

whole book, it seemed almost too good to be true, and like the lame man at the temple, I jumped and leaped to test the work, but I *was healed*. Glory to God. My poor burdened soul found genuine rest, and now

"I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day."

"Instead of the thorn has come the fir-tree, and instead of the briar has come the myrtle." (Isaiah lv. 13). In place of thorns to tear my heart, I have now the "balm of Gilead" with all its healing. "Being justified by faith I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I had often heard people speak of rest and peace, and I *believed* it, too, but there was a great difference to me when I *received* it. What a precious reality that *peace* is to me. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." (John xiv., 27). I am not unlike the tenth leper, who, when he was healed, returned to give God the glory, and was made "completely whole."

"This yields more happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know."

J. SEDWEEK.

Truly the Lord has dealt kindly and tenderly with me; for as far back in my childhood as I can remember the Spirit of God led me to think of giving myself to that Saviour who had given Himself for me. Young as I then was, at times the sense of my sinfulness so oppressed me that I could not sleep at night, and I would pour out my soul to God in tears of repentance, and promise, in my own strength, to do better in future. But alas for human resolutions, it would not be long before I would have to go through the same repenting process again, only to find I was no further in the divine life than before.

If I had only gone to my parents, or to any Christian who would have directed me to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," how much sorrow and heart-ache I would have saved myself in subsequent years. But no, I thought this a burden I must bear alone, so timidity and shame kept me from unburdening my heart to any one. Whenever I heard of the love of God in any way, my heart was always melted into tenderness, and I longed to give myself to Jesus, but I did not know how. I had a great dread of death and the tomb, and every day and many times a day the thought would come to me, "You are not ready to die, and you have not a moment to call your own," and this gave me such a feeling of insecurity as to make me unhappy.

As time wore on I kept getting more light about the things of God. I began to see how wrong and ungrateful it was in me to ask mercy and favors of God when I was living a life of sin; but what could I do? I felt I dare not cease to pray, and to continue to do so seemed useless.

I continued in this unhappy state of mind until the Rev. G. A. Mitchell became pastor of the Methodist Church in Petrolia. His life of consecration and devotedness to his Master's work made deep impressions on my mind, and brought deep conviction to my heart; and at the close of the public service one Sunday evening I remained to an after prayer-meeting, during the course of which Brother Mitchell gave his testimony, and he went on to tell of the goodness of God in saving him from sin, of God's wonderful power to keep us from sinning, of the joy and satisfaction he found in the Christian life, and of his resolution to be faithful unto death in the service of Jesus.

As he proceeded with his testimony, the Spirit of God so moved upon my heart that I said, "I will take this Saviour for my Saviour now. I will not rest until He has pardoned my sins." I went home, and after remaining on my knees for some time pleading with God to have mercy and speak peace to my soul, I went to bed, but not to sleep, for the Lord had truly laid His hand on me. I rose in the morning, but no peace came to my troubled soul. I went many times that morning asking for the forgiveness of my sins.

All praise to our Saviour, who will not cast off when we seek Him with our whole heart. So it proved in my case, for light and peace broke in upon my troubled soul and I was free. The blood had washed my sins away. The burden had gone, and in its place a calm, sweet rest had taken possession of my soul. I knew I was pardoned, and I gave God the praise. Then some time after I confessed publicly what the Lord had done for me. Then the glory of the Lord filled my soul, and I "rejoiced with joy unspeakable." I know nothing of a backslider's experience, and God being my helper I intend being amongst those who are faithful until death, and then to hear the Master's "well done."

RUTH DIBB.

One of the new books has this saying: "Conscience is individualized Sinai—the little mount where patterns get shown to me from God."