

I follow the instruction that Dr. F. he did give me ; and my judgment he got convinced, and I bow on my knees, and I cry : ' O Got of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob ; Got of my faders ; I pray to dee in de name of dy dear, suffering son, Jesus Christ ; I be convinced from dy holy books of de Old and New Testaments dat He be Messiah which dow has sent into de world to save sinners. Dow knows what a great sinner I am ; but Jesus comes to save de chief of sinners. I trust my soul to Him ; I believe He can save me. O Got, have mercy upon my poor soul, and save me from my sins for Jesus' sake. I believe all dow has say about Jesus, and I take him as my Saviour.' While I pray, I feel more and more bad, and I tot my poor soul he must go to hell. Den, I say, if Jesus Christ bore my sins in His own body, and redeemed my soul with His own blood, my soul he no need to go to hell. Den I give my soul to Jesus ; I believe in Jesus, and just as quick as lightning I finds Messiah. He save me from my sins. He fill my soul wid unspeakable joy. My soul he find a home in Jesus. He abide in Jesus now for tree years, and I know Him more and more, and love Him with all my heart." He proceeded to tell of some remarkable answers to prayer he had experienced, and, such was the artless simplicity of his story, and the light and unction of the Holy Spirit shining through his broken utterances, that there were but few dry eyes in that large assembly.