



*"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16*

## MILESTONE PAPERS

by Daniel Steele

### 1. IN THE HEAVENLIES

Ephesians 1:3, 20; 2:6; 3:10; 6:12.

Following the custom of tourists in foreign lands, I give you a description of the country in which I have happily sojourned nearly five years. I must confess that I have more than a traveler's interest in this land, since I have become a naturalized citizen, and have settled down in it for life.

This country was named by one Paul, a daring explorer who flourished at the beginning of the Christian era, and who, like the writer, became so enamored of its charms that he ever after made it his permanent abode. *It so closely resembled heaven* that he took that term and transformed it into an adjective noun, "The Heavenlies," and wrote it down on his chart as the new country. This new name he uses five times in his report to the Ephesians, and nowhere else.

Some recent travellers, who have not diligently studied Paul's chart, either driven by severe storms from the ordinary track of voyagers, or through an enterprise rivaling that of the great Genoese discoverer, or, more likely still, through the guidance of Paul's pilot, whom he took on board in Damascus, have found this earthly paradise, and, assuming the right of original discoverers, they have christened it "The Higher Life." This new name, though rather *confusing to the novice*, has not altered the thing. "The rose would smell as sweet under any other name." This Rose of Sharon, this isle of verdure and orange blossoms, fills with fragrance all the air for leagues and leagues around.

My great surprise, after entering this Eden and feasting on its sweetness, was at *the sparseness of its population*. For the land is exceedingly broad and fruitful, capable of sustaining with its abundance all the millions who are moistening the unwilling earth with their sweat, and compelling it to yield them a scanty sustenance. Why do they not migrate to these salubrious climes? This question I have been pondering ever since I drove my tent stakes into the mellow soil of these flowery plains. At last I think that I have got at the truth of the matter. The false report has been industriously circulated through all the world that Paul's discovery was an optical illusion, a mirage in the distance, with bubbling fountains, shady trees, rich vineyards, and olive-clad uplands, all painted with fiery fingers on the clouds through a peculiar state of the tropical atmosphere. It is confidently asserted that he sailed on and on, chasing this visionary paradise, and never actually set foot upon its shore and demonstrated that it is a veritable terra firma. "Did he not," it is asked, "once acknowledge this humiliating fact -- 'not that I have already attained?'" [Paul refers not to evangelical perfection, but to the victor's crown]

Now, it so happens that the great real-estate owner, or “ruler of the darkness of this world,” who boasts, with too much truth, that he possesses all the kingdoms of this world and their glory, keeps this falsehood going with a very lively step round and round the world, lest the truth should be believed, and his tenants should all emigrate to this Eden world, and leave his estates a habitation of bats and a “place of dragons.” This wily despot dislikes to see his dominions depopulated to colonize “Paul’s Heavenlies,” and so he is ever busy *denying that any such place exists* on the face of the whole earth, asserting that it is like the Ultima Thule of ancient geography, which ever receded toward the north pole, till at last it was suspected by all sensible men that it existed only in the eye of Pythias, the discoverer. Now, it is nothing wonderful that this mythical theory almost universally prevails today, since the aforesaid world-ruler has actually succeeded in accomplishing so adroit an act as to get thousands of Paul’s successors solemnly to aver that they have diligently sought for “The Heavenlies” in all latitudes and longitudes, and to publish as God’s truth that no such place exists under the heavens. The lie which millions believe of their own accord myriads will surely believe if it falls from the lips of their religious teachers.

Another reason for the sparse population is that, of the few who do believe that this land is a reality and no myth, a large number are deterred from entering by reason of *the narrow channel* through which they must force their way, and they are afraid that in entering “The Heavenlies” they will lose too much of their idolized earthly. This narrow pass is The Way of Holiness. Hear Paul: “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in The Heavenlies in Christ. . . that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.” Holiness is the only gate into this blessed region, which many are afraid to enter.

But you are hungering for a description of the country itself. As its name indicates, The Heavenlies includes heaven. The glorified Jesus is said, in Ephesians 1:20, to be at the right hand of God in The Heavenlies, “in human form, locally existent.” In chap. 3:10, “principalities and powers, or spiritual intelligences of a high order, are located in “The Heavenlies.” But in chap.1:3, Paul and the Ephesian believers are represented as “in The Heavenlies,” and in chap. 2:6, they are sitting “together in The Heavenlies in Christ Jesus,” the “sitting” implying permanence of abode. This phrase, then, must include more than the heaven which centres in the radiant person of Jesus. Heaven laps over upon the earth. *A segment of earth has been annexed to heaven.* In my youthful days, before I had looked into international law, I one day asked Father Taylor, of the Seamens’ Bethel, where in the Atlantic was the boundary within which the child is born an American citizen. His weather-beaten face lighted up with a smile that rippled from the centre to the circumference, as he replied. “My boy. There is no such line in mid-ocean; we own clear across.”

Locate heaven wherever you please, it stretches clear across to these earthly shores, and even takes in a slice, which Paul calls “The Heavenlies;” King James’ version, “heavenly places;” and Bishop Ellicott, “the heavenly regions.” This is nothing less than a high and serene Christian experience in which the gracious Jesus manifests Himself to the spiritual eye of the perfect believer, and he enjoys constant communion with the glorified Head of the Church through the Holy Spirit, which makes him “*a habitation of God.*”

The Heavenlies is that region called by Bunyan the land of Beulah, “clear out of sight of Doubting Castle,” in the very suburbs of heaven, where the shining ones walk, and the gates of the celestial city are in full view, and the sun shines day and night all the year. Jesus had this land in view when He said He would send the Comforter to His disciples, who would abide forever, and that the Son of God would manifest Himself unto them, and the Father and the Son would make their permanent abode with them.

This doctrine, that believing souls, still in the flesh, may dwell in The Heavens, is confirmed by Dean Alford, who puts such souls into heaven itself. “Materially, we are yet in the body; but *in the Spirit, we are in heaven* – only waiting for the, redemption of the body to be entirely and literally there.

“Though heaven’s above and earth’s below,  
Yet are they but one state;  
And each the other with sweet skill  
Doth interpenetrate  
Yea, many a tie and office blest,  
In earthly lots uneven,  
Hath an immortal place to fill,  
And is the root of heaven.”  
-- Faber.

Stier, on Eph. 1:3, says: “The blessing with which God has blessed us consists and expands in all blessing of the Spirit – then brings in heaven, the heavenly state in us, and us in it – then, finally, Christ personally. He, Himself, who is set and exalted into heaven, comes by the Spirit down into us, so that He is in us and we in Him of a truth, and thereby, and in so far, we are with Him in heaven.” An old writer says that there are three heavens: *coelum gloriae*, the heaven of glory; *coelum naturae*, the heaven of nature: and *coelum gratiae*, which we understand to be Paul’s heaven of grace.

Do Christians know that *they need not die to know what heaven is*, and that it is their glorious privilege to dwell there by dwelling in Christ, the perfect Saviour? At the funerals of dead saints we sing:

“Where should the dying members rest  
But with their dying Head?”

The rhythm will be just as charming, and the words will perfectly define the condition of living saints in full trust, if we mend the couplet, and sing:

Where should the living members rest  
But with their living Head?

The citizens of The Heavens speak always “in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,” the natural language of the fullness of the Spirit. “And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord” (Eph. 5:18, 19).

But in Paul’s last mention of The Heavens (Eph. 6:12). he seems to dash all our theorizing into pieces by introducing infernal principalities and powers and wicked spirits, and by representing that there is a grand wrestling match going on there between these grimy fellows and the white-robed saints. How is this? Does not this spoil the beauty and mar the joys of the place? What advantage, then, have The Heavens over The Earthlies, where so many professed Christians “grovel here below?”

Good old Bengel, who is styled by John Wesley “that great light of the Christian world,” here comes to our aid with a spiritual insight truly marvelous, and a hermeneutic gift almost divine. He says, “Even enemies, but as captives, may be in a royal palace and adorn it.” When Jesus ascended “he led captivity captive.” All who have risen and ascended with Him through sanctification of the Spirit, dwell where Satan is a captive, chained to the triumphal chariot of the Son of God. They wrestle with a fettered and handcuffed antagonist, and easily throw him in every contest. This is because they are “strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man.”

While all dwellers amid the Earthlies are exposed to the devouring mouth of the roaring lion who runs at large there, those who live “Where dwells *the Lord our Righteousness*,” are kept

“In perfect peace  
And everlasting rest;”

for He has conquered Satan for them since He Himself triumphed over him openly. Hear His paean of victory as He marched to the cross: “Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.” Well does Rutherford say: “Faith may dance because Christ singeth; and we may come into the choir, and lift up our hoarse and rough voices, and chirp, and sing, and shout for joy with our Lord Jesus.”

Beautifully, indeed, does the same quaint writer express the gain which the believer may make out of the assaults of the tempter: “The devil is but a whetstone to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints. I know that he but heweth and polisheth stones all this time for the New Jerusalem.”

For the terms of admission into The Heavens, see Eph. 1:3, 4: “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.



## 2. RIGHTS IN CHRIST

A right is that which justly belongs to one; that which he may properly demand as his own. There is always a corresponding obligation on the part of all other persons to abstain from infringing this right. I have natural rights.

By the will of my Creator I have a right to life, liberty, property, reputation, marriage, which may all be forfeited by the commission of a capital crime. [See Whewell's “Elements of Morality,” vol. 1.]

***I have gracious rights.*** In Christ, by virtue of His atoning merit, all men are invested with rights as inalienable as the great natural rights enumerated above. These are, ability to repent, power to believe in Christ, pardon, adoption, the witness of the Spirit, regeneration, sanctification, and the glorification of the soul and body united in eternal life. These are all comprised in the gift of the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, my right through Christ; for even the saints' resurrection is “BECAUSE of His Spirit dwelling in you” (Rom. 8:11). (See critical Greek Manuscript). The whole race will be raised because Jesus is the conqueror of death; but there is an additional reason why believers shall be raised. Their bodies have been temples of the Holy Spirit.

These are not natural rights, inasmuch as they did not exist till purchased for me by Jesus, my adorable Saviour. But now that His shed blood stands as the eternal price of my eternal redemption, through faith I am invested with a right to that redemption, and to all that is a requisite preparation for it. The Father, by solemn oath, has taken upon Himself the obligation to pardon, sanctify, and save eternally all who persistently claim their rights in Christ Jesus. This explains the transaction between the Father and the Son, alluded to by Jesus in His high-priestly address to the Father in John 17:2. A study of the original beautifully shows that the whole mass of humanity is intrusted to the Son for redemption, and that the Father has bound Himself to give eternal life to all who claim

their rights in Christ, or, in Scripture phrase, “as many as Thou hast given Him” through the drawings of the cross, freely yielded to under the persuasions of the Holy Spirit. [See Bengel’s Gnomon.”] From the very nature of rights, they cannot be forced upon a person against his will. He must freely accept them or freely disclaim them. If the millionaire cannot divest himself of his money, then his money owns him instead of his owning the money. Gracious rights are always free. Constraint strikes at their very essence.

Thus the poet Holmes compares the free agent who abuses his right. And the one who properly uses it, to two raindrops falling side by side on the top of a mountain, the one running down the northward slope toward the polar regions, and the other coursing toward the sunny south.

“So from the heights of will  
Life’s parting stream descends,  
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,  
Each widening torrent bends.

“From the same cradle’s side,  
From the same mother’s knee  
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,  
One to the peaceful sea!”

But, after all, am I not mistaken about my rights in Christ? Have I a “Thus saith the Lord” for this doctrine? See John 1:12. marginal reading: “But as many as received Him, to them gave He the RIGHT to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His NAME.” Here our right to sonship and the name of Jesus are blessedly interlinked by our faith. “Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have RIGHT to the tree of life” (Rev.22:14). This implies a right of way to that tree of life, that sanctification of heart requisite for the inheritance of the saints in light. A kind father will not mock his son by giving him a title to a part of the homestead, and then deny him all rightful access thereto. “if we confess our sins, He is faithful and JUST to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness” (I John 1:9). Thus, in addition to the obligation of veracity expressed in the adjective “faithful,” there is the obligation of justice implied in the word “just,” a jural term, involving obligations on God’s part and rights on ours. It would be injustice in God to withhold pardon and cleansing from a soul truly abhorring sin, and fleeing to the blood of sprinkling.

“The pardon of sin,” says an old English divine, “is not merely an act of mercy, but also an act of justice in God. Justice itself is brought over, from being a formidable adversary, to be on our side, and to plead for us.” President Edwards uses the following strong language: “The justice of God that [irrespective of the strong atonement] require man’s damnation, and seemed inconsistent with his salvation, now [having respect to the atonement] as much requires the salvation of those that believe in Christ, as ever it before required their damnation. Salvation is an absolute debt to the believer on the ground of what His Surety has done.”

1. This fact of **rights in Christ** gives cogency to the exhortation to accept Him. A right must be claimed and exercised, or it will be lost forever. That investment in the savings bank will be worthless to you if you never claim it. If your heirs are wiser than you, they may derive benefit from it. An appropriated Christ is no Saviour. All our rights in Christ may be forfeited by the capital offence – the sin against the Holy Ghost.

2. The great value of **the name of Jesus** and the necessity of prayer in that name. All our rights inhere in Him. He has withdrawn His visible presence from our eyes, but, like a wise and benevolent king, *He has left His signet ring behind* Him for the use of His

cabinet, so that the government can be administered as if present in person. The name of Jesus is His signet ring. I may stamp that name upon all my petitions, and secure that for which I pray. I must prevail in every suit in which I can identify myself with the glory of Jesus. When self asserts itself, and asks for any thing not for the glory of Christ, I cannot use the name of Jesus. Thus that name is at once the ground of my rights with God and the limit of these rights. Hence Jesus' name is the only limit to the "whatsoever in John 16:23: "And in that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you." Says Alford, "It was impossible, up to the time of the glorification of Jesus, to pray to the Father in His name." It is a fullness of joy peculiar to the dispensation of the Spirit to be able so to do. "For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father" (Eph. ii. 18). How glorious the hour when Jesus transferred His precious signet ring to the hands of His disciples! This was not at the beginning of His ministry, when He taught them the Lord's prayer, for His death had not yet clothed His name with that peculiar power with which it is now invested. But in the last week of His earthly life, when within a step of Calvary's cross, in anticipation of His glorification, He placed this precious deposit, this instrument of power, this long end of the lever that moves the very throne of the Father, in the hands of His disciples, saying, "Hitherto ye have asked nothing IN MY NAME; ask and receive, that your joy may be full."

This momentous hour has not sufficiently attracted the eye of the Church. The brilliancy of the other great events crowded into the last days of Christ's earthly history, the scenes of Gethsemane, Gabbatha, and Calvary, the resurrection and ascension, have eclipsed this important moment with excessive light, as the Sun's splendors obscure the planet Mercury. O ye believers in Jesus, magnify the hour when He transferred to your hands His sceptre of power in heaven and on the earth, saying, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

Henceforth your sanctified will is to be a force which shall influence the moral government of God, and hasten the coming of the kingdom of Christ. Then no more think meanly of your privileges, yea, rather, your rights, conferred by our glorious Redeemer, who hath made you kings and priests unto God – kings, because He has given you His throne by promise, and His signet ring by possession; and priests, because you have the right of access in person into the holy of holies through the blood of Jesus.

*A half-starved old Indian* once came into a frontier settlement, begging for food. He said that he had no money, but he had one thing about his person which he had carried for nearly a half century.

Being urged to exhibit his treasure, he drew from his bosom a small case of deerskin, in which was found enclosed an honorable discharge from the Continental army, signed by GEORGE WASHINGTON. That name, so influential with the American people, this poor red man had carried, all ignorant of its potency to unlock the hearts of white men, and to prove his right to a pension. How many a hungry, fainting Christian is carrying the precious name of Jesus carefully folded in a napkin, instead of spreading it out before the throne of the Father as his prevailing plea for that fullness of the Spirit to which that name entitles him – a pension of grace here, and bounty lands in heaven hereafter!

"Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above;  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love:  
To me, with Thy great name, are given  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven."

3. *Appropriating faith.* There is much energy wasted in asking for the fullness of the Spirit, which ought to be expended in simply receiving. Believing is appropriating the general promises, and making them your own by asserting your right to them in the name of Jesus. The Comforter is already sent. Make room for Him in your heart by a thorough consecration to Christ. Simple trust is the only door through which God can come into His temple, your heart. He cannot enter through your senses, because He is a Spirit; nor through your reason, because it grasps only relations and not realities. Your faith alone can touch God, and unveil Him to your spiritual perceptions. Then, and then only, does He really become your God.

In this intuitive knowledge of God and of Christ is eternal life. "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent" (John 17:3). Hence St. Paul says: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord." Charles Wesley is right in his estimate of the comparative worthlessness of all mere intellectual treasures: --

"Other knowledge I disdain;  
'Tis all but vanity;  
Christ, the Lamb of God was slain --  
He tasted death FOR ME."

There is a time when prayer should give place to faith. Jesus said to the nobleman, "Go, thy son liveth." Continued prayer to Jesus to come down to Capernaum and heal the son, or to give a token that he would be healed, was now an impertinence and an act of disrespect to our Lord. There was only one honorable course – trust instead of repeated petition. The nobleman trusted when he had received the promise. Much more should believers trust for the abiding Comforter, seeing that they have the promise of the Father, actually fulfilled in the Holy Spirit, urged upon their acceptance. All they are required to do is to receive Him, to take the water of life freely; not to pump, nor to draw with buckets. It is a fountain full and overflowing. It is the duty of the Jew not to pray for the Messiah to come, but to recognize the Nazarene. It is the duty of the Christian, not to pray for the accomplished outpouring of the Spirit, but to accept the pentecostal gift, and thus honour the third Person of the Trinity, who has already inaugurated His dispensation.

4. *Boldness in our approach to the throne of grace* is grounded on this knowledge of our rights in Christ. It is the lack of this that causes so many weak and wilted believers. They never prevail in prayer because they faint before they grasp the prize. They faint because they fail to discern and claim their rights in Christ Jesus.

They have not learned the meaning of this stanza :  
"No condemnation now I dread, --  
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine,  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own."

Men will contend long for their natural rights. This is the spring of much of the heroism which illumines the pages of history. Could we impress the whole Christian Church with the assurance that in the name of Jesus they have each an individual right to the undivided Comforter and Sanctifier, the Church would be suddenly transformed from a hospital to a band of conquering heroes. Courage would throb in every heart, and vigour would nerve every arm. Every one would kneel a wrestling Jacob, and, confidently say

“Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy name be Love,”  
would rise a prevailing Israel, shouting,  
“’Tis Love! ’tis Love! Thou diedst for me;  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart.”



### 3. FIVE YEARS WITH THE INDWELLING CHRIST

It is the 17<sup>th</sup> of November, the anniversary of the spiritual manifestation of Jesus Christ to me as the perfect Saviour from all sin – an event transcending all others in my sojourn on the earth. To the salvation wrought on that day so long as I can move tongue or pen I must testify. Rather, I will testify. How sweet the constraining love of Christ, like a furnace-blast melting the “I must” into the “I will,” duty into delight. This is the highest freedom possible in earth or heaven, when my will elects God’s will with unspeakable gladness.

“I love Thee so, I know not how  
My transports to control;  
My love is like a burning fire  
Within my very soul.”

O, Lord Jesus, often during these five wonderful years have I wearied an unbelieving world and a half-believing Church with my attestations of Thy marvelous power to save. But all my utterances fail to express the greatness and the blessedness of that glorious deliverance. I cannot compass in thought, much less in words, the immensity of Thy love, an ocean without bottom or brim. I cannot tell the story, and I cannot let it alone. By Thy grace, blessed Holy Spirit and abiding Comforter, I will not cease the attempt

“Till this poor lispings, stammering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.”

And not then; for I will then vie with Gabriel, and out-sing him too, when I touch the strain which is not in all his creation anthem-Salvation through the blood of the Lamb. During these cloudless, blissful years – dare I write it – my soul and body have been the abode of the indwelling Christ, consciously “the habitation of God through the Spirit.”

Pythagoras enjoined upon his disciples a five-years’ novitiate of silence. It was a command easily kept, for the frigid Grecian philosophy had no secret which constrained utterance. But the love of Jesus, fully shed abroad in the heart by the blessed Carrier Dove of heaven, is a mystery that must be divulged. Silence is impossible. The lips of the fully initiated believer are unsealed, and words sweeter than Hymettian honey, which bedewed the lips of the infant Plato, flow forth. Plato could keep his “divine peradventures” till the next banquet of the philosophers; but my divine assurances cannot be kept like the cold, impersonal abstractions of philosophy, Love must have a tongue. Love brooks no delay.

***“’Tis love that drives my chariot wheels.”***

So far as a page of limping words can compass the mighty theme, I essay the hopeless task of portraying the glory of the indwelling Christ, that His grace may be magnified, and all His people may invite Him unto their hearts as a permanent inhabitant; for I cannot believe that my experience is necessarily exceptional. I should dishonor the

boundless grace and salvation of God, if I measured the possible in the attainments of the Church, by the actual. Results reached by one believer, while trusting the general promises of God's Word, are possible to all, for there is no respect of persons with Him.

How *Jesus the adorable Saviour has grown* in my soul's estimation during these cloudless years! What glories His heart of love has unfolded to me! What raptures fill my heart when I see Him reflected in the fourfold mirror of the Gospels, and follow His ascent into the highest heaven, carrying a human heart to the mediatorial throne! Almost every week, and sometimes every day, the pressure of His great love comes down upon my heart in such measure as to make my brain throb and my whole being, soul and body, groan beneath the strain of the almost insupportable plethora of joy. And yet amid this fullness there is a hunger for more, and amid the consuming flame of love the paradoxical cry is ever on my lips:--

“Burn, burn, O Love! Within my heart,  
Burn fiercely night and day,  
Till all the dross of earthly loves,  
Is burned, and burned away.”

It is not strange that those great formulas of the Prayer Book, the Te Deum Laudamus, the Gloria in Excelsis, and the Creator Veni Spiritus, which once seemed extravagant in their cumulation of titles ascribed to Christ and the Comforter, and tedious in their repetitions, have become the natural language of my soul in the constant glow of devotion, as they have been the canticles through which the Bride, for fifteen centuries, has poured out her love into the willing ear of her heavenly Bridegroom.

How has my theology of the Holy Ghost lost its vagueness and taken on clearness and distinctness! His personality and His offices in transfiguring believing souls are no longer dry dogmas, to be accepted on the authority of revelation, but are experimental verities, without which, I now clearly see, the Gospel would fail to transform a single soul. I begin to see a little way into the fathomless mystery of the Trinity, far enough to see that it is not revealed as a puzzle to confound reason and test faith; but that it is of experimental and practical importance in the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. It has become as evident as the midday sun that he who would realize the most perfect transformation of divine love must, through faith, receive its outpouring from the Holy Spirit through Jesus, the appointed channel from the Father's heart, a shoreless sea of love.

“O blessed Trinity  
Holy, unfathomable, infinite,  
Thou are all life, and love, and light.

Holy Trinity!  
Blessed equal Three,  
One God, we praise Thee.”

As I have gazed down into this fathomless ocean of truth and love, my soul has exulted in the fulfillment of the promise of Jesus to the loving and obedient heart that receives the Comforter, “My Father will love him, and WE will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

In *my previous Christian experience* of twenty-eight years there always seemed to be a vacancy unfilled, a spot which the plowshare of the gospel had not touched. My nature had not been thoroughly subsoiled and thrown up to the light and warmth of the Sun of righteousness. I loved Jesus, studied His character with increasing admiration, and preached Him with delight. But there was always a painful sense that my love was

fractional, the response of only a part of my being, a meagre tribute from the wealth of my capacity. I was often more enthusiastic in other things than in devotion to the King of glory, the adorable Jesus. Hence, when I surveyed the cross of Christ there was a feeling of self-reproach, a semi-condemnation for the feebleness of my gratitude and the faintness of my love. But the heavenly Tenant of my soul has changed all this. He has unlocked every apartment of my being, and filled and flooded them all with the light of His radiant presence. The vacuum has become a plenum. The spot before untouched has been reached, and all its flintiness has melted in the presence of that universal solvent,

“Love divine, all loves excelling.”

I now wish that I had a thousand-heart-power to love, and a thousand-tongue-capacity to proclaim Jesus, the One altogether lovely, the complete Saviour, who “is able also to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him.” Nevertheless, I have the delicious assurance that my present capacities, dwarfed as they are by former apathy and sin, are all filled to the brim with love to Christ and my fellowmen; and that every faculty is strained to its highest tension in His delightful service.

Blissful, indeed, is the consciousness of the wholeness of my love to Jesus, flowing from all the hidden fountains of my heart, like the Mississippi to the Gulf. “All my springs are in Thee.” O the indescribable sweetness of this perfect love, after many years of love painfully imperfect and divided! What that void within was – what that untouched core of my being whether it was selfishness, unbelief, original or inbred sin – I leave to the theologians to discuss. I aver that it was something very uncomfortable. Praise the Lord Jesus, it is gone, never to return. Joy did not go with it, but stays behind it. The Man of Calvary, the Son of God, treads all the avenues of my soul, melting its hardness, cleansing its impurity, filling its emptiness, and pouring upon my head

“The blessed unction from above,  
Comfort, life, and fire of love.”

My experience often reminds me of the results of integral calculus, namely: two kinds of quantities, constants and variables. The constants in my spiritual life are: --

1. *Salvation from doubt.* I once walked much amid the shadows, having a streak of sunshine sandwiched with streaks of twilight, with occasionally darkness that could be felt. How changed is all this now, “through the full assurance of understanding, the full assurance of faith, the full assurance of hope,” the contents of which are that I am now and for ever wholly the Lord’s! This assurance has not been interrupted for one moment for five years. This is the most astonishing triumph of grace over a temperament naturally melancholic, an introspecting, self-anatomizing, and self-accusing style of piety characteristic of my ancestry.[The writer is a lineal descendant, in the fourth generation, of the father of David Brainerd, the missionary.] This magnifies the power of Jesus to save, more than any other aspect of my experience.

2. *The death of personal ambition.* To all desire of self-promotion and self-aggrandizement, to the glory of God’s grace let it be said, I feel as dead as the autumn leaves beneath my feet as I tread the streets of Lynn on this gusty November day. It was different once. There was once a desire for the applause of men, a name resounding in the trumpet of fame. It was not inordinate and noticeable by my friends; but it existed as an uneasy tenant of my bosom, the spring of many of my actions, and a motive mingling with all my aspirations to serve God. But five years ago, this blessed day, an unalloyed spring of action, the motive power of unmingled love to Jesus and the race for which He shed His blood was fixed within by the Holy Spirit. It is no longer the old nature that lives, but Christ Jesus. That a resurrection of the self that has been crucified, dead, and buried for years is possible, I do not deny. I am not divining the future, but chronicling my footsteps in the past for the benefit of my fellow-believers:

“Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

3. ***Perfect rest from all apprehension*** of future ill. Salvation from worry is no small thing, especially in the case of one whose views of life are strongly tinged with indigo. Fear and faith cannot keep house together. When one enters the other departs. I believe that Jesus, who is head over all things to His Church, has the programme of my best possible future, which involves these two elements: --

1. His highest glory through me.
2. My highest happiness in Him.

It is the mission of the Comforter to lead me, step by step, through this programme, till Christ’s ideal of my earthly life is fully realized. My only anxiety, moment by moment, is this: Am I now led by the Spirit of God? Just what the hidden plan of my future is, so long as it is the will of Jesus, is no concern of mine. The veil that hides it is woven by the fingers of Mercy.

“Ill that He blesses is my good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will!”

4. ***Oneness with Christ***. Eckhart’s beggar saint, a poor, blind man, whose feet were torn and covered with dust, standing in rags by the way-side, rejoicing in Christ amid sunshine and rain, hunger and cold, was catechized by a learned man, seeking rest of soul. His last and hardest question was this: “But if God should cast thee into hell, what wouldst thou do?” He replied “I should have two arms to embrace Him withal. One arm is true humility, and therewith am I one with His holy humanity. And with the other right arm of love, that joineth His holy Godhead, I would embrace Him, so He must go with me into hell likewise. And so I would sooner be in hell and have God, than in heaven and not have Him.” I have no better words with which to express my sense of eternal oneness with Christ. He is not a capricious dweller in the temple of my heart, present today and absent tomorrow. He abides. Yet I have, as a free agent, the suicidal power of sundering that blissful union.

5. ***Faith is a steady, living principle***, in marked contrast with the isolated, spasmodic efforts of my former experience. It is as natural as breathing, and as unconsciously done.

6. ***Love has been a well of water within***, “springing into everlasting life,” instead of an intermittent brooklet, ice-bound in mid-winter, and dried up in midsummer.

7. ***Peace, the legacy of Jesus***, changes not.

These constants all flow forth from the abiding Comforter, the indwelling Christ. But the following variables result from the leaky vessel into which the water of life is poured: --

1. ***The joy of realization ebbs and flows***. The very etymology of emotion indicates that it is always moving, waxing or waning. Still, what St. Paul styles “the joy of faith” is as permanent as faith itself.

But above this occasionally roll the great tidal waves of ecstatic joy, deluging the soul for days in succession. Under this mighty pressure of the heavenly world upon my poor throbbing heart I often feel that the earthen vessel will break under the strain, and that I shall die of very gladness.

2. *Agony of souls*. It is a mercy that this is a variable experience. The Lord Jesus was in Gethsemane only a few hours, and even then He was strengthened by an angel. My occasional hours of intense burden and distress for souls are usually followed by the conversion or spiritual emancipation of some one among my people. I sometimes see hours in which I would willingly die to save a soul from eternal death. Thankful as I am for these hours of sympathy with the suffering Saviour, I am grateful that they are hours, and not days nor years. "He knoweth my frame."

3. *Temptation*. Satan's arrows fly thicker at times, but they strike upon my shield like spent shot, and fall harmless at my feet. As the years roll by their impact is more and more feeble, indicating that the vanquished foe is on the retreat, or, rather, that I am receding from his ambush, and nearing that sea of glass on which I shall exchange my shield for a harp of victory, for ever beyond the range of Satan's fiery darts. This waning of his power in temptation is the normal Christian experience at its best estate. Abraham's greatest trial was in his old age, but it was from the Lord, and not from Satan. Job's grand duel with the tempter was in advanced life; but so unnatural was this conflict at this time that Satan could not approach the confirmed saint of Uz till God had given him a special permit to pass the lines of the angel of the Lord encamping round about him. After the devil's threefold Waterloo defeat at the beginning of Christ's ministry, he left him "for a season." But none of the evangelists have chronicled the renewed attack. Is it not because the assault was so feeble that none of them noticed it? Did not the sword of Apollyon so faintly fall upon the helmet of Jesus that the clash was heard by none of the twelve, not even by John, who leaned upon His bosom? The terrific combats of Bunyan's Pilgrim with Satan all occur early in the journey. By and by Christian reaches a land where these have entirely ceased, and "Doubting Castle is clear out of sight."

4. *Access in prayer* and grasp upon the divine promises is a variable which we have not space to discuss; nor

5. *The openings of the Scriptures* under the apparently varying intensity of the Spirit's illumination, but really through some hidden law of my own mental and physical nature. But Jesus is no variable.

"Changed, and not changed, Thy present charms,  
The past ones only prove;  
O make my heart more strong to bear  
This newness of Thy love!"



## 4. FREEDOM

"O for freedom, for freedom in worshipping God,  
For the mountain-top feeling of generous souls,  
For the health, for the air, of the hearts deep and broad,  
Where grace not in rills, but in cataracts, rolls!"

What is the object of Faber's intense desire, breathed out in these words? Not what we call religious liberty, the right to worship according to the dictates of conscience enlightened by the private interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. In ages for ever gone by, men wandered in exile, pined in dungeons, burned at the stake, or swung from gibbets, in the exercise of a right which Christians legislation has in modern times secured to the people of nearly all lands.

Nor does this eminent poet of the higher Christian life aspire after the liberty so much discussed by a past generation of theologians, the freedom of the will in its moral choices, the indispensable basis of accountability, called by the Germans formal freedom, in contrast with that real freedom for which this modern psalmist of the inward life longed so ardently. This real freedom is not a mere poetic fancy, an angel flitting on airy pinions before the inspired bard's eye, but never deigning to light on the earth and dwell in the abodes of men. Though men generally who assert that real freedom is not a citizen of this lower world, and that the fetters of doubt and fear and sin must gall every soul so long as it is in a mortal body, yet a few have actually received this heavenly visitant into their earthly habitation, and for years have communed with her in fellowship unspeakable blissful. These are not a favored few, capriciously selected for this great honor and greater joy. For on intimate acquaintance our celestial Guest is found to be cherishing no exclusive tastes and no personal preferences. We find that the design of formal freedom is to lead the entire human family to real freedom. Her failure in the case of multitudes must be charged to their stubbornness, and not to her partiality.

Let us now take a philosophical view of these *two kinds of freedom*. Formal freedom, or free agency, is the power of choice between sin and holiness. The human will must have sufficient independency to originate sin, or it follows that it flows from the Divine causality. For sin is in this world as the result of some cause. Deny that the human will is a cause uncaused in its volitions, and you are left with this dreadful alternative, God is the author of sin.

But real freedom is the unrestrained acting out of one's own nature. *Let children play together*, and the girls take to dolls, and the boys to stilts, by a kind of inner necessity coiled up like a watch-spring in their natures, prompting them to act out these inherent oppositions and peculiarities of sex. When they thus act they are really free. Require them to change their parts and act contrary to nature, and real freedom is destroyed. The great poet, painter, or sculptor is so conscious that he is pervaded by a silent necessity of nature, called genius, that, looking back from the summit of his achievements, he feels that he could not have done otherwise.

"But," says a fatalist, "could not Nero have set up the same plea for his crimes? Did not he simply act out his depraved nature? And did he not inherit that nature from his wicked mother, Agrippina?"

Two considerations make Nero's wicked deeds different from Michel Angelo's innocent spontanities. Nero's, though acting out a bad nature was conscious of formal freedom, -- *the power to put forth virtuous acts*. Secondly, if he had listened to the preaching of Paul, his prisoner, he would have found out that there is present to every depraved soul a power to change character itself from depravity to holiness. That moral act is really free which expresses unconstrained the moral condition of the agent, whatever it may be. Nero had so hardened his heart and seared his conscience that there was no inward hindrance to his monstrous crimes. He had real freedom in sinning. But he might have believed in Jesus Christ so perfectly as to be emancipated from the dominion, yea, the existence, of every native, depraved impulse, so that acts of holiness would have flowed freely and spontaneously from his will. He might have had real freedom in righteousness. This is what Jesus means when He says, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be FREE INDEED."

An inspection of the ordinary sinner's moral state reveals *a collision of inward forces*, a sense of obligation to the moral law, involving a consciousness of freedom to obey, and a drift of nature in the opposite direction, toward sin. Hence the moral phenomenon in the seventh of Romans. Real freedom can be realized by the complete annihilation of one of these forces. Erase the feeling of moral obligation, and you have an extraordinary sinner

who has passed beyond the limit of hope.

Eradicate the inherent tendency to depravity, by perfecting the love of God within, and you have a real freeman in Christ Jesus. Hence, the inference is irresistible, that sin, the cause of inward strife and conflict, cannot belong to the true nature of man, and that the entire exclusion of sin is necessary to that spontaneous and unimpeded action of his will which is called real freedom. Entire sanctification is identical with perfect liberty.

“And He hath breathed into my soul  
A special love of Thee,  
A love to lose my will in His,  
And by that loss be FREE.”

Thomas a Kempis agrees with Faber when he says, “My son, thou canst not have perfect liberty unless thou wholly renounces thyself. They are but in fetters, all who merely seek their own interest and are lovers of themselves. Keep this short and complete saying: ‘Forsake all, and thou shalt find all. Leave concupiscence and thou shalt find rest.’”

**Formal freedom is an inherent attribute of man**, but real freedom is the gift of Christ, inasmuch as it is the outflow of the new nature, the creation of the Holy Ghost. “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” It is obedience from an inner impulse, spontaneous and free. It is a perfect similarity of feeling with God in all our moral choices and in all sources of our delight. It is not a freedom from the law as a rule of life, (antinomianism), but as the ground of justification and the impulse to serve. We keep the law unconsciously, not from dread of its penalties, but from love to the Lawgiver, by a glad assent, as naturally as water runs downhill. In fact, the soul saved to the uttermost, and filled with the Sanctifier, like the body of the risen Jesus, has lost its earthward attraction, and gravitates upward, having passed the centre of gravity between sin and holiness, earth and heaven, Col. 3:1-3: -- “If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.”

Here we encounter the objection, that the formal freedom of such a soul must have ceased, being merged in the real freedom which it has attained. It must be admitted that these two seem to destroy each other, so that when real freedom belongs to a man formal freedom must be denied to him. The Scriptures seem to teach the same doctrine. “Whomsoever is born of God doth not commit sin: for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God” (I John 3:9). This seems to teach that the soul once born of God has lost its freedom to sin, and passed beyond the perils of probation. A careful reading of this text, attending to the tenses, affords much light. Whosoever has been born of God and so continues (perfect tense) is not sinning; for his seed (the new principle of love to God) is remaining in him, and he is not able to be sinning, (present tense indicating a state, not an act), because he has been born of God and so remains. The incompatibility of the two states, of permanent sonship and habitual sinning, is here denied, and not the impossibility of a loss of sonship by a lapse into sin. So long as the soul fully cleaves unto God it incapacitates itself for sinning. Nevertheless, formal freedom still underlies this real freedom of a holy soul, and it may, at any time, while in probation, come to the surface in an evil choice, if faith should relax its hold on God, as in the case of the angels who fell from their first or probationary estate, and of Adam and Eve, who fell from their innocency. Why such beings should sin in an insolvable mystery; but really it is no greater than the mystery of sin going on around us today. Sin is unreason. To give a good reason for it is to justify it.

The highest estate we can reach in probation is the ‘posse non peccare’, **ability not to sin**.

In the state of the just made perfect we shall attain the ‘non posse peccare’, inability to sin, real taking the place of formal freedom. On the other hand, every impenitent sinner, by steadily diminishing his moral capacity to resist sin, is approaching that awful state of final permanence of sinful character, ‘non posse non peccare’, inability to abstain from sinning, his formal freedom being engulfed in a real and eternal enslavement of the will to sin, in which he has real freedom to sin and not from sin. The glorified saint has real freedom from sin and not to sin. Both are still conceptually free agents, responsible for their acts.

It is a noteworthy fact that *the terms free, freeman, and liberty*, in the New Testament have no reference at all to formal freedom, or free agency, but solely to the real freedom bestowed by the Lion of Judah when, through entire sanctification, he breaks every chain. This is the only liberty worth mention in the estimation of the Holy Spirit. All who possess only formal freedom are the bondsmen of sin tyrannizing over them. This renders them accountable to God, and if properly used, is the stepping-stones to freedom in Christ.

Another instructive fact disclosed in the study of this subject is, that real freedom is often expressed as the most complete enslavement to God. This indicates that freedom from sin is at the same time perfect submission to God. Hence the evangelical paradox in I Cor. 7:22, where the Lord’s freeman is Christ’s servant, and in I Peter 2:16, where the free are exhorted to use their liberty as the servants or slaves of God. Thus the highest freedom is the most perfect bondage. The loftiest ideal of liberty is realized when the human will is completely enthralled by the Divine will. Amid these apparent contradictions is the wrestling ground of faith. Thanks be unto God, “we who have believed do enter into rest,” the glorious rest of a perfect freedom from doubt and worry, and fear and sin, actual and original.

It is the concurrent testimony of all advanced believers, that they have passed the point where Christian duties are performed as a task, and have emerged into the region where *service is spontaneous* and unconstrained. This point is identical with the experience of perfect love. Up to that hour there is a consciousness of what the German theologians call formal freedom; but after that glorious event there is an experience of real freedom. The difference between these is, that in the former there is an absence of all outward coercion; in the latter, the last vestige of constraint from within ourselves, from the resistance or inertia of self, has disappeared, and our will is in *delightful harmony with the will of God*. This transition can never be reached on the plane of nature. As an eagle cannot out-soar the atmosphere, so self-will cannot transcend itself. The work is divine. This our adorable Saviour plainly declares when He says: “If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” This perfect freedom is rarely, if ever, experienced at first espousal to Christ.

There is not a complete emancipation from the constraint of the law, which is our ‘RCKFCIQQL’, or child-leader, to bring us to Christ. Fear mingles with love – servile or tormenting fear. The timid soul clings to the rough hand of the child-leader for protection, even after he has come to the crucified Christ. In other words, there is more or less legalism in His service. The critics tell us that the marginal reading of Rom. 7:6, has by far the best manuscript authority: “But now we have been delivered from the law, having died to that wherein we were held, so that we serve in the newness of the Spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter.” This death of the believer unto the law must be twofold: first, as the ground of acceptance by reason of his perfect obedience. The penitent sinner in this sense dies to the law when he abandons the plea of perfect obedience, and relies only on the blood of Christ, and obtains justification by faith. A second step brings him into perfect freedom.

This is when love toward the Lawgiver is so fully shed abroad in the heart as to effect a perfect release from the fear of the law as a motive to obedience. This takes place when the Holy Spirit fills the soul, and exhibits Jesus to the eye of faith as “the One altogether lovely,” and gives an assurance of His love to me so strong as to exclude doubt, and to awaken love toward Him responsive to His mighty love. Duty is transformed into delight. Prayer, praise, confession, and sacrifice, are now spontaneous. Love knows no burden in the service of its object. The law still remains as the rule of life and the measure of sin, but it is divested of its terrors. “Who is He that condemneth?” It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.” Thus in justification the believer’s emancipation from the law is initiated; in entire sanctification and in the fullness of love it is completed.

*Service without servility* is beautifully illustrated by the Levitical law relating to the release of the Hebrew servant on the seventh year. Exodus 21:2-6; If, through love to his master, or to his own wife and children, he refused to go out free, his ear was to be attached to the door-post by means of an awl, symbolizing the fact that henceforth that slave was a fixture – a part of his master’s real estate, as much as the tiles nailed to his roof. But what about the service after this ceremony? Was it hesitating, irksome, or constrained? Only consider that he is a slave for ever! Is this alone enough to darken all his skies and becloud all his prospects! Who can cheerfully abide the thought of living and dying in bondage? Every one who has discovered the precious secret to God is the highest style of freedom. The ear-bored servant, then, illustrates the highest liberty of which man is capable.

Hence in Psalm 40:8, the Messiah is personified as saying, “I delight to do Thy will, O my God! Yea, Thy law is within my heart.” But the figure which sets forth the perfection of His obedience in a most striking manner is in this words, “Mine ears hast Thou opened” -- digged or bored: I am fettered by the willing bond of love. God’s will was His choice.

“This was the end, the blessed rule,  
Of Jesus’ toils and tears;  
This was the passion of His heart,  
Those three and thirty years.”

This explains the seeming contradiction in Psalm 116:16: “O, Lord, truly I am Thy servant (or slave); Thou hast loosened my bonds.” The number of those who understand this blessed paradox is daily increasing. The identity of the highest freedom with the most unreserved surrender of self to God is their blissful experience. When “the sweet will of God” is the taskmaster of a soul brimful of love to Jesus, the exultant believer can warble this grateful song to the divine will:--

“And He hath breathed into my heart  
A special love for thee;  
A love to lose my will in His,  
And by that lose be free.”

The true doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints is wrapped up in this idea. It is not founded on the Creator’s act of unconditional election from eternity, but upon the joint election of the creature and his Creator; *on the ground of service and character foreseen and approved* by God, and His everlasting dominion deliberately chosen by man. “Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.” Then he becomes

an ear-bored servant. He has passed the point of equal attraction between self and God, and now and for evermore gravitates upward. To him, and him alone, belongs this confident challenge, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

"But this I do find,  
We two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory,  
And leave me behind."

The crucifixion of self and the full inspiration of the Christ-life have laid a blessed paralysis upon the centrifugal tendencies of the soul.

"Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest."

Charles Wesley in many of his hymns has expressed the same thought, not as a mere poetic fancy, but as a glorious experimental reality;--

"Jesus, Thine all victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God."

Still stronger is the couplet beginning the last stanza of this hymn: --

"My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move."

But in his "Wrestling Jacob," that life-like portrait of a struggling, and victorious soul, the same truth appears in still stronger terms:--

"Nor have I power from Thee to move,  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love."

Such a soul has occasion for watchfulness to know the Master's will, to penetrate the celestial guise in which Satan sometimes appears, and to guard all the innocent sensibilities against excessive action. While all the forces of St. Paul's soul, fused by the fire of love, were flowing Christward in one molten stream, he kept under his body, lest he should be a castaway. In this respect he counted not himself as already perfect, but he was pressing forward, if by any means he "might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." But in joyful service, without the least trace of servile feeling, in the fullness of his love toward Christ excluding all antagonistic forces, he says, "Let us, as many as be perfect, be thus minded" (Phil. 3:8-21).

Service without servility constitutes the peculiar and glorious feature of the new covenant. The old covenant was an outside, coercive force, a law written in stone; the new covenant is written on the heart, rectifying and inspiring all the springs of action. See Heb. 8:8-12, where, instead of the external obligation entailing bondage to the letter, will be found the new motive to obedience, the inward power of a divinely implanted knowledge of God's will, and perfect delight therein, forming a new and blissful bond between the Lord and his people.

In the great problem of Lenience and Law which is solved by the atonement, ***Law is not set aside or cheated*** out of its demands. Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfill, the moral law. He not only magnified it by His expiatory sacrifice; but by the Holy Spirit He

transfers it from the table of stone to the table of the heart, putting it inside the will, so that it is no longer a yoke upon the neck, but a free, spontaneous, and delightful choice. When God fulfills the promise of the new covenant, "I will put my law in your heart," the emancipated child of God can then joyfully appropriate the words of the Son of God, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." When the Law is thus incorporated in us we unconsciously keep its precepts.

This Scripture abundantly proves that this blessing is not limited to a privileged few, but *is attainable by all believers*, "from the least unto the greatest." The same truth is expressed by St. Paul when he says: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." And only there. Yet this very apostle, who was evidently filled with the Spirit, and consequently lived in the atmosphere of real soul freedom, in every epistle styles himself as his highest title, "the **FQWNQL**, or slave, of Christ Jesus."

How beautifully and concisely does St. James state the doctrine of this article in five words, "the perfect law of liberty;" the term "law" implying rightful authority and "liberty" implying an obedience spontaneous and free, while the term "perfect" expresses the infinite superiority of the New Testament to the Old, inasmuch as the Old rested on the law with foregleams of the promise, and the New records the glorious fulfillment, the jubilee of liberty regulated by the law of love.

What a change would the Church present, should this feature of the new covenant become the universal experience of the members! All the general rules regulating the life, all the requirements of the Discipline respecting attendance upon the means of grace, would immediately become a dead letter, not through universal neglect, but by reason of an inward spirit of obedience diffused through the entire body of Christ. This is the aim of the so-called higher-life movement: not to engraft something new upon Christianity, but fully to inaugurate the new covenant in the hearts of professed Christians, inspiring to the willing service of God, not from the impulse of fear, but from the inspiration of love.

***Greater than the liberation*** of thirty-eight million Russian serfs, and the emancipation of four million African slaves in America, is the work of striking the spiritual fetters from nominal Christendom, and lifting up the uncounted hosts of these groaning bondsmen to the condition of rejoicing freemen in Christ Jesus. To enforce the decree of emancipation in Russia the emperor appointed fifteen hundred extraordinary Justices of the Peace; and to effect the same purpose in the United States, many thousands of agents, civil and military, were employed. Is it anything strange that Jesus, the great emancipator, not content with the issue of His proclamation of release to all enthralled souls, should commission extraordinary agencies for the execution of His beneficent purpose? All hail, then, to every messenger that bears upon his tongue the glad evangel of a full salvation, and the welcome news of a service to Christ without servility, and with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is not enough that the divine decree of emancipation is printed in the Bible, God's statute book; it must be heralded abroad by human tongues, exemplified in human lives, and enforced by the divine Spirit. Hence Charles Wesley sings: --

"The truth that makes us free indeed,  
We cannot learn it from our creed,  
The truth that sanctifies,  
To bring us faith, returns from heaven,  
And Father, Son, and Spirit given,  
Conducts us to the skies."



## 5. THE SIXTH MILE-STONE

On this ever-memorable day, November 17<sup>th</sup>, 1876, I pass the sixth mile-stone in the highway of holiness. Should I refrain from the utterance of praise to the Lord Jesus, the King of Glory, to God the Father, and to the blessed Comforter, the stones beneath my feet would cry out. It may interest no one to listen to my thanksgiving anthem, yet I must pour it out into the ear of my adorable Saviour whether men will bear or whether they will forbear. The great Physician who hath wrought in me a perfect cure shall have my testimonial as long as I have a tongue to utter or a hand to write and rewrite the wondrous story. Why not be content with past testimonies? Where is the wife who is content with last year's avowals of love whispered into the ear of her husband? If she is to be found on the earth, you will hear no song as you near her threshold, you will be illumined with no smile when you come into her presence. For there is no joy where there is no love, and love begins to die when it becomes dumb. The wife who lives this year without renewed confessions of tender affection will be found next year in the court-house suing for a divorce. Six years ago my soul became the bride of Christ by an inexpressibly blissful union. Was I an enemy of Jesus up to that time? I was during twenty-eight years a servant, a friend, and a son. There is a gradation of amicable relations between an enemy and a spouse. Small Christian philosophers usually overlook this fact when they assert that there is no sharply defined transition in Christian experience after justification.

Another reason why continued testimonials to the mighty Healer of my soul are demanded is because each successive year demonstrates more and more clearly *the completeness and permanency of the cure*. Time magnifies the keeping power of Christ. Testimony on this point must be constant, lest silence be misinterpreted. If another apology for repeated testimony by the same witness is needed, let it be found in the sad fact that such testimonies to the perfect saving power of our Immanuel are relatively few. The vast mass of Christian professors, in the words of Bishop Thomson, "like the rivers emptying into the Arctic Sea, are frozen over at the mouth." These things ought not so to be.

Jesus is God!  
If on the Earth  
This, blessed faith decay,  
More tender must our love become,  
More plentiful our praise."

Finally, to all my friends disposed to criticise the publication to the heartless world of the sacred secrets of the heart's intercourse with Jesus, the celestial Bridegroom, let me say that I find the most exquisite delight in exalting the King of glory, and, with the Virgin Mother of my Lord, warbling my Magnificat in the ear of the universe. Luke i. 46-55. While some seek for joy in quest of gold, or fame, or lore, let me crave the boon I most desire on earth, the privilege of proclaiming trumpet-tongued, Jesus, mighty to save. For the benefit of all who are living where so many years of my own Christian experience were spent, in a dry and thirsty land, let me say that there is a "place of broad river; and streams," where

"Grace not in rills, but in cataracts, rolls."

From this goodly land I have no desire to return to the Sahara from which I have happily

escaped; yet I will send to “my comrades in the wilderness” frequent reports of my explorations of this new continent. Everything here is on a magnificent scale: --

There’s a wideness in God’s mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea.”

There is a constant sense of the immensity of God’s love – an ocean poured down upon the earth in the unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ, and in the boundless provisions of grace, culminating in the gift of the abiding Comforter and Sanctifier. Blessed Jesus!

“There’s not a craving in the mind  
Thou dost not meet and still;  
There’s not a wish the heart can have  
Which Thou dost not fulfill.”

This view of the riches of grace in Christ Jesus awakens the liveliest commiseration for the thirsty multitudes of worldlings, and the scarcely less pitiable host of nominal Christians, vainly digging in the sand for a few drops of brackish water, while whole Lake Superiors of sweet, cool and lively waters are flashing in the sun all around as far as the eye can reach.

“Would that they knew what Jesus is,  
And what untold abyss,  
Lies in love’s simple forwardness  
Of more than earthly bliss!”

Thus the soul has its joyful and its sorrowful side; the side turned toward Jesus is a hemisphere of light and warmth; the side which looks out toward the countless procession of the unsaved, tramping ceaselessly down to death, is a hemisphere of shade. “Sorrowful yet always rejoicing.”

I wish to testify most emphatically that the love of Christ shed abroad in my heart by the abiding Comforter has wonderfully *refined and intensified all lawful pleasures*. Jesus drops unspeakable sweetness into every cup of earthly bliss. This unexpected heightening of innocent enjoyments was hidden from me for many years in the unappropriated promise that Christ would “do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.” For six years there has been not only a new heaven above, but a new earth beneath, strewn with flowers, and filled with springs bubbling with the purest joys.

***The Society here is very select.*** Faith, Hope, Peace, Quietude, Resignation, Victory, and Assurance here make their constant homes, while Joy, Gladness, Rejoicing, and Exultation have their summer residence here, and the summer lasts nearly all the year. The Italian atmosphere of this region is too transparent for Doubt to live in. Guilt and Fear and Worry and Discontent have never migrated to this cheerful clime. Temptation makes an occasional incursion, but he acts as if he feels that he is an outlaw.

***There are old residents of this country*** who are by no means favorites with me, and I cut their acquaintance as much as possible, such as Ignorance, Forgetfulness, Misjudgment, Error, Inadvertence, Failure, and a large family by the name of Infirmity. In fact, I have repeatedly cast my vote for their exclusion, but they insist that they have a right to remain, since no statute lies against them. They say that they are grossly wronged when confused with an odious foreigner called Sin, who slightly resembles them in external appearance, but is wholly different in moral character. I must confess that a close observation, extended through several years, demonstrates the justice of this plea. Hence I live in peace with these old citizens, but do not delight in their society.

But I hear someone inquire, "Have you perfect satisfaction? Is every craving of your soul filled?" Yes. No. My present capacity for the love of God is filled, but so precious is the treasure that I am coveting a vessel a thousand times larger. Hence with Charles Wesley I daily exclaim:--

"Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
I drink, and yet am ever dry;  
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves can love enough?"

Hence *the paradoxical condition of satiety and hunger*.

This must ever be the experience of a being capable of progress. In this respect I count myself as well off in my heaven below as I shall be in my heaven above. Dr. Doddridge had a clear insight into this subject when he wrote thus to a friend "To allow yourself deliberately to sit down satisfied with any imperfect attainments in religion, and to look upon a more confirmed and improved state of it as what you do not desire – nay, as what you secretly resolve that you will not pursue – is one of the most fatal signs we can well imagine, that you are an entire stranger to the first principles of it." Almost daily Fletcher's prayer is on my lips, "Lord, enlarge the vessel.

"With gentle swiftness lead me on,  
Dear Christ, to see Thy face;  
And, meanwhile, in my narrow heart  
O, make Thyself more space!"

With what wonderful delight do I preach the unsearchable riches of Christ! The stairs that lead to my pulpit are more inviting to my feet than the ivory steps of earth's mightiest throne. I am in full sympathy with Payson's declaration, that he had rather a man would eat his dinner for him than preach his sermon for him.

Especially am I drawn toward the members of the Church of God, multitudes of whom need some one to travail in birth again for them, *until Christ be formed within them*. Nominal Christians are the greatest obstacle to the advance of the kingdom of heaven. I long to show unto them the beauty of Christ in such a light that they will be drawn into entire devotion to Him. Doubting souls awaken the deepest sympathy in me, having myself long suffered from this cause, until Jesus wrought a complete cure. To such I have a special mission.

"I know not what it is to doubt  
My heart is ever gay."

I have made the great discovery that all the foundations laid in the Bible are for faith. In that whole blessed volume there is not so much as one peg to hang a legitimate doubt upon. Legitimate, did I say? There is no such thing possible in the case of an honest man who owns a New Testament.

By an honest man I mean one who is willing to follow wherever the truth leads. Doubt has its root in an unwilling heart.

"But what is your experience," says one, "respecting the possibility of living year after year without condemnation for sin?" To glorify Jesus, I must say that my soul a witness is, that the petition in the Te Deum Laudamus, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin," is a prayer for a blessing attainable for three hundred and sixty-five days in

the year, and in leap year three hundred and sixty-six. Why should it be deemed impossible for God to keep the fully trusting soul?

Is it strange that a soul all aglow with love to the Lawgiver should feel no inclination to violate the law? Perfect love is an infallible cure of sinning. Hence it is a synonym for entire sanctification.

“But do you not have many evil thoughts come into your head?” A thousand thoughts of evil come in and go out again. *“In all this Job sinned not.”* The mental conception of an evil act is not sinful.

Sin is conceived in the voluntary nature. Rev. Joseph Cook, in one of his recent Monday lectures in Tremont Temple, asserted that sin is known by intuition, that all intuitive ideas are self-evident, necessary, and universal, and that the voluntary element in sin, as an act, has these three characteristics. To this statement we must heartily subscribe. The will, the capital power of the soul, may be so energized and sanctified as to stand as a flint against sin. In this sublime attitude stood that strongest human will, the will of the Man of Nazareth. Thus victorious may all His followers stand, “kept by the power of God through faith.” “Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.”



## 6. SEVEN SABBATIC YEARS

Nov. 17, 1870. -- Nov. 17, 1877.

“On this glad day the glorious Sun  
Of righteousness arose;  
On my benighted soul He shone,  
And filled it with repose.

“Sudden expired the legal strife;  
‘Twas then I ceased to grieve;  
My SECOND, real, living life  
I then began to live.”

The chief characteristic of the seven past years of my Christian life is **soul-rest**, running through every day and hour, like a golden thread. “For we which have believed do enter into rest.” Since there are many misconceptions respecting this rest, I wish to testify to my own experience in this regard:

1. It is *not a cessation from Christian activities*, and a sitting down with folded arms, enjoying the dreamy ecstasy of a mystical devotion. Instead of this, I find in this soul-rest an amazing stimulus to unremitting effort to glorify Christ in the salvation of all for whom He died, and especially in the perfect restoration of those believers who are only partially healed of the malady of sin.

“Rest is not quitting the busy career;  
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

‘Tis loving and serving the highest and best;  
‘Tis onward unswerving, and that is true rest.”

2. I do not find it an exemption from *spiritual conflict and temptation*. Christ’s

threefold Waterloo battle and victory occurred only a few days after the descent of the Holy Spirit at His baptism.

Intense spiritual illumination is one of the conditions under which a great spiritual field-fight is possible. Pickets may skirmish a little in the dark, but armies shake the earth with their thunders only in the daylight. Many Christians do not enjoy religion enough to be the subjects of a downright spiritual struggle. But after sunrise Satan unlimbers his biggest guns. Thank God, he may be so thoroughly beaten before breakfast, in the first onset, that his assaults will be feeble all the rest of the day, not daring to take the field in person, but sending some ugly “messenger to buffet” the soul.

3. Nor is this rest a release from *the burden of souls unsaved and unsanctified*. In fact, in my years of spiritual unrest, my own soul was my greatest burden, leaving me little time or strength to devote to others. But now that I have

“A heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize,”

I find myself drawn away from the unprofitable and unhappy self-introspection and medication of my own ailments to the unalloyed bliss of ministering the healing balm to the wounded and dying souls about me. I have been brought into deep sympathy with Paul in his willingness to be accursed from Christ; that is, to make an additional atonement for his kinsman according to the flesh. I have shared his continual sorrow of heart from this cause.

4. Nor do I find this perfect rest of a soul in full trust in Christ, an *easy-going, lazy optimism*, which occupies the rocking chair, indifferent to all coming events, and believes that everything, even gigantic social and political evils, are all working out the highest good. I find myself, by tongue and pen and vote, antagonizing every movement of Satan in society, in politics, and in literature. I have forbodings when selfish and wicked men are lifted into power; and I can claim the promise that “all things work together for good” only after a vigorous resistance to sin in every form. I write this just after casting my ballot for a prohibitory Governor of Massachusetts, in the endeavour to build a dyke against the sea of drunkenness which is fast engulfing this historic commonwealth. My candidate was not elected, but personally, though not for the State, I can claim the promise that all things are working out many a great day’s work for me. “Things to come are yours.”

5. This rest does *not exclude the strong feeling* of disapprobation where a manifest wrong is done to another or to myself. It is not the office of the Holy Spirit to dull the moral perception, and deaden the moral feeling which naturally accompanies such a perception. The unfallen angels and the holy God must be endowed with such a sense of justice, that they instinctively condemn every violation of the moral law.

An old English divine taught good moral philosophy when he said, that a soul that could not feel *a righteous indignation* in the presence of glaring injustice, was as defective as a man who had a withered muscle. This feeling of moral disapproval must not be confused with a desire to inflict suffering on the offender. We may keenly feel a wrong, while we calmly leave its punishment to the Judge of the quick and the dead, praying for the timely repentance and salvation of the wrong-doer.

After this negative view we turn the leaf, and read the positive side.

1. It is a *deliverance from unsatisfied cravings*.

“Man has a soul of vast desires,

Which burns within with quenchless fires.’’

In this unappeasable longing for something yet unattained I trace the features of God in the human soul. If man is in the image of his Creator, there must be a capacity in his nature which only the Infinite can fill. When filled with all the fullness of God, the soul for the first time experiences rest from unsatisfied desire. But only so long as we continue to drink from this overflowing fountain shall we be satisfied. “He that believeth (perpetually – see the Greek) on me shall (by no means – strengthened negative) never thirst.” It is the instinctive feeling that soul-thirst will follow, if we cease drinking.

2. **Release from** that irksomeness of Christian service which characterizes a **subtle legalism**. The yoke of Christ chafes when sin still lurks in the soul. When we do not in all respects freely will what God wills, we are carrying a burden up-hill. But when full trust in Christ brings us into perfect harmony with God, both the burden and the hill suddenly vanish, and we begin to sing: --

“I worship Thee, sweet will of God,  
And all Thy ways adore;

And every day I live, I seem  
To love Thee more and more.”

Was not Jesus addressing justified souls still wrestling with inbred sin when He promised rest to those who labour and are heavy laden? Unawakened sinners feel at ease under the yoke of sin – **the ease of spiritual stupor**. Only the initially saved feel the pressure of the yoke and their own inability to throw it off. Christ completes their deliverance from a sense of servility when they come to Him, as the Giver of rest, as well as the Forgiver of sins.

Says Olshausen: “The discord in man is not immediately removed after his entering into the element of the good. For this reason the Redeemer speaks also of a yoke and a burden which He Himself imposes, which is only felt by man so far as he is still encumbered by sin; his nobler nature feels Christ’s Spirit and life to be a homogeneous element.” Hence the entire removal of sin is easement from Christ’s burden. We are then no longer yoked, but **free oxen in infinite clover**. This is the idea of this celebrated annotator, only he would put the broken yoke of inbred sin and the clover beyond the river. “There is rest beyond the river.” May a new order of anointed poets arise, who will bring back to mortals on this side the river the good things which by a sad mistake have been transported to the other shore! May the revisers of the Bible correctly put a comma instead of a period between the ninth and the tenth verses of the second chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians -- “Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit,” so that the English reader may no longer be led astray from the true meaning of the Spirit, the description of the believer’s heaven on earth, when Christ is spiritually manifested to the soul in all the fullness of His love by the abiding Comforter and Sanctifier. (See John 14:21, and 16:14).

3. **Rest from that original tendency to sin** inherent in fallen humanity. This is our testimony, not our mere theory. We no longer read with incredulous wonder, the definition of the full assurance of faith written by the German, Arvid Gradin, at the request of John Wesley: “Repose in the blood of Christ; a firm confidence toward God, and persuasion of His favour; the highest tranquility, serenity, and peace of mind, with a deliverance from ever fleshly desire, and a cessation of all, even inward sins.

4. **Salvation from doubt**, the disturber of the soul’s peace. This is an element of the

uninterrupted Sabbath of love made perfect, and it differs from the ordinary witness of the Spirit in two particulars – it is abiding and not intermittent; and it attests purity as well as pardon.

5. *Rest from worry and fear* of future ill. Why should I go about like fabled Atlas, carrying the world on my shoulders, since I have found the real Atlas, the divine Burden-bearer, Jesus Christ? “Casting all your care on Him.” Alford’s comment is precious, because by his critical scholarship he brings out an idea not expressed in the English version: “Casting (once for all, by an act which includes the life) all your anxiety, the whole of it, not every anxiety as it arises; for none will arise if this transference has been effectually made.” This is what I term rest from worry, rest attained, by a single act of trust, and retained, not by spasms of faith, but by a habit of reliance on the Son of God, the King of Glory.

“Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.”

The reader will fall into a great error if he infers that I have had no tribulations and bitter cups during these Sabbatic years. Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, arising from the sins of men, yet he ever carried in his bosom a repose too deep for the human plummet to sound – the peace of God which passeth all understanding. The disciple is as his Lord. St. Paul was cast down, but not cast away; sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. Thus the hemisphere of my soul which has been turned toward Christ, has been filled with perpetual sunlight, while that turned toward sinners has been in the shade. Thanks be unto God, the joy of heaven will not be hemispherical, but spherical and full-orbed. “There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are AT REST.”

Meanwhile, this happy pilgrim pillows his head upon his knapsack in the lengthening shadow of his seventh milestone, and, with his face toward the New Jerusalem, snatches a moment’s repose.

“Here in the body pent, absent from Him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent a day’s march nearer home.”



## 7. TEN YEARS IN CANAAN

Nov. 17, 1870. -- Nov. 17, 1880.

A decade in the land which floweth with milk and honey is completed this day. Greater indeed than my spiritual birthday is this anniversary of my emancipation from the triple despotism of doubt, and fear, and sin, when, in the words of Frances Ridley Havergal, “My whole life was lifted into the sunshine, of which all I had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams, compared with the fullness of summer glory.” My adorable Saviour and King, this morning, gives my long unused pen the power to put on record, the testimony that this glory has not been done away.

It is not the transient glory of Moses’ countenance, but rather the perpetually-abiding, and hence, rather glorious ministration of the Spirit. *My summer does last all the year.* My joy in Christ has waxed, not waned, during these ten blissful years. As if to prove that this is not mere animal feeling, the result of favorable bodily conditions and an agreeable environment, God has been pleased to put forth His hand and touch my body, taking away my strength, while He has given to me no exemption from what men call troubles,

crosses and disappointments; yet none of these things move me. The storms which rudely sweep the earth's surface produce not even a ripple on the face of the water in the deep well, "And your joy no man taketh from you;" nor do life's changes and reverses. While abroad in foreign lands in quest of health, a week amid the thick fogs of the Atlantic and the thicker fogs and social desolation of a stranger in the streets of London, there was constant sunshine in my soul. Amid the glaciers of the high Alps, how my heart did glow like a furnace, with love divine.

"No changes of season or place  
Could make any change in my mind."

How emphatically does my experience confirm Tholuck's comment on John 4. 14: "But the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." "The figure means this water will once for all be received into the inner nature, will be immanent in man and will attend him through every stage of his being, even to eternity. The water of life which Christ gives will be a self-dependent spring within the heart. To take another image: the spark which goes forth from the fire of the Redeemer becomes in every human breast a self-existent flame." I find it more and more in my power to do what Gavazzi, the Italian, once said in my pulpit that he was enabled to do amid the multitude: "to create a little solitude around me, and hold delightful communion with my Heavenly Father." I do not find in this enthronement of Christ within, through the abiding Comforter, any tendency to that perilous mysticism which rejects outward worship, and finds the sacraments no longer a means of grace. Yea, rather, I find that *external worship and the Lord's table* are the needed means for manifesting this hidden life; for all life has its appropriate modes of expression. The constant confession of Christ, mighty to save, is my vital breath. Without this my soul would fall into spiritual asphyxia. My tongue and pen are my spiritual lungs. If God should let me survive the paralysis of both of these, I will spell out to the world the unutterable love of Christ with the deaf alphabet. When I cannot do this, He will give me an immortal tongue, and He will never hear the last of my praises for His unspeakable gift.

I cannot close without a word of caution. The experience of love made perfect is an impulse to incessant work; not as some vainly say, an inclination to the lounge and the rocking chair. *My error should be a beacon to others*. I felt that I could not rest, but must be constantly proclaiming with voice and type this full salvation. After eight years of vacationless speaking, public Bible readings, and writing sermons, tracts, commentaries and books, some of which are published and others in manuscript, I found I was driving at such a speed that my axles were ablaze, and my chariot in danger of being consumed before I had reached the goal. It is good to be zealous, but not wise to let the zeal of the Lord's house eat us up, yet this is better than rest. But there is a medium between these extremes. It is the business of *sanctified common sense to find this middle way* and walk therein.

The church militant might have had Alfred Cookman's plume waving at the head of the column a score of years longer, if he had found this path. There is a limit to our physical powers. It is desirable to work nearly up to this limit; it is perilous to over-step it. Entire sanctification to God will not neutralize the sad sequences of violated physical law. Nature will inflict her penalty, though the soul may be walking arm in arm with nature's Author, -- the Son of God. There is guilt only in the infraction of moral law; there is suffering and loss in every violation of natural law however holy the aim. We acknowledge a feeling of admiration for the heroic advice of Bishop Thomson to the missionaries in India, "Go ahead and accomplish all you can for Christ, and die, and go to heaven the first good chance you get." More wise was Cromwell's advice to his army,

“Trust in God and keep your powder dry.” The Christian warrior should fight valiantly, and yet retain his power as long as possible. Let no man be eager in fighting to grasp a martyr’s crown, but if God selects you for a martyr, flinch not at the flames.



## 8. TWELVE YEARS FROM GLORY TO GLORY

While that eloquent preacher and voluminous writer, Thomas Aquinas, “the Angelical Doctor,” was composing his “Summa Theologiae,” he left off to celebrate the Lord’s Supper, in which he was over-whelmed with the revelation of Christ’s love, and filled with the rapture of the Holy Spirit.

After this he could be persuaded neither to resume his pen nor to dictate anything for the completion of the work in hand, which was then almost completed. His attendant urged him to finish the volume.

He replied, “I cannot, for everything I have written seems to me worthless compared with what I have seen, and what has been revealed to me. As chisel in hand I approach my Twelfth Mile-stone in the way of holiness, to inscribe my “Gloria Patri,” I find myself in deep sympathy with this great Christian philosopher. In my former writings I have exhausted all the English superlatives in portraying the loveliness of Jesus in His spiritual manifestation to my heart. Hence I hesitate to speak in weaker phrase of *a still more excellent glory*. But I attempt the task not with the hope of success, but lest my silence may be construed as the effect of a fading away of the brightness of the Shekinah within. Waning is not characteristic of the dispensation of the Comforter, though it was true of the glory on the face of Moses. The Revision brings out the fact that the veil was put on, that the people might not see the glory fade away from his face, typical of the transitoriness of his dispensation, and hold him in less respect in consequence. But we do not need any veil, for the glory on our faces is undying. Says Paul: “But we all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord, the Spirit.” Thanks to the great Apostle and to the Spirit of inspiration for that word ALL. It answers those who write to me saying that my experience is exceptional and extraordinary. “We all” means all who insist on receiving, at any cost, their full heritage in Christ.

Then, again, Paul’s portraiture of experience common to all in the Pentecostal era, is not that the resplendence is waning, or stationary, but increasing “from glory to glory,” year by year, and day by day, evermore.

“Like a river glorious  
Is God’s perfect peace,  
Over all victorious  
In its bright increase,  
Perfect – yet it floweth  
Fuller every day;  
Perfect – yet it groweth  
Deeper all the way.”

The aim of the Gospel is to make men perfectly holy in this life. The element in which this purity exists is love. Perfect love is always accompanied by fullness of joy; or, in Peter’s words, “joy unspeakable and full of glory.” This is certainly a general promise to all believers, without one exception, down to the end of time. “Ask and ye shall receive

that your joy may be full.” The repetition of this promise in varied forms strengthens our belief that it is God’s desire to fill to the brim every soul of the fourteen hundred millions on the earth, and keep them all full for ever. “These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.”

Twice does John take up his pen to write his epistles – one of them a general epistles – with this sole purpose, that your joy may be full.” Paul goes a step further and insists that joy is a duty. He uses the imperative mood: “Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice.” But he only reiterates the command of his Master, “Rejoice and be exceeding glad” (Greek, “jump up and down much”). In fact, the dispensation of the Paraclete is a joyful dispensation. The reason why all Christians are not overflowing with joy, is because they have not mounted up into the third story of God’s kingdom: for *that kingdom is a three-storied palace*, “Righteousness, Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghost,” the Rock of Ages being the foundation. In the basement dwell those chronic penitents who fear God and work righteousness in the spirit of servility and not of sonship. In this cellar-experience, in much unrest and longing for a better state, during his early years, John Wesley wrought sorrowfully “as a servant,” till that good Moravian minister, Peter Bohler, was sent by God to tell him that it was his privilege to climb the stairway of justifying faith leading into the apartment of Peace, where the Spirit of Adoption makes His occasional visits to the sons of Peace. A sunny and cheerful place is this in contrast with the gloomy room beneath, where hirelings toil. But this joyful place, resounding with the gleeful voices of childhood, is only a nursery where infantile weakness lies in the cradle with its milk-bottle, and childish way-wardness is chastised into wisdom and manliness.

Some of these children, yielding to the Spirit’s guidance, ascend into the third story, the sky-lit parlour, into the gracious presence of the Lord of the mansion, even the Father in His Incarnate Son, manifested through the Comforter. “And We will come unto him, and make our abode with him.”

A blessed upper chamber this! Here I have dwelt as in a permanent home twelve beatific years, so satisfied with “strong meat and so enraptured with the abiding Comforter, that I have not left it for a moment. I purpose to remain here till the celestial chariot shall be sent down to convey me up to the presence of the glorified God-Man, to enjoy the inheritance of the saints in light, a row of glorified brothers with Jesus at the head.”

To some of my readers these words may seem not as a sober description of the real life of a soul still prisoned in the body, but rather as the flight of a poetic imagination. Well, call it poetry, -- you do not destroy its reality. Do you not know that God is composing a grand poem in human history, and that the Saints are verses? “Ye are His poem.” See the Greek of Eph. 2:10. My supreme ambition is to be a perfectly rhythmic and mellifluous line in the glorious epic of redemption. Many years I was a discord, full of redundant syllables and erroneous quantities. How quickly the great poet brought me into harmony and rhythm when I fully submitted myself to Him! May the angels and archangels, the seraphim and cherubim, find no blemish in my verse when with wonder they read the finished poem!

A Christian friend writes to me asking me *whether I am not a Mystic*. I reply, Yes. All men are religious Mystics who know God through spiritual intuition, a gift of the Holy Ghost far transcending the Reason and the Understanding. I have a warm side for the Christian Mystics, so utterly misunderstood by that blind generation in which they lived. They dwelt on the mountain-tops in a dark age, and never lost sight of the vision of a glorified Christ. Such a Mystic I would be as Rudolf E. Etier professed to be, when a company at an inn hinted that this reproachful epithet belonged to him, by asking his definition of the term. He replied: “The Mystics were preachers who lived as they

preached.” Perfect love has worn many an opprobrious name without receiving any detriment. This Rose of Sharon blooming in my heart is just as sweet under any other name. My feeling towards the Mystics is much like that of Wesley towards the Montanists. He is their only modern defender, because his mind was sufficiently large and catholic to look beneath certain exaggerated excesses and to discover that these vilified people were really filled with the Holy Ghost, and that amid a formal and worldly church they preserved a spiritual type of Christianity.

It seems to me that I never knew what it is to grow in grace till I plunged into the shoreless and fathomless sea of Love divine in 1870. Since that date each new height gained has shown above me Alps on Alps arising, betokening an endless career of progress in the ceaseless cycles of eternity.

The fullness of His blessing encourageth my way;  
The fullness of His promises crowns every brightening day;  
The fullness of His glory is beaming from above,  
While more and more I realize the fullness of His love.”



## 9. SEVENTEEN YEARS IN CANAAN

(Written By Request For “Forty Witnesses”)

I was born into this world in Windham, N. Y., October 5<sup>th</sup>, 1824; into the kingdom of God in Wilbraham, Mass., in the spring of 1842. I could never write the day of my spiritual birth, so gradually did the light dawn upon me and so lightly was the seal of my justification impressed upon my consciousness. This was a source of great trial and seasons of doubt in the first years of my Christian life. I coveted a conversion of the Pauline type. My call to the ministry was more marked and undoubted than my justification. Through a mother’s prayers and consecration of her unborn child to the ministry of the word I may say, “To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth.” My early religious experience was variable, and for the most part consisted in

“Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears  
A howling wilderness.”

The personality of the Holy Spirit was rather an article of faith than a joyful realization. He had breathed into me life, but not the more abundant life. In a sense I was free, but not “free indeed;” free from the guilt and dominion of sin, but not from strong inward tendencies thereto, which were a part of my nature. In my early ministry, being hereditarily a Methodist in doctrine, I believed in the possibility of entire sanctification in this life, instantaneously wrought. How could I doubt it in the light of my mother’s exemplification of its reality? I sought quite earnestly, at times, but failed to find anything more than transient uplifts from the dead level. One of these, in 1852, was so marked that it delivered me from doubt on the question of regeneration. These uplifts all came while earnestly struggling after entire sanctification as a distinct blessing. But when I embraced the theory that this work is gradual, and not instantaneous, these blessed uplifts ceased. For, seeing no definite line to be crossed, my faith ceased to put forth its strongest energies. In this condition, a period of fifteen years, I became exceedingly dissatisfied and hungry. God had something better for me. He saw that so great was my mental bewilderment, through the conflict of opinion in my own denomination relative to

Christian perfection, that I would flounder on, “in endless mazes lost,” and never enter “The land of corn and wine and oil,” unless He, in mercy, should lead me by another road than that which has the finger-board set up by John Wesley. I was led by the study of the promised Paraclete to see that He signified far more than I had realized in the new birth, and that a personal Pentecost was awaiting me. I sought in downright earnestness. Then the Spirit uncovered to my gaze the evil still lurking in my nature; the mixed motives with which I had preached, often preferring the honour which comes from men to that which comes from God.

I submitted to every test presented by the Holy Spirit and publicly confessed what He had revealed, and determined to walk alone with God rather than with the multitude in the world or in the Church. I immediately ***began to feel a strange freedom, daily increasing***, the cause of which I did not distinctly apprehend. I was then led to seek the conscious and joyful presence of the Comforter in my heart. Having settled the question that this was not merely an apostolic blessing, but for all ages -- “He shall abide with you for ever” -- I took the promise, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you.” The “verily” had to me all the strength of an oath. Out of the “whatsoever” I took all temporal blessings, not because I did not believe them to be included, but because I was not then seeking them. I then wrote my own name in the promise, not to exclude others, but to be sure that I included myself. Then, writing underneath these words, “Today is the day of salvation.” I found that my faith had three points to master – the Comforter, for me, now. Upon the promise I ventured with an act of appropriating faith, claiming the Comforter as my right in the name of Jesus. For several hours I clung by naked faith, praying and repeating Charles Wesley’s hymn

“Jesus, Thine, all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad.”

I then ran over in my mind the great facts in Christ’s life, especially dwelling upon Gethsemane and Calvary, his ascension, priesthood, and all-atoning sacrifice. Suddenly I became conscious of a mysterious power exerting itself upon my sensibilities. My physical sensations, though not of a nervous temperament, in good health, alone, and calm, were indescribable, as if an electric current were passing through my body with painless shocks, melting my whole being into a fiery stream of love. The Son of God stood before my spiritual eye in all His loveliness. This was November 17<sup>th</sup>, 1870, the day most memorable to me. I now for the first time realized “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” Reputation, friends, family, property, everything disappeared, eclipsed by the brightness of His manifestation. ***He seemed to say “I have come to stay.”*** Yet there was no uttered word, no phantasm or image. It was not a trance or vision. The affections were the sphere of this wonderful phenomenon, best described as “the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost.” It seemed as if the attraction of Jesus, the loadstone of my soul, was so strong that it would draw the spirit out of the body upward into heaven. How vivid and real was all this to me! I was more certain that God loved me than I was of the existence of the solid earth and of the shining sun. I intuitively apprehended Christ. This certainty has lost none of its strength and sweetness after the lapse of more than seventeen years. Yea, it has become more real and blissful. Nor is this unphilosophical, for, as Dr. McCosh teaches, the intuitions are capable of growth.

***I did not at first realize*** that this was entire sanctification. The positive part of my experience had eclipsed the negative, the elimination of the sin-principle by the cleansing power of the Paraclete.

But it was verily so. Yet it has always seemed to me that this was the inferior part of the great blessing of the incoming and abiding of the whole Trinity. John 14:23: “Jesus

answered and said unto him, If a man love Me he will keep My word: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make our abode with him.”

During seventeen years of life’s varied experiences, on seas sometimes very tempestuous, in sickness and in health, at home and abroad, in honour and dishonour, in tests of exceeding severity, there has not come up out of the depths of either my conscious or unconscious being any thing bearing the ugly features of sin, because “the body of sin” has been “done away in the putting off the body of the flesh, in the circumcision of Christ” (Col. 2:11, R.V.) All this time Satan’s fiery darts have been thickly flying, but they have fallen harmless upon the invisible shield of faith in Jesus Christ. As to the future, “I am persuaded that He is able to keep my deposit until that day.” In regard to the process of becoming established in holiness, I find this to be God’s open secret -- “to walk by the same rule and to mind the same thing” (Phil. 3:16). The rule is, faith in Christ ever increasing in strength; the heart being fertilized with the elements of faith, a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, the conscience being trained to avoid not merely sinful and doubtful acts, but also those whose moral quality is beyond the reach of all ethical rules, and known to be evil only by their effect in dimming the manifestation of Christ within. The rule of life, I find, must be sufficiently delicate to exclude those acts which bring the least blur over the spiritual eye. Heb. 5:14: “But solid food is for full-grown men, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern good and evil.” If an act brings a veil of the thinnest gauze between me and the face of Christ I henceforth and for ever wholly refrain therefrom.

As another indispensable to establishment in that perfect love which casts out all fear I have found the disposition to confess Christ in His uttermost salvation. As no man could long keep in his house sensitive guests of whom he was ashamed before his neighbours, so no man can long have the company of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in the temple of his heart while ashamed of their presence or their purifying work. In this respect I follow no man’s formula. The words which the Spirit of inspiration teaches in the Holy Scriptures, though obscured by misunderstandings and tarnished by fanaticisms, are, after all, the most appropriate vehicle for the expression of the wonderful work of God in perfecting holiness in the human spirit, soul and body.

I testify that it is possible for a believer to be perfected in holiness and so filled with the Holy Ghost that he can live the rest of his life on the earth, conscious every day of a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, and of no shrinking back, because of a felt need of further inward cleansing, from an instant translation *into the society of the holy angels* and into the presence of the holy God. This has been my daily experience since November 17<sup>th</sup>, 1870, the most memorable day in my earthly history. I have the John’s evidence that my love is pure and unmixed – that is, perfected – in the fact that I have boldness in view of the day of judgment. (I John 4:17, 18, Dean Alford’s Notes.) This joyful boldness is grounded on the assurance of a *conformity to the image of the Son of God*, and that I am, through the transfiguring power of the Spirit, like Him in purity, and that the Judge will not condemn facsimiles of Himself, “because, as He is, so are we in this world.”

Yet I am conscious of errors, ignorances, infirmities and defects, which, though consistent with perfect loyalty and love to God, need, and by faith do receive, every moment, the merit of Christ’s death. In other words, the ground of my standing before God is neither perfect rectitude in the past nor a faultless present service, but the Divine mercy as administered through, Jesus Christ. Hence I daily pray, “Forgive us our debts.”



## CHAPTER 10 TWENTY YEARS WITH THE COMFORTER

Nov. 17, 1870. -- Nov. 17, 1890.

In the autumn of 1870 my long hunger to know the full meaning of the promised Comforter, who should abide in the disciples testifying of Christ, culminated in an earnest seeking and a joyful finding. He came and He abides. The bliss was too great to be kept secret. It overflowed upon everybody whom I could reach through lip and pen. Along this new way, or highway, over which *the unclean shall not pass*, I have set up occasional mile-stones, extending the series far enough to demonstrate the permanence of the new experience, in accordance with St. John's inspired declaration, "The anointing abideth." But now that a score of years has been rounded out, comprising more than a quarter of the allotted age of man, and suggesting that I am *nearing another stone called the gravestone*, I deem it wise to plant one more "stone of help," which the Hebrews called "EBENEZER, hitherto the Lord hath helped me."

For it is of the Lord Jesus, not of myself, that this steady walk up, the shining road towards the heavenly portals has been *maintained without stumbling* (Jude 24., R.V.) and without losing the way. The reason for this is that my divine Guide has not deserted me, nor have I abandoned Him. While He has poured His light upon my path, why should I stumble or go astray? Far from any evil report respecting this war, I can say with all possible emphasis, "It is better farther on." Yea, I can borrow St. Paul's Greek comparative superlative in Phil. 2:23, R.V., "It is very far better." The pastures are greener, the still waters are deeper. While ecstatic joy fluctuates like the waves of the sea, peace flows right on like the Amazon. All the joys of life are hallowed, heightened and sweetened, and life's sorrows are by a kind of divine chemistry changed into benedictions. Domestic loves are spiritualized and sanctified by the stream of celestial love which flows beside them, quiet, sweet and clear.

"There is a Stream which issues forth  
From God's eternal throne,  
And from the Lamb; a living Stream  
Clear as the crystal stone.

The Stream doth water Paradise,  
It makes the angels sing;  
One cordial drop revives my heart;  
Hence all my joys do spring."

John Mason, who wrote this verse two centuries ago, teaches what I have long believed to be true, that the bliss of heaven is of the same kind as the joy of love divine, shed abroad in the believer's heart, only it is more abundant. "The river of the water of life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb" is only a poetical description of the Comforter whom the glorified Jesus sends from the Father. The saints below and the saints above all fill their brimming goblets from the same Stream, the personal Paraclete. Compare John 7:37-39, 15:26, and Rev. 22:1.

During these twenty blissful years how wonderfully have I been saved from doubt respecting the two fundamentals: (1) Is Christ the true Saviour? And (2) Does He save me from sin, its guilt, its pollution, its indwelling? I call these the only fundamental questions, just as in the case of the bank-note, there are only two queries: (1) Is the bank

solvent? (2) Is this note a genuine issue? Both questions are answered by taking the note to the bank and receiving its *face value in gold*. (Try that today!!!!) So long as the heavenly Banker cashes every promise of Jesus Christ these two fundamental doubts have no ground to stand upon. I wish that all doubters, within the Church and without, could be induced to take this short road out of the perplexities of doubt. I wish that theological authors, one-third of whose pages are devoted to the Christian evidences, or apologetics, would set up more guide-boards with finger-points towards this straight road through the tangled underbrush of scepticism, the "Taste-and-see Avenue.

"Jesus Christ is to me a bright reality," said the eloquent Punshon on his death bed. In my early Christian experience, a period of twenty-eight years, Christ was only occasionally and by glimpses a distant reality, with long intervals of haze and cloud obscuring my vision. But in 1870 the Comforter led me up the Mount of Transfiguration, and what is still better, He built for me a tabernacle, and, best of all, gave me a life-lease. Here have I dwelt ever since, envying no millionaire his marble palace in the city, nor his seaside cottage, nor his summer villa on the mountain's summit.

Here though I see not Moses and Elijah, but 'Jesus only,' I see Him in a light so dazzling that it lights up both Penteteuch and Prophecy in the background. Thus the promise of Jesus Christ respecting another Paraclete is verified, 'He shall glorify me,' for He illumines both the prophetic and the historic record of that wonderful life of the Son of God on the earth. When He was revealed in the heart of Saul of Tarsus to qualify him to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ among the Gentiles, immediately he asked no man's advice whether he should put the trumpet of salvation to his lips and sound the jubilee as long as he had breath. He was sure of his vocation. Thus it always is when men get their call direct from heaven. They are sure that there is but one work for them to do. My vocation was "the perfecting of the saints till they all come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

The office of an educator in a university was too far away from that great evangel to which I was clearly called. I believed then, and I believe now, that the towers of the loftiest temple of secular learning are *lower than the humblest evangelical pulpit*. Since my enraptured eyes have gazed on Jesus I have said again and again, with Dr. Edward Payson, "I had rather a man would eat my dinner for me than preach my sermon for me." And the possibility that I may be preaching a large gospel through my books, at least for a few years after my tongue lies silent in the grave, is a very comforting reflection, as Peter doubtless felt when writing his second epistle: "And I think it right, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance; knowing that the putting off of my tabernacle cometh swiftly, even as our Lord Jesus Christ signified unto me. Yea, I will give diligence that at every time ye may be able after my decease to call these things to remembrance" (2 Peter 1:13-15.)

In conclusion let me say that it is through the constant daily appropriation of the blood of sprinkling covering my involuntary, defects, infirmities and failures, that I have such a conscious meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light as divests death of all his terrors and gives me victory over him through Jesus Christ our Lord. The atonement is not only for sin but "for the errors (Greek ignorances) of the people."

"Thy blood's unceasing prayer  
And strong prevailing plea  
Hath now obtained the Comforter  
For all mankind and me."