

CONVERSION OF A SECULARIST.

The result of the services held in Ebenezer Chapel, Leeds, Eng., is thus stated in a pamphlet, just published, of the reasons which led to the conversion of Mr. W. S. Ellison, the secularist. He had returned from America; wanted employ, could not find it, was in distress of both body and mind; he was unhappy and poor, a stranger and destitute. The events which led to his conversion he thus stated at a meeting in Ebenezer Chapel, Leeds, Oct. 8, 1862:—"My spirits, too, were greatly depressed, and I was indeed a most unhappy being. I was a perfect stranger, and I felt so physically and mentally prostrated that I did not care to move. 'The whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint.' Though in the very midst of this great social hive—this busy emporium of industry and enterprise—I felt a chilling sense of desolation. The night grew on apace, shutters were closed, and the streets were soon deserted by all except a reeling bacchanal or two, and here and there perchance a 'frail thing of womankind,'—painful evidence of vice. I began to drag myself drearily through the maze of many streets, without aim or object, save that of 'wearing on' the heavy hours. Those silent sentinels, the gas-lamps, failed to cheer my devious wanderings, and only served to discover my forlorn and solitary condition. When the world 'was left to loneliness and me,' my remaining fortitude utterly forsook me, and left me a prey to despondency, and at last to despair. I was without God and without hope in the world. My secular philosophy availed me nothing!—it afforded me no consolation in dire extremity, when my mind was tortured into frenzy by racking doubts and fears as to the future. At this juncture I found myself upon Leed's Bridge. I had never before thought of self-destruction, but at that moment the hellish idea suggested itself. The evil genius whispered, 'Death is nothing, and after death is nothing.—That dark water below can at once and for ever rid thee of thy cares. Plunge into it and

"Swiftly be hurled
Anywhere! anywhere! out of the world,"
An insane impulse urged me to the parapet

over the centre of the arch; I looked nervously and apprehensively about, to be certain that I was unobserved. No one was near. I thought I could there and then annihilate my being. It would only be a momentary spasm, and all would be over. But a vague mistrust about the future still hovered in my delirious mind. As I gazed down into the turgid stream,

"My doubts and fears
Start up alarmed, o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss—
A dread eternity! how surely mine!"

A thousand memories rushed through my brain at that critical moment; reminiscences of early days brought again the pangs of remorse. Fool that I am, thought I, to suffer thus. End it at once! What if there be a hell, it can't be worse than this. Half-consciously I drew my cap over my eyes, clenched my teeth, and was about to spring over the parapet! An invisible hand arrested me, and a voice seemed to echo through my very soul, 'What wouldst thou do?' I was irresistibly impelled away from the spot, nor could I stop till I was out of the locality of that 'bridge of sighs,'—that horrible scene of temptation. I was seized with a trembling from head to foot. Every limb seemed paralyzed, and my brain began to swim from the effects of excitement, and I was obliged to sit down in a doorway and await composure. I gradually grew collected, and the terrible conflict of emotions subsided before morning dawned. I could not help thinking that something supernatural had interfered with my suicidal purpose of the preceding night, and yet I did not like the idea of being superstitious. However, I felt glad that I was still an inhabitant of earth.

"The forenoon was occupied in seeking work, though I verily believe, if I had obtained it then, I could not have set about it. I happened to be in the vicinity of Ebenezer Chapel between twelve and one o'clock at noon, but I had not the slightest idea of going to a place of worship, even if I had known there was one so near; and had I been aware of its existence, I could not have dreamt of its being open for religious purposes at that unusual hour of the day. I however felt an unaccountable inclination to go in the direction of this chapel—an involuntary tendency to