

I found the roots of bitterness continually troubling me; too often would I give way to anger and resentment; doubt and uncertainty would fill my mind for days and weeks; then I would cry unto the Lord in my trouble, and He would bring me out of my distresses. The means of grace were to me a formal routine. Now and again would I feel it a delight to sit beneath the droppings of the sanctuary, and my heart would often be much blessed in the class-meeting. Still I longed for the *abiding* presence of the Comforter. My family altar and private devotions were oftener gone through from *duty* than otherwise. The reading of God's Word was most generally a barren exercise. Sometimes I would see a precious promise shining out like a bright star upon a dark night, which was to me an oasis upon my pilgrimage. At such times I longed that it might continue, but not understanding my privilege, I failed to exercise a present appropriating faith, and would soon again find myself in comparative darkness. And yet through all those years of ups and downs I hoped that some day I would find broad acres upon which the sun never set.

Oh, how I longed to get out of the straits of my checkered experience! It seemed to me that the suffering and death of Christ was a failure, if He could not save to the *utmost* limit of man's necessity. For years I read the best productions of men who professed this experience. I searched the Word and found full salvation on almost every page. I was glad to know that such a boon could be mine. Still I entered not in through *unbelief*. Frequently I would get up to the border of the land and look over. I knew it was a well-watered country, and the fruit hung in rich profusion; but there were *giants* there, and I did not enter. I spent two or three years standing around the entrance, and wishing I were only inside and could stay there. And it was not until about a year ago that I entered into the promised rest. It was on a Sabbath morning, as I sat in my pew listening to my esteemed Bro. Burns telling about this good land and how to enter. As I sat there, I felt that if ever I intended to settle the matter once and forever, *now* was the time. I looked up and said, "Lord Jesus, by Thy strength I do now surrender my doubts and fears and accept Thee as my perfect Saviour; giants or no giants, I do now trust Thee to save me to the uttermost." The gates swung open, and I was at last in the land flowing with milk and honey; and oh, what a time I've had ever since! The half has never yet been told, and I want to tell it. The Comforter came in and took