

to him any more." He then resolved that he would not go to confess any more. He went no more, yet felt no particular concern about his soul, and remained careless for some time after.

His daughter, who at this time attended the Sunday School, had a little book entitled "Little Henry and his Bearer," given to her at the Sunday School. One day, she begged her father to read the little book. He declined, saying it was for little girls like her, but not for him. She became restless in her importunity for him to read it; he thought it beneath him, yet to please her, or perhaps rather to escape her importunity, he began to read it; nor did he desist until he had read it through. He felt his depravity, his guilt; he found himself lost. He said, "If this little boy considered himself so sinful and guilty, how sinful and guilty am I. I have done nothing else through life but sin against God." He went to his Bible and began to read. He felt his condemnation, he thought he must be damned. Night drew on; he went to bed,—threw himself on his face, and prayed; but he could not repeat those prayers which he had formerly learned, but cried, "God be merciful to my soul." About midnight, he told me, he felt as if standing on a narrow plank, a mist rose up around him, and he thought he saw the damned in Hell, and was just about to fall into the fearful abyss. Thoughts of Jesus dying for sinners came into his mind. It appeared to him as if the Saviour stood between him and this fearful place, with his arms spread under ready to save him. Immediately he cast himself into those arms, and found peace to his guilty heart; he "rejoiced in Christ Jesus and had no confidence in the flesh," and from that time has enjoyed the Gospel of Christ.

I had much profitable conversation with this Christian brother. The steamboat did not pass P. till mid-

night; he accompanied me about nine o'clock to a height which overlooks the bay. We sat down and talked about our Saviour and his love. When from home, an almost overwhelming loneliness affects one's heart. The kindness and courtesies of strangers serve a little to reclaim it, and these were not wanting at P.; yet nothing is so accordant with that tone of softened grief as the story of the Saviour's love, sufferings, and death—as that which is a fruit of it, the conversion of the soul to God. There was, besides, in our circumstances at the moment, much to produce this "joy of grief." The moon had taken up her pensive tale; the noise of active day had yielded to the hush of night—Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, had commenced his welcome visits—and Lake Champlain softly mirrored the cerulean arch of heaven, whilst its gentle ripples murmured on the shore.

Sweet's the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When they sit and sing of him,
When the Saviour is the theme.

Sweet's the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Then they sit and sing of him—
Then the Saviour *is* the theme.

This good brother understands the way of acceptance with God well. He bears a high character in regard to consistency of conduct; is zealous in the promotion of Christ's cause, and travails in birth for his countrymen. He was filled with joy on hearing what God was doing. It is about five years since he was converted. His wife has since been turned to God, and his eldest daughter is now under deep concern. Dear brother, we may meet no more on earth; but our hearts meet in Jesus; and after the trials of life we shall meet around his throne, and praise the conduct of the Lamb that was slain for us! Adieu, then, for a season.