

privilege it was to participate in them. Suffice it to say, a very gracious influence pervaded the meetings. Many hearts were moved to give themselves to God and to His service.

Lizzie Taylor was a faithful attendant at the meetings. In view of the many gracious revival seasons she had passed through unmoved, her pastor and Christian friends were very solicitous in regard to her salvation. Considering her early training and influences she was harder to reach than would naturally be supposed. She appeared to be unsusceptible to appeals and implorations. Indeed, it was felt by some that she had become Gospel hardened, and in some degree sceptical as regards the attainment of a religious experience; but her species of scepticism doubtless was little more than a question in her own mind as to the genuineness of what others professed.

At last the spell was broken, and the scales fell from off her eyes. She began to consider the matter seriously, and unfolding her convictions to an unconverted young lady friend attending the meetings, found her in much the same mind as herself. One afternoon while the meetings were in progress, the two girls went off by themselves, and had a long, long heart-to-heart talk about the subject. The outcome