

When God first sanctified me He taught me the loving word "Father." I thought afterwards that I would quit saying it, for if I did not the people would say I was just like Ann, but one night as I was bowed before the Lord in my room previous to retiring, I was starting to say the Lord's prayer, beginning with "Our Father," when God said "Say My Father." I did wrong to quit that loving title for God had sent the Spirit of His Son into my heart crying "Abba Father." But for fear of being like Ann I laid it aside. What a wretched thing it is to be so afraid of mortals as to grieve the Spirit, for "The Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God."

The putting down of this good Christian who had been a professor of holiness for a long number of years caused this work first to be begun. To her God had given a spirit of discernment unusual to the generality of christians, and hence the reason of the many and close trials she endured. On one occasion she was brought a cup of tea while afflicted, and the Spirit spoke "Don't drink it," for, telling this revelation to the doctor's who attended her, they said and I suppose thought, that she must be delirious through medicine. As the particulars are given in one of the preceding numbers I will not enlarge but leave the Judge of all the earth to fulfil His promise contained in the message which I delivered on the highway on the day I went forth with the five written ones, that "He would smite that whited wall."

It is no small thing to suffer for another and not wish our sufferings less. The reason that God has thus dealt with me is that I might, by four year's experience, know all that sister Ann has suffered for upwards of sixty years. "He Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree." 1 Peter 2, 4. He bore the sins of the world, remember, but I bare only the sufferings of one person. She was sanctified for almost a quarter of a century from the time mentioned before, when she cried to God all night for the inward witness of the Spirit and the abiding power that would so dwell in her continually that it would regulate all her daily thoughts, prayers and passions—for, as she often said, passion was her besetment. I was like her in reproach; for the messages I carried called a fool like her, an idiot, because I went to a house to tell a person who resided there that she was a woman of a sorrowful spirit.

These things were all to show me the wonderful trials she en-