

Jesus." I felt such heart-purity that I thought if the world could see into it they would be led to seek, likewise, precious cleansing. Still I felt that it was necessary for me to be much in prayer, lest I should lose any measure of the perfect love I enjoyed. I could truly say that I walked with Christ in white.

You see I was sanctified on conditions, and while I kept my vows God, who is ever faithful, kept me in the enjoyment of the blessing. But no sooner had the first glory fled from my vision than I began to be a little hindered in speaking all the praise due to God's holy name; still, I felt that I had vowed to Him a life-long service for the light, glory, and loving kindness that He, the great Head of the Church, had bestowed upon me.

" Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
The weakest believer that hangs upon Him."

But it is plain that this was an uncommon call to some special and unknown work, for I could not understand what sort of preaching it implied. Did God ever give a command like unto it since the days of the first preachers of the new dispensation, when he said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." You will observe that he did not say to me "Baptize them!" No, that was not my commission; the wonderful word "Preach" was committed to me. Could I, a woman with a family and household cares, obey this high injunction? I was neither fitted by learning or talents, nor had I help or sympathy from any quarter but God, and therefore how could I fulfil such a mission to the people. I might tell what God had done for me, but that was about all I dare do without censure. Nevertheless, I was commanded to go and do it, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear, but I failed to do this public work for God. If I had obeyed cheerfully and really this wondrous claim of God I would never have been called to trials most excruciating to flesh and blood which I had to endure in order to make me meet for my Master's use, and for six long years I would have been fulfilling His high behests and doing His blessed service. But ah! what a thing it is to be hindered. What a sad thing it is to fail to do any part of God's work which we see to be our plain duty. I knew that God called for active service on my part, but my own household greatly hindered me all through my sanctified days. I longed, day and night, to tell them of the glory which I felt, and which, as the Psalmist said, "was like a fire in my bones." But as I often see that a fire in a stove which is all shut up does not burn brightly so it was with