

Our Love Feast.

HOW I WAS SAVED.

I arrived in New York December 12, 1862, and commenced to attend the East Thirty-seventh Street M. E. Church. I was brought up in the English Episcopal Church, and I was about as unmoved as previously until Rev. W. H. Boole became pastor. Under his plain Gospel preaching my hardened heart began to thaw out, and I began to seek salvation. I sought earnestly for many weeks and months, but could not get into the standard of experience (feeling) that I had set up.

About this time a class-leader pressed me into a profession of religion, and I then attempted to live, without being born, a life that very much resembled death, and felt exceedingly worse. I became a member of the church, and sought to get right with God very many times; but under the guise of a deeper work of grace I was not willing to confess my name—*sinner*. My darkness became intense, and at times I was tempted to doubt that there was any Christian experience at all; but my excellent wife's consistent, upright life, stood like a wall of adamant to kill Satan's suggestions on this point.

On Sunday, August 2, 1868, Rev. Jas. Caughey preached in the Seventh-street M. E. Church, from the text: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way," etc. I became thoroughly aroused to my awful condition, and promised God then, that if there was salvation for me I would have it that week. On Thursday following I went to Sing-Sing camp meeting, and sought the Lord diligently for two days. I left the camp-ground very dark in mind, but determined to serve God all my days; and as I was sitting quietly in one of the railroad cars, returning home, light began to stream into my heart, and oh! what peace and joy immediately followed. I could sing for the first time,

"Now I have found the ground
Wherein my soul's anchor may remain."

I was "a new creature in Christ Jesus." I had the Spirit itself witnessing with mine—"that meridian evidence that puts all doubts to flight." Glory be to God!

I immediately went into the vineyard to labor, and have been much blessed in

testifying to the power of the grace of God in me. Eleven months afterwards, at first Round Lake National Camp-meeting, I sought definitely the blessing of heart purity, and Jesus gave me what my heart panted for. I realize that pardon and purity are parts of the same grace; but the latter is as far and as glorious above and beyond the former as the light and glory of the sun exceeds that of the moon. I have made some serious mistakes in my Christian life, and have felt humbled and brought in heart, at least, to the feet of my Saviour and brethren; but I have lived in the enjoyment of this glorious grace of completeness in Jesus up to the present moment, and expect to live with the holy and the blessed forever.—*F. Percival*.

A BRAHMIN'S EXPERIENCE.

Then was my heart drawn to that wonderful book, the Book of books—the Bible. The very first verse of that book, "In the beginning, God made the heavens and the earth," came to my heart with wonderful force. I had learnt who Moses was—that he had lived in Egypt, and was brought up by Pharaoh's daughter amid the idolatries and superstition of the country. Strange to say, the Bible is unique in setting forth God as a personal agent in creating the heavens and the earth.

I have heard a great deal about the revival of Mohammedanism and its missionary spirit since I came to Great Britain. In India Mohammedanism has become semi-idolatry. There all Mohammedans fall down before saints. What are called *targas*, made of sticks, and paper, and incense, are continually offered in adoration, and I believe that in Mecca the pilgrims kiss the black stone. The Bible alone, I say, acknowledges the unity of the Godhead.

Another thing that brought conviction to my heart was a careful comparison of the Old Testament with the New Testament. It has been said that Paley and his "Evidences" have passed away, and that it has now been proved that there is no truth in the Bible. It seemed to me