

as filthy rags in His sight, and I was a poor, lost sinner.

For six weeks I was under deep conviction. I attended the meetings every night, but would lay hold of the seat to keep from yielding. Satan held out many inducements. He told me I would be an old woman, and have no more enjoyment if I sought salvation. But God did not leave me, and His Spirit at last prevailed.

On January 11th, I went home from the meeting under such deep conviction I could not talk. I should have gone to the altar, and I was afraid God would withdraw His Holy Spirit from me.

On arriving at home, I asked my parents to pray with me; and, for over an hour we prayed. Oh, how bitterly I repented of my sins, and for grieving such a loving Jesus. Still I did not feel much better. I went to my room. The enemy tried to discourage me; but I knelt again, feeling I wanted a clear witness that my sins were all forgiven. I opened my Bible. My eyes fell on the verse, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." I sprang to my feet, praising God. That moment I felt the burden of sin roll away. Oh, hallelujah! I felt as light as a feather. How the glory seemed to shine all around me—the room was full of it. Glory! The whole family was aroused. I couldn't praise God enough.