

simple, saving faith, and of the way to secure it! One evening a brother asked me to bear my cross in the meeting, and I was foolish enough to think he meant that I should carry an actual cross of wood or bone!

"And there was a prejudice in my heart against all Protestants, and especially against Methodists, which had grown up and strengthened with my years, besides a subtle pride of opinion, which it was difficult to give up. I found it was one thing to confess the follies with the lips, and quite another to eradicate them from the heart. When this barrier to my progress was overcome, another presented itself in my way. For now the question arose, as if proposed by the Master, whether I was willing to endure for his sake the persecution which I knew would come upon me. I was fully aware of the feeling of contempt which my old Roman Catholic friends would entertain toward me. My former experience, hard master that it was, told me all about it. Like the Apostle Paul, I expected the hatred and scoffs of my former friends, their abuse, and, perhaps, physical violence. How 'the fear of man which bringeth a snare' bound me! For some time I struggled like a captive with his chain. And yet, who has not felt this galling fetter? To secure by industry and good behaviour an unsullied repu-