

for the last time. Three weeks before his death, God condescended to give me these words to write on a leaf of a book: "Him I will take, for their stories will not trouble him this winter."

"No sighs to ming'e with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues."

Some wondered how I dared burn the writings when the Lord had given them, but I dared do anything that I was sure He commanded me to. How dare Moses cast the first tables of the commandments out of his hands? When he saw the people worshipping the golden calf he was provoked to anger, and the burning of the writings was the witness of God's anger. Long months after my father's departure God let me understand that I heard him calling me. Mark the connection between his little faith in the writing when he was upon earth and his sight of it in the spirit-land, from whence I could hear him say to me: "Write it! Write it! Write it!"

"We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there."

How God Led Me These Forty Years.

"Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." 2nd Tim. III. 12.

I related in the former books as far as I could of my early history, but more might have been given to the world of the way God has led me now through a life of nearly forty-two years only for the unworthy actions of the people in regard to God's dealings with me. But the conflicts and trials which I have endured during the latter years of my life for the sake of God's cause will bring more glory to Him than all those of the former years of my christian pilgrimage, although there were many deliverances which God wrought out for me that were mysterious in their character and which would, I have no doubt, have helped some weary