

When the pastor called again, he found the squire in a state of intense mental anguish. He felt the weight of God's claims bearing down upon his conscience, and his own utter incompetency to meet them. God, as seen in creation and providence, was at a vast distance from him. There was a great gulf between, which he could not bridge. He was wretched, and in the depth of his wretchedness he asked the pastor if he could not give him any relief. "No," said he, "I can do nothing for you; you have strictly forbidden me to name the only one who can do you any good, or afford you any comfort."

This was a moment of profound interest in the spiritual history of the squire. The entire superstructure of rationalism, scepticism, and infidelity had given way. He beheld it all as a mass of ruins, and himself a ruin in the midst of ruins. Neither creation nor providence could furnish a resting place for his poor burdened heart and guilty conscience. He had, under the blinding power of a senseless infidelity, sedulously excluded from his thoughts "the only name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," even the precious, peerless, powerful name of Jesus, the only medium through which the beams of divine glory can pour themselves, in beauteous harmony and consistency, upon the soul of the sinner—the only ground whereon "God can be just and the justifier" of the most ungodly sinner that believeth. He had built up a system for himself in which the name of Christ had no place. The materials of this system had been furnished, not by revelation, but by ration-