

When I was baptized, I expected some mysterious change, but there was none. I wept at the Lord's table; but there was no peace. I prayed in secret and in public, often so earnestly that others thought me mighty in prayer; but yet there was no peace. "O Lord!" I cried in my agony, "why hast thou not been plain in Thy word, that I might know exactly what to do? I would run and do it even at the peril of my life." I now visited the sick, and spent much time in reading the word of God and still more time in prayer. I preached too—yes, dear reader, I preached—I pretended to be a bearer of glad tidings, while my own heart writhed in agony. What did I preach? What others had preached to me: "Do thy best, give the glory to God; be a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, and then He will save thee." But no peace! no peace!! In spite of all this supposed duty fulfilled, there was no peace!!!

One day I called on a sick man, and quickly introduced the subject of religion, as that was my object in calling. "Ah, sir," he said, "they used to tell me to do my best, and I tried and tried, until I found there was no best to be reached. When I examined myself, I found I was still the same old sinner. Then I watched my instructors, to see if I could detect in them what I found in myself and they failed so visibly to live up to what they taught and professed, that I set them all down as hypocrites, and turned infidel. But here, read this;" and he passed to me a Testament, open at Romans iii. I had