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"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN."

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MEMOIR

OF

THE PRINCESS

HENRIETTA CAROLINA LOUISA

OF ANHALT-DESSAU.

(Concluded.)

At Easter 1779, it happened, by a particular providence, though wholly against my will, that I spent that festival in the settlement of the Brethren at Kleinwelke. The sermons I heard pleased me much; but, as I then thought, left no further impression on me. The Holy Spirit had however then, no doubt, kindled a spark of life in my cold heart, which he afterwards blew up into a flame; for the year following I felt an inclination to repeat my visit;—which desire was readily promoted by my friends.

During my abode there at that time, my most gracious Saviour was pleased to remove the veil from my hitherto blinded eyes. He revealed to me chiefly these truths: First, That only through and in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, grace and deliverance from the power of sin is to be obtained; and, Secondly, That all my store of virtue, morality, and good works, was but a miserable spider's web. Now all my prejudices were removed; and at my taking leave, I wished for the happy disposition of Mary, of whom it is recorded, 'Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.'

Towards the end of the same year I paid another visit to Kleinwelke, to spend Christmas there; and this hap-

py period will not through eternity remain forgotten by me. It was then that I enjoyed that ever-blessed moment, in which my heart was closely knit to the heart of my matchless Saviour;—that moment in which I obtained mercy for time and eternity! When, after a meeting of the congregation, which was uncommonly favoured by our Lord with grace and unction, and which had such an effect upon me as to shake my house to the very foundation, lying prostrate at the feet of my merciful Saviour, in my chamber, I had, on a sudden, a lively sensation of my being the very chief of sinners that ever approached him. There was no sin of which I did not find myself guilty, according to the spirit of the holy law of God! and I was on the brink of the abyss of despair. But I was enabled, by free grace, to pray in broken accents to this effect:—'Lord Jesus! if thou dost not shew mercy unto me, I must eternally perish! Ah! how tremendous is the black list of my sins! Thou hast sought and invited me from my youth; but, alas! how unfaithful have I always proved! O Lord Jesus! I cannot, I will not attempt to help myself any longer. Thou wouldst indeed be just, if thou shouldst reject me from thy presence for ever. But, ah! deal not with me according to my deserts, but be my Saviour, that hath mercy on me! O wash and cleanse me in thy blood!'

And He, that most compassionate High Priest and Friend of Sinners, whose heart was broken on Gólgótha