

ing his sins and "crying to God for mercy," when the Holy Spirit would communicate to his spirit—if his repentance was accepted—an unmistakable assurance that he was forgiven.

When the preacher talked of some being hindered because keeping back from the sacrifice "some darling sin," Ryerson's heart laughed with angry scorn within him; for eternity was to him a reality, and in moments of revival exaltation he would have literally cut off his right hand to be sure of salvation. He had prostrated himself before this awful God again and again, imploring Him to cut deep into his heart, if there He saw a sin that "His servant knew not of." But He had neither cut nor yet "spoken peace" to this throbbing, boyish soul.

When the "seekers" were invited to the front at the close of the sermon, Ryerson looked toward Grace Brownell, and, as he expected, saw her leave her seat and go quietly up to the rail about the platform, in front of which she knelt, resting her brow upon it. This was her fourth night of "seeking," and she now went to the front without any hesitation or visible emotion. Ryerson had not gone "forward" this revival. The memory of past failures kept him back.

Quite a number were presently kneeling "about the altar," which was the manner in which the participants in the "revival" signified that they

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