

confess Him before men, my prayer was unanswered. None but God knew the condition of my mind.

God's Spirit pursued me; and, at times, I was in great trouble about my soul. Occasionally the boys said, "Warren, they will make a Methodist out of you yet." My reply was, "They will never get me." I thought if I ever joined a church it would be the Presbyterian, as they never asked their members to testify or pray.

In the fall of 1886, the Methodists announced special meetings in their new church. When I heard this, God's Spirit wrought mightily upon me. I had almost decided to get converted, when I received a letter from my father, requesting me not to attend. He was very set in his views, and enforced discipline on his family. Though I was of age, I felt it my duty to obey him. I tried to make a bargain with the Lord: if He would change my father's views, and allow me to attend, I would get converted. After two weeks, the meetings opened, and I felt that God was responsible for my soul, as He had not changed my father's mind.

One night, while returning from Eganville, I went in to the meeting. God moved mightily upon my soul. He made it clear to me that I must answer for myself at the judgment. The struggle began. I was strongly impressed that