

this great work?" Yet the word of God was ever my guide, and when my enquiring mind would ask these and similar questions God would say to me: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." The world would have chosen some scribe well instructed in the law, or some polished minister rather than me. But would these have come down so low, like me, to be called a fool for Christ's sake. It took years of discipline and hard toil on my part, and a wonderful condescension on the part of my adorable Lord to make me willing to do or be anything that God would that I should.

When he sent me out with the messages contempt was poured on all my best efforts to do good either to the bodies or souls of men. Not only was my mental nature impeached and God dishonored thereby, but my moral character was also a reproach and a by-word. Do you think that this is how great men would like to have been treated? I certainly think it is not.

When God first called me to go with the messages I endured pain and anguish unutterable, but He said at the beginning that He would make me an example of suffering humility, and that I should not come out from thence—meaning this furnace of affliction—till I had paid the very last mite, and this purifying process was quite necessary for me in order to make me willing to do His bidding, or else I could never have endured this great fight of affliction. You may ask, "How is it you dare at times disobey? How is it when God spake, 'Go to the bar-room,' that you waited for three days? Was it not sin? Not in the circumstances in which I was placed, for God knew all about my feeble dust. It would have been sin though if I had continued to persist in disobedience; but like the man in the Gospel I repented and went. Did the people who were idly talking in their houses and shops know, in order to be obedient, what I had to contend with? Little did they think that God was putting me through the crucible and that within my own dwelling I was suffering frowns, words and actions to all others unbearable, and they had been such to myself, only that God so inspired me as to enable me to laugh at the devils wildest attacks on His servant's faith. What would you think if, when returning from performing a known duty, you should be met with threats and jeers? But I was strengthened to laugh in the face of the fiercest opposition, and I could ever sing:

"I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world."