

was in the habit of saying the Lord's prayer, and some short sentences which my mother had taught me — but I felt that was not sufficient ; I wanted to pray as Christians prayed, but I could not ; which gave me considerable uneasiness. For I had imbibed a notion that if I did nothing amiss, and could repeat a lengthy form of prayer upon my knees, I should be a good Christian. After I had learned to read so as to understand one subject from another, I tried my best to learn a form of prayer out of a book. But I could not obtain peace or comfort to my mind in that way, for after all, these prayers seemed only lip service, and not from the heart. But it was still my supreme wish to be one of God's children. I felt then in some measure the terrors of my mind removed, through a hope that I should escape, by doing that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and restraining myself from that which was sinful. As I grew older, my mother was more particular in her instructions upon the nature of religion. She said that God loved good children, and that those who were good never need to be afraid, let their danger be what it might. She would mention many passages of Scripture, such as, " God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if any sought after him ; " Samuel and Josiah, who sought the Lord in their youth ; and admonished us never to play upon God's holy day, nor take his blessed name in vain, and to be obedient to our parents, and live religious lives.

I believed all she said was right, and felt a mind willing to obey ; but as yet, I had no knowledge of the mystery of the new birth, repentance towards God, nor faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

I had never had the privilege of hearing the gospel