

These I pasted against the wall in my sleeping-apartment, intending to read them daily, and examine myself *by them*, in order to discover whether I had in reality kept them. During these days of self-examination I found my work easy to perform; there was very little lagging behind—everything glided along happily. Very soon, unfortunately, I began to question the necessity of daily reading my list of resolutions. It was some trouble; and what good could come of it? I inquired. As I retired to my room, wearied and sleepy, I began to neglect reviewing the life I had led during the day. Very soon I omitted daily prayer, and in quick succession followed a host of other evils, and in a short time all of the order which had been maintained in our little dwelling was scattered to the four winds.

Now, indeed, was my life miserable. Ay, young as I was, it was a burden to me. My feeble attempts at prayer were smothered by the load of care and uneasiness that covered my heart. It was at this time, also, that I became sensibly convinced of sin. For the first time in my life I saw my great need of a Saviour's love and guidance. Oh, who shall describe the double load that now crushed my soul! I endeavoured to turn to Christ, but a great gulf of sin separated