

so filled with holy joy that neither of us could do anything but laugh ; we remained upon our knees and laughed it out.

"It's the old time religion,
And it's good enough for me."

The blessed Word now sparkles with a brilliancy I never saw before. It is *Father's* word, and seems to be written on purpose for me. It is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

Glory be to Jesus ! "And the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days, in the day when the Lord bindeth up the breach of His people, and healeth the stroke of their wound."

Hallelujah to the Lamb ! The light of the world is Jesus ! "God is light, and in Him is *no darkness* at all." No working from a mere sense of duty now, for by our God we can "run through a troop or leap over a wall."

Full salvation does not produce inactivity. Our song is not—

"Our willing souls would stay
In such a frame as this,
And *sit* and *sing* themselves away
To everlasting bliss."

But rather—

"Oh that the *world* might taste and see
The riches of His grace !
The arms of love that compass me
Would *all mankind* embrace."

Our sympathy and effort go out after others as never before. We feel the burden of souls, and find our greatest delight in helping them into the great liberty of the Gospel.

We never felt less like going to heaven than now—earth never was so bright and attractive. Glory to the Lamb !

"The men of *grace* have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From hope and faith may grow."

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land—a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills ; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig trees, and pomegranates ; a land of oil, olive, and honey. A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness. Thou shalt not lack anything in it. A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."