

ing solitude, I got away among some bushes and there, crying to God, I promised if He would bring me through the next day unharmed, I would serve Him as long as I lived. Well, morning came, and we found that the plan of attack had been changed, so our regiment was not exposed to that terrible slaughter, and yet, before night, the stars and stripes floated over the fort. That night was spent in revelry, but I was sad. I felt that I had made a contract with God; that He had fulfilled His part and I must fulfill mine. I left off swearing, and began praying three times a day, and soon began to think myself a good Christian. Time passed, until one day a comrade having provoked me, I ripped out, and swore as roundly as ever. I then thought—I am not a Christian."

"Well, to cut a long story short, during the three years that I was in the army it was a constant series of resolving and breaking my resolutions. At the end of three years I was discharged and came home. I had been home about a fortnight, when one evening a neighbor rode up and said there was going to be preaching at the school-house. I thought to myself, I may get some help about keeping my contract and I'll go. An elderly gentleman preached a very simple, clear gospel, and having finished, moved around among the people, speaking to several, but coming to where I was standing beside my sister, he placed his hand on my

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