

his disciple. It was according to our own confession, a solemn day; and it was apparently a happy day too: but where is all your profession now? Who would have thought that one so well instructed, and so promising, would so soon draw back and return to the world? Does not every opportunity afforded you of sitting down at the Lord's table, aggravate your guilt and heighten your condemnation? And can you think of living and dying in this state? Will you still reject Christ and his offered mercy? Shall your minister have cause to mourn over you here, and to be a swift witness against you at the day of Judgment? God forbid!

A young woman, who had made a profession of religion, but had fallen from it, and led a life of carelessness, was confined to bed by some severe sickness. With a countenance full of bitter distress, she said, "I once knew the way of salvation. I once could look at death with comfort—but now I cannot—I fear there is no mercy for me." Unexpectedly her illness took a favourable turn, she then said, "I have suffered much, but not half so much as I deserve for my base ingratitude." Be assured, O backslider, that the longer you continue in this state, the harder you will become. "Your last state shall be worse than your first." Ponder then the path of your feet. "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? Forsake your sins by repentance, and your iniquities by calling on God. It may indeed be to you like the cutting off a right hand, or plucking out a right eye—but it must be done, if you are to be saved. Seek pardon through the blood of Jesus. Pray often, and pray earnestly. Give not sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids, till your peace be made up with God. Let not Augustine's prayer before his conversion, be yours, "Lord convert me, O Lord