

all wrapped up in the sublime manifestation. A question put to me was answered as briefly as possible that my soul might lose nothing of the heavenly presence enwrapping and filling my being. I do not remember to have then told any one of it, but days afterward, when I rejoined my wife, she burst into tears as we met, before we had spoken a word, so great was the change in my appearance. "Songs in the night season," the living waters welling up from my heart, came with the consciousness of waking. An awe, sweet but not burdensome, shadowed my spirit, as every moment was filled with the presence of God; nor did it leave me in the midst of the most engrossing occupations. Life became a psalm of praise.

This elevation of feeling necessarily subsided after a season, but it left me with an inner *consciousness of God* which is expressed by the words: "I will dwell in them, and walk in them." "We will come unto him, and make our abode with him." The scene upon the Cross of Calvary became often more real than the senses could make it. Without the materiality of bodily sight, the holy countenance of Jesus, in its tender, suffering humanity, lightened by the glory of divinity, seems now to me to look down from the Cross upon assemblies, as I tell of redemption for sinners. It is painful to endeavor to speak of these things. My poor words seem rather to cover than to reveal them. Would that the glorious reality could be conveyed to other hearts!

After walking with little variation for five years in this privilege of an inward consciousness of the presence of God, and with comparatively little exception a *conscience* void of offence, I became, by the ever-increasing light, aware of forms of selfishness, self-consciousness, self-dependence, and self-seeking not before recognized. I was as an Israelite in whose home was a defiling bone, before the sun had fully risen. By the grey morning light he had cleansed his dwelling, and was without condemnation of conscience, but when the noon-tide sun poured in his rays, the evil thing was discovered—to be now put away.

At once the prayer of faith came, "Cleanse me from this also, O my Saviour!" with full confidence that it would be done. Soon afterward, as I

kneeled in a large meeting of Christians waiting patiently upon God in silent prayer, I seemed to see Jesus sitting above me as a "Refiner" with fire. Then there passed through my soul as it had been flame, consuming the very evils concerning which I had been praying. I cannot find words so exact to describe it as the Scripture, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." To my surprise, I did not appear to shrink from the fire, but gladly welcomed it, as I seemed to look in the vividly revealed and compassionately tender countenance of my Saviour. I then understood in a far deeper sense than ever before, the words, "Sanctify you *wholly*," for all that I could myself see of my dross seemed to me to be burned up.

This was without much emotion, but wonderfully real to my soul. It was followed by some of the most severe sorrows and temptations which I had known for a long time, but in them all I was enabled to get inward deliverance by faith in Christ as my Refiner with fire.

About this time a few Christians, from five different denominations, among them six ministers, gathered together in some evening meetings with the special object of finding out, through prayer, the full meaning of "the promise of the Father," the being "baptized with fire," the being "filled with the Spirit." They were walking in close communion with the Lord, and in the paths of "sanctification through faith," and yet they knew that there was a fullness of blessing in the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which they had not yet experienced. Feeling their liability to interpret the Scripture by their educational prepossessions, they resorted to continued prayer, and waiting upon God, to teach them *Himself* the meaning of His Word and promise.

The first evening, while a Presbyterian minister was in prayer, a preacher, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, of calm, intellectual habits of feeling, who had been praying for this baptism for two months, was, without losing consciousness, so overwhelmed by the manifested presence of Jesus, as to lie, with clasped hands and a look of heavenly joy, speechless for several hours. "I seemed mer-