

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! ‘Hallelujah 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 everything 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 turn toward my dear mother and all my friends,