

HOW I ENTERED INTO REST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN MINISTER IN REGARD TO HOLINESS.

(Concluded from our last.)

RIDAY, March 9th, 1871, was observed by the Church as a special season of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. My soul was in great agony. A sense of loneliness and abandonment stole over my mind, and it appeared as if all the powers of hell assaulted my soul. The enemy brought before me with tremendous force my lifelong prejudices, my theological training, my professional standing, my denominational pride. It was suggested that I must leave everything behind me if I went a step farther in this direction. The dread of being misunderstood, or having my motives questioned, of being called unsound in doctrine, of being slighted by my ministerial brethren, and treated with suspicion and coldness, filled my heart with unspeakable anguish. Everything seemed to be sliding from under my feet. My sight grew dim, my strength departed, and faintness like unto death came upon me. This mental conflict, however, soon subsided. The storm-clouds passed away, and light began to stream in. I bade farewell to theorizing, to philosophical doubts and vain speculations. The struggle was over, and I cared no longer for the opinions of men. I was willing to be a fool for Christ, and to suffer the loss of all things. I was like a little child, and cried out, "Teach me Thy way, O Lord! and lead me in a plain path." Just then the fountain of cleansing was revealed. Angel hands seemed beckoning me to enter it. Jesus stood before me with His bleeding wounds, saying, "Come in! come in!"

I turned to my congregation and said, "I stand before you to-day a poor, weak, helpless sinner. I have tried to find the way of holiness by every possible means. All my efforts, my struggles, my prayers, my fasting, and my round of duties have proved miserable failures. God is making a wonderful revelation to my long-darkened understanding. I am confident now that it is not to be secured by effort, or by works of any kind, for then would our salvation be of works, and not of grace. 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' *It is the blood that must cleanse, and keep us clean.* 'In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness.' That day has come. There flows the fountain of my Saviour's blood. It was opened for me, even me."

I fell upon my knees, and bowed my face to the floor. For a moment I felt as though I were sinking in a great sea, and that all its waves were going over me. But they did not seem to be the waters of death. The Spirit of God whispered to my heart those precious words, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, *and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*" It does now, this instant, cleanse! My faith laid hold of this wonderful truth. A strange peace filled my soul, and I exclaimed within myself, "I am free! My heart, my soul, my mind, my body, are washed in the blood of the Lamb!" It was all so strange, so new, so unlike anything I had ever experienced before, that I could not utter a word, and then the only sentiment of my heart was, "Lord, it is done!"

When the meeting ended, I repaired immediately to the parsonage. I experienced great physical exhaustion, like Jacob, who never was so weak as when he had just prevailed with the angel. I threw myself into a chair, and