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"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL xii. 4.

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

PRAYER ANSWERED AFTER DEATH.

THE revival in ———, in 1840, was very powerful, and a very large number were hopefully converted to God. Indeed it was thought that nearly all those who were impenitent at its commencement, had found hope in Christ before its close. I cannot tell you in how many families the domestic altar was erected, on which was offered the morning and evening sacrifice. Many, many praying wives were made glad by the conversion of their husbands, and whole households, parents and children, were rejoicing together in hope of the glory of God. Indeed, ——— very much resembled heaven. 'All the air was love; and, as you passed through the beautiful little village on a fine moonlight evening, you would hear the voice of prayer from almost every habitation, or find little groups of happy spirits beneath the shady elms, rejoicing in a Saviour's love, and speaking his praises in the songs of Zion.

Yet there was one sad heart even in ———. It is true, that heart sympathized with the angels over repenting sinners; but it had "great heaviness" mingled with its holy joys. And it had a good reason for its sorrow. Mrs. Johnson's husband remained unmoved during the whole revival. All his neighbors and associates were converted, but he resisted every appeal from the sacred desk, and from the wife whom he tenderly loved; and against the most powerful exhibitions of truth from the lips of the most faithful ministers, as well as against all the mightier influences which were brought to bear upon his heart by the Holy Spirit, he persevered in his rebellion, and when the revival ceased he stood almost alone, like a solitary tree which has been girdled and left to wither and die in the open field. Mrs. Johnson's spirit sunk within her as she saw all her neighbors coming forward, and on a sacramental sabbath making a public profession of their faith in Christ, while her husband remained unmoved. She went to the communion table, the only one in her family, while her dear sisters in the church were surrounded by their *new born* husbands and children. Still she despaired not. Her faith in God yielded not to her discouraging circumstances. Oh, no. She had wrestled with the Angel of the covenant; and often had found secret relief in rolling her burdens upon the Lord. Her sisters sympathized with her, and "fulfilled the law of Christ" by uniting their prayers with hers at the throne of grace.

I know not what the reason was, but not long after the revival, some hidden and deeply concealed malady seemed to be preying upon the heart-strings of this pious woman. It may have been that it was caused by her excessive mental distress, and frequent fasting and sleepless solicitude for her husband; for it really seemed at times, and so she often said, that she *must die* unless her husband's soul was brought "from darkness unto light and from the power of Satan unto God." Of-

ten did she say to God, on her knees, that if her death might be the means of bringing him to reflection and repentance, she would cheerfully yield up her life as the sacrifice,—and so it happened. By and by, the bright red spot upon her cheek revealed the sad truth that consumption was doing its work of destruction at the seat of life. Her husband watched it with deep anxiety, and employed the most skillful physicians, but death could not be bribed. She knew she must die, but her spirit was tranquil as a summer's eve. An unearthly fire shone in her eye, and unearthly joys inspired her bosom. She felt all the power of conjugal affection, and yearned over her little children with all the energy of a mother's love. But still every tear seemed to be illumined with a smile, as she committed her loved ones to the care of her covenant-keeping God. Indeed it seemed as if she had at last rested upon "Peniel," and received the name of "Israel," for she said to one of her confidential friends, before she fell asleep, 'I shall meet my husband and children in heaven—I die that he may live.' The parting hour came, and, having given her last advice to those she so tenderly loved, she exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," and fell asleep.

Her husband's heart was sad, but it felt not any compunction for sin. His was "the sorrow of the world, which worketh death," and not that "godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life." His heart was hard, even while lamenting his loss with tears. The hour of his redemption, however, was near. Night now drew her curtains around his gloomy habitation, and his children wished to retire. Taking their mother's place, he led them to their chamber, and undressing them, put them into bed. 'Father,' said his dear little daughter, about five years' old, 'father, will you not pray with us?' He made no answer. 'Father, mother used to pray with us when she was alive; will you not?' He evaded the question. 'Well, father, we may say the little prayers that mother taught us.' This was preaching such as he never heard before—preaching "in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." It was an "arrow, sharp in the heart of the king's enemy," and he felt. He left the room overwhelmed with a consciousness of guilt, and he spent the night in dreadful agony. On coming from his room, in the morning, he spoke to a pious young woman living in the family, and said, 'If you can do any thing to help me, do it now; pray for me; I am going to hell.' She replied that she had never prayed before any one, and begged him to pray for himself. 'I cannot,' he exclaimed; 'I do not know how: I am going to hell.' She bent her knee, and began to pray, but not being accustomed to it soon ceased. He, however, burst out in agonising supplication, as of one pleading for his life. Soon his heart broke in penitential sorrow, and he arose rejoicing in the hope of forgiven sin.

The funeral took place that day. After the remains of his dear wife were deposited in the silent grave, and the people had generally re-

tired, he went up to one of the members of the church, and taking him by the hand, thus addressed him: 'I ask your forgiveness: I have often said hard things about you; but God, I trust, has forgiven me, and I hope you will.' I need not tell you that Mr. Benton was astonished at this avowal of his interest in Christ. He continued, 'You must not think that my house is a house of sorrow. O no; it is a house of joy. The Lord hath taken my wife to heaven—she wanted to go—I am satisfied.'

He left the grave yard, and returned to bless his family and pray with his children. And do you not believe, my dear friends, that when there was "joy in the presence of the angels of God" over the repenting sinner, his wife struck the highest note of praise to her faithful Redeemer?

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

Mr. J. B., eighteen months ago, was a firm believer in the final salvation of all men. In the spring of 1841, his health began to fail, and soon there was great fear that he was going into a decline. Sometimes he was alarmed in view of death, judgment, and an eternal hell; and at other times, he would say that all would be well after death. I asked him if he had any conviction in view of his sins, or distress of soul while he thought that all would be saved; he said, "No; but when I doubt this doctrine, I am in such distress, that I can hardly live." I told him that so long as he believed that doctrine, he was resisting the Holy Spirit, and could never be born again, and therefore must be lost forever. Said the poor man, "I shall sink, if I give that up." "Well," said I, "you will sink if you keep it; for you must see that it blinds your eyes; hardens your heart; and baffles all efforts to save your poor soul." I told him that he must abandon that doctrine forever; and then his eyes might be opened, his heart softened, and he become penitent and prepared for the mercy of those who are saved by grace. Soon after, I visited him in company with several praying friends. We bowed, and offered fervent prayer for his soul. He then renounced that doctrine forever, and felt himself to be lost and undone. He saw his sins and cried for mercy; he saw the justice of the law in his eternal destruction; and wondered that he was out of hell. His former friends tried to comfort him with the old story, "there is no hell—all will be well after death;" but all in vain. He knew better, for he had awful forebodings of hell and destruction then in his soul. He continued to plead for mercy; and I and others pleaded for him, until the Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake, gave him reason to hope that he had pardoned his sins, and adopted him into the family of the Saviour. He then appeared humble, and confessed his sins to his former friends, and warned them to abandon that dangerous doctrine, and fly to Christ for salvation. He lived for several months in the enjoyment of the presence of Christ, during which time he was baptized, joined the church, and brought his children into the covenant with