

The great work of sanctification that I had so often prayed and hoped for was wrought in me—even in me. I could not doubt it. The evidence in my case was as direct and indubitable as the witness of sonship received at the time of my adoption into the family heaven. Oh, it was glorious, divinely glorious!

Need I say that the experience of sanctification inaugurated a new epoch in my religious life? Oh, what blessed rest in Jesus! what an abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb! what a conscious union and constant communion with God! what increased power to do or to suffer the will of my Father in heaven! what delight in the Master's service! what fear to grieve the infinitely Holy Spirit! what love for and desire to be with the entirely sanctified! what joy in religious conversation! what confidence in prayer! what illumination in the perusal of the sacred Word! what increased unction in the performance of public duties!

Oh, that I could conclude just here these allusions to personal experience with the simple *addendum*, that my life to the present has answered to the description of "endless progression, steadied by endless peace!" Fidelity to truth, however, with a solicitude that others may profit by my errors, constrains me to add another page of personal testimony. Have you never known a sky full of sunshine, the promise of a beautiful day, subsequently obscured by lowering clouds? Have you never known a jewel of incalculable value to its owner lost through culpable carelessness? Alas, that so bright a morning in my spiritual history should not have shone more and more unto the perfect day; that I should, under any circumstances, have carelessly parted with this pearl of personal experience!

Eight weeks transpired; weeks of light, strength, love, and blessings. Conference came on. I found myself in the midst of beloved brethren. Forgetting how easily the infinitely Holy Spirit might be grieved, I allowed myself to drift into the spirit of the hour, and, after an indulgence in foolish joking and story-telling, realised that I had suffered serious loss. To my next field of labour I proceeded with consciously diminished spiritual power.

Perhaps to satisfy my conscience, I began to favour the arguments of those who insisted that sanctification, as a work of the Holy Spirit, could not involve an experience distinct from regeneration. Oh, how many precious years I wasted in quibbling and debating respecting theological differences, not seeing that I was antagonising a doctrine that must be "spiritually discerned," and the tendency of which is manifestly to bring people nearer to God!

Meanwhile I had foolishly fallen into the habit of using tobacco, an indulgence which, besides the palatable gratification, seemed to minister to both my nervous and social natures. Years elapsed. When I would confront the obligation of entire consecration, the