

living what is called an ordinary life, that I would not exchange it for a life of worldliness even if lived in a palace.

But pardon if again I take up for a little the narrative of my life.

Four years after the Smithville meeting, I was united in marriage to Henry Bridgeman, son of Thomas Bridgeman, one of the first settlers in that part of Canada. My husband was one of those who were converted at the Smithville meeting before mentioned. For forty-nine years he lived a consistent Christian life, and then after two years of suffering, patiently but triumphantly endured, he entered into his reward. I think of him now not as the suffering one, but as one before the throne swelling the hallelujahs of the skies.

Great and mighty are the joys of salvation here on the earth, but what must it be to be there. Whilst I mourn I seem to anticipate the time when I too shall help to swell the anthem of the redeemed, and shout glory, honor, praise, and power be to our God for ever and ever.

We expected to settle down permanently to a farm life, but "man proposes, God disposes." The poor health of my husband changed all our plans. Our domestic happiness also suffered from the inroads of death, for in three years we were called to lay away our first-born, our darling little Almena, in the beautiful graveyard at Grimsby. But through all these trials I could see the good hand of my God. Truly I found that while

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,"

that indeed *He* plants His footsteps in the sea and that *He* is in every storm; and to-day as I look back I can say that there was power in this Gospel to enable me to say, during every trial and in every bereavement, Thy will be done. These afflictions drew me nearer and still nearer to Himself, and now whilst looking back over the past, whilst regarding the present, or looking out upon the future the language of my heart is

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall near be past,
While life and thought and being lasts
Or immortality endures."

Buffalo

M. BRIDGEMAN.

EXPERIENCE.

LISTOWEL, July 21, 1886.

DEAR BRO. BURNS,—For some time past I have felt that I should yet have to give my religious experience to the public through the EXPOSITOR. Naturally of a timid, retiring disposition, I shrank from the very thought of publicity. The Holy Spirit brought the subject often to my mind, but as often I shrank. At last I have submitted. "Anything, Lord, that will glorify Thy name. I cast all self aside."

Home influences taught me early to know right from wrong, to distinguish between evil and good. Though subject to the powerful drawings of the Holy Spirit I never yielded, but would use a strong will power to resist. I led a moral upright life before the world, but the inconsistencies of professors of religion attracted me little towards the Church. Consequently I became self-righteous. Teaching school near Molesworth, about five miles from my present home, I became awakened to the responsibility of training those children for God.

In revival services held in the Molesworth Church, and at the same time in the Listowel Church, I determined to test the reality of the religion of Jesus Christ, and accordingly came out as a seeker of salvation in the Molesworth Church, but would not act out my convictions on coming home to the meetings in our own church.

Of course God did not accept me while I cherished pride and prejudice in my heart. This was in the spring of 1884. The following summer was one of the most miserable of my life. The next winter I proposed attending the Normal School, and in my despair I cried, "I can never go to the Normal unless I am converted!" How mercifully God dealt with me! How His wise providence wrought out the plan for my salvation. Two events, memorable to me, mark the last week of September, 1884—the arrival of Messrs. Hunter and Crossley for the purpose of holding evangelistic services in our town, and the consuming of my school by fire. Thus God