

God of all grace that he had made me what I was. I immediately took the arms of two of my brethren, and walked home with them. O what good company they were to me along the way. They told me of their conversion, and pleasant feelings, and that religion grew better and better; and their faces shone with heavenly lustre while speaking of these things. (I am very happy while writing this.) After supper, on my return home, I told my wife what the Lord had done for me. My home never appeared so pleasant to me; my family never so near. I now took down the Bible, to see if it would appear to me as mysterious as ever. I prayed God to direct me aright, and without any previous choice of place, opened it to read the first chapter on the page. It was the 12th chapter of the First Corinthians:—"Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. Ye know that ye were Gentiles, carried away unto these dumb idols, even as ye were led: wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed, and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." I have found, since my conversion, that the Bible is the means of conveying spiritual food, health, and strength to those who are made free by "the law of the Spirit of life in Jesus Christ." The Bible, even to the unconverted, bears the marks of being the production of minds entirely out of the track of common thoughts. The accurate fulfilment of its predictions, made centuries before their fulfilment; the strange and unaccountable manner in which it has borne its resistless sway through all opposition, for so long a period of time; the widening and brightening flood of light it is still pouring forth over distant lands; the manifest love, and joy, and peace, and consolation it gives to the followers of Jesus, are all incontrovertible evidences that God, the author of all good, sanctions the doctrine it inculcates.

A word to the sinner.—My dear friend, think!! Two words for your consideration: happiness! misery! You need not bewilder your brain with deep metaphysical disquisitions, to distinguish between the things that lead to happiness and those that lead to misery. Cast one glance abroad; ask the devotedly pious what is it that makes them so happy; then ask those who spurn the offers of salvation, what makes them so miserable? Meditate but one moment on the matter seriously! Recollect that the Christian's source of argument is lodged deeply in his own heart; placed there by the God of truth, who made the heart indestructible, and never to be removed by the powers of sophistry. You can raise no argument against eternal truth!! O trifle no more with your immortal part, but be wise unto salvation. The Christian knows your situation, he has tried it; but you do not know his, for you have never tried religion. God has filled his heart with love for you, and he desires to benefit you. Why then will you despise his counsel? You will gain nothing but misery by opposing. The Christian gains happiness by opposing your artful arguments with loving kindness. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,

and all her paths are paths of peace." Folly's ways are the contrary. Wisdom and truth go together. Folly and falsehood are fit companions. Falsehood gilded in glittering show may dazzle the fancy or excite the senses; but it is the naked truth alone that sinks deep into the heart. I am well aware how the religion of the blessed Jesus will appear to you. I can realize nearly all your conjectures concerning religion. You think that religion makes people gloomy and low spirited. Or, in reading the history of departed nations, you have been led to conclude that religion makes man bigoted and tyrannical, yea, caused bloodshed. Now observe, effects are often attributed to improper causes. Falsehood could do no injury were it not for the garb of truth which she often wears. If, then you judge the matter with candid judgment, you will see it was not religion produced these effects, but the want of it: it was political hypocrisy under the ecclesiastical cloak.

I loved liberty while I was a deist, and I love her still. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." Did you but know the happiness there is in Jesus, you would not lose another day. Come, for all things are now ready. Religion will make you happy under all circumstances: it will smooth the pathway of life; oil the wheels of duty; and finally open an unbounded prospect to that blissful region where the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest.

Obituary.

For the Wesleyan.

DIED at the family residence near Bathurst, on Saturday evening the 22d ult. Martha, the beloved wife of Mr. Richard Dawson, leaving eight children, and a very large circle of friends and acquaintances to lament a bereavement unexpected and awfully sudden. Her disease was of the heart resulting in paralysis, which, for the most part, deprived her of utterance: but had there no verbal assurance of peace been given during the afflicting interval that preceded death, her surviving friends could never have entertained even a transient doubt of her acceptance with God through the atoning blood of Jesus.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, while yet their little family "knew one common home" about four miles from the town of Bandon in Ireland, had instilled many lessons of piety into her juvenile mind. These ripened with her years, and as she frequently sat under the Wesleyan Ministry, resolutions were formed, in humble dependence on God, which subsequently characterized her experience through life. In 1802, she formally bade farewell to the vanities of the world, and, having creditably passed the period of her probation, was finally received as a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. Her father being a class-leader, and her mother a pious woman, several of the neighbours occasionally met at their residence for prayer and other devotional exercises. Here she became associated with Mr. Richard Dawson, who, like herself, had in early life experienced the power of God unto salvation, and a mutual attachment was formed which finally resulted in their union. This union appears to have been sanctified to their further growth in grace—not only in their