

assure me that these did not conflict with her religious duties, and that, however late retiring to her chamber, they never were allowed to set aside her Bible reading and private prayer. This habit, rigidly adhered to, was evidently perverted by her to a self-righteous foundation of hope towards God; but, though for a while thus perverted, this excellent habit proved the means of restraining her worldly heart from utter forgetfulness of God. However rare such a combination of conscientious exactness in closet duties, with a life of fashionable frivolities, and worldly pleasures,—her frank and truthful transparency convinced me that she had a good conscience in claiming religious consistency. But a good conscience may be an unenlightened conscience, and, therefore, an unreliable guide; as was Saul's while thinking that he "ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus." My earnest endeavor to enlighten her as to the difference between *performing* closet duties, and *truly holding fellowship with God*, was not acceptable to her. She felt grieved at this depreciation of her specious self-righteous ritualistic piety. After praying with her for the enlightening and quickening of "the spirit of grace and of supplications," we went into the adjoining lecture room, to attend the adult bible class. The subject for the evening was the 4th question of the Assembly's catechism, "What is God?" We could only begin the comprehensive and beautiful answer, devoting the whole hour to the first clause, "God is a Spirit." The theme was most opportune for my young friend.

The following Wednesday afternoon she sought another interview at my house. Her burden now was that, since the previous conversation, she "*could not pray*,"—that she could not control her wandering thoughts,—that she felt so dull and dead in her attempts to approach God,—that He seemed so far away,—and that she could not find access to Him. The state of her own heart had become in measure manifest. "Had she been deceiving herself all her life with mere forms of religion?" When I declared my great satisfaction at her changed views of her own state, she piteously and tearfully protested against my hopeful estimate of her case, and declared that, if I could only understand how wicked and worldly her heart was, I should have no encouragement respecting her. She sobbed out, in agony of spirit, her conviction that she was a self-deceived, lost sinner! Accepting this as a true verdict, I endeavoured now to point her to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and quoted such promises of pardon and grace as seemed suited to her sense of sinfulness and hopelessness. After bowing with me at the Mercy Seat, with a heavy heart she departed.

On the evening of the following day, as the assembly was dispersing, after a prayer-meeting, she awaited me in the vestibule, to accompany me homeward, and, by a significant grasp of my hand, conveyed the impression that the darkness had passed, and that she had found peace in believing. My daughter being with me, she refrained from communicating the joyful news, but asked if I could spare her a few minutes of the morrow morning, either at my house or at her parents', which I most gladly promised to do, and called on her that "Good Friday" morning, and a better I have not known.

In response to my enquiry as to any change in her state of mind, she calmly said, Oh, yes, I have indeed! I have peace now, and feel that