

heard a Methodist preacher say from the pulpit, "strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." These words sounded to me like the loudest thunder. I thought then, I would set about my work; so I commenced praying and reading the Bible; I prayed as well as I could, but the Bible appeared to have no meaning at all. The same voice said to me, I told you so; you cannot understand the Bible, give it up. I thought then my fate was sure. And to be sent to hell: oh! the awful thought. I tried to pray, but the words I could not utter; my mouth was sealed. I have often gone to the woods to try to pray, but when I got there, I would stand like one bewildered, then turn and walk back without speaking a word. I have locked my doors, I was so afraid some one would see me. Then I would walk over the house looking for some place to pray. At last my troubles became so great I asked my husband to pray for me; he said "I will try, but you must pray for yourself." I answered that I could not. I then asked some Methodist preachers to pray for me, for I was afraid of the Baptists. I seemed to grow worse and worse; my constant cry was Lord have mercy on me a sinner; my groanings were such as could not be uttered. I thought I was lost; every word in the Bible was like daggers at my heart; every hymn I read made me cry with bitter anguish; I thought every body was better than I; that God was just in doing his own good will; yet, my cry was, Lord have mercy on me a poor and helpless sinner!

Until August, 1855, I remained in a miserable condition. The sixth of that month I thought would be my last; I was undone and full of sin. So I went to sleep, not knowing that I would wake again, but just before day-break, I was suddenly awakened; I did not open my eyes, but I saw my Saviour smiling sweetly on me, and saying, "peace be unto you." Love filled my soul, and no wonder, for it was the loveliest sight I ever saw. All my burden was gone, I did not know how or where. It seemed that I loved every body; persons and things that I once hated, I then loved. I told my husband what I had seen and how I felt. He rejoiced, and said, 'glory be to God!' I longed to tell others what my feelings were, but my joy was not long.

I began to believe that I was deceived, and that all was foolish imagination; I was very sorry I had said anything about it. I then felt that I was in a worse condition than ever. My trouble was all gone. I went to a Methodist church, and one of the preachers asked me how I felt—for I had asked him to pray for me. I told him my burden was gone, but did not know how; when he turned round and told the whole congregation that I had got religion, which vexed me very much. I thought I was deceived and he was trying to deceive the people. I prayed day after day, that I might know what was the matter with me. I read the Scriptures, but found nothing to comfort me. One evening I was on my bed thinking over my sad state. I prayed that if I was not deceived, I might get my Bible and open to some place that would comfort me. So I got my Bible, but was afraid to open it; at last I opened it, and these words drew my attention: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." I was happy then; I thought I would doubt no more. But I soon began to think this was foolishness also. I found other passages of Scripture that relieved me. Some of my friends asked me why I did not join some church. I told them I was not fit. So I came to the conclusion that I would say no more about such things, if I was deceived I would deceive no other person.— But I soon became distressed again, and knew not why it was. I was one day looking in my Bible for some passage that would comfort me, when these words arrested my attention: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." If I had seen my death sentence, I could not have felt worse. I was in bad company and had no way to get out of it, but by coming out and being separate. These words often came to my mind with much force:

"I am a sinner here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know;
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again."

I longed to hear some Old Baptist talk, but seldom had the opportunity; when I did hear them, I often had to leave the house to conceal my grief. I wished to tell the Old Baptists the state of my feelings, but thought they would not notice me, and I could not blame them. I became so distressed about my way of living, that I thought I would go to the Missionaries. I

did not feel fit to go to any, but I thought there would be less difficulty in their taking me than the Old Baptists. I went to the Missionary church, but like one dreaming, I was not satisfied but had no power to move. I continued in this state of mind until the beginning of the next year, when my companion was taken from me. This accident seemed to awaken me from a sleep that seemed to come over me on my entering the Missionary church. It appeared that something as terrible as the death of my companion was required to awaken me. No one can tell how awful were my feelings. I was confounded and distracted; for my sins my best friend was taken from me. I prayed that he might come back, or if he was in heaven, I might dream of seeing him. One time I prayed that I might see him, and it was not five minutes until I seemed to be carried to the house where I had lived, and was placed in a chair, which was moved softly backward and forward in front of the door; I thought I saw him up in the sky dressed in white; I saw him twice in this way, and was then brought back. When I awoke I found that the whole time of the dream, did not exceed ten minutes. This gave me great comfort, yet I was inclined to murmur still. Again I begged for him; for it is hard to give a companion up, as you who have lost one can testify. One day my whole soul was absorbed with this wish, and there came a voice, as it seemed, over my right shoulder, so plain that I looked round, but saw no one, it said: "If he is in heaven, ought you not to be satisfied?" My quick reply was, "yes." Ever after that time, I tried to be resigned to the will of God. Then the awful feeling of my situation; I was not satisfied where I was and could go no where else.— And worse than all, I could not tell my feelings, but they seemed at times almost to consume my heart.

I went on in this way for nearly three years, and never found power of utterance. I suppose I have gone to the woods a thousand times to ask for liberty to tell my mother the state of my feelings, but prayed in vain. I heard others tell their feelings, and appeared to enjoy themselves, but as for me, my mouth was closed, no tongue can tell the anguish I suffered.

My aunt visited us several times in the first part of the year '59; when she would come she would tell mother

about her enjoyment at meetings. Sometimes I would hear her, and when I did it cost me many bitter tears. Often I left the house to weep alone, over my sad state. I wanted to tell the Old Baptists my case, for I thought the Missionaries had not been faithful with me, but I dared not approach that true and faithful band. I loved their talk above every thing; the doctrine was sweet, and I loved their name; I loved them, but thought they did not love me. I constantly thought this:

"I know I love christians, where ever they be,
But oftimes am fearing they cannot love me;
For I am imperfect, and cannot do good,
For sin's present with me, when freely I would."

Lest I grow tedious, I'll hasten on. In my distress, something seemed to say to me, "you have no need to tell anybody anything, wait God's pleasure." So I went to a Union meeting, at Harmony; on the first day some brethren and sisters came from another county; when they met at the church, I never saw such enjoyment, they were like twin sisters. O, the love they had for each other; I would have given the world to have enjoyed their love, but it was not for me. We had a good meeting, that day and the next, or it was good to them, but death to me. On Saturday I thought I would go for the last time, and when services were over I would go home and stay, for I could not stay there without crying. Just before night, my aunt said to me, "why don't you do your duty?" I said I didn't want to disgrace the cause. She asked me if I would talk to the preacher? I said I would if I could. I did not say many words, but the preacher and some of the brethren said I ought to talk to the church. I promised myself that I would. When night came the preacher gave out these words:

"Beside the gospel pool," &c.

And all the hymn seemed appropriate to my case; every word seemed like the loudest thunders; they seemed as if they would strike me dead; still I could not help praising God for his strange and wonderful goodness. But to return. After preaching the doors were opened, and oh, my mouth was opened to speak the goodness of God; and glory to God in the highest, I can still speak of his goodness. I was baptised on Sunday morning, by Eld. Wm. Morgan; I was then happy. I was told I might look for temptations, and I did in a certain