

there is a rooted enemy within, and though he may admire the religion of Jesus at a distance, he cannot love to come in contact with it in every turn of life, to have it the subject of conversation, the end to which every thought, word, and action tends. I say not only this from seeing it around, but the word of God has said it; and truly I can say from what I see, dear —, love-conversions are not to be trusted. I do not say it is hypocrisy in Mr. —, or in many others I could name, but love for the individual really deceives them into love of what is dear to that individual. It was not hypocrisy, I say, in — to admire — because she did not join in the dance, which, joined with his being so *well inclined*, induced her to see no harm in following the desires of her own heart. *Has he helped her on?* When such uneven weights are put into the scale of the affections, one must ascend just in proportion as the other descends. It was not hypocrisy in another in my eye to drive with his now wife's relations constantly to town, on purpose to talk of those subjects, to come to this house, and show such anxiety as to sit up nights with dear —, enquiring into the truth. Alas! you could hardly now distinguish if she is a Christian or not, after holding out against the reproach of it for many years. I could mention one who spoke at all the Dublin meetings, so zealous was he for the truth; yet when the prize was obtained he opposed and put a stop to her visiting the poor, or having schools—put an extinguisher