

GRACE ABUNDING.

With pleasure and gratitude we insert the following most interesting narrative—displaying as it does so strikingly the sovereignty and abounding grace of God. It is the more impressive for the free and unaffected manner in which it is related, by one whose fervent supplications have often been presented in behalf of the subject of it. Verily there must be a value and a power in intercessory prayer, which we cannot sufficiently estimate:—

Toronto, 19th March, 1850.

DEAR SIR—

This last mail has brought me a letter of surprising interest, from a valued christian friend, which, I think it will be no violation of confidence to insert in your pages. The letter records a wonderful instance of converting grace, and though my correspondent communicates it without the most distant idea of its publication further, I feel as if to withhold from your readers so precious a document, were to deny to them a most likely means of awakening and impressing some of them, as well as of confirming and quickening others. I have read nothing, for a long time, that has so reminded me of the case of John Newton or Col. Gardiner: nothing that more illustrated the saying, that incidents of real life often exceed in interest the creations of romance. I have only to add, that I know the accomplished writer to be a christian of high standing, well-trying, and prudent, and whose fervent prayers, combined with the meekness of wisdom, and ardent zeal, have, it appears, been honoured and rewarded, among the instrumentalities which the Divine Shepherd has employed, to bring another soul to Christ and to heaven. "Rejoice with me, for I have found that which was lost." Respectfully yours,

M. WILLIS.

GLASGOW, February 22, 1850.

MY BELOVED PASTOR,—

I have been longing to hear from you, and resolving at the same time to write of what I had been saying was sure to engage a thankful interest in your warm heart, by the return of a poor wandering sheep to the fold of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls; but ere I could find the opportunity, I have also to tell of that same one having entered the fold of heaven, to go no more out.

I know not really whether there is more of joy or of sorrow in announcing that death has stricken down my young friend, Dr. J. C. M.—, son of Mr. S— M—, on Friday morning last, at half-past eight o'clock. He died of apoplexy—the same complaint by which my own sweet Elizabeth was removed—and with some, if not with greater unpreparedness as to the event itself. You will easily believe how my sympathies have been stirred—my grief awakened, by so similar and startling a dispensation. It is not yet six years since the young promising practitioner was suddenly brought to attend her dying bed, where he administered with a brother's love, to her latest breath. Ever since that period, he was an object of deep interest, and I may add, of many prayers; and when he arrived a year ago in Glasgow, at the close of his commission from that dreadful coast of Africa, we felt thankful he had been preserved. On his first visit to me in Melrose street, I was amazed at the turn he gave the conversation, so soon as the usual salutations were over—doubting, reviling, nay, opposing the precious doctrines of Christ—then listening with all the docility of a child, to whatever was (feebly enough, but with prayer to God) advanced in reply. I could not help being struck with the knowledge he had acquired of the Scriptures, but, oh! it was such unsanctified knowledge. He was several months at home, before he was put into commission, but much sooner than his friends expected. It was an appointment to the flag-ship, stationed

at Madras, which was very gratifying in one view of it. All the time he was here, the above mentioned state of mind continued—never letting alone any of those friends who knew the truth—I—, who was deeply concerned for his spiritual welfare, that I felt convinced there was a work begun—that God's Spirit was stirring within him. My conviction arose from Luke xi. 21, 22. He was in our house every other day, and to my great sorrow, growing worse and worse, yet taking all that I gave him to read, which he did carefully—and even went with me one day to hear Dr. M. preach. After this he seemed on the high way to the Church of Rome, and left this country unchanged, notwithstanding all the faithful instruction and testimonies poured upon him by many who yearned for his salvation. I told a pious friend of his state—his reading all that I would give him—that I was at a loss what best to choose for him—naming several books I thought of, but desired to give one, or rather to be guided to one, which would meet the objections of his highly-gifted, intellectual mind. She at once said—"Give him Scott's Essays"—which I did. His trunks were all off before I got it sent, and on his sister giving it, he said—"Oh, I can't take it in my pocket; you've given me more divinity than would be required by our ship's chaplain—I'll tell you what I'll do—when I get on board I'll toss them all into the sea, for I shan't read them." His sister merely replied—"No, J—, I'm sure you won't do that, for the sake of the donors." He gave one of his own sweet smiles, for naturally he was one of a most lovable class of characters. They had letters from Madeira, Rio-de-Janeiro—at which latter place he had been ill, and wrote, evidently, under great mental instability—was on his way to the Cape, from which place he would write. Letters were expected about a month ago, when lo! a letter arrived, announcing his being in the English channel, and well. This news was very startling, and he arrived in town by the Liverpool steamer on Sabbath, where he met his father and sisters as they came out from church. He came to see us on Monday, but we only remarked upon his quiet demeanour, and that he looked very grave. Tuesday he called again, and said something which struck me greatly, but which led me to speak very fully of man's fallen state, of what we were by nature and practice—"ill-deserving and hell-deserving sinners," to which he softly and ardently assented. I was in a state of great wonder. What is this? He said many things generally which showed a great change had taken place, and on doubting if he had done right on throwing up his commission, as it was by an impulse at the Cape, I advised him to leave the issue of that with God, who might yet shew him the reason why. On going to the door with him, he said, "Oh, Mrs. M. I have much to tell you, but I cannot now, but will come and see you soon." On my return, Mrs. L. and I could only respond to each other, "Is that J— M—?" "It is a new J—, and not the old J—." Two days and he came again. I was alone, and oh! what a history of "grace abounding"—his story "to a chief sinner." Finally do I desire to write all to the glory of God, who did all "the work of faith with divine power," and triumphed gloriously in "delivering the lawful captive and setting the prisoner free" from the curse of the law, from guilt, sin, Satan, and inward corruption—who had delivered from spiritual darkness, and brought him into the bright light which shines around the cross of Jesus, and into the soul of each who believes upon Him—the crucified ONE.

Briefly, when one day in St. Jude's—while Mr. M. was in London last spring, Mr. Drummond's assistant preached from "Add to your faith," &c. While the preacher reasoned of all these—his opposition, ever uppermost, was somewhat laid, so that he attended to the things spoken—and at last felt as if he "would rise and run for it—he preached so at him." All the way home, he contested every point, opposing still, if possible, more vehem-

mently than before; but God's arrow of conviction had entered into his soul—an arrow of mercy, wounding but to heal, which none could pluck out but Himself. He never got quit of these thoughts, but Newton-like, only plunged deeper into sin—so much so, that one day while lying on the deck of the vessel musing, blasphemously, (as he said to me) wished, that if God knew all things, he would shew him where his lost keys were, that he might get into a private box to look at things he valued, as he could not read. Starting to his feet, he descended, and on looking, found his keys—oh, the long suffering, forbearance of a *grieved* God!—at which the poor sinner trembled from head to foot, and which made all his brother officers who saw him, remark there was something wrong—they were in amazement. He began to read the Bible—the Pilgrim's Progress, with Scott's Notes; and finally the last of his proud reasonings and cavillings were utterly overcome, by the blessing of God and the working of His Holy Spirit, in the perusal of the last chapter of "Scott's Essays," upon which he so beautifully commented when his lips declared the wonderful works of God. I could only say, "What hath God wrought!" "We were like them that dream." It has pleased God to bring him to declare all these, though during the whole passage home from the Cape of Good Hope he had enjoyed a season of great peace, joy, and nearness to God. He suffered under a cloud of *distance* for a few days, during which he was in great distress of soul. February 7th, heard the word from Dr. Miller at the Thursday prayer-meeting—Matt. xxi. 8—18, and parallel passage in Mark. I thought him greatly comforted by it. He complained slightly on Friday and Saturday of his head, and a medical man advised him to keep his bed—his sister attended and read to him all the time. Sabbath—was well again—twice in Church, and enjoyed it much. Monday—commenced to practice in Partick, and on the next Thursday, (14th) I received a message that he would join his sister and myself in Dr. Miller's, and would go home and rest half an hour in Melrose street. It was a sweet conversation we had on our way home, about the discourse "of the barren fig-tree" in Mark xi. 12—14, and very solemn. After supper (A— was in London) he intimated his desire to remain to our family worship. I asked him to pray, which he declined, and requested me. I at first refused, from felt weakness, but got strength for duty. In course, sung Psalm iv. 5, 6, 7, 8—read 2 Samuel, vii., and bid a final adieu. Word was brought to me next morning he was in eternity. Bat, oh, the blessedness—the joy he is in glory! Sounds of distress were heard proceeding from his room at half-past seven o'clock, and by eight all was over—he never spoke, nor exhibited the slightest consciousness. After reaching the garden, he had chosen the subject of lecture for his sister to read, and made one or two comments, when he kissed the poor girls (the rest were in bed) and they were awakened in the morning to see their beloved "lost but found" in the agonies of death. I rejoice to say they are divinely succoured in their hour of need, and the poor old father, in the midst of accumulated and sore distresses is, I hope, being taught, as never before, "to look up to the heavens, whence cometh help."

Affectionately yours,

A— M—.

PRESENTATION.—A party of the friends of Mr. Hepworth, a gentleman of liberal education, who has laboured as a missionary in the Townships of Leeds, Lansdown and Pittsburg, for the last three years, without expense to the settlers, or salary from any Society, met at the house of Dr. Richmond, Gananoque, on the 12th ult, and presented Mr. H. with a Canadian pony. The Rev. H. Gordon presided on the occasion, and the evening was spent in a pleasant and profitable manner.