

totally ruined creature. I saw also how wrong I had been in imagining that my good works had made me fit for the presence of God. The more I cried to God, the more miserable I felt. I began to see myself under my true aspect, and it seemed to me that the eye of God penetrated every part of me, and made me realize that I was lost. Oh! I shall never forget those five long and painful months: I was so completely miserable that I could hardly work, eat, or sleep.

I resolved to find the pastor whose religious services I had attended, in order to recount to him what my feelings were, and ask if he could not assist me. I did so, but he understood nothing of what I said to him. When I told him that I was a miserable, lost sinner, earnestly desiring to know how I might be saved, and extricated from such a wretched condition, he evidently did not understand what it all meant.

I then spoke to some of my religious friends, but they could only speak thus to me: "You have doubtless committed some serious offence, which nobody knows, and this troubles your conscience and causes you anxiety."

My poor wife was very much upset to see me in such a state. She knew well that I had done nothing of the kind, but she could not understand how a "proper man like me" could be in such a state of anxiety before God. Poor wife! she thought my head was turned.

However I had come into the light; for the first time in nearly forty years my eyes were opened to