

"I see the rainbow in the cloud, all bright now; praise the Lord!"

"I feel like the king's daughter, 'all glorious within;' my joy is more than tongue can tell. Oh for a thousand."

This was followed by singing,—

"We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,  
And then we're going home."

"I feel new-born to-day; Jesus runs abroad in my poor heart. He has broken the chains which bound my body in slavery and my soul to Satan: I will praise Him."

"I sought God by digging deep till a living spring burst in, and like a fountain it flows this moment."

"I feel God all within and all without."

"What a morning is this? No *whip* for going to meeting *now*. Bless Massa Jesus and Massa Sherman. No selling babes and my husband now. I can't help serve my God better."

"I am not ashamed or afraid to own my Jesus. My old master said he would *whip* my religion out of me; but every cut made me cling closer to the God who delivered Daniel, and that God delivered me." Followed by singing,—

"Where, oh where is good old Daniel?  
Safe in the promised land."

"Once I was bound, but now I free; once I was dead, but now I live. I do feel Jesus living in me."

"I once thought I was something, but I prayed and prayed till I found I was nothing; then I felt the arms of Jesus."

"Jesus burst daylight into my soul four years ago, and I walk in the light."

"Long years ago I joined Church and followed Christ *afar off*. Three weeks ago I took another hold, and now I feel the pulling. Glory to the Lamb!"

"Good morning, brethern and sisters in the Lord! You all look like angels! The preachers are Joshua and Caleb; they give us Canaan in cluster. We camp on Pisgah's top." Followed by singing,—

"We'll journey through the wilderness?  
"Roll, Jordan, roll."

"For sixty years I served God in the dark house of bondage, but since I'se free, seems like I have wings. We cught to sorve Him better now."

"I walked twenty miles to this quarterly meeting, but my foot was no way tired. *Love* is different from the *lash* to move the foot. Oh how I love my Jesus! and, my brethren, do help me praise Him."

### THE HALF-WAY PLACE.

"**J**OHAN," said the teacher, "have you found the beloved disciple's place in Jesus' bosom? Are you with him to-day?"

John's eyes and glad smile said even more than his "I hope so."

"And Fred, how is it with you?"

"I guess if there's any half-way place I'm there," said Fred, who had been halting some time between Christ and the world.

"And how long do you mean to stay there?"

"I don't know. I can't get any farther."

"Ah, you mistake. Where is the half-way place? Where would it have been to the prodigal had he stopped there? Still a long way from home. No father in sight; no home near; no food; no clothes; no fatted calf; no golden ring; the feast not made. He never would have heard those precious words, 'My son was lost and is found.' He would still have been lost. Half way home would have been no better than the far country. But there is no half-way place. Half a Christian is still a sinner. Half way to heaven is nowhere near the pearly gates. Half way to Christ is still on Satan's ground; for 'he that is not with Me, is against Me.' Christ wants your whole heart, or none. Do you like half-way friends?"

"No; I despise them."

"Do you suppose Christ wishes such friends? Do not stop any longer where you are. 'If the Lord be God, serve Him; if Baal, follow him.'"

The half way place, if such there be, is Satan's favorite ground.—*S. S. Times.*

NONE are so poor as those who are destitute of the grace of God.