

he said, "Have you prayed that my faith fail not?" And I said, "Yes, I have." And from that moment Satan took possession of him, and he lost much flesh and much of self. He had no rest day and night for two or three weeks. The sifting was so serious that he was going to do something desperate, and in his despair he went to one of the leading ministers in the town to see if something could be done, for he was at the point of doing something desperate. The poor minister could do nothing for him, for he himself had just gone through a similar sifting for telling a lie in the pulpit. All he could do was to send his assistant to see if I could relieve the preacher, as he was going to do something desperate. So that night after the meeting was closed, there he was standing at the door with pale face, and many pounds of flesh had disappeared and much of self. Taking him by the hand, I said, "The contest is over; the Lord bless you!" And he said, "Do you know this, if you had not come and taken me by the hand, I would have done something desperate." But I said to him that he could not do anything desperate. Then he said, "Why?" "Because I prayed for thee that your faith fail not." And he went on his way rejoicing, relieved of much flesh and self.

The next touch of power in the name of Jesus by the Holy Ghost was exercised upon a dying sceptic, who was swearing on his death-bed, and in great distress. I received a telegram asking me to go and see the sceptic swearing on his death-bed. I was