

I would be eloquent, and ever telling
 What Christ is doing for me every day—
 What marvels He doth work ; and thus im-
 pelling
 Some other soul to choose this blessed way.

But somehow, when my trembling lips are
 fashioned
 To speak, my words seem paralyzed and
 dead,
 And cold, and meaningless, and unimpas-
 sioned,
 Compared with what I feel, and *would* have
 said,

And so I cannot tell thee what He's doing,
 Altho' I long to break the silent spell ;
 But that dear love is all my heart imbuing,
 I've sometimes brokenly essayed to tell.

What *will* He do ? Far more than I can men-
 tion.

In Him my soul has never been deceived ;
 And so I have of death no apprehension,
 Because I know in whom I have believed.

But an under current of sadness,
 Like a serpentine thread of pain,
 Permeates all my gladness
 And joy in the Lamb that was slain,

What have I done for Jesus ?
 For my years have not been few.
 What am I doing at present ?
 And what do I mean to do ?

O, I do not want to die yet ;
 I am not ready to go ;
 I cannot see my sun set
 Till I have some trophy to show—

Some faults overcome—some graces—
 Some bundle of ripened wheat—
 Some jewel from desert places,
 To lay at the Master's feet.

MY EXPERIENCE.

MARY GREEN.

I was blessed with pious parents, who
 early taught me to pray. The good
 spirit often strove with my heart—I
 many times had *direct answers* to prayer,
 and in the twelfth year of my age, God,
 for Christ's sake, forgave my sins—the
 evidence was so bright and clear, that I

have never doubted it, although more
 than forty years have passed away.

Not long after my conversion, I
 sought the *blessing of perfect love* ; by
 day and night my prayer was, "Create
 in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a
 right spirit within me." Through grace
 I was enabled to cast all on Christ, and
 oh, what *sweet rest* and *peace* did I enjoy !

As years passed away and care in-
 creased, I lost in a measure this sweet
 love from my heart, which was a source
 of great grief, for I felt so much the
 need of it. My thirsty, panting soul
 longed for the *fulness* there was in *Jesus*,
 and with groaning cries and earnest
 pleading, I felt I could not rest without
 the constant witness that I "was *wholly*
the Lord's."

On Monday morning, Oct. 15th, 1849,
 as I went to secret prayer, I opened my
 Bible to read while kneeling before the
 Lord—as is my custom—and the Spirit
 whispered, this is the time you shall be
 blessed. Then was I enabled to give up
 friends, home, property, self, all to Jesus,
 for time and eternity. I felt the Holy
 Spirit enter my heart to wash, cleanse,
 and purify. God gave me faith that He
 would bless, but I had not the evidence.
 Something seemed to say, "Whatsoever
 things ye desire when ye pray believe ye
 receive and ye shall have them." God
 gave me power to believe he had accom-
 plished the work, and O, what *perfect*
peace filled my soul ! I was lost in won-
 der, love, and praise. My soul was full,
 and I drank and drank of the pure
 water of life which flowed from the
Throne of God. For months and years
 I have been drinking, still the fountain
 is inexhaustible. At times so much of
 the divine power has rested upon me
 that I have thought my soul would leave
 this earthly clay and "Soar to worlds on
 high."

I often have fierce conflicts with the
 world, the flesh, and the devil, but I go to
 Jesus, the same blessed fountain, and oh !
 what rich feasts of love my soul enjoys !
know that the blood of Jesus Christ
 cleanseth from all sin.—*Guids*.

THE sorrows of the wicked are as a
 poison to destroy : those of the saints are
 as a medicine tempered by God's own
 hand for the restoration of health.—*Jones*
of Nayland.