

rather than those of my friends, conquered me, and I yielded to the voice of God. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, I put as it were, my fingers in my ears that the clamours of the world might cease to affect me, and ran on crying 'Life! life! eternal life!'"

"And was not this all the sacrifice God required at your hands?" asked Johnnie.

"Not exactly. There still remained the consecration of myself. Self, after all, is the dearest idol we worship—the greatest enemy to be overcome. Alexander the Great is said to have conquered the world, and to have wept that he could extend his conquests no farther; but self conquered and ruined him. How truly wise is the proverb, that 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' Like the Indian who is represented as having given up for God first his blanket, then his gun, afterward his dog, and last of all himself, so I had sacrificed all things, except my will, to the control of Jesus. At length I was enabled to make an unconditional and complete surrender to him as my King, and to count all things, including my poor self, 'but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' On the evening of March 19, 1854—memorable epoch in my history!—after two long months of fearful spiritual struggles, while