

shoulder, saying, 'Young man, do you believe on that blessed Christ that I have been speaking about here to-night?'"

"No, I don't, I said, but I wish I did, the tears falling down my cheeks."

"Fixing his eyes on me, he said, 'You *do* believe on the Lord Jesus,' and in an instant joy filled my heart and darkness was gone."

"I returned home so full of joy that I could hardly contain myself, and at a late hour retired, still feeling so happy that I could not sleep. At last, in the small hours, I fell asleep, to wake after sunrise, my joy all gone, and mind as dark as a pocket. I thought to myself, he said I was a believer and a Christian, but I am not. After breakfast I took my hoe and went to the bean patch. I was unwilling that my sisters should think me a Christian when I was not so. After a time, I made up my mind to go back to the house and swear in their presence, that I might disabuse their minds of the thought that I pretended to be a Christian."

"Starting for the house; as I turned the corner I saw the preacher of the night before, driving up in a carriage. Alighting, he put his hands on my shoulders and kissed me, after the manner of the Swiss, saying, 'Good morning, brother V——.' I said, I am not a brother. He replied, 'You are a brother,' looking me in the face; and from that hour to this I have never doubted it."