

Reader, whosoever thou art, it is no presumptuous thought of the author, to believe that thou wilt remember the contents of this small treatise, either with pleasure and gratitude in heaven, or with remorse and despair in hell. Can it then be an impertinently officious act, to remind thee how to read with advantage what I have written ?

1. *Take it with you into your closet* ; I mean your place of retirement for prayer ; for, of course you have such a place. Prayer is the very soul of all religion, and privacy is the very life of prayer itself. This is a book to be read when you are alone ; when none is near but God and your conscience ; when you are not hindered by the presence of a fellow-creature from the utmost freedom of manner, thought, and feeling ; when, unobserved by any human eye, you could lay down the book, and meditate, or weep, or fall upon your knees to pray, or give vent to your feelings in short and sudden petitions to God. I charge you then to reserve the volume for your private seasons of devotion and thoughtfulness : look not into it in company, except it be the company of a poor trembling and anxious Inquirer, like yourself.

2.

it spe
of he
thing
a hol
about
from
out, '
fers i
"the
itself
seriou
most c
lightly
as sole
you do
ject, an
salvati
you are
cup of
imbitte

3. R

you no
short of
instruct
It will c