

there my Lord met me, not as a smiling Saviour, but as an angry and outraged God. Never shall I forget the terrors of the succeeding week. My sleep left me, the desire for food was gone. Yea, the pains of hell got hold of me, and the continual cry of my soul was, Release me, O my God! release me from the powers of darkness that surround me. Yes, my God had made me willing in the day of his power, and I was constrained to cry out, "Nay, but I yield, I yield. I can hold out no more." I felt at that moment ready to give up all if He would but reveal to me the light of His countenance. I went again to the house of prayer, and there my Jesus came to the rescue. The light of His love beamed into my soul, and I became a possessor of that peace which passeth understanding. I am persuaded that the Lord accepted me fully and freely, and that at the time of my conversion I was not only justified, but sanctified also through His grace. I felt then, that all I had, or could have, was entirely given up to my Saviour, who had redeemed me with His most precious blood, and who had saved me with such a complete salvation. A. B.

DAILY RENEWAL—THE LESSON LEARNED.

THROUGH the strivings of the Spirit, I was led many years since to give my heart to God, and from that moment lived, as I thought, according to His will; but now I cannot look back upon that period without sorrow at my little growth in grace. I can only describe my religious life as a kind of circuitous route, making a succession of fresh starts, but back again to the same point. The subject of the "higher life" I never heard of, so I appeared to be aiming at no given object. But in the providence of God I was removed to London, when I joined King's-cross Chapel. My first visit to the Sabbath morning class-meeting will ever be memorable to me: all seemed different. "Holiness unto the Lord," hung upon every lip, and while several of the members were certifying to the enjoyment of the sanctifying graces of the Spirit, and others expressing their intense pantings after holiness of heart, I sat as one "weighed in the balances

and found wanting." I went home, dissatisfied with self, felt I knew nothing, but resolved by the help of God to get clearer light. The enemy now began with me, suggesting these things were not for me to possess. This occasioned great anxiety, and I was led to doubt whether I had even experienced a change of heart; but through the Spirit, I was enabled to hold on by a timid faith. At that time, the minister of the chapel, at the close of a Sunday service, invited not only the penitent, but the believer, to the communion rail. With faith brightening I went forward, and after a few moments' earnest pleading, I laid myself, my all, upon the altar, and in that very act of consecration, with the words of Wesley's hymn—

"Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee"—

sounding in my ears, such a flood of heavenly light burst in upon my soul that is indescribable. All I could do was to shout "Hallelujah, the Lord has come!" Praise God. This precious state of heart settled into a holy joy, a perfect peace, a hallowed calm. This continued for many months, but when clouds gathered o'er me, from want of experience of the subtlety of the devil, my faith wavered, and I lost the clear witness of the Spirit. For several weeks the darkness that hung over me was something beyond description. The enemy was at me, at all points. I felt I could not live without this clear light. I cried mightily unto the Lord, and gave him no rest; and while, amid the confusion and noise of London streets, I was talking with God, the Holy Spirit came again, in so precious a manner, that I scarce knew for the moment whether I were on earth or in heaven. Oh, the nearness I have realised since then to God; my whole soul seems full of His divine presence! My loss for a time of the witness of the Spirit taught me a most profitable lesson—that of a daily re-consecration—and from the hour of my regaining the blessing, I have every morning re-dedicated my already consecrated heart to God, and have been safe. By so doing, I find I get closer fellowship with the Saviour, and the world has less influence with me. Proportionate to my love to God, have I found my love for souls.

G. T.