

me," instead of an "anointing with the oil of gladness." I will not dwell upon the unpleasant theme of a ministry of twenty years almost fruitless in conversions, through a lack of an unction from the Holy One. My great error was in depending on the truth alone to break stony hearts. The Holy Spirit, though formally acknowledged and invoked, was practically ignored. My personal experience during much of this time consisted in

" Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness."

But an evangelist with moderate pulpit talent, but extraordinary power to awaken slumbering professors and to bring sinners to the foot of the cross came across my path. I sought to find the hidings of his power, and discovered that it was the fullness of the Holy Spirit enjoyed as an abiding blessing, styled by him "Rest in Jesus." I was convicted. I sought earnestly the same great gift, but could not exercise faith till I had made public confession of my sin in preaching self more than Christ, and being satisfied with the applause of the Church above the approval of her divine Head. I immediately began to feel a strange freedom daily increasing, the cause of which I did not distinctly apprehend. I was then led to seek the conscious and joyful presence of the Comforter in my heart. Having settled the question that this was not merely an apostolic blessing, but for all ages, "He shall abide with you forever," I took the promise, "Verily verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name He will give it you." The "*verily*" had to me all the strength of an oath. Out of the "*whatsoever*" I took all temporal blessings, not because I did not believe them to be included, but because I was not then seeking them. I then wrote my own name in the promise, not to exclude others, but to be sure that I included myself. Then writing underneath these words, "To-day is the day of salvation," I found that my faith had three points to master: *the Comforter, for me, now*. Upon the promise I ventured with an act of appropriating faith, claiming the Comforter as my right in the name of Jesus. For several hours I clung by naked faith, praying and repeating Charles Wesley's hymn,—

" Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in *my* heart abroad."

I then ran over in my mind the great facts in Christ's life, especially dwelling upon Gethsemane and Calvary, His ascension, priesthood, and all-atoning sacrifice. Suddenly I became conscious of a mysterious power exerting itself upon my sensibilities. My physical sen-