

trary, to bless those that curse, and to pray for misguided and persecuting adversaries. This is to be perfect, in all the imitations of good in our heavenly Father.

In a word he gave a perfect consummation to his sermon, by directing the auditors to make a practical use of his doctrine, by building no longer on the sands of tradition, on washings and talmadic tales. He exhorted them to imitate the wise architect who builds on a rock, and then the fabric stands in the day of tempest. This rock is the rock of ages; this foundation is love of God, the love of God unfolded in his promises. This wise man shall be unmoved when the blasts shall blow, when the rains shall descend; yea, when death himself shall assail our tabernacle, he shall stand like a rock, being of one spirit with the Lord.

The people on hearing this discourse were transported with delight. While the legislator expounded his law, they felt its sacred influence, and exclaimed, He teacheth not as a scribe, but as one having authority; for his word is with power.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

From Longden's Life.

ONE evening, as I was returning from Chapel, where I had been much blessed, I felt my soul travailing in birth for the salvation of perishing men. Having to call at our grocer's shop, I found him enquiring of a poor woman after the health of her son. In a plaintive voice she replied, "He is very ill, he cannot continue long;—he is my only child, and when I have lost him, I have lost all!" Instantly I felt a strong desire to visit him, and with some difficulty obtained permission. I found him in a wretched habitation, seated in an easy chair, panting for breath, in the last stage of a consumption: he appeared to be about twenty-two years of age.

I addressed him as follows:—"Young man, I am sorry to see you so ill." He said, "I am very ill indeed, Sir, but it will not be long,—I shall soon be released.—I hope I shall soon be in heaven." "I am glad," I added, "to hear of your willingness to die, and of your hope of heaven: have you a scriptural foundation for your hope?" As he made no reply, and thinking he did not understand me, I said "you know, my friend, there are many die who do not go to heaven, for God saith, 'the wicked shall be turned into Hell, with all the nations that forget God.' Before we can be admitted into heaven, we must repent of our wicked lives, and obtain a pardon for all our sins. Have you repented and been forgiven?" He could contain himself no longer, but turned with indignation to his mother, and said, "What did you bring this fellow here for?" Then, turning to me he said, "Man, go about your business; I did not send for you, nor do I want you; you do me no good; surely my afflictions are great enough, and you distress me exceedingly." The more I endeavoured to pacify him, the more his anger kindled against me. I therefore sat, and silently lifted my heart to God for wisdom to direct me. It appeared as if I had no possibility of success, unless I could obtain consent to sit up with him all night. I asked, entreated, and would not be denied. I told them what an excellent nurse I was, and I hoped we should have a comfortable night. If they pleased I would go home and fetch some currant jelly, and other things proper for a person in his situation; that I would bring some refreshments for myself, that I might be no expense to them;—that a night of sound sleep would refresh the old mother, who seemed almost worn out;—that I would instruct him in the best manner I was able;—and, that if there were a change for death, I would awake the mother, that she might see her son die. Taking it for granted I had prevailed, I hastened home, and returned as soon as possible, and found they had not locked me out.

The young man received me with sullen silence. After some soothing conversation, I prevailed upon

the mother to go to bed. As the young man was unable to lie down, he remained in his large chair, day and night. I told him I had brought a Bible with me, and, if he pleased, I would read to him, to which he consented. After I had prayed, I read, and expounded those parts which were applicable to his state. "What!" he said, "you are beginning again: you certainly will kill me,—it does so hurt me to talk! O that my mother was but here!" I said, "My dear child, you do not need to talk: I won't ask you one question, and I beg you will not speak, and I will pray and read." I kneeled down and prayed again, but with little expectation. Then I opened the precious word of life, and alternately read, expounded, and applied:—when I saw his passion rising, I begged he would not speak, for that would hurt him. We spent our time in this way some hours, till, at length, under prayer, I heard him feebly say *Amen* to my petitions, which inspired me with fresh courage to persevere. When I arose, I spoke to him more closely, with all tenderness, concerning his sin and danger. Now he opened his mouth, and broke the snare of the devil. He told me he was the son of a pious Methodist class-leader! who, many years ago, had passed into the heavens. I felt confident the father's many prayers must be answered. Now I kneeled down, and asked God in faith, nothing doubting; I heard the young man repeating my petitions word for word. Instantly I personated a poor lost sinner on the verge of hell, yet through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, suing for mercy. Then I cried, God be merciful to me a sinner, a great sinner, the chief of sinners.

*'I feel on me thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just,—but O thy Son hath died.'*

Jesus died for me; for his sake forgive me, but let it be just now. Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." We both prayed harder and louder, till we prayed with all our might. When we rose from our knees, [for I found he had dropped upon his knees during the last prayer], he walked across the room, and leaning his head against the wall, he said, "O God, if thou wilt give me a little ease and strength, I will pray as well as I can." Immediately he turned to me and said, "I have no pain! it is all gone." He then poured out his soul in strong cries and tears, and his body shook like a leaf in the wind. Considering his state of weakness, it was astonishing he did not faint. I encouraged him to take no thought for his body, and by faith to plead the blood of the covenant. His importunity increased, till he made a sudden pause, and turning to me, he said, "I am happy! O, how happy! Bless the Lord! Blessed be my God!" and he praised God in language which astonished me.

He was so filled with the love of God, that he opened the door and walked into the street, though he had not been able to stand for some time without assistance. Accents of praise to the most high God filled the air, in the solemn silence of the night. He said, "O ye angels join with me to praise the Lord! The dead's alive, the prodigal son is found! Glory to God for ever! O! the matchless mercy of God, to save me at this latest hour!" &c.

This was a memorable night; what a contrast between the former and the latter part of it. In the beginning, devils were raging within him, unwilling to lose their prey; in the after part of the night, angels were rejoicing over another sinner saved by grace. I sang several hymns of praise to God, and we conversed as brethren in the Lord, and fellow-citizens of heaven; we ate the bread of life, and antedated the joys above.

When his mother came down in the morning, she was struck with astonishment to hear her son praise God. He said, "If God had not sent his servant to visit me, I should have been damned forever. The Lord has pardoned all my sins. I am so happy, I cannot describe it. Glory to God forever," &c. He continued a few days, faithfully warning his friends

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