

pray, for he said all the evening, "You have a letter to write." I could not think who it was to, but when we both prayed the Lord said it was to you. I did not know one word to put in it only as the Spirit spoke."

Let no person ever say that this was not inspiration, for every word was from the eternal Jehovah.

The next morning God said, "That good gift that I bestowed on you last evening keep till I, the Lord, have swept away the opposers of my servant Ann's life, and the hinderers of my work in this church." This writing was a special call for a special purpose. What was I, or what my father's house to the Lord, that He should call such an unworthy person to perform His work? He might have chosen some one who would have had less fighting to do, and a better opportunity of doing it; but I had fought so long against it that at last God said, "If you do not this work, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." I must confess that I dared not disobey once more lest, ere I slept, the Lord's vengeance would come upon me. God had purposed, in His infinite wisdom, to give the life and sufferings of Ann Preston to the world and had, previous y, called upon another person to do so, while a resident of Thornhill. This person wrote her conversion, along with some more of her life, about the year 1870, but lest she should displease the family with whom sister Ann resided she failed to proceed with the work and, after a season, destroyed in some way the manuscript which she had written,—only the paper which contained her conversion. Go ask the faithful sister if it is not so and if I am counted as a foolish woman; she is still a living witness to testify of its truthfulness. This good sister was, in every way, qualified to do it. In the first place she had been sanctified to God throughout body, soul, and spirit for nearly a score of years, and therefore she understood the deep things of God. Secondly, she was of a family all devoted to God, who had like-precious faith with herself. Then she was a minister's widow, and those are generally esteemed by the world more than ordinary persons. She was the most devoted woman I ever met with. No self-denial seemed too much for this valiant soldier of the Cross, and she had ever God's glory in view. If she had been thoroughly convinced that God had called her to this holy work, assuredly she would have done it, and have been willing to bear with any opposition, but she thought that some one else more competent than herself would accomplish this great work. But oh, how