

at once the blessed baptism came. I seemed filled with all the fulness of God. I wept for joy. All night long I wept. All the next day—at the family altar, in the street, and in the sanctuary—tears continued to flow. The fountains of my being seemed broken up, and my heart was dissolved in gratitude and praise. My soul seemed filled with pulses, each one thrilling and throbbing with love and rapture, so that I thought I must die from excess of life. At once I had a new and wonderful sense of *the presence of Christ*. Those words of Jesus were made real to me, "Abide in Me, and I in you." I had now an abiding Christ. With Mrs. Edwards I could say, "The presence of God was so near and real that I seemed scarcely conscious of anything else. I appeared to be taken under the care and charge of my God and Saviour in an inexpressibly endearing manner. The peace and happiness which I felt were altogether unutterable. The whole world, with all its enjoyments and all its troubles, seemed to be nothing; my God was my all, my only portion."

*The sovereign will of God* seemed at once so sweet and blessed that I felt lost in the thought that God ruled over and in me. I found myself praising Him for every trial, sorrow, disappointment, and loss. All my ransomed passions came rushing from their secret places to do homage to His holy and adorable will.

My *sense of unworthiness* was greatly increased. I felt so small, so weak, so utterly nothing, that I could no longer pray in the sanctuary, as had been my custom, in a standing position. I wanted to keep sinking lower and lower, and this desire brought with it a strange pleasure.

I felt *a sweet spirit of forgiveness* in my heart. It was easy to pray for those who had injured me. Persons who had become repulsive to me, appeared, all at once, as possessing many excellencies. I saw so much more to admire, and so much less to condemn, in the people of God, that it seemed as though God had "made all things new."

My *love for the brethren* was much enlarged. Denominational distinctions disappeared, and my heart flowed out in tender affection for all those that "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

*Answers to prayer* were continually occurring. The promise was made good, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you." I no sooner asked for a boon than it was granted. One out of many instances of this nature I wish to relate. During two or three weeks I had scarcely slept at all, first from excess of sorrow and then from excess of joy. Mind and body began to show signs of great nervous exhaustion, which only increased the tendency to wakefulness. One night after retiring it occurred to me, "Now ask Jesus." At once I raised my heart in prayer, saying, "Blessed Jesus! I need sleep. Effort will not bring it. I now seek it from Thee. Let me go to sleep." Immediately I fell asleep, and continued to sleep soundly all that night and every night since.

My mind became solemnly impressed with *the personality of the Devil*. For several days, it is true, he was not permitted to attack my soul in the slightest manner. But this exemption was only for a time. One afternoon, just as I took my seat in the pulpit, Satan stood at my side in dread personality. To my mental sight he appeared, as never before, fearfully and maliciously real. He suggested such thoughts as these: "Your present experience is very satisfactory, but will it continue? What will you do when these meetings shall end, and all these Christians are gone to their several churches, and you shall be alone?" Words utterly fail to convey the malignant force of these Satanic utterances. But with humble boldness I answered, "I can do without the creature, but not without the Creator. Human sympathy and Christian fellowship are inexpressibly sweet, but they are not indispensable to my happiness or safety. Possessing Christ, I have all."