

not keep still. For two hours I paced the floor praising God.

He can do "exceeding, abundantly above all we can ask or think.

MRS. HENRY SHARPE.

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### SAVIOUR AND PHYSICIAN

From my earliest recollections, I wanted to be a Christian. I went forward repeatedly, but was not really saved until I was eighteen years of age. "Oh, happy day!" I had no light on holiness until the year 1892, when I heard the welcome news that I could be delivered from the remains of anger, malice, jealousy, pride and everything else the carnal mind is composed of. I repented of it. The repentance was deeper than at conversion. I died hard, but I died sure.

I will never forget December 18th, 1892, when my Saviour led me into the land of Canaan, where He feeds me with "The finest of the wheat, and honey out of the rock." Hallelujah!

A few days after He sanctified me wholly, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire. It came with cloven tongues as of fire, as on the day of Pentecost. It is on me still.

I had been greatly afflicted for years, and like the woman that came to Jesus to be healed, had