

How God Led Me This Forty Years.

I then strove to live as became the gospel, and many times in a day my cries would go up to God for help to do His will, the burden of my prayers being the salvation of my husband and those of my friends who were still out of Christ. I think that I did not kneel down without presenting them before the Lord, and I was so afraid lest some of them would die in their sins and be lost forever, that I spent many sleepless hours especially for an unsaved brother-in-law, who I feared was on the way to destruction. Still I faithfully warned him, and the time arrived when God said : "Pray not for him." I was only a loiterer in the way to the kingdom, and I could not expect God to answer my prayers, when they were just a repetition of words, for words are not prayer; the heart must be in it, and very little of the world or the things of it must occupy the mind that draws near to God in faithful fervent prayer. It is too often the case that Christians draw nigh to God and present the service of lips, while the heart is far from Him. This must have been the way with my prayers, for if they had been prayers of faith, why were they not answered ? One of them was answered in the deliverance of one of my friends from sin. But I must pass on to my own home. I left many things undone for the Lord, which I should have done ; I attended all the outward means of grace, and I was scarcely ever absent from the class-meeting, but instead of going there to speak forth the praises of the Lord, I often complained of my coldness, heart-wanderings, and littleness of love. On one occasion I was tempted to give up, lest my complaining would make younger Christians stumble, but my good class-leader had great patience with me, and encouraged me to hold fast which I had lest another would take my crown. I fought all the time, but it was often in my own strength, and indeed up to the time of my sanctification my life appears to me to be a blank.

In answer to ten thousand prayers, God brought my husband into the Church, and through the instrumentality of Rev. C. Fish he was led to see his need of a Saviour. He thought once that I invited the good brother to come to the house to talk to him about his soul, but this step the Lord showed me not to take, for he never could bear the idea of being driven by any one. The wisdom of God was infinite, and even at that early period in my history showed me not to ask him even to attend the meetings that were being held ; but I will never forget those meetings, for they were the honored means of raising up family prayer in many households among which was none, and this was made a great blessing to me, for many happy seasons I enjoyed around the family