

and remarked, Do you love them more than God does? Why then does he not save them? Surely, he has almighty power. I blushed, was confounded and silent, and quickly retired to the silent woods for meditation and prayer. I asked myself, Does God love the world—the whole world? And has he not almighty power to save? If so, all must be saved, for who can resist his power? Had I a friend or child, whom I greatly loved, and saw him at the point of drowning, and utterly unable to help himself, and if I were perfectly able to save him, would I not do it? Would I not contradict my love to him—my very nature, if I did not save him? Should I not do wrong in withholding my power? And will not God save all whom he loves?

These were to me puzzling questions—I could not satisfactorily solve them consistently with my faith. I was firmly convinced that according to Scripture all were not saved—the conclusion then was irresistible, that God did not love all, and therefore it followed of course, that the spirit in me, which loved all the world so vehemently, could not be the Spirit of God, but the spirit of delusion. My mind became involved in gloom, my troubles rolled back upon me with renewed weight, and all my joys were gone. I prostrated myself before God in prayer; but it was immediately suggested, you are praying in unbelief, and “whatsoever is not of faith is sin.” You must believe or expect no good from the hand of God. But I cannot believe; as soon could I make a world. Then you must be damned, for, “he that believeth not shall be damned.”—But will the Lord condemn me to eternal punishment for not doing an impossibility? So I thought. I shudder while I write it—blasphemy rose in my heart against such a God, and my tongue was tempted to utter it. Sweat profusely burst from the pores of my body, and the fires of hell gat hold on me. In this uncommon state I remained for two or three days.

From this state of perplexity I was relieved by the

precious word of God. From reading and meditating upon it, I became convinced that God did love the whole world, and that the reason why he did not save all, was because of their unbelief; and that the reason why they believed not, was not because God did not exert his physical, almighty power in them to make them believe, but because they neglected and received not his testimony, given in the Word concerning his Son. “These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing, ye might have life through his name.” I saw that the requirement to believe in the Son of God, was reasonable; because the testimony given was sufficient to produce faith in the sinner; and the invitations and encouragement of the gospel were sufficient, if believed, to lead him to the Saviour, for the promised Spirit, salvation and eternal life.

This glimpse of faith—of truth, was the first divine ray of light, that ever led my distressed, perplexed mind from the labyrinth of Calvinism and error, in which I had so long been bewildered. It was that which led me into rich pastures of gospel-liberty. I now saw plainly that it was not against the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ that I had been tempted to blaspheme, but against the character of a God not revealed in the Scriptures—a character no rational creature can love or honor—a character universally detested when seen even in man; for what man, professing great love for his children, would give them impossible commands, and then severely punish them for not doing them; and all this for his mere good pleasure? What man acting thus would not be despised as a monster, or demon in human shape, and be hissed from all respectable society? Shall we dare to impute such a character to the God of the universe?

Let me here speak when I shall be lying under the clods of the grave. Calvinism is among the heaviest clogs on Christianity in the world. It is a dark mountain between heaven and earth, and is amongst the