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"Death or Victory."    Agony of Soul.    Help of the Spirit.

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dren. One of these occasions I may never forget through time or eternity.

I had said, "I will not let thee go," resolved rather to die in the contest than to yield the point. For months my soul had been burdened, and Satan had seemingly been permitted to withstand me more successfully on this than any other subject. And strange to tell, on every other point the throne of grace seemed more accessible than on this. I think I may say, that the resolve now was "death or victory." So intense was the agony of my spirit; that my physical nature could not have endured the struggle much longer, and it was not until several days had elapsed that my health regained its former tone. Shall I say that I felt that heaven could hardly be a state of bliss for me, if the offspring of my body were doomed to everlasting burnings? With Moses, I seemed almost constrained to say, "If thou wilt not, blot my name out of thy book." Why this remarkable trial of my faith and patience was endured, I perhaps may never know in time; for, for several hours the saddest part of my cup was that I seemed left to struggle alone. It was only a little before deliverance came, that I said, If I have the help of the Holy Spirit, let me have some apprehension of it, whereupon I received an indescribable view of how the Spirit *itself* had been making intercession during all the hours of that memorable day before the