

peat of our sins, Oh! most gracious God, wilt thou help my honored father to pray! Oh! dear Lord, give him to see that it is his indispensable duty, to pray for and with the family that God has given him.

By this time the father began to pray sure enough. The Lord, said he, have mercy on my soul, I am undone without help from God—what shall I do? I have never done anything but sin against God and I expect that hell must be my portion for ever and ever. The mother was likewise crying out, what must I do? I have spent a whole life in sin!—Oh! Lord, have mercy, was all she could say.

The children, by this time, were all weeping, being under concern of mind, and as soon as Polly had done prayers she began to exhort her brothers and sisters, in a most pressing manner, to fly for refuge to Jesus Christ, as the only way to be saved; and then she related all that Mr. Marsh had told her and the effect that it had upon her mind, and how she got comfort; and, said she, I see merit enough in Christ, for all the world that will trust in him and love him, and hate sin and forsake it.

There was not a wink of sleep in the family the whole night, but all were crying and praying for mercy. The father wanted Polly to pray again, for, said he, I believe you have got an interest at the throne of grace. Poor