The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess., v. 21.

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AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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BY

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WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

'T is a fountain ever bursting,
Whence the weary may obtain
Water for the soul that's thirsting,
And shall never thirst again.

'T is a lamp forever burning,
By whose never-dying light,
Sinners, from their errors turning,
Are directed through the night.

'T is a mine of richest treasure,
Laden with the purest ore;
And its contents, without measure,
You can never well explore.

'T is a chart that never fails you,
Which God to man has given,
And though rudest storms assail you,
Will guide you safe to heaven.

'T is a tree whose fruits unfailing,
Cheer and stay the fainting soul,
And whose leaves, the nations healing,
Scatter joy from pole to pole.

'T is a pearl of price, exceeding
All the gems in ocean found;—
To its precepts ever listening,
In its truths may I abound.

—*American Presbyterian, Va.*

From Wylie's Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber.

State & Prospects of the Vaudois Church.

[Continued from our last.]

How could a small body of peasants among the mountains have discovered the errors of Rome, and have thrown off her yoke, at a time when the whole of Europe received the one and bowed to the other? This could not have happened in the natural order of things. Above all, if they did not arise till the twelfth or thirteenth century, how came they to frame so elaborate and full a testimony as the *Noble Lesson* against Rome? A Church that has a creed must have a history. Nor was it in a year, or even in a single age, that they could have compiled such a creed. It could acquire form and substance only in the course of centuries,—the Vaudois adding article to article, as Rome added error to error. We can have no reasonable doubt, then, that in the Vaudois community we have a relic of the primitive Church. Compared with them, the house of Savoy, which ruled so long and rigorously over them, is but of yesterday. They are more ancient than the Roman Church itself. They have come down to us from the world before the papal flood, bearing in their heaven-built and heaven-guarded ark the sacred oracles; and now they stand before us as a witness to the historic truth of Christianity, and a living copy, in doctrine, in government, and in manners, of the Church of the Apostles.

Fain would we tell at length the heroic story of the Vaudois. We use no exaggerated speech,—no rhetorical flourish,—but speak advisedly, when we say, that their history, take it all in all, is the brightest, the purest, the most heroic, in the annals of the world. Their martyr-age lasted five centuries; and we know of nothing, whether we regard the sacredness of the cause, or the undaunted valour, the pure patriotism, and the lofty faith, in which the Vaudois maintained it, that can be compared with their glorious struggle. This is an age of hero-worship. Let us go to the mountains of the Waldenses: there we will find heroes "unsung by poet, by senators unpraised," yet of such gigantic stature, that the proudest champions of ancient Rome are dwarfed in their presence. It was no transient flash of patriotism and valour that broke forth on the soil of the Vaudois: that country saw sixteen generations of heroes, and five centuries of heroic deeds. Men came from pruning their vines or tending their flocks, to do feats of arms which Greece never equalled, and which throw into the shade the proudest exploits of Rome. The Jews maintained the worship of the true God in their country for many ages, and often gained glorious victories; but the Jews were a nation; they possessed an ample territory, rich in resources; they were trained to war, moreover, and marshalled and led on by skilful and courageous chiefs. But the Waldenses were a primitive and simple people; they had neither king nor leader; their only sovereign was Jehovah; their only guides were their *Barbes*. The struggle under the Maccabees was a noble one; but it attained not the grandeur of that of the Vaudois. It was short in comparison; nor do its single exploits, brave as they were, rise to the same surpassing pitch of heroism. When read after the story of the Vaudois, the annals of Greece and Rome even, fruitful though they be in deeds of heroism, appear cold and tame. In short, we know of no other instance in the world in which a great and sacred object has been prosecuted from father to son for such a length of time, with a patriotism so pure, a courage so unshrinking, a devotion so entire, and amidst such a multitude of sacrifices, sufferings, and woes, as in the case of the Vaudois. The incentives to courage which have stimulated others to brave death were wanting in their case. If they triumphed, they had no adoring circus to welcome them with shouts, and crown them with laurel; and if they fell, they knew that there awaited their ashes no marble tomb, and that no lay of poet would ever embalm their memory. They looked to a greater Judge for their reward. This was the source of that patriotism, the purest the world has ever seen, and of that valour, the noblest of which the annals of mankind make mention.

Innocent III., who hid under a sanctimonious guise the boundless ambition and quenchless malignity of Lucifer, was the first to blow the trumpet of extermination against the poor Vaudois. And from the middle of the thirteenth to the end of the seventeenth century they suffered not fewer than thirty persecutions. During that long period they could not calculate upon a single year's immunity from invasion and slaughter. From the days of Innocent their history becomes one long harrowing tale of papal plots, interdicts, excommunications, of royal proscriptions and perfidies, of attack, of plunder, of rapine, of massacre, and of death in every conceivable and horrible way,—by the sword, by fire, and by unutterable tortures and torments. The Waldenses had no alternative but to submit to these, or deny their Saviour. Yet, driven to arms,—ever their last resource,—they waxed valiant in fight, and put to flight the armies of the aliens. They taught their enemies that the battle was not to the strong. When the cloud gathered round their hills, they removed their wives and little ones to some rock-girt valley, to the caverns of which they had taken the precaution of removing their corn and oil, and even their baking ovens; and there, though perhaps they did not muster more than a thousand fighting men in all, they waited, with calm confidence in God, the onset of their foes. In these encounters, sustained by Heaven, they performed prodigies of valour. The combined armies of France and Piedmont recoiled from their shock. Their invaders were almost invariably overthrown, sometimes even annihilated; and their sovereigns, the Dukes of Savoy, on whose memory there rests the indelible blot of having pursued this loyal, industrious, and virtuous people with ceaseless and incredible injustice, cruelty, treachery and perfidy, finding that they could not subdue them, were glad to offer them terms of peace, and grant them new guarantees of the quiet possession of their ancient territory. Thus an invisible omnipotent arm was ever extended over the Vaudois and their land, delivering them miraculously in times of danger, and preserving them as a peculiar people, that by their instrumentality Jehovah might accomplish his designs of mercy towards the world.

Nor were the Waldenses content simply to maintain their faith. Even when fighting for existence, they recognised their obligations as a missionary Church, and strove to diffuse over the surrounding countries the light that burned amid their own mountains. Who has not heard of the Pra de la Torre, in the valley of Angrona? This is a beautiful little meadow, encircled with a barrier of tremendous mountains, and watered by a torrent, which, flowing from an Alpine summit, *La Scilla Vecchia*, descends with echoing noise through the dark gorges and shining dells of the deep and romantic valley. This was the inner sanctuary of the Vaudois. Here their *Barbes* sat; here was their school of the prophets; and from this spot were sent forth their pastors and missionaries into France, Germany, and Britain, as well as into their own valleys. It was anative and a missionary of these valleys, Gualtero Lollard, which gave his name, in the fourteenth century, to the Lollards of England, whose doctrines were the day-spring of the Reformation in our own country. The zeal of the Vaudois was seen in the devices they fell upon to distribute the Bible, and along with that a knowledge of the gospel. Colporteurs travelled as pedlars; and, after displaying their laces and jewels, they drew forth, and offered for sale, or as a gift, a gem of yet greater value. In this way the Word of God found entrance alike into cottage and baronial castle. It is a supposed scene of this kind which the following lines depict:—

Oh! lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare,—
The richest web of the Indian loom
Which beauty's self might wear:
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie:
I have brought them with me a weary way;—
Will my gentle lady buy?

. . . . . .

Oh! lady fair, I have got a gem,
Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewell'd crown
On the lofty brow of king:
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay,—
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on the way!

. . . . . .

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased by gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took.
Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price;—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not;
For the Word of God is free!

. . . . . .

And she hath left the old gray halls,
Where an evil faith hath power,
And the courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God!

[To be continued.]

The Revival in Ireland.

BY AN AMERICAN EYE-WITNESS.

At a recent meeting held in Philadelphia, Mr Thomas Stinson, an elder in the United Presbyterian Church, who has just returned from Ireland, gave the following as his impression of the revival. The conversation that followed, and which occured in a minister's elders meeting held monthly, is interesting.

I am just as well convinced that it is a work of God, as that I am standing in your presence. At the first meeting I attended, thirteen persons were stricken down as it is there called. You may ask, How do they seem to be affected? I would answer that, according to the impressions, a dreadful weight comes over them—they tremble—they see, as it were, hell opening before them, just ready to receive them. In this awful state they sometimes remain for hours, sometimes for days. Sometimes they can pray, sometimes they cannot utter a word. O! my friends did you but hear the cries and groans they utter! They will occasionally express themselves in such words as these: "O Jesus come in the fulnitude of thy mercy, and snatch a poor soul just going down to hell!" They then, perhaps, are enabled to exercise some degree of faith in the Lord Jesus. They obtain an assurance that He is able to save them. You will then, perhaps, see a smile upon their faces. O if you saw that smile! You will, perhaps, hear them expressing themselves in such a way as this: "O Jesus! what a loving Saviour! He has come to pluck me as a brand from the burning!"

These things, be assured, are not confined to some weak-minded females. Persons of all classes and all conditions are thus affected, male and female, high and low, the educated and uneducated, the little boy and the strong man. Ministers of the gospel, too, feel the power that is at work. There are not a few ministers of the gospel, who have been preaching for years, who have passed through all these scenes. I have heard three ministers of the gospel state that they were ashamed of themselves, after listening to boys ten or twelve years of age. Now how will you account for this? Some of these boys could not read one single word. Think of a boy of ten or twelve years of age, making addresses for thirty minutes! and such addresses as I have never heard. There, too, you will see old persons, who cannot read, rising and leading the meeting in prayer; and if you only heard them giving expression to their feeling! True, you could not, in some instances, but smile at some of their expressions, yet you would be delighted to hear them. I heard a man, of about sixty years of age, who had passed through this ordeal, rise and address a meeting. He thus expressed himself: "I found myself sliding down to hell! O what a sinner I have been! For twelve years I have never entered the house of God. Is it possible that Jesus can save such a sinner as I am? No, he cannot, I thought, save me." This man continued in an awful state of conviction for about twenty hours. After awhile he got a little light. "By and by," said he, "I knew that Jesus died to save me. When Christ came to my heart it was hard to break,—it was hard to put back those ould rusty boults, but a little oil of the Spirit made them slide!" This will serve as a specimen of many of their expressions.

You may ask me, Were the addresses in which these scenes occurred, of an exciting nature? They were not. They generally occurred during the time of reading the Scriptures, prayer, and the singing of Psalms.

You will also ask me, Are there many conversions where there are none of these physical manifestations? I would answer, There are at least ten that are attended without any thing of this kind where there is one such case.

Another evidence that I may mention that satisfies me that this is the work of the Spirit, is the desire that is shown for the preaching of the word and for prayer meetings. Just announce a prayer meeting in a country district, where the houses are scattered, and you would not see such a small number as we sometimes have here.—I care not how large the building might be, it would be filled, and not only filled, but you would see them standing at the doors and around the windows. The congregation with which I attended divine service, had to adjourn to the green. Such scenes I never witnessed. You would see all eyes intently fixed on the speaker, and all around you might hear, in a low voice, such words as these: O Jesus, send thy Spirit!"

Another evidence of the reality of this work, is the fact that those persons who profess to have found Jesus, will not sit still. They experience the feelings of the Psalmist when he said: "Come and hear, all ye who fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." They are like the person whom our Saviour dispossessed of evil spirits—they will tell how great things the Lord hath done for them and hath had compassion upon them. You will there meet, in different places, five, ten, twenty or thirty persons, all talking about Jesus. You will hear no idle talk among them. They talk about these things, because they *feel* them.

In the Rev. Mr. Hana's Church, of Belfast, there is a meeting every evening of about fifteen hundred persons. I could not tell you the one half that is going on there. There are cases in which they think it is better to publish nothing about them. There were eight or nine sleeping or dumb cases. They would say, "I am going to sleep," and they would tell precisely how long they would sleep. They often wake with their faces lit up with a heavenly smile. They will tell you what they have seen when in this sleep—that they have seen Jesus clothed in white robes. How strange is this! How strange that they can tell you when going to sleep precisely at what time they would awake! Ministers in Belfast are astonished. They can give no account of it. I conversed with about thirty ministers in reference to it. Dr. Dill, who was in this country some time ago, told me that he had made every experiment that could be made. He stood up in the presence of a number of persons and said: "My friends, I am convinced that the Spirit of God is at work." There were from fifty to seventy ministers from Scotland, just to see the work for themselves. Many came scrupulous, but very few returned just as they went.

The Captured Jew.

BY ONE WHO LATELY VISITED ROME.

Edurado Mortara, the son of a Jew of Bologna, and abducted by the Romish priests from his parents, is now in Rome at a school connected with the Church of St. Pietro in Vincoli. He is seven and a half years of age; a bright looking little fellow, with marked Jewish features; and it is not strange his parents are greatly afflicted by the loss of such a child. He has been stolen from them by bandit priests, aided by the arm of secular power; and the theft has been sanctioned by the Pope in the most open and distinct manner, thus making himself the head burglar in this infamous act of robbery. Stealing a human being was punished with death under the old dispensation (Exod. xxi. 16), and if a like punishment were visited on all those who have aided and approved this outrage, the aggregate immorality of the world would be greatly diminished. This act of child-stealing is not approved by all Romanists, especially by those who know the power of the domestic affections and the sacredness of the parental ties. But the priests are particularly fitted for such villainy, as they have no domestic ties except those which may be supposed to belong to promiscuous concubinage, and no children but bastards to awaken the feeling of parental solicitude. In the time of Maria Theresa, the Roman Catholic priests abducted the child of a Jew in similar circumstances, and the Empress ordered his immediate restoration to his parents, on the ground that no church law nor any other should contravene the laws of nature.

The account of the stealing of the young Mortara, published in the *Civita Cattolica* at Rome is, in substance, as follows:—A Catholic servant in the family of a Jew at Bologna, in the early part of last summer stated to an old woman, that the youngest child of the Jew was sick, and in great danger of death. The old woman said to her, that in such circumstances it would be a beautiful and pious act to baptise the child. The servant replied that she had already baptized an older brother, six years before, when he was in danger of dying, and that the child was then growing up a Hebrew notwithstanding his Christian baptism, and she should not again do a similar thing. The old woman, however, thought that the thing was of great consequence, and ventilated the subject to three or four others: and at last the story was related to the Holy Congregation at Rome. An inquiry was immediately ordered into the facts of the case; and on the testimony of the servant, who said, she received instructions respecting the way of administering baptism from a certain grocer in Bologna, it was decided that the child had been lawfully baptized. The Holy (?) Congregation then proceeded by force and arms to take the child from his parents, and brought him to Rome, where he is kept under a guard of religious ruffians who prevent his return to the guardians whom God and nature provided for him. Such is substantially the Romish account of this matter.

But it could not be expected that the Jews of Rome would be totally indifferent to this rude violation of all natural rights. Though the Jews there have groaned for centuries under the oppressions and insults of Roman Catholics, and have learned to suffer in silence, yet they could not be insensible to this violent invasion of the sacredness of domestic life. If the child of a Jew might be clandestinely baptized in Bologna, and thus forfeit the right of parental protection and become the property of the Church of Rome, why might not all the children of Roman Jews be thus baptised, and by the same law torn from their chaste and loving mothers and given to the great "Mother of Harlots?" The Jews in Rome, sympathizing with Mortara (as all people do, who have not eradicated the sentiments of humanity), asked an interview with the Pope. They presented to him the written testimony of the family physician of Mortara, stating that Edurdo had not been dangerously sick during the period when baptism could be lawfully administered by a servant. They presented also the testimony of the grocer who was reported to have directed the servant in the act of baptism, stating that he did not know the woman, and had never instructed her in reference to the baptism of the boy. They produced evidence also that the woman was a disreputable character, and that the story of the child's baptism was an act of malice on her part towards the parents of the child.

This evidence, which clearly enough proved, that the child had not, according to the Roman Church law, received valid baptism, was indignantly rejected by the Pope, and with impiously assumed authority of the Vicar of God, he made, with his august hand, the sign of the cross on the forehead of the child, thus affirming and confirming his baptism and giving his sanction to the theft. He then threatened the Jews with severe pains and penalties if they were not quiet respecting the whole affair, of which he would hear no more from them.

The reason or justification of this act of child-stealing given by the Romanists is, that he had been baptized, and thus created a child of God, and that by that Divine sacrament he was introduced spiritually into the family of the faithful, and it thus became the duty of the Church to see that he was placed under Christian influences. This, however, is probably a mere excuse or pretext by which it is thought some may be satisfied or blinded. The real reason which led to the abduction of the child was, that the poor Jews could make no resistance nor punish the outrage as it deserved. The Church of Rome robbed these parents of their child because it could do so with impunity.

There is now in the city of Rome the child of English Protestant parents domesticated here, who was baptised while an infant by his grandmother, who is a Romanist. This case is known and often spoken of in public; and the same consideration legal and moral may be urged for taking the child from his parents, and placing him under the guardianship of Roman priests. But the Holy Congregation would much sooner commit suicide than lay a finger on that child. The English Government has the power and the disposition to punish such an infamous act according to its merits. The Church of Rome knows where it is safe, and where not to do a mean or a wicked thing. It is well furnished with that low cunning which prompts to acts of oppression and persecution only against the weak or the unresisting. The whole case shows the unscrupulous character of the Roman clergy, and their disposition, if they had the power, to sacrifice all those principles of right and truth by which the welfare of society is protected and promoted. It shows also that the stories about the liberality of Pius IX. are without foundation. A liberal Pope is as much a contradiction as a pious scoundrel. Either might, under the constraint of circumstances, manifest a character which did not properly belong to them. Such an act would lead to the fulfilment of Cromwell's threat to the Duke of Savoy, when persecuting the Waldenses, that he would cause a fleet to sail over the Alps for their defence.—*Bulwark.*

Treasury.

Not Religiousness, but Christ.

When spending some time from home a few years ago, I resided in a family where an elderly gentleman had his home. He was possessed of many excellent qualities, although, at the same time, he was the victim of strong prejudices. He was a very strict and conscientious observer of the Lord's day; and rather than ride to church, even in the family carriage, he kept at home on rainy Sabbaths and read his Bible.

The Lord's day cannot be kept in too holy a manner; but there may be strict outward adherence to the Sabbath law where the heart is not at all engaged, and this came out very obviously from time to time in the case of our strict Sabbath observer.

I don't know what sort of preacher he heard on his "fair" Sabbaths; but I fear he must have been one of those who, ignorant of the gospel, substitute rites and ceremonies, duties, churchmanship, and legal strictness for the saving doctrines of the grace of God; for I remember one day, when my friend had come to the place of worship where I attended to take me home, and had listened to the conclusion of a faithful evangelical discourse, that on our way home he said, "I'm not at all satisfied that that minister is a right sort of man."

"What is your reason for saying so?" I inquired.

"Why, being a little early to-day, and the doors being open, I stood in the porch to [illegible] while he was finishing his discourse, and as I went on I thought surely he must have a strange congregation, for his language was fit only to be addressed to vagabonds, thieves, and reprobates. Does he preach after that style every Sunday?"

"Yes, of course he does; and I don't think that he spoke a sentence to-day which he could not confirm by a quotation from the Scriptures. What do you refer to as extravagant or extraordinary?"

"Why, this: I heard him solemnly affirm that you would all certainly go to hell, however conscientiously and strictly you might keep God's commandments, and endeavour to perform all ecclesiastical, social, family, or closet duties; and that partaking of the holy sacrament would not prevent a single soul of you from going to that place of torment. That is surely extraordinary, and not the orthodox teaching of the Church."

"Ah, but you forget to mention the connection in which he uttered these strong statements, as well as the object he had in view. If I am not mistaken, he said all these things would, of themselves, avail us nothing unless we repented of our sins, were born again by the Spirit of God, and had a living union with Jesus Christ by faith."

"Well, but, after all, I am convinced that such preaching is unsafe for a general audience, and is calculated to unsettle the minds of many good Christians; and in some instances, too, it must lead to presumption and enthusiasm; and, for my part, I consider the quiet keeping of God's commandments, and leading an upright, pious life, as the Church directs, to be much more satisfactory than unhinging one's mind, and unsettling one's views, by attending to the rant of such extreme men."

There was no use saying more for I recollected that it is written, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

Reader, "be not deceived!" No church, no rites or ceremonies, no strict legal observances, can do anything to make you acceptable to God. Christ alone is the God-appointed Saviour. Jesus is the only Mediator between God and man. You must be in Christ yourself first before your best deeds can be anything else than an abomination in the sight of God. "For we are his workmanship, *created in Christ Jesus unto good works*, which God hath ordained that we should walk in [illegible]

"Thou blind Pharisee," says our Lord, "cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also."—*British Messenger.*

Full Pardon.

That forgiveness, which is equal to the wants of a sinner, must be FULL; including *all sins*, be they ever so numerous; extending to all their aggravations be they ever so enormous. Every sin being a transgression of the divine law, and every transgression subjecting the offender to a dreadful curse, it is plain that if the guilt attending every sin be not removed, if the penalty due to every sin be not remitted, the curse must fall upon us, and wrath must be our portion. Hence appears the necessity of a full pardon in order to happiness.

And as it is essentially necessary, so it is granted. The Scriptures declare, abundantly declare, that when our offended Sovereign pardons any of the human race, He forgives ALL their sins. For, says the King, whose name is the Lord of Hosts: "I will cleanse them from all their iniquity, whereby they have sinned against me; and I will pardon all their iniquities, whereby they have sinned, and whereby they have transgressed against me." (Jer. xxxiii. 8.) Charming declaration! To forgive sin is a divine prerogative. None can dispense the unspeakable favour but God. This He declares He will do; and that He will not only forgive some sins, or a few, but *all*, all entirely.

"He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." (Micah, vii. 19.) Thou wilt cast, not a few, or the greater part only, but *all their sins* into the depths of the sea. Their sins, as a burthen too heavy for them to bear, as an object too hateful for thee to behold, thou wilt for ever remove from them, for ever cast out of thy sight. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name....Who forgiveth *all thine iniquities*; who healeth all thy diseases." (Ps. ciii. 1, 3.)

This forgiveness is worthy of God. This forgiveness, flowing from grace, reaches the foulest crimes and the most abominable transgressions. In virtue of it, scarlet and crimson sins are made white as wool, yea, whiter than snow. (Isa. i. 18; Ps. li. 7.) The blood of Christ is possessed of infinite energy, arising from the superlative dignity of him who shed it, and is able to cleanse from all sin. From each sin, be it ever so heinous; from all sins be they ever so numerous. Thus grace, like a mighty and compassionate monarch, passes an act of oblivion on millions and millions of the most aggravated offences and complicated crimes.

Come, now, poor trembling sinner! though you are conscious that the number and magnitude of your sins are inexpressibly great; come, let us reason together, and contemplate the riches of grace. What, though you are, by nature, an apostate creature and a child of wrath; though you have, by innumerable transgressions, violated the divine law and incurred its everlasting curse; though you are grown hoary in rebellion against your divine Sovereign, and look upon yourself as a monster of iniquity; though your sins of heart, lip, and life, sins of omission, and sins of commission, sins of ignorance and sins against knowledge, like an armed host, in terrible array, beseige you on every side, and call aloud for vengeance on your guilty head; though, to heighten your misery and increase your grief, the enemy of mankind should come in like a flood and load you with horrid accusations, should tell you, that you have, by your sins, dared God's vengeance to his very face, and solemnly mocked him in your duties, and so set a keener edge on all your sensations of guilt; and, to complete your distress, thought your own conscience turn evidence against you, ratify the dreadful verdict, and pronounce the deserved sentence, so that you are ready to conclude, you are almost a damned soul, and that your case is absolutely desperate: yet still there is relief to be had. Notwithstanding all these deplorable circumstances, there is no reason you should sink in despair. For, behold! there is forgiveness, a full forgiveness with