

last seal to the glorious truths he had so long preached among you.

"Three years, nine months, and two days, I have possessed my heavenly minded husband. But now the sun of my earthly joy is set forever, my soul is filled with anguish, and only finds consolation in a total resignation to the will of God. When I was asking the Lord, if he pleased to spare him to me a little longer, the following promise was impressed upon my mind with great power, (in the accomplishment of which I look for our re-union,) 'Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory.'—Lord, hasten the hour."

"There is little need, says Mr. Wesley, 'of adding any farther character of this man of God, to the foregoing account, given by one who wrote out of the fulness of the heart. I was intimately acquainted with him for above thirty years. I conversed with him morning, noon, and night, without the least reserve, during a journey of many hundred miles. And in all that time, I never heard him speak one improper word, nor saw him do an improper action.—To conclude, many exemplary men have I known, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years. But one equal to him I have not known; one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God. So unblamable a character, in every respect, I have not found in Europe or America. Nor do I expect to find another such on this side eternity.'"

As it is possible we may all follow him as he followed Christ, let us labour without ceasing to do this; that, whensoever we are called away, we may be found ready like him, to enter into the joy of the Lord.

Review.

A Memoir of the late Rev. William Black, Wesleyan Minister, Halifax, N. S., including an Account of the Rise and Progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia, Characteristic Notices of several individuals; with copious extracts from the unpublished Correspondence of the Rev. John Wesley, Rev. Dr. Coke, Rev. Freeborn Garretson, etc. By MATTHEW RICHEY, A. M., Principal of Upper Canada Academy. Halifax, printed by William Cunnabell 1839. pp. x. 370. Royal 12mo. Cambrie, 6s. 3d.

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THE REV. W. BLACK, the subject of this Memoir was born of respectable parents, at Huddersfield, a large and flourishing town in West Yorkshire, in the year 1760—emigrated with the rest of the family in 1775 to Nova Scotia, and located in Cumberland. He was early the subject of divine and serious impressions, but was led astray by the vain amusements of the world, until he was about nineteen years of age, when he experienced the salvation of his soul. The following is a circumstantial account of this interesting event, drawn up by Mr. Black himself:—

"In the spring of 1779, the Lord began in a more powerful manner to operate upon my mind. The occasion of it was as follows:—A few of the old Methodists who emigrated from England, some years

before, having had something of a revival in their souls, began to hold their meetings for prayer and exhortation. God blessed their word, some were awakened; and it was presently rumoured abroad, that such and such were converted. This helped to set the people at thinking and enquiring whether these things were so.

"One day, my brother John had been over at Fort Lawrence. On his return he informed me that G. Swinburn told him that John Johnson and another man were converted, and knew their sins forgiven, and that he ought to seek the same blessing. 'But,' said he, 'I do not believe it, for Johnson was playing cards, at such a time.' I replied, 'Brother, it signifies little to us how the case is with them, whether they are converted or not, we must alter the course of our lives or we cannot see the kingdom of God.'—He said, 'I intend to do it.' 'But,' said I, 'let us determine and covenant to lead a new life.' We accordingly entered into a covenant that we would set out on a new course, leave off dancing, card-playing, &c., and attend the meetings for prayer; and shook hands as a seal of the same. But, although we had thus solemnly covenanted together, we durst not enter into conversation about the state of our souls, for nearly a fortnight after; and yet, we longed to open our minds, and were together every day.

"About this time I went over to Mr. Oxley's. They were seeking the Lord, and exhorted me to do the same. Their conversation was made a blessing to me. I was full of good desires. On the Sabbath I went to meeting, and felt still greater desires; for several days after I felt my mind continually drawn to prayer and meditation. Religious concerns alone possessed my mind; nor had I the least inclination to return to my old companions or ways; so that I said, in my heart, 'I wish all the world knew how easy it is to be religious,—surely they would all turn to God.' But alas! I knew very little what was in my heart, or of real religion.

"One night we had a meeting at Mr. Oxley's. We had desired an old man to come and pray with us. His name was John Newton, from Pradhow, near New Castle. He gave out a hymn; but before he had sung many verses, the tears began to gush from my eyes, and my heart to throb within me. I could not but cry out for mercy, as in little time most of the company did. One young man, at first, began to laugh at us. He thought, 'What! you never committed murder, or did any thing so dreadful, that you need make such fools of yourselves, and roar out like mad people.' But God soon turned his laughter into sorrow. An arrow of conviction fastened in his heart, and he roared out louder than any, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Ten or eleven continued thus crying for some time. In about an hour God graciously set Mrs. Oxley at liberty. Her soul was brought out of dismal darkness into light truly marvellous. Oh! how did her soul exult in the Redeemer, and magnify his blessed name. We continued our meeting for two or three hours, and then parted. I went home with my three brothers and sisters, weary and heavy laden. It seemed to me if an hundred people had been there, they must have been all awakened.

"From this time, for some months, we met almost every night, to sing and pray; generally continuing from a little after sun-down, until midnight. Frequently I with another remained till day-light. To weep—to fast—to pray—was now become as my meat and drink. I did not desire any thing else until I found Jesus. I thought, I talked, of Jesus; nor could I bear to hear of any thing but what had a tendency to lead my soul to him. It filled me with amazement to see men endowed with reason, and capable of enjoying God's love, or of bearing

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