

again united with a Christian Congregation, again
to sit under a pious minister of the Gospel. But
I must check these feelings. I trust I am
in the service of the same Heavenly Master with
you: that he will bless me still, as he has
already done, and give me patience to wait
his pleasure, and to submit to him in all
things. It is not my own work I am called
to. It is his own. I am a sinful, polluted,
worn, but He will carry on his own work
by whom and whenever he pleases. If he
condescends to make use of my instrumentality,
I shall have reason to be thankful for ever.
I pray that he will pardon what is mine
and glorify himself in the salvation of those
whom in infinite compassion he has purposed
to select out of a wicked world. The verse which
you quoted when I spent the evening at your