

the instrumentality of the word preached, of some of whom it may now, with humble confidence be said—

"They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
While we, in hymns below."

One or two instances immediately connected with the cause here, the writer feels it incumbent to state, as eminently illustrative of that saving "grace and truth, which came by Jesus Christ."

Mrs. Mary Ann H—, whose maiden name was Lovegrove, (some of whose relatives, it is believed, are still living at Halifax), was permitted, through the dispensations of his will, who is unerring in all things, to become the subject of long and severe affliction, by means of dropsy. It pleased God, through this dire disease, gradually to break her schemes of earthly enjoyment; but, possessing naturally an uncommon buoyancy of spirit, and a more than ordinary show of volatility, she struggled for many years to put the serious thought of death, which would often intrude, far from her; and sought, in all the various vanities of time and sense, to divert her own heart from the serious view of eternity. Having a lovely voice, and great musical power in commanding it, she frequently amused herself when alone, in singing (what she then called) "beautiful sentimental songs" to keep her from religious reflection. Thus did she ignorantly endeavour to suppress the blessed operation of the Holy Spirit, and counteract the purposes of that grace and mercy, which were employed to bring her to the only true source of permanent enjoyment. She was not at this time confined to the house,—and a variety of providential circumstances concurring, she was led to attend, (first occasionally, and afterwards entirely) the ministry of Mr. W., to be pleased with a visit from him, to meet in class, as also, when unable to leave home, to have it held in her own house; and finally, to be deeply interested in the conversation and friendship, of those who feared the Lord in that connection. Yet he who doth not "willingly afflict, but for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness," whose essential property is love—saw meet to lay his gracious hand, with seemingly increased severity, on this early victim of disease, and she became entirely excluded from the public ordinances. It was under these circumstances she first yielded to the heartfelt penitential conviction—"I am a sinner, unprepared for death;" and made the earnest inquiry in her soul, "What shall I do to be saved?" how shall I obtain a sense of the divine favour?" Under these convictions, and in this supplicating position of soul, she was graciously aided, through means of that invaluable body of doctrinal and experimental divinity,—"Wesley's Collection" of hymns. To these she had daily recourse, as also to some of Fletcher's works—his "address to earnest seekers of salvation," and his various letters on spiritual subjects. Through these means, and looking into the Bible, that sacred, infallible directory to eternal life, pointing to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world"—light, and conviction of eternal realities, and her own close connection with them, increased in her soul, and the one object with her became,—that, ere "she failed on earth, she might secure a mansion in the skies."

On one occasion, a friend having been with her a great part of the day, endeavouring to strengthen her dependence on those blessed doctrines, she had so often listened to, through Mr. W.'s ministry, when able to attend; namely: that "Christ is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world; and, 'by grace ye are saved, through faith': she said,—"If I am saved, the Methodist Ministers have been the means: Mr. W. first spoke to me concerning my soul;—remember, I tell you so, (then turning to another friend sitting by), I tell you both so: I may not have my recollection when I die; I wish to be remembered; I shall never get better; I think I shall be saved: but

I want to feel a sense of my acceptance." It pleased Him, however, whose power is infinite, and whose compassion runs parallel therewith, both to lengthen out her life for more than ten weeks, as also to continue to her, in a most remarkable manner, the full exercise of her rational faculties, to the last moment of her existence. During this protracted state of sufferings, which were humiliating, from the nature of her disease,—many christian friends visited her frequently; engaging at her request, alternately in earnest prayer, day and night,—asking in her behalf, as a penitent sinner, that she might be enabled to cast her helpless soul on the atoning sacrifice: this she was eventually assisted to do. The time and circumstances of this blessed change, were as follows:—

"It was a calm, still morning,
Sleep lay on the waters:
And the air had folded its light wing,
To keep the sabbath morning holy, fair."

when an accustomed visit was made to Mrs. H—: She was extended on a sofa, which was placed under the windows of the room she occupied, and which looked into the little flower garden, in which she once much delighted. The sashes were raised, in order if possible, to afford her an easier respiration; the blinds were down. On entering, it was asked—"How do you feel to-day?"—she answered with solemn composure, and in her usual pleasant tone of voice,—"I'm happy"; "what a mercy!" was the reply, "then you have believed on Christ: how long since, and how was your mind exercised, before or at the time?" "This morning," she said, "the friend had gone home, who sat up with me; I was alone here, wearied with this body of mine, and miserable! I felt myself a wretched sinner; I had been praying all night, either in words or in my mind, but could not feel my sins forgiven. This morning I could pray no more. I thought I was dying: all my hope seemed gone! it seemed of no use to try. I lifted up the blind [extending her hand at the same time to shew me], and raised my head to look out into the garden for the last time; but ah, what was it to me? all was beautiful, but I was wretched! I lay down again, shut my eyes, and turned my face over on the pillow, with this thought,—how can I lie down in hell! Then I thought: I'll look upward once more; I'll make one more attempt to call upon him: I tried to—immediately I felt my sins forgiven; that he was my Saviour. I'm saved by grace, through faith. I wish it inscribed on my tombstone,—a Sinner saved by grace alone! He is worthy of all praise." She continued to express herself, much in the same manner, through the day, to many friends who called. Among the number of whom was, the late Mrs. Sarah Smith, (then Miss Hart) who had been partaker of the same grace, through the like instrumentality,—of whom she was fond, and who was frequently engaged in fervent prayer on her behalf. She survived more than a fortnight after this—never losing her sense of acceptance—though often fiercely attacked by the enemy of souls: her inward conflicts were made manifest by the earnestness of her prayers, and her "looking unto Jesus." But at the moment of dissolving nature, when "the earthly house of her tabernacle" was giving way, the weeping friends who surrounded her dying couch, have scripture grounds for believing her experience was—

"Heaven opens to my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring."

as some of the last words she was heard to utter were—"Music! Music!"—and then raising her hand, as if in holy triumph, exclaimed—"with the Lamb for ever!"—and expired: August 19th, 1831, in the 33d year of her age. Her remains were interred in the Wesleyan chapel ground, and the inscription placed on her tombstone, agreeably to her wish—

"A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE ALONE."

To be concluded in our next