

won of which we are the witnesses. Canada formed part of the New York Conference, and we do not wonder that men of the ardent temperament and indomitable courage, and glowing zeal of the Missionaries sent to Canada could undertake such long and wearisome journeys as they did, when such scenes were witnessed of Divine power, and when such baptisms of the Holy Spirit were received, qualifying them afresh for the arduous duties of an ensuing year. Mr. Hibbard gives us a sketch of a Conference held in Ashgrove, N. Y., July 1st, 1803, which we shall copy:—

“Our Conference was attended by the blessing of God as usual; and on Saturday arrangements were made for preaching on the Sabbath. Bishop Asbury was to commence in the morning, and preach the first sermon, Brother Garretson to preach immediately after him, and Brother Thacher and Brother Moriarty to follow him, so as to have four sermons for the congregation that attended at the church. The next day the assembly was so great that it was appointed for the preachers to stand in the door of the house, and give up the seats in the house to the women, and the men were to stand out of doors. But the congregation was so large that they could not all hear. I, with other preachers, were on the outside of the congregation, and saw numbers turn away that we knew could not hear so as to understand. We felt grieved to see them gathering in little companies, talking of the news and politics of the day. Some preachers proposed to me to go into a wagon under the shade of some trees a little way off, and begin to sing, and those in groups would gather round, and we could exhort them without disturbing the assembly at the meeting-house. My heart was warm with love. I went on—they followed. We began to sing. The people gathered around, and many of the brethren that could not hear at the church came also. We had, I suppose, near five hundred hearers. I prayed, and gave out for my text, *‘God is Love.’* When I came to my application, the word was attended with power, and the wind blowing gently, carried my voice to the people at the church. They heard, and came flocking to our shade, around the wagon. I thought their meeting was out, and feeling the spirit of the Lord God upon me, I gave full vent to my feelings; and directly those who were in the church came rushing out to see what was going on at the wagon. Some jumped out of the windows, and the rush was so great at the door that Brother Garretson gave over preaching before he had half done. Preachers and people flocked around the wagon. By this time I was nearly exhausted, and gave place