

GUIDANCE.

I will guide thee in the promise,
Which to us our God has given,
Taking every trouble from us
By which mortal lives are riven,
Guide us when the path is cheery,
Guide us when the way is dreary.

Oh, if only simply trusting,
All our way to him we'd give,
Every wrong His right adjusting.
Happy lives we then should live,
Guided through a stormy path,
Following on by simple faith.

Not that we deserve Thy leading,
Would we ask Thee still to guide,
But because Thy help we're needing,
Keep us near the river side—
Since for us Thyself hast died,
Pray we, Son of Glory, guide.

—Selected.

MY EXPERIENCE.

"It has done me good to find that you feel as I do about consecrating myself anew. I thought it was a sort of idiosyncrasy in me. I had given myself wholly and unreservedly to the Lord, and had made no attempt to take myself back; and how could I give to Him that which was already His?"

Those were the words which relieved my trouble. I found them in a letter which had been given me to read by a friend, because it contained a reference to something in which we were both interested; but the words you have just seen were the ones that helped me.

I had been dissatisfied and uneasy for a long time, without knowing what the matter was or how to remedy it. The trouble would always increase when I heard or saw the word "consecrated," because it set me to wondering whether I were really consecrated to God or not. I did not feel sure. I had given myself to God quite a while before. I had kept nothing back consciously, not even my money; and I had had a struggle over that. I had wondered whether I ought to give a tenth of my whole income, or whether one-tenth of a sum equal to my total expenditure for a year would satisfy my conscience. Finally, I accepted God's challenge through Malachi, and decided to give Him a tenth of the whole sum. He did bless me: for nothing less than that could have made me so glad to give every cent of it, and even run over a little.

But, after I had settled the question of the tithe, I was not satisfied. Something was wrong still. I could think of nothing that I had not given to God, yet I had continually an uneasy feeling about it which nothing quieted. Consecration meetings were a terror to me. Sometimes I thought I must unconsciously have played "Indian-giver," and taken back what I had given away; but reflection would convince me that such was not the case. At last I grew tired of thinking about it, and went along as well as I could, trying to do my duty, and hoping that some day God would give me the answer to my puzzle. And He did; for when I saw these words the light flashed into my mind in an instant, and I understood it all then. The words did not actually say, "You have not acted upon your belief that you were consecrated to God," but they brought me the idea; and comfort came with it. I had given myself to God. I thought so; I had known it, but I had not acted according to my conviction.

The whole matter seemed so simple to me then that I wondered I had not seen the trouble before. I was His, but I had not realized it nor acted on the fact; and how glad I was, and am, to feel and know it! It makes everything so easy. He has all the responsibility of caring for me, of training me and of using me rightly; and I leave it all to Him. I simply keep on the watch. Does God want that errand done? I will ask Him to use me for it. Does one of His workers need an encouraging and cheering letter? Perhaps God can busy the hand which once was mine, but now is His, with that. And so it is all day long. As soon as one thing is finished, the words, "What wilt Thou have me do?" inquire for the next work; and, although some of the tasks are very disagreeable to me in themselves, though sometimes a harder duty is substituted for the one which seemed pleasanter, it is all right. The physical and mental powers which are His now must not disobey His will any more than they used to disobey mine.

You don't know how easy I find it to do all these things, nor how thankful I am to be relieved of all responsibility about myself. Christ does so much for me that I love Him more than ever; and He gives me the peace and rest I wanted and struggled for so long. And all this happiness has come to me just because I have given myself to Christ "wholly and unreservedly," and not only think so and know so, but act so.—*The Sunday-School Times.*"