

I had told him what great things God had done for me, but I was backward and so lost much enjoyment. This minister visited me and baptized my son, and also buried him. After his burial I often thought the matter over, and it seemed to me that God had disappointed me in this way to try my faith. But this was a foolish view for me to take of the way in which God deals with His people, for He does not trifle with their faith. I did not see it in that light, for I was weak in body and only a babe in the blessing of sanctification, the way to keep which I did not see clearly then, which is to confess it before all men, sinners as well as saints. My heart was full but my tongue was slow to utter the great things which God had done for me. I promised God to tell everyone, and said, in way of confession, to a good sister who was with me, "I want you to tell everybody." I was so full of light and glory that I thought nothing but actual transgression could take the blessing from me. I thought that I was only required to show it by a holy life and godly conversation, and to pray and give praise for myself. I did not know that the least omission was offensive in the sight of God; but I would now say with the poet :—

" Oh, may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to the blood again  
That makes the wounded whole."

I never before thought that such a wondrous transformation from darkness to light could be obtained upon earth by any finite mind. The sick-room seemed glorious on account of the presence of the Great Jehovah. The glory, like the Egyptian darkness, could be felt; only it was joy unspeakable, while the darkness was horror unutterable. Formerly, I had been very selfish and proud, but when I saw myself in the gospel glass, I feared and trembled lest I should do or say anything that would offend my heavenly Father, and I wondered when I saw the glory of God why I had reasoned so long with the devil, also how it was that I could not see the infinite fulness of Jesus to wash me from every stain.

Blessed be God! I was enabled not to murmur at His will, and when I was raised up from that bed of affliction I desired very much to talk of this free and full salvation. Still fear hindered me from doing so, for I feared the opinion of man and was very much afraid of giving offence, lest God should not be glorified, and thus I lost many opportunities of speaking for the Master. I was also afraid of the devil coming in as a flood and overthrowing me, yet the language of my heart was continually, "Blessed