

would preach His Word. But the grasshoppers came down and swept away every thing, and the enemy came in like a flood, and I doubted my call, and the Holy Spirit left me in total darkness. I returned to Michigan on a visit, and Bro. Sharpe came to our place and preached the plain truth with power. I was one of the first at the altar, and after a struggle of three days, I once more obtained the blessing of holiness. Praise God!

Soon after I received a license to exhort, and went to work. While at Bro. Sharpe's, at Three Rivers, I was taken with the third congestive chill. After suffering for hours, and being given up to die by the physicians, I beckoned to one of Bro. Sharpe's family, and whispered to them to pray for my recovery, if it was God's will for me to preach. There were several Free Methodist sisters present, and while one prayed, "Dear Jesus, we believe thou hast the same power to heal that thou hadst while on earth. Touch Brother Baldwin and heal him just now,"—like a shock of electricity, the Holy Ghost filled my whole being, and I shouted aloud, Praise God! I began recovering immediately. The following day I attended a prayer-meeting, and God blessed me so powerfully that I could only lie on the floor and wonder at his mighty power, while waves of glory swept over my soul.

In the spring of 1877, I received license to preach, and made arrangements with Brother Sharp to come West in the fall and raise the banner of holiness. Praise God, we are here, and have about thirty who have been aroused from formalism and death! The battle is going on. Dakota for God, is our cry.



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