

hear him a mile away. As he was unable to walk, my brother had to drive him home. He aroused the people along the road with his shouts of praise. His mother was in great trouble, thinking her boy had become insane. His experience, with that of my brother's, convinced me there was a deeper work of grace. I had felt the stirrings of the carnal mind under provocation; and, at times, had a man-fearing spirit. God gave me the victory and I praised Him for His power to save and keep. I became very hungry for Holiness. I had wonderful revelations of the power of God before receiving the experience.

One night, I saw Jesus walking up the aisle. He stopped one seat ahead of where I was kneeling. A sanctified woman shouted, "The Lord is here!" She *felt* His presence; but I *saw* Him. Another night, I met Jesus on the road. He seemed to go right through me. I turned to tell the people what I had seen, but found they had left the church. The devil tempted me to quit; but to me it was holiness or hell. I had to go on to perfection, or lose the grace out of my soul. A lady encouraged me one evening by saying: "The Lord has revealed to me that if you go to Micksburg to-night, you will get the blessing." I went, determined never to return until I was entirely sanctified.

I shall never forget that night. Brother Cum-