

placed in almost the worst possible position. My health appeared to be failing fast. Every refuge seemed to fail me. I felt as though I had lost my polar-star, and couldn't find my way out of the tangled maze of uncertainty. Oh, how strongly I was tempted to call the higher life a sham and give it up, but I felt that whatever the present was or the future might be, I could not go back on my past experience. I remembered God from the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites from the Hill Mizar, and that although all His waves and billows went over me, yet He would command His loving-kindness in the day time, and in the night His song would be with me and my prayer unto the God of my life. Week followed week, month after month passed; I still walked in darkness and had no light. This continued until the evening of the 11th of this present month. After taking my tea I went out and walked up and down my lawn, fighting this great battle of faith. The conflict grew desperate. I went into the house and up to my room, threw myself upon my knees and, in almost despair, told the Lord that though there never came another ray of light; though I were stripped of everything, even life itself, I never would haul down the old flag. I would still cry, "My Lord and my God," and believe Him an uttermost Saviour. I arose from my knees feeling as utterly reliant upon the Divine hand and promise as an infant in its mother's arms. I reclined upon His gracious word, and as the evening wore away I found that the eternal God was still my refuge. I retired peacefully and in a state of utter abandonment to God. A little before three o'clock in the morning I dreamed of having a most blessed conversation with a dear friend about the precious love of Jesus. Just before I awoke I said to the friend of my dream: "There isn't a ripple upon the surface of my spirit." I awoke; the clock struck three. Where was I? Language fails me. I cannot describe the glory that enfolded me. I was hidden away somewhere in the munitions of rocks. I was drawn close up to the great heart of the Eternal, and could feel the great heart-throbs of sympathy for His weary, tired child. In the great calm of those moments He told me that His love to me had been the same all through these terrible weeks and months, but that I had never allowed Him to have my will so fully as to enable Him to come close up and whisper to me about His unchanging love, and of the sweetness of His lovely, lovable will. I lay for two hours bathed in tears of joy, and could think of nothing else but those lovely words in one of Miss Havergall's poems, "The Splendour of God's Will"—