

grace, that he has heard the voice of my prayer, and in a wonderful manner preserved me. Certain it is that my spiritual life has been a new life. There is calm sunshine upon the soul. The praise of God is continually upon my lips.

I have continually what seems to me to be the *witness* of the Holy Spirit; that is to say, I have a firm and abiding conviction that I am wholly the Lord's; which does not seem to be introduced into the mind by reasoning nor by any methods whatever of forced and self-made reflection, and which I can ascribe only to the Spirit of God. It is a sort of interior voice, which speaks silently but effectively to the soul, and bids me be of good cheer. At times, especially on the 14th of February, 1840, I experienced some remarkable operations on my mind, which made a profound and lasting impression. Language cannot be but a feeble instrument in detailing them, and I will not attempt it. Indeed I do not know but that I must say with the Apostle, "whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." But in view of what I then experienced and have experienced at other times, I cannot help saying with the Apostle, "God hath also sealed us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

I could speak of many remarkable deliverances and supports in time of mental trial. God has ever been with me, in time of trouble a "faithful God." But these, and many other things which have called forth the deep gratitude of my heart, I am compelled to omit. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that almost from the very moment of obtaining the victory over those selfish feelings which have been spoken of, I was distinctly conscious of a new but powerful and delightful attraction towards the divine mind. This, I believe, is a common form of ulterior experience among those who have enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. I perceive! and felt very distinctly that there was a central existence, full of all glory, towards which the spirit was tending. I could realize the meaning of the Psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." I felt like an imprisoned bird when the string is cut that bound it to the earth, and which soars upwards and spreads its wings to the skies. So conscious have I been that inordinate self-love has been the cause of the separation between my soul and God, that the very idea of self as distinct from God is almost painful to me. When self is destroyed, the divine union, which sanctified hearts only know, takes place. If I know anything, I know most certainly that the true resting place of my soul is and must be in the infinite mind; that it is not and cannot be anywhere else. Perhaps no part of the Scriptures, during the more recent periods of my experience, has more affected me than the prayer of the Saviour for his disciples, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be *one in us*." It is difficult for me to conceive of any heaven but God's presence; of any hell but his absence. I realize that the cup of my happiness is full, whatever may be my personal trials and sorrows, whenever and wherever my heavenly father is glorified in me. Accordingly it is my earnest and constant prayer that my will may be wholly and forever lost in the will of God, and that I may never know self any more, except as the instrument of the divine glory.