

asked God to show him the way of life, I did—and that, too, with all my might, mind, and strength. I could not be a hypocrite; and to say I was afraid of damnation, when I had no fear of it at all, that was what I could not do.

I always had the credit of being the greatest coward in the family, and hence the others used to take pleasure in ridiculing what they termed my cowardice. It is also well known that whenever there has been anything the matter in the shape of Indian difficulties, I have had the character of being the greatest coward in the country, especially in the southern part of this Territory; and yet I was not afraid of hell, when all its miseries were painted before my eyes, neither would I say that I was under conviction when I was not.

This meeting was a great one, and the progress made in converting souls was also great; and they made hell look so terrible to nearly all present, that they burnt out and frightened about all the sinners in the place, except myself. At one time they had two hundred sinners under conviction; and such crying, groaning, sighing, and lamentation for sins I never heard either before or since: they were so forcible and terrific, that they are indelibly written on my memory.

I soon found myself alone; not a soul except myself but was either converted or awfully on the way. Mr. Cannon, our minister, pointed his finger at me as I sat alone; for there was not a sinner in the gallery except myself; and he said, "O sinner, I seal you up to eternal damnation, in the name of Jesus Christ." He repeated it three times over, and concluded by saying, "O sinner, may your blood be upon your own head."

I went home that evening and scattered my friends about, leaving the girls at their respective homes; for I, like my brethren, am very fond of the ladies; therefore I carried a goodly

proportion of them to meeting every day. I thought a good deal upon what I had heard, and scarcely knew whether to go again or not, but finally concluded that I would go; therefore the next morning I gathered up my load of passengers, and carried them to meeting again.

When on the way to meeting, a young man by the name of Cary asked me where I was going to sit that day. I told him I was not very particular. "Well," said he, "suppose you sit with me." I said, "Agreed." I had heard this same young man in a previous meeting formally renounce this world, the flesh, and the Devil.

When we arrived at the place of meeting, according to agreement, I followed him with the intention of sitting with him. I had a decided objection against being driven to heaven, but I found he was actually leading me to the anxious bench; and I considered that if the priest the day before, who had sealed me up to eternal damnation, had any authority, it was very little use in my going to the anxious bench.

I did not discover where friend Cary was leading me to, till I got nearby the minister. He looked at me, when I turned away from the anxious bench, and he again walked into the pulpit, and pronounced the solemn sealing of eternal damnation upon me, and again appended to it that my blood was to be upon my own head.

On that day, the Reverend Mr. Williams delivered an address on the untold miseries of hell and the duration of eternity. Whether my mind was then agitated in consequence of the solemn woes pronounced upon me by the other minister, or whether the address was such a very eloquent one, I cannot now say; but, of all the discourses describing hell, eternal damnation, and the complication of miseries to which damned souls were subjected, it seemed to me that his