

to give any paper, and so I could not join in the love feast the next day.

On the next Friday evening, I went to the prayer meeting. Jack Cammon was there, and opened the meeting with prayer. Then Binney Pennison gave out the sweet hymn, which begins in these words:

“Come ye sinners poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.”

I felt that it all applied most sweetly to my condition, and I said in my heart, *I* will come *now* to Jesus, and *trust* in him. So when those who felt anxious were requested to come forward and kneel within the altar for prayer, *I* came and knelt down. While Jacob Cammon was praying for me, and for those who knelt by my side, my burden of sorrow, which had so long weighed me down, was removed. I felt the glory of God's love warming my heart, and making me very happy. I shouted aloud for joy, and tried to tell all my poor slave brothers and sisters, who were in the house, what a dear Saviour I had found, and how happy I felt in his precious love. Binney Pennison asked me if I could forgive my master. I told him I could, and did, and that I could pray God to forgive him, too, and make him a good man. He asked me if I could tell my master of the change in my feelings. I told him I should tell him in the morning. “And what,” he said, “will you do if he whips you still for praying and going to meeting?” I said I will ask Jesus to help me to bear the pain, and to forgive my master for being so wicked. He then said, “Well, then, Brother Jones, I believe that you are a Christian.”

A good many of us went from the meeting to a brother's cabin, where we began to express our joy in happy songs. The palace of General Dudley was only a little way off, and he soon sent over a slave with orders to stop our noise, or he would send the patrolers upon us. We then stopped our singing, and spent the remainder of the night in talking, rejoicing, and praying. It was a night of very great happiness to me. The contrast between my feelings then, and for