

And shall I the city behold,
Whose builder and maker is God,
Whose walls are of jasper and gold,
Whose streets by the angels are trod ?

Shall I through the emerald gate,
From earth and its desert of sin,
Pass on to my angel estate,
With Jesus forever shut in ?

How God Led Me This Forty Years.

I enjoyed much of God's love at times, and was ever struggling after this holiness of heart ; but I had many besetments and drawbacks. One of my greatest hindrances was that I had no help at home, or at least no sympathy in any of my hours of spiritual darkness. I liked sympathizing friends, but I had very few friends that I could bear to tell all my doubts and fears to. One good sister, who was ever a good friend to me, I got great comfort from. She has long since passed to her reward in the better world, and although she was not quite clear on the blessing of holiness, yet she loved the good and the holy and tried in her feeble way to stand up for Jesus. This sister I told many of my trials to, but when God sanctified me I seemed to draw all my comfort from him alone. I carried everything to him, and many times in a day I poured forth my wants on my knees before the Lord ; but the good seed, which was sown in the Sabbath School in my native land, was stored up in my memory, and knowledge as well as love, enabled me to run in the way of God's commands, for I relied on his written word for guidance. As I arose from my bed each morning I expected that God would give me a suitable portion for the trials or triumphs of the day. On one occasion I went out to a store and met a man with whom I had often conversed. God's spirit said, "Tell that man what God has done for you." I tried to do so, although I was not so bold for the Lord as I should have been. But this man could not believe that any person could live without sin. I then felt