

saved. Oh! said she how can I believe that Christ can or will save me when I am so great a sinner? Oh! Polly, said Mr. Marsh, your being a great sinner, will not hinder your being saved if you are but willing to be saved.--Oh! dear, Mr. Marsh, said she, I feel willing to be saved, and if I possibly could, I would be saved from that dreadful hell. That, Polly, said Mr. Marsh, I expect is true, but you must want to be saved from your sins, as well as from the punishment of sin.

It had got to be late in the night, and all went to bed, but Polly slept not a wink, as she afterwards informed; for, she said, she was afraid she should awake in hell, and therefore dare not go to sleep.

This distress of mind continued about three weeks, when she was brought to see that God could for Christ's sake, save her and all sinners that trusted in him; and then she cried out glory to God for what he is in himself, and for the gift of Jesus his dear Son, for poor perishing sinners like me; Oh! Mr. Marsh, said she, I see such fullness in Christ's merits that there is enough for all the world if they will but accept of it.

She now wanted to go home, to see her father and mother, brothers and sisters. Well, Polly, said Mr. Marsh, you may ride my horse, and he tackled his horse with his wife's side-saddle. When Polly got home, she found