

room as a "sanctum." This room, through whose narrow window the sun's rays could scarcely penetrate, witnessed his "wrestlings." Its pigeon holes are still stocked with memorials of him, a fine field for the autograph or relic hunter. The chapel was immediately below, and when too infirm to go down, the holy man would listen eagerly through a hole to the spiritual exercises of his happy family, and interpose words of counsel and comfort.

About the age of sixty he fell asleep. He lies with his numerous family around him, beneath the stately yews in the quiet burying ground near by his house. The mansion was left by him to his spiritual children. About fifteen years ago it was made over by the only two remaining survivors to the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church for a College, which, we understand, is going on prosperously. And here it is worthy of notice, that Trevecca was the seat of a similar institution planted in Harris' time by that noble Christian lady, the Countess of Huntingdon. This institution was afterwards transferred to Cheshunt, and presided over for several years by the eminent Dr. John Harris. While at Trevecca the spirit of Howell Harris pervaded it, and a race of faithful preachers were trained within its walls. In many respects it was a model for similar institutions. Now that our College has commenced another Session, a picture of the Trevecca Institute may not be inappropriate. "Lady Huntingdon commonly resided in the College, and the influence of her fervent piety was highly beneficial. The greatest deference was paid by the students to their tutors, and habits of neatness were cultivated. Above all, *the spirit of devotion* was at Trevecca eminently apparent. *The delighted visitant, when walking in the neighbouring vale, might often hear distinctly from different parts of the surrounding woodlands the voice of social prayer proceeding from several little bands of students, who were pouring out their hearts before the God of mercy.* Active exertion was combined with devotional exercises. Several horses were kept for the purpose of conveying the students to more distant places on Saturday afternoons, while the nearer villages were visited on foot; and thus the benefits of the College were felt through the surrounding towns and villages to the distance of twenty or thirty miles. Being possessed of an experimental acquaintance with the things of God, and fired with holy zeal and ardent love to the souls of their perishing fellow-men, the ministry of the students was much blessed. There was a fire and a freshness about their ministrations, together with a laudable preference for that style of preaching which gave prominence to those truths which are most likely to awaken the careless. They were indeed irregular troops, but they brought in more captives than the disciplined squadrons."

The devoted Fletcher frequently visited the Institution. These visits proved times of refreshing—blessed breaks in the monotony of their studies. "Being convinced that to be FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST was a better qualification for the ministry of the Gospel than any classical learning, (although that too be useful in its place,) after speaking a while in the school-room, he used frequently to say, 'As many of you as are athirst for this fulness of the Spirit, follow me into my room.' On this many of them have instantly followed him and continued for two or three hours, wrestling like Jacob for the blessing, praying one after another, till they could bear to kneel no longer. This was not done once or twice, but many times."

May the same sacred flame which made the hearts of the inmates of Trevecca thus burn within them, be brightly kindled within our own beloved Institution, and that living loving spirit be found there which fired the lips and made a living sacrifice of the lives of Fletcher and Harris!

The foregoing somewhat desultory sketch we shall wind up by inserting the following original letter of Howell Harris, the substance and strain of which are peculiarly suitable to the present times.