

sations, though not of a nervous temperament, in good health, alone and calm, were like those of electric sparks passing through my bosom with slight but painless shocks, melting my hard heart into a fiery stream of love.

Christ became so unspeakably precious that I instantly dropped all earthly good,—reputation, property, friends, family, everything—in the twinkling of an eye. My soul crying out,—

“None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven.”

He stood forth as *my* Saviour, all radiant in his loveliness, “the chief among ten thousand.” Yet there was no phantasm or image or uttered word, apprehended by my intellect. The affections were the sphere of this wonderful phenomenon, best described as “the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost.” It seemed as if the attraction of Jesus, the loadstone of my soul, was so strong that it would be drawn out of my body and through the college window by which I was sitting, and upward into the sky. Oh how vivid and real was all this to me! I was more certain that Christ loved me than I was of the existence of the solid earth and the shining sun. I intuitively apprehended Christ. My college class was just then discussing the subject of the intuitive cognitions. I began to apply Sir Wm. Hamilton’s tests of these, namely, that they are simple, incomprehensible, necessary, and universal. The last adjective, of course, could not apply to the intuitive belief of one individual. But my consciousness testified that my certainty of Christ’s love had the three first-named characteristics, that it was to me even a necessary truth, the contrary of which was as unthinkable as the annihilation of space. The last remarkable peculiarity remained more than forty days, after which I had hours in which I could conceive the contrary of the proposition, “Christ loves me.” On such occasions my firm conviction of His love was not an intuition, but an inference from my past experience, together with the absence of any feeling of condemnation. I no longer doubt Wesley’s doctrine of the direct witness of the Spirit, as distinct from the testimony of my spirit discerning the fruits of the Spirit and interring His presence and work. I cannot to this day read the promises without feeling a sudden but delightful shock of an invisible power sweetly applying them to my heart. This much I think is due to those who would study this manifestation of the Spirit from the standpoint of theology and mental philosophy, a point of view I myself have often wished that remarkable experiences could be seen from. But language