indwelling Saviour.

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### The Power Is In Jesus

The thought comes with power to my soul, that this is Jesus' reception-day. He wants to tell all hearts of His love and call us beloved, and come and dwell with us. The words that came to him the first hour of the new year were those of Jesus, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." We believe that if we were in heaven, Jesus would keep us there; but if we are kept at all, it must be by the moment, and by almighty power, and Jesus has just as much power here, and has entered into heaven that we may receive this power to do the will of God. Every one of God's children may expect a special endowment for special work. This may be our last year, and our ordination is given for the special purpose that we may win souls to Christ. Jesus has taken me into His arms of love, and calls me His beloved, and comforts me with the comforts of His love.

\* \* \*

### Is Your Lamp Burning?

My heart was never more in tune with the "Glory to Jesus!" just uttered -- the message was so wonderful, so overwhelming. "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh?" Do we belong to that company? How much of this salvation will we have? God has made provision for the world, but He did not send angels to be distributors, but puts it into the hearts of His people. Mrs. Palmer once said to her nephew, "There may always be one right, and that one may be me." The message from the Word today is, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace." Shall we ask the Lord to set our hearts and tongues on fire? I know nothing of a perfect love that does not go out after the salvation of the world; but I have known this kind of perfect love for over forty years, and I have been reading of the early preachers in New York. They were all baptized with the Holy Ghost, and preached full salvation; and it was no uncommon thing for fifty or sixty to be sanctified in one meeting. Did Jesus come from heaven to rescue you, and shall not you be aroused when your friends are going down to death? Will not you say, "I will not rest until the righteousness of Zion go forth as brightness"? May God make us just such Christians that He can shine through us -- fill us with the Holy Ghost. If every lover of Jesus would have his lamp newly trimmed and burning, what a light there would be! Jesus intends that we should be waymarks -- don't shrink from it. I rejoice in this salvation, and do not expect to have much longer the privilege of holding up the banner, but I have been permitted to fling the banner to the breeze, and on it was written, "Holiness To The Lord."

\* \* \*

### Forward

It is the God of heaven who says, "Be ye strong and very courageous." The world says it is an impossibility; there is no use trying. Our God says He will strengthen us. He intends that we

shall take possession of the land of rest, the land of perfect holiness; and do it now, for now is God's time. I never read this portion of the Word but I am reminded of a scene which occurred in England while holding meetings there. When the invitation was given to those who were seeking full salvation, a local preacher came forward; but before he knelt down he said he had known what it was to enter the promised land, but his armor did not seem to fit him; it was like Saul's armor on David, and he wanted a new baptism -- a new anointing. He received an overwhelming baptism, and the result was that hundreds were saved. This brother lived four miles from where the meetings were held, but he filled his carriage with his neighbors and walked himself. He afterward said, "The Lord gives me all I bring." During the year the brother wrote, saying, "I have not only entered the promised land but have gone up into the midland counties, and the land is glorious." There is land yet to "be possessed. O, for courage to take all God has promised! The Israelites did not get possession of the land until they had first put their foot on it. Let us go forward in His strength. I praise the Lord that I am kept moment by moment; not that I have been saved, but that I am now saved.

But we might fill a volume with the beautiful utterances of this dear man of God in the Tuesday Meeting. We need offer no apology for the somewhat extended notice of this most marvelous institution. But we must not affix the seal to the chapter until we have given a personal testimony.

The writer has traveled extensively, at home and abroad. He has been in Christian assemblies of all sorts. He has visited many of the great encampments which have indeed been glory-crowned. But, amid all this round of privileges, his heart turns toward the Tuesday Meeting at Dr. Palmer's as the place above all others where he tins received the greatest light on holy Scripture, enjoyed the purest saintly fellowship, and received the mightiest inspirations for ministerial work. Dr. Palmer is even now before his mind's eye. We see him as he stood in the holy place with solemn yet sun-lit countenance. We hear him announcing the hymn commencing,

"Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven to earth come down!  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling:  
All thy faithful mercies crown.

"Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart."

This glorious hymn of Charles Wesley was made wondrously impressive. He would throw in a word here and there to fix its lofty sentiments in every mind and heart. It was not artistic reading after the method of the Schools, but the unctuous reading of one inspired of the Holy Ghost.

Then, after some one had led in prayer, the good man would follow with such holy ardor, and with such a grip of faith on the Divine promises, as to lift the whole assembly into the presence of the Holy One. We have heard him pray when it seemed as if heaven's strong pillars

were bending under the importunity of the suppliant and the Lord was revealing Himself in boundless mercy.

After the Scripture-reading, and a few words of burning exhortation, the line of testimony was opened. Such testimonies have never saluted our ear -- intelligent, definite, direct. Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Friends, Methodists, and other representatives of the Evangelical Church, have sweetly blended their voices, vying with each other in ascribing glory to the Lamb. No discordant note -- Jesus and His atoning blood being the all-comprehensive theme, and the blessed Holy Ghost swaying every heart.

Strangers Coming to New York from the various States, from the Canadas, and from beyond the sea, interested in " the central idea," have been sure to find out the "Tuesday Meeting," and have there sat under the shadow of the Lord with great delight.

One thing that has contributed greatly to the success of this meeting has been the careful preparation made for each occasion by its Divinely appointed leaders. They could not afford to commit it to other hands. They were more conversant with its peculiar needs than any stranger or intimate friend could be. And no one, not even a minister of high position, properly appreciating the situation, but would have shrunk from the responsibility of the leadership. The distinguished Dr. Bangs was, for many years, a constant attendant, yet he Counted it a privilege to receive the Word from the lips of the beloved ones who stately ministered at its altar.

The doctor and his wife waited upon the Lord in the closet for the weekly message, and for the holy anointing, to fit them to stand before the people. We have been personally acquainted, recently, with the habits of Dr. and Mrs. Lankford Palmer in this regard. Hence they came forth from the Divine presence with their hands full of the bread of life to break to the assembled guests of the Lord Jesus, and they were abundantly fed. Thus, through all the years of its history, it has progressed without interruption. When the doctor and his beloved Phoebe were away, Mrs. Lankford was on call and was always edifying to God's people. And it is not a little singular that, having set in motion this great enterprise now, in the orderings of a wise and gracious Providence, she should be called to lead once more these holy assemblies.

In all this unparalleled history, extending almost over fifty years, there has never been the outcropping of anything like fanaticism. The meeting has been held by such steady hands, with such unfaltering adherence to the authoritative " Thus saith the Lord," that errorists and dreamers have found no entrance. For this there is ground for gratitude and praise to the Father of mercies who has so blessedly guided and guarded his elect ones. So strongly fortified has been the position that the enemy coming in the garb of "an angel of light" could find no unguarded place.

The record is sublime! It is without a parallel. No meeting like this has a place in Church-history. The number saved through its instrumentality is beyond computation. Heaven is immeasurably richer for the holding of it. It will, we verily believe, be a subject of happy converse among the glorified throughout eternal ages. Many will tell of the illuminations there received, the disarming of their skepticism, the conquest of their prejudices, the throwing off of their weights, and their saving plunges into the fountain of the Redeemer's blood, washing their robes and making them whiter than snow. If, through the mercy of the Lord, we shall pass the

threshold of the year 1886, we shall see the semi-centennial of this honored institution. May we not hope for a grand re-union of its friends yet lingering on the earth? What its future shall be is hidden from our view. The thousands of our Israel who are interested in the spread of Scriptural holiness "the spacious earth around," will devoutly pray that the beloved handmaid of the Lord, upon whose shoulders the mantle of her ascended loved ones has now fallen, may be spared for years to keep the banner uplifted in the home hallowed by such precious memories. Certain it is, as we now write, the meeting continues to be held under gracious auspices, Mrs. Palmer being remarkably sustained. The Lord reveals His presence gloriously, and saving results are being realized. May these tokens of Divine favor be long-continued!

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## 06 -- HOLY EVANGELISM -- ITS RICH FRUITAGE

"Do the work of an evangelist. Make full proof of thy ministry." -- 2 Tim. 4:5.

"Go, ye messengers of God;  
Like the beams of morning fly;  
Take the wonder-working rod;  
Wave the banner-cross on high!"

The revival of Bible Holiness is the great specialty of the century. Despite the cavilings of men about "specialties," God has always employed them, both in Old and New Testament times. Abraham was a specialist, raised up and commissioned to do a peculiar work. The ancient prophets were in the same order. The apostles were called to peculiar operations in a well appointed sphere, and received a Divine endowment therefor. So also, in modern days, Luther and Wesley and others have been numbered among the "specialists." Thus all along the ages God has had His chosen instruments to meet great emergencies, and to lift the Church to a higher plane before the nations.

In the present century there has arisen a wonderful movement, namely, the revival of .Scriptural Holiness. At first it was like a little cloud no larger than a man's hand, but it has stretched itself across the moral heavens and now "hangs o'er all the thirsty land." It has excited attention everywhere -- in Church councils, and indeed in all the circles of Zion. The refreshing showers have been falling, east, west, north, and south, in our own country and in distant lands. The mission stations in all parts of the world have felt the mighty influence. It is not confined to any particular denomination. In vain do theologians and worldly professing Christians interpose objections. While they coldly reason upon the subject, the Lord of the harvest continues to make the heavens drop fatness, the numbers of the saved are multiplied, and earth and heaven keep jubilee. And what we have seen is, we verily believe, only the beginning of these outpourings of the Spirit.

The names of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are prominently connected with this mighty specialty of the century. When they began their evangelistic career it cost something. Had they not been sustained by a "Thus saith the Lord," and a "Woe is unto us" if we stand not in the breach, they

might well have shrunk from such an ordeal. But sustained by the abiding presence of the Lord Jehovah, they went forth to glorious war.

At that time the old Bible doctrine of Entire Sanctification had, largely, been overshadowed. The pulpit was almost silent on the subject. The experience was rare, and skepticism as to the possibility of obtaining heart-purity extensively prevailed. The proclamation of this truth to many seemed to be strange doctrine. Hence the difficulties in the way were formidable. But these heroic spirits, regardless of the smiles or frowns of men, joyfully entered upon their assigned sphere, holding neither reputation nor life dear, so that Christ might be exalted.

They were eminently adapted to this work of evangelism. They had qualities of mind and heart which, under the anointing of the Holy Ghost, peculiarly fitted them therefor. The two cannot be dissociated in contemplating the work and its results. There was a mutual dependence, and the combination of the gifts of the two gave them their power.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, whose name has the greater prominence in the revival-scenes of the period, could not have accomplished what she did unsustained by the doctor's efforts. On the other hand, the doctor could not have achieved the successes of which we read with wonder and delight, except in concert with the beloved Phoebe, who was an angel of God to the Churches. Her career has been faithfully traced in the volume "Life and Letters," by Dr. Wheatley.

The doctor had, as we have said, pre-eminent qualifications for the work of an evangelist. His warm sensibilities, and the ardor of his temperament, under gracious development, made him a mighty man, a captain of thousands.

He was a remarkable reader. In his hands God's Word shone brilliantly, falling upon the ears and hearts of his auditors with wondrous potency. The hymns of Zion were invested with peculiar charms when he announced them in the congregation. Those of Charles Wesley were his favorites, and as he read and interspersed them with significant remarks, they touched human hearts in all directions.

Another of the evangelistic qualities possessed by Dr. Palmer, in unusual degree, was unction -- unction in prayer and in exhortation. The New Testament declaration, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One," was well illustrated in his public exercises. In prayer his tones were often tremulous, but there was power in that tremulousness -- it was an outreach of the finite toward the Infinite. He was a prevailing prince at the mercy seat. At his approach,

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

In exhortation the same holy unction was present. Mrs. Palmer would give one of her clear Bible-expositions. Truth fastened itself upon the mind and conscience of many hearers. Then the doctor would follow with one of his pungent exhortations. He went for carrying the citadel of the human heart by storm. In such assaults he was a real hero and conqueror.

Think of exhortations like the following, surcharged with divine electricity:

We may now prove the acceptable and perfect will of God, because now is God's time-- now is the day of salvation. The blessed Holy Spirit is here for that very purpose, to reveal the truth that the altar sanctifieth the gift. Shall we present ourselves to God for this purpose? We have been redeemed that we may become workers together with God in bringing this world to the feet of Jesus. The mercies of God should lead us to this entire surrender. Shall we not go home and write, "Jesus shall have all there is of me?" Shall we not give ourselves up fully to God, that His will may be done in and by us? We shall pass this way but once, and shall we not seek the enduement of power? Our calling is a high and holy one. Jesus has committed to His people the great and important work of making Him known wherever we go. He says, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He knows our weakness, but will fulfill His promise and endue us with power to bring precious souls to Jesus. It must be done by individual effort. God's service is delightful.

I hope that those who have used the language of the poet in the hymn just sung have let their hearts go out with it.

"Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but Thee."

The thought comes to me, whether all the lovers of Jesus have done what Prof. Upham said he did. He said he had given himself to God a hundred or a thousand times; but when he received the blessing of purity of heart, he not only gave himself to God, but believed He received him because He said He would. There will be no better time than now, because now is God's time, and we may now be made temples of the Holy Ghost and know the power of God to save to the uttermost. I am impressed with a solemn remark that I heard this morning: "God has no other material to make saints of but sinners," and no one else can make them but God. We are called to be holy, and if we are ever admitted to the realms of bliss, we must learn the new song; for none can sing the new song around the throne except they have learned it here below. (Rev. 14:3.) God can do the work in a moment. He only had to say, "Let there be light!" and that luminary had shone for thousands of years. He only had to say to the leper, "Be clean!" and immediately his leprosy was cleansed. It will be according to our faith. Will we be found among the number of Jesus' witnesses?

Is it any wonder that under such appeals human hearts were melted and brought to bow at the foot of the cross?

During the medical career of Dr. Palmer he could only do evangelistic service occasionally. When such opportunities were afforded, he was like a bird on the wing, joyous and free. His summer vacations did not give him positive rest from the arduous duties of his profession. He spent them in the tented grove, where he had the privilege of telling to multitudes how boundless and free was the love of Christ. In following out this line of action many thousands of miles of country were traversed. The Canadas, as well as the United States, presented inviting fields. The interesting circumstances under which Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were first introduced to the people of Canada, are given elsewhere in this volume by Rev. E. R. Young.

In these outgoings they were careful to see the hand of the Lord. Such was their loyalty to the Church and its usages that they waited for official invitations, and so acted under proper authority. By this means they had access to the Churches. The biographer of Mrs. Palmer gives interesting details of these "journeyings oft," from which we glean somewhat in this connection. This record is made, January 2, 1870:

During the past year I have traveled in company with the loved partner of my ways and walks not less than 12,000 miles. Have seen hundreds newly gathered into the fold of Christ, and multitudes of the disciples of Jesus sanctified wholly.

At one time she had gone to a camp-meeting alone, but had sent to her husband to come and accompany her home. In a letter to a friend the manner of his response to the call is given:

\* \* \*

My Beloved Sister Boswell

We have not met since we parted on the Bustleton campground. Did you know that Dr. Palmer arrived from New York about ten o'clock that evening? It was the last night, as you will remember, and he remained up most of the night. It was an eventful night. The reminiscences are pleasing, I was, by invitation, enjoying a social interview, and had been leading three or four over the bar of unbelief, till I came to one sitting at the head of the tent. I had not conversed long, when I looked to the one sitting next. Lo! it was Dr. Palmer. He had entered the tent unobserved, and for some time had been a silent participator in the interesting scene. A love-feast was appointed, at which Dr. Palmer was invited to take the lead. It was held in one of the larger tents. I remained till about twelve o'clock when, nature being wholly exhausted, I could endure no more. "Did you see my husband -- Dr. Palmer?" said I to an aged sister who entered the tent where I had been sleeping, a little before daylight the next morning. "See him!" she exclaimed. "Why, yes! He has been at work nearly all night, and instrumental in the sanctification of about twenty souls." My heart did indeed greatly rejoice for sending the note for him to accompany me home. I hesitated, fearing that it might only be a wearisome and expensive jaunt for my gratification. But nothing is more evident than that the Lord moved me to write for him, as you will remember I did at Bristol. How little do we know what a few words may do, when spoken under influences begotten by the Holy Spirit!

Do you remember a sentence uttered by you as we were pressing our way through the crowd on the Bustleton campground? It was about this: "Only think that of all the vast multitude on this ground, not one can be saved without Holiness!" I thought of the hundreds who were wholly estranged from God -- their hearts far from Him by wicked works -- of the hundreds of mere formal professors, into whose calculations a life of holiness does not come, and of the few who, if the trumpet of God should at that moment call them, would be found with garments unspotted, and cannot tell you how the magnitude of the work today is thus arrested.

In the prosecution of the work there were many interesting examples of saving power.

During a revival in Duane Street Church, New York, one of the disciples of Jesus, who had been quickened into new spiritual life, began to pray for an unconverted neighbor. She then invited her to the house of God. She came and soon after presented herself at the altar of prayer, as an earnest seeker of salvation. Most graciously did Jesus reveal Himself, the "fairest among ten thousand." Though from the hour Jesus revealed Himself she remained most delightfully clear in her experience, yet every succeeding night she hastened to the altar, as soon as the invitation to suppliants was given. "What would you have Jesus do for you more?" I asked, as she knelt, the succeeding evening. "It is for my husband I am praying now, who has been a cripple for three years, and unable to come." Thus three or four evenings passed, till on Sabbath evening, observing her deep emotion, I went to her and said, "Is Jesus still precious?... O, yes, very precious," she replied; "but my husband is in the house, and he is a cripple and can't come here, and I know he wants to be blessed. Can't some one go and talk with him?" In a short time Dr. Palmer was at the side of the disabled man, and finding it was with him as with the lame or palsied one brought to the great Physician, that he was more than willing to be brought, Dr. Palmer assisted him. He was a pale-faced, intellectual-looking man, and was manifestly the subject of much physical affliction. By the aid of crutches and the help of friends he was able to reach a chair near the altar. We could not but think of the one who was borne of four, and the roof broken up, that he might be let down into the immediate presence of Jesus. O, the joy of that newly saved praying wife, as she saw her crippled husband placed near the altar, surrounded by praying friends, who were supplicating Jesus to make him whole! O, the rich mercy, the abounding compassion of the Son of God! He surely was more than willing to heal the sin-sick man. Quietly did He "speak the life-giving word and, in accents sweeter than music of heaven, say, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." O, it was a beautiful scene -- to witness that happy wife and husband made one in Jesus!

Their successes at camp-meetings, both in the United States and the Canadas, were marvelous. Of one not far from Toronto, Mrs. Palmer writes:

The meeting I cannot describe to you; there were hundreds converted. It was one of the most glorious meetings I ever attended.

She describes Dr. Palmer's power in exhortation at another meeting thus: Dr. Palmer, in an earnest exhortation, invites all who will, to draw nigh and partake of the Gospel feast, assuring them, in the name of the heavenly Provider; that all things are now ready, -- Pardon, and Holiness, and Heaven. From sixty to eighty present themselves. God's Spirit is poured out in such copious measure, in the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers, that the measurement of time is forgotten. Preachers and people unite as one. Victory succeeds victory, till, ere we are aware, it is one o'clock, and we are urged to take something to eat, and find that the time for the ten o'clock service has passed by without our having taken note of time. She gives these facts concerning a camp-meeting at Hempstead Harbor, N. Y.:

The glory of God was extraordinarily manifested. It was thought that about eighty were brought into perfect liberty, and two hundred to know the forgiveness of sins. From the moment of starting on board the steamboat, heaven and earth seemed propitious. A meeting was held on the passage down, and a voice from the third heaven seemed to proclaim, "Ask what ye will, in my name, and it shall be granted." The necessity of entering into the closet of our own hearts, and of standing as the followers of Jesus, in prepared attitude, for the more powerful displays of grace,

was urged with point and power. The disciples of the Saviour were grouped together and, with beaming countenances, spoke with confident language of present possessions. From the first, a hallowed sense of the Divine glory seemed to overshadow us. It was thus that believers entered understandingly and feelingly into the labor of love. It was the overflowings of their hearts, in their righteous zeal, which caused sinners to tremble, and with unutterable groanings to feel the power of the Spirit's appeal. My eyes suffuse with tears, and my heart trembles with holy awe, in the recollection of the hours spent at the encampment.

Of a visit to three camp-meetings in Canada she writes to Mrs. Hamline:

We have attended three camp-meetings, at all of which we have been favored with remarkable manifestations of the Divine favor. At the one commencing June 18th, held at Ernesttown, about twenty miles above Kingston, we had rain about half the time, but so abundant were the showers of grace that there seemed to be no questionings among the people. "He hath done all things well," was the oft-repeated exclamation. The work of conversion and entire sanctification went on simultaneously. I think it would be a low computation to say that not less than one hundred were wholly sanctified, and quite as many professed to have received justifying grace.

At the Barrie District camp-meeting we witnessed a yet more remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I have heard no estimate of the numbers brought to Christ, but I think there could not have been, at the least, less than two or three hundred. The work was so general that I 'do not believe there was a sinner on the" ground that did not feel the arrestings of God's Holy Spirit.

But the number wholly sanctified exceeded, I think, the number justified. Here Wesleyan views on the subject of entire sanctification definitely and generally prevailed. The blessing of holiness is sought as a distinct blessing, and the definite seeker receives, as ever, the distinct blessing for which he asks, and testifies explicitly of the grace received. Wesleyan views are not controverted by either ministers or the laity.

August 26th. -- Reached the encampment today. The Presiding Elder, though we had never seen him before, took pains to assure us most pleasantly that no one had a right to monopolize our company, as our invitation had been official

Pentecostal blessings produce Pentecostal effusions of the Spirit, in the awakening of sinners. Not fewer than fifty, I think, presented themselves as seekers of the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. Many brethren of the ministry were among the earnest pleaders. Several of these, with a number of the laity, received the gift of power, and were afterward enabled to testify clearly, and from blissful experience, that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness." Among those who were enabled to enter within the veil and cast anchor was our interesting friend and brother, E. Taylor -- the well-known mariners' preacher. Thirty years ago he for a short time enjoyed like precious faith, but through the subtleties of Satan soon lost it. While we were endeavoring to simplify the way, he exclaimed, "I see it! I see it!" He afterward said to us, with deep feeling, "O, I have lost thirty years! God has only brought me back again to where I was thirty years ago."

During the whole of the meeting, the Spirit continued to work in the sanctification of believers, and in the conversion of sinners. Many remembrances of much interest might be recorded, but time fails. Sure I am that scores, with holy, irrevocable purpose, lifted their hands to God, in token of eternal, unconditional, and absolute surrender to God. And many of these were sealed by the Spirit, and for ever set apart for the service of the Sanctifier. The last testimony I heard, as I was leaving the ground, was beautifully characteristic of the spirit that prevailed. The testimony was from a minister, and ran about thus: "This morning I lifted my hand, with many others, in token of the renewal of my covenant to be for ever the Lord's. I had before this consecrated myself. But this morning I solemnly lifted my right hand in the presence of God, angels, and men, in token of absolute, eternal allegiance to Christ, that I might hear Him say, 'I have betrothed thee to me for ever,' etc. After the solemn occasion closed, I retired alone; and before I was aware, I was again lifting that right hand which had so solemnly been raised in token of my everlasting covenant -- when such a blessing descended upon me as I can scarcely describe. It was the conscious reception of the baptism of fire. I felt it throughout all the powers of my body and mind; and I could not but feel that my covenant-keeping God had, in remembrance that that right hand had been raised in honor of His name, condescended to honor the act, -- for as I had my right hand still uplifted, as the Spirit fell upon me, it seemed as if the Spirit's consuming energies fell at that point first, and from my hand, and then through my whole body, I felt its consuming, vitalizing flame." Blessed testimony! Surely it was not in vain that Abraham said, "I have lifted my hand to God and cannot look back."

Another camp-meeting in Canada is thus referred to:

We reached St. Andrew's about mid-day. This meeting was the first of the sort ever held in this region. It was held in the midst of a Catholic population, and was looked upon by all as an experiment. Several months since we were advised with in regard to a camp-meeting being held in Lower Canada, and were asked if we would come in case it should be thought expedient to make the effort. Under such circumstances, you may be assured that we felt no small responsibility. The ground chosen for the encampment was within three minutes' walk of the Catholic church, which stood at the entrance of the wood, as we approached the ground, and daily did their vesper bells salute our ears. Many of the Catholics attended the services on the encampment, on the Sabbath, and during the evenings of the week. A few of them were saved, and we trust many received the seed of the kingdom in their hearts, which may ere long produce a rich harvest for God. The experiment resulted in a blessed triumph for truth, so that I do not doubt that the camp-meetings hereafter will be the order of the day in Lower Canada, as they have for the last five or six years in Upper Canada. The meeting was held ten days, during which time about one hundred and fifty were born into the kingdom of grace, and many of the disciples of Jesus received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Besides these camp-meeting engagements, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer made many visits to the Churches. Sometimes a single trip would cover quite a range of territory. For example: they made a tour embracing Williston, Vt.; Owego, Binghamton, and Union, N. Y.; Providence, R. I.; Boston, Portland, Me., Woodstock, Frederickton, St. John's, N. B.; Halifax, Truro, River John, N. S.; Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island; Monckton and Sackville, N.B. An interesting account of this tour is given by Dr. Palmer in a letter to Bishop and Mrs. Hamline. The writing of letters usually devolved upon Mrs. Palmer, but in this instance the account is furnished by the doctor:

Never have we been more fully assured of Divine direction, than in our detention in these provinces. We left home, with , the expectation of remaining about two weeks, to attend a camp-meeting at Woodstock, in the province of New Brunswick, on the St. John's River. The God of the armies of Israel was present, and about two hundred were blest. On our return we stopped at Frederickton, the capital of the province, and stayed a few days, We had a good time, and several were saved. But it was at St. John's, N. B., where we were permitted to see the first mighty outpourings of the Spirit. At St. John's we were detained over three weeks. Not less, I think, than six hundred names were recorded, as special recipients of grace. Between three and four hundred were numbered among the newly justified, and between two and three hundred wholly sanctified. For twenty-three days the work increased in interest and power, until the last afternoon and evening meetings, which were affectingly interesting and pre-eminently glorious. Not a few that attended the meetings were unused to attend service in the Wesleyan Churches, and many that presented themselves as subjects of prayer were from other Churches-Episcopal, Baptist, etc. I think there were at least four or five Roman Catholics converted. Persons also came in from the region round about, four and five miles distant, and many much farther. One lady went fifty-six miles by stage, traveling day and night, making in all one hundred and twelve miles, for the purpose of taking an unconverted relative, trusting that by getting him under the cloud of the Divine presence he might be arrested and find mercy. Her hope was not in vain. On the first evening of her return he was saved. Was not this worth more than a million of gold? O, when such demonstrations become common on the part of Christians, how wonderful will be the achievements of our holy religion! Not till those who are called by the name of Jesus manifest the spirit of their Holy Exemplar, in sacrificing that which costs them something in direct efforts to save souls, can we expect to see the full triumphs of the cross.

At the earnest solicitation of the official board, with the promise of co-operation of the ministry of our Church, we went to Halifax. During our stay at Halifax, the secretaries of the meeting reported one hundred and seventy names as among the newly blest. One hundred and forty of these were gathered from the world. From a dozen to twenty soldiers were among the newly enlisted in the service of the Captain of our salvation. They came forward in their fine scarlet uniform, and interspersed themselves among other kneeling, weeping penitents. And it was to us a most interesting sight to see these hardy men, who but a few months since were engaged in bloody conflict in the Crimean war, now commencing their eternal God-service, and acknowledging allegiance to the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Several of these, after receiving pardon, came forward the second time, and again bowed at the altar; we at first wondered, in view of the fact that their conversion had been very clear, but on inquiry we found that the Holy Spirit had convinced them of the necessity of a further work, and they were pleading for the witness of inward purity. Nearly all of these, we trust, with several others, had not only a new song put in their mouths, but their goings established. Glory be to God in the highest! From Halifax we went to Truro, an inland place in Nova Scotia, about two miles from the head of the Bay Of Fundy; and here again the Head of the Church, even our God, wonderfully baptized His children, and many were saved. The Rev. Mr. McMurray, the district chairman, says, in an article in the Provincial Wesleyan (I might feel some embarrassment in transcribing, and apologize for it, were it not that we know you feel a deep interest in everything which stands in connection with our labors): "We desire to record our devout thankfulness to the God of all grace, by whose goodness we were favored for about ten days, with the labors of those devoted servants of Christ,

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of New York. Their efforts in this place commenced on the evening of the day they left your city (Halifax), and were continued in the afternoon and evening of each subsequent day during their stay with us. The occasion has been to our Church one of exceeding great interest, as evinced by the densely crowded congregations that have been in attendance, while the many who, at every service, presented themselves at the communion-rail as earnest seekers of salvation have nearly all been richly made partakers of the grace they sought, affording unmistakable indication that the Lord graciously acknowledges and places the seal of His blessing upon the labors of our beloved brother and sister in the service of His Church." And again he says, "The labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer among us have been greatly blessed, not only in the conversion of sinners, but also in the increased quickening of the Church, preparing our membership for holy service for the Lord, and leading a considerable number to the attainment of the great blessing of entire sanctification." From Truro we went to River John, on our way to Prince Edward's Island, where God also poured out His spirit upon His Church. We stayed here three days.

We are now at Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, and here we are witnessing one of the most glorious revivals we have ever seen. A flame burst forth which we trust will envelop the whole Island. Nightly, when the invitation to seekers is given, from seventy to one hundred present themselves. The most of these are broken-hearted penitents; and then to witness the glorious triumphs of faith as these newly converted ones sing--

"O, He's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,  
And He's set them on the Rock of ages;"

or

"I love Jesus, yes, I do!" etc.

The poet may well sing--

"The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below."

It has seemed, night after night, as though heaven had come down to earth, and but a very thin veil separates the two companies. Alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and to Him be all the glory! Mr. Brecken, a Christian gentleman of wealth and influence, at whose mansion we are being entertained, who goes abroad largely through the congregation, inviting sinners to Jesus, informed us that in all the vast congregation there seemed not to be a pew but one or more penitents might be found. Surely, these are the Lord's doings, and it is marvelous in our eyes.

The ministry and membership have received a glorious baptism of fire. All the ministers on the district, with the district chairman, have been present, and have been enabled to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, so that every minister on this district is now prepared to go forth witnessing with a "tongue of fire" to the people, of Christ as a Saviour, able to save to the uttermost. We cannot doubt but this Island will shortly be in a blaze of glory, as the people are coming from all the region around, and obtaining the blessing of pardon or purity. And as these,

with their spirit-baptized ministers, shall spread themselves abroad through the land, who can tell the result?

Our afternoon meetings have been very largely attended. Hundreds come out daily; and would that I could describe to you the extraordinary effusions of the Holy Spirit we have witnessed on these occasions! Here, local preachers, class leaders, yea, and brethren in the traveling ministry also, have prostrated themselves in humility before God, and have sought the full baptism of fire, and have not sought in vain. Truly we are witnessing a return of apostolic days. Glory to God in the highest! At the close of the services, last Sabbath, my dear Mrs. Palmer said to one of the beloved ministers, "I asked the Lord for at least one hundred souls today." Said he in reply, "I think, sister, your prayer has been answered." How wonderful the mercy of God to the Church! Such are the demands of the work, as scores on scores are being newly arrested by the Spirit, that we feel constrained to yield to the importunities of the friends here, and remain a few days longer.

Monday morning, 19th. -- We had expected to leave tomorrow for Boston, but last evening the work appeared to be so greatly on the increase that wife is hesitating whether we should not stay until Friday. The secretary has taken the names of between seven and eight hundred who have come forward; the most if not all of them have been blessed with the pardoning mercy of the Lord, and these are all newly from the world. A large number of backsliders have also been reclaimed, and between three and four hundred, we believe, wholly sanctified. To God be all the glory! I think dear Mrs. Palmer is a little more than willing to stay, hoping and expecting to see the number of converts amount to one thousand souls. Next Friday will make four weeks since we came to the Island.

One unique feature of that Pentecostal revival in Charlottetown was the "believing meeting," suggested by Mrs. Palmer at the outset, and thus delineated in correspondence with Mrs. Lankford on the 5th of October:

I think it was last Tuesday afternoon. [Perhaps the friends at the Tuesday meeting were praying for us.] Said I to the crowded assembly convened, "We sometimes have prayer-meeting, and these are most important; now let us have a believing meeting. If one must exceed the other in importance, surely it must be the latter, inasmuch as without faith it is impossible to please God."

Many had, during the heart-searching exercises of the preceding days, come to a point where they had a right to look for the present fulfillment of the promise of the Father. The sacrifice had been brought to the altar, but it is faith that brings the power, and claims the tongue of fire. And how thankful we ought to be that our faithful Lord does not require us to believe anything but what He gives a reason from His Word for believing, etc. O, what extraordinary demonstrations of the power of faith followed! Surely, the scene we witnessed could not have been greatly unlike that witnessed on the day of Pentecost. It is not enough to wait and pray for the descent of the tongue of fire. There is something to do. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." Through the power of the Spirit, the offering is brought to the altar, and just at that point the command meets us, "Believe," and unless this command be obeyed, the witness of its acceptance cannot be obtained, and the consuming fire does not descend. "To expect the witness before believing," says Mr. Wesley, "is as inconsistent as to expect the fruit of a tree before the tree is

planted. The witness comes through believing." This is in accordance with the doctrines of the Bible, and thank the Lord that the Wesleyan views of faith have by thousands-under our own observation been tested, experimentally, to be in accordance with Bible-teachings. Would that I could portray the scene we witnessed at this "believing meeting"! All the ministers on the district, with the exception of one, were present, and not one, I think, but received the baptism of fire.

At the close of a summer and fall campaign Mrs. Palmer thus summarized their work:

Never have we witnessed such triumphs of the cross as during the past summer and fall. I think I should speak more than within bounds, were I to tell you that not less than two thousand have been gathered into the fold at the various meetings we have attended. Hundreds of believers have been sanctified wholly, and hundreds have received baptisms of the Holy Ghost beyond any former experience. We feel that we are also ourselves getting nearer to the heart of Christ, and that all the sympathies of our being are flowing out in unison with the world's Redeemer.

We went from Hamilton to London because we dared not do otherwise; the London friends having had claims on us in a way which I cannot now take time to state. We thought we could not remain, as Dr. Valmer's business seemed so peremptorily calling him home. But the Lord soon began to work in London, much as in Hamilton; and when we tore ourselves away from London, at midnight, after remaining twelve days, the number of the newly saved amounted to about two hundred. We left amid a scene of power, and we trust that "the work is still going on, but of this we have not had time to hear since our return. I need not add, the work of entire sanctification has also been going on gloriously at all their meetings. Hundreds have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Never have we had so much occasion to feel that we are immortal till our work is done.

A very gracious work was wrought in Hamilton, Canada, of which Mrs. Palmer wrote to Mrs. Lankford thus:

Could we tell you of what we are daily witnessing of God's wonder-working power, in sanctifying believers and saving sinners, you would be assured that your disappointment is God's appointment. One week ago today, such a work commenced in Hamilton as has never been witnessed before. Between one and two hundred have been translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Last night forty-five were saved; the evening previous, thirty; and before that, about twenty each evening. Such a Sabbath as yesterday we never saw. Meetings were held from seven o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening, in all of which I believe some were saved.

These are but glances at the great fields in which these evangelists wrought. And there is one fact connected with their labors that is especially noteworthy. While holiness was the prominent theme of their public addresses, a large part-of-the fruitage was gathered from the world in the conversion of sinners. This refutes the objection often made "that the special advocates of holiness ignore the salvation of sinners." But such a disregard of the interests of the unsaved masses is impossible in the nature of things. The moment an individual is made pure in heart he comes into closest fellowship and sympathy with Jesus, and there is begotten within him an intense longing for the salvation of men.

And then the testimony given of personal holiness is the most effectual way of striking conviction to the unsaved. The philosophy of such a result must be apparent to thoughtful minds. By the presentation of the duty Of the Christian to be entirely holy in order to be answerable to the great command, the sinner is led to see the wideness of the chasm between himself and God. "If that be the Christian standard," he asks, "what is to become of me, so far from God, so alienated from Him by wicked works?" Alas! I am lost and undone!

Such unfoldings of the pure law of God, and its imperative demands, strike terror to the hearts of guilty men, and they are led to fly to the rock that is cleft to take them in:

And then this testimony on the line of holiness is especially pleasing to God who has, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, so permeated the sacred volume therewith. And to this testimony, therefore, He gives special sanctions. The Holy Spirit illumines the darkened mind, quickens into life the dormant sensibilities, arouses the conscience, woos with infinite tenderness, and the rebel heart is captured. Hence we have seen that, at the camp-meetings and elsewhere, the work of conversion ran parallel with the work of entire sanctification. Indeed conversions far outnumbered sanctifications. One reason for this was, that as soon as an individual experienced heart-purity he was taught that he must devote himself to the work of soul-saving. Hence, before long he was seen bringing a penitent to the altar, and then another, and another. Thus the work went on, widening and widening until hundreds and thousands were rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

Holiness is power -- the power of the living Church, making her mighty through God to the rolling away of the stones from human sepulchers, and the speaking of dead souls to life. Were the whole Church thus empowered, the death-aspects of our world would be speedily changed. Everywhere spring would appear, and the whole earth be covered with verdure and beauty.

Who are today filling our mission-stations, emulous to occupy the most exposed positions, in honor of Christ's name? Who were the originators of the Women's Gospel Temperance crusade? Who are they that thread their way to the Sabbath-schools, especially the humble mission-schools, while worldly professing Christians on the Lord's day give the time to slumber or to pleasurable strolls? Who, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, visit the places where Satan has his most powerful seat, and where humanity is found in deepest degradation? To ask these questions is to answer them. In proportion as the heart is filled with the love of Christ, there is a response to these calls, counting it a joy and a glory to tread in the darkest streets and lanes, and to enter the most forbidding human abodes, to lift up the fallen and to rescue the perishing. It is undeniable that the revival of holiness, marking the period, is strongly reinforcing the lines of benevolent endeavor.

Our country is now being covered with holiness associations: National, State, and County associations. Then, subordinate to these are neighborhood "bands." They have their Camp-meetings and conventions. The opening of each summer is now the signal for a vigorous campaign. Some of the associations hold a dozen or more camp-meetings in a season. Weekly and monthly periodicals, some the organs of the associations, and others independent, are contributing to increase the momentum of this modern revival. It is not confined to any religious denomination. Representatives of various Evangelical Churches are being enlisted and holding up the banner. Ministers are recognizing the fact that holiness is power, and they are putting it on. The people,

glad to follow their accredited leaders, are passing over Jordan and partaking of the corn and wine and oil of the promised land.

The signs are everywhere promising. The ripening grain of a thousand fields is waving in the breeze. The voice of "the Lord of the harvest" is everywhere heard, saying, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe!" And despite the worldliness prevalent in our Churches, the blind devotion in many instances to stately Grecian or Roman architecture, to operatic music, to pulpit-generalities and gilded rhetoric -- "Messiah the Prince" is rolling on in His triumphal chariot, conquering and to conquer. Thus, the glowing heavens above us, studded with the signs of conquest, and the earth beneath, in mighty throes responding to the voices of heaven, tell us of a good time coming, of battles and victories -- of a period when the very bells of the horses shall bear the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord."

But we beg to remind the reader that these spiritual triumphs have cost something, cost much -- how much, who can tell? They have cost, O, so many saintly tears, aye, sweat and blood! Zion has not brought forth without the pains of travail.

Go to the great West! See the thrifty towns and cities that have sprung up in that vast realm. Look at the smiling fields of corn and wheat, the numberless broad acres, yielding sustenance for the world's millions. You may stand and marvel at the advances of civilization. The scenery is grand and may well challenge your admiration, and elicit thankfulness to God who has given us such a goodly heritage.

But, remember, those now prosperous regions were once an uncultivated waste, broken only by the Indian trail. Whose hands, wielding thick axes, felled the forest-trees? Who removed the mountain obstructions and made the earth subservient? Who prepared the way for the sower and the reaper? Ah, there is many a story of pioneer-life, of stalwart resolution, of unfaltering courage and industry! Back of the thrifty towns, the luxuriant orchards, and the waving grain-fields, we see the uplifted pioneer-hand, for ever renowned in our country's history.

So is it also in the moral world. Before the ministry of the Messiah there was the rugged path, the lowly mien, and the heroic words of John the Baptist, preparing the way of the Lord.

Thus has it been in the history of this modern revival of Bible Holiness. The present stage of progress is hopeful. The work is becoming colossal. God is moving gloriously in connection with the various associations on this line. They are worthy of honor, and we have a due appreciation of what they have accomplished.

But the question recurs, Who set in motion these potent agencies -- who opened the broad avenues along which these conquering forces are now marching? There must surely have been pioneer hands here, removing the obstructions, opening a highway for God and His truth. And such is the fact which it is our duty to recognize.

To Dr. Palmer, the heroic man whose career we are tracing, and his beloved help-meet, belong largely the honor of this pioneer-work. They went forth bearing the reproach of Christ, confronting prejudice and formidable obstacles. They had no association at their back, no fund to

sustain them, except as the Lord poured it into their own treasury -- nothing of this kind. Those who co-operated with them were stigmatized as "Palmerites." But on they went, leaning on no arm of flesh, braving opposition and even cruel persecution, making the Lord alone their life-trust.

The sequel shows that in their case, as in many others, the Scripture was verified: "One of you shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." The secret of this was an unshrinking reliance upon the Word of God. They held strongly to this promise: "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." Hence their steps were ordered of the Lord, their faith was honored, and the sublime results appeared. Their work was the preparation for what we now see. They laid the foundations deep and broad. Now others are building thereupon a superstructure that is fair to look upon. The walls are steadily rising, and ere long the top-stone will be brought on with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

In the day when the Lord comes to make up His jewels and to distribute crowns, He will know how to weigh the acts of His dear servants in an even balance, and upon whose heads to place the star-gemmed crowns. And, surely, to Dr. Palmer such a crown will be given.

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#### 07 -- IN FOREIGN FIELDS -- ABUNDANT HARVESTING

"Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather them. selves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side." -- Isaiah 60:4.

"Thou canst not toil in vain:  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky."

Tidings of the evangelistic successes of Dr. Palmer and his honored companion went over the Atlantic. The remarkable outpourings of the Spirit in the British Provinces, especially, turned the eyes of the Old World toward them with desire that they might visit the scenes of Wesleyan toils and triumphs. To this end they received numerous and cordial invitations. At one time a foreign tour was contemplated, and it was hoped that Bishop Hamline and his wife would accompany them, but there were hindrances.

In 1856 the purpose was renewed, but its execution had to be deferred. At length, however, the way was providentially opened. The calls were so pressing as to be irresistible, and there was such a concurrence of circumstances as to make it evident that the finger of the Lord pointed in that direction. Accordingly, preparation was made, friends were bidden a loving adieu, and at noon, June 4, 1859, they started on their voyage. While on shipboard they sought opportunities to witness for the Lord Jesus Christ. The public Sabbath-service, according to custom on English steamers, was conducted by the captain, although there were ministers on board. But, even in such circumstances, our friends were not at a loss to find paths of usefulness. They conducted worship each morning in the large saloon, and the Lord gave them the hearts of the people.

Mrs. Palmer writes:

Among the steerage passengers who came in for Sabbath morning service, I noticed an individual who reminded me of one who "worked at tent-making, and dwelt two whole years in his own hired house" -- but at the same time making all his business operations subservient to preaching the Gospel. Paul, as you will remember, was a local preacher, a class of ministers to which I am particularly partial; and so I said to Dr. Palmer, "That old gentleman looks to me like one of our old-country local preachers. And, after the Church-service is over, suppose we go among the steerage passengers and make friends." In the afternoon we went to the other end of the vessel, and "proposed having religious service in the second-class cabin. We soon found ourselves surrounded by a group who were familiar with the delightful songs of Zion. Seldom have we heard the beautiful air set to the words,

"Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,  
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide,"

more sweetly sung than on this occasion. We had not only beautiful singing, but prayer that opens heaven was offered; after which we addressed the people, and invited any one who had sought and found Jesus, and would love to tell the story of their salvation, to do so. Several spoke with freedom and power. I shall not soon forget this and other sweet meetings we had with the humble disciples of Jesus in the steerage. Surely there were those here who were of heaven's nobility; and the delight we had with them in worship and song gave us a full appreciation of the divine admonition: "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

We fancy that we can see the beloved physician standing up on the deck among those lowly ones, telling them of the precious love of Jesus. With a heart pulsating with tender emotion, tearful eyes, and earnest voice and manner, he pleads with them to accept the proffered grace. Who knows how many precious souls may have been won to Christ by those tender appeals? The day of the Lord will declare the results.

After a voyage of twelve days the good steamer entered the harbor of Liverpool, June 15, 1859. About 4 P.M. our travelers set foot on English soil. They gratefully acknowledged the goodness of the Lord in preserving them amid the days of battling with the winds and waves. As it was expected that they would disembark at London, they hardly supposed any one would be in waiting to receive them at Liverpool. God, however, had kindly ordered it Otherwise.

As they approached the dock, a gentleman whose garb indicated his ministerial calling stood intently watching them. Mrs. Palmer said to the doctor, "There stands the minister whom the Lord has sent to welcome us to England!" Soon as the vessel was at her moorings, he came on board and, approaching them, inquired, "Is this Dr. and Mrs. Palmer?" On being answered affirmatively, he exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome to the shores of Old England!" It was Rev. Thorneloe, Wesleyan minister. He at once conducted them to a pleasant home, where they rested awhile, and then proceeded on their way to London.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached the British metropolis, but about eight in the evening they were quietly domiciled at the house of a friend on Brixton Hill, three miles out of the

city. They received a most cordial Christian greeting, and were at once at home. Their hostess was an excellent Christian lady, a Wesleyan, the leader of four classes, and her praise was in all the Churches.

Next day, riding out, our friends visited some of the points of interest in London, and not among the least were the places where Wesley and his holy coadjutors stood forth as Christ's ambassadors. They dropped in at the mid-day prayer-meeting in Wesleyan Centenary Hall, where their spirits were refreshed with the voice of prayer and praise. Natural scenes have their attractions and they are intelligently appreciated by the Christian. But to the pious mind there is nothing like the assemblies of the saints. Of Jehovah Himself it is written: "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob."

About this time a Divine promise was given to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer which was grandly verified during their stay in the British isles. It was this: "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." It was the precious gift of the Father of mercies, laid upon the heart of Mrs. Palmer while, in the closet, she was asking for some special token of Divine approval of their transatlantic journeyings. She made haste to share the heavenly boon with her husband, and the doctor laid bold of it with the grasp of an all-conquering faith.

The blessed work to which they had been ordained was speedily opened, as they sought for opportunities to declare the great salvation. Companies gathered in the parlors of their hostess, and at the residences of others. In these social convocations the presence of the Holy One was revealed, and hungry souls were fed with the bread that nourisheth unto life eternal.

One evening, when it had been announced that all might attend who desired, the parlor was crowded to its utmost capacity. The "Master of assemblies" was present to distribute His choicest gifts -- pardon and purity. In this quiet way, the work was blessedly commenced. A pleasant acquaintance was formed at this time with the grand-daughter of the renowned Wesleyan commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, and she proved herself to be an earnest worker for Jesus.

Dr. Palmer was greatly stirred in spirit, as also "his companion, in visiting the graves of the Wesleys, Clarke, Benson, Watson, and other great lights of early Methodism. City Road chapel, the scene of so many displays of power, was a spot of peculiar interest. Among the relics left by the founder of Methodism which visitors are permitted to examine is his tea-pot, with these verses inscribed thereupon:

"Be present at our table, Lord," etc.

and

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," etc.

These verses commonly sung at "Wesleyan Tea Meetings," were used, as noticed elsewhere, at the table of Dr. Palmer; hence, as it appears, it was following a Wesleyan custom.

At the grave of Wesley, Dr. Palmer knelt by the side of his wife in the spirit of renewed consecration to the work of spreading Scriptural Holiness. And while the memories of the past came up vividly before them, a fresh anointing was received, and they went forth under mightier inspirations than ever to tell "the pleasing story," the story of redeeming grace.

About this time a letter was received by our evangelists from Rev. Robert Young, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, congratulating them upon their safe arrival and extending to them a cordial invitation to visit Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he then resided -- a privilege which they subsequently enjoyed under delightful auspices.

The design of this work will not allow us to give a detailed account of the visits of our friends to the various places in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the beautiful little isles of the Queen's dominions. We can only give a bird's-eye view of their "journeyings oft," and the salvation-tokens which crowned them.

Their evangelistic labors opened at Bowden, near Manchester, in July, 1859, services being held alternately at Bowden and Altringham. It may be proper, just here, to give the order of services as they were conducted. The doctor would first announce a hymn, usually one of Charles Wesley's -- a body of divinity in itself. The reading of it was, usually, very effective. Then prayer was offered, opening heaven and bringing down the fire-gift. After another song, he read the Scriptures, accompanying them with practical comments. Then Mrs. Palmer would give one of her pointed, vigorous, heart-reaching talks. It was not in the form of a sermon, but conversational and, under the unction of the Holy Spirit, did execution among the King's enemies.

The audience was by this time in condition to be brought to "knee-work," as James Caughey so often said. The doctor, "armed with the Spirit's might," showed himself to be "master of the situation." He would drive the truth home, insist upon immediate surrender, leading the valiant ones of Christ's army in a vigorous assault upon the enemy. And he came back laden with spoils, large numbers of willing captives, ready to throw themselves at the feet of Jesus. Then, at the "communion-rail," as it was called, and in the vestry-rooms, the work of instruction and encouragement went forward among the seekers. By direct announcement, or by the singing of the "old doxology," the entrance of souls into the kingdom was proclaimed.

Those who had received the joyous witness of pardon or purity were requested to give their names to the secretary, who had his place in the vestry. By this systematic and quiet way of recording names a test of the genuineness of the work was instituted. Unless persons were quite conscious of an inward change they would shrink from such an ordeal. This arrangement was not on the line of self-glory, but to confirm the faith of the converts, and the better to give the Church the opportunity of watching over them.

During the few days spent at Bowden and Altringham, good encouragement was afforded in the salvation of a number of souls. It was in the order of providence, however, that our evangelists should now have their steps turned toward Ireland, where they were permitted to witness marvelous scenes. The way was prepared for their visit by singular Divine influences which rested upon the people. Persons under a great variety of circumstances -- in various Churches, including the Romish -- at home, in the street, and in the factory or workshop, were stricken down

by the power of God, lying unconscious for a time; and when restored to consciousness, gave unmistakable evidence of the operations of the Holy Spirit. It was manifest that these strange demonstrations were not of human device. The only reasonable conclusion was that God had risen up out of His holy habitation, and was moving among the people in the excellency of His strength.

The way was therefore prepared for abundant harvesting, on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, among the warm-hearted people of Ireland. And they put in the sickle vigorously and garnered many sheaves. At Belfast, Coleraine, Antrim, Bellaghy, and other places, the slain of the Lord were many. And the subjects were not confined to any particular denomination. Ministers of the Established Church, Presbyterians, Methodists, and others, gladly united in extending the Redeemer's kingdom, each sharing in the results.

Our friends now returned to England, where open doors on every hand were inviting their entrance. After visiting some other places they accepted the invitation of Rev. Robert Young to go to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here they were favored with a glorious outpouring of the Spirit. At the opening service Dr. Palmer announced the hymn commencing,

"Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs," etc.

The theme was Pentecost, and the revival-flame at once darted forth. A local preacher led the way to the "communion-rail," and others followed, and that first hour was fire-crowned. From day to day the work progressed, the power of the Lord being present to heal -- to pardon penitent sinners and to sanctify believers. The spacious Brunswick chapel, holding two thousand, was constantly filled, at times densely crowded. At the close of the series of meetings, the officary adopted resolutions expressive of their gratitude for the services of the evangelists, and recording the fact that not less than thirteen hundred had decided for God, the larger part having obtained pardon. To the genuineness and perpetuity of this work Rev. Robert Young strongly testified.

Next, Sunderland was visited, where even a wider sweep of power was realized. After one appeal made by Dr. Palmer, standing on a seat in the midst of a dense crowd, large numbers flocked to the place of prayer. As the final result the secretaries had recorded 2011 names; of these about two hundred had received Christian purity, and the remainder were pardoned sinners.

Among many interesting cases, a captain and his whole crew were saved, and he wrote a letter to Dr. Palmer thankfully acknowledging what God had done for them. Walking out one morning, the doctor met a young man whom he had seen in the chapel. "I have made up my mind," said he. "Made up your mind to what?" inquired Dr. Palmer. He replied that "he was fully decided that night to come out and seek the Lord and, to cut off all retreat, he was telling everybody that he came in contact with of his resolve." He was the first one at the altar that night when the invitation was given, and was soon rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

An influential coal-owner wrote to Dr. Palmer saying that more than four hundred of his pitmen had been brought to Christ. Thus the tides of salvation rolled, and multitudes were swept in and brought to know the Friend of sinners.

To show how Dr. Palmer pushed the battle, on one occasion, after giving the invitation, the communion rail, accommodating about forty, was quickly filled; next, a large square pew in front of the pulpit was occupied. This threw him quite out into the midst of the congregation, still inviting weary and troubled ones to the feet of Jesus, until all available space was utilized, and then one of the vestries was called into the service. Thus the battle was ordered. The cries of penitents commingled with those of God's people for the holy anointing, and glory crowned the mercy seat.

At the close of this wonderful series of meetings, Dr. Palmer said, "that as he could not expect many of the Sunderland friends to visit him in his New York home, he would extend an invitation to all to visit him in his heavenly mansion which, he felt assured, Jesus was preparing for him." All who would accept the invitation were requested to rise, and nearly every person in the house arose.

The next field of operations was North Shields, where similar displays of power were witnessed. When it was thought to be in the Divine order for our friends to leave, they were earnestly entreated to remain another week, and they consented on condition that one hundred would volunteer each to bring one person to the services daily. The arrangement was made, the band worked ardently, and the results were glorious.

The Lord now directed the steps of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to Scotland. At Glasgow and Edinburgh they found large numbers of people ready to receive the truth and to enter into the rest of faith. At Glasgow it was necessary to make some alterations in the chapel in order properly to conduct the altar-work. When the matter was presented to the officary, they promptly acceded to the request, and at four o'clock next morning carpenters were at work. At the close of these services thirteen hundred names had been given of the subjects of saving grace.

At Edinburgh over four hundred and fifty were born into the kingdom. Thus among the hardy people of Scotland the Lord wrought with almighty energy.

On one occasion when Dr. Palmer was inviting seekers to come to Jesus, before he had finished, a gentleman hurried forward and bowed at the altar. Others quickly followed, and in a few minutes the communion-rail and vestry were crowded. Between forty and fifty were saved.

It was the doctor's custom near the close of each service to inquire of the seekers what the Lord had done for them. Passing around the altar, extending his hand to one and another of the newly adopted ones, he would say, "My brother [or, My sister], what has the Lord done for you?" These inquiries would often elicit inspiring testimony.

One would say, amid flowing tears of joy, "O, He has taken my feet out of the miry clay, and set them on the Rock of ages!" Another, "He has pardoned all my sins." Another, "O, I do believe! Jesus is my Saviour -- glory be to Jesus!" As these and similar heart-felt expressions were made, he repeated them to the congregation, so that "through the thanksgiving of many" praise "might redound to the glory of God."

Sometimes the testimonies were peculiarly sweet. The gentleman who with such hasty steps rushed to the altar from the gallery, when asked, "What has the Lord done for you?" replied, "The cloud of thick darkness that enveloped my mind has been dissipated, and now a flood of light has come in."

Dr. Palmer was very happy in directing penitents to Jesus. At the close of a meeting he was speaking to a young man who for some hours had been earnestly pleading for salvation, when the simple way of faith flashed upon his soul, and he suddenly exclaimed, "I am in a new world! I am in a new world!" and then began praising Jesus in a strain that amazed all present.

Returning to England, our evangelists prosecuted their labors in some of the prominent cities, also in Wales and in the islands. At every place the glory of the Lord was revealed. In the spacious chapels of Carlisle, London, Stroud, Lynn, Banbury, Oxford, Rochdale, Macclesfield, Sheffield, Liverpool, Madeley, Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, Nottingham, and other places, the battles fought and victories won were splendid, the details of which would fill volumes. Mere glances at the scenes fill a volume of over six hundred pages, "Four Years in the Old World" -- the perusal of which has gladdened the hearts of thousands.

In their visits to the people of Wales at Bridgend, Cardiff, Merthyr-Tydvil, Abergavenny, Blaina, and Aberdare, they had ceaseless showers of blessings from above. The beloved physician moved among them as a minister of life, under the great Physician of souls, to whom he directed the sin-sick multitudes that crowded around him on every hand.

In the Isles of Wight and Man, the dwellers in those beautiful isles waited gladly for the Divine law and cast themselves down at the feet of Jesus. Representatives from those interesting regions will be ready in the eternal world of joy to greet the instruments of their salvation.

To show how the converts worked, let us give an incident. A young man who had been saved brought his two sisters. They both found the Lord before leaving the chapel the next evening. One of these sisters who, with many others, had pledged herself to bring another the next evening, was blessed in seeing a young lady converted whom she had invited. Thus as Mrs. Palmer remarked, "Here was spiritual paternity after paternity, so that ere one short week had passed, the young man saved at mid-day on Sabbath had seen the fourth generation of spiritual children born into the kingdom. I have thought in this connection of the prophet's vision who, as he looked down through the vista of time, said, 'A child shall die a hundred years old.' Surely kings and prophets waited for such days.

"How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight."

A young man connected with the Society of Friends was converted at North Shields. Immediately he felt that the Lord had a work for him to do among his own people. He went to a Yearly Meeting in a neighboring town, prompted by the Holy Spirit to proclaim "the acceptable

year of the Lord." He had sought the full baptism and was filled with the Spirit to a remarkable degree. His burning utterances amazed many.

He held meetings in a school-room for children and youth, which were blessed to the salvation of quite a number. At one meeting one of the eldest girls sobbed aloud. At the close the awakened ones remained for prayer and counsel, and they were directed to the Friend of sinners. Two nights after they met again, and it was a joyful gathering. It was truly delightful to see their happy faces, and to hear them sing the praises of their Redeemer.

On Whit-Monday, at a special meeting, they were told of Rev. James Caughey's revival services in Huddersfield where, on an average, sixty or seventy were converted every night. Some little girls prayed that one hundred and forty might be saved the next night. One hundred and thirty adults and ten children found peace with God that night. Then it was suggested that, as they could not expect so many in their little meeting, they might ask for twelve. The next evening a remarkable meeting was held; thirty remained for prayer, and the prayer of faith was answered.

While our friends were in the Isle of Wight, one day the sound of martial music was heard in the street, and the people were seen running from different directions. Dr. Palmer inquired what it meant, and was told that it was a "Band of Hope." He desired to know more of this "Band," and so he followed the sight-seers until he came in full view of a gallant band of Sabbath-school children who were returning to a steamer on which they had embarked from Southampton. It was a Wesleyan school, and when they saw Dr. Palmer they insisted that he should have an excursion with them, and would take no denial. And so the importunate captain delayed the vessel until he returned with one of the superintendents. The captain had been in the habit of giving the school excursions.

For three hours Dr. and Mrs. Palmer enjoyed a delightful sail on the beautiful Solent, having a fine view of the island scenery, Osborne Palace, the Queen's summer resort, and other points of interest. The time was pleasantly filled up with spiritual songs and speeches. Dr. Palmer, in addressing the school, alluded to his having sallied out in quest of a "Band of Hope," and said, "Surely I have not been disappointed; for a Sabbath school as interesting as this must be a most promising 'Band of Hope.'"

The influence of these evangelistic labors extended largely to various Churches. While holding firmly to Wesleyan teaching, their public addresses were so catholic in tone as to win the hearts of all Christian people. We give here an example.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer had received an invitation to conduct a meeting with Church-of-England people, which was gladly accepted. The large church edifice was in process of rebuilding, and the regular services were held in the rectory barn, a large place, nicely floored and seated. They dined at the rectory, and had pleasant converse with the rector and his family. Before the hour of commencing, the barn-church was thronged. Besides the three clergymen of the Established Church in the place, the Independent and Wesleyan ministers participated. The rector gave out the hymn,

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," etc.

after which Dr. Palmer read and commented on 2d of Acts. Mrs. Palmer addressed the assembly on the baptism of the Spirit. The doctor followed in his usual earnest way. A deep interest prevailed, many weeping and giving other signs of emotion. One of the clergymen from a little town three or four miles distant, took special pains to gather up the aged people of his parish, securing a conveyance for those who were unable to walk. Among the auditors was the grand-daughter of the Duke of Manchester. She "said she had been deeply interested in their movements ever since their labors in Newcastle, and had Longed to meet them and witness the triumphs of the cross, and begged to know if they would not go to London and work there. The rector and his wife and this granddaughter seemed to be kindred spirits. They were earnestly seeking the full baptism of the Spirit. It was thought that the good rector's wife received, by faith, this wondrous gift, while riding with Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to the steamer.

Dr. Palmer and his beloved help-meet were called sometimes to do unpleasant work. They found in various places that the drinking customs of society greatly hindered the progress of Christ's cause. In one place they received a note running thus:

"How can God revive His work in the Wesleyan chapel when the most noted maltster in the town, owning the largest number of liquor establishments in the region, is circuit steward and Sabbath-school superintendent? Will Dr. and Mrs. Palmer answer for the benefit of a poor sinner?"

They were appalled at this communication. But they resolutely took their stand for truth and righteousness. The superintendent of the circuit was sent for, the note was read to him, and he was asked to consent to their leaving at the close of the week. He entreated them with tears to remain, saying that the state of the cause there was deplorable, and his only hope was that the Lord would use them there, as in other places, in raising the standard. He was told that they could not, neither would they, insult the Captain of Israel's hosts by asking Him to go out before the people with such an evil in their midst. They felt, as Mrs. Palmer said, "that they had come to a point in their labors in the Old World where they, in regard to the great god Bacchus, would be required not to turn aside, but to Stand up openly and defiantly despite opposing influences, whether in high or low places, and meet the consequences however formidable."

They therefore refused to remain unless the accursed thing was removed. The spirit-dealer was called upon, but, prizing the gains of sin more than his membership or his love for souls, he preferred to resign his standing in the Church, rather than his traffic. On the evening of the day of his withdrawal twenty souls were saved, besides several who received the sanctifying seal. From that time the work progressed with power. The course here adopted they pursued uniformly wherever the giant evil prevailed, and the Lord gave His sanction to their fidelity.

Among the instrumentalities employed by our evangelists was that of holy song. A favorite chorus was,

"Let us never mind the scoffs and the frowns of the world."

It was printed in connection with some appropriate hymns and widely circulated.

One night, a man whose athletic form and earnest countenance indicated that he was destined to be a valiant soldier of the cross stepped up to Dr. Palmer, saying, "I must tell you what the Lord has done for me. The other evening my wife came in, after attending one of the meetings in the hall, and put in my hand the hymn,

'Am I a soldier of the cross?' etc.

with the chorus,

'Let us never mind the scoffs,' etc.

As I began to read it my heart was melted -- I could not help weeping. I felt so much that I thought I would immediately go upstairs and pray, but something seemed to say, 'Why not kneel down and pray here?' I did so, and while crying to God for mercy, there in the kitchen, He saved me -- praise the Lord!"

Madeley, the home and scene of the ministrations of the sainted John Fletcher, was remarkably visited under the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. One night over one hundred were brought to God. Mrs. Palmer writes: "The work seemed to be only bounded by the ability to meet its claims, by finding room for the seekers. It appeared as if every sinner "in the house was convicted. Men, women, youths and children came forward, as it were in shoals, while we, in amazement at the wondrous mercy, looked on, scarcely knowing how we might find accommodations for them. Communion-rail, front seats, and vestry were filled with penitents. The work embraced all classes -- rich and poor, young and old. Among the saved were the two sons of the superintendent. May not the seraphic spirit of Fletcher have been mingling in those stirring scenes?"

While the services were being conducted in Cardiff, Wales, there were at times overwhelming manifestations of saving power, and many interesting cases.

One evening a hardy, brave-looking man was seen at the altar. He looked as if he were waiting for a word of encouragement. He had, during the meeting, cast his sins upon Jesus, and had found peace. "Do you know who sent me here?" he eagerly inquired. Thinking he had come in answer to one of the thousands of printed invitations that had been sent out, Mrs. Palmer answered, "No; but I suppose of course some one invited you." "I know who invited me," he said. "God told me, as I was down by the docks" (he was a Norwegian captain), "that I must come here tonight, and come to this altar. I will tell you just how it was. I am a Norwegian. I used to go to the chapel sometimes, and felt my heart soft -- but it has been a long time since. I came to the chapel at noon, and my heart seemed so stiff and hard. I got on my knees and thought I saw Jesus. His blood was streaming -- and then my heart began to burst, and then it burst again and again. After the meeting was over, I went to the docks, and as I walked there, and kept thinking, my heart kept bursting out. It was while there that the Lord told me I must come here tonight." "And now," said Dr. Palmer, "since you have been here, you believe the Lord has blotted out all your transgressions, and you feel that your name has been written in the Book of Life?" "I know it!" he exclaimed. Kneeling near

the Norwegian at the altar were three young men. They were sailors belonging to one ship's company, and were all enabled to rejoice in sins forgiven.

The converts gathered during these Gospel advances were encouraged to "go on unto perfection," according to New Testament injunctions. And many, very soon after their espousals to Christ, claimed their privilege. And when wholly sanctified, they became earnest workers. Let us give some examples:

An intelligent youth of sixteen presented himself at the altar as a seeker of pardon. The great deep of his heart was broken up and he soon apprehended Christ as his Saviour. Two or three days passed, and he was again seen among the suppliants. The hope was expressed that he had not cast away his confidence.

He replied, "O, no; but what I now want is the full baptism of the Spirit!" He was instructed that it was a purchased gift, and he had only to listen to the still small voice of the Spirit, and he would only hear, "Come, for all things are now ready!" When Jesus bowed His head upon the cross, and cried, "It is finished!" a redemption from all iniquity was wrought out. He was therefore now required simply to present himself wholly to God, through Christ, relying on the promise, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." It was not long before he claimed the proffered boon. A day or two after this he was seen mingling amid scenes of holy triumph. He had been told that he must do all that he could to help on the cause. "Yes," he said, "I am trying to do what I can. I tried all day yesterday, and only got six to yield-only six!" Alas! how many inactive professors go for years without bringing one soul to Christ!

A lovely young lady, who had been joyously saved, sent to one meeting a note reading thus: "E. C. requests the prayers of God's people for some persons that she is going to visit this afternoon, that God may incline them to come to this evening's service and, when there, to convince them deeply of sin." Prayer was answered -- four of them were saved that night.

These revival-tides which swept so grandly over the British dominions were not even confined to Protestantism. In Walsall, during the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, every denomination, was roused to extraordinary activity. A Baptist minister, who had requested special prayer that all the ministers in the town might be led to seek for themselves and their people an outpouring of the Spirit, had a remarkable awakening in his own Church, and many turned unto the Lord. The Independents and Church-of-England people, who had mingled considerably in the special services, continued them among themselves.

It was not a little remarkable that the Church of England should post placards announcing "Special services," and this was done in more places than Walsall. But still more remarkable was the fact that the Romanists issued placards also. Some of them had been brought out of darkness into marvelous light, at the Wesleyan chapel. And in order to hold their people, they adopted similar methods. The bill announcing the services was a curiosity. It began thus: "To the greater glory of God, Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Alphonsus." It then went on to state that several missionary monks, "Redemptorist Fathers," would visit the place, and hold three meetings daily during the week, and five on the Sabbath, to be continued for four weeks. All the faithful were called to attend, and special "indulgences" were granted to those who complied. It said, "The time of a

Mission is a time of extraordinary grace. A Mission is a message from Almighty God to His people, to put them in mind that but one thing is necessary, and that one thing is the salvation of their souls."

How great, think you, reader, must have been the power from the upper world following in the track of these beloved evangelists to produce such results? A moral earthquake was surely being felt, and its shocks were far-reaching.

We must refer now to a camp-meeting held in Ireland. It was at Enniskillen, in a beautiful grove belonging to a wealthy gentleman, agent for the estate of Lord Belmore. That a lovely sequestered spot so favorably situated, should have been obtained by the Wesleyans for the purpose of holding a camp-meeting, argues favorably for the cause of earnest Christianity. The grove was located near the sparkling lake Lough Erne, regarded as one of the most beautiful lakes in the kingdom. The whole scene was charmingly picturesque.

This Irish camp-meeting was a glorious success. While in progress a traveling circus, with its flaming paraphernalia, was pitched in a field nearby, but scarcely any one went to witness the performances. The enemy occupied the ground only twenty-four hours and retreated. This encampment, unlike those in this country, continued two weeks, and was remarkably blessed in the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers. Rev. Mr. Graves, of the Troy Conference, who had gone to England to recruit his health, was the prime mover in the camp-meeting enterprise in that land. Rev. Wm. Hall, a young minister from Canada, was also much blessed in his labors at the meeting.

During the last week the work was so extensive that the appointment of a secretary was urged, that the names of the converts might be recorded and garnered for the Church. From twenty to fifty penitents often bowed at the altar. The Sabbath was indeed a high day, 136 names being recorded of those who had experienced either pardon or purity. The congregation was immense, numbering about five thousand. In the large tent occupied after leaving the stand there was a continual gust of power. The meeting continued without intermission for about four hours, during which about ninety were saved.

The camp-meeting closed with the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, amid the most affecting scenes. After its celebration the people formed in procession and encompassed the ground, singing,

"There'll be no more parting there," etc.,

and farewells were spoken amid flowing tears, but with the hope of a joyous reunion before the throne.

Near the close of this wonderful evangelistic tour the writer was privileged to be an eye-witness of some of its mighty operations. On account of impaired health he had gone to England to visit friends and to recruit his wasted energies. While Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were holding meetings in Manchester, his native place, they called at his father's residence to see him. He was not at home, but when the fact of their call was mentioned, it deeply affected his heart. It

brought up to remembrance the fellowships of earlier years in Allen Street Church, New York, of which he had been a member for a time, and from which he had gone forth to proclaim the Gospel of Christ. These dear friends had always shown a lively interest in his welfare, and had sought to establish his goings in the way of holiness. But he had been stumbled by a foolish prejudice against special meetings on this line. On this account for long and weary years he had been kept from the rich blessing which his Heavenly Father had to bestow. Had he yielded sooner to the kindly efforts of the dear doctor and his companion, his life would have been happier and more useful.

As a Methodist minister he had taken upon himself the solemn Conference vows, binding him to the earnest pursuit of perfect love, and he felt the force of the obligations, but failed to reach the goal. In his pastoral charges he had preached on the subject definitely, and had often been convicted under his own preaching, the Spirit saying, as in thunder-tones, "Why don't you do it yourself?" It was like a barbed arrow entering his soul, but he was not prepared to go down into the valley of decision.

Retirement from active service afforded time for a faithful life-review and, after the call of his friends just alluded to, he went to their meetings; prejudice was removed, and his heart was made tender and opened to receive the truth.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer went from Manchester to Nottingham, and he determined, with his wife, to go there and wait upon God for further revelations. He felt that Satan had triumphed over him in this matter, and he said to his companion that he must have the victory.

Accordingly they went, and, as Providence ordered it, obtained lodgings in the house of a Wesleyan local preacher, who enjoyed entire sanctification. On the Sabbath that the meetings were to open, himself and wife attended the Wesleyan chapel in the morning, and heard a sermon on the text, "All things work together for good to them that love God," which deeply affected him. Under its delivery a voice from heaven said to him, O, so powerfully I -- "If the Lord shall fully baptize you with the Holy Ghost, will you witness of it?" to which he responded, "Yea, Lord, I will!" At that moment there came upon him a blessed overshadowing of the Divine presence, and his heart was melted into tenderness and love. In returning home he praised the Lord along the streets. That was the entrance upon the valley of decision.

He went with his wife to the services of the dear evangelists which opened in the afternoon in the United Free Methodist chapel, of which Rev. T. Newton was pastor. Dr. Palmer gave out that grand hymn, "Lord, we believe to us and ours, the apostolic promise given," and then read and commented on the second chapter of Acts. Mrs. Palmer followed in the same line, in an impressive manner, showing the Christian privilege of "an inward baptism of pure fire." It was a Pentecostal season indeed, the opening of a series of never-to-be-forgotten Divine visitations.

The theme of the hour was in exact accord with the exercises of the writer's mind in the morning and, when a suitable opportunity was presented, he arose before the vast congregation and told how for twenty years, as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, he had been exercised on the subject without coming to a personal experience of the rich grace. He asked prayer in his behalf, and bowed in humble prostration at the altar. The bridges were now burned and there was nothing for him to do but to surrender unconditionally, body, soul, and spirit,

to the Lord Jesus Christ. A severe test was, however, laid upon him at this point. The Spirit said, "Will you, if permitted to return to your New Jersey Conference, tell them what the Lord has done for you?" That was a searching test, for he had been very jealous of his reputation and horribly afraid of being numbered with the "Palmerites," or "Holiness people." But the moment of decision had come, he would not draw back, the Spirit helped his infirmities, and he made the required response. His consecration being complete, even joyous, it was not long ere the baptism came upon him, and it was like fire. He was unspeakably happy, and praised the God of his salvation with joyful lips.

That was a memorable period, changing his whole life-currents and bringing to him indescribable delights. He was thenceforward fully Consecrated, and willing to bear reproach, if need be, counting it his highest joy to witness of the great salvation.

This result, reached so early in the meeting, prepared him to enjoy three weeks of remarkable services, during which six hundred precious souls were won to Christ. At the noonday meeting an opportunity was given for persons to ask prayer in behalf of their friends. One day, a large manufacturer, a Wesleyan, arose and said that he expected that evening to bring about forty of his work people to the chapel, and requested prayer that they might be saved. God honored the effort -- nearly all of them were converted that night.

It was customary each Saturday evening to hold a "praise-meeting." On one occasion, about two hours had been spent in testimony. Some remarkable statements had been made concerning the efficacy of the cleansing blood realized by God's dear children. When Dr. Palmer arose to close the meeting, many were still anxious to speak. Just then, when there was no invitation for seekers to come forward, a man came and threw himself down at the altar in an agony of soul. Others followed, and quickly the whole space was filled with suppliants. In about half an hour more than fifty received the witness of pardon or purity. The hour was memorable. It really seemed as though a convoy of angels was hovering o'er the scene, mingling their hallelujahs with the triumphal songs of the newly redeemed ones.

One good brother, constantly attending the meetings, was called "Happy William," and really he was well named. His face shone with unearthly luster, both in private and in public. He was full of the Holy Ghost and of power. His words fell like burning coals upon the hearts of those who heard him, and his prayers were mighty. All who came in contact with him were ready to say "Happy William" had indeed been with Jesus and learned of Him.

At the close of these services, Rev. T. Newton, the pastor, read the following resolutions:

"1. That this meeting, believing the present revival to be the work of God, desires to express to Him its devout gratitude on account of the many persons who have received religious good, connected with our own and other congregations, as well as upon the world.

"2. That this meeting desires to recognize the providence and grace of God in Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's visit to Nottingham, and earnestly prays that the great Head of the Church may guide their future steps, watch over them in their homeward voyage to America, long preserve their lives, and make them increasingly useful in the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of believers."

As he finished the reading, he observed that he had read somewhere in the good old Book, "Let all the people say Amen." He would read the second resolution again and then, as many present as desired to express their feelings, let them, Methodist-like, say Amen. No sooner was the resolution read than there was such a response from between one and two thousand voices as has rarely been heard, "Amen, Amen, Amen!" ringing through the chapel. At the close of this joyous outburst, a brother commenced singing, "Shall we ever meet again?" which was taken up by the congregation and sung amid many tears and deep feeling.

Dr. Palmer, however, was not yet satisfied; he opened a prayer-meeting, during which about forty received saving grace.

Those days of power and glory in Nottingham can never be forgotten by the writer. His beloved wife shared with him in the Pentecostal gift, and they were privileged to return to this country in the same steamer with the endeared friends who had been the instruments of so much good to them. The voyage was a stormy one, but with Christ in the ship all was well. They were ready to sing in their berths, while the ship was tossed and driven by fierce winds and waves, with the confidence which full salvation inspires:

"This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love;  
He will send down His heavenly powers  
To carry us above."

It made no difference whether the steamer were engulfed, or whether she reached her desired haven -- all was well.

By the courtesy of the captain, it was ordered that Dr. Palmer and the writer should conduct the public Sabbath-services. And, while the vessel was rolling, Jesus and Him crucified was preached.

There were some startling incidents on the voyage. Among these we may mention that of a young man who was a victim to strong drink, and who before embarking had been on a debauch. Soon after we left Liverpool he sprang overboard. It was an exciting time to see the stalwart mariners lower away a boat and ply the oars, if peradventure they might rescue the imperiled man. The passengers stood on the deck watching anxiously their progress, and none more so than our precious friend of whom we are writing. The noble sailors were successful, and they brought the poor man back to the ship. He became an object of tender concern to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who felt that there was a soul to be rescued, a thousand times more valuable than the body that had been snatched from a watery grave. They gave him constant attention, and even urged him to go to their home in New York, hoping to add him as another trophy to Christ. What the sequel was we know not, but we indulge the hope that, through their kindly efforts, he may have been saved eternally.

And now what more shall we say of this harvesting abroad? Who can number the sheaves? Who can measure the results -- as to time or eternity? Human calculation is here baffled. If we

should attempt to give the numerical exhibit, so many thousands saved through the blood of Jesus, the aggregate would be startling, and we believe without a parallel in modern evangelism. But after all it would be a very inadequate showing.

Think of the homes brightened by the salvation of a father, mother, or child -- and the other members of the household subsequently gathered. Think of the ministers of various denominations, baptized by the Holy Ghost, returning to their congregations with "the anointing that abideth," to proclaim the Gospel with holy unction. Think of the congregations in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the beautiful isles, revived and marshaled into valiant service, according to the Pentecostal model. Think of the expanded vision, the outreaches of mighty faith, the lofty plans, the flaming zeal, the comprehensive schemes for the world's evangelization, in the Churches -- the fruit of this evangelistic tour.

The grand promise, given to the doctor and his beloved one, when their feet first pressed the soil of Britain, "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not," had a sublime fulfillment. The annals amaze us. Hallelujahs break forth as we write. We magnify the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ thus revealed. We adore the blessed Holy Ghost by whom these servants of the Lord were able to do such exploits."

For a time after their return, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were permitted to enjoy their pleasant home in New York. The Tuesday Meeting was held from week to week with great interest. They made tours among the Churches and encampments, and witnessed new triumphs of the cross. At length, however, these missions of love and mercy were interrupted. Providential darkness gathered over their home. The "beloved Phoebe" was stricken, and there followed a period of intense suffering, in which she had continual victory through the blood of the Lamb. Amid her" paroxysms of pain, she would cry out, "Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia! Precious Jesus, precious Jesus!" During the first part of her illness she said, "I want to say that my teachings have been correct, and I am now testing them, in this hour of extreme suffering, and find that I am fully saved; not a shadow of a doubt. The altar is a beautiful type; it is a Scriptural figure, and I am resting upon it. And the altar, which is Christ, sanctifies the gift. The blood of Jesus cleanses me from all unrighteousness" -- and then the exclamation, " Glory, glory!" burst from her lips. In this triumphant strain she continued until November 2, 1874, which was her last day on earth. That morning when she awoke, she said, "I thought I saw a chariot, and it had come for me; and O, it was so glorious, GLORIOUS!" The chariot was indeed in waiting. Soon after she said, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" and then slowly repeated the Doxology, "Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost. Amen." With these exultant notes upon her lips, at half-past two o'clock, the mortal strife was ended, and she entered upon a blissful immortality.

The doctor, as the reader may well understand, was sorely stricken by this dispensation. But like a true servant of the living God, he "lifted up his eyes to the hills from whence cometh help," and was wonderfully sustained in the trying ordeal. An extract from a letter to Mrs. Hamline will show the temper of his mind while the hand of the Lord was so heavy upon him.

You may well call me your bereaved brother. Words cannot express the feelings of my heart for your kind, sympathetic letter. O, how much my bleeding heart needed just such kind

words, and such sustainment! I have told the Lord that mine was a peculiar trial, and that I needed to be indulged, for my loss was an uncommon one. I have endeavored to thank the Lord that He permitted me to have so much of heaven, for so many years on earth, to call my own. I am trying to realize that she is yet with me, as one of the hosts of the Lord that encamp, around those that fear Him. You will pardon me, I know, if I say that her worth was not known, neither can language portray it. She was an angel on earth. She was the model mother, the loving wife, the perfect Christian lady. She was God's chosen one, and faithfully did she obey the instructions of His Word. But she has ceased from her labors on earth, though no doubt still employed in heaven in her Master's work, in which she so much delighted here.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." It is therefore proper to talk and write about them. But, dear sister, forgive me, my dear Phoebe made up the most of me, and what there is left of me on this side of the river I want you to pray for as never before. I am not rebellious, but, O, the wound is so deep! But I tell Jesus He alone can heal. I miss her more and more though I know she is among the glorified in paradise. Jesus gave me this passage the other day, to comfort me. "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne, even as I have overcome, and am set down with my Father upon his throne." I began to praise the Lord for the pattern of His overcoming saints. I beheld the blessed Saviour ascending from Mount Olivet, His disciples" gazing after Him until a cloud received Him out of their sight. The Lord has been so good as to give us a glimpse of what transpired on the other side of the cloud, and we hear them exclaiming as the Conqueror comes. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!" Who is this King of glory? "The Lord of hosts; he is the King of glory."

Our blessed Saviour has taken His seat at the right hand of the Father. He says, "even as I have overcome, and am set down with my Father on his throne." As long as I can look at the pattern I am borne above my affliction. But temptations will come, such as I have never experienced before, and I can only try my old weapon and cry, Glory be to Jesus, glory be to Jesus! The harder Satan tempts, the harder I cry, Glory & to Jesus!

Again he wrote:

Notwithstanding my eyes overflow with tears, causing the lines to be so obscure that I cannot follow them while writing, yet I want to record to the praise of God that He does enable me to say, "Good is the will of the Lord." He has been comforting me from His Word. I have been repeating very often, the past week, "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures, for with thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light shall they see light." I tell Jesus I need to take shelter very close to His breast as well as under His wings, and ask that I may know what it is to drink of the river of His pleasures.

Thus our beloved brother comforted himself in the Lord bowing submissively to His holy will, and consenting like an obedient child to the pause which was given by the ordination of Heaven, to the evangelistic career of himself and his honored and now glorified companion.

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## 08 -- IN THE LITERARY REALM -- WIDE-REACHING FORCES

"Declare ye among the nations, and publish, and set up a standard; publish, and conceal not." -- Jeremiah 50:2.

"Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
O'er the world far and wide  
Let there be light!"

The press is one of the most potent instrumentalities for good in these modern days. It is true that Satan, ever on the watch for agencies to serve his diabolical purposes, is wielding it mightily. But the Church is laying it largely under contribution for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Her issues are multitudinous. Leaves of truth are being scattered everywhere for the healing of the nations.

Charles Kingsley says, "Consider! except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book -- a message to us from the dead, from human souls that we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and, yet these, in little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, opening their hearts to us as brothers."

Benjamin Franklin tells us in one of his letters that, when he was a boy, a little book fell into his hands, entitled 'Essays to do Good,' by Cotton Mather. It was tattered and torn, and several leaves were missing. But the remainder gave me such a turn for thinking, as to have an influence upon my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other. And if I have been a successful citizen, the public owes all the advantages of it to the little book.

The examples are without number showing how a stray, dilapidated volume, or a single leaf picked up, casually, by an individual, has molded his character and destiny. And what shall we say of the influence of standard works, and of periodical literature in constant circulation? These are among the chosen educators of the times, contributing to the solution of the great problems of human life.

Dr. Palmer, with his quick discerning eye, saw wide fields opened in this direction, in which he might reap abundantly for the Master. His eye was single in the matter. No mercenary motive actuated him to seize upon this powerful engine, the press.

A train of providential circumstances, which are interesting to review, led him to engage in this work. When Rev. Timothy Merritt was agent of the Methodist Book Concern in New York, he attended a love-feast at one time in the Mulberry Street (now St. Paul's) Church. Some very blessed testimonies were given. He remarked to Mrs. Lankford, at the close of the meeting, "How well it would be if these testimonies could be printed, and scattered abroad for the good of others!" to which Mrs. Lankford gave a hearty assent.

The thought thus inspired was a life-thought, and had a practical embodiment. On his return to Boston, at the expiration of his term, he entered upon the work of publishing a periodical called *The Guide to Christian Perfection*. It is worthy of remark here, that the same gentle hand of Mrs. Lankford which God made instrumental in the establishment of the Tuesday Meeting, helped to open the great publishing interest in New York on the line of Christian Holiness, which has been blessed to so many thousands. Her words of encouragement to Rev. Timothy Merritt inspired him and led him to go forward.

Subsequently the work was prosecuted by others, with more or less success, so that the magazine held on its way. At length it fell into the hands of Dr. Palmer, by purchase, taking the name of the "*Guide to Holiness, and Revival Miscellany*." During the lifetime of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, she edited the magazine, chiefly, and such was its popularity that at one time it reached a circulation of 36,000. The doctor did not actively engage in the publishing business, his sphere during the early part of his life being the medical profession and in later years holy evangelism, as we have seen. He kept his hand, however, upon the press, using his means, counseling and directing, but committing the active management to others.

With the publishing of the *Guide* the works of Mrs. Palmer were connected. In the use of her pen God gave her a wonderful inspiration. It is truly astonishing how many excellent works she wrote in the midst of such arduous public labors. "*The Way of Holiness*," "*Faith and its Effects*," "*Entire Devotion*," "*Pioneer Experiences*," "*Incidental Illustrations*," and "*The Promise of the Father*," had an immense sale. And there is still a demand for these works. The good accomplished is beyond calculation. We know of no works better adapted to lead inquiries after truth to apprehend the way of faith clearly. Letters continue to reach us testifying of the saving effects following their perusal in past years.

Now to the Christian endowments and industry of Mrs. Palmer we are indebted for this series of evangelical works, and her crown is richly studded with stars as the reward. But to her husband belongs, largely, the honor of their circulation, and he is a sharer in the benedictions arising therefrom, and wears a brighter crown in consideration of his investments in this holy cause.

When the doctor assumed the editorial conduct of the *Guide* after the removal of his loved companion, he felt deeply the responsibility devolved upon him, as expressed in an editorial thus:

When the now sainted Mrs. Phoebe Palmer said, "Pa, continue the *Guide*, don't let it run down," we felt the weight of our responsibility, and also our own weakness and insufficiency, and turned to the Lord for strength, and asked that our intellect might be quickened, and said, He alone could give the ability. We would also ascribe all the glory to God, that He has raised us up heaven-baptized workers, who for the love of the cause have used their pens in carrying forward the glorious work. We should, however, have been discouraged ere this, had not the friends of holiness cheered us by their written and verbal testimonials of the blessed results that follow the circulation of the *Guide*, and of their obtaining the blessing of holiness through reading its pages. Its circulation is also increasing. To God be all the glory.

Thus, notwithstanding the tender bonds had been so rudely broken, he felt that there must be no cessation of this important work. So, looking to his Heavenly Father for light and strength, he steadily and gladly held on his way.

Anyone at all acquainted with editorial life is aware that it is beset with many perplexities. It requires a power of nice discrimination to separate the precious from the vile, and to determine what will and what will not minister grace to the reader. Sometimes the feelings of dear friends have to be crossed, in committing to the waste-basket their communications which they have deemed worthy of publication. This is to a sensitive mind quite painful work. Judgment and feeling contend for the mastery. Judgment distinctly says, It is not well to publish that production -- but the impulses of a tender heart plead for the gratification of a friend.

Dr. Palmer had the faculty of nice discrimination, quickly discerning what was for edification and what for the reverse. Although painful to him to disoblige friends, he conscientiously measured up to the demands of sound judgment. In his estimation the issuance of such a periodical as the Guide to Holiness, involved responsibilities too momentous to admit of dalliance with mere sentimentalism. Christ's glory, and the well-being of thousands of souls to whom he was ministering, were paramount considerations, and held wonted sway. Hence, under his editorial management the pages of the magazine were kept very pure, and received the commendation of Christian people of all classes, and even those high in authority in the Church.

Another point which the doctor guarded very sacredly in his editorial conduct was the spirit of the periodical. He had a profound abhorrence of censorious utterances. Being unfaltering in loyalty to the Church, when any were led to make severe assaults upon it he was grieved. And yet he was not unmindful of existing evils and abuses which worldliness had introduced into the circles of Zion. But when reference was to be made to these, he was disposed to rebuke in the spirit of love, "with all long-suffering."

His preference, however, was to look on the bright side, to be hopeful, and to dwell upon the exalted privileges of God's saints, prompting them to go in and possess "the promised land." Some illustrations of this may here be given from his writings:

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#### Privilege Of The Present Dispensation

"Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice." -- Phil. 4:4.

Jesus says: "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." One of these commands is to "rejoice evermore." We know that "the joy of the Lord is our strength." The question arises, Have we obeyed the injunction to rejoice evermore?

The royal Psalmist, under the old dispensation, was so filled with joy that he appeared to forget the courtly dignity of the palace, and he indulges in this strain of lofty invitation: "Come near, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." It does not appear to

have exalted the royal witness, or engendered in him a spirit of pride, for he disclaims having done anything for himself, and brings himself under perpetual obligation by saying, "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth."

If we had correct views of the glorious dispensation of the Spirit under which we are living, would we not be more joyful?

Isaiah, who only had a telescopic view of the wonderful privileges of this dispensation, says, "Cry out and shout, O inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." It is a fact stated by Paul, that "the mystery which had been hid from ages and from generations, even the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory," has been revealed to us, and shall we not rejoice?

A beloved ambassador of Jesus who by his metaphysical reasonings, had kept himself out of this fullness of joy in the Lord (for Jesus said unless we become as little children we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven), at length humbled himself; and was willing to do the will of God; then, according to promise, he was made to know the will of God, and to receive the blessing of entire sanctification. In astonishment he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Hallelujah!" and wondered that all around did not join with him, saying, "What are hallelujahs for, if not for such occasions as these?"

Rev. George Muller's happiness in God is so overflowing, his joy so great, that he is constrained to go from country to country, and from city to city, to tell what a blessed thing it is to be a disciple of Jesus.

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### Fullness Of Joy

"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." -- Jesus.

A beloved ambassador of Jesus called to make inquiry about this higher life. He knew that the blood of Jesus cleansed him from all sin, but had been prevented from witnessing to this full salvation, because he was not sure that he had the fullness of joy spoken of by many of the disciples who had entered this rest of faith. He was also questioning whether he had the power of the Holy Spirit to the degree that he should, to make such a profession. He had not fully followed the instruction of the Word. He had "believed with his heart," but had not "made confession with the mouth."

The blessed Holy Spirit is given to reveal the things of God, and we may inquire, "What was the joy of Christ?" What was the joy that Jesus said should remain in His disciples, that their joy might be full? It is stated in the blessed Word that it was the joy of Christ to bring "many sons to glory." It was the joy of Christ to do "the will of his Father."

The disciples that Jesus commissioned to go out two and two returned wonderfully elated, saying to the blessed Master, in giving an account of the success of their mission, that "the very devils are subject unto us through thy name." Jesus, in replying to their statement, said, "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you. Notwithstanding in this rejoice not; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." Here we have a twofold joy; first, in doing the will of God, as well as knowing that our names are written in heaven by the Spirit witnessing with ours.

We cannot follow too closely the examples given us in the precious Word. The direction given by God to Moses was, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the Mount." The command to us is, "Looking unto Jesus." "The mind that was in Christ." "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit," but it was in the happiness of others, and said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

The favored three that Jesus permitted to accompany Him to the Mount of Transfiguration were wonderfully elated; their joy was so excessive that they forgot themselves and proposed building tabernacles on the Mount but that joy was not establishing. One of them very shortly after denied his Master, and the others forsook him, Peter in writing his epistle under the influences of the blessed Holy Spirit had learned that the Word of God was more to be relied upon than eye or ear testimony. He says, "We were eye-witnesses of his majesty, for he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' And this voice we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount. We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts." "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Something surer than seeing or hearing. What is it? The Psalmist says, "Thy word hast thou magnified above all thy name." God says, "If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then shall ye be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people, for all the earth is mine." Jesus says, "He that hath my commandments and KEEPETH them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him." "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." (John 14:20.)

Here then is the secret of POWER: "In Christ dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," and "Ye are complete in him." Jesus says, "Without me ye can do nothing;" but He also says, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and will be their God." If Christ abide in us, we have all the power that we can use.

Catholicity was another editorial characteristic of our departed friend. We have seen how the hearts of Christian people were taken captive by the loving tones of his public addresses, at home and abroad. In this respect he was magnetic. The same spirit breathed in all his editorial communications. The oneness of Christ's people was a favorite theme. The prayer of Jesus was ever before him, "That they all may be one; 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." ... "That they may be one as we are one."... "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me."

These lofty sentiments swayed his thought and voice and pen. He felt that he was set to maintain "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and to help to marshal the Christian forces, not for denominational combat, but for sublime advances on the works of the common enemy, Satan. In this way he hoped for the speedy fulfillment of prophecy, and the reign of Messiah King of nations, as he now reigns King of saints. The great doctrine which he advocated was the fundamental doctrine of Methodism. But his advocacy of it was so wise as to show the hosts of God's elect that it was not the inheritance of a sect, but the Father's best gift, through His incarnate Son, to all His dear children. By this line of action, which runs through all his editorial life, the circulation of the magazine was by no means confined to Methodists. It has had, and still has, as warm supporters in other branches of the Church as in our own.

There is another feature of the editorial life of our ascended friend that is worthy of notice. While on earth, he held daily converse with the heavenly powers. He realized the verity of the apostolic utterance: "Our conversation is in heaven" -- and it was his aim, constantly, to have it known that his was not an earthly but a heavenly citizenship.

A favorite passage was this: "We are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven," etc. (Hebrews 12:22-23.) He would emphasize the fact that these were earthly companionships -- present verities. Hence, Jesus the Mediator, His blood of sprinkling, the innumerable company of angels, the Church of the firstborn written in heaven -- these celestial beings he insisted strongly were within reach. He held that we might be in believing contact with them -- looking into their bright faces, regaling ourselves with the fragrance of their presence, and being animated by their triumphant songs. Heaven was to him a Divine reality, not far off but near, flinging its brightness and joy into all the vicissitudes of earthly life, giving mortals a perpetual uplift toward the throne of God. These celestial glances, and communings with glorified intelligences were, seemingly, rendered a thousand times more real and blissful after the triumphal entrance of his beloved Phoebe into the realm immortal.

An incident will show how his mind moved along these lines of heavenly light. At one time the heart of the good doctor was riven with sorrow by the death of a beloved granddaughter, Jennie Lankford Foster. She was a beautiful flower, the light of parental eyes, which they had hoped would bloom for many years in their home-garden, unfolding its loveliness more and more and filling all the atmosphere around with delicate perfume. She had a brilliant intellect, and every possible care had been bestowed upon her education. But ah! while in the midst of her college course, and indulging high hopes of graduation and the conferment of distinguished honors,

"Death came like a wintry day  
And took the beautiful flower away."

The home was desolate, and the parents sat in the solitariness of their grief, wondering at the inscrutableness of Jehovah's administration. A loving brother and sister mourned, O, so sadly!

the absence of that lovely sister, the playmate of their childhood, and the bright companion of their youth.

Just then the tender heart of the grand-parent was touched and found utterance in tones of love and holy encouragement. He sought to solace and lift up the sorrowing ones to the opening visions of immortality, by penning these precious sentences:

\* \* \*

### What Are They Doing Over There?

A lovely and affectionate daughter, who had been the solicitude and care, as well as companion, of a dear mother for a little over nineteen years, and whose whole life, as it developed, gave evidence of a richer and more fragrant perfume of love, has just been translated to that beautiful city where,, we are told, "they have no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light of it."

Much care had been bestowed upon her academic and collegiate studies; but the loved one had tokens that near kindred did not like to acknowledge, and said that the future was not for her; and in obedience to the blessed Holy Spirit, her heavenly Instructor, she had been laying up treasure in heaven, and making preparation to have "an entrance ministered unto her abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ." Her last words to the weeping ones around her, who had been so affectionately anticipating her every wish, in response to the question, "Will you be waiting at the gate for me?" with both hands feebly extended she answered, "I shall be waiting for you all."

The following day the bereaved mother, no doubt like thousands of other mothers would do, asked the question, and expressed a desire to know, " What they were doing over there?" meaning the glorious company into which her dear Jennie had been introduced.

Of that better world, or of its employments, we should not have had any knowledge had not God in His infinite love made a revelation of it in His written Word. The question fraught with so much interest to bereaved hearts may now be answered from the blessed Bible so as to quiet every anxious fear, and to satisfy every believing, trusting soul.

One thing is certain, they sing in heaven, and it may be because of the poverty of human language to pour forth the glories of our exalted Saviour, that music is added, for music is said to be by one who has joined the white-robed company, "the dialect of heaven." The first one of our race that entered that blissful abode commenced a song that was never heard there before, and they called it "a new song." It was begun as a solo, but the strains were so glorious, and the theme so enrapturing and important, that it has been perpetuated to the present time, and will no doubt be the eternal song. The very words are inspiring. "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, unto him be glory for ever and ever. Amen." There is something significant about this song testimony of the witnesses of the power of the blood to cleanse from all unrighteousness, which should deeply impress all

who expect to unite with the choir. It is written no one could sing that song but those that had learned it on earth.

"These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood;  
Sufferers in His righteous cause,  
Followers of the dying God.  
Out of great distress they came,  
Washed their robes by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow."

Eighteen hundred years ago the choir had increased to such proportions that John declared the music to be like the sound of many waters. He also informs us that the number of singers had become a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues; and they cried with a loud voice, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb." On another occasion, as described-by Isaiah, the solo was so powerful that while one seraph cried unto another seraph, and said, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory," the effect was so great "that the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried." What will the music be from such a choir?

This then is one of the delightful employments of the triumphant host. We are told that the "work of our God is all honorable and glorious." It is recorded, "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." We have been given a glimpse of the doings of the heavenly company, in the messenger that was sent to John to show him things that were shortly to come to pass: In that visit the veil is lifted, if not sufficiently to satisfy vain curiosity, enough to calm the anxious and sincere soul. He had been with Jesus a little while in heaven, and had become so changed that John was about to fall down and worship him.

We might suppose if any one would recognize the risen Saviour, it would have been the disciple that leaned his head on His breast at supper -- the one to whose care Jesus committed His mother so long as she should live. This also proving the truth of another part of Scripture, "They shall have bodies made like unto His most glorious body." This, we have no doubt, was the occasion of John's making the mistake, for he was not an idolater. When the messenger forbade him, he gave as a reason, "For I am thy fellow-servant and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God." Here, then, we have another of the employments of the favored company. Is it not indeed honorable and glorious to go on embassies for the God of heaven?

Dr. Palmer was accustomed to entertain and express cheerful views of "the signs of the times," and of the progress of Christ's Church on earth. Every new evidence of advancement filled him with gratitude and praise. The following utterances will indicate the drift of his thoughts:

\* \* \*

What Hath God Wrought?

"One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts." -- David.

It has come down through the ages that "Enoch walked with God." There must have been an agreement between them. Can two walk together except they be agreed? The doctrine of Christian Holiness is no new doctrine. It is written, "Ye shall be holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy." Jesus said the first great command is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." But these commands of God in olden time, as in our day, were made of none effect through the tradition of the elders. Yet all through the ages there have been those who, like Caleb and Joshua, had another spirit in them. There were some in Paul's day obeying God, or he would not have written, "Let us, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." In the Papal Church there were some bright examples of Christian purity.

It is more especially, however, with our own times, or within the last century, that we would make recordings. We may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" In 1729 two young men, through reading the Bible, saw that they could not be saved without holiness. In 1737 they saw that men were justified before they were sanctified, and then God "thrust them out to raise a holy people."

Mr. Wesley, in laying the foundations for carrying out his commission, says, "He differs with' some Of the clergy of the Church of England, because they speak of justification, either as the same thing with sanctification or as something consequent upon it. I believe justification to be wholly distinct from sanctification, and necessarily antecedent to it" Again Mr. Wesley says, "Hence may appear the extreme mischievousness of the seemingly innocent opinion that there is no sin in a believer; that all sin is destroyed, root and branch, the moment the man is justified." Again, "The new birth is not the same as sanctification... This is a part of sanctification, not the whole: it is the gate to it, the entrance into it."

In 1763 Mr. Wesley wrote the sermon on "Sin in Believers," "in order to remove a mistake which some were laboring to propagate, that there is no sin in any that are justified." In that sermon he says: "Indeed, this grand point, that there are two contrary principles in (unsanctified) believers, nature and grace, the flesh and the spirit, runs through all the epistles of Paul, yea, through all the Scriptures. I cannot, therefore, receive this assertion, that there is no sin in a believer from the moment he is justified; first, because it is contrary to the whole tenor of Scripture; secondly, because it is contrary to the experience of the children of God; thirdly, because it is absolutely new, never heard of in the world till yesterday; and lastly, because it is naturally attended with most fatal consequences, not only grieving those whom God has not grieved, but perhaps dragging them into everlasting perdition."

We have endeavored to give a little synopsis of the commission and the doctrines Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors were thrust out to proclaim. It is evident that by Scriptural holiness they meant entire purification of the heart. This was the doctrine received from the founders of Methodism, and accepted by our fathers on this side of the Atlantic. We may safely assert that the first Bishops of the Church preached and enjoyed it. A large majority of the early pioneers

attributed their success to the power of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. It was this that made them giants, for there were giants in those days.

Some of their recordings read thus: "There were one hundred and forty-six converted, and seventy-six sanctified during the day... At sunset, they reported three hundred and thirty-nine conversions and one hundred and twenty-two sanctifications... Peter Van Nest preached at eight o'clock. Eighty-one were converted that evening, and sixty-eight sanctified... There were this day two hundred and sixty-four conversions and fifty sanctifications. During the meeting there were reported two hundred and twenty-one conversions and nine hundred and sixteen sanctifications." These are some of the recordings made in the days of Bishop Asbury. It is no wonder he wrote, "Our day of Pentecost is fully come."

We would give God all the glory that there were individuals, in the different denominations, like President Edwards and his wife, and James Brainerd Taylor, who entered "The land of rest from inbred sin, the land of perfect holiness;" but such cases were rare.

Christian Perfection was looked upon mainly as a doctrine peculiar to the Methodist Church up to about 1836. About this time, the now sainted Prof. Charles Finney, and the noble patriarch still living, President Mahan, became deeply interested on the subject of Christian Holiness, and after searching the Scriptures with much fasting and prayer, came to the conclusion that it was a Bible doctrine. This being settled, they had no difficulty in believing that God would bestow on them the gift.

A little later, Prof. T. Upham became a witness of the power of Christ to save from all sin, and wrote several volumes that aroused the Church to her great privileges. The name of James Caughey ought to be favorably mentioned among the pioneers at this time.

The Rev. Timothy Merritt, after leaving the editorship of the Christian Advocate of New York, commenced the publication of the Guide to Holiness which was the first periodical ever published on that subject, either in Europe or America. Some of the old pioneers still lingered in our midst, and Father Kent, of the New England Conference, wrote, when over eighty years; "I feel as if I wanted to get on some high eminence where my voice could be heard the world over, and cry to all the hosts of Israel, 'Ye have compassed this mountain long enough; it is time to go up and possess the land.'" This was the feeling of many of the disciples of Jesus. A very general interest was awakened in many of the Churches.

Conventions were held by different denominations on the subject in 1842, in New York, Newark, and Newburg. As might be expected, opposition was aroused, and two Presbyterian ministers, Rev. Henry Belden and William Hill, were arraigned before their Presbytery and deposed; the moderator saying, "Brethren, we love your spirit and your experience, but we cannot abide your doctrines." The New York correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate wrote something like this: "Just now there is a considerable flurry or buzz on the subject of Christian Perfection, or in the more fashionable dialect, 'Holiness.' The author of the 'Way of Holiness' stands at the head of the movement in New York, and Prof. Upham in Maine."

God had indeed blest the efforts of His servants. Many were being, raised up as witnesses of Christ's power to save unto the uttermost. In 1844 Bishops Hamline and Janes were added to the Episcopal board, both known as advocates of Holiness. Dr. Stephen Olin, President of the Wesleyan University, and other presidents of colleges, came out in the profession of holiness. So rapid was the spread of the doctrine and experience of Holiness that the Guide to Holiness had thirty six thousand subscribers. A publishing department for works on holiness had been connected with the establishment for over ten years. "The Central Idea of Christianity," by Bishop Peck, "Divine Union," by Prof. Upham, and all Mrs. Phoebe Palmer's works were among the issues. "The Way of Holiness" and "Faith and its Effects" had also been translated and published in the French language, and the former had been translated into the German language. "Entire Devotion," "Incidental Illustrations," "The Promise of the Father," and "Four Years in the Old World," with many other works, had been published and scattered abroad. All this had been accomplished under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, without asking any pecuniary aid.

Some faint idea has been given of the work up to 1867, when the National Association for the promotion of Holiness was formed. It is only necessary to state that the glorious truths before promulgated have continued to spread, and the periodical publications on the subject of holiness have greatly multiplied. The subject of holiness is as dear to God as the apple of His eye. It is emphatically God's work. We mar the beautiful picture when we take it out of God's hands. If we would be workers together with Him, we must get down low in the valley of humiliation, ascribing all the glory to God, and never assuming in any possible degree the glory in word or deed, as though this were great Babylon that we had built. That some have made mistakes and blunders is not to be wondered at, owing to the infirmities of our natures, but this only intensifies the obligation of our brethren to assist us in steering clear of mistakes in the future.

We rejoice to record that full salvation is no longer looked upon as belonging to the Methodists. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop at a convention recently held in Boston, Mass., read a pastoral letter in which he says that "the law of holiness, as it is revealed in the New Testament, is now binding upon all men, under all conditions and all circumstances of life." It should be stated that the pastor of the Emperor of Germany invited a teacher of the way of holiness from America to visit Berlin, the capital; and so great was the interest on the subject of full salvation, and so large the attendance, that the Emperor William gave them liberty to occupy his own Royal Chapel in which to hold their services, as no other chapel was large enough to accommodate the multitude. The meeting held in Oxford, England, where so many hundreds of evangelical ministers of all denominations from all parts of the Continent convened, only shows the intense longing of the soul after holiness, and the wide-spread desire begotten by the Holy Spirit for perfect freedom in Christ.

We rejoice, and we call upon all the lovers of Jesus to join in a doxology of praise, that notwithstanding some will oppose, yet the work goes on, and will go on. "In the last days many shall be tried."

We will close this article in the language of our dear departed Bishop Janes, a short time before he left us for his heavenly mansion: "If there is any religious truth that should be urged upon the disciple of Jesus, with the sweetness of His constraining love and the solemnity of His Divine authority, it is the truth that Christians may and ought to be holy. O, that tens of thousands of

spiritual limners, the Holy Spirit guiding their pencils, were actively and ceaselessly engaged in portraying the glories of this subject to the vision of the Church, until every member of it, ravished by its beauties and impelled by its attractions, would aspire to its attainment by faith, enter into its enjoyment, and then join in labors to spread it!"

Our senior editor was so strong in his love for the visible Church of our Lord Jesus Christ that he was very jealous of her honor and integrity. Hence he deprecated whatever he thought had a tendency to disturb her concord, He thought he saw that there was a possibility of even carrying holiness movements so far as to produce schism. Holding these views, he never became a member of any of the holiness associations, preferring to work in connection with the regular Church-services. But while this was the case, he rejoiced in the successes achieved by others who chose to act through definite organizations, attended their camp-meetings whenever practicable, gladly participated in the services, and praised God for every token of victory received. He lived to see that the movements which he feared might be schismatic were quite to the contrary.

The "Come-out-ism" which we see at the present time in certain sections demonstrates, however, that there was some ground for the caution uttered by the doctor:

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#### Holiness Organizations

We are disposed to look with jealousy on anything that would seem to take the place of, or in anywise interfere with, already existing Church-regulations. For many years the light of the glorious truth of full salvation has been steadily shining on the hearts and lives of many of the followers of Jesus, whose sole desire and steady purpose seem to be to cry, " Behold the Lamb," and accept Him as your present Redeemer from all iniquity.

That such spirits should affiliate, and find great comfort in speaking often one to another, and that God should hearken and bless them from time to time, is a truth as old as the Church, and as precious now as ever. In olden time it is said by Malachi, "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord and thought upon his name."

We need not speak of the clinging of heart that those, who through the blood of the everlasting covenant enter into the holiest, feel toward each other, and none need wonder that they should wish to form "select bands." This course was even advised by Mr. Wesley himself. This, however, is different from forming "societies" in the Church, which we have lately seen proposed, even though they should be called " Societies for the Promotion of Holiness". To us this looks revolutionary, and the Bible commands us to abstain from "ALL appearance of evil."

Let us not forget that the M. E. Church was established to spread Scriptural Holiness over these lands. To the praise of God it is fulfilling its heavenly mission. The banner that God gave to Wesley to unfurl, with "Holiness to the Lord" inscribed upon it, now floats in triumph from one end of our land to the other. It is also showing its power in India, China, and all our missionary stations. We know that there are some who call themselves Methodists, who are harping on the

degeneracy of the Church; but who can estimate the LOSS to the CAUSE OF HOLINESS if the M. E. Church were blotted out of existence? Ten thousand voices unite today in declaring that through her instrumentality they were led into the glorious "Highway of Holiness," and many ten thousand voices exclaim, "Glory to God in the highest, this year I was led to Christ through her instrumentality!"

It will not be thought presumption in one who has been identified with the cause for nearly half a century to affectionately exhort all lovers of Holiness not to have anything to do with any movement that tends to distract the Churches, and bring the witnesses of full salvation into collision with the pastors.

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### Beware Of Schism!

On closing this article, we found a piece published twenty-seven years ago in the Guide to Holiness, by the Rev. Jesse T. Peck (now Our beloved Bishop), directed to professors of perfect love, on "Beware of Schism." The article is so timely that we would give it entire, had we space. A few extracts must suffice. The doctor remarks: "This caution may startle you, but your very profession implies that you are teachable as a child.

"The Bible is the only standard of doctrine. No schism can be truly grounded in it. Let us cease from ourselves and go to the fountain. In this way can we see eye to eye, and save the Church from hazardous speculations. Discoveries above holiness are just as dangerous, and as inevitably false, as discoveries below.

"To my own mind, the views of the great Wesley are clear, safe, and a full exhibition of the teachings of revelation upon the great doctrine of holiness. But I do not -- I dare not appeal to his writings as the authoritative teaching on this vital subject. I claim nothing more than that he was made by the grace of God a very transparent medium, through which Divine light poured out from the Bible upon the world. It is only because he kept so closely to the Scriptures, in his exposition of the doctrine, that so much safety, harmony, and prosperity have resulted from strict adherence to his standard, and we have been involved in endless questions and imminent peril by stopping a particle below or passing a step beyond it! say HIS STANDARD -- I mean no more or less than THE BIBLE.

"A want of charity may lead to schism... Should you conceive the impossibility of bringing up the great body of the Church to the standard which you have reached in experience, and hence feel like giving them up, and begin practically to withdraw yourself from them, you would inevitably bring upon yourselves the charge and crime of schism.

"True, you are to be distinct from worldly professors, but only by being more deeply humble, by greater simplicity and sweetness of spirit; by loving them more tenderly, and laboring for them and for the world more indefatigably and successfully than would otherwise be possible. Thus, not schism, but strong and indissoluble Christian union, will be the result of increased attention to the doctrine of holiness.

"Finally, after prayerful reflection and with the most tender regard for the dear brethren who have thought their circumstances justified it, I am clear that ANY ORGANIZATION OF THE FRIENDS OF HOLINESS, AS A DISTINCT WORK, IS UNDESIRABLE AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS. It must lead to invidious distinctions, which are by no means intended by the friends of the measure...

"The example of Mr. Wesley furnishes no precedent for such a measure, for surely there is a wide difference between the moral and religious condition of the Evangelical Churches of the present day, with all their imperfections and downward tendencies, and the secular, worldly, and corrupt establishment within which he formed his societies. Besides, he organized upon no ONE IDEA, however central and controlling. His special fellowship included, distinctly and professedly, the whole scheme of Gospel morality and piety, as every Christian fellowship should, all tending to be sure 'to spread Scriptural holiness over these lands.' Blessed be God, this VERY ORGANIZATION EXISTS FOR US, in all its essential features, rendering, at least until its holy principles are generally repudiated, any other one unnecessary...

"Special meetings for the promotion of holiness are not liable to the same objections, for they are open to all, and assert no disciplinary powers over those who attend them. As the advocates of entire sanctification, we have no new revelations for the world; no novel doctrines to advance; no startling discoveries in the means of grace. Our object is as old as the date of Redemption."

Dr. Palmer's faith was of wide compass respecting the ultimate triumph of Christ's cause, based upon the predictions of accredited prophets and the promises of our ascended Lord. Hence he had a clarion-voice in calling upon the hosts of the Lord to go forth and do battle under the Captain of their salvation. Here are some of his trumpet-notes:

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Hundreds Of Thousands Saved!

"Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not." -- Jeremiah 33:2.

Shall we call as invited, and ask for the mighty things of our Almighty God? With such a promise, may we not ask and expect the greatest revival ever witnessed? What say you, brethren of the ministry and laity, to the accession of hundreds of thousands to our ranks this year? What say you, daughters of Zion? Let every one of our large division of God's sacramental host take this question to the closet, and ask, What may I individually do to make this year a thousand-fold better than the last? When the walls of Jerusalem were being reared, every man was required to work over against his own house. A beloved ambassador of Jesus said, last Sabbath, that "the normal state of the Christian is red-hot for saving souls," and Jesus has said, "I would that ye were either cold or hot."

If each member who has accepted the Gospel invitation should begin at once to diffuse the grace, by extending a persuasive invitation to that unconverted relative, neighbor, or friend, would not the immediate result be an increase of grace in his own soul? If this course is energetically and prayerfully pursued, before one week is passed you will find that your revival has most gloriously begun. Grace, mercy, and peace will be multiplied to all who will thus personally engage in inviting sinners to Christ.

Some may commence urging the invitation feeling that they themselves have received but a small portion of the bread of life, but we will hope that there are but few, whose names stand on the Church-records as volunteers in the service of the Captain of our salvation, but have received a portion of their heavenly bounty, however small. So important is this giving the invitation that Jesus says, "Let him that heareth say, Come." The Spirit is ever saying, Come! If the Bride, that is, the Church, in her individual membership, was ever saying "Come!" how soon would thousands hear the Gospel invitation, who now are saying, "No man careth for my soul"! The walls of Zion are to be reared, and unless every man "work over against his own house" the work will be delayed.

The great work of subduing the world to Christ is the work of the Church. As the army of the living God she is called to marshal herself under the banner of Christ for this work. Each Church, as a division of the army, is placed under the command of one whom the Holy Ghost hath made overseer. Strange that the idea should have obtained that he who is placed over them 'in the Lord should be called to endure all the close fighting, by way of bringing sinners over from the ranks of the opposer!

If thus, by Divine authority, the Church, in its individual membership, were brought up to the help of the Lord, how soon should we behold thousands won over to Christ! O, if we might but see the individual membership of the Church thus engaged! By her holy activities she would be known as a living Church of the living God! Such would be the accumulating elements of power and grace, that the design of God in raising her up would speedily be realized; the world would be reformed, and Scriptural holiness spread over all lands. Then should we behold her "coming up out of the wilderness, looking forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

A revival of grace in the soul is the immediate result of efforts to revive others. Where is the man but would feel his own soul drawn nearer to Jesus, by an attempt to bring a wanderer to Jesus, the Friend of sinners? The returns of grace are, in fact, immediate. The spark of love to Christ, though it may indeed be small, as it emanates from the heart of the humble believer, and finds its way to the dark, polluted heart of the wayward sinner, courses its way with more than lightning speed back, in unsullied rays of tenfold splendor, to the lowly heart from which it issued.

Grace to be retained must be used. The smallest particle is a precious, priceless trust, purchased by the blood of Jesus, and can only be retained on condition that it be used. The bestowments of grace do not begin to multiply until the intrusted gifts are actually brought into use; and then they multiply in the hands of the recipient as rapidly as did the loaves and fishes in the hands of Christ's early disciples. The faster the process of breaking to the multitude, the more

rapid the diffusion of blessings to others and the reception of grace to the heart of the diffuser. "Give, and it shall be given," is the unalterable axiom of grace.

In order that the Church might be on her predestined march of conquest, the doctor taught very explicitly that she must possess the mind of Christ, and that every feature must be strongly drawn. Transformed into his lovely image, His followers would be "Mighty their envious foes to move," as in primitive days.

Note the pleading of this honored man in this behalf:

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### Let That Mind Be In You

Is it not wonderful condescension that He who of old laid the foundations of the earth, and spangled the heavens with those beautiful orbs; He who only had to say, "Let there be light," and the heavens were ablaze with His glory; -- when He comes to beautify His own dwelling-place, has really to become the suppliant and ask permission to do it? He now no longer commands, but He does entreat as a friend!

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" Hear His loving request! Shall it be granted? "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ." Do not hinder. He purposes to adorn this living temple with all the graces of the Holy Spirit. He desires to make it worthy the Triune Deity. Jesus says, "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

Again Jesus says: "Behold. I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Without the permission of the individual He cannot do it. If Jesus has not already done this for you, dear disciple, invite Him at once to undertake it. He loves to do it. "He will beautify the meek with salvation." His work is perfect. The smallest flower, and the smallest animalcule unobservable to the naked eye, when put under the most powerful microscope only brings out their beauty and reveals their perfection. This is the reverse in the most finished and polished work of art, for in that case the glass will be certain to reveal imperfections. Dear reader, will you not permit Him to beautify His own temple, even your body? Will you not suffer Him to live in you, and reign in you, bringing every thought and every purpose into subjection to Himself? This is the will of God concerning us, and it was for this Christ died.

In the editorial course which we are considering, Home Piety was recognized as one of the most potent instrumentalities for the propagation of the Gospel. On this subject he wrote from the fullness of his heart. And his own home-life gave sanction to the words which dropped from his pen. At one time he wrote on this theme as follows:

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## I Will

How often have you said "I will" on points that seemed to require immediate and energetic action. Now I want you to say "I Will" on a point which eternity will reveal as important beyond all human calculation, though it may never as yet have evoked a strong, irrevocable "I Will" from your lips.

It is this: "I Will walk within my house with a perfect heart." You are one of the united links that should draw and enchain your household to the great family of heaven. Perhaps you are the father of a family. Let me with the most prayerful solemnity before God, ask, Have you ever, in the strength of Omnipotence, said with David, "I Will behave myself wisely. I will walk within my house with a perfect heart"? You have desired and prayed that every member within the household band might, unitedly and singly, endeavor to behave wisely, and walk daily within your house in a perfect way and present, as a family, such a scene in the minutiae of daily life as the eye of God, angels, and men might love to look upon.

But, though you have desired and prayed for this, you have not seen the fulfillment of your heart's desire. Why is this? Is it because God is not willing to fulfill your heart's desire? It stands written, "He will fulfill, the desire of them that fear him." God is faithful. Is there any unfaithfulness on your part?

May not the difficulty be found in the fact that you have not, by your daily walk before your family, persistently said with David, "I WILL walk with a perfect heart within my house. I WILL behave myself wisely." Outwardly, the manifestations of your life before the Church to which you belong, and the religious community by which you are surrounded, and even within the social circle in which you move, may not have seemed faulty. But has your walk been perfect within your house? Shut out from the observances of the outer world, within your house, do your children and others that wait upon your pleasure, see your spirit, though firm for the maintenance of right, yet ever tender, loving, and pious? Do they never see manifestations of impatience and irritability? Do you indulge in no habits of any sort -- think! -- in which you would not with your children, or those that serve you, indulge? If you do indulge in any questionable habit, it is because you have not in the strength of grace said with the inspired one, "I Will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."

Until you resolve that you will thus walk within your house, you need not wonder why your prayers are not answered for your household. Does it not stand written, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me"? Can you not see the reason, dear father, why your prayers have not been answered? How short the intervening time when you and the individual members of your household will be called to stand before the judgment seat of Christ! Should any one member of your household be called today unsaved, do you feel quite sure that your walk within your house has been such as to assure you that you shall be found free from the blood of that individual?

The fact of your standing well in the Christian community, as a member of the Church militant -- you may even have an honorable official standing, or you may have been raised to the highest dignity within the gift of the Church in her sacred ministries--will not free you from the blood of the unsaved members of your household.

The Christian's duties first begin at home, within the sacred sanctuary of one's own house. The Christian man and woman that God has set unitedly at the head of a household must first, as a unit, say, "I and my house Will serve the Lord!" No outward duties can supersede this one great all-commanding duty. In this father and mother, whom the great Father of the universe has pronounced One, must act as One in rearing a family for immortality and eternal life. But if a higher responsibility rest on one than another, it is the father. The Old Testament saints seemed to apprehend "I Will" in parental duties, better than the New Testament Christians. God said, "I know Abraham [not Sarah], that he will command his household after him." But can either the father or mother of a family walk within their house with a perfect heart without the entire renewings of grace? The love of God must first be perfected in the heart, for "out of the heart are the issues of life, that is, the outgoings of life."

Dear Christian parents, God has intrusted to your keeping treasures of infinite worth -- immortal spirits for whom Christ has died. What are millions of silver and gold compared to the worth of one of those souls purchased by the blood of Jesus which the Great Purchaser has committed to your keeping? He may at any hour, at an unlooked-for moment, require an account of your stewardship. Are you ready to appear with each member of the family committed to you? Those souls were intrusted to your keeping to train for glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life. If you and yours were called suddenly, would you be enabled with stainless bloodwashed garments to stand before the throne and say, "Here, Lord, am I, and the children Thou hast given me"? If so, then the high resolve of every-day life must be, "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." This can only be done by the heart being given wholly to Christ and washed momentarily in His precious blood.

Dr. Palmer had a happy way of dealing with cavilers who were disposed to throw discouragement upon the armies of Israel. Here is a specimen of his mode of treatment:

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Who Is Responsible?

A writer in the New York Christian Advocate of April 4th makes these pungent inquiries: "Why is it that the holiness movement does not go conquering through the world?" "Would not a holy people, whose God is the Lord, battle down prejudice, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and repeat the victory of the baptized Church on the day of Pentecost?"

We do not suppose that the writer means by the holiness movement anything more than is implied by the word, "That God spake by the mouth of the holy prophets since the world began, -- that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life," or the command of the Captain of our salvation, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." This is an individual matter, and Jesus declares, "The kingdom of God is within you." To the degree that the will of man is not brought into subjection to the Divine will is there rebellion in the kingdom over which Christ claims to be sovereign, and until this rebellion is subdued it will be fruitless to look for loyalty to the King.. Let the truth come home even though it

should be as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man." The Christian should be holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.

Jesus has left the success of His kingdom to those who have been saved by His blood. His command is, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." But victory will not be ours unless we obey. "Without me," Jesus says, "ye can do nothing." If thou "take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth."

Is it not commanded that every Christian soldier shall "put on the whole armor"? The armor being provided shall we be excused for not taking it? The command reads, "Take unto you the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand in the evil day." It is said in the time of the first Napoleon that he inquired of an artisan if he could make him a coat of mail that would be bullet-proof. On being answered in the affirmative he was directed to make it. When finished Napoleon ordered him to put it on. He then took his pistol and fired again and again until satisfied. This was the evil day, or day of trial, for the artisan, but his work stood fire and was approved.

Would it not be well to inquire as a member of the household of faith, and one upon whom in some small degree belongs the responsibility of extending the conquests of the Redeemer's kingdom, Have I let Christ work in me mightily, so that my testimony is what it should be? Am I free in this regard? Have I done my part toward extending this glorious salvation?

It must be admitted, as stated by the writer, that "there are weak places in the professors of holiness," and some cause for his question, "What is the worm that is preventing the glorious results of holiness covering our land?" In the parable given by our Lord we remember one coming in great earnestness and asking, "Didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?" The fact may be repeated here, How few Christians have imbibed the spirit of their Master's beautiful and most merciful parable of the tares, which the servants were forbidden to gather lest they should root up the wheat along with them! Never have men been wanting who come like the servants, and give notice of the tares, and ask leave to go and gather them up. The command is, "Examine yourselves."

There were hindrances in Paul's day, or he would not have written in regard to Timothy, "I have no man like minded who will NATURALLY care for your state, for all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." It is said, "I the Lord your God am a jealous God," and the Saviour asks the question, "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and not that honor that cometh from God only?" If there is rebellion in the little kingdom over which you have control, and you have been holding a controversy with the rightful Sovereign let it cease at once, or you will be hindered in doing any good in the victorious army. Let Jesus have supreme sway.

The call is to arms. If each individual in the army now in the field will obey, nothing shall prevent them from going "conquering through the world." We will not, as many are doing, proclaim to our enemy that half our army are invalids, and that a large portion, if not in revolt, are in a state of insubordination, but we will say that the sanitary provisions are complete. It is only necessary

for each soldier to make personal application for healing. Our Captain Himself is fully able to heal all manner of diseases and make a perfect cure. He also has made ample provision that each soldier in the army may be fully equipped and henceforth go forth conquering and to conquer.

These are some of "the thoughts that breathed in words that burned" that flowed from the great heart of our departed friend.

In 1880, Dr. Palmer, finding that advanced age required him to have aid in this publishing work, and to provide for its continuance in the event of his departure, was pleased to invite the writer to be associated with him. The terms being arranged, he purchased an interest and was by his senior introduced to the readers of the Guide in the July issue, in a most fraternal way.

From that time the editorial work and the business management devolved, chiefly, upon the writer, the doctor counseling and aiding so far as his strength would allow. Such was his confidence in the one brought into this fellowship that he committed the writing of the editorials mainly to him. This mark of brotherly confidence, shared for three years before the entrance of God's honored servant into the heavenly city, is a pleasant remembrance. The last editorial penned by the doctor was published in the march number of the Guide, 1883, with the significant caption, "Wings or Weights," and will be read with added interest in this connection.

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### Wings Or Weights?

This important question was uttered in a large company of the friends of Jesus, convened at His own invitation where, weekly, He gives His entertainments. It need not be added that there is no lack of any kind, for Jesus Himself presides and provides. The poet had a foretaste of such a feast when he wrote,

"Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,  
How sweet Thine entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love."

A selection from the twelfth chapter of Hebrews had been read, when a beloved ambassador of Jesus said something to this effect: "It is either weights or wings with the followers of Jesus in their journey to the Celestial City." In the preceding eleventh chapter, we have a glowing account of those who had obtained wings. They had laid aside every weight, and the sin which did so easily beset them. They had unloosed their hold on the weights, and they had fallen. The Bible declares: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles." It is said of these pilgrims, among other things, that they 'wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, out of weakness were made strong;' and it was simply by taking God at His word, giving credit to what God had said, or, in other words, using that much misunderstood word, FAITH.

In the twelfth chapter we have just the opposite, namely, unbelief, that which binds the hands of Omnipotence. Jesus Himself, in a certain place, could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief. It brought vividly to our remembrance a beautiful incident related by Rev. J. R. Jaques, now President of Albert University, Canada, then pastor of the First M. E. Church in Elmira. He said:

"On Sunday afternoons I sometimes resort to the shady groves of the East Hill to prepare, by meditation and prayer, for the evening service. On one occasion, while sitting in a solitary place, my attention was attracted to a large-winged insect attempting to carry a burden up a ledge of rock almost perpendicular, formed by quarrying stone in the hillside. Repeatedly it reached the height of a few feet and as often fell helplessly down to the starting-place. Thus it continued, climbing and falling, until I became intensely interested in these strange struggles. For the thought was suggested, that the frequent falling fitly symbolized 'my feeble, faltering Christian course. 'Yes,' said I, 'that means me -- winged, yet creeping, made for soaring, yet foolishly falling!'

"Still I watched the struggling burden-bearer, and saw when it fell it at once regained its feet, and with unquenched zeal turned about to repeat again the toilsome ascent. And then I thought, 'This, too, means me; for though I have failed so many times, yet, thank God, I have not given up the struggle.'

"At length, after near a score of vain attempts to reach the summit of the rock, there appeared some symptoms of discouragement, when I said, 'Foolish insect! why not unfold thy wings, and fly?' But the words strangely rebounded, and hit me. Wearied now, and in despair, it seemed to feel the folly of clumsy climbing and painful falling, when God had made for it better things; and suddenly remembering it had wings, and not stopping for vain regrets over its foolish failures, it spread its wings and, mounting in the air, in a moment it was above and beyond the precipice.

" 'Ah,' thought I, 'that does not mean me!' O, how I moaned over the stumblings of my wingless religion! How mortifying that I, a teacher in Israel, had not learned the happy art of using the God-given wings of faith, to fly above the rugged rocks of difficulty in the path of duty! O, the pain and shame of such faltering! O, for more religion 'with wings.' O, for the eagle-like religion, that 'mounts up' and lives in the free air and sunlight of heaven!"

And now, dear reader, will you for a moment survey the vastness of the realm of holy literature in which the feet of this sainted man were wont to tread in past years. At one time, as stated, the subscription-list of the Guide reached 36,000. It is safe to calculate that three persons to each subscriber read each monthly issue. Here, then, were over 100,000 immortal souls stately receiving this spiritual nutriment each month. What a congregation to be fed by mortal hands! Add to this the many thousands of preceding years when it was rising to this astonishing numerical position, and of subsequent years when there was a decline on account of the multiplication of periodicals of the same class, and we have some view of the greatness of the field. This noble servant of Christ saw, as he was nearing the close of his earthly pilgrimage, the good old Guide, the pioneer advocate of this doctrine of holiness, on the upgrade again, having a larger circulation than any publication in this line, and extending its influence to every part of the earth.

Just now, as we write, voices are heard, coming "from near and from far" -- sweet, glad voices, attesting the value and potency of this work. Here is a Massachusetts voice: "I am glad each month to welcome the precious Guide to my home -- my soul drinks in the testimonies-they cheer my heart." From Michigan: "I have been an admiring reader of the literature issued from your publishing house for a number of years. I have received more light from this source on the subject of holiness than from any other, uninspired. I think the work is worthy the powers of an archangel." A California miner gives this testimony: "It has been a blessed Guide to me -- I write these words in the lonely mountains, in my miner's cabin, no one but Jesus with me." A sister in Ohio: "During the past decade, while passing through bereavement and sore trials, the Lord has many times blessed the Guide to my comfort. Its holy teachings, and the testimonies of Christ's power to save to the uttermost, have been truly edifying." From Canada: "Your Guide to Holiness first led me to seek for that great blessing of perfect love. I do praise God that ever a dear sister gave me one of the magazines to read." From Nebraska: "I cannot think of doing without the Guide. I expect to read it to the close of my life. I love to read the bright testimonies in the Tuesday Meeting." From Pennsylvania: "Over twenty years ago, my sainted mother feasted ,on the rich and good things in the Guide. I could not understand or appreciate her taste then -- but I do now, thank God, and I value it next to my Bible." From New York State: "The Guide is real manna to my soul. It is a blessing to thousands. Hallelujah!" And this: "If such literature were scattered broadcast o'er the land, there would not be such sickly Christians. There would be more positiveness in religion, less doubting, more trust in the triune God. I do bless my dear Heavenly Father for giving me an opportunity to come within reach of your voice, for it has done me so much good. It has steadied me, spiritually, bringing me out of a wavering mind, so that I am becoming rooted and grounded in love." A venerable brother, over seventy-five, in Chautauqua County: "I love your Guide; it comes freighted with so much food to the soul. I read it over and over again, and they are new every time." Maine: "Every number is joyfully received, and we read it with delight." Illinois: "It has been a great help to me, making this greatest of themes plain to me, not only intellectually but spiritually. God has wonderfully blessed me since reading it." Iowa: "Words fail to express my gratitude to you for sending the Guide. After forwarding my letter asking you for it, I knelt and prayed that it might have the desired effect. After receiving your card informing me that the Guide was mine, I again knelt and thanked God that my poor feeble prayer had been answered. How eagerly I watched for its arrival, and when placed in my hands I exclaimed, ' Praise the Lord!'"

We might linger long amid this blending of happy voices. It was in this vast realm that the footsteps of the departed one were seen and heard. By this means minds enveloped in darkness have been illumined. Hearts pressed by accumulated sorrows have been comforted. Widows in their loneliness, in humble abodes on mountain-slopes and in the lowly vales, have been cheered by the monthly visits of this messenger of life. Invalids, tossed upon their couches of pain during tedious days and wakeful nights, have been supported by these visits of love. Aged pilgrims tottering on their staffs, or sitting quietly at the fireside, have found in the pages of the Guide words of joy and hope. Ministers, contending with "principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places," have been led to a Pentecostal endowment, being thus nerved for the conflict with adverse powers. Blessed, blessed indeed, was the hand of that good man that lifted the floodgates and let loose these onflowing tides of life and salvation.

But this is not all. He has left an enduring monument of his literary ability in the excellent life of Bishop Hamline which bears his name. It was no small matter to undertake the work of

editing the memorials of one so prominent in the Church as Bishop Hamline. But as it appeared to be the providential order, Dr. Palmer stood in his lot, depending upon Divine aid to sustain him in this important undertaking. It is an able, interesting, and comprehensive portraiture of an eminent Christian and ministerial life. It was published by the Methodist Book Concern and has had quite an extensive circulation. A minister of high standing recently remarked to the writer "that he had read the work again and again with profound interest, and it was always spiritually edifying to him."

In all the relations of Dr. Palmer to this great publishing interest, so far as the knowledge of the writer extends, integrity, high-mindedness, and conscientiousness characterized him.

Three years of personal intercourse with him served to deepen the impression of his exalted character previously received. He was at all times affable, kind, and considerate, ready to approve and to encourage. The years thus spent are full of bright memories.

Multitudes will, we are persuaded, in the final day, rise up and bless the hands that sent forth these leaves of inspiring truth for the healing of the nations.

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#### 09 -- SOJOURNING BY THE SEA -- GATHERING IMMORTAL GEMS

"He [Christ] shall have dominion also from sea to sea." -- Psalm 72:8.

"Bear the tidings round the ball,  
Visit every soil and sea;  
Preach the cross of Christ to all,  
Christ whose love is full and free."

One of the interesting movements of the modern Church is the establishment of "Christian Seaside Resorts." It was judged that Satan had no right to monopolize the attractive positions along the seashore and prostitute them to his evil purposes. Accordingly, some time ago the attention of earnest and devout minds was turned to this subject. In the East, Martha's Vineyard has for years been a moral light-house, and God has put His sanction upon the camp-meetings which have been held there.

The most celebrated, however, of these resorts is Ocean Grove, located in Monmouth County, New Jersey, a few miles from Long Branch. Rev. William B. Osborn, who inaugurated this enterprise, sought to throw around it every possible safeguard, intending it to be in the truest sense what it was designated, "A Christian seaside resort free from the deleterious influences of fashionable watering-places."

The "Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting Association" was organized December 22, 1869, on the basis of Christian Holiness. No stock was issued, and consequently no dividends were to be expected. Every dollar of proceeds it was expressly stipulated, should be used in improving the grounds. God has, in a remarkable manner, affixed His seal. The camp-meetings have been seasons

of interest and power. Many have been converted and sanctified. Although the organization was on a denominational basis, all classes of Christians attend and participate in the services in holy unity. Indeed, it has become a sort of Christian Mecca, whither the tribes go up and, mingling in the festive scenes, are refreshed for the wilderness-march to the City of the great King.

Dr. Palmer watched the progress of this enterprise from its incipiency with interest. As it was not a speculation, but consecrated to the pure worship of Almighty God, in company with thousands of others he attended the annual convocations, participating in the services with great delight, and laboring for the salvation of souls.

It had pleased the Lord to relieve the loneliness and sorrow occasioned by the removal of his "beloved Phoebe" by providing another precious help-meet in the person of Mrs. Sarah A. Lankford. They were united in marriage March 18, 1876, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Janes. This second union was undoubtedly ordered in heaven. We see in it the tokens of a very gracious providence, especially in its relations to the Lord's work. There was a basis of true affection, and a beautiful blending of kindred spirits. In all the scenes of life the tender manifestations of love were apparent. In these new relations there being such positive and constant reference to the Divine glory in all things, it is not wonderful that the signature of heavenly love should have been so clearly attached to this blessed union. By this the declining years of our departed friend were gladdened and rendered immeasurably more useful than they could have been otherwise. He did not go into the rich harvest-fields which still invited him, single-handed, but with a joyous help-meet, and together they reaped abundantly for "the Lord of the harvest."

Had he not been thus favored with a beloved companion, so perfectly joined with him in spirit, we should not have been permitted to write such a bright chapter of his valorous leadings of the hosts of the Lord at Ocean Grove. With the inspiring presence of this beloved one his latter days were radiant and crowned with marvelous success: so much so that we are at a loss to determine whether the former or latter glory excelleth. Certain it is that in these precious bonds of love so providentially cemented, the right hand of the Lord has been exalted, and He has wrought gloriously among His people.

At Ocean Grove, just outside of the main encampment, a spacious tabernacle stands. In honor of the late beloved Bishop Janes it is called the "Janes Memorial Tabernacle." It will accommodate about one thousand. Dr. Stokes, president of the Association, in wise recognition of the demands of the occasion invited Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Lankford Palmer to conduct a Holiness Meeting in the Tabernacle each morning during the season. The Divine seal was upon the arrangement from the beginning. People of various denominations delighted to be in the holy assembly, daily.

The doctor, as was his custom, would open the exercises by announcing a hymn, making its reading impressive. Then requests for prayer were made, as in the Tuesday Meeting in New York, and prayer was offered, so ardent at times that heaven was opened to the vision of believing worshippers. Another song was sung with zest, preparing for the reception of God's holy Word. Mrs. Palmer, holding the sacred treasure in her hands, would preface its reading by stating that she had a message from her Heavenly Father for each one present, inviting all to claim their portion. The reading, interspersed with appropriate comments, was "fastened like a nail in a sure place by

the Master of assemblies." Often, under these Scripture-readings, which were given in all Christian modesty and simplicity, but with an unction from the Holy One, human hearts all over the Tabernacle were opened to receive the rays of heavenly truth, and to rejoice in the salvation of God.

Testimony being invited, "no moment lingered unemployed." Scores were eager to stand forth as witnesses of the efficacy of Jesus' blood. Hearts aglow with love Divine, shining faces and burning words, were everywhere discernible. The hour fled away so swiftly, yea, the very moments were so heavily freighted with spiritual joy, that a universal regret was expressed when the closing word had to be spoken. It was not spoken, however, without decisive action.

Dr. Palmer would hold the people to a positive, unqualified, immediate surrender. He would insist that it was "only common honesty toward God to be wholly consecrated." And no delay was admissible. God's claims were paramount, all-commanding, requiring instant obedience; hence he pressed them vehemently to close in with the proffers of life and salvation. O, how the glory of God at times rested upon the brow of that earnest pleader! His waving locks appeared to be instinct with power. His uplifted hands were magnetic. His eyes flashed fire; his words were irresistible, stubborn wills yielded; hearts with all their wealth of moral possibilities were ready to cast themselves at the feet of the conquering Christ!

Then the climax was reached by the noble captain calling them to their feet to sing the song -- shall we call it the song of holy commitment?--

"I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world and sin;  
With heart made pure and garments white,  
And Christ enthroned within."

But he did not allow them to sing it until every sentence had been made emphatic. The personality of the song, "rise;" the elevated character of the resolve, "I rise;" the positive activity contemplated, "I rise to walk;" the purity of the encompassing atmosphere, "in heaven's own light;" and the conquering tread of the emancipated songsters, "above the world and sin" -- these were each and all emphasized. When he thought that these several weighty points were duly apprehended, then the loosened strains of holy melody were like those of immortality. How many times "the conqueror and more than conqueror" won the fight by that little song it is not ours to declare.

And after the benediction was pronounced the meeting was seldom closed. Groups of anxious ones would linger around their holy instructors, eager to get through the strait gate and breathe the air and partake of the fruit of the land of promise. The precious "gifts distributed in those after-moments were abundant, and the happy recipients would follow the instruments as they wended their way to their quiet cottage, if peradventure some life-sentence might drop from their lips by the way.

These meetings were not usually demonstrative in character, but rather after a quiet model -- so quiet that the "still small voice of the Spirit" might be heard, saying to the soul in its

profoundest depths, "Be thou clean," and wheeling all its faculties into harmonious line with the will of the Infinite. On this account large numbers of members of various Evangelical Churches were reached, who would not otherwise have come under the purifying blood of the Lamb. Episcopalians, with their nice appreciation of ritualism; Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists, with their refinement and love of order; together with the quiet, meditative "Friends" sat side by side with fervent Methodists, all sharing in those morning hours the benedictions which fell from "the excellent glory."

One of the most devout and deeply interested visitors to those early gatherings was the beloved and now sainted Mrs. Mary D. James. She sat near the altar, where she could watch the battle as it proceeded, pencil and paper in hand, ready to take advantage of any golden sentence or thrilling fact that might be dropped. She was one of the Lord's caskets for the safe-keeping of the jewels of the kingdom, and well did she fulfill her precious trust. We are enabled to lay before the reader some of the gatherings of this indefatigable worker for Jesus which she styled Ocean Grove Pearls.

At one time she wrote as follows:

The melting, hallowing power felt by the devout ones in these precious means of grace cause many to say of them, "He hath brought me to His banqueting-house, and His banner over me is love."

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#### The Illuminated Word

The reading of the blessed Word by Mrs. Palmer is attended by the Divine unction in a remarkable manner, and we are made to realize with unusual vividness that it is "our Father's letter to us" (to use Dr. Palmer's words), and to feel that every word is emphatically for each one of the dear children of the family. The peculiarly impressive manner of applying the different passages, and the Holy Spirit's accompanying power, impart such light and weight and force to every word, that listeners are often melted to tears. Some have said, "I never saw such beauty and such power in the Scriptures." In the cases of many who had been at ease in Zion, it has proved as "a hammer and a fire," and hearts have been broken, melted, and brought to Jesus the Almighty Saviour to prove His wondrous power.

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#### The Testimonies

The testimonies in many cases are full of hallowed influence; Pentecostal baptisms are not infrequent. The Holy Ghost is revealed in His illuminating, quickening, and sanctifying power in our midst; and while this seems to be more especially realized in connection with the reading and enforcement of the Word, it is beautifully developed also in the testimonies, which are often thrillingly powerful and blessed. Some of them may be given to cheer our many interested friends at home as a specimen of the fruits of the goodly land which abound here.

Mrs. Bottome spoke of the luxury of sea-bathing when out in the deep water beyond the breakers. She said many were afraid to go out there, and some of these would remain so near the shore that they were buffeted about with the billows and covered with sand. They had no satisfaction in bathing. What a pity they should miss the delight of bathing in the deeper water! How much they lost! And so she felt in regard to Christians who will not go out into the ocean of God's love. How great their loss of holy enjoyment, of sacred bliss!

A lady spoke of one whom she had seen in the care of a gentleman, who was urging her to float. She said she was afraid. He assured her she need have no fear whatever, for the water would bear her up. He said, "I will hold your hand and take care of you." It seemed a venture, but after much persuasion she consented, and as she floated on the water, she exclaimed, "O, how delightful!" If people only knew what a luxury it is, and how easy it is to float, I am sure they would delight to learn the secret. So, when we commit ourselves to the dear Saviour in perfect self-abandonment, how sweetly we float in the sea of love! What joy unspeakable and full of glory to lose all foot-hold of earth, and on the bosom of Infinite Love find ourselves resting in perfect repose!

Another sister, in speaking of her earnest desire to enjoy the state of grace represented by floating, said she had been trying to learn to float but could not succeed, and her husband told her it was because she would not hold still, but kept her feet and hands in constant motion. She could swim, and paddle, and even go out into the deep water, but she could not float. She now believed this to be a fit emblem of her spiritual state. Her will was too active, she must be doing something; could not lie still and abandon herself to God. That sister has since told Dr. Palmer that she had learned to float on the ocean waters, and had also learned to float on the sea of God's love. Three days after this sweet experience began, she said to me, "I have been floating for three days, and O, what perfect bliss it is! Never before have I known what perfect soul-rest was. I have had all of earthly good that any mortal could have or desire; for many years not a wish has been ungratified: but there has been such unrest of spirit, a great vacuum in my heart that nothing earthly could fill. But Jesus has filled it, and now I have heaven on earth! No words can express the bliss I enjoy." She found that learning to float in the sea had taught her to float in the boundless ocean of God's love. As she abandoned herself to the water, keeping perfectly quiet, she said in her heart, "Now I will thus abandon myself to Christ;" and in doing so, immediately found herself resting on the bosom of Infinite Love. Floating is a wonderfully glorious experience.

Another, whose beaming countenance told that the joy of the Lord was her strength, said five years ago she had come to Ocean Grove burdened in spirit, careworn and sad. She loved Jesus, but had not walked so close to His side as to be able to cast her burdens upon Him; but here she had learned to live the life of faith on the Son of God, and had found the sweet rest in Him which her weary, heavy-laden soul had so longed for. Ever since that happy hour, five years ago. His presence had been her constant joy; a heaven of love had been the atmosphere in which she breathed: such calm, sweet repose in Him as nothing could disturb.

A German woman sat drinking in the blessed words, while the glad responses of her heart brought to her face an expression of ecstatic joy that attracted the gaze of the people. She arose and, clasping her hands, said, "O, mine heart is so full -- so happy! Jesus is mit me! I talk mit Jesus

and He talks mit me all the time. He makes me so glad! He bless me so! He is so goot to me! He's my Saviour! I love Him! O, I'm so glad He loves me! Nothing can hurt me wile Jesus mit me! O, glory to His name!" At another meeting she said: "Ten years ago I vas feel guilty sinner -- I vas sorrowful. Lady vere I vas vork for say to me, 'Vat the matter mit you? Vy don't you eat, and vat make you look so sad?' I say, 'I don't know, mine heart feel very bat, great loat here' (placing her hand upon her side), 'great heavy loat!' Ten I go to meetin' and hear about Jesus, that He vas frient of sinners; ten I tought He is mine frient, for I'm sinner. Ten I say, 'Jesus, I come to Tee -- forgive mine sins -- vash me mit Ty blood, and make mine heart clean.' Soon feel mine loat all gone and mine heart so light! Next tay I go to vork for same laty, and she say to me, 'Vat make you look so happy tis morn? You not like te voman vat you vas yesterday. I say, 'Jesus took mine heavy loat away -- all mine sins gone; I'm happy voman now.' So ten I eat and feel vell all day, and mine heart so glat! All time tese ten years mine heart light; no more carry heavy loat; Glory to Jesus! O, I love Him! He's mine Saviour!"

A sister spoke of the wonderful love and condescension of God to her, in calling her from the wicked world to follow Him and be a recipient of His favor. He had so revealed Himself to her heart as the all-sufficient good, that she was satisfied with Him and no longer desired the pleasures of this world, in which she once sought her happiness. Her heart-longings were all met in His love. It was amazing to her that such a one as she should be thus blessed by the great God of the universe. But as the grand ocean whose waters wash these shores, bearing upon its bosom the majestic steamers and large vessels richly freighted; also bears upon its bosom the little craft and small boats of comparatively little value, so, on the boundless sea of salvation the little vessels are carried; wafted by heavenly breezes toward the celestial port. This same sister, in a subsequent meeting, spoke of God's building referred to by Paul and Peter in their Epistles, and remarked that in the structure of houses stones and other materials were used of various qualities. For conspicuous parts of a grand edifice, the symmetrical polished marble; and in other parts, rough stones and inferior bricks. She had observed that the workmen often would pick up a little broken, unsightly stone or small crooked piece of brick, to fill some little chink; and it was filled in nicely and answered a good purpose. So God uses some rough material in building His great Temple, and He knows just how to adapt each one of us to a place in the grand structure.

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### To Be Nothing!

A minister said: "I need not say, 'O, to be nothing!' for I am nothing. That is a fact. I am nothing in myself, but to have Jesus 'made of God unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,' so that I can glorify Him in every thought and word and act, is the great object." Illustrating this, he said: "I am only a cipher and of no account; but a cipher when added to a unit makes 10. United to Jesus I am of some account, because of Him I can do something in His strength. And Jesus must always be first. Should we put ourselves before Him, we would be utterly useless, as the cipher placed before the unit is nothing."

Recently we were looking over some manuscript which had been laid away for use as circumstances might require. We found some original communications from Mrs. James which have not been published, and which we insert here.

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## Independence Day At Ocean Grove -- July 4, 1880

The blessed Sabbath day opened most auspiciously. The weather was delightful -- Nature was clothed in her most lovely attire. A hallowed stillness pervaded the place such as is only known in Ocean Grove. A sacred influence emanating from the Great Source of purity and love, prepared the hearts of God's children to "worship Him in spirit and in truth."

The opening services of the season began on the beautiful Independence Day -- a fitting commemoration of that thrilling event in our Nation's history which all loyal hearts love to cherish.

In the Janes' Memorial Tabernacle a meeting led by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer was held at 8:30 o'clock A.M. The old doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," never seemed more grandly appropriate than at the opening services of that occasion.

After the singing and prayer, Mrs. Palmer read the sixth chapter of Romans, and spoke with much unction of freedom from the thralldom of sin as the glorious privilege of the believer. God had procured it for us through the death of His Son, and had proclaimed full liberty as the privilege of every captive soul. He greatly desires us to accept this precious boon, but some seem unwilling to believe and avail themselves of the proffered blessing.

Just like some of the slaves in the South when President Lincoln proclaimed their emancipation: they did not believe it, nor would they accept their freedom.

An old colored woman, who had been a slave from her birth, was told by a lady that she was free, and was asked why she remained with her master. She replied, "Somebody told me I was free some time ago, but I didn't believe it. I asked massa, and he said I wasn't free; and so I stayed on with old massa 'cause I thought I was a slave yet. And now, lady, you says I's free?... Yes, you're certainly free," she said. At last, after many assurances that she was made free by the laws of the land, she became convinced, and then her joy was unbounded. She ran round among her friends exclaiming, "I's free! I's free! Massa Lincoln has made us all free. I's not goin' to stay wid old massa no longer, 'cause I's free!"

Thus it is with many of God's redeemed children -- they do not believe the gracious Gospel proclamation that we are all free in Christ Jesus, and so they are in bondage still. Satan, their old master, tells them they are not free, and so they remain in bondage. But here in this blessed Bible is the assurance given over and over, that a full and complete emancipation from sin and Satan has been purchased by the Great Redeemer at infinite cost -- even His own precious life -- and is freely offered to every soul who will comply with the terms.

An earnest exhortation followed by Mrs. Palmer, and also by Dr. Palmer, to the redeemed ones to assert their rights on this anniversary of our Nation's independence and become free men and women in Christ Jesus.

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## Glowing Testimonies

Then followed glowing testimonies from a number of happy ones who desired to praise their Great Deliverer for having broken the chains of their captivity and made them free. Rev. A. Wallace expressed much gladness that after the intervening months during which the meetings for worship had been continued in the Grove and Park -- and God's presence and blessings had been graciously realized -- now we were permitted to greet our summer friends again, and in unison to enter upon the richer privileges of the season with the cheering prospect of new and extended victories of the cross. He rejoiced in this manner of celebrating our national anniversary, and exulted still more in the spiritual liberty which had come to him and to our race in the blessed Gospel of the Son of God.

Rev. Hanlon spoke of the blessings of Gospel freedom as his own experience, and of the difference between a state of spiritual bondage and liberty in Christ. He said, when a little boy his father used to take him to walk with him, and he would sometimes lag behind and amuse himself with things along the way, and his father would get far ahead of him. Then he would be frightened very easily -- even a cow would alarm him -- and he would start and run to overtake his father, and get hold of his hand, and then he would feel perfectly safe and happy. It was so easy to keep up with his father when he had hold of his hand, but it was impossible to keep pace with him unless he placed his hand in his father's.

So he found it in the spiritual life. While he kept very close to Jesus all was right. No fear, no doubt, no trouble. Perfect freedom, perfect, safety, perfect peace while walking near to His side.

Mrs. Chandler spoke of the blessed privilege of coming to the sanctuary to worship our God and enjoy His presence. She was thinking of a little boy who was always running to his father, taking his broken toys and playthings to him to mend, and his father was very kind and indulgent, always ready to do for him all that he asked. One day he went to his father as usual, and he said, "Well, my son, what can I do for you today?... O, papa, nuffing at all; I's only come to be wis you, papa."

So it seemed to her it is with God's children: all the week they had been coming to Him with their troubles and cares for Him to give comfort and help, and He had been attending to all their wants. But now, on this beautiful Sabbath morning, we had come up to His sanctuary just to be with Him whom our souls love -- to enjoy His presence, to feast on His smiles, and to praise Him for His loving-kindness. Her heart was full of praise on this Independence Day for freedom in Christ.

Rev. Elbert Osborn (Father Osborn) rejoiced in the liberty of our Nation procured by our patriotic fathers. He also rejoiced in the emancipation proclaimed by President Lincoln; but he rejoiced a thousand times more in the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free.

Thus were praises welling up from scores of grateful hearts, and the hour passed quickly away.

Then came a precious Gospel sermon by Bishop Hurst on the blessed promise of Jesus, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." The dedication of the enlarged auditorium by Bishop Harris, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper closed the morning services.

The organization of the summer Sabbath-school and Bible classes occupied the afternoon, and surf-meeting and preaching by Rev. Baldwin, of China, the evening.

Thus was the memorable 4th of July, 1880, spent at Ocean Grove and crowned with Heaven's richest benedictions.

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#### Other Pearls

Mrs. Palmer read Romans, twelfth chapter: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

She said: Are we to consider that God is speaking to us in these words? Yes, He is indeed beseeching us to lay our bodies upon the altar that sanctifies the gift. The altar is Christ, and "whatsoever toucheth the altar is made holy by virtue of the altar."

"Come ye out and be separate," etc., that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. It is the will of God, even your sanctification, the apostle says; and in order to prove this will we must "come out and be separate" from the world and "touch not the unclean thing." One of the references is, "Not fashioning yourselves according to former lusts." How plain are the teachings of our Lesson Book!

My heart does rejoice in learning from its holy pages. I have seen so clearly the Divine will concerning me -- that I must not be conformed to this world, but must be separate -- and I resolved to do it at any cost. I expected in the beginning to be looked upon as a fanatic or lunatic, but I said I will walk alone with Jesus. I will even go to extremes in self-denial and sacrifices; I am willing to be ultra and an object of ridicule and derision if I may please God, bear the image of the Heavenly, and walk and talk with Jesus. I felt supreme delight in the thought of obeying God, doing His will and glorifying His name. I really gloried in the cross; and O, how God has blessed me by taking this course! My gain of real solid happiness has been so great! and all the result of obedience. God gives us our choice. He says, "Behold, I set before you good and evil, blessing and cursing, life and death. Choose life, that it may be well with you." O, I am so glad that I chose life; it has indeed been well with me!

Mrs. Pomeroy said the word that had been constantly in her mind of late is Obedience. "To obey is better than sacrifice; and to hearken, than the fat of rams." When I was a little girl my

mother sometimes called me from my play to perform some unpleasant duties. So I used to try to get out of the sound of her voice that I might not hear her call me. It is a saying that "none are so deaf as those who do not want to hear," and I have really been afraid to hearken to God lest He should require something of me that I was not willing to do. But some time ago I made up my mind to hearken that I might hear His voice; and hearing I do want to understand, and understanding I will endeavor to obey.

Mrs. Palmer said if a child should refuse to say to a parent I will, when commanded to do anything, and should say "I can't say I will," -- as some of those who are here are saying in regard to God's commands, -- what would the parent say to that child? Would he not insist upon immediate obedience? and could there be any reconciliation between them until the child should yield its will and comply with the parent's requirement? Could that child be happy while persisting in its refusal to yield? Certainly not. But just as soon as the little one yields and says "I will," then the kiss of love and the clasp of the tender parent fills the little heart with joy.

The subject of obedience has been more prominent in the morning meetings led by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer at Ocean Grove than any other subject. Holiness is the object and the theme of these meetings, but there can be no holiness without obedience.

A striking illustration of this was related by Mrs. M., an earnest Christian worker. She said that she was converted when a child, and was faithful to God until she went to live with relatives who were not Christians. Through their influence she indulged in reading light literature, and her communion with God at once ceased. She began to lose her relish for reading the Bible and forgot her religious duties. One day, while reading a frivolous story in the New York Ledger, the Holy Spirit spoke to her heart as consciously as ever a human voice was heard by her, saying, "Cease that reading!" She at once recognized the Spirit's voice, and said, "I will stop as soon as I finish this tale," and continued reading. Again the same words were spoken to her, and she said, "I will not read any more after I read this; but I must see the end of it." The third time the Lord condescended to speak to her, and said, "Will you not for Jesus' sake give up that reading?" She said, "Yes, I will for Jesus' sake," and threw the paper across the room, resolving never again to take up such reading. She then consecrated herself fully to God, and received the blessing of purity, and from that hour was set apart for His service. She began to work for Christ, and subsequently was married, became the mother of a family, and was instrumental in bringing her husband and her four children to Jesus. She opened her house for religious meetings. Many souls were saved as the result, and a class was formed which for years has met in her house, of which she was appointed the leader. And now in middle life she looked back with joy to that hour when her obedience to the voice of God brought her into close union with Him "who has been made of God unto her wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

Mrs. J. followed with remarks on the vast importance of prompt obedience to the monitions of the Holy Spirit. Had there not been prompt compliance in this case, had she not said, "I will for Jesus' sake stop this reading which is diverting my mind from sacred things and hindering my spiritual growth," she would have backslidden entirely from God. And not only would all the good which has been accomplished by her and through her life of devotion to God have been prevented, but how much of evil might have resulted who can tell? Her influence, instead of being for God

and in favor of all that is good, would have been adverse to His cause and to the interests of souls, and many might have been ruined thereby.

This case shows the momentous responsibility of parents and those who have charge of the young, in reference to light reading.

I once made a call on a Christian friend who said to me, "I wish you would pray for my daughter; she is all given up to the world and thoughtless about her soul."

Being called out of the room a moment, I took up a newspaper which lay on the table, and found to my horror the corrupt sheet called the Saturday Night. When my friend returned I said, "I am surprised to find on your table such a paper. Do you allow your daughter to indulge in such reading as this pernicious sheet?..." "Why," she replied, "I did not know anything about it. She must have borrowed it."

In a few minutes she was again called from the room; and seeing a large pile of papers lying on a shelf, I looked at them and found them all of the same title! Was it any wonder the daughter was worldly and wicked? Was it not the legitimate fruit of such reading when, in after-years, that mother's heart was broken by the ruin and disgrace of her daughter?

Are not parents responsible for the reading of their children when in their teens? What a curse to the young is such reading as suggests impure thoughts and corrupting influences! O, that parents would awake to their fearful responsibility!

Mrs. Stevens, of Wilmington, Del., said when a little child she was arrested by reading the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will hear my voice and open the door, I will come in." She opened the door and Jesus came in. But He was only as a guest. We do not give to a guest the control of the house, handing him the keys to all the apartments, closets, and bureaus, but we entertain him as merely a guest. So Jesus was to her. She loved Him, and His company was a benediction to her. But there came a time when she desired to make Him the Master of her house, and she gave Him all the keys and said, "Now, blessed Lord, take the entire charge--

'Possess it Thou who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.'"

The first thing He did was to remove the old furniture, and then He swept it thoroughly and washed it clean. After that He had to newly furnish it. When she was realizing how blessed it was to be purified, she began to be solicitous about the furniture. But Alfred Cookman said, "Do not be anxious about that; Jesus will furnish it beautifully. Just leave it all to Him and you will see how well He will accomplish His gracious purposes in you and make you meet for the Master's use 'thoroughly furnished unto every good work.'" She had found his words true. The blessed Master of the house had done all things well. She was perfectly satisfied with all His arrangements, and meant to let Him stay and use all she had called her own, for His glory. She had disclaimed all right and title to the house and called it His, and His for ever; and having His presence and His love, His guidance and His blessing, every day and hour, she was supremely happy.

Dr. Ball said for many years he lived largely in the seventh chapter of Romans in bondage to the law -- crying, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But a time came when he was translated into the eighth chapter, and for many years had been able to rejoice in the glorious liberty of the children of God, feeling that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." Christ had become emphatically to him a living Saviour, one who saves to the uttermost.

A brother from New York having charge of a weekly meeting for the promotion of holiness, testified that from the time that meeting was commenced a revival of religion began in the Church, which for years had been in a very low spiritual condition. One hundred and twenty souls had been converted, and the Church was brought up to a higher life and had great prosperity.

A brother said he came here two years ago a half-hearted Christian. He had not rest of soul, and was wandering round the ground, dropping in here and there. Sometimes he was talking frivolously, and all the time feeling an aching void Within. One morning he came to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's meeting, and listened to testimonies about the all-cleansing blood and the grace that brings soul-rest. He thought, "This is what I need, and I will seek it." Soon he received the gracious baptism and realized the great salvation which is the heritage of believers. Now he was rejoicing in a full salvation.

Chauncey Shaffer said he had left all his cares and anxieties at Ocean Grove last year, and this had been a blessed year to him. The world looked bright to him because the presence of Jesus sheds a heavenly radiance upon everything. He somehow thought this world belonged to our Jesus, and He would claim it and begin to reign here one of these days. The hosts of His redeemed will conquer this world through Him who bought it with His blood. He used to think his wife had enough grace to carry them both to heaven, but he found she needed all she had to carry her through, and he must depend on Jesus, and He was able to carry them both through.

A brother said he learned how to be saved by faith from his little daughter. He said to her, "We are going to have a picnic, and you shall go with us and have a nice time." He then explained what a picnic was, and she began to clap her hands and dance around the room for gladness because she was going into the woods and would have cakes and candies and ice-cream and so many good things. He saw then what faith was. The child did not see or really possess anything to make her glad, but she believed her father and, believing, rejoiced in what was promised. He then took the promise of God just as his child had taken his promise to her, and began at once to rejoice in Christ as His Saviour.

Brother Howland, of Wilmington, Del., first heard of holiness through his wife, who had learned of this blessed Bible doctrine in a meeting held with reference to it. He was strongly prejudiced against the doctrine, but was induced by his wife to accompany her to a meeting held by the sainted Cookman in Grace Church, Wilmington. It was not long before his prejudice gave way under the weight of testimony given by that holy man and others who had been fully saved. He felt that this was what his soul was hungering after, and sincerely he sought it. Soon the blessed Jesus revealed Himself to him as never before, and the precious all-cleansing blood was applied to the purification of his heart. Ever since he had rejoiced in Jesus as his complete Saviour.

A man from Ohio spoke of having been converted during the Temperance Crusade by hearing the women singing through the streets, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," etc. He knelt down as a penitent. The good women prayed for him, and he found Jesus. He had loved and served Him ever since, and still was safe in the cleft Of the Rock.

Brother Cook, a young convert from Popery, who had endured terrible persecution, his father having threatened his life, with a beaming countenance said, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures -- gives me perfect rest in the fullness of His love. He is just the One I wanted -- the Heavenly Shepherd -- just the One I needed -- the One I sought -- the One I found. He is all I want. You may ask am I not afraid, exposed as I am to severe persecution, and my life in peril. I answer, No! 'For the Lord God is a sun and a shield.' He protects me. Do I need a guide? He says, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.' 'He will be our guide even unto death.'"

The interest of our beloved physician in the work at Ocean Grove was by no means confined to the Janes Tabernacle. He was constantly in the great congregations. He occupied a seat on the platform, listening with marked attention to Christ's ambassadors. His bright eye, flowing tears, or warm responses told how precious to him was the Word of the Lord. And when the call was made for seekers of pardon and purity to present themselves at the altar, he was one of the first to move down among the suppliants, to point out the simple way of faith in the crucified Redeemer. And when the triumph-notes of new-born souls were pealing, his radiant countenance and hearty "Praise. the Lord!" betokened how sympathetically his whole being was moving on this line of salvation.

To show how closely he watched the progress of the work in the magnificent "Forest-Temple," we insert here the account which he gave of the services of the summer of 1879:

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#### Services At Ocean Grove, 1879

Through the guidance of the Heavenly Shepherd, we have been permitted to spend July, August, and a part of September at Ocean Grove, that delightful city by the sea. It would be superfluous for us to attempt to give a description of this attractive grove, that has been transformed as if by magic, in so short a time, into one of the most beautiful out-door temples, where the hosts of Zion can resort for the worship of God and Christian communion and effort, that can be found in our beloved country. One who visited here last year, in speaking of its unparalleled excellences, said that he came broken down in health and very much dejected in spirit, but the healthful and invigorating breezes of the ocean had very soon restored the wasted energies of his body, and a renewed baptism of the Holy Ghost had so thoroughly cleared away every doubt from his mental vision, that he almost concluded his Methodist brethren had anticipated the Lord, and had really brought on the millennium a little before the time. That millennial experiences are realized, and an earnest of the glory beyond given by the Head of the Church, is very often expressed by the lips of the delighted worshippers.

In regard to the sanctity of the Sabbath as it is observed at Ocean Grove, we may very emphatically call it the "Pearl of Days." Rev. A: Wallace, the able editor of the Ocean Grove Record, says: "We come nearer to Paradise, in what we suppose to be its pristine loveliness, and enjoy more of the millennium in its grand consummation of Christian fellowship, on an Ocean Grove Sabbath than anywhere else on this planet." This, we doubt not, is true. It would be impossible to give anything like a satisfactory abstract of the many very interesting services that have been held. The time has been almost entirely occupied with meetings of an intensely interesting character, and all of them having for their motto and inscribed upon their banners, "Holiness to the Lord." The Sunday-School Assembly laid out a comprehensive program, extending for eight days. It was entered into by the Sunday-school workers with much interest, and its aim appeared to be, How may we more effectually bring our children to Jesus?

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#### Woman's National Christian Temperance Union

The camp-meeting of the Woman's National Temperance Union was one that will long be held in remembrance. The heart-moving eloquence of the speakers, as they held the large audiences in rapt surprise, did wonderfully quicken our dormant powers and leave us full of devout aspirations to enter upon a higher plane of endeavor to work and live for God and humanity. The pathetic appeals of the President, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, and her eloquent co-laborers, Mrs. Yeomans, of Canada, and Mrs. Lathrop, of Michigan, as they pleaded that our young men should not be sacrificed to the god Bacchus, drew tears from many eyes. They also insisted that entire consecration and a full baptism of the Holy Spirit were necessary in order to become successful workers with God in saving the helpless victims of intemperance. Entire prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors is the glorious result they are hoping and laboring for.

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#### Tenth Anniversary

The first decade in the history of Ocean Grove closed on Thursday, July 31, 1879. The anniversary was celebrated by very interesting religious services. Bishop Simpson gave us one of his eloquent and heart-moving sermons, from the sublime vision of Isaiah 6:3 -- "And one [seraphim] cried to another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." In his address the Bishop remarked that the great thought that thrills the highest intelligences which God has made, and which we have expressed in other parts of revelation is, that God is supreme in the glory of His nature, and seeks the highest good of all His creatures in outgoing agencies to bless and save.

It should not be matter of surprise to the burning seraphim or to us that He is holy. There must be another idea attached to the exclamation. It is more a matter of wonder **THAT WE MAY BE HOLY.**

It is ever a marvel of grace that man is redeemed and lifted up into the light and blessedness of the Divine nature. In His unselfish love, which comprehends all our fallen race, we

see a glory that fills the whole earth. And it is when these heavenly spirits contemplate the working out of His plans, purposes of wisdom and grace, that they cry out, ' Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is filled with His glory.' "

In closing, the speaker said: "It is in the thought that I was reached and saved, and joined somehow to God Himself, that I see the highest exhibition of His power and grace. No matter how long -- that does not concern us. Our mission is to show forth His glory. Brethren, 'be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' What seasons have we seen, but our eyes shall see greater things than these. O, for a tide of glory to sweep over the assembly! Ministers, your lips have been touched! Preach the truth as it is in Jesus! As I get nearer the end I am more desirous to see a wave of revival sweep over the land. May it begin here at Ocean Grove!"

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### Bible-Readings

During the Bible-readings, which continued one week and were mainly conducted by Rev. B. M. Adams, and Prof. Hanlon, of Pennington Seminary, We were necessarily absent, owing to a previous engagement to attend the Sing Sing camp-meeting. Rev. A. Wallace in his excellent paper, the Ocean Grove Record, says: "Last week's series of religious services at Ocean Grove hold a place in memory as sacred and durable as any that have ever been held on this ground. These Bible expositions, running as they did into new and unexplored fields of incident, illustration, and practical bearing on human volition, faith, and conduct, have left hundreds in an altitude they never reached before. The entrance of the Divine Word has lightened vision and lifted up hearts to start anew on the 'Highway of Holiness.'"

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### The Anniversary Of The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society At Ocean Grove, August 17, 1869

The anniversary sermon was preached by the Rev. C. D. Foss, President of the Wesleyan University. A congregation estimated at between five and seven thousand was thrilled with his heaven-inspired words, waking up in many hearts a living, intense desire to increase their efforts to save the perishing. He closed with these remarks: "If you would cultivate in your own soul a spirit that will sustain you all the way through, let it be the spirit of the great commission, 'Go into all the world.' We cannot hear the word ' go' without hearing, ' beginning at Jerusalem.' There are souls here not saved; hundreds of them, right here at Ocean Grove. This anniversary fitly precedes, immediately, the great camp-meeting. Beginning here we may go out into the world.

"Yonder comes a steamer, westwardly across the Atlantic. She has been out six or eight days. The screw has been thudding away every day without interruption. The captain and officers are at dinner. Suddenly the thud ceases! The captain hastens on deck to know the cause, and is told that six men are overboard. The command is given, 'Lower the life-boats!' Fifty men step forward volunteering for duty, twelve are selected. They man the life-boats and pull away until they appear

as a speck upon the waters. They come back by-and-by; they have saved four of the six men. Six hundred thousand souls for whom Jesus Christ died are in danger of being lost! Lower away every life-boat! Forward every man for duty!"

In reading the report, Mrs. Rev. J. H. Knowles stated that the Society in general had received the past year \$66,843.69, and that the appropriations for the ensuing year have been placed at \$80,000. Twelve ladies were sent out last year to foreign lands, and eleven are now awaiting appointment...

The ingathering of souls among the Telooos in India has been wonderful and has startled the Church. In three months, last summer, ten thousand converts were baptized in one mission. The work of this Society began just ten years ago, and it has grown with God's blessing, until it now has representatives in India, China, Japan, South America, Mexico, Italy, Bulgaria, and Africa. Forty-three lady missionaries have been sent out, consisting of Bible-readers, zenana-visitors, teachers in orphanages, boarding-schools and day-schools, and lady physicians. Five hundred thousand dollars had been raised since the Society originated. Two deaths had occurred during the past year -- those of Mrs. Cheeney, a successful worker in India, and Miss Higgins in Japan; while they had also been called to mourn the loss of their worthy President, Mrs. Dr. Olin. In concluding she alluded to the famine in India, and the large number of children they had been called upon to care for. This auxiliary had had for some time the care of two little girls in Mexico, one bearing the name of Georgia Lillagore, and the other that of Sarah Elwood Stokes. She hoped greater success would attend them, and that they would keep before them what the Saviour said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Addresses were made by Mrs. Rev. H. Wheeler, of the Wyoming Conference, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Wm. B. Skidmore, of New York City.

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### Annual Camp-Meeting

This is the great event of the season at Ocean Grove. "Whatever the estimate may be of its direct results, the Ocean Grove camp-meeting of 1879 will be remembered for some of the best discourses, of logical value and intensely evangelical sentiment, those who have been so highly favored as to sit under these discourses have ever heard." Bishop Harris preached the first sermon of the camp-meeting, from the text, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." (Isaiah 63:1.) In apposite scriptural quotation, enunciated with beautiful naturalness, and putting a grand climax on his every train of argument, we never heard the effort excelled. There was attending it also a sweet and powerful unction which thrilled and melted the audience, leading all hearts into closer affinity with its subject, Jesus Christ, "the mighty to save." "Holiness to the Lord" was the key-note of the Bishop's sermon, and continued to be the grand topic through the camp-meeting, as it had been through all the previous services.

The results are only known and reported in full at headquarters. Enough, however, has been re-echoed from the realms of glory to know that the white-robed company have tuned their harps anew to the praise of Him who has been daily adding to the choir, whose exalted strain is, "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."

At the closing service of the camp-meeting. Dr. Stokes stated, to the praise of God, that hundreds had been newly born into the kingdom, many sanctified wholly, and that wanderers had returned to their Father's house.

Inasmuch as the Lord had so signally opened the way for Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to hold continuous services at the Grove during the summer months, they erected a cottage on " Ocean Pathway," not far from the oceanfront. From the upper piazza the immense gatherings at the "Surf-Meetings" on Sabbath evenings, sometimes it was thought numbering 10,000, could be witnessed. The voice of praise and prayer and testimony, wafted by ocean-breezes, told of a scene of moral grandeur. This cottage-home, like the permanent one in the city, was a place of generous hospitality. Children and grandchildren, and other members of the family circle, gathered there to enjoy the magnificent scenery and the invigorating influences of a brief sojourn by the sea. Despite their positive need of rest, the doctor and his excellent companion took great pleasure in entertaining their loved ones.

And not to relatives only was a hand of generous hospitality extended. Some of God's dear ministers, and precious saints of humble position and limited means, were joyously welcomed. We have heard from the lips of some the warm expressions of gratitude for the kindness shown to them in that Christian home. The blessing of such as were "ready to perish" was thus bestowed upon those who had lifted them up into fresh life and vigor. Thus, in the cottage-home, in the Tabernacle, and in the great auditorium at Ocean Grove, our beloved friend was busy from morn till eve, gathering goodly pearls by the sea.

This sketch of life by the sea would be incomplete did we fail to insert the testimony of Rev. E. H. Stokes, President of the Ocean Grove Association, who has been honored in being continued in that relation now for fifteen years successively. From his position, therefore, he is fully competent to judge of the work and success of Dr. Palmer and his companion. He writes:

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#### Dr. Palmer At Ocean Grove

God never fails to meet the imperative demands of His cause on the earth. The necessities of His people take hold of the Infinite. With the wisdom of a father, and yet with the tenderness of a mother, He yields to the importunities of faith. Years, yea, even centuries, may be required to prepare the instrument, but when the fullness of time has come, the emergency is met. Thus the mountains are brought low, valleys exalted, rough places smoothed. The help is given at the critical moment. How can it be otherwise? It is written, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," and, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father."

There arose, some years ago, a spiritual emergency at Ocean Grove. Multitudes were summering at the seaside -- immortal souls, asking imploringly for the bread of life -- and with fevered lips were craving the cooling waters of salvation. Most of them were Christian professors

attached to the Evangelical Churches. But the fact of their Church relationship did not meet their soul-demands. They had painful realizations of weakness, wanderings, despondencies, and sorrows, which prevented them from rising to the sublime altitudes where they might rest in the smile of God. They were not prepared to go forth with unyielding faith and quenchless love to do and dare for their Master. There was sadness where there should have been joy; weakness where there should have been strength; and bondage where there should have been the largest freedom. O, how many had their harps on the willows, too weak to take them down, but sighing for power to touch the silent chords! Then would they emerge from gloom into sunlight and sing the triumphant songs of Zion.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of these were among the better educated but timid ones, and needing skillful treatment. Such treatment would require a clear perception of the difficulties involved, time, patience, and experience. Who could do this work? What master in our spiritual Israel could command the time and had the qualifications to insure success? These were important questions, and not easily answered. God had, however, His chosen instrument ready for the occasion -- one who had the time and the ability to meet Satanic subtleties. The finger of Providence pointed at once to the Beloved Physician, Dr. Walter C. Palmer, as the one under God to whom the work should be assigned, and by whom vast numbers were to be brought to a grander spiritual life.

When the proposal was made to him, like a wise man his words were few. But his countenance, illumined by the smile of love, said, "Here am I; send me!" He and his beloved wife entered upon this important work in the Janes Tabernacle in July, 1878, continuing at nine o'clock every morning during the summer months, until July 3, 1883, the time of the commencement of the doctor's last illness.

The interest manifested during the six years' continuance of these meetings under his leadership was deep, wide-spread, and abiding. Thousands felt the thrill of their blessed inspiration and, realizing renewed strength, went on their way rejoicing.

That which would first impress the mind of a stranger on entering the assembly was a prevailing sense of holy quietude and rest. This was peculiarly grateful to many, especially those of other denominations than our own. And amid this reign of quietude there was an undertone of inspiration which lifted them out of self into a Divine atmosphere. In such an atmosphere they breathed freer, and there was opened to their expanded vision the possibilities of a higher spiritual state. How the souls of such glowed under the simple yet emphatic unfoldings of the Word of God in the Tabernacle! And how their hearts were fanned into flames of purest love by the inbreathing of an appropriate song, sung with Christian fervor!

The teachings of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were thorough, and yet so tender that the bruised reed was not only not broken, but bound up and strengthened; and the smoking flax was raised to a flame. And many troubled ones heard the Omnipotent "Peace, be still!" and, drying their tears, came to the sunny land of bliss Divine.

These teachers stood, as it were, at the Christian Bethesda and, finding the impotent, helped them by a sun-lit word and the magnetic touch of sympathy and love, down into the healing waters.

What a joy it was to them to help! Numbers came to them mourning over garments soiled by sin. They panted for purity -- they prayed and wept. Then with royal accents would these Christian workers sing,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains."

Thus, having gone with the inquirer down to the point of humble prostration where, by faith, the merit of atoning blood was realized, they would lead him to the Divine robing-room, to put on garments of spotless purity. At such times we hardly know which was greater, the joy of the recipient of salvation or the instruments thereof -- both were filled with holy delight.

If any benighted ones, who had been led into the mazes of error, came to these meetings, under the clear instruction which they received they were sure to be brought up out of the wilderness to the hills of light and gladness. Their accurate knowledge of human conditions and their deep experience of the things of God, enabled these servants of the Lord to bring many up from the pit of doubt and sorrow, to have their feet planted on the solid Rock, and their hearts thrilled with triumphant joy. Their applications of the Word of God and their skillful use of holy song gave them success.

We shall miss Dr. Palmer at Ocean Grove, but we are comforted in knowing that he is realizing his eternal reward. Thousands to whom he ministered on earth have already greeted him in heaven. And thousands more whom he so wonderfully benefited, still on their way, will be welcomed by him to the skies. May those who read these lines be of the happy number!

Holy Writ tells us that "the hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness." Such a crown rested upon the head of Dr. Palmer. Whether walking along the beach, his loving companion leaning upon his arm, or sitting in one of the pavilions contemplating the wonders of the Creator's hand, or lifting up hands and voice in the Tabernacle in his Master's name -- everywhere the crown of glory was visible, brighter than earthly monarchs ever wore. He was universally recognized as a Prince in Israel, and the song, "I'm a child of the King" was befitting to one of such royal mien. The transfiguring process had passed upon him, and the image of the Heavenly was accurately drawn. Little children clustered around this venerable servant of Christ to have his soft hand laid upon them, and his benediction pronounced.

Six years of such life were passed in the summer home, amid the stirring scenes of a holy encampment. What blessed acquaintances formed! What high communings with Heaven -- with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost! What blessed consciousness of the presence of holy angels and redeemed intelligences! What paths of elevated thought traversed, lifting the mind quite to celestial suburbs! What inward stirrings of Christian hope -- hope begotten by the resurrection of

Jesus Christ from the dead! What ecstatic visions of "the great beyond," the realm of the blest and the holy! What foretastes of heaven, faintly symbolized by the vast ocean! How must the soul of this redeemed man of more than threescore and ten years have dilated with bliss such as earth cannot give, in those years of sojourn by the sea, amid these revealings of the future!

And then think of the precious gems, the immortal gems, gathered along "the shore of the sounding sea" to deck the Redeemer's diadem! Those unwearied hands and feet were ever busy, morning, noon, and night, gathering immortal gems -- so bright, so sparkling, so lustrous!

Sometimes the effort to close the Tabernacle Meeting was unavailing. Like the Nile, at its periodical inundations refusing to be confined within its narrow banks, so "the river that maketh glad the city of God" swept over its boundaries. And into those life-currents many plunged to their souls' unutterable satisfaction. The patient janitor waiting at the door was not able to turn the key until the noon-hour had been struck -- so busy were the beloved physician, his help-meet, and the saintly group around them gathering precious jewels.

And now a vision rises up before us -- a heavenly vision. One after another of the dwellers by the sea, in these memorable six years of holy service have shaken off the earthly habiliments, and put on immortal robes. Ministers who have stood in the holy place, and the thousands of the saints who have been their delighted auditors have all, like the beloved physician, swept through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb. They have exchanged the song of Ocean Grove, "Fill me now," for the higher, the rapturous anthem of heavenly fruition: "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."

The golden pavements are trodden by many Ocean Grove conquerors. The triumphal tread of the white-robed and palm-bearing company is majestic. Lawrence and Cookman and Franklin and Stockton and Inskip are there. Dr. Palmer and Mrs. James have joined them -- they are there with the white robe, the palm and the song.

We cannot attempt to name those who have worshipped in these notable six years within the hallowed inclosure, who shall be "counted worthy to obtain that world." The "Book of Life" is in the keeping of the angelic scribe. And the enrollments have been swollen greatly during these rolling years. "They shall be mine, saith the Lord, when I make up my jewels." What a concourse of happy spirits!

Ocean Grove trophies we see, gathered by busy hands, thousands upon thousands. And who will say that in the on-sweeping ages of eternity there may not be an Ocean Grove Re-Union, calling up to blessed remembrance the hallowed convocations by the sea -- the illuminations, the quickenings into spiritual life, the goings down into the cleansing stream, the Pentecostal baptisms? Ah, surely these will be among the bright reminiscences of immortal life! In fancy we can see now a glorified spirit sweeping past our beloved friend, pausing in his flight to hail in joyous recognition the instrument of his translation into God's marvelous light. The measureless years will number many such recognitions and swelling hallelujahs. Bishop Mant beautifully says:

I count the hope no day-dream of the mind,

No vision fair of transitory hue,  
The souls of those, whom once on earth we knew,  
And loved, and walked with, in communion kind,  
Departed hence, again in heaven to find,  
Such hope to nature's sympathies is true;  
And such, we deem, the holy Word to view  
Unfolds, an antidote for grief designed,  
One drop from comfort's well. 'Tis thus we read  
The Book of life: but if we read amiss,  
By God prepared fresh treasures shall succeed  
To kinsmen, fellows, friends, a vast abyss  
Of joy; nor aught the longing spirit need,  
To fill its measure of eternal bliss.

Reader, will you be there? Heaven help us, that no man take our crown!

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#### 10 -- NEARING THE CELESTIAL CITY -- GLORY-BEAMS

"For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." --  
Hebrews 11:10.

"Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her Builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God."

When a traveler sets his face toward some beautiful land, as he draws near to it signs of its proximity gladden his heart. He sees in the distance the dim outlines of the land. The sun, as it appears to him, has a peculiar brightness. The atmosphere is very pure and richly freighted with perfume, as though fragrant gardens were not far away. The scent of orchards teeming with luscious fruit regales the sense. Birds of gay plumage and melodious song are on buoyant wing. These unmistakable tokens cause his eye to kindle with unwonted brightness, and he moves onward with renewed energy. He says, "I shall soon be there -- a few more milestones to pass and my feet will press the soil of the good land."

So with the Christian pilgrim Zionward. As he comes near the close of the wilderness-march, he has glimpses of "the land that is fairer than day." Glory beams dart across his pathway. Indeed, as one has said, "As soon as we have set out on our journey to go home, our home, by foretaste, comes to meet us. The peace of our home embraces us; the Spirit, like a dove, rests upon our hearts; the glory of our home allures us; angel-servants from our home bear us company, and help us on our road. O, what a sweet home ours must be, that can send us such pledges of its sweetness while we are yet a great way off!"

Bunyan, in his beautiful allegory, has given us a splendid picture of "Beulah Land," which Pilgrim reaches just before his entrance into the Celestial City. The imagery is magnificent, but the good land is wrongly located. The Christian becomes a dweller in "Beulah Land" whenever he is wholly sanctified -- sometimes a few hours after his conversion, or years thereafter, as the case may be. The apostle says: "After that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession." Whosoever the sealing of the Spirit to our full redemption is given, then we have the earnest, the foretaste, of heaven -- the Beulah Land experience.

But as the Christian pilgrim comes near to the borders of the heavenly land, the scenery becomes more magnificent, and the signs of approach more palpable and inspiring.

Nearing the Celestial City is indicated by the current of thought. Heaven is the theme of constant, delightful meditation. It was so with Dr. Palmer. From the time of the departure of his beloved Phoebe, "the better world" occupied much of his thoughts -- its glories, its bliss, its employments. A few extracts from his writings will show the upward bent of his contemplations.

To his dear friend Mrs. Bishop Hamline he wrote:

Last night, during the hours of slumber, I dreamed that I picked up a newspaper and the first article that attracted my attention was headed, "A Description of Heaven." As my thoughts had been very much on that subject lately, making true the words of the precious Bible, which says, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," I began to read with intense interest, "These are the mansions of the peers of heaven" -- But my paper slipped from my hand and, though I made considerable effort, I could read no more. It left, however, a happy influence as I thought of my dear one being among the nobility of heaven. There are degrees in heaven. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever."

Again he wrote:

My heart has been going out in praise today, that I have been permitted by faith, at least, to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem, and with her [his sainted wife] pluck the fruit from the tree of life, and partake with her of the water of life, and to know, though it is over a year since Jesus called her home, that

"She hath not thought it long, for ages there  
Are like the passage of a single day,  
And souls that stand within the glory-light  
Of God's great throne, and feel the smile  
Of Christ upon them, cannot measure time:  
For them it was, but shall be nevermore."

I do not know whether you have read those beautiful lines of our poet, Mrs. Lizzie Fenner Baker, in last month's Guide, "One Year in Heaven." To me it is almost like inspiration. She asks,

"But who can measure this one year of bliss

Which she hath known amid the hosts of heaven?  
And who can fathom all the knowledge gained  
In that eternal school, where holy ones  
Are taught by Jesus the deep things of God,  
Unburdened by the flesh -- where weariness,  
And pain, and languor never touch the soul,  
But thought flies swiftly, as the seraph's wing;  
And seeing God Himself, the pure in heart  
See all things else with God-illuminated sight?"

Is it not wonderful how faith does pierce through the veil? I was at a meeting at "The Old Ladies' Home" and, being called on to speak, I said it was very pleasant to have a home. This was a very comfortable one that the friends of Jesus had prepared for His especial friends, probably much better than He Himself had while sojourning here below; but Jesus did say, who knew all about it, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." As if Jesus had said, "Notwithstanding my Father in all His extensive dominions has created many beautiful worlds, there is not one sufficiently grand without my touching it up for you, my jewels."

If it were in my power, I would love to place the telescope to your eyes and ask you to look, each for yourselves. The first thing brought within the field of vision is the wonderful city in which your mansion is located, A voice from the heavenly city says, "These things are faithful and true," but, O, it is so glorious! Its very foundations are all precious stones. Its walls are of jasper, and its twelve gates each one solid pearl.

Not being practiced in the art of the lapidary, I know not the value of these precious stones, but there was the specimen of one no larger than a pea placed in the British Museum not long since at a cost of \$2500.

I did not intend to write so much about the meeting; but as I was helping others to look through the telescope, my own eye caught a glimpse of the white-robed company all arrayed in glittering garments, like the specimens given on the Mount of Transfiguration, and I found it very delightful to join them in their Alleluias.

Again he wrote:

Who shall tell what it is to stand in the glory-light of God's great throne? How wonderful is that world revealed to us through faith! The messenger that was sent to John, that honored servant who had been banished to that desolate isle, to reveal to him some of the secrets of the Throne, and whom John was about to fall down and worship, said, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets; worship God." John knew it would be idolatry to worship any other than God, but he was certain that Jesus was God, and the messenger looked so much like Jesus that he was about to fall down and worship him. This just lifts the curtain a little, discovering to us the glories of the inhabitants of that state where they are for ever with Jesus. Another specimen added to those of Mount Tabor to strengthen our faith. We certainly should expect, if any one could have recognized Jesus, it would have been the disciple that leaned his

head on Jesus' bosom while at supper, and the one upon whom the Saviour fixed His dying gaze and said, "Behold thy mother!" and then to that mother, "Behold thy son!"

But the conduct of John is not so surprising when we remember that this messenger had been among the glorified with Jesus, and he looked so much like Jesus that he came very near making the mistake of worshipping him. The blessed Holy Spirit thus gives us a glimpse of the company of that world of light. The holy Word also assures us that "we know not what we shall be; but when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

We must give an extract from yet another letter:

There is something encouraging in the thought that our loved ones, as Dr. Raffles says, "are where every eye sparkles with delight, every countenance beams with the smile of complacency, every tongue drops manna, every pulse beats high with immortality, and every frame is made to sustain, without weariness, an eternal weight of glory." Believing this should constant joys create. And this is our home.

What a glorious salvation is ours! How wonderfully even this poor body is to be made like unto the glorious body of our ascended Lord Jesus -- made like Him to bloom in eternal youth. The thought never occurred to me before, but our blessed Jesus ascended with a body that had just come to youthful maturity-thirty-three years -- such a body glorified and made immortal. This is the pattern shown on the Mount of Transfiguration, and this is part of our inheritance made over to us through Jesus -- bodies made like unto His most glorious body. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Glory be to Jesus!

The vision of the holy city of which he wrote to Mrs. Hamline doubtless led to his writing the following:

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### Peers Of Heaven

During the slumbers of the night I dreamed that I picked up a newspaper, and the first article that attracted my attention was inscribed, "A Description Of Heaven." As my thoughts had been very much on heaven lately, making true the words of the precious Bible, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," I began to read with intense interest, "These are the mansions of the peers of heaven." At this point my paper slipped from my hand and, though I made considerable effort, I failed to recover it and could read no more.

The short sentence I had read left a hallowing influence, as I remembered I had really in my sleep been among the nobility of heaven, and had a glimpse of the mansions of the peers of heaven. The question, however, arose: Are they not all kings and priests unto God? So the infallible Word informs us. But it also says, "Every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's Work

shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved as by fire." It is a very solemn thought that there are some in heaven that are saved as by fire, their works having been burned up; while of others it is written, their works do follow them.

The question of great moment does press itself upon us: Does the Bible give us any idea that there are degrees of glory in heaven, as there are degrees of punishment in hell? Jesus, the infallible Teacher, who knew all about the awards in the other world, did say in regard to some that He himself addressed, that it should be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon than for that city. "Woe unto thee Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon which have been done in you, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes; but it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the Judgment than for you; and thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell." Why more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the Day of Judgment than Chorazin and Bethsaida? Why, because those places had never been so favored with the abundant ministrations of Jesus! Nothing is more evident than that in proportion to the amount of privilege is the amount of obligation. More tolerable for Sodom. Exalted to heaven in point of privilege, yet thrust down to hell. How certain that there are degrees of punishment in hell! But are there degrees of glory in the Heavenly City -- "the City of our God"? In using the language of earth, are there peers in heaven? Are they not, as asked before, all of the nobility? This is certainly true, for they are all made kings and priests unto God, and they lose nothing by being translated to heaven.

We believe the Word of God, however, does emphatically say that there is a difference of the awards even in Heaven. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." (Daniel 12:3.) "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead." (I Cor. 15:41.)

It is a sad thing to make a life-long mistake, yet thousands have done it; but to make a mistake for eternity, who can estimate the loss? To be saved as by fire, and to have our works burned up, is certainly very near being lost. I heard of a colored preacher saying to his audience, "Some of you say, if you can only get into heaven you will be satisfied. But I want to warn you that all those back seats have been engaged long ago."

Many years ago, while practicing my profession, we had for a patient a lady that was very ill with typhus fever, and did not know but it would terminate fatally. One morning as we took our seat by her bedside, a heavenly smile was irradiating her countenance, and she said, "O, doctor, I must tell you what a beautiful dream I had last night. I dreamed that my spirit passed away -- away from earth, till I came to the gates of Paradise. I was about to knock. Just at that moment, Jesus appeared to me and said, 'You have no need to knock here; you knocked in the other world: you have a right to enter.'" "Blessed are they which do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

This converse of Dr. Palmer with the heavenly powers became more intimate and precious as the years rolled on. In this it was evidenced that he was indeed "risen with Christ," and was seeking those things that are above. The world was worn as a loose garment, as though he were in daily expectation of a summons to join the loved ones that had gone before.

Another token of nearing the Celestial City is that of more intimate fellowship with Christ. The presence of the adorable Saviour becomes more real and enrapturing. His ineffable beauty is more distinctly apprehended, and the soul amid these revealed excellences, is led to exclaim, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee!"

Such in a very eminent degree was the experience of our departed friend. Expressions like the following, which were continually dropping from his lips, indicate the close and delightful communion which he had with Jesus:

"God has provided a Saviour just suited to our necessities. I need this salvation every moment. He enables me to lean upon Him, and of necessity I am leaning hard; and He smiles while I am so doing, and calling Him mine."

"I am trusting moment by moment, and am kept in perfect peace."

"Jesus is keeping me, and that sweet voice that said to me, many years ago, 'Be thou clean' is yet sounding through the chambers of my heart."

"I rejoice in this salvation, and do not expect to have much longer the privilege of holding up the banner; but I have been permitted to fling it to the breeze, and on it is written, 'Holiness To The Lord.' "

"I Am Almost Through Giving Testimony, but I am thankful that after so many years I can say, 'Jesus continues to save me;' and the happiness and joy and comfort that I have, language is too poor to express it -- Jesus satisfies."

"I am the Lord's, and am trusting every moment for a present salvation in the blood that cleanseth from all sin. My faith claims Jesus as my perfect Saviour. 'O, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works to the children of men!' My heart is going out in doxologies of praise. Tomorrow, the ninth of February, is one of those marked periods in my life-history which I have called my double birthday. On my journey the dial marks seventy-seven years, and sixty-four since my name was consciously enrolled as a candidate for immortality and eternal life. Would that I had been more faithful and attentive to my high and holy calling! The blessed Bible says, 'It is not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us.' God has been true to all His great and precious promises. For several mornings past, on first waking, the blessed Comforter has brought to my remembrance the words, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God.'"

"My heart is going out continually in gratitude and thanksgiving, that He called me Many years ago to testify of His power to save to the uttermost."

"My heart is praising the Lord for this wonderful salvation -- this great salvation -- salvation from sin. If Jesus does not save us from sin, what does He save us from? We believe it was for this object He died on Calvary. On last Sabbath, with many thousands of our beloved Zion [the Methodist Episcopal Church generally holds its communion-service on the first Sabbath of every month], we were remembering the dying request of our Lord, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' and as we partook of the emblems of His broken body and shed blood, we were thankful for the many who could recognize the fact that His blood cleanseth from all sin -- that His blood makes whiter than snow -- that Jesus has more witnesses today of His power to save to the uttermost than ever before. Glory be to His name! We are expecting through that blood to be made whiter than snow."

His seventy-fifth birthday was to him a memorable day. It was anticipated with great pleasure. He frequently spoke of it as "his double Sabbath birthday." He was born February 9th; thirteen years after, on Sabbath, February 9th, he was born of the Spirit. Now the seventy-fifth anniversary had come. It was the holy Sabbath. The sun shone splendidly on the snow-covered park in front of his residence -- all was bright. He prepared, as usual, to attend his class-meeting at 9:30 o'clock in St. Paul's Church. With muffler, gloves, and hat on, he was ready to pass out of the door when, suddenly, he became faint, and sank down into a chair almost unconscious. A second time he swooned. When able to speak, with a smile he said, "Would it not be sweet to go to heaven on my double birthday?" The welcome call had not, however, yet come -- he was to wait a little longer.

Another sign of nearing the Celestial City is actual personal approach to the gate. At times, just before the upward flight, the dear saints of God are permitted to come to the border-line, in sight of the city of the Great King. So near do they come that the gate of life "on golden hinges turning," appears to be swinging open to let them in. They go close enough to catch glimpses of the sapphire foundations, the jasper walls, and the pearly gates. Yea, they are in the midst of angel-bands ready, if the Lord of the city so ordain, to escort them to their mansions. The presence of loved ones who have gone on before is very palpable, and their songs of redeeming love seem to sweep across the expectant soul like a wave of heavenly melody.

Amid such revealings it is not wonderful that the saint of God, hovering on the confines of "the holy city," should have passionate longings for home, and be ready to exclaim with the poet,

"I long to behold Him arrayed  
With glory and light from above,  
The King in His beauty displayed,  
His beauty of holiest love:

I languish and sigh to be there,  
Where Jesus hath fixed His abode.  
O, when shall we meet in the air,  
And fly to the mountain of God?"

Such an upward flight was graciously afforded the beloved physician! At the close of the summer of 1882 he was prostrated at Ocean Grove, physically, and for some time his life trembled

in the balance. Loved friends kept tender vigils at his couch day and night. A beloved brother, Dr. Miles W. Palmer, was his attending physician. He watched over him with all the warmth of a brother's love, putting forth all his medical skill to hold him in life, if possible, that he might for a longer space be privileged to stand forth as Jesus' witness. Thousands of devoted Christian friends, in all parts of the country, learning of his illness, prayed earnestly for his recovery.

Those days and nights of weakness and pain were cheered by the presence of the Divine Saviour, upon whose arm he had leaned so confidently in health. Underneath him were "the everlasting arms." Christ was to His suffering disciple like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

One Sabbath morning, a sister who was to lead the morning meeting in the Tabernacle inquired if he had any message to send to the friends of Jesus. He replied "that he would like the words of the apostle, 2 Cor., 1st chapter, 3d and 4th verses, to be read: " Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Mrs. Palmer added her testimony in these expressive words, the words of the Father of mercies Himself: "I, even I, am He that comforteth you."

This dear man of God was at that time realizing, blessedly, that Divine comfort of which he had so often spoken in glowing terms to God's suffering ones. The message thus sent was received with great joy by the congregation.

God was pleased in answer to the many fervent prayers offered, to turn aside the fatal hour and lift up the sinking head. His recovery, considering the circumstances, was marvelous. Great honor rests upon the brow of the instrument, the unwearying, skillful brother, who was with him day and night, marking every changing symptom and with nice discrimination applying the remedies. And then, more than all, his treatment was accompanied by his own fervent prayers, commingling with those of others. From this time the currents of life were started anew, and the servant of Christ coming out of his chamber was full of praise to the Father of mercies, who had so abundantly showered His blessings upon him. For about a year after, the doctor enjoyed unusual health and vigor, attending to his various duties, and mingling with friends with ease and comfort. This continued until the final call for his departure was made.

Mrs. Palmer in attending the first Tuesday Meeting after the convalescence of her dear companion, announced at the opening the doctor's favorite hymn--

"O, could I speak the matchless worth,  
O, could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine!"

and after reading the fourth verse--

"Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,

And I shall see His face!"--

she stated that the doctor had come so near the heavenly world that he seemed a little disappointed to come back and, soon after he began to rally, one of his first sayings was,

"Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home!"

No wonder that there was disappointment. To come within hailing distance of the white-robed multitude, and yet to be remanded back to earth, to its sorrows and conflicts, was indeed a blighting of fond hopes. A step, as it were, would have brought him to the embrace of loved ones, shining in immortal resplendency -- and more than all, to the feet of "the King in His beauty," to pour out there the adoration of a loving heart. But great as was the disappointment, there was no murmur upon his lips. He cheerfully acquiesced in the will of his Heavenly Father, and once more betook himself to his work.

From that period there was a marked change in this servant of God. He had ascended the sublime altitudes far enough to take on more of the likeness of the Heavenly. Like Moses, coming down from the mount of communion with God, he had a shining countenance, reflecting the glory which had shone upon him. His thoughts more than ever ran in heavenly channels -- he was full of holy song, the melodious notes of the angelic harpers, and the glorified singers, having entered into his interior being. His words were more seasoned with grace. The earth-connections were loosened -- gravitation had turned upward. The celestial attractions were very absorbing. The earth-errands on behalf of his King yet to be performed, he felt were few; and yet he delighted for a brief space to continue as an errand runner.

When he arose in the morning the Divine Word occupied his first thoughts. The beautiful little "Threefold Cord," with its precept, promise, and prayer for each day, was early consulted to see what blessed portion his "Father" had given His children for the day. And in this law of the Lord, more than ever, he meditated day and night.

Closet exercises were increasingly delightful, and the access to the throne freer. Morning, noon, and night, with his devoted companion, the voice of prayer and praise was ascending. In a few instances the writer was privileged to come within the hallowed precincts of intercourse with heaven at the noonday hour, and to taste something of the joy which these loving spirits daily realized.

When, sometimes, he tarried for the night under the doctor's roof, and occupied the couch in the prophet's chamber, over which the beautiful motto was suspended, "He giveth his beloved sleep," he would again and again come gliding into the room at the early morning hour, with praise-notes upon his lips. And praise-notes were his last utterances at night when he retired to rest -- praise for the wonders of redeeming love, and for the hope of a glorious immortality.

Thus, in these closing days of the beloved physician, we descried a crowning token of approximation to the Celestial City -- a peculiar meetness for that better life. He was indeed, as the apostle expresses it, "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

In order that the reader may see how loosely the mantle was hanging upon his shoulders, and how he was pluming his pinions for the eternal flight, a beautiful incident may here be given.

Just one month before his departure, having occasion to communicate with a dear friend in England on a business matter, he thus commenced his letter:

Dear Brother: It is cause of thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that I am still this side of the river, but camping in view and within hearing distance of the celestial choir, whose song-echoes of "Glory to God in the highest," and "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood," very delightfully vibrate on my ear, and cheer my heart. Glory be to God.

This shows how his conversation was in heaven, while attending with due fidelity to the business of earth.

And then his testimonies among God's people at this time gave unmistakable evidence of this increased meetness for heaven. We give a few specimens:

My heart has been almost overwhelmed in contemplating the wonderful love that led the great I AM, He who clothes Himself with light as with a garment, and upholds all things by the word of His power, to condescend to clothe Himself with flesh and blood in order to save a guilty and fallen race.

I am thankful that I have been enabled to make The Word my stay, and believe that it means just what it says. I can testify that Jesus has not only risen, but has come into my heart and made it His abode, and there I have been- permitted to crown Him Lord of all.

God fulfills His promises to the letter and asks no discount, and I am a witness that He does save to the uttermost.

For weeks before the angelic convoy came to escort him to his heavenly home, the "many mansions" were the theme of frequent converse, so that, although in his usual health, his friends could not but apprehend that he was nearing the Celestial City. He would sometimes say of his mansion: "Jesus Himself is just touching it. Thus the days of waiting for the "Child, come Home" from his "Father," were filled up in love and praise and prayer. If Satan came near " with hellish malice full," attempting to shake his confidence, he had a very short and decisive way of dealing with him. All through his life it had been his custom to meet his assaults with a hearty, " Glory be to Jesus! glory be to Jesus!" And this well-approved weapon was as mighty in "age and feebleness extreme" as in stalwart manhood. Resting on the bosom of his Lord, he had Divinest peace and security, and quietly waited "until the time of his change should come."

His song in the day-time and in the night-season was:

"Jerusalem, my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy and peace in thee?

"O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbath has no end?

"Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

"Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 11 -- A GORGEOUS SUNSET -- THE LINGERING RAYS

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." -- Rev. 14:13.

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Christian life on earth has its pause -- we will not say its close. Strictly speaking it has no close, on earth or in heaven. It is "hid with Christ in God." And our blessed Redeemer declares, "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." But it has its pause, its rest-period: "Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them" -- the life-influence is perpetuated. They are "blessed from henceforth" -- personal identity is not lost, or in any way disturbed; it simply disappears, temporarily, from human view. It is still a living presence, entering upon a wider sphere of manifestation, blissful manifestation. Hence we prefer to speak of it as a departure -- death is too somber a word. Life in Christ is so palpable, so all-pervading, relating to both worlds, the terrestrial and the celestial, that it is far more pleasing, and more in accordance with the truth, to contemplate the saint of God, as still held in life, moving in another sphere in greater perfection.

It is like the setting of the sun. When, at the appointed period, the sun retires from mortal view he does not cease to exist. No! far otherwise. Having rolled his triumphal chariot to the zenith, all the way casting his splendors upon earthly scenes, and also upon the heavens, fulfilling the Divine order, grandly does he retire to his pavilion for an allotted time, and rests. Like a

warrior who has been upon the field of battle doing valiantly for his country, coming home covered with the splendors of conquest, so the sun, after his day of brilliant illumination, driving back opposing forces, at evening-time retires in majesty.

There is a great variety of sunsets. Sometimes there are intervening clouds. But the great orb of day shows his mastery over the clouds. His light breaks through the threatening obstructions at the triumph-moment, so that the very clouds appear like so many bright spirits from the glory-land to escort him to his rest-chamber.

Then again his setting is like the quietness and softness of a May evening. There are no intercepting clouds. There are mellow tints resting upon the heavens and upon the earth. Stillness reigns all around -- the leaves are not even stirred by the breath of a zephyr. So mildly does the monarch of the sky glide away, with such light and airy step, we hardly know that he is gone. But, in his most quiet mood and most gentle setting, he fails not to leave behind a mild radiance proclaiming his departure, flinging into mortal lap the promise of his speedy re-appearance.

Then, again, there is the gorgeous sunset. Who has not witnessed it? Perhaps the reader may have stood upon the ship's deck, as has the writer, and gazed upon this magnificent execution of Nature's decree. The sun, which at his rising in the morning seemed to come out of ocean's profoundest depths, at his setting sinks again into the watery deep. He stoops to conquer -- goes down to rise again, with renewed vigor and pervading majesty. But, O, what a going down! No human voice or pen is adequate to describe it. Every drop of water, tremulous upon the ocean's bosom, is gold-tipped. The sea is one vast sheet of gold. The heavens above are wrapped in a golden mantle. It is gold above and gold below. Everything is aglow -- air and water, heaven and earth, These sunset varieties symbolize Christian departures from the world. Some for a time are in conflict -- clouds darken their sky. Either through unfaithfulness or Satanic assaults, the bright rays of the "Sun of righteousness" are intercepted. It is painful to see the expiring Christian in these throes of conflict. But at length, through abounding grace, the victory is gained -- the clouds are dissipated, and there is a clear shining of the Divine countenance.

Others pass away with the gentleness of a summer's eve. Not a cloud is to be seen. There is not the rustling of a leaf. Calmness is upon the brow. All is serene and bright. It is just a quiet falling asleep on the dear Redeemer's breast. So quietly did the beloved Mrs. Mary D. James fall asleep. One morning she was conversing cheerfully with loved friends -- the next, receiving a call from the heavenly Bridegroom to the marriage-supper. Instantly, and exultantly, she obeyed the call. Gently reclining her head upon the back of the chair in which she was sitting, she said, "I am ready!" and on the instant she was with her adorable Lord.

And there are still others whose going is like the gorgeous sunset. The light of a conqueror is in their eye. Their countenance is radiant. Their language is triumphant. The angelic escort is near. The expanded vision is rapturously fixed on immortal objects and scenes. The ear is saluted with the songs of angels and redeemed spirits. The blood-washed soul is filled with high expectancy. Every avenue of the inner being is swept with rapture. Hallelujahs burst, momentarily, from the lips. The aspects of such a departure are gorgeous indeed -- no other word will express it. The splendors of the eternal state are, as it were, gathered to a focus, burning intensely around the couch of the Christian warrior as he is breathing the earthly farewell.

Such a departure was the allotment of the beloved physician. The place designated was wondrously attractive. A few steps only from his cottage-home, the grand old ocean was ceaselessly rolling his billows upon the strand, making solemn music, offering a deep-toned anthem of praise to the Creator. The clear blue heavens above were resplendent. The sun Was declining, but glorious in his decline Every object was bathed in superlative light, the avenues all around were teeming with life. Mortals, with buoyant step, were treading their way to the sea, the merry laugh of childhood mingling with the voices of maturer life.

On the ocean-front multitudes were passing to and fro. Some; close to the water's edge, were gathering shells and pebbles, or chasing the wild waves Others, quietly sitting in the pavilions, were watching the course of vessels far out upon the main, with free-bent sail and favoring breeze, hying for the harbor.

But the moral surroundings of the period set for this departure were still more gorgeous. Not far away was the hallowed grove, the place of holy song and Gospel ministration, where multitudes congregated. And there, too, the "Janes Tabernacle," where such indescribable triumphs had been won. "The voice of salvation and rejoicing was in the tabernacles of the righteous." Even now we seem to hear the forest resounding with prayer and praise. Surely holy angels must have delighted to hover o'er the scene, glad to join the hallowed songs.

And what is that we see? In yonder cottage there is one newly born into the kingdom of heaven. The first song of the new life is breaking upon the ears of surrounding friends. Hallelujahs rule the hour.

In a little tent there is a child of God who has just entered "Beulah Land"! He is inhaling its pure atmosphere. The fragrance of the land delights him. He is basking in the meridian rays of the "Sun of righteousness." What a heavenly glow there is upon his countenance! How the Beulah-notes burst from his lips!

Hark! yonder is the shout of victory! What does it mean? Ah, one of God's dear saints has been sorely buffeted of Satan; but

"Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through His eternal Son,"

she has just said, authoritatively, in overcoming faith, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" And, lo! the enemy is discomfited -- he flies ingloriously from the field! Jesus, in the person of His tempted one, has driven the arch-foe to his native hell.

And so we might go on in this field-survey. At each step new wonders would rise upon our view. Heaven and earth were surely keeping jubilee in the sacred inclosure.

Can we conceive of a grander spot, in either hemisphere, from which a good man might make the transition from world to world? Nay! Is it not written, "My times are in thy hand"? And are not the places, too, at the Divine disposal? Did not Jehovah conduct His servant of old to the

Mount of transition, and Himself perform the funeral-rites and interment? And so secure, so hidden from the rude gaze of men the entombment, that the ages have not discovered the burial place.

Is it too much to think that the God of glory put forth His hand to designate the place, so full of natural and moral attractions, for the departure of His honored servant, Dr. Palmer? And then what a quiet hour -- just as the sun was declining, and the soft evening shades were being stretched forth! What an evening, after such a day!

All day long the beloved one had been quietly reclining upon his couch. The tokens of his convalescence were cheering. A new light had been given to his languid eye. A radiant smile illumined his whole countenance. Inspiring words dropped from his lips. Loving friends who had kept sleepless vigils around him, rejoiced with great joy.

The day had been a festive one. The table of the Lord had been spread before him, and he had feasted upon its dainties. At the foot of his couch had been suspended "The Silent Comforter" -- silent, yet voiceful, telling of the riches of the kingdom of heaven. It was open at the passage for the day, reading thus: "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee; O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." (Isaiah 43:1-3)

What beautiful words -- beautiful words of life! His eye and his heart drank in the Father's message -- a message of perfected redemption -- of joyous adoption into the royal family, and the conferment of a royal name -- of defense against destroying forces, the overflowing waters and the consuming flame -- of exalted spiritual relationship, "I am thy God, thy Saviour." O, wondrous message spoken by Isaiah's fire-touched lips! Well might that prostrate one rise into new life as he gazed upon the glittering pages. Indeed, he had during the weeks of his suffering taken refuge in the precious Word, so that the wicked one had not dared to approach him!

About two weeks before his release from earth, Mrs. Palmer said to him, "My dear, Satan has not troubled you much of late." Raising his arm, with emphatic voice he exclaimed, "No! he has not been allowed to come near me!"

So now, he was sweetly reposing in the Divine Word as opened to his view on the page of the "Silent Comforter."

So strong was the doctor's returning pulse that those who were performing tender ministries were encouraged to have him attired and seated in an easy chair where he could look upon the ocean and be invigorated by its breezes. Indeed, he walked out and took his seat on the upper piazza. The beloved of his life was by his side, and in a letter written to a friend subsequent to the departure of her dear husband, beautifully describes what transpired at this particular juncture:

About three in the afternoon, he walked out on the second story balcony, sat there a half-hour or more, and seemed unusually joyous. He talked of the beautiful landscape before him,

and the grand old ocean. Seeing our dear friend Mr. Thornley, who had so kindly relieved us of the care of the morning meetings, come out of his cottage on the opposite side of the park, in front of our summer-cottage, our loved one waved his hand again and again, with smiles of affectionate recognition. He then went into the room and wrote a business letter to his son-in-law, Joseph F. Knapp, and read it to me in a strong voice, and conversed freely.

About five o'clock he proposed lying down to rest. His head had scarcely reached the pillow, when "I was startled .by seeing those large blue eyes open wide, as if piercing the heavens. Two or three struggles, as if for breath, followed. "Raise me higher," he said, as I put my arm about him, holding him up. A moment's calm ensued. I said, "Precious darling, it's passing over." The dear one, putting his finger on his own pulse, looking so sweetly, said in a low tone, "Not yet," -- and almost in the same breath, in a clear, strong voice, said, "I fear no evil, for Thou art with me." After a moment's pause, he continued, "I have redeemed thee; thou art mine. When thou pass --." Here his loved voice failed. The precious spirit was released to join the glorified above.

That was the Supreme moment in this honored life -- the moment when both worlds were marvelously conjoined. It was the moment when the hopes that had sustained this man of God in the earthly pilgrimage culminated -- when trials, conflicts, and labors had a perpetual pause. And it was a moment when the fruition of the heavenly life was realized.

At 5:15 p.m., July 20, 1883, his ransomed spirit entered the triumphal chariot and, under a bright angelic escort, sped away to the world of light and blessedness. There was no dark river to cross -- no stormy billows to intercept his progress. It was a translation from the terrestrial to the celestial -- the work of a moment, but covered with eternal resplendency. Heaven's pearly gates were surely opened wide to admit this battle-scarred veteran, laden with the spoils and honors of a thousand battles.

Divine grace was wondrously magnified in the experience of the dear stricken companion of our departed friend. She looked with surprise and profound sorrow upon the form of her cherished one as he lay in the cold embrace of death. But while the hand of bereavement pressed heavily upon her sensitive nature, she realized abounding consolation. In the letter just referred to she gives this testimony:

Fain would I tell, were it possible, how beautifully grace has abounded in this trying hour. Fountains of tears have burst forth, but amid these blinding floods, Glory! Glory! Glory! has been constantly welling up in my soul. This flood of tears and glory began as our precious one was passing away. He had been ill for some days, but was rapidly recovering.

As the dear voice said, "Thou art with me," a thrilling, indescribable consciousness of the Divine presence was given me. The manifestation of the blessed Lord Jesus was to me almost overwhelming. It seemed as though God Himself and a heavenly escort had come. Jesus, the blessed Saviour, sweetly whispered, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee; thou art mine," and the precious redeemed one was repeating, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee; thou art mine." "Glory! Glory! Glory!" was the exclamation of heart and voice. You may find it difficult to understand or credit, but so it was at the moment of this sudden exit which so shook these feeble nerves. Glory

filled my spirit. The human is weak. But the blessed Lord Jesus lives and abides with us. Jesus never dies.

While the writer was seated at the table with his family, in their quiet cottage, enjoying the evening repast, a messenger arrived, exclaiming, "Dr. Palmer is dead!" He hastened to the place of sorrow. He soon saw, O, too plainly! that the noble form was indeed laid low. His dear companion and other loved ones were looking sadly upon the scene. Never shall we forget, however, how the light of hope, Divinely enkindled hope, sat upon the brow and illumined the countenance of the one whose heart had been so sorely riven. Tears were flowing freely, but notes of praise were trembling upon her lips. The "joy of the Lord was her strength," and she was upborne by the arm Omnipotent. Surely, we thought, the consolatory power of our blessed Christianity is sublimely magnified.

Tidings of the departure of this eminent servant of Christ soon spread throughout the sacred inclosure. In every tent and cottage the lines of deep sorrow in many faces, and flowing tears, were to be seen. The common exclamation was, "A great and good man has fallen this day in Israel!" The little children everywhere loved the dear doctor warmly, for his kind hand was often laid upon their heads, and his gentle words breathed into their ears. One of them, only five years old, when she heard of his death,, said, "It is all well with him -- he was a dood man!" Old and young universally acknowledged that gladness sat upon his brow -- love breathed in his words -- and the joy of the Lord was his strength.

Next morning, a large congregation gathered in the "Janes Tabernacle," when memorial services were held as follows:

\* \* \*

#### MEMORIAL SERVICES

Hymn 1033 was announced by Rev. E. H. Stokes, and after singing two verses, prayer was offered by Rev. Dickson, of Canada. The remaining verses of the hymn were then sung, after which President Stokes said:

"Dr. Palmer, the leader of the meeting for the promotion of holiness, held in this Tabernacle daily at nine o'clock, passed quietly to his home in heaven, last evening, about five o'clock. After a hurried conference with a few brethren, we thought it best, at the regular meeting this morning, to hold an appropriate service. It might seem that a memorial service so soon is premature. But the meeting, of necessity, would take that form; and so we concluded to have it today. I will call upon Br. Hughes, who has been intimately associated with him in business; Br. E. R. Young, whose father first invited Dr. Palmer to Canada to hold meetings; and Br. Thornley, who has been conducting the meeting since the doctor's illness, to speak, and then throw the meeting open for voluntary remarks."

Rev. George Hughes, editor of the Guide to Holiness, said:

"A great sorrow has fallen upon my heart! Yesterday afternoon, after spending a few hours in the upper room of Association Hall in writing and devotion, I returned to my house, and there learned that Dr. Palmer had passed away. In his death I have lost my dearest earthly friend, next to those in my home-circle. To him, and to his beloved sainted companion, and to his dear surviving companion, I am greatly indebted for what I am, spiritually. In my youthful days I was thrown into their company, in the meetings held in Allen Street Church, New York, and they sought to lead me nearer to God. Subsequently, after entering the Christian ministry, physical prostration compelled me to retire, and I crossed the Atlantic for my health. There I met again Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. O, what a period that was in my history! [A detailed statement is given elsewhere.] O, what seasons I have seen since that hour of blessed union with the Lord Jesus Christ -- 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world'!

"I could take up much time, if proper, today, in speaking of these matters; but circumstances forbid. I am strangely situated; oppressed by the circumstances beyond anything language can express. The loss I sustain, personally, is beyond my power at the present time to state. But my loss personally is hardly worth mentioning, when I think of the great loss sustained by the Church of Christ in the death of this precious man of God. It is now three years since he invited me to become associated with him in the management of the Guide. When I thought of going, I said, 'How can I go and assume such responsibilities?' But with a kindness, tenderness, and love that was so assuring, this dear man of God permitted me to stand by his side, to do the best I could.

"I have been intimately associated with him these three years. It has been my privilege often to be in his home. Morning, noon, or night, I have been always welcomed with Christian cordiality to all the delights of his house. And any one who has ever been, day or night, under the roof of Dr. Palmer, in the heavenly atmosphere pervading his habitation, will bear me witness that it was no small privilege for a man to spend twelve or twenty-four hours under that roof -- to be at that family altar and table -- and to see how everything was conducted on the broadest Christian principles. We have worked together for these three years in the greatest harmony and love.

"Never a dissenting word has been uttered, either upon the part of the doctor or myself.. It gives me great pleasure to say that this morning, in the fullest confidence of Christian friendship and love we have worked together for the spreading of Scriptural Holiness over these lands. But what shall I say about the wonderful meeting in New York held by these dear friends for almost half a century, summer and winter -- no cessation, no interruption? It has gone steadily forward. There the friends of God, from all quarters, have gathered, week after week, for nearly fifty years. Even in their absence it has gone on -- under mighty Divine sanctions and influences. Thousands now before the throne of God, and thousands on their way, through the mercy of God and the blood of Jesus Christ, can attest the excellency and the power of these meetings.

"Since the doctor's severe illness last fall, it has seemed to me he came so near 'sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb,' that he, as it were, white-robed, came back for a while to wear it here on the earth. He appeared to be a little disappointed in not being permitted to make the entrance. But he said:

'Well, that delightful day will come

When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face;  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.'

Now the delightful day has come. It has come at last. I saw the doctor the other evening upon his bed, taking his evening repast. Hanging over the foot of the bed was that wonderful passage in Isaiah, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.'

"His eyes were fastened upon that passage. He was delighting himself in the wonderful things contained therein. He realized the sweetness of every sentence. O, how delightful in the last hours of life not to be tempted by any assault of the adversary, but to have a clear course toward eternal life! Yesterday afternoon they were able to get him from his bed into his chair, and place him on the front piazza, where he took one more look at that boundless sea, a bright mirror of the Divine life in Jesus, as he had taught for so many years. He saw, in anticipation, the sea of glass upon which he would stand by and by. He was moved back into his room, feeling as though he was about ready to shake off physicians and nurses, and go out to the field once more. He called for writing material and wrote a letter to a member of the family. Friends wanted to do it, but he preferred to do it for himself. It was evident the exertion was too much. The heart-beats became slower, but he was able to retain self-possession to give a final testimony -- the last testimony to break upon the ear and the heart of his dear companion with heavenly consolation, -- 'Thou art with me; I fear no evil!'

"He knew of whom he was speaking when he said, 'Thou art with me!' More than an angel -- more than an archangel -- more than any one belonging to principalities: 'Thou art with me!' The First and the Last -- the Lord Jesus Christ -- the Alpha and the Omega. O, blessed be the name of the Lord for this testimony! Our dear Sister, Palmer, how she rejoices in the Lord, even amid overflowing tears, over this dying testimony -- worth more than millions -- inconceivably beyond all value. If Dr. Palmer must die, and it seems to have been the order of Heaven, I am glad that he died so quietly: no struggle, no groan, no fierce conflict, but the weary wheels of life standing still but a moment -- then translation to the kingdom of God. Blessed be the name of the Lord for the wonderful mercy which has been extended to this dear man of God in life and death."

A verse of the hymn, "Who are these arrayed in white?" was sung, when Dr. Stokes remarked:

"I would say, in addition to Br. Hughes' words, I am not only glad that he died (since he must die) quietly, but glad that he died at Ocean Grove. I feel for ever honored that God has put a new evidence of His love upon us, in making this his footstool to step into eternity. Rev. Young, who came here as a delegate to the National Division Sons of Temperance, and whom the doctor invited to sojourn at his home while here, will now add a word of regard."

Rev. E. R. Young, of Bowmansville, Canada, said:

"I feel, Dr. Stokes, and Christian friends, like one in a dream. It seems so strange that I should come from my far-off Northern home to witness what I have. And yet, it is an inspiration and joy, mournful as it is. When I was a little boy in my father's house, in Ontario, I remember one day that my father, who was a Methodist minister, was reading the Christian Advocate, of New York, which he had taken for many years. Speaking to my mother, he said: 'I think we will invite Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to attend our Camp-meeting. Perhaps we can arrange for a series of revival Services in this Province.' While that conversation was going on in that far-off Canadian parsonage, the late Mrs. Phoebe Palmer said to Dr. Palmer in New York, 'My dear, I think we will go to Canada. It seems to me as though the Lord will open our way.' Soon the letter of invitation arrived. 'There!' she said, 'just as I anticipated.'

"They came. They came as angels of mercy. Yes, like chariots of fire. There were, I remember, at one service three hundred persons prostrated by the mighty power of God. In our lovefeasts and in the obituary notices in our papers, from that year until now, we hear and read so frequently, 'brought to God through Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.' There are scores today preaching Jesus, brought to the Saviour through their instrumentality. When I was a little boy at home I had to drive the friends in the carriage to and from meeting. One day I had to drive Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to camp. How pleasant it was! They were not like some folks who do not see the boys and girls. The doctor talked to me as though he were a companion of mine. They led me to the Saviour. They were my spiritual parents. In later years the doctor put his hand on my head and said, 'Edgerton, consecrate yourself to God and go into the ministry.'

"I did not want to do so. Father was a minister and had hard times. I thought I would go into secular life, serve God, make money, and make my parents comfortable in their old days. I went into the medical profession, but my health gave way. I never could get away from the influence of the doctor's hand on my head. I feel it yet. I see him before me still, saying, 'You ought to go into the ministry.' Thank God, I did go. Reference was made to the meeting in New York. It sustains a great loss. Ever since their visit to Canada, we have been envying you. When we would get the Guide, we at once turned to the Tuesday Meeting to know what they had been doing there.

"When shall we look upon his like again? We shall see him by and by! I have been thinking of his reception in heaven. Somebody said last night (I think it was Mrs. James), 'How many will welcome him in heaven?' When we meet here we say, 'How do you do? Are you quite well?' It conveys the idea of feebleness, pain, disease. When they meet up yonder they have some other mode of salutation. O, thank God, there they never say, 'Are you well?' Never say, 'I am sick.'

"How did they welcome the doctor? I fancy a company of glorified ones -- a great many from this Republic and from our Dominion and the British Empire. One of them comes and joins them, and says, 'I saw a glorious company sweeping through with a bright spirit redeemed from earth; I went near and saw who it was -- Dr. Palmer! I tried to speak to him. He did not recognize me. O, there was a far-away look in his eyes. He didn't stop to speak or look at mansions or the golden streets. I followed him as they escorted him to the throne. I saw him at the feet of Jesus, whom he had so long proclaimed and recommended to others. I saw him get his crown, and heard him sing. How rapturously he sang! He is there now.'

"By and by we will meet him. What a re-union! God grant we all may be there! Providence buries His workmen, but carries on His work. I would say, 'Keep up that meeting in New York.' To Brother Hughes, 'Keep up the Guide.' God help us to work on!

'O, may we triumph so,  
When all our warfare's past,  
And, dying, find our latest foe  
Under our feet at last.'"

The congregation joined in singing "Forever with the Lord."

Br. Stokes. -- And what he saith, we will do. We will keep up this meeting in the tabernacle. We will help to keep up the Tuesday meeting in New York and, with the help of God, the Guide to Christian Holiness. Help us, Almighty God, to do our duty. Br. Thornley, who will succeed Dr. Palmer in the charge of the nine-o'clock meeting in this place, will now speak.

Rev. Jos. H. Thornley. I think you will not expect any connected thoughts from me on this very solemn I was about to say, very sad -- occasion. But the sadness is all on this side. As Br. Dickson and myself were walking up the avenue last evening, the bell began to toll, and I said to him, "There's no dying on the other side of the river."

"Ring the bells of heaven;  
There is joy today!"

But we are here. A great man has fallen -- a prince in Israel, When my dear Br. Stokes gave you that part of the announcement that I would succeed Br. Palmer in conducting this meeting, I fancied myself right alongside of Elisha when he cried out, "My Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" I want the doctor's descending mantle to fall on me -- unless it does, it will be a poor meeting so far as I am concerned. God will help His child to bear on this precious interest where so many have been helped and blessed.

"You remember Elisha prayed that a double portion of Elijah's spirit might rest upon him. May God send upon me a double portion of His Spirit! I dare not disobey God, speaking to me through His servants. I have been praying God to make me useful. He will, if I am submissive. As I have come into this meeting again and again, I have taken rest to my soul, and have sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Dear friends, I shall look for your presence. I shall rely wonderfully upon your prayers. I was reading, before leaving home, a portion of his 'Four Years' Visit to the Old World.' One of the grandest scenes on the Emerald Isle was down at Enniskillen, on the grounds of Lord Belwer. He and his wife had a camp-meeting. It was a wonderful occasion. O, I expect to be there one of these days! I expect to enter the heavenly city. May we not look for just such a gathering as this every morning at nine o'clock? O, come praying! Pray at home! I feel like laying my face in the dust before God. I am incompetent for this task to carry forward this standard of holiness.

Singing: "Content With Beholding His Face."

Dr. Stokes then remarked:

"Six years ago, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were invited to take charge of the nine-o'clock meeting in this place, They have occupied the position faithfully during all these years, and have held a meeting every morning during each season -- over two months in each year. Thus they have given us one solid year of truly holy service, two hours a day. To God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be eternal praises! I am assured, thousands of people during these six years have been wonderfully blessed. Where could we find leaders for such a meeting, back of whom was richer spiritual character, than those dear friends possessed who have been engaged in leading this meeting so intelligently and effectively? Last April, while visiting at Dr. Palmer's for three or four days (such a privilege!), he said, 'Perhaps you had better make a change in the leadership.' I replied, 'Dr. Palmer, while you live and are able, it is your meeting. When you are gone, what shall we do?' He said, 'The Lord will provide.' I trust He has. There are a number of you who wish to speak. I know hundreds would like to say a few words. Try to compress your testimonies into two or three minutes."

Br. Brummell (ninety years old) said:

"I have known Dr. Palmer many years. He came to my place a few weeks ago. I told him I loved him, and hoped we would meet together in the upper world. He was so humble and pure, I liked to be where he was."

Singing: "I Will Sing You A Song Of That Beautiful Land."

Dr. Wythe, pastor of St. Paul's, Ocean Grove. -- While sitting here and, indeed, all the morning, I have fancied I could hear Dr. Palmer say, "I rise," emphasizing I, "I" rise to walk in heaven's own light," etc. He utters that now in a sense as never before. At the last gasp, he said, "Thou art with me!" and then rose to walk in heaven's own light -- a brighter light than rules on earth. There he is today, eternally shut in with Christ and His glory.

Singing: "I Rise To Walk In Heaven's Own Light."

Br. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia. -- Suffer a Presbyterian from Enniskillen to lay a flower upon the sainted Palmer. I stood once in the presence of the crown of the British Empire. I asked the value of it. "Twenty millions of dollars!" was the answer. The crown of Victoria contains 1700 diamonds; the imperial crown of Russia, 2500; the crown of the Empire of France, 5352. The crown which the sainted Palmer wears today is one solid gem, not to be compared in beauty or value with all the crowns of earth! My Methodist friends, permit me to say, as I said to a colored brother, there are no Methodists in heaven, no Presbyterians, no Baptists. They are one in Christ Jesus. A parent parted with a child to go to China. She exclaimed, clasping her hands and looking heavenward, "Heaven is nearer than China." Yes, it is nearer than Ocean Grove, with all its precious surroundings.

Singing: "All Hail, The Power Of Jesus' Name."

Rev. W. P. Corbit. -- I have been acquainted with Dr. Palmer forty-two years. I am in possession of Paul's paradoxical experience, "sorrowing, yet rejoicing." Dr. Palmer was a faithful servant. Every characteristic of a good and faithful servant he possessed. A good servant must be intelligent and know something about the work he has to do. He knew his work, had repented of his sins, believed in Jesus Christ, had been regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost, and sanctified by the same Spirit. He not only possessed but lived it, always and under all circumstances. When men took their place at his feet to learn salvation, the trumpet blown gave no uncertain sound. If Dr. and Mrs. Palmer could not set it forth, nobody on earth could. As a faithful servant, he could be trusted -- trusted as well as Abraham of old. He laid all his honors at Jesus' feet. With him, the blood of the Master was the only cleansing fountain. The philosophy of the old schools was all, so to speak, dross to him. He kept converted to the end, and there was a shout along the halls of heaven when he entered. We will keep on, and never stop until we take down one of the golden harps of eternity and shout for ever. I want to lay this little, flower on the tomb of Dr. Palmer. He was a great man. I never saw anything wrong in him. God grant that we may follow him as he followed Christ.

Singing: "Glory To His Name."

Mrs. James. -- I feel I am so deeply bereaved -- personally bereaved, because to me for forty-four years, Dr. Palmer has been as a brother. I want to say a word about what was to me the most beautiful and interesting feature of his experience and life, and that was the exaltation of Christ. It was always the name of Jesus he dwelt upon with such delight. O, my heart has been thrilled many times by his expressions of love to Jesus! I remember one in particular. I shall never forget it. I heard him say, "When tempted, I just repeat the name of Jesus and Satan always departs." It was Jesus -- all the way along, it was Jesus.

Sister \_\_\_\_\_. -- In 1849, in a cold, backslidden state in New York, while attending Br. Corbit's meeting (I dare say Br. Corbit remembers the struggle), the Lord brought me to my senses, and through a brother I was told about these meetings, and introduced to Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. How much pains they took with me! I always attended their meetings when in the city, and many happy hours I have spent with them. Dr. Palmer has been, in the hands of God, the means of helping me in the Divine life. I expect to meet him on the shore by and by.

Br. Matthews. -- Some years ago it was my privilege to have a little experience with Dr. Palmer. He was spoken about falsely, and it was necessary to visit him about the falsehood. He listened, and said, "We should treat a lie as we do fish when caught. At first they kick and make a bother, but let them alone and they will die of themselves. Let the lie alone and it will die."

Sister Wheeler. -- I was led into the blessing of perfect love by Phoebe Palmer. I had been seeking for sixteen years, and had difficulties about believing. She sent me a little book, and on my knees I entered into this experience. I asked my pastor to invite Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to our city. How wonderfully God blessed their labors! Twenty-four years ago this spring, I was married. We had our plans laid for a tour. We suddenly changed our minds. My husband wanted to enter into the blessing of perfect love. He said, "Let us go to the doctor's holiness meeting." We went. The Lord greatly blessed us!

Rev. Darnell, of Jacksonville, Fla. -- I suppose none of us question the grace of this great and good man, and yet some of us may not think it can be free from certain weaknesses that age brings to men. He was no ordinary man -- a man that will leave his profession and wealthy prospects to work for Jesus is no ordinary man. I knew another side of his life to which no allusion has been made. I know many impoverished pocket-books which have been replenished by this man's munificence. Again and again our mail came with evidences of his generosity. The last night I was home he sent a check in the mail, and it came like a pastor's benediction, proven by word and deed.

Rev. Meeker, Troy Conference. -- I have been intensely moved by the good received in this meeting. I recollect an afternoon's discussion between the doctor and Bishop Hamline on the higher life. I never heard any conversation on this subject before that afternoon.

Dr. Stokes read a few verses from the Bible suggested by Br. Matthews' remarks, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you," etc.

After a few remarks by Rev. A. K. Street, in which he expressed the conviction that Ocean Grove had honored holiness, and God had honored us in Dr. Palmer's dying here, Dr. Stokes closed by some remarks relative to the orthodoxy of Dr. Palmer, and announced the first hymn, and emphasized the words as Dr. Palmer was accustomed to do. After the singing, the meeting was closed with the benediction.

The remains of the dear departed one were permitted to rest over the Sabbath in the quiet home at Ocean Grove. On Monday evening, at half-past six o'clock, the friends were allowed to take a last look at the loved face which they had so often seen illumined with "Heaven's Own Light." The people continued to avail themselves of their privilege until near ten o'clock, when the doors were closed.

Just as the night-shadows were being stretched forth there was a pause in the march of the solemn procession. The doors were for a brief period shut. The members of the family were seated around the casket. As it was expected that in the morning, when the remains were to be borne to their last resting-place, there would be little opportunity for religious ceremonies, it had been arranged to have a brief home-service at this evening hour.

A heavenly stillness reigned. The atmosphere was pure. Angels, we doubt not, hovered o'er the scene, delighted to keep vigils around the stricken form of the beloved of the Lord. Dr. Stokes read a favorite Scripture portion of Dr. Palmer, the beautiful fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Never did those sweet words of Jesus sound more delightful. A Divine unction seemed to breathe in every sentence.

After the Scripture reading, two verses of the precious song, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," were sung in subdued tones, every heart being responsive to those pure aspirations of the Christian heart. Then Dr. Stokes, and the writer, in prayer commended the dear stricken family to Heaven's guidance and tender guardianship. On the retirement of the family and the re-opening of the doors, numbers of people waiting outside continued to approach the casket and drop the tears of love thereupon, until the hour we have named.

Next morning the remains were quietly borne away to the New York home, the scene of so many years' worship of Jesus in the widely-known and never-to-be-forgotten "Tuesday Meeting." The heavens were overcast, and throughout the day the clouds were rendering their tearful tribute to the holy man no more to be seen on earth. Above the clouds, however, the third heavens were full of brightness, canoping the glorified form of our ascended friend.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the funeral-services were conducted in the Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, near the doctor's late residence. Despite the copious rain which was descending, a large congregation was present. Many ministers, from various places, were in attendance. Not a few venerable men, life-long friends, were in the assembly.

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The Funeral Services -- Held In Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, Tuesday, July 25, 1883

Notwithstanding it was a rainy day, a large concourse of people assembled at the church at the appointed hour, 2 P.M. Many venerable friends were present. And, indeed, devoted lovers of Jesus came from distant points to do honor to the memory of this eminent man.

The services were conducted by Rev. Bishop Harris. The ministers preceded the casket up the aisle, the Bishop reading the burial service, "I am the resurrection and the life," etc. Hymn No. 1050 was then sung, commencing, "Forever with the Lord," and Rev. John Parker read, as the Scriptural lesson, the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Rev. George Hughes offered prayer. After the singing of hymn 991, commencing, "Servant of God, well done!"

Bishop Harris said:

"The great apostle has spoken to us words that seem exceedingly pertinent on an occasion of this kind: 'Beloved, I would not have you ignorant concerning them which are asleep. That ye sorrow not as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.'

"These words were spoken, not to forbid grief and sorrow, but to moderate and control them. Death creates sorrow, and to weep over the graves of our friends is natural and gives relief. Religion does not stifle our sensibilities. In relation to the sickness of Timothy, his son in the Gospel, the apostle says, 'He was indeed sick unto death, but God had mercy upon him, and on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow.' Even Jesus wept at the grave of his friend Lazarus. To a heathen, death is terrible, as being a separation from all which he loves; it is a night without a morning. And to the Jews it was not much brighter. To many of them death was a starless night. Christianity moderates our grief, because of the clearer light which it throws upon the destiny of good men. Paul, in the words cited, uses two arguments to check immoderate grief.

1st. The condition of the departed.

2d. Their destination in eternity to come.

As to the condition of the departed, the apostle says they are not dead. They still live. They are not suffering purgatorial fires either. They are asleep. This is the figure used in Scripture, 'I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep. This figure is used frequently with reference to death. Thus it is written of the five hundred witnesses of Christ's resurrection: 'Some have fallen asleep.' It requires, I admit, strong faith to substitute the idea of sleep for that of death, but such is the Bible view. Its propriety is seen in this, that in both sleep and death the body rests while the soul lives on. Again, 'They shall both awake from sleep and from death.' Life and immortality are brought to light in the Gospel. Dr. Palmer is not dead, he sleeps -- sleeps in Jesus; and if we believe that Christ died and rose again, so also them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

"The statement brings to us consolation, as revealing the destination awaiting the holy dead. In the first place, He will bring them with Him. God Himself is coming. 'Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints.' God will bring those who are of the holy dead, with Christ, at the last day. The certainty of this rests upon the two great cardinal facts of the Gospel, namely, that Jesus died and rose again, and these facts are supported by indisputable testimony. Now this is the consolation which comes to us today, that our friend is not dead, but sleepeth in the hope of a glorious resurrection -- a resurrection unto life eternal. Christ died; His children sleep. Christ died that they might not die, but that they might sleep. Is not that a blessed and glorious thought to us, that while Christ died -- it is not said that Christ slept, but 'Christ died' -- His disciples, however, sleep; and He died that they might sleep in prospect of a glorious resurrection? At Christ's final appearance, the holy dead shall appear with Him; not as disembodied spirits, but as perfected soul and body, redeemed from earth, and now heirs of heaven. So that we stand before the assembled universe as redeemed by His grace, as the children of His adoption, as the sharers of His love.

"Let us then, this day, take consolation to our hearts in view of the great sorrow that overshadows us, which stirs the heart of this community and multitudes afar off, as not usually stirred: Let us rejoice that our friend sleepeth in Jesus, and that if we are faithful to the vows that we have made, as he was to his, we shall triumph as he triumphed, and share with him a glorious immortality."

Rev. Stokes said:

"Some weeks ago there came to our little city by the sea a casket that contained a jewel of remarkable purity and brilliancy. Four days ago a messenger, unseen by mortal eyes, came and unlocked the casket and took the jewel heavenward. We bring you back the casket empty. The jewel has found its prepared setting in eternity. We are solemn, but more joyful -- we are submissive, but more triumphant -- we are humble, but jubilant -- so that our hearts and lips are ready to exclaim, 'Glory be to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost!' I thought, as our dear Bishop quoted that passage from the great apostle, I might quote another brief utterance as appropriate to him whose departure calls us together: 'This one thing I do!'

"How this man -- I was about to say, this matchless man -- filled out that great declaration, all along the pathways of sixty-seven years! Every day, hour, and moment there was the

life-declaration: 'This one thing I do!' Who among us have ever known more intelligent devotion to one great work -- the work of saving souls? Rising above every thought, and every act, of those sixty-seven years, this single purpose predominated -- to save souls. It was not a fanatical impulse, but based upon an intelligent conception of the value of an immortal soul. And how wonderful the success of his devoted labors! Few of us have known such intelligent efforts to bring men to Jesus for so long a period of time.

"Every one here feels honored today in having been permitted to grasp the hand, and look into the face, and hear the words, and listen to the prayers and the exhortations, and witness the efforts which have had such rich Divine sanctions. For six years of these sixty-seven years of his religious life, Dr. Palmer has been with us in consecutive labor by the sea. For two months of each of these six years, every day in these two months of these six years, over two hours of each day, he has devoted exclusively and publicly, to say nothing of private efforts, to leading souls to Christ. To this one specific work he has given over one solid year for Jesus.

"Who will ever write up a history of this period? Who will ever record the souls that have been brought into light, lifted out of despondency, and directed into the narrow way? It will remain unwritten until eternity. And, O, what a beautiful translation has been the lot of this devoted servant of Christ! We mourn and yet rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, our father has left us for the courts of eternal peace. He has left behind him a trail of light, O, so brilliant in which we may follow him homeward. I seem to hear his voice saying, 'Follow me as I followed Christ.' I seem to see the great hand that is silent and cold this afternoon, beckoning us on, and saying, 'Come! come!' "In that beautiful light we walk today; we are following on, pressing on, and the time will not be long ere we shall grasp that great hand again, so full of warmth and affection and life."

Rev. B. M. Adams said:

"I shall say but very few words. I came rather with the mourners today. Dr. Palmer was my dear friend for many years. He was my admiration when I was but a boy -- a clerk in this city. I used to attend the Allen Street Church, and one evening, at a revival-service, Dr. Palmer, seeing me sitting there as a stranger, came and laid his hand on my shoulder and said, in a tone that was soft enough to have melted a stone, 'My son, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' I said, 'Yes, sir.' He slipped his arm around my neck and said, 'Be faithful, my son!' How many that man took to the altar for prayer that night I do not know, but I counted twelve, and I had to leave early, and when I left he was still at it. It was equal to a sermon to see him and his wife go to the communion-table together. Plain, old-fashioned Methodists; no better people ever lived in this world, I believe.

"I come today to weep with the rest of you, yet I feel like saying, 'Let the trumpet sound, let the banners wave and the shout go up, for he has won the fight!' He consecrated himself to the doctrine of the Methodist Church, the doctrine of holiness, to spread which over the lands Methodism was raised up. If a man gets hold of a small idea and concentrates all his powers on it, it may be a bad one, a silly one, and he may run into fanaticism; but if he gets hold of a great idea and concentrates all his powers for its development, it will make him. This great thought of holiness to the Lord took hold of his heart, and his heart was bent to it as a rose is to the sun.

"He set out, and found it and began to advocate it, and kept on advocating it, and has advocated it through all sorts of misunderstanding (I was going to say opposition, and should not have been very far out of the way if I had) -- abuse and persecution sometimes, as I have witnessed. He held on because there was something that lay back of all he said on the subject that was like a great propeller, and drove him on; namely, the experience -- he could say, 'I know!' I have sat at the feet of himself and sainted wife many a time, and she who survives him, glad to know what they had to say about this great specialty that gave their name significance, and does today, all over the Christian world.

"Great numbers will be found who have been bettered by this man carrying this great specialty through. Glory be to God for this one man who carried the banner through and never let it fall! When you took his hand you knew that at the other end of that hand was a man whose heart beat strong and with one strength, and that strength was holiness to the Lord. If I could meet him today, I should say to him, 'Doctor, I congratulate you!'

"The heaven he has gone to is good enough for me, and I hope to go there before long. Blessed be the name of the Lord for such a gentleman who, while he was propelled by this great specialty, never ran it on a narrow gauge. He was a Methodist, and he was every man's brother who loved our Lord Jesus Christ. It was a delight to me in my earlier days to go to his meetings. You would there find brothers and sisters of all denominations sunning themselves in his light. Blessed be the name of the Lord, those days will be reproduced by and by!

"If we should keep the funeral-services going all the week, we could not state all that he has done. It is just in the words that Mr. Stokes stated, 'This one thing I do!' And, if it is great enough, as we find it is, to absorb a man and consecrate him, and glorify and encourage him, this is an illustration of it. It made Dr. Palmer a great man. He was a great man in this, that he saw what the true point of real life was, he seized it and held fast to it, and it glorified him, and it will glorify anybody.

" I was sick when I was a missionary at the Five Points in 1853, and Dr. Palmer's wife stood by me. I did not ask for Dr. Palmer, but he came and saw me, and before he gave me any advice he said, 'Brother, shall we have a word of prayer?' He knelt down by my bedside and prayed, and we both became wonderfully happy. O, how the benediction came on me as he prayed there, and when he arose and felt my pulse and said, 'Brother, you will have to take a little rest; you cannot work all the time; you must do as your Master did!'

"I never thought of it in that way before, that the Master got into a boat and pushed off to sea, and lay down to sleep. When my dear friend the doctor went away, it seemed as though a great basket of sunshine had been emptied into the room. The love has been with me ever since, and he has been a benediction to you and the Church ever since. Is there not a man who wants to take up the banner and carry it to the front? The Lord raise up such men, men who show what Jesus Christ can do for humanity!"

Rev. E. R. Young, of Canada, said:

"I feel as if my place is with the mourners in the pew. This may seem strange to some of you who do not know me, and you may wonder if I am one of the family. The family of this dear man was a very extensive one. He has sons and daughters in other lands than this over which the stars and stripes float. I am honored today in speaking a few words and bringing a flower from a distant land."

Brother Young here narrated how his father had invited Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer to Canada, and their loving interest in him as a little boy, instrumentally leading him to Jesus. The facts are given in his address at the memorial meeting at Ocean Grove. See report. Then he said:

"It was my privilege to spend the last few days with Dr. Palmer, and a blessed memory I shall always carry of those days. When I first went into the sick-chamber (you know the magic way he had with those hands of his; there was more in them than in many a sermon from others), he said to me, 'I am a prisoner of the Lord. He is such a good jailer, it is very nice, praise the Lord! There is no temptation, the adversary does not seem to have found me out, and it is just the atmosphere of heaven' -- and he died in just that way.

"It was a glorious translation, and now I feel as though it had been a stimulus to me to go to work again. A friend over there at the Grove said, 'How much New York has lost by the doctor's death!' We used to say in Canada, 'How fortunate you were in New York for forty years, in having such a man to lead the Tuesday Meetings, holding up steadily the banner of holiness!'

"It is related that during the battle of Waterloo a certain colonel said to the Duke of Wellington, 'Can you not send me reinforcements?' All the answer he received was, 'Close up your ranks and keep up your standard; and if you fall, fall with your face to the foe.' And so we close up the ranks and fight on. May God bless us all, and grant that wherever in this country, in Britain, and in the Provinces, the sad tidings of the doctor's departure reach, that as we drop our tears of sympathy, there may be a girding on of the armor, and that in dying we may find our latest foe under our feet at last."

Rev. L. R. Dunn said:

"It seems to me that this is a sad day for the Church of God in this country. I have looked at the leaden skies and the weeping rain and felt, somehow, as if there was a sympathy between nature and the feelings of our hearts today. It was a fancy of the poet that when a poet died nature mourned -- and it seems to me today as if nature sympathized with us in our deep sorrow. Wherever the intelligence of this sad event shall go, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in foreign lands, among missionaries and Churches, tears will fall. We see his face no more, hear his voice no more, and feel no more the power of his wonderful magnetic presence. There is, however, another side, blessed be God! The world may feel a shock at the fall of this good man: but up yonder I can almost hear the sound of the harps of welcoming joy as this one, so long standing in the forefront of the battle, is at length a ransomed, glorified soul before the throne of God.

"There is sadness on the earthly side, but glory on the heavenly side. Dr. Palmer's life has already been referred to as one of full consecration, standing up prominently before the Church and the world as an advocate of the great doctrine of Christian holiness. He had experienced this great

verity in the depths of his soul's consciousness, and he marched up to the light which God gave him, not only with his voice proclaiming these truths, but he published the periodical known all over the world, the Guide to Holiness. He and his companion sent forth books and tracts all bearing on this great question, until the wide world has felt to a greater or lesser extent the power of this work. There was controversy with him at times, and difficulties were thrown in his way, but he never arrayed himself against the Church of God, its Bishops or ministers.

"He loved the doctrines of Methodism, our Hymnology, and saintly biographies. He reveled in the glory of these Christian annals. Hence, steadily, through sunshine and storm, he ever went forward. And now, today, after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well, the glory lingers on his brow. Now the glory that dwelt in his soul breaks through the thin veil of the flesh, speaking for the honor and praise Of the Divine Master. Dr. Palmer has shown what may be done by a man of entire consecration.

"O, that this spirit might come to the Churches of our land that everywhere, there might be this devotion to Christ! The world can ill afford to spare this good man. There are so few that are ready to stand up for Jesus. I was reading this morning, in my family, the account of the translation of Elijah and the wish of Elisha that his mantle might fall on him. I said, 'On whom will this mantle of our heaven-ascended Elijah fall?' Who will do his work? He has gone from us, but the great cause which he represented will never die. The vital truth which he upheld will spread and grow wider and farther as the years go by, in the Church of God and all its branches. God will raise up a holy Church in America and in the world, and will sift her as wheat until she shall look forth bright and clear as the morning.

"O, let us wash our robes in the same precious blood in which he was washed; pursue the way that he pursued; live consecrated lives, and when we come to pass away, -- I cannot say, "die," -- when we come to walk through the valley of the shadow of death, "we shall fear no evil, for we shall find it vocal with songs of joy, and on the eternal shores rejoin him and all the blood-washed saints, to sing Hallelujah for ever and ever!"

The congregation then passed around the Church and viewed the remains, which were afterward taken to Greenwood Cemetery for interment. Lots were purchased there by Henry Worrall, father of Mrs. Phoebe and Mrs. S. A. Lankford Palmer, placing his own name and that of his eldest son on the center gate, and the names of his remaining eight children on his right and left. The name of W. C. Palmer, M.D., has since been engraved.

In the still evening twilight, the lifeless form of this great and good man was gently deposited in its last resting place. Hallowed spot -- hallowed indeed now by this new trust committed to earth's bosom! A holy calm reigned around. There was a divine hush in every soul. The family group gathered around, tearful, yet joyous, in the thought of the grand life, so grandly and triumphantly ended. The good Bishop read the burial service impressively. The hands of a loving granddaughter, amid fast flowing tears, dropped fragrant flowers upon the casket, and upon the grave of her beloved sister who a little while ago had a brilliant entrance into the world celestial. Each heart present lovingly responded to this grateful tribute.

The men of toil commissioned to fill up the grave, as if conscious that they must drop the earth gently upon the breast of a man of nearly eighty years, performed their service becomingly. Just as the clay-covering was being rounded up, the somber clouds began to be folded together, and the western heavens were streaked with red, as if the sun were pleased to shine upon this saintly grave, giving us some bright evening-intimations of the glory not far away now realized by the departed. Nature thus gave attestation of the gorgeousness of the period -- the setting of an earthly life so covered with Divine benedictions.

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## 12 -- AN IMPERISHABLE NAME -- LOVE-TRIBUTES AND MEMORIALS

"A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children." -- Proverbs 13:22.

"Rest from thy labor, rest,  
Soul of the just set free!  
Blest be thy memory, and blest  
Thy bright example be!"

Men are everywhere in swift pursuit of an imperishable name. What will not a man give for a name? The physical and the intellectual powers are drawn into mighty exercise, if by any means the dazzling summit of fame may be reached. There are no mountains too high or precipitous for the aspirant to cross -- no wildernesses too dense for him to penetrate -- no seas too tempestuous for him to navigate -- no climates too rigorous for him to brave. Onward he moves, determined somehow to reach the goal and wreath his brow with laurels, or win a glittering crown. But how insubstantial and unsatisfying are all these earthly honors!

Chaucer in his "House of Fame" represents it as a magnificent palace, situated upon a mountain of ice, and supported by rows of pillars, on which are inscribed the names of those whom the capricious goddess, Fame, decides to honor. In this chilly atmosphere the despotic goddess holds her court and decrees, her unsatisfying and unjust favors.

Alexander the Great, being much taken with the answers of Diogenes, bade him ask what he would, and he should have it. The philosopher demanded the least proportion of immortality. "That is not in my gift," said Alexander. "No?" quoth Diogenes; "then why doth Alexander take such pains to conquer the world, when he cannot assure himself of one moment to enjoy it?" Alas for human ambition! Alexander, with his world-conquests, was but a temporary resident in the "Ice-Palace," the frigidity of which entered his vitals, and brought him down, resistlessly, to his entombment.

Well does the poet ask,

"Where is the fame  
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth  
Seek to eternalize? O, the faintest sound  
From Time's light footfall, the minutest wave

That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing  
The insubstantial bubble. Aye,  
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze  
That flashes desolation, strong the arm  
That scatters multitudes. Tomorrow comes!  
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died  
In ages past; that gaze a transient flash  
On which the midnight closed; and on that arm  
The worm has made his meal,"

Such is the transitoriness of human fame and earthly honors.

The Bible alone reveals the secret of immortality -- an immortal life and name -- a name that shall survive when suns and stars are blotted from their orbits. Goodness is immortal, and the name of a good man is imperishable. Not in chiseled marble, or the stately monuments which art may rear. No! Something nobler -- something grander than that.

Goodness has its enshrinement in loving hearts -- it puts its luminous signature there -- its loftiest monuments are there upraised, remaining undisturbed amid the roll of centuries. The floods cannot undermine it, the flames cannot consume it. This is the Divine announcement concerning it: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." And yet another declaration: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Such an immortality has been won by Dr. Walter C. Palmer. It was a blood-bought victory, wrought out by the Holy Ghost. No human prowess could have gained such a conquest.

His dear name has an enshrinement in thousands of human hearts. A multitude of the saved unite to bring their loving oblations; they Will hold him in undying remembrance.

It remains for us in this closing chapter to look at some of the love-tributes brought by willing hands. And first, as was fitting) we have a Tuesday Meeting Tribute which, like so many fresh, beautiful, fragrant flowers, is dropped upon his casket.

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#### Memorial Tuesday Meeting

The services were opened by singing the 1066th hymn -- "Who Are These Arrayed In White?"

Rev. George Hughes then read numerous requests for prayer, from all parts of our country and from Canada; and he asked that dear Mrs. Palmer, and all the members of Dr. Palmer's family, be specially remembered. Several were also presented by others; after which, Rev. Bros. Robinson and Scarlett offered prayer. Then followed the hymn, "I Would Not Live Alway;" after which, Rev. George Hughes spoke as follows:

"As we are today so strongly reminded of the changes of this earthly life, our thoughts are very naturally directed toward heaven -- that heaven where our dear friend and beloved brother, Dr. Palmer, is today -- that land where there is no change, no death, no sorrow or crying. I shall read some of the inspiring declarations of the fifth chapter of Revelation, and part of the seventh chapter. In that book which was seen by the Revelator in heaven, the destiny of our entire race was sealed. No one in heaven, or in earth, or under the earth, was able to break a single seal. But, blessed be the Lord, when there was no arm to save, there was one found worthy -- the Lion of the tribe of Judah. He could break the seals of that mysterious book. Then heaven and earth were pervaded with the odors that arose from the vials in the hands of the four beasts and the four-and-twenty elders.

"The disciples once asked of our Divine Lord, 'Are there few that be saved?' They desired to know about the number of those who were to be saved. Jesus did not directly answer their question; but here we have the answer -- Of the saved there will be an innumerable multitude. In the hymn it is, 'Who are these arrayed in white?' but here it is, 'What are these?' God has respect to character, not to person.

"It is not necessary, I presume, for me to say to this company of Christian friends, that I have come into this room today to take up about as heavy a cross as ever rested upon me in my life. I have often entered this holy assembly with buoyant step. My soul was bounding a thousand times more than my body, exulting to be in the midst of the saints, listening to their songs and testimonies; and to see the smiles and hear the words of that blessed man who stood about in this spot where I am now standing, and of his dear sainted companion, Sister Phoebe Palmer, who has been for years before the throne; and of his precious companion now surviving.

"Today I have come in with different thoughts and feelings -- sorrowful beyond all expression, and yet at the same time rejoicing with exceeding joy. I doubt not if the dear doctor could speak to us from heaven today, he would say: 'Put away sadness! Put away all gloom! Rejoice and be exceeding glad! I have passed through the gate washed in the blood of the Lamb! Go on with the meeting; do not let it stop. Let the saints still congregate together. Jesus will continue to invite them to the banqueting-house. Let them come in and regale themselves with the good things of the kingdom of heaven!'

"I think that would be about what the doctor would say to us today. The only relief to the great burden which now rests upon me is the thought that God will, by His marvelous grace and wondrous mercy, put a double measure of power upon our dear Sister Palmer, so that she will be able in due time to stand in this place and lead on the people of God. At present we must do as well as we can.

"My acquaintance with Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer and Sister Lankford Palmer dates back about forty years. It commenced when I was but a youth, in the old Allen Street Church. They became my friends. Their loving words to a stranger-boy in the city of New York, away from home and friends -- can I ever forget them? If, in response to their excellent words and counsels, and Christian virtues, I had at that time entered, as it was my privilege to have done, upon the way

of holiness, and kept on, I should have been much more closely united with Jesus, and with the heavenly hosts, than I am today.

"But I went into the ministry, trying all the while and, as one of those requests for prayer says, 'preaching at the subject, but not preaching the subject,' -- because it was not in my heart. No man can preach holiness as God would have him preach it unless it is in his soul. I did the best I could without the experience. I tried to keep in remembrance my vows as a Methodist preacher; but O, what heavy work it was for me to climb up my pulpit-stairs, and carry with me in my head and heart a sermon on holiness, and give it to my people, when I knew nothing of it experimentally!"

(Here he referred to his experience in England, under the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, given in detail in another part of this work.)

"All the tendrils of my heart entwine around the memory of this dear man of God, and his sainted companion, and the one that is still living -- left with us to teach and to help us in the way to heaven. Well, we will rejoice in spite of sadness. The death of Dr. Palmer has been a most glorious death. I was permitted, from time to time, to visit and talk with him. At the last hour there was perfect self-possession. After having been taken out on the piazza, to enjoy once more a sight of the great ocean, he passed away without a struggle, saying in his last moments, 'I fear no evil; THOU art with me!'

"Then that passage which was suspended at the foot of his bed; 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' He had been repeating it all day long, and now tried to get it out, articulating distinctly, 'I have redeemed thee -- thou art mine! When thou passest --.' There his voice faltered; but he had the blissful realization. So, while our hearts are sorrowful, we must rejoice that God has given us such an example in life and death. At the last he leaned his head on Jesus' breast, and breathed his life out sweetly there.

"O, that God may help us to improve this dispensation -- and to give ourselves, as we should, every one of us, more earnestly to the work of the Lord! The event has put upon me strange and awful responsibilities. I cannot realize at all that the doctor is gone. I have been accustomed to see him come up the stairs at the Bible House, and enter the room full of smiles and good cheer and encouraging words. His face was always like heavenly sunshine. But he still lives. Let us think of him as being before the throne of God. Dr. Palmer is not in Greenwood: his earthly tabernacle has been laid there; but his glorified spirit is with the holy angels before the throne of God."

As the speaker resumed his seat, all joined in the singing of the refrain, "In The Sweet By And By," etc.

Rev. Robinson said:

"During the reading of the lesson from Revelation, thoughts crowded upon me that were almost overwhelming. John saw the angels round about the throne, and knew them. He named them.

But next the throne he saw a vast multitude all in robes strangely white. He did not know them. The angel saw John gazing in wonder at those next the throne. And the angel asked John, 'Who are these next the throne?' John said, 'Sir, thou knowest; I do not know who they are.' He never thought that they had suffered, or been on the battle-field. But the angel answered: 'They were redeemed from among men. They came up out of great tribulation; they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they next the throne--nearer the throne than the angels are.' Now, two thoughts crowd into my mind. The saints do not stop somewhere between death and the throne of God -- they go at once to the throne.

"The next thought is, that our blessed Dr. Palmer stands with them today. Many in that multitude will hail him as the instrument of leading them to the fountain. They show their robes strangely white, and say, 'We washed them in the fountain to which you pointed us, to which your meetings led us.' Then I look over this assembly, and ask myself, Is there a family represented here that has not a loved one there? Is there one here who has not one member of his family there today? No, no! Power from the throne is around us. It is lifting us up. Look at the wondrous goodness of God! See Jesus come from the heavens! He finds men in prison, and He opens the door. He finds them in chains, and He takes them off. He finds them polluted, and he leads them to the fountain where they are washed and made whiter than snow. When man is bowed down, He raises him up and bears him in His arms, and takes him to the throne."

Rev. John Scarlett -- David said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Bishop Janes said that he was not disappointed. When I received a card announcing the death of Dr. Palmer, I involuntarily looked up, and it seemed as though I saw him in glory. But I do not want to speak long now. I have felt solemn about Dr. Palmer's death. But may it not have been right for him to die where he did? When Moses died it gave an impulse to Joshua and the rest of them. This afternoon the singing has gone to my heart, and there seemed to be a joy -- a solemn, Holy Ghost joy -- in the singing of the first hymn. Will the Holy Ghost help you to sing anything that is not true? The Spirit must be true. I do not mean critically true, but primarily. That is the real idea which the Spirit gives us. We may have it dimly, but it is true. You may say, "Brother Scarlett, do you doubt these things?" No; but I do like to have my faith burnished brightly. It will not be long before I shall see Dr. Palmer among the white-robed millions, realizing the very essence of the song. Brother Hughes said something about preaching at holiness. God converts a man by coming in. What makes the difference between one who is wholly sanctified and one who is not? It is God's truth that is in him. The unconverted man or the dim-sighted Christian does not do it that way. He thinks he must keep on working, and then God will be pleased, by and by, to give him a blessing. When we say that God takes us and gives us the impulse, then they think that that must make us proud. No; it does not. God will surely take us through. God took care to anoint the eyes of the blind. God never pays too much for a soul; it is redeemed by the blood of the blessed Christ. I believe the love of God can keep every one.

Br. Chauncey Shaffer:

"I was permitted to see our beloved brother during the last few weeks. The great matter is to live right. I cannot but magnify the grace of God that has led Dr. Palmer all through the days of the years of his pilgrimage, and for his triumphing when he saw that his work here was about closing for ever. I was afraid to enter his sick-room, lest there might he too much said. The

physician informed me that he required repose. I went there to look at him and say nothing. That was impossible. His body weak but his soul overflowing, he could not keep still, and I could not help praising the Lord. That which had been a staff to him all through life he was leaning upon: 'I go to prepare mansions for you.' We had to repeat it together, and I was impressed with the good theology in the hymn, 'He is fitting up my mansion there.'

"The doctor was resting upon the promises, sweetly, firmly, with no misgiving. Whether it was faith or reality, I hardly know. His faith stood in place of reality. He said, 'The promise will soon be fulfilled: I will take you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also, and behold my glory.' I have seen many men in my life, and had very intimate relations with some good men, but I never was impressed as I then was with the thought that men die as they live, and that if they would die right they must live right.

"Dr. Palmer was a man of no ordinary mind. Such was the depth of his piety that men sometimes lost sight of that remarkably keen, discriminating, sagacious intellect that he possessed. But the highest effort of the mind is to comprehend enough at the outset to take Christ for the portion, and the Holy Spirit for the guide, surrendering one's self without reserve to the leadings of that Spirit whose office it is to lead into all truth. His ways will be ways of pleasantness, though they may be ways of conflict. His paths will be peace, and I am glad to say this afternoon that I have somewhat of that experience. My path is peace, my ways are pleasant, and somehow or other, in the struggle of life, I have that which enables me to appreciate, in a strong degree, that which led captive the mind and soul and life of our beloved brother.

"I rejoice in the climax made by Wesley in his argument in defense of Methodism, when he said, 'They die well.' I am glad that I was ever acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, and with Mrs. Lankford. Some forty years ago, in this city, I made their acquaintance, and I have always found them friends. I feel lonesome without Dr. Palmer. It seems to me this afternoon that he must be very near. I cannot see him, but that does not prove that he cannot see me."

Singing: "Shall We Meet Beyond The River?"

Sister Hall:

"The last time I heard Dr. Palmer he quoted that passage respecting the earnest of our inheritance. I said, 'Dr. Palmer, I am so glad that He has given us the earnest of our inheritance;' and he leaned over the table, and said, 'So am I.' I could not go to the funeral, but I picked up the Guide, and Dr. Palmer's testimony in it seemed so precious to me. If any of you have the Guide, look at the June and July numbers. It seemed to me that he was more earnest, if possible, for people to take hold of the promises and claim them as their own -- to rest upon the Word of God as the earnest of our inheritance. I bless God for a saving faith in the blood of the Lamb."

Singing: "I Will Sing You A Song Of That Beautiful Land."

Sister Brown:

"Since Dr. Palmer's death I have been thinking of God's word, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The Lord has permitted me to go over a little of the ground that Brother and Sister Palmer passed over years and years ago. And I find living witnesses that their fruits remain. You know we have often had revivals in our Churches and a wonderful work, just for the time being; but in a few weeks, in some of the Churches, few remained. But the fruits of these dear people remain. Many people have been blessed and saved-gloriously saved, they stay saved. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them and, I believe, will follow them while the world stands.

"I have often come here with joyous steps, and my heart would bound along the way; but today I came with a sad heart. I could not help it. I have always been glad since my own deep sorrow that Jesus wept at the grave Of Lazarus. I do not believe that the religion of Christ takes away our natural feelings at all. I sometimes think it makes them more tender. I am glad now that I can weep. Praise the Lord!

"When my son picked up the paper and said, 'Ma, Dr. Palmer is dead!' I felt that I must go somewhere, so I went to a holiness meeting, and in that meeting I said, 'I have lost two of my dearest friends.' I never could understand why they were so good to me. Mrs. Palmer was just as kind to me as a mother, and if I ever came near idolatry it was in worshipping that woman. I do not think I ever had courage to speak in this meeting without first having received a sign from Dr. Palmer. Then I felt encouraged and, getting up, told the story of what the Lord had done for me. And as I have been looking over the past, I am more fully convinced than ever (and I must say it, dear friends, from the very depths of my heart) that the old way is the best way -- that the old saints are the safest ones for us to follow.

"Look at their grand, lovely, noble lives! I could stand here week after week, and tell you wonderful things. I could indeed, dear friends. I could tell you of remarkable answers to prayer; for I myself have been twice in sight of the city. I could tell you how the Lord has brought me back again, and how He has led me; but I will withhold that. It seems so little compared to the wonderful story, and the earthly tenement so insignificant when compared with the human soul that is going to live for ever, that I have not told the things that I could tell. I feel that it is the business of my life to get the world to Jesus -- to bring them to the cross, and to lead the Christians up where they can be fully sanctified. Then the Lord will take care of the soul, and it matters very little if the body is racked with pain. Soon we will be at rest, to rise in immortal youth. I believe that I shall rise again -- shall see the King in His beauty. Glory, glory, glory!"

Br. Clark:

"In Canada I became acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. Glory be to God for such an acquaintance[ I rejoice this hour in the Gospel. There are very few months' difference between myself and Dr. Palmer in age, and I expect soon to join my companion. I rejoice that I can say, the blood of Jesus Christ washes me whiter than snow. I am a witness of the power of God's grace to save to the uttermost. My heart swells with gratitude to God that I am here this afternoon to give you to understand that my hope is beyond this vale of tears, centered in Christ the living Head. Glory be to God on high for full salvation!"

Sister \_\_\_\_\_:

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' I am so glad that when I recognize Christ's children I feel a love in my heart for them. It seems to me this afternoon that the note of triumph from Dr. Palmer would be, if we could hear it, Hallelujah! I shall always think of him as he looked when he raised that heavy Book, and recommended the Word of God, and spoke of his love for it. I am sure I shall never forget that. I am certain that the note of Dr. Palmer this afternoon is, 'Hallelujah!'"

Singing: "The Cleansing Stream I See, I See."

(Rev. I. M. See, Br. H. Smith, and others, made tender remarks, but our space will not allow their insertion.)

Rev. George Hughes then said:

"If Dr. Palmer were here, about this time, rising in his place, he would say, 'It is about time to bring this meeting to a close.' There are some dear ones here, however, who ought to speak. There are those who would like, perhaps, in a word or two, to re-plight their faith to the Lord Jesus Christ. Surely this is the hour for us to pledge our faith anew, by the help of God to stand more closely around the standard of holiness than we have ever done in our lives. It may be that there are some here this afternoon who have not yet come to the fountain of cleansing who would like to express their desire to be fully saved; to have this occasion signalized as the time of their entrance into the inner kingdom. If so, improve the remaining moments."

An invitation was here given to all who desired a clean heart to signify it by rising, to which request a number responded. Then a call was made for a re-dedication to Christ and His cause of all who knew the power of the cleansing blood, and nearly all present united. Then was sung,

"Lord, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart .and free," etc.,

and that other song,

"Glory to the Lamb."

While engaged in singing, the Divine presence was signally manifested. After prayer, and singing of the doxology, the benediction was given.

Life-long friends hastened to bring their offerings of love. We can only insert a few.

Dr. Roche, who was twice the pastor of the beloved physician, writes:

\* \* \*

Dr. Walter C, Palmer

The human soul is only known in its capabilities as it feels the pressure and responds to the appeal of some great thought that arrests and holds it. Then intellect is alive in every faculty, energy is prompt in all its forces, and manhood stands revealed in its noblest characteristics. But if there is a verity in the universe that is potential, it is the fact of man's relation to God, and the obligations thence resulting. Such is the action of grace when it possesses and pervades the individual that the soul yields itself to its sway. There is no impulse like the Divine, no power like the Spiritual, no absorption like that of Holiness. There is but one object in the realm of thought, but one object in the reign of affection, but one object as the end of being -- it is to glorify God. The key to character and to conduct is the purpose and the inspiration. Back of all show, back of all labor, and back of all sacrifice is the one thought that fills and fires the nature. The heart is a moral engine, whose carrying power no arithmetic computes. Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

The Church has witnessed few examples of Christian devotion such as was "furnished in the life of Dr. Palmer. At the age of thirteen years he was converted. Amid the dissipating influences of a medical student's life in the city of New York, he kept himself in the love of God. In early manhood he married Miss Phoebe Worrall. He gave much attention to his profession, and obtained a practice that promised wealth. He and his companion, as members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, took a lively interest in the things that made for its prosperity. But the heart of each craved and sought "the perfect love of God that casteth out all fear" -- they found and professed it.

This was an epoch in their history. Before this Mrs. Palmer had shown a taste for literature and a talent for poetry, which she wrote and published for special occasions. She was engaged in various forms of Christian benevolence, and in the cause of missions. But now she was impelled by a strong desire to help others to the attainment of the holiness for which she had so earnestly labored. She began to write works. "The Way of Holiness, with Notes by the Way," fell from her pen. "Faith and its Effects" made its appearance. They were sought, read, commended. One work followed another in quick succession. With this she was not satisfied. She began to speak in public -- was invited from place to place. In all her exercises the doctor showed the profoundest sympathy. He left his practice of medicine, for the time, to accompany her in her journeys, and was delighted in the results of her efforts.

Invited and urged, she proposed to visit Europe for the purpose of advancing the cause of holiness. Then her husband readily yielded to her wish. He gave up a lucrative profession, and was journeying with her in the Old World for four years. The spirit of his consecration and the extent of his sacrifices may be judged by the facts furnished. For many years he had license for exhortation. This he used while abroad, to prepare the way for his wife in any public service that engaged her. He seemed to wish for nothing for himself, but to cherish the most fervent desire that God should make all out of the exercises of his wife, whom the people, in thousands, sought to hear. They were like companions of "inborn and undivided will and soul, like double stars turning on one center."

Their home, as well as their talents and time, was consecrated. For more than forty years a meeting on the subject of holiness was held every Tuesday afternoon. It was one of the most remarkable spiritual centers in any land. The writer has seen as many as thirty ministers of various denominations in one afternoon. He has there met some of the most intelligent Christians, from different countries, that he has ever known. For many years Dr. Bangs was accustomed to act somewhat as President. When at home, the meeting was in the hands of Dr. Palmer.

To have the necessity of that meeting always in mind when he was seeking a residence; to obtain a house of such capacity, and such location for access; to meet all the expense and perform all the labor necessary in preparing for such numbers as filled the parlors, the halls, the stairs, and every available spot, must show how fully his heart was in the work.

But there was much more than this. That such a meeting might secure the end for which it was established; that it might do great good and no harm, was the constant thought of his heart.

"Holiness to God" was the motto of the home. But besides this, they had as a motto, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." His care and ability to restrain incaution, to direct inquiry, and to exalt the design of the meeting, were worthy of perpetual admiration.

But it was not alone in public that Dr. Palmer showed his love for his theme. It was the master-passion of the man to bring as many souls to God -- as near God -- as was possible. Holiness was on his tongue when he retired to sleep and when he awoke. When he took his food it was the practice to call on all present to give a crumb from the "Master's table," in some verse of Scripture. In family prayer, he importuned God for the places and people that had asked to be remembered. Through the day his dwelling was open to receive all inquirers, and his tongue was as the pen of a ready writer to direct them. Under his speech many found the grace they sought.

He lived -- "His blood to show which purges every stain."

If any ask, Did not the constant direction of his faculties to this subject destroy the elasticity of his mind, or impair the vigor of his speech, or the depth of his interest? we answer, No. To him the conversation was fresh, like the dew of the morning, welcome as the zephyrs of a summer's evening, and strengthening like the visions of God. He could say with the psalmist, "My tongue shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long." Was he not a man of one idea? He was. So was Paul when he said, "This one thing I do." So was Noah when, for one hundred and twenty years, he was building an ark. His "one idea" was to save his house. Abraham was a man of one idea when he looked for a city. One idea has made many a man great. Kane, Livingstone, and Columbus were men of one idea. But the one idea was enough, in its depth and height and fullness, for one mind.

Art and science in every department owe much to the confinement and concentration of the intellect. Specialists have pre-eminence. Dr. Palmer was a man of one idea, but that idea was greater than the material universe. It was God in him of a truth. It was the Infinite filling the finite mind. And as the concentration of the sun's rays shows their intensity, so a single eye catches every beam that falls from the Sun of righteousness. Then the whole body is full of light. Let none conclude, because Noah's one thought was the ark, that therefore he did nothing else. He met the cares of his family. Abraham "looked for a city," but he had flocks and herds.

Paul said, "This one thing I do." But he was good at making tents, and was for his support "chargeable to none."

Dr. Palmer, as we have seen, did well in the practice of his profession, and God gave him means. He saw the wants of the world. His home was distinguished for hospitality. He was the man to offer one thousand dollars to establish a mission in China. This caused Bishop Janes to say, "The way is now open." We know the results.

I was twice Dr. Palmer's pastor. No man sat under preaching who was more attentive, considerate, and helpful. In the extra meeting he was ready for prayer, for exhortation, or for any service.

Paul could say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." This is sublime living. Dr. Palmer knew it. When in the providence of God he was called to part with his wife, who had been to the Church such a power and to him such a glory, he "bowed down heavily," but kissed the rod in his Father's hands. The desolation of his home and heart was seen. He was unequal to the service that had become the habit and happiness of his life.

God does not often give to the race such sisters. In Mrs. Lankford, the sister, he saw the only one to take the place of his wife. He again found that "two are better than one," when they are one in soul and two in the resources of wisdom and worth. His prospects of usefulness brightened in the same devotion of time, talents, and treasures. In the second wife he felt an added power for usefulness. But facts began to show "the time of his departure was at hand." She watched and ministered. He was trustful, triumphant -- but the messenger came. "The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof? were there. But God was near. She felt the arms of lovingkindness embraced her, and she reposed on the bosom of Jesus: There she rests, in one grand thought of Him whom her companion so honored by his devotion.

Could the Church witness such consecration in all her members, "then would one chase a thousand." They would not all labor in the same way, they would not all see the same results, but it would cease to be a necessity that "for the divisions of Reuben there should be great searchings of heart."

The sun that went down on Dr. Walter C. Palmer's death rose on few men of such singleness of purpose, steadiness of aim, and sanctification of nature and of life.

The harp of the beloved Mrs. Mary D. James, ever tuned to love-notes, gave forth these tender strains: "THOU ART WITH ME."

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." -- Last words of Dr. W. C. Palmer.

In the valley -- passing over--  
Death's dark shadow drawing nigh,

Yet my soul is filled with gladness;  
For to me "'tis gain to die:"  
THOU art with me! THOU art with me!  
Jesus most belov'd -- Most High!

THOU art with me -- death can't harm me,  
Perfect love has cast out fear;  
Sure no evil can befall me  
While the mighty Saviour's near:  
Jesus -- ever blessed Jesus--  
My unfailing Friend is here!

THOU art with me -- my Redeemer!  
Here's no terror -- here's no gloom;  
Death is vanquished -- Christ is risen--  
Glory shines upon the tomb!  
THOU art with me -- hallowed Presence--  
Heavenly radiance fills my room!

Earthly scenes are all receding,  
Heavenly glories greet my sight;  
Loved ones waiting now to meet me  
Yonder, on Mount Zion's height:  
THOU, the dearest one, art with me--  
Jesus, my supreme delight!

THOU hast led me through life's journey,  
THOU hast been my constant Guide;  
THOU hast crowned my life with blessings,  
Ever walking by my side.  
Loving Saviour -- precious Saviour!  
THOU dost still with me abide.

JESUS, how my soul adores Thee!  
JESUS all my vision fills--  
Heaven would not be heaven without Thee,  
How Thy name my spirit thrills!  
With Thee I am going over  
To the bright celestial hills.

Roar. Dr. D. P. Kidder, who has for many years been intimately acquainted with the beloved physician, furnished the following communication:

\* \* \*

Personal Recollections

My special personal recollections of the late Dr. Walter C. Palmer date from the summer of 1844. I had met him previously in connection with visits to the Allen Street Church. But at the time referred to, I went to New York to enter upon the duties of an office to which I had just been elected by the General Conference of that year. By invitation, I then became temporarily a guest in his house, which I found to be a model Christian home, ministering to the highest wants of both body and soul.

During my sojourn there, I was taken ill with a severe attack of cerebral fever which under other circumstances might have resulted fatally. But through the medical skill of Dr. Palmer, and the kind attentions of his family, crowned with the Divine blessing, I was in the course of ten days restored to health. From that time forward, I counted him one of my dearest Christian friends. In that relation it was my joy frequently to meet him, sometimes in the East, sometimes in the West, sometimes at camp-meetings, sometimes in public travel, sometimes at my own home, but oftener at his. These meetings were usually brief, but always inspiring and prophetic of a happier and more continued meeting in our Father's house on high. They extended with more or less frequency through a period of nearly forty years down to the very last week of his sojourn upon earth. During all these meetings, and throughout all the public exercises in which I had witnessed his presidency and heard his addresses, the same cheerful, earnest, and intensely loving spirit was manifest. It glowed in him with the ardor of an undying flame. It gleamed from his eyes and radiated from his cheeks, and not the less when approaching feebleness and the weakening power of disease caused his frame to tremble.

Never did I see him more hopeful or triumphant than when, on the second day before his departure, by special request I entered

The chamber where the good man met his fate,  
Privileged beyond the common walks of life,  
Quite on the verge of heaven."

Our communion at that hour bore no tinge of melancholy or apprehension, but was radiant with Christian confidence and immortal hope. When, on rising to leave, I spoke of the Saviour's power and readiness to bring us gloriously through the last trials of earth, he joyously responded, "He will, He will!" Those assuring words follow me yet, and ring in my ears today as the watchword with which he entered into the mansions which his great Forerunner had gone to prepare for his eternal rest.

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Mrs. Lizzie Fenner Baker has been for a number of years a poetical contributor to the Guide. Her communications were highly valued by the doctor. It will be remembered that he made pleasant reference to her beautiful stanzas written in memory of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, as stated in another part of this work. On learning of the departure of her beloved friend, she poured out her heart in the lines which we here insert:

In Memoriam -- Dr. Walter C. Palmer

O friend much loved! the heavy tears fell fast  
When first I knew that through the gates of pearl,  
Amid the chanting of celestial choirs,  
Thy soul had passed, to sit at Christ's right hand;  
For I am yet upon the battle-ground,  
Bearing the heat and burden of the day.  
Oft, when the strife was hottest and the way  
Grew rough beneath my feet, and I was tired--  
So tired with burdens that seemed hard to bear--  
Thy words of tender counsel and strong trust  
Quite lifted me to cloudless heights of peace,  
Amid whose calm I sat in perfect rest,  
Thanking our Father for such blessed help,  
Such strength and comfort as I gained from thee.

O rare, rich life! whose long and hallowed years  
Were the meet garners where all holy thoughts,  
And words, and deeds stored their abundant fruit!  
Sweet life! so full of love to God and man,  
Who ever thinks to link thy name with death?  
Death comes not to the soul whose life is hid  
With Christ in God! 'tis but a noiseless step  
Through a white door, by angels opened wide,  
And closed by angels on the other side.

And thou didst love my singing -- just for this:  
That all my songs were for my Master sung,  
And pleasing Him was always pleasing thee!  
Now, where ecstatic harmonies unite,  
And crowned seraphs sweep their harps of gold,  
Where the confessors and the martyrs pour  
Their rapturous music on heaven's sinless air--  
Thou art today! While I, still left on earth,  
Sing for my saint, whose home is Paradise!

Forget me not, in that fair land of light!  
But sometimes let a thought float earthward down,  
Where my tired feet yet tread -- for am I not  
"Salvation's heir"? -- to such the Good Book saith  
The ministering angels are sent forth!  
Perchance thou still wilt minister to me--  
Thy scholar in the truth -- thy child in holy things--  
Thy loving friend in Jesus for long years!  
And when He bids me come, methinks thy hand  
Will clasp my own in a glad welcome home.

Till then, dear faithful heart, "goodnight," "good-night!"  
For in the morning thou and I will meet,  
And never more will utter parting words.

\* \* \*

Rev. William Reddy, a life-long and cherished friend, writes:

#### Recollections Of Dr. Walter C. Palmer

In 1840 I visited New York, and on Sunday morning preached in the Allen Street Methodist Episcopal Church, the late Rev. J. Leonard Gilder being at that time pastor of that vigorous Church, and Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer were prominent members of the same. On Monday morning following, in company with the pastor, I called at their house, and had a very pleasant interview with them. This was my first introduction to these eminent servants of Christ. On leaving their door, and exchanging with them the farewell, Sister Palmer stepped back a moment and, returning, presented me with a copy of Mahan's "Christian Perfection," then recently published, inscribing their names in the same while they were standing in the door. I keep and cherish this little volume as a choice memento of their early friendship.

The acquaintance and the friendship thus begun have been continued without interruption or abatement for forty-three years, so far as the doctor was concerned. I met him for the last time at the anniversary of Drew Seminary in May last.

In the summer of 1849 I held a camp-meeting in the Lackawanna Valley, a little west of Providence, now embraced within the corporate limits of the city of Scranton, Pa. The doctor and his wife were present by special invitation, and labored with great success. It was a bold experiment to attempt a camp-meeting there under the then existing circumstances. But their labors were especially honored, and among the fruits of their labor was the entire sanctification of the late Rev. Reuben Nelson. O, with what power he preached at Kingston the Sabbath following the camp-meeting.

The next occasion of their labors with me, and which furnished an opportunity to estimate them, was at a camp-meeting of wondrous power held at Plymouth, Chenango Co., N.Y., during my term on the Chenango District. This was about the year 1852. On the Sabbath, when many thousands thronged the ground, and after the altar-services were fully inaugurated after the morning sermon, the doctor and his wife organized an extra altar service in one corner of the inclosure, with a bench for a kneeling form. After earnest exhortations from these evangelists the doctor invited penitents forward. The first to present herself was a young lady, who stepped out from a group of young people with whom she had come to the meeting, none of whom were Christians, and one of whom was a young man to whom she was plighted in marriage, and the wedding-day, by agreement, not distant. It was a striking surprise to her company. It was a wise and courageous step in her. Through the labors of the doctor and his wife, she was happily converted, and in less than three weeks, instead of the bridal robe and the hymeneal altar, she was robed in the habiliments of the tomb, and her redeemed spirit was with the Heavenly Bridegroom. Will she not

be a star in the crown of their rejoicing? Her funeral was the beginning of a gracious revival at Smyrna.

In 1869 the chapel connected with the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Utica was about ready for dedication. With the approval of my official Board, I invited the doctor and sister Phoebe to come and conduct the dedicatory services, and remain for a season for special labor. Sister Palmer composed a hymn for the occasion, and they had a large edition of it printed for gratuitous circulation in the congregation. This dedication was followed by a revival of great power and extent. Nearly three hundred appeared at our altar, and more than two hundred were received on probation. They remained with us about three weeks, and won many souls to Christ. The doctor was recognized as the leader of the meetings, but they were joint-laborers in the work. Valuable fruit of their work in Utica still remains, and their names are sacredly cherished.

Dr. Palmer's secret of power lay largely in his loving and gentle spirit, combined with his faith and simplicity of aim. He was very sympathetic, and abounded in Scriptural illustrations.

It ought also to be noted in his honor and as contributing to their success, that their labors were gratuitously bestowed.

We need not lament his death, only that he was dear to his family and the Church, and association with him was always a benediction. But he had filled his mission, and was ripe for the garner. His voice will be silent in the Tuesday Meeting, but let the meeting go on. Let it be the perpetual memorial of the doctor and his household, and let his name and labors be "had in everlasting remembrance."

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Rev. J. R. Jacques, President of the Albert University, Canada, pours out the wealth of a loving heart, thus:

#### Called To Extraordinary Work

Dr. W. C. Palmer was called by Providence to an extraordinary work. He was a "chosen vessel" -- most exquisitely adapted to his sphere of labor. It is no more than truth to say that the gifted Phoebe Palmer could not have reached her highest usefulness without the co-operation of her gifted husband. The two blended their light as double stars of rare radiance. The effect of their joint labors in any community was something indefinable and unearthly. They were in labors abundant in all parts of the isles. Dr. Palmer will wear a crown gemmed with many stars. I scarcely dare attempt to express my estimate of his exalted character and career. It might be deemed exaggeration or "hero-worship." Let it suffice to say that, after a somewhat intimate acquaintance and association with the "beloved physician " in protracted meetings in various parts of the continent, I must pronounce him the most Christlike in his saintliness of all Christians I have personally known. He was my model saint. I expect to thank God through eternity for the privilege of fellowship with Dr. W. C. Palmer, the great evangelist and illustrious saint.

\* \* \*

Rev. John Parker, of the New York East Conference, writes:

### A Love-Tribute

Beloved Dr. Walter C. Palmer was my friend for more than thirty years. He was endeared to me by very winsome, Christian qualities -- the gentleness and simplicity of childhood, and the strength of one who walked with God, a lover of good men -- having a heart in loving sympathy with all goodness and righteousness and truth. He was a man of deep thorough convictions, never turning aside from loyalty to Christ and His truth. He believed and therefore spoke. His were not pre-eminent natural gifts; but he was largely possessed of good sense, godly discretion, heart-wisdom. He was a gentleman who could not be provoked to resentment or rudeness. Sensitive to the Spirit's voice and the revealed Word, his whole heart and life, for more than fifty years, was a glad and loving response to every call from God for service or sacrifice. To him and to his, as instruments, the Church owes the new interest and the beginning of the new literature on the subject of Christian holiness, more than to any other visible agency. His one work to which his warm and tender heart ever turned with new relish was to win souls to the favor, then to the image of Christ. And regardless of the favorable or adverse opinions of men as to his methods of work or definitions of doctrine, he steadily pressed on -- working, praying, teaching, and winning. His life was answerable to God's demands for some one to pioneer this new, great, supremely important movement -- the spreading of Gospel holiness in this and other lands. He seconded and heartily sustained all the efforts of his beloved wife in this work. For it he gave up, in the prime of life, his lucrative practice; going with her anywhere, everywhere, without fee or reward -- to bring men to Christ. Only the books of God can estimate the success, inspiration, and blessedness of his life to multitudes now in heaven and on earth. It was appropriate, however, since weariness and evening had come, that God should give His beloved sleep. We shall see him again in the morning.

\* \* \*

Another sweet poet, Rev. F. Bottome, furnishes the following:

A Burning And Shining Light! -- In Memoriam Dr. Walter C. Palmer.

Throw open wide your pearly gates,  
Ye angels that excel in strength;  
A white-robed saint an entrance waits,  
Who, long expecting, comes at last.

He needs no herald to declare  
His name and rank; the Master knows  
The servant who prevailed in prayer  
And then a prince in Israel rose:

To whom the new name on the stone  
Was given in that sacred hour--  
When, consecrated and alone,

God clothed him with His mighty power.

A burning and a shining light,  
He shed his steadfast rays abroad,  
Clear as the dimless stars of night;  
Men saw, and magnified the Lord.

With heaven's own blessedness elate,  
His goodness held the willing throng;  
God's gentleness had made him great;  
As meek as Moses, and as strong.

And so at length the ripened grain  
Was garnered for the bending sky;  
The earth to kindred earth again,  
The spirit to its home on high.

'Twas fit the veil should quickly rend,  
And glory unto glory shine;  
And the transfigured human end  
Where all the glory is Divine.

So, open wide your pearly gates,  
Ye angels that fulfill His Word;  
A white-robed saint an entrance waits,  
A friend and kinsman of your Lord.

\* \* \*

Rev. John Scarlett, of the Newark Conference, has been for years past an attendant at the Tuesday Meeting and, occasionally, a visitor at Dr. Palmer's house. It will add to the interest of the following communication for the reader to know that the writer is eighty-one years of age, and full of the joy of the Lord, indulging daily the liveliest anticipations of a glorious immortality. It was indeed a privilege to listen to his whole-souled utterances in the Tuesday Meeting to which he makes reference. He furnishes these

Pleasant Memories.

I was converted to God at a camp-meeting near Newark, N. J., June 28, 1833. Soon after I became interested in the helpful publications of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. Her written testimony of Christian experience suited my soul's need and spiritual appetite. About this time I saw and heard her at a camp-meeting. I sought the blessing of entire sanctification and obtained it by faith. Bishop Janes, then a young man, helped me in the good way. I found he was in entire sympathy with Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. It was evident to me that they were raised up, like the Wesleys, to spread Scriptural holiness.

My first introduction to Dr. Palmer was on the occasion of my preaching for Dr. Francis Hodgson in the Mulberry Street Church in 1838. I think the doctor and his wife were members of that Church. I spent an evening at their house. Br. J. Collord, of the Book Concern, was present. The conversation was of great interest and made an abiding impression upon my mind. They held that we might have conscious communion with God by faith, walk in the Spirit, and realize moment by moment, the cleansing of Christ's blood; and that we must attain in the school of Christ on earth the qualifications for fellowship with the saints above.

I noticed during this conversation the cheerful countenance of Dr. Palmer. I have a thousand times called to mind his pleasing features as he saw my deep earnestness of thought. He seemed to be living in a sunny atmosphere of good cheer.

Dr. Palmer was closely identified with his wife's life-work. They were one in Christ Jesus, and flow they are not divided. He was a sincere, ripe Christian. He did not love controversy, but was anxious for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers, and for the honor of his Master.

He made me feel at home in his house. He was a perfect gentleman, dwelling in the sunshine of Christian simplicity. How persuasive were his public addresses, often disarming prejudice and winning the hearts of the people! His personal appearance and manner, when his face beamed with heavenly luster, are photographed on my mind.

Not long after my first introduction to Dr. Palmer, I aided Rev. J. B. Stratton, pastor of Allen Street Church, in revival services. Rev. Marvin Richardson, presiding elder, preached on Sabbath morning. My sojourn was with Nicholas Schureman. During my stay, William, the brother of Samuel Halstead, the successful lay-evangelist, died in the triumphs of faith.

In the meetings souls were saved, but not so many as we desired. Brother and Sister Palmer were with us, and their conversation always strengthened me in the way. I have heard them speak at different times, and have read the published accounts of their labors in this country and abroad with great interest. There was prejudice against their doctrine and mode of teaching. Of course, all who believe and testify to the entire saving of the soul will "bear the reproach of Christ." Many opposers were, however, through the instrumentality of these dear friends, brought to experience entire sanctification. Their work showed that it was wrought in God. Their followers were called "The Palmer disciples" and "The Palmerites," as though they were of a new sort of religion. But the "Palmerites," so called, were in perfect agreement with the teachings of Mr. Wesley.

On April 30, 1883, I was invited to your [the author's] house at East Orange, N. J., to meet some friends. On arriving, I found Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Stokes, with yourself and family. The gathering was in commemoration of my eightieth birthday. After a time of pleasant converse and a good repast, Dr. Stokes read a memorial poem expressive of warm Christian friendship, but which my sense of unworthiness led me to think entirely too eulogistic. Dr. Palmer was very agreeable and happy. What a prayer he offered at the close of our interview, and Sister Palmer also! How little we then thought that his stay with us on earth would be so brief -- a few short months!

Not long before his departure, Dr. Palmer invited me to dine with him. He was the happy Christian on all occasions, eating and drinking as unto the Lord. After dinner we went together to an upper room for private devotion. "He was fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He showed me some excellent spiritual compositions of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, not printed, that he highly valued. And he spoke of her as one of the holiest of God's people. What tenderness of heart he manifested on the occasion! And when I said, "Brother Palmer, you will meet her again, and know her among the white-robed millions," he exclaimed, "Know her! I am sure of that, and before long!"

In the Tuesday Meeting, so long held in his large parlors at 316 East Fifteenth Street, how well he was in his place! Long will his memory be kept green. His every look and gesture spoke for God. His whole soul shone through his features, lighted up with benignant smiles. While he had uncommon zeal in the cause of the blessed Christ, he was no fanatic. He was discriminating, and wise to win souls.

Toward the last of his ministrations in those meetings it seemed to me that his countenance was increasingly radiant, expressive of heavenly nearness. His tears were beautiful prisms, shining out in the light of serious smiles.

When the telegram came announcing his departure, the vision of that countenance revived in my memory. I stood still in the street for some time as though transported with him to his bright abode. It lingers with me yet as a cherished, pleasant dream. He seems to me like a happy spirit, praising God in the company of white-winged angels and the "spirits of just men made perfect," near the rainbow-encircled throne. Glory to God!

Dr. Walter C. Palmer did not live in vain. His life was an eminently useful one. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. Worldly affairs did not lead him astray. He laid hold by faith upon "the exceeding great and precious promises," and "escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." His passions and appetites were regulated by the power of inward holiness. He was, through grace, without censoriousness, resentment, envy, or guile. In his convictions he was an earnest Methodist, but not a bigot -- fellowshipping heartily with Christians of all denominations. He did not decry Churches because they were sometimes afflicted with bad members, having unshaken faith that the true Church builded upon the rock, Christ, would never be overthrown; that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer have gone to their reward. How much good was accomplished by them we cannot know till God makes up His jewels. The doctor was "a tree of righteousness," and he "bore much fruit." We do not wonder at Balaam's exclamation, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" The greatly beloved Palmer, so widely known, was used, by the hand Divine, to give an impetus to the movement of holiness that is operating, in enlarging circles, everywhere throughout the land and is, no doubt, destined to go forth as brightness to the end of time. He lived to a good old age, and "he was not, for God took him." Truly, "the memory of the just is blessed."

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Rev. James Caughey who, like the doctor, was engaged in the arduous pioneer-work, opening the way for the advances on the line of holiness which we now see, and who was greatly honored of God, writes:

Servant Of God, Well Done!

How many thousands in various parts of the world have so exclaimed since hearing of the death of Dr. Palmer! The above line has rested upon my own mind also, most of the time since I heard of his departure for heaven.

The opinion has been expressed that pre-intimation of the death of a distant friend may pass over us like the presence of a passing cloud. It may be so to some, but I had no such premonition. I knew not even that he was sick -- only that he had buckled on his armor for the Ocean Grove campaign in the cause of holiness, -- until, at the twilight hour, in New Brunswick, in the street, a friend said, "Dr. Palmer is dead!" A cloud came over me then, and a feeling of deep stillness. The world seemed lonelier than one so long loved and revered had left it with the suddenness of an April cloud. But on the cloud I saw a silver lining, and sunshine breaking through it. Thoughts came of his amazing bliss, the crown, re-union with loved ones gone before, and the glad recognition of thousands gathered there, instrumentally by the Guide to Holiness. O, he knew not the joys that there awaited him, "the scenes of radiant glory, the bliss beyond compare"! He is consciously safe, happy, and young for ever. He is saluted by songs, never chanted to human ears below -- the "new song" and the union of the two songs -- the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb! I must die to know the rest; and to know it to my eternal joy, I must die in the Lord, like him. Amen.

And how such impressions will abide with one through the night, nor quit us with opening day, light after light departing from Israel's host and fading into sky, and a feeling within one's self of a nearness to that same transition-line! O, I cannot say all I would! But I may repeat these sweet lines which once refreshed me so much, when detained by deep darkness on a certain far-away river, many years since. With what freshness do they come over me!--

"Stay, thou triumphant spirit, stay,  
And bless me ere thou soar'st away,  
Where pain can never come!  
In vain my call, the soul is fled,  
By Israel's flaming steeds conveyed  
To his eternal home.

"The happiest hour is come at last,  
When, all his toils and conflicts past,  
He shall to God ascend;  
Worn out and spent in Jesus' cause,  
He now takes up his latest cross,  
And bears it to the end!

"Filled up with love and light Divine,

The house of clay, the earthly shrine  
Dissolves and sinks to dust.  
Without a groan the body dies,  
The spirit mounts above the skies,  
And mingles with the just!

"With mixed concerns thy flight I view,  
With joy the ascending pomp pursue,  
Yet for our loss distressed;  
Our bosom-friend from earth has flown,  
A father in our Israel's gone  
To his eternal rest!"

What then must be the feelings of a bereaved wife and children? May our God comfort them with the richest consolations of hope!

How strangely, under some circumstances, do the sighs of memory and imagination's pictures commingle with the teachings of faith! I have walked under lofty pines and listened to the sighings of the wind among their branches, seldom so heard under other trees, -- like the voices of spirits on missions sent! There are sighs in the air, wafted over this, and from other lands. The air of the Atlantic bears them, Ocean Grove is rife with them. "Gone, missed, mourned!" is breathed from many who have never seen his face nor heard his voice, but who have received the inspirations of holiness from his Guide. And I would have my sincere and humble sigh mingle with theirs,--

"For him is sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er ocean's heaving bosom sent."

Who could read of that farewell-scene without being reminded of Acts 20th, and the closing words of St. Paul, after rising from his knees, to his spiritual children, the elders of the Church of Ephesus, whom he knew he was looking upon for the last time: "And they all fell upon his neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke, that they should see his face no more," filling the air with tokens of sorrowing grief as "they accompanied him unto the ship"? The Church of God has been no stranger to such sighing grief, from that scene on the Miletian shore to that witnessed by the seaside at Ocean Grove.

Well, our friend Dr. Palmer has gone, but he has left an influence behind him that will never die. Those waves of purest salvation which swept over the Churches during his lifetime may have already received fresh impulses since his death. The gates of heaven which opened to receive his ascending spirit may have emitted new light and power, and quicker, too, than thought to those he left behind him, -- sweeter than the influences of Pleiades, and stronger than the bands of Orion.

A philosophic writer, many years ago, gave it as his opinion that the death of a human being may throw a sort of gleam through the spiritual world -- that it is not impossible that now and then some congenial minds, still in the body, may catch a sudden light when in a proper

position, as the twin spires of a cathedral may be momentarily illuminated by some far-off flash, while the countless roofs below lie in unbroken gloom.

A pleasing thought! Nor would I say, but without leaning toward modern spiritualism, that I am a stranger to some such heavenly manifestations. Perhaps on some such principles one might account for that strange visitation which St. Augustine recorded in one of his Epistles. He tells us "that on the same day in which his dear friend St. Jerome died he was in his study, many miles away and, not knowing of his death, he took up his pen to write him some of his views of heaven. Suddenly a singular light flashed into the room, attended by a very sweet fragrance, and he thought he heard these words: "O, Augustine, what doest thou? Dost thou think to put the sea into a little vessel? When the heavens shall cease their continual motion, then shalt thou be able to understand what the glory of heaven is, and not before, except thou come to feel it as I now do!" He afterward felt a strong assurance that: it was the soul of his beloved Jerome!

Well, I commenced this little article with the triumphal line,

"Servant of God, well done!"

and I now conclude with,

"Servant of God, farewell!"

until we meet again, and it may not be long.

"What though the stream of death divide  
Our souls a moment on its shore?  
We part to meet, we join to abide  
Where pain and parting are no more."

I salute thee now in the words of a Danish poet:

"Thy soul is with thy God,  
Thy name is everywhere!"

\* \* \*

Rev. I. Simmons, of the New York East Conference, writes:

In Memoriam

The pious Rollin would have no tears shed at his death, but said to his friends, "This is for you and for me a festival." So it seems to us our beloved brother, Dr. Palmer, would say to the thousands who mourn his loss. He has finished a long life, beautifully symmetrical -- a life verily hid with Christ in God. I first saw him in the Tuesday Meeting in Rivington Street, in 1858. A student in the university, I visited the city and, hearing of the meeting, hastened to join the holy throng in the Crowded parlor. His words, his manner, his spirit, deeply impressed me. Though

studying for the ministry, I had not then received the cleansing and baptism of power, and the hunger and thirst for righteousness awakened in my soul that afternoon never left me until the 18th of August, twelve years afterward when, alone in the woods, the mighty work was wrought.

After long years of sweet and intimate fellowship, I have come to look upon him as a man of rare saintliness of character. Frequent were the opportunities, in the earlier days of his public ministrations, for entering the field of polemics, and standing for the defense of the faith against those who were wielding heavy opposing arguments; but his gentle and winning work kept straight on. His logic was that of facts. Believers were sanctified in every meeting. Ministers of talent and learning entered into the blessing, and the Old and the New World felt the fiery impulse of his Gospel experience.

How strenuously he insisted that the inquirer should, when consciously fully consecrated to Christ, believe that then and there he was accepted and saved! Faith was the substance of the thing hoped for. The gift given was received. And here the objector raised his voice: "Must we believe we have received, in order that we may receive? How contrary to sober judgment!" But on he went, his white plume waving at the head of the triumphal column, in country Churches and city Churches, at camp-meetings and in the Tuesday Meeting, and thousands believed and received the blessed cleansing. It is an occasion of rejoicing that he lived to see the gifted scholars who were selected to prepare the Revised Version announcing the correct rendering of the verse Mark 11:24, "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them." The "have received" anticipates the "shall have." The thing desired is in the faith.

It is an honor above all others to have lived so long, with the whole being, time, and toil devoted to a great cause. The timid young Christians who sat at his feet in his early teachings, grew to stalwart saints while yet he stood at his post. The Church-scenery was modified two or three times, missions became influential stations, and great changes took place in the social status of our people, but no changes of season or place could make any change in his mind. This one thing he did: he proclaimed that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, just now -- the moment we believe for it.

Rarely do men of one idea keep steady for a long time. The tendency to overstrain, to cultivate narrow judgments, to burn up the machinery by too intense pressure, is verified by history; but here is a holy soul pushing vigorously one great principle for over half a century, and losing his grasp upon it never for an hour until it relaxes in the blissful hours of death. Not a shade of fanaticism ever clouded the sky of his faith. No side issues turned him aside to weaken his purposes and divert his efforts. He was allied with no new advance-theories. It was his one work to point to the Lamb of God, whose atoning blood could to the very uttermost save. Clear in statement, simple, yet powerful in prayer, tireless in labors, ready to help everywhere, an ardent lover of his Church, yet a warm-hearted lover of all Christian denominations; gentle, amiable, affectionate, genuine friend, like Enoch, he rose higher and higher in fellowship and communion with God until, quite on a level with the celestial associations, he suddenly stepped over the threshold of the immortal and "was not, for God took him," -- a triumphant end indeed.

Beloved father in Israel, how much my life owes to thee! The words, the encouragements, the training my early questioning mind received from thee and the sainted one who went before

thee into the heavenlies, and from the seraphic spirit who lingers a little while behind thee, I can never fully tell, but I bring my humble thanks to the blessed trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, this morning, that ever thou didst live. I drop my flower on the grave of my honored and revered friend, with the earnest prayer that this grand old Scriptural theme of entire sanctification, by private life and public teaching, by Church influence and holiness associations, and fire-crowned ministers and godly men and women, may move gloriously on, with increasing power and success, till everywhere it shall prevail, and religious worldliness, compromised piety and formal godliness shall be driven from the heart, and lives of God's people. Amen and amen.

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Miss Abbie Mills, an evangelist, who has been a constant and welcome correspondent of the Guide for some time past wrote the following sweet stanzas:

At Home

Home! Jerusalem the holy,  
Just across the narrow sea;  
All the saints joined in the welcome,  
As the Saviour greeted thee.  
Saying, "Welcome!  
Where I am, forever be."

Welcome to thy mansion ready,  
Welcome to the crown and palm,  
To the blood-washed company,  
Chanting the unending psalm.  
Glory, glory,  
To the slain yet living Lamb!

Jesus gave thee victory  
All along the earthly way;  
When around thee rolled death's waters  
He was still thine only stay.  
He was with thee,  
Chasing every fear away.

Home! Jerusalem the holy;  
We are coming one by one--  
Coming just when Jesus calls us--  
Coming when our work is done.  
Hallelujah!  
Now the family is one.

\* \* \*

Rev. J. W. Horne, formerly missionary to Liberia, now a pastor in the New York East Conference," frequently visited Dr. Palmer and had sweet fellowship with him. He furnishes the following:

#### A Tribute Of Esteem

I thank you exceedingly, good and wise editors, for the memorial number of the Guide to Holiness. I read it through on last Sabbath, during the interval of public worship, and felt that the reading made me more than ever "in the Spirit" on that blessed day. What a sweet and refreshing bouquet of flowers you have been enabled to present, gathered from the pure and beautiful life and character of our departed friend and brother in the Lord -- contributed by so many kind and sympathizing friends and lovers! May our Heavenly Father make it a great sanctifying and comforting blessing to the thousands of His adoring children who, while gazing on it, will glorify God in His faithful servant! Well have you placed on the frontispiece,--

"Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past;  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last."

And all true Christians who knew the Beloved Physician will say, Amen!

What a demonstration of the divinity of our holy religion is afforded by such a life and character, manifested in the midst of the Church and the world! What other force than the power of the Gospel of Christ could produce and mold such a life and character? Could the force of science, or of philosophy, or of ethics, or of mere philanthropy? "I trow not!" When or where have they ever done it? Free-thinkers may utter "their great swelling words of vanity" until doomsday; they will never touch God's anointed, nor do His prophets any 'harm, while the Gospel continues to be the power of God unto salvation, making in Christ Jesus new creations, from whom old things are passed away. Behold, all things are become new!

I came first to know Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, personally, when I was stationed, in 1864-65, at South Second Street, Brooklyn. Mr. Joseph Knapp, the son-in-law of Dr. Palmer, and his wife were members of the Church, and the popular and successful superintendents of the Sabbath-school. Through the kindness of these friends, we became very pleasantly and blessedly acquainted with their beloved and illustrious relatives. Dr. Palmer and his wife led meetings in the Church during my pastorate and many, older and younger, were raised up into newness of life, and into higher spiritual joys, who will call them blessed. At Willett Street, New York, also, while I was there, they held meetings by which the Church was edified and strengthened.

While at South Second Street, my attendance was commenced at the Tuesday Meeting, held in St. Mark's Place, and has been continued, as I have found opportunity, in East Fifteenth Street. Through this gracious means I entered into the friendship and fellowship of a circle of devoted brethren and sisters in the Lord, which have proved an inestimable spiritual blessing and benefit to me. With them I attended many of the national camp-meetings, and the camp-meeting season at Sing

Sing; and I have never ceased since to praise and bless the Holy Trinity for the baptisms of purity and power sent down upon us.

"Through all eternity, to Thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But O, eternity's too short  
To utter all God's praise."

A couple of years ago, while attending the General Missionary Committee Meeting, I had the privilege and pleasure of spending a week or so in Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's family circle, and of proving how sweet it is to sojourn where the gentle courtesies of a Christian household have sway.

While we meditate, sadly but sweetly, over the removal of these sainted ones from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, how we grow into the feeling that this is not our rest! Our company before is gone, and we are left alone; but to Christ we say, ardently,

"With Thee all night we mean to stay  
And wrestle till the break of day."

"For Heaven shines clearer,  
And rest comes nearer  
And Christ is all,  
Before His face we fall."

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Rev. William Taylor, known as "the world's missionary," elected at our last General Conference " Bishop for Africa," was one of Dr. Palmer's warm personal friends. The doctor cherished a lively interest in the work of "Self-Supporting Missions," in which Br. Taylor has been engaged, and which is thrillingly presented in his work lately Published, entitled "Ten Years of Self-Supporting Missions," indicating a line of action which is engaging more and more the thought and cooperation of the Church. When this eminent evangelist, in his far-away home in South America, with the enterprises of that new and promising field pressing upon him, learned of the departure of his beloved friend, he penned a sympathetic letter to Mrs. Palmer. We extract from it the following reminiscences:

I cherish grateful memories of Dr. Palmer and of both Mrs. Phoebe Palmer and her sister: When I was stationed in Baltimore, thirty-five years ago, I was with many of our "North Baltimore Station" people attending "Shrewsbury camp-meeting." About Monday night it fell to my lot to preach on the subject of Holiness, having then been a witness to a personal experience of it for three years, and the Holy Spirit enabled me to present it clearly. Next morning, as I was going into "our big prayer-tent," Sterling Thomas, known as "the bishop," in North Baltimore, said to me, " Mrs. Palmer is in there!" My surprise was great, but not so great as my joy, which increased more and more as I saw her bring great audiences of people to tears. Dr. Palmer was not there -- it was not until after I returned from California that I met him in the holiness meetings in their house, where I have so often seen and felt the effects of the saving power of God.

Well, the time will come, and possibly in the near future, when an inch or two of some of the papers will contain the announcement, "William Taylor is dead." While my friends below shall be engaged in reading the news, I shall be renewing my acquaintance with dear Dr. Palmer and hosts of my glorified friends above; but I should be ashamed to put in an appearance in heaven and leave undone any part of the work that God has given me to do on earth.

\* \* \*

Both the religious and secular press uttered pleasant words concerning the departed. We are unable, however, to record many of them.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, says:

To the catalogue of the names of well-known Methodists recently deceased must be added that of the "beloved physician," the kind friend, the spiritual counselor, the devoted evangelist, the husband of the most widely known woman Methodism has produced since the days of Hester Ann Rogers and Lady Huntingdon -- Dr. Walter C. Palmer, How he revered Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, sympathized with her work, gave up his medical practice to accompany her on evangelizing tours in this and other lands, may be learned from her "Life and Letters;" how, after her death, he married Mrs. Lankford, unlike, but equal in spirituality to, her more aggressive sister, and the familiar names of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer still remained household words -- these and other facts of great interest will furnish the materials, doubtless, of a Biography which thousands will read with pleasure and edification.

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Rev. John S. Inskip, editor of the Christian Standard and President of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness, who penned the following tribute, has since entered heaven in triumph, doubtless striking hands with his cherished friend, the beloved physician, in the land of pure delight. He wrote thus:

Finished His Course

The death of one who occupied so prominent a position as that which was held by Dr. W. C. Palmer, calls for special remark and consideration. His personal character, moral worth and earnest labors were such as would furnish ample material for a volume of great interest. In the mere glance we can find room for in our columns, we can only touch a few points in his life and history. Dr. Palmer was a "good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghost." He was not what the world would call a great man, but he was truly a good man. His intellectual endowments were such as fitted him for success in the sphere of duty in which he was called to act. In his professional relations to society he was highly esteemed. He might truly be designated the "beloved physician." In the sick-room he was regarded with great favor. Not only was he esteemed for his effective service as a medical adviser, but he was so gentle and affectionate that his professional visits were always welcomed by his patrons and friends.

Some years ago he deemed it his duty to devote all his time and energies to the cause of holiness. It was in this line of operations that he became so widely known and so greatly esteemed and honored. His "house and home" were fully consecrated to God and His cause. The Tuesday Meeting, as it came to be called, was opened under his roof many years ago, and has continued in operation ever since. It has justly been regarded as the most noted meeting of the kind in the country or the world. Perhaps more eminent persons have attended this meeting, and been profited thereby, than at any other meeting of a similar character. It would scarcely be just to omit to say, at this point, that much of the interest connected with these meetings has been the result of the presence and labors of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, now in glory, and Mrs. Sarah Lankford Palmer, who still lingers on these mortal shores. These two eminent saints have had their full share of the toils and successes of our departed brother.

As editor and publisher the extent of his influence can hardly be overestimated. Perhaps no individual has contributed so largely to the spread of holiness literature. The works of which Mrs. Phoebe Palmer was the author have had an immense sale. They were all very excellent but none, in our judgment, quite equal to the "Way of Holiness." Besides these, a large list of valuable religious books have gone out everywhere with his imprint upon them. The Guide to Holiness he has edited and published for many years. It is regarded as one of the best monthlies in the country, and has done much in awakening an interest in the Churches on the subject of holiness. He was a most thorough believer in Methodism. He truly and ardently loved Methodist doctrine and usages. Yet he was noted for his catholicity of feeling toward all, and multitudes from other denominations will long keep him in grateful remembrance for aiding them to enter into the "rest of faith."

Dr. Palmer was indeed a "bright and shining light," and in various ways, though he is dead, he continues to speak. His end was peaceful and triumphant. Having so long lived in faithful obedience to God, when he came to the end of the journey all was light, and filled with unutterable joy he passed away and entered the Paradise of God. Half a century of toil terminated in an eternity of blessedness. Adhering to Christ, he has at length realized that glory ends what grace began. His work is done, the warfare is past, and he has won a "crown of life that fadeth not away." Our loss is to him "eternal gain." We will not sorrow as those who have no hope. We expect to meet him in the "better land."

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Zion's Herald, Boston, gave the following pleasant tribute:

A telegraphic dispatch to the morning papers, as we go to press, announces the death of Dr. Walter C. Palmer, the proprietor and editor of the Guide to Holiness. No member of our Church in New York City is better known than Dr. Palmer. He and his first wife, as holiness evangelists, have visited the principal cities of this country and Great Britain, and held protracted services. His pleasant home in the city of New York, for nearly a half-century, has been the scene of a weekly service in the interest of holy believing and living, and has been attended by representative men and women of all the other denominations, as well as our own. He was a man of unaffected manners, of sweet piety, and thoroughly devoted to the work of the Lord.

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The Christian Witness, Boston, of which Revs. William McDonald and Joshua A. Gill are editors, says:

We learn that Dr. Palmer, chief editor and proprietor of the Guide to Holiness, died at Ocean Grove, Friday, July 20. We had heard of the illness of the doctor, but were entirely unprepared to hear of his death.

Dr. Palmer was so intimately connected with the work of holiness in this country, that his name has become as familiar to the friends of the cause as that of any other worker. He has stood in the front ranks as a leader for nearly half a century; and long before many who have become prominent in the great revival were known, he and his now sainted wife were pressing the battle with marked success, and against fearful odds. Mrs. Palmer's writings and personal labors, in connection with her now departed husband, did very much to conserve the doctrine and experience of holiness. Eternity alone will reveal the good done by these earnest servants of the Lord.

As age and physical infirmities pressed heavily upon them, and Mrs. Palmer, the more successful of the two, fell in the work others, more vigorous, came to the front and urged on the battle. But no true history of the holiness-revival in this country and in Europe will be complete which does not place Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in the front ranks.

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From among the various tributes of the secular press, the following from Harper's Weekly, New York, shows the drift-of public opinion:

Dr. Walter C. Palmer, well known both as a physician and an evangelist, died at Ocean Grove on Friday, July 20. He had reached the advanced age of seventy-nine years, having been born in New Jersey, February, 1804. Nearly the whole of his life, however, was spent in this city.

After graduating at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, he engaged in the practice of medicine with very considerable success. More than forty years ago he began the work of an evangelist, and for this purpose opened his parlors for a Tuesday-afternoon religious meeting, which was attended by Christians of every sect and name. The meeting, which was conducted jointly by himself and his wife, Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, became one of the features of the religious life of New York City. Up to the time of Dr. Palmer's' death the attendance upon it of Christians from all parts of the world never diminished. The example of Dr. Palmer has been widely imitated, and weekly meetings of a similar kind are now held in all our principal cities.

Dr. Palmer's labors as an evangelist were not confined to New York. Accompanied by his wife he made extensive tours through the United States and Canada, holding religious assemblies, in which it was his aim to increase the faith and devotion of Christians, and to arouse attention to personal piety throughout the community at large. One of his most extensive tours, that through Great Britain and Ireland, lasted four years, and awakened great interest.

Dr. Palmer was never ordained; he was a plain layman who occupied himself in doing good to his fellow-men. He edited and published the Guide to Holiness, a periodical devoted to the advocacy of the view of Christian perfection cherished by himself and other Methodists. He was a man of much catholicity of feeling, of a sunny temper, and was always disposed to look at life on its cheerful side. Up to the end of his career he enjoyed an unusual degree of bodily and mental vigor. He was in the midst of his beloved work of holding religious meetings at the time of his death.

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And now, having furnished this imperfect sketch of a truly great Christian life, we must drop a tear or two upon the grave of our revered colleague and breathe a loving farewell. His grave is an honored one, Bright memories cluster around it. Holy angels, we doubt not, delight to keep watch there. Human footsteps will often be heard treading lightly on that hallowed spot.

But the time is coming when that grave shall surrender its occupant. Every atom of the now imprisoned body shall come forth, responsive to the fiat of the Eternal Sovereign. The voice of the Alpha and Omega, who holds the keys of hell and of death, speaks to us from the excellent glory, saying, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from "death. O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

How grand the occasion when our redeeming Lord shall rise up out of His holy habitation to bring on this redemptive consummation! The vast territories of death shall be swept by His omnific word. The grave-coverings shall fly off in an instant. The ocean to her profoundest depths shall be stirred, and open broad avenues for the ransomed host to come forth to eternal destiny.

Then the emancipated millions of the saints, with their essential identity preserved shall, with forth erect and majestic tread, come forth to hail their descending Lord. And quicker than lightning's flash the transforming potencies will be in motion,

"And every shape and every face  
Be heavenly and divine."

What a transformation -- corruptible putting on incorruption; mortal putting on immortality!  
"Sown in dishonor, raised in glory; sown in weakness, raised in power; sown a natural body,  
raised a spiritual body."

We can almost imagine that we see the opening of that illustrious morn. "Greenwood," in common with the myriad graveyards of earth, hears the clangor of the archangel's trump. Despite the grassy coverings and the monumental obstructions, every grave yields immediate homage to the royal edict. Every square foot of that magnificent cemetery is instinct with life.

In the throng of living intelligences we see the form of the Beloved Physician. He makes haste to assert his freedom. Like a giant rousing from his slumbers, he is ready to throw off the habiliments of the tomb. How his countenance glows with more than seraphic light! How perfect his features, molded after the heavenly pattern! How like a child of THE KING he moves! Every

redeemed faculty quivers with blissful anticipations. What rapture at the sight of his adorable Lord, appearing in the clouds, attended by an innumerable company of angels! Around the risen saint are loved ones that had gone on before and followed after. And O, as they gaze with holy transport upon the glorious Messiah and His far-reaching retinue, with united voice and hearts full of ecstasy they exclaim, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him; we will rejoice and be glad in His salvation!"

Another scene rises on our view -- the last tremendous scene. The Judgment is set. The Judge is seated on "the great white throne." Angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, principalities and powers, surround Him. "The dead, small and great, stand before Him." Dr. Palmer is one of the vast concourse. His presence elicits the smile of his approving Lord, for he is upon His right hand, among His jewels. The opened books give the record of his eventful life. Nearly fourscore years of well-rounded earthly history pass in review. Every act of love, however trivial, from the time of his youthful espousals to hoary age, is acknowledged. The feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked, the hapless prisoners visited, and tender ministries among the sick -- all remembered and approved as done to Jesus Himself. The evangelistic tours and joyous harvesting-all recognized as work for Jesus.

The Judgment process ended, the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" is pronounced. The recipient of that long-expected word is filled with rapture. And now the golden gates of light are opened wide. The angelic acclaim is heard, like the sound of many waters, resounding o'er the heavenly plains, "Welcome, thrice welcome, thou beloved of the Lord -- welcome to the crown, the throne, and the mansion!"

And here we must let the curtain drop -- for who can follow a redeemed intelligence in his immortal realizations? The draughts from the river clear as crystal flowing from under the throne of the Lord God and the Lamb; the festivities of the Banqueting-Hall, and its exalted fellowships; the far-away explorations; the choral exercises; and, more than all, the beatific visions of the Once-slaughtered Lamb dwelling now in ineffable light and glory -- these, and a thousand times more than a finite mind can conceive, must be reserved until, in the boundlessness of Divine mercy, we are permitted to rejoin our departed friend.

Reader, in parting with you after the perusal of these pages, suffer the word of exhortation. Be emulous, O, be emulous to follow this man of God as he followed Christ! Let this brief record of sixty-six years of Christian life beget within you a holy ambition. Let the resplendent crown to be won by a life of holy warfare nerve you for noble deeds and daring. "Never mind the scoffs and the frowns of the world" -- as the doctor used to sing.

Put on the whole armor of God! Stand resolutely against the foe. Let your eye be ever steadily fixed on Jesus. Make full proof of your Christian vocation. Grasp, energetically, "the sword of the Spirit, which is the WORD of GOD." Deal heavy strokes at the enemy. Fellow-soldiers, fight -- "fight the good fight of faith-lay hold on eternal life!"

If you are a Christian mother, swear your children -- not upon the altar of an earthly monarch, as history records, but teach them early, like the beloved Walter, at thirteen years of age -- aye, earlier still -- to bring the wealth of their young being and cast it at Jesus' feet. Then, like

him whose career we have been tracing, there will be set before them "the path of the just which is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The beautiful buddings of the life Divine will ripen fast, unfolding more and more under the genial rays of the Sun of righteousness, until the ideal is attained -- a perfect manhood in everlasting glory.

And upon each and all of those who have followed us in the contemplation of the sun-lit journey of the beloved physician to the Celestial City we devoutly pray that the apostolic benediction may rest: "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

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THE END