

spite of the absence of all feeling, to believe fully in Jesus as my all-sufficient Saviour. I had not courage at the time to say that I had fully believed, but no sooner was I alone with God than the joy of believing filled my soul with a flood-tide of rapture. If ever the Spirit of God witnessed to this blessing in any heart, He did it in mine that night. As hour after hour passed, my soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit did rejoice in God my Saviour. I bless God for the memory of that precious season. The joy which Jesus gave me was complete; no fear of the future, no distrust of Christ, no dread of missing heaven remained to spoil my peace. Jesus was indeed all in all to me. Whatever temptations the future might bring, I now feared them not; for henceforth my experience was to be, 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

Such is the new sunrise of the soul, the fuller revelation of the Lord Jesus to the heart that loves Him. The result is, not only peace and gladness, but healing, activity and growth. It is sunshine in which believers grow. We do not put our choice plants in a dark cellar. Let them have the sun! Grace, too, grows best in bright sunlight.

Shall we not call this a distinct blessing? Coleridge said that as he watched the day dawn, the sun always rose in an instant. "From the thinning, diluting blue to the whitening, to the fawn-colored, the pink, the crimson, the glory; yet, still the sun itself has always *started up* out of the horizon." And thus with the dawning of a new day to the soul; it is a moment to date from henceforth. Some have said, like F. R. Havergal, that it exceeded in glory the joy of conversion to Christ. And why not call it a second blessing? Those to whom it is promised have the first blessing, in that "fear of the Lord," which, like the love of God in the New Testament, is set forth as embracing all loyalty in heart and conduct.

And it is a joy-giving blessing. What a world of gladness wakes up when the sun brings daylight back! And what joy is ours as we say farewell to the last doubt, see our sins cleansed, and the shadows flee away!

"I was sitting as it might be on that chair," said William Bramwell, "my heart now and then lifted up to God, but not particularly about this blessing, when heaven came down to earth; it came to my soul."

All this blessedness is gathered up in a promise. But how shall it be realized? Is there nothing on our part required? Can we understand what it is to ask for the light, come out of self to find it? For self is dark-

ness, while God is light, and to come to God is to enter into sunshine. So much of self, so much darkness; so much of God, so much of the light of life. Can this forsaking of self become a reality in human experience? Yes; for we are called to "yield ourselves unto God." We ought, therefore we can. "Yield yourselves," not only as a servant to his Lord, that the energies may be employed for Him, but "yield yourselves," as sinful and helpless, into the hands of an infinite Saviour. It is thus the soul finds perfect light and rest. . . .

We know how the earth obtains its sunrise. The sun does not actually rise and set; it is our globe that moves. When the earth, turning on its axis, presents its face to meet the sun, then the night clears away, and, behold, the daybreak! And thus, reader, may our souls secure the blessing of a new sunrise. Face the sun! Turn round to Christ! "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for He hath torn, and he will heal us. . . . Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: His going forth is prepared as the morning."—(Hos. vi. 1-3.)

"*Prepared as the morning!*" As the world's comforter waits, with its beams of brightness, till our earth turns her face to meet those rays, so our glorious Saviour waits, "prepared" to pour upon us the fullness of His grace. Shall we not turn to meet Him?—*From The Sunshine of Religion.*

"ONLY A LITTLE WHILE."

"Only a little while,"—

"Why court the smile?"

"Or dread the world's dark frown?"

In brighter lands a crown
Awaits thee there.

"Only a little while."

Let not the sneer beguile
Thee of thy faith in "One"
Who only can atone,
For all thy sins.

"Only a little while."

Let not earth's joys defile
Thy garments white.
Unspotted in His sight,
Thou shalt appear.

"Only a little while,"

And His approving smile—
When all life's toils is o'er
To that eternal shore—
Shall welcome thee.