

say much more in his favour, but our design was to touch only upon the subject of holiness.

The three facts I have named left a decided impression upon my own mind and heart, and I am more encouraged than ever to push the battle to the gates, and to raise the standard higher.

Bright gleam the signs of promise in the heavens, and if we can conjecture aught, a mighty revival of holiness is just before us, and a tidal wave of salvation will soon sweep over the whole land!

For the EXPOSITOR.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS UP INTO THE MUNITIONS OF ROCKS.

For a period of about a year and a half I have professed to enjoy the blessing of holiness, and have to a large extent realized the blessedness of a life hidden with Christ in God. I have found it to be a life of triumph. We are always on the winning side. And as the great arch-pirate of the seas lies in wait for vessels richest-laden, so I have found more severe conflicts and greater tests of faith since I have completely surrendered to God; but though the conflict may be greater, the victory is also greater. The Captain of our salvation leads us to continual victory. There is no defeat in this war, for the battle is not ours but God's; and fearing there may be some who have entered the rest of faith, who may think it strange concerning the fiery trials which may try them, I offer a little of my experience to show that though there may be some very unusual tests of faith, yet we need not think some strange thing has happened unto us, but may rather rejoice that *all things* work together for good to them that love God. I am so glad that the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it: "*All things work together for good to them that love God*"—no matter how loudly the wind may blow, or fierce the tempest rage, or high the billows roll. This anchor will hold; our boat can never capsize. Father is at the helm. We soon emerge from the night of our trial into the brighter light of a better experience.

The past three or four months has been one almost continual period of conflicts. Satan has kept up a prolonged siege against my soul to try to break up my faith in that *perfect soul-rest* which I believe to be the birthright of every believer. Every avenue of comfort seemed blocked. My temporal affairs were permitted to be