

Father's voice became a by-word. But I was at last enabled to be silent in the house of God and just about silent everywhere. Oh, how God can be grieved!

Another trial to me was the blasphemy which was poured forth upon sanctification, for the whole church, without exception, shouted "Away with it." But it still lives, and all the iron wheels that could roll over it could not crush it nor hinder it one moment longer than God saw fit to let them. Still another trial to me was the want of means to carry forward the work, for I was commanded of God to take none of the money derived from the books themselves. It was a miracle of modern times that the whole work did not fall to the ground, but God did not leave it in my hands for if He had it would have perished with the first north wind that blew with such chilling blasts over it among my household and friends; for one trial after another was sent me so as to keep me in the crucible until I would be fitted to endure hardness as a good soldier of the Cross of Christ. If I could only have been allowed to shout forth His doings I would have continued to praise Him all the day long, but on account of the various puttings down I received God commanded me to cease praying in my household and uttering the glorious promises in His holy book. Oft in the night season I felt as if I could talk aloud God's praise, but oh, how this report of insanity hindered me! "How came first the report that you were insane?" some one may ask. Nothing more or less than one verse of scripture which I repeated in a bar-room. It is not necessary for me to tell it again as the detail is before you in the preceding numbers. But there was more meaning in it than that. I was to be made just like Ann Preston. But when my friends would hear me repeating some precious verse they used to be afraid that I was losing my senses. Oh, mistaken men and women, do you not think that a filled vessel would naturally overflow? "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets!" How often would the Master's praise have gone up from united hearts only for your unruly tongues! You who are afraid to be heard talking and praising God what will you do amid the twice ten thousand harps and voices in the heavenly choir? Will you flee outside the Celestial City and close your ears at its portals? "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One in the midst of thee!" says David. Formal professors of the present day say, "Hush, I do not like loud preaching, nor praying nor talking, but I do like quiet christians." So does the devil; he likes you to be quiet.