

memorable epoch in my history!—after two long months of fearful spiritual struggles, while pleading vocally in prayer-meeting for the Divine blessing, I was enabled to reach the sublime height of the poet when he sings—

“ ‘But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
’Tis all that I can do.’

“ Then as I waited, by saving faith in the promise of my Redeemer, the pure light of God fell from the opening heaven above me, and in my spirit I heard the sweet voice of Jesus say, ‘Peace, be still.’ The storm ceased, and there was a great calm! ‘Halleluia to God and to the Lamb!’ was the response of my ransomed soul, and the song has grown sweeter and sweeter until this day. I am sure it will be more glorious still in heaven! I then praised the Lord aloud, and called on every one present to praise him. The language of the psalmist was mine: ‘Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.’ What I received was infinitely above what I had asked or thought, and I exulted in conscious and free salvation. I then knew for myself, and not for another, that Jesus’ blood had washed away my sins. And, O! with what tender yearnings did my heart