

possible to show these things to the unbelieving young men and boys of the school. The whole day I would be thinking and getting ready for the glorious time at night. This, I felt, was my only business now—talking to the Lord and delighting myself in Him. Some nights it was a dreadful struggle. Things done and said during the day kept floating before my mind. I was determined not to pray till my mind was fixed before the Lord. My soul was drawn out of the body in agony in trying to get hold of the Lord. Mind and body were equally engaged, sometimes upsetting a stool or chair in the room. I did argue and almost quarrel with the Lord. The more I failed the more I was determined. Through the weakness of the body, some nights I had to postpone the struggle. Bless His name, He often took me by surprise. In desperation, I sometimes groaned out, “Wrestling, I will not let Thee go! *Break my thigh bone* if you like; but look at me and smile.” Ordinary Christian people, who are strangers to such blessings, hearing the language I used at such times they would have blamed me for blasphemy. I, myself, wondered, rejoicingly at quiet times, at such unlimited boldness. Now I look at the Bible. From the former dry surface, and dead letter, soul-stirring truths seemed to leap out. I was fast forgetting the world and all my connections with it. The play ground, the evening walk, or the witty company of young men had no charms for me. My old companions looked at me with jealousy, because I had found a friend in Jesus. They seemed to say that “the horn that came afterwards is greater to you than the ear.” Satan seemed to ask from me often, “Are you not going to think about your troubles, difficulties, enemies and whisperers against you?” “Let not your heart be troubled,” said I. I clung to that. Let the troubles take care of themselves. I will take care of the Lord and not bother my head about them. “Don’t you hear what they say?” I was perfectly deaf to everything. I occasionally stepped into the Wesleyan Chapel and there I heard Wesley’s song—

“Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Ah, why did I so late Thee know,
Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn,
That I so late to Thee did turn.”

These lines were the language of my heart.—*Guide to Holiness.*

Not long since Lily, a little girl of five years, after saying her evening prayers, began to indulge in an original petition of her own. She was aware that she had not been particularly good on a certain day, and her evening prayer was thus supplemented: “I pray the Lord to make Lily a good little girl, and if at first you don’t succeed, try, try again.”