

pression on Brother McNeely's mind that I hoped the Lord would be merciful unto me, a sinner, and deceived myself and him. I was miserable, and the more I thought about it the more awful I viewed my condition. Oh, I thought if I had not said anything concerning what I felt; I begged the Lord to pardon me for ever thinking he had compassion on me. I would leave the house and seek some secret place, where I would pour out my cries unto the Lord. This Scripture, "Marvel not that I said unto thee ye must be born again: the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit," came to my mind with some degree of force, and continued with me some days, and afforded me relief. But yet again I would conclude it could not be that I had been born again and was an heir of God; it seemed I could not believe. I begged the Lord with tears in mercy to me to answer my petitions and reveal Himself to me, the hope of glory in a full and sure way, that I might know I was a christian. I thought I must know I was a christian before I could claim Him as my Lord and my God; and as I was coming from my place of retirement I had sought to plead with the Lord for a confirmation of those things, these words came into my mind, "if you cannot believe what you have already heard you will not believe though one should arise from the dead." It seemed I would sink to the ground as I walked along. Yes, Lord, I will believe, and I tried my best to believe that I had been born again, but I could no more have faith than I could make a world. It seemed to me there was a secret whisper to me, "you might have believed sometime ago, when you first felt a change in your condition; but it is too late now, you are lost forever." But was I constantly in prayer for mercy, and I was resolved to try to beg as long as I had breath, for I desired nothing else but the Lord. I read the Scriptures with interest, seeking to find a word, perhaps, for comfort to my poor, distressed soul. One day I took the Bible and went upstairs and knelt down with the word of God before me; I would read and beg the Lord for some sweet promise in His book to my soul. My soul felt melted, and I believe I felt as helpless and dependent on the

Lord for life and salvation as any one could feel. I felt humble, and after being on my knees sometime, I arose with the Bible in my hand, opened it and read, "Who hath delivered us from so great a death and doth deliver, in whom we trust, that he will yet deliver us." Now I thought he will yet deliver me, but before I left the place where I was that thought was nearly gone. I started to go down stairs, but felt so badly I went into another room and lay down on a bed, and besought the Lord to give me faith to believe on Him, and if He had bestowed His grace on my poor soul, that I might feel a close union and love existing as between a father and child. I did feel then as if God was my father, that I was closely united to Him. I arose from the bed and rejoiced to myself, and concluded I would go and tell what great things the Lord had done for unworthy me. But something seemed to say, you had better not rejoice aloud, you may be mistaken. I thought at that moment the Lord was so precious to my soul I would never doubt again; but this feeling soon left me and then I suffered again in mind and feared it was all a delusion. I became so distressed in my mind I was not any company for any person. Religion was all I studied, all I craved, this world was worse than nothing to me. Oh how my mind was tossed to and fro, for at one moment I would feel as if the Lord was my friend, and again as if I had no friend on earth or in heaven. I felt like one alone; I thought there was no one like me, but I tried to beg the dear Saviour of sinners to confirm my wavering mind and establish me in the faith as it is in Christ Jesus. I saw so much sin in everything I did that I thought a christian would not have such wicked thoughts and ways as I had. I do believe the tempter tried hard to destroy my soul forever, for it seemed to me as soon as I would hope the Lord had, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins, he would say you had better be sure, you may be deceived, and I would be changed about in my mind many times in a day. I at last ventured to tell some of my impressions and feelings to the person first hinted at. It was then suggested to me, now you have been talking to a member of the church and again trying to make the impression on the mind of the church that you hope you are a christian, and it so distressed my feelings that

I could not sleep; and the next morning while meditating on my condition, these thoughts came into my mind—that all my prayers and tears had done no good and I had as well leave it all off and think no more about it. I had become so distressed I did but little work, and I felt so disconsolate and dejected I did not care for anything in the world. These words came into my mind—"they have taken away my Lord and I know not where to find him." While these temptations were strong upon me not to pray, cry or read the Scriptures, Mr. Griggs came in and sat down by the stand to read the Bible, and asked me if he must read aloud for me to hear. I told him no, I did not want to hear. O how I suffered for listening to Satan's devices. It seemed to me he was always trying to harrass my poor soul, and now I was not to mourn any more. I received a severe chastising. Now I thought I had committed the unpardonable sin and was lost forever. It was not long after this before I betook myself to the woods to lament before the Lord for what I had said. I was ashamed to ask the Lord to forgive me, yet I knew He was the only remedy for my wounds. I was so sorry I had said I did not want to hear the word of God read, for I was desiring to hear it all the time, but I could not shed a tear now, and it seemed to me I never should again. After toiling on with this trouble sometime, I was by myself grieving about what I had said; the question was—what, did I say I did not want to read, and that I would not weep nor pray. For this was the answer—It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. Now I felt relieved. O, I was so glad to think the Lord would yet deliver me. I had felt like I never could be forgiven for this sin, it was unpardonable; now I felt forgiven for that, and thought surely the goodness of God will follow me all the days of my life. But I was soon in such doubts and fears as made me cry mightily unto the Lord, and in reading the 42d Psalm, it seemed to suit my feelings and desires, for I felt like I thirsted for the living God. These words seemed to bear with great weight on my mind and afford me encouragement: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me; hope thou in God!" These were precious words to me then, and are now, for these are my

hope. But still, my sister, I felt like my hope was so small I continued to beg for a larger one. I opened the Bible and read where the children of Israel gathered manna, and he that gathered much had nothing over; he that gathered little had no lack, and it appeared to give me satisfaction, for I desired to be satisfied with the least of all, and thought if I had gathered any it was enough for poor unworthy me. In a few mornings after this I awoke with these words on my mind: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." These were very precious words to me; to be loved with an everlasting love by such a great and good being was animating to my feelings, and here I rest my hope. I ventured last meeting to tell the church at Leatherwood some of my feelings, and they received me into their fellowship, and brother McNeely baptized me on Sunday, and if I had not already written so lengthily, I could say much about the peace of mind I have enjoyed since I was baptized, and I think all who hope they are christians ought to obey the Lord. Now sister, I submit this imperfect scribble to you and brother McNeely, begging you both to remember me at a throne of grace.—Excuse all errors, I have been a good deal disturbed while writing.

Yours, I hope, in Christ,
SUSAN W. GRIGGS.

When the gospel came to Zacchaeus he said, half my goods I give to feed the poor; and if I have taken anything by false accusation, I restore fourfold. When the gospel came to Lydia she said, if ye have judged me faithful, come into my house and abide there—and she constrained us—so great was her heart opened on its reception. When the gospel was received by the Jews after the ascension of our Lord, so mightily opened it their hearts to love and support the gospel and the poor saints, that such as had houses and lands sold them, and distribution was made as the poor had need, neither called they any thing their own. And when the gospel was carried by Paul and Barnabas to the Gentiles, it had the powerful supporting influence to support Paul; and these heathen often sent to the relief of Paul and the poor saints at Jerusalem, the mother church. But there is not the least hint of the Jews supporting Paul and Barnabas among the heathen, for it would have been the exact reverse of Christ's directions and repeated instructions.—Joshua Lawrence.