

"And he showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire? Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment. (Zech. iii. 1-4.) At once I had such a ravishing view of the infinite loveliness and all-sufficiency of Jesus, that my heart glowed with new rapture, and the words of the poet came flashing upon my mind:—

"When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same:
May I with Thee be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!

"No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

"He that hath made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?"

Several weeks after this, while riding in a street car, I was again fiercely assailed by this enemy of all righteousness. Thoughts of evil darted through my mind like lightning. I well remember how, in former years, I would exert all my rational powers to put from me these vile suggestions. It used to be a mighty, but very unequal, conflict between the powers of darkness and my own puny strength, and it seldom ended without leaving its stain, and involving my soul in great spiritual depression. But now, without an effort or a struggle, I found myself, like a fluttered dove, fleeing to Christ. In a moment the thoughts of evil were gone, and my soul exulted in the triumphs of all-victorious faith.

The personality and work of the Holy Spirit were revealed to my spiritual perceptions as they had never been before. And O, what a Comforter He became to me! He seemed to regard me as a little, weak, convalescent child, that needed to be carried in the arms and comforted. He had before been my Reprover, but now He sweetly whispered, "No more reproof; no more wounding. I am come to comfort, to heal, to sanctify, and to abide with you for ever." Indeed, all the doctrines of the Gospel at once became luminous in the presence of the Sanctifier. What was formerly a speculative conviction, became now a wondrous reality. What once appeared in dim outline, like some beautiful landscape partially revealed by moonlight, now glowed with distinct and golden splendour.

That which was before either impossible or very difficult, I now find to be natural and easy. I do not find this life, as in my ignorance I once regarded it, to be one of mysticism, indolence, and self-gratulation, but *a life of ceaseless activity amidst undisturbed repose*, of complete absence of all weariness amidst perpetual employment. Neither do I find it a condition of stagnation. All life involves growth, and there are no limits to the possibilities of growth in the life of faith. The more the soul receives, the more it is capable of receiving, and the more it yearns to receive. Because it has got some glimpses of its boundless wealth in Christ, it is ever crying, "Give me more;" and nothing satisfies it save an experience of development which is the result of an inward and divine life.