

pained us at the time, but generally left some proud flesh about the wound, which the most velvety touch would irritate and cause to bleed afresh. But when the lifting was of God, then no trace or scar ever remained.

HOW TO BE PERPLEXED.—By simply not trusting in the Lord with the whole heart and, just a little, leaning to your own understanding. Whilst one good brother was criticizing the management of the Camp-meeting, and intimating that he could not support us as heartily as formerly, another came and, taking us by the hand, said: "Worlds could not pay for the wondrous blessing I have received at this meeting. God bless you! God bless you!" Wouldn't it be perplexing to lean to the understanding at such times?

SURPRISES.—Each successive meeting was a surprise, for it differed from all preconceived opinions entertained about it. The wonderful shower of promises which rained upon us for nearly an hour was started by some one, under the Spirit's leadings, mentioning a scriptural promise, when the leader, recognizing the Divine prompting, at once let it go into a promise meeting. And it was a meeting of wondrous promises. How they did fall around us in pearly showers, flashing forth in the Spirit's light in all the heavenly beauties God alone could give them. It was not dry, perfunctory duty, but the joyous exercise of minds and hearts penetrated by holy influences, and tuned in their action to the harmonies of heaven.

So, too, in the wonderful prayer-meeting, on the morning of the last day, God used a dear sister to give it that form, when, obeying the Spirit's leadings, we were carried into a prayer-meeting of nearly two hours' length, the result of which eternity only can show. How majestically the tide of devotion moved on, first taking up particular prayers concerning individuals, families, neighbourhoods, it gradually increased in volume, taking in churches, camp-meetings, cities, parliaments, culminating in one united petition for this Canada of ours. There was no diminution of interest, no time lost, not time even for singing, the tide of continuous prayer rushed along resistless in its course, controlled, almost visibly, by the ever-present Spirit Divine. One brother tried to take sufficient time to interest prayer for his church, but could not, the words seemed to freeze on his lips. In surprise he asked his Heavenly Father the meaning of it, when he got the answer, your church is already on the altar. There was no time, then, for needless repetition.

The closing meeting was a surprise to most. It was presumed, by