

again, but just come forward with the other young persons when notice should be given. Now, my dear friend, what think you of such a scene? It was the first time that I was satisfied with myself, because my Christianity was now sanctioned by ministerial authority. O these loose admissions; who can estimate the injury inflicted upon immortal souls! In our day, when religion is fashionable, thousands of every grade and shade of character crowd into the church of God; the openly profane only being excluded, and scarcely these, so broken down are the walls of Sion. O! that God would arise and plead his own cause, and vindicate his glorious character; that the eyes of the blind leaders of the blind may be opened, ere they both fall into the pit of endless perdition. Remember that the church on earth and the church in heaven are but one society; the one perfect and the other imperfect. They must experience the same peace and security, and be able to sing the same song—"Unto him that loved us and washed us in his blood." But to proceed. Thursday being the Fast-day, it was appointed that all those who had made application and were approved of should be publicly admitted. I attended with much pleasure, thinking all was right, and trusting that "there was some good thing in me towards the Lord God of Israel." After sermon we were called forward, when the minister gave us many judicious councils and solemn admonitions; when prayer was offered up, and tokens were put in our hands, we were dismissed. From Thursday to Sabbath my mind was much occupied with meditation and prayer. The much longed-for day arrived, when I was to take my seat at the table of the Lord. I felt as if I had an intense love to the Saviour, though he was then to me an unknown God. High as my feelings were, they rose to a perfect ecstacy of delight by "the action sermon," so that when I sat down at the communion table, I felt as if those pure pleasures which flow from the throne of God were let down upon my soul. But, alas! my excited feelings were like the morning cloud and early dew, that soon vanisheth away.

Our sacramental occasions, you know, were quarterly, and very soon their return became irksome, and a burden to my mind, for my heart was pursuing after other objects. Oh, I felt those seasons to be a restraint, a bar in my path of worldly enjoyment. For a week or two previous to the communion Sabbath, I was uneasy and unhappy, and felt as if a great load were lifted off my conscience, so that when it was past, I indulged in my own ways. Many a time have I entered the church quite undecided whether I should communicate or not; and it was often under some momentary excitement, occasioned by an appeal to the feelings more than to the heart, that I ventured tremblingly forward to desecrate the table of the Lord. I regularly

attended the ministrations of the house of God, and attempted family and private duties; but, O! they were done in a cold, formal, and heartless manner. I took too much for granted. *Doing the best I could, and trusting to Christ for the rest*, was the text of my unconverted life. Miserable theology! Fatalism Christianized! These sentiments were engendered and nourished by the opinions I had espoused. The teaching was truly a heterogeneous mass. Christian duties formed the great scope of the sermons, in which there was almost nothing to the sinner but weeping and wailing, or sometimes an attempt to reconcile irreconcilable man-made difficulties. This, my friend, is a mere outline, from which I would turn away more in sorrow than in anger. That there are many good men under that system, I have no doubt; but it is evident that their practice has overstept their principle. Twenty years and more did I worship an unknown God, harassed and perplexed with doubts and fears, expecting some strange, mysterious, irresistible influence to transform my soul in God's time. I waited in vain. But by the kind providence of God, and by a combination of circumstances, I was placed under the preaching of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. The first thing that arrested my attention was at a prayer meeting, when the minister gave a practical exposition of the 110th Psalm. That, under the teaching of the Spirit, subdued the prejudice that I had cherished against the speaker, so I determined to "prove all things." On the Sabbath following, the nature of the atonement was taken up and logically and scripturally discussed. Then a flood of heavenly light broke in upon my mind by which, I saw clearly that all was wrong with me. I had wrong views of God, of Jesus, of the Spirit, and of the great plan of salvation. Formerly I had viewed the atonement of Jesus as a mere commercial transaction, securing every blessing to all for whom it was made. But when my eyes were opened by the Holy Spirit to the knowledge of the truth, I saw that, *in itself considered*, it secured the salvation of none; but that in believing, every blessing for time and eternity can be extracted from it; seeing that he is a Saviour for all—for the whole world—having tasted death for every man without exception or distinction. So I took God at his word; and have found in my sweet experience that it is impossible for God to lie. After sermon I went home with a light heart, enjoying a sense of God's forgiving favour; and at the same time burdened with gratitude for the good news and glad tidings I had received, I hastened to my closet, and there poured out my whole heart in prayer to my heavenly Father, thanking him for his long sparing mercies in bearing so long with such a hell-deserving rebel. Here I dedicated myself to the Lord, and ascribing all to his free and sovereign grace, in making me an heir of God, and