

preached; the minister having removed to the United States, who had lived in our neighborhood.

In the ninth year of my age, Mr. Henry Allen, a new-light travelling minister, came to preach. My parents took me with them twice to meeting. The first text was, "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him." My attention was arrested, and for many days after I was engaged in ruminating and repeating over some parts of the sermon. The second time I heard him, the text was from Acts, second chapter, and three first verses: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." My mind was most affected from what he said about the cloven tongues of fire, upon which he dwelt much in the latter part of his sermon. I imagined the house was full of cloven tongues, and I looked upon the heads of the people to see if I could not see them sitting upon each of them. I felt an awful dread; but it brought no light nor understanding to my mind.

After the sermon and worship was over, I was astonished to see the people talking and shaking hands, as I never before had witnessed. Some looked of a cheerful, loving, and happy countenance; others were in tears, and cast down. But I did not at that time understand the cause of the movement. But young as I was, I felt clothed with shame, to see the people shaking hands in such an unusual manner, though to any part of the worship I felt no aversion.