

me, but I was unable to 'hear His voice,' having 'hardened my heart.' During the past year or so my heart had begun to soften, and the voice Divine to make itself heard. Family cares and anxieties tended to bring about a change of heart. Solicitude regarding my wife and children aided in removing the selfishness of my nature. The constant desire and effort to help others during the recent epidemic of influenza softened me. I began to realize the hardness, the wickedness, the selfishness, the disobedience of my past life, and to think of the beneficence of the Saviour of men; my eyes filled with tears at the thought of His patience and suffering. I began to call upon His name and repeat His words. I thought of absent friends whom I had almost forgotten, and desired forgiveness from *one* in particular whom I had deeply and wrongfully offended. Matters reached a climax on the morning of March 1st, 1899. I had, like many others during this epidemic, suffered from a pathophobic fear of sudden heart failure. On the evening of February 28th I was called to attend a midwifery case eight miles out in the country. The patient was the wife of Roderick McLennan, a pious Scotch farmer, a man full of Divine grace. I found the patient suffering from concealed hemorrhage; uterus distended, with blood and fluid; os dilated, membranes protruding, pains weak, surface cold. I at once ruptured the membranes, when after the escape of the fluid contents, she was rapidly and safely delivered of a twelve-pound man-child. I then lay down and slept about an hour, after which I took supper and started for home at two o'clock a.m.

"On my way out, the West wind had been blowing half a gale in my face, and it was cloudy, but now the wind had calmed, and the moon was shining brightly in the starry heavens. It was a lovely scene. The pure white snow covered the earth and reflected back from her peaceful bosom the soft radiance which shone from above. Silence reigned unbroken, except by the rubbing of the sleigh runners, and the music of the bells.

"I had proceeded a short distance on my homeward way when I became conscious of something unusual taking place within me. At that moment I was thinking of the angelic message, 'on earth peace, good will toward men.' A wonderful feeling of happiness took possession of me. I felt as if I had taken a deep draught of the very elixir of life itself. I wondered if this was the beginning of the millenium, or if I was going to be caught up to meet the saints in the air. The sleigh bells reminded me of the text, 'In that day there shall be on the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord.' I talked aloud in my joy and gladness, and glorified God. I apostrophized *one* beloved friend whom I had not seen for twenty years, but whom I had not forgotten. The exalted feeling lasted