

mings seemed to get into my very soul. As he prayed the blessing came on us both, but did not abide. I remained in the church until about two o'clock in the morning, and then went to the parsonage. Next day, while at prayer, I said, "Lord, it is now or never. I will never arise until I know I am sanctified wholly." I was not on my knees ten minutes, when the Lord asked me, "Will you go to Africa?" I said, "Yes, Lord." Then and there I received the witness of the Spirit that the work was done. It was as clear as to my conversion.

I commenced to read Mrs. Cummings' Bible. All I could see was, "Holiness unto the Lord." I said to Sister Cummings, "This is the finest Bible I have ever read. It is 'Holiness unto the Lord,' from Genesis to Revelation." She said, "You can keep it."

That was Friday, January 9th, 1891, at 1.30 p.m. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! I was lost in wonder, love, and praise. My very bones seemed to yearn to tell what the Lord had done for my soul. Coming home that night, while looking upward, a stream of hot lava came pouring into my soul. My soul was abundantly satisfied. My experience was heavenly. I could "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks."