

wrath, forever, spending their precious moments in the most trifling and unprofitable conversation.

"Returning one night from meeting, it was impressed upon my mind,—'The curse of God hangs over prayerless families; God is not worshipped in your family; this is *your sin*.' Before this my mind had been distressed on this account, and I had requested my father to pray with us; but he always put it off saying, 'I will, when I get more strength.' I went home saying within myself, 'If neither my father, nor my elder brother, will pray with the family, I will.' Just as I opened the door, my brother, who had been exercised much as I was, broke out in prayer; from which time we had family prayer, morning and evening. That night I went to bed in sore distress. The powerful effect produced upon his mind soon after this by the pungent appeal of Mr. Wells, in his exhortation, to which he refers in his letter to Mr. Wesley, he thus more particularly describes:—'Lord,' thought I, 'I am the very man. I sin and grieve; and then I sin again. Alas! what will such repentance avail. I must be holy or I cannot be happy. Now my sins were set in battle array before me. I saw myself wretched, miserable, helpless and undone. I went about from day to day, hanging down my head like a bulrush, the tears frequently streaming down my face in abundance; yet I met with no deliverance. However, I determined never to rest until I should know that my Redeemer lived;—I would not be comforted because he was not.'

"Not long after this, I went to Mr. Scurr's, fully expecting he would say much to me about the state of my soul; and promised myself much benefit from so holy a man. But I was greatly disappointed. He said but little to me. How apt are we to look for too much from man, to lean upon an arm of flesh, instead of looking to the Lord. That night he gave an exhortation at his own house; but alas! I felt hard and stupid. If a tear could have saved my soul, I could not shed one. I thought, surely I am one of the vilest wretches on earth. I know I am a child of wrath, and an heir of hell; and should I die here I am undone forever, and yet I cannot shed a tear. Alas! alas! I am worse than ever. In this deplorable state I laid me down, concluding I was farther and farther from God. I mourned because I could not mourn, and grieved because I could not grieve.

"The day following was our monthly meeting, at Mr. Foster's of Fort Lawrence; and such a day, my eyes never beheld, before or since. Mr. Wells' prayer was just suited to my case; every word came home with keen conviction, and sank deeper in my heart than ever. Formerly, I longed to feel my sins a greater burthen, and prayed that my distress might be increased; I seemed greedy of sorrow, and to shed tears afforded some relief. But now, the scene was changed. My sins were a burthen intolerable to be borne. I was weary of life. I saw myself *justly* condemned, and said within myself, 'I wish I was dead: if God pleases to save, it is infinite mercy; if he damns me—be it so—it is righteous and just; I cannot help myself. Every thing augmented my sorrows. A cock crowing, just at this time, brought strongly to my recollection Peter's denial of his Master. I cried within myself, 'Oh! I am wretchedly denying the Lord Jesus a place in my heart. I like Peter, have denied the Lord.'

"After the meeting, John Newton came to me and said, 'Surely, Willy, there must be something that thou art not willing to give up, or else God would have delivered thy soul ere now. I replied, 'I am in Francis Spira's condition. 'No! no!' said the good old man; 'I believe it will not be long before the Lord deliver thy soul. Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy shall come in the morning.' He endeavoured to encourage me much, and entreated me

to give up all my soul to Jesus, assuring me that I should find relief. My distress was great. I thought, if I were in hell I could not be much more miserable than I then was. A wounded spirit, who can bear? Soon after, the extremity of my distress went off, and I remained for two days under a heavy sort of melancholy. All the time, I felt an awful sense of God, and of my lost condition without help from heaven. In the evening, I went to Mr. Oxley's. Mrs. Donkin was there. She knew my distress, and asked, 'Can you believe?' I answered in the negative. She said, 'you are reasoning with the enemy; come to me; I have got a sweet promise for you.' I went; she presented me with a passage in the Bible, which she thought suitable to my condition. I said, 'I have seen many such sweet promises in the Bible to-day, but alas! they are not for me.'

"Mr. Freize came to me; and after enquiring the state of my mind, and praying, took an affectionate leave of me, saying, 'I believe God will deliver you before morning.' I tarried still at Mr. Oxley's. We continued singing and praying about two hours, when it pleased the Lord to reveal his suitableness, ability, and willingness to save me, so that I could cast my soul upon him with,—'I am thine, and thou art mine,' while our friends were singing,

My pardon I claim,
For a sinner I am—
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

"I could then claim my interest in his blood, and lay fast hold of him as the hope set before me—the Lord my righteousness. Instantly my burden dropped off—my guilt was washed away—my condemnation was removed—a sweet peace and gladness were diffused abroad in my soul—my mourning was turned into joy, and my countenance, like Hannah's, told my deliverance—it was no more heavy. After returning public thanks, I went home praising God. All my song was,

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"But though I look upon this as the time of my espousals with Jesus, I have many times experienced far greater joy than then.

"The next morning, my brother John came to enquire the state of my soul. I said, 'O! blessed be the Lord, I am happy; he hath graciously delivered me, and makes my heart to rejoice in his name,' &c. He went and told my brother Richard, who, some time after, came to propose a similar question. In the mean time, not feeling an equal degree of joy, I began to question whether I had indeed found the Lord? or whether the peace I now felt was right or not? I said, 'I cannot tell you; I do not feel as I did. My mind is at peace, but not so happy as it was.' Soon after his departure, while I was reading, the Lord again smiled upon my soul, and cheered my heart, as with the new wine of his kingdom. My scruples were all removed, and I could cry, 'My Lord! and my God!'

"Now, I concluded, my mountain is strong, and cannot be removed. But what are we, if God for a moment hide his face?

"The same evening we went to Mr. Oxley's, where, seeing many in great distress, I said, 'Oh! that you would all come to Christ: surely you may all believe if you will; it is easy to believe.' It was instantly suggested to my mind, 'you are deceived, you are inflated with pride;'—and that with such power, that all my comfort fled, and I was constrained to cry out in the presence of them all, 'Oh! what a wretch am I. I said a few minutes ago, you may all believe if you will; and now I cannot believe myself.' I went into the field, and throwing myself on the ground, cried to the Lord for help. He heard