

I did not possess. My soul was parched with thirst.

I drifted deeper into sin, and only became more miserable. I wished for death. I cursed God for bringing me into existence. I cursed and hated myself. I contemplated suicide. But hell rose up before me, and I shrank from it. I was not afraid of death: that is, the first death; it was the second death, the death that never dies, that appalled me. My life for years before my conversion was *black, black, black*; but the crisis came. I found myself in trouble, in greater trouble than I had ever known before. The Spirit of God convinced me of sin. I was like a wolf at bay. Every avenue of escape seemed closed. What could I do? I had been hugging myself, and now I saw I was a mass of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores. I cried in my distress, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Oh, could I quit those sins? Oh, could I tear myself from those evil companions? Oh, the struggles of my poor soul! I had tried so often in my own strength, and made so many miserable failures. But there in that lonely hour a voice sweetly whispered, "Christ can save you." Could it be possible? Was there any hope for me?

I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
Who was speaking so kindly to me.
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
'Thou canst save a poor sinner like me."

I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me,
My heart was filled with praises,
For *He saved a poor sinner like me.*

No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

God helping me, I mean to live and die for Jesus. It seems wonderful how God can use all the past of a man's wicked life to His honor and glory. But it is so. And I am now winning souls for Christ. And when He calls me to Himself I'll lay my trophies down at Jesus' feet. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." If any unsaved young man reads this, I pray God may apply it to your heart. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. They that sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, and they that sow to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

—A. T.

To-day finds me with about 27 years o wasted life,—yes, worse than wasted. But praise God I am now in His service. When young I determined to give my heart to God, but going out to work, the world entangled me. O the bitterness of my life. I never went to church but God would give an arrow for my conscience. Like *Jonah* I tried to get away from the presence of the Lord, but he followed me with His judgments—took away dear friends, but I would not yield. Many prayers went up for me, and thank God, a year ago the wanderer returned. Then came a test—are you willing to leave home and friends to work for Me? I said No! O the misery of the few days that followed! But I gave up all, and a peace filled my soul which abides there. After some weeks the way opened into Band work. God is leading me and is blessing me in so many ways. I must and will praise Him.

FRANK WOODHULL.

When I think calmly of all the Master has done for me, and is still doing, it fills my heart with gratitude. So far from the Saviour as I was, and oh, He called me! My heart was softened, and now I can rejoice in a sin-pardoning God, a perfect Saviour, one whose precious blood does cleanse from all sin. Since I came home from the Camp-meeting and settled down to home-life, my temptations are of a different class, but the Master is with me always and I have His promise that He will never leave me nor forsake me. Glory to God. Nothing good have I done of myself, and I am fully trusting in the finished work of Christ. O that I may be kept for the Master's use, and I pray God to bless this short sketch to every one that reads it.

FLO. VAN ALSTYNE.

WYOMING.—Bro. J. W. Smith, while expressing himself as not accepting some of the utterances of the *EXPOSITOR*, says: The Spirit will settle this and every other matter for us if we seek His guidance. O that we all, with our different dispositions and degrees of talent, may be lost in the great vortex of love. I am consciously the Lord's this morning, and how sweetly I feel with the sainted Phœbe Palmer, "'Tis heaven below to feel the blood applied."