

ness soon raised a flame around me. Others began to pray for holiness, and then in company with a few earnest young men, I began to meet once a week in the house of a female class leader, who for many years had been noted for fervid devotion. I read Bramwell by three in the morning. I was swallowed up by the one thought of reaching perfect love,—of living without sin,—of feeling I was always and fully in God's favor. I prayed for it, we all prayed for it, at the weekly meeting we held in the house of the devoted woman I spoke of. One night we had sung 'Wrestling Jacob,' the hymn which has so often been styled the masterpiece of the Wesleyan hymn book, commencing,

'Come, O thou traveller unknown,'

We had all sung the hymn with wrapt fervour, but I had sung one verse with an earnestness of feeling and an agony of resolve, that I think I never sang another verse with in all my life.

'In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold !
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold !
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.'

We sang over and over again, on our knees, 'Wrestling I will not let Thee go!' till at last I sprang upon my feet, crying, 'I *will* believe, I *do* believe;' and the very saying of the words, with all the strength of resolve, seemed to lift me above the earth,—and I kept on believing, according to the lesson I had learned in the Life of Bramwell. No thought of consequences that might happen, no fear of the possibility of failure, could prevent me from confessing and professing, with impressive fervor, that God had sanctified my soul. The example was wondrously infectious; hundreds in the town and circuit began to pray for holiness of heart, and many professed also to obtain it. How long I maintained the profession of it, I cannot say with exactness. It was for but part of a year, perhaps not more than half a year. But I well remember that I was in a religious state that I have never reached since. For some months I never struck a boy in my school, and told the children I should strike no more. And the children used to look at me so wistfully, when I spoke to them tenderly and lovingly, if any had done wrong. I instituted prayer four times a day, with singing, in my school; and I have had many testimonies in after life, to the good impressions made on the minds of some of the children.

"If throughout eternity in heaven, I be as happy as I often was, for whole days, during that short period of my religious life, it will be heaven indeed. Often for several days together I felt close to the Almighty—felt I was His own, and His entirely. I felt in the wandering of the will, no inclination to yield to sin; and when temptation came, my whole soul wrestled for victory till the temptation fled."