

of the prevalence of man with his God, and every promise was weighed with the care of one who is gathering and sifting gold dust for his bags. Not simply to be treasured either, but to be used rather, as bank-notes are by the holder who presents them at the counter for payment.

Through all his struggles and troubles, his church, of course, shared largely, whether they knew it or not, what was passing in his heart. And more than ever he had now come upon a course which was suitable to urge upon them. They were stirred up to pray as they never had been before. Pray to test the power of prayer. Pray to sanctify themselves. Pray that the Lord would come down and work in pentecostal power in their own hearts and in all around them. And they did pray—but their pastor prayed more; and more than they all. Hour after hour, alone with his God, he wrestled with the pertinacity of a Jacob, but not like Jacob to prevail.

Time passed on; day after day, week after week flew by, and yet the blessing delayed. The Spirit did not come upon either pastor or people. He was confounded, and began to inquire what it could mean. He was at last completely at his wit's end, and falling before the Lord confessed it. His plans, one after one, had all been tried out and failed. He could devise nothing more; now what *should* he do? There was nothing more that he could do but to *inquire of the Lord* what to do. For the first time therefore in all this history of successive struggles he was prepared to come to the Lord himself, not to have any plan of his own confirmed and carried out, but to ask after the Lord's plan, and be led into it. And this he did most heartily. He threw himself upon the Saviour to be shewn the way, and there he rested the matter.

Rising from before the Lord, he opened his Bible at the oft read seventh of Romans, and read over again the history in miniature of his own vain struggles in the weary months and years gone by. Coming to the closing question, "*O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?*" he read it and re-read it with a sigh, and then passed on to the answer, "*I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord.*" The light flashed through his soul, that Jesus was the deliverer from sin, just as he had been his deliverer from condemnation. And springing to his feet he could scarce restrain himself from leaping for joy. "What a fool I have been! What a fool I have been! Strange, I have never seen this before. There never has been an hour through all this time, when if I had seen any one doing to obtain forgiveness of sin what I have been doing to obtain purification from sin, that I should not have said, 'O foolish man, you are rejecting Christ *the way* in vain efforts to be saved in your own way.' What a fool I have been! What a fool I have been!"

Light came in like a flood. His joy was tumultuous.

By-and-bye, when it calmed down to something like the even flow of peace, he opened his Bible and ran it through and through, everywhere seeing the confirmation of the fact, that sanctification like justification, is by faith in the Lord Jesus, that the just shall *live* as well as be *made alive* by faith.