

ing beyond description. They embraced and wept over each other, rejoicing that they were allied by the tenderest and firmest bonds of Christian love, *Sisters in Christ!* In others, was the divine prediction, literally fulfilled, "And it shall come to pass in those days, saith the Lord, I will pour out my Spirit, and they shall prophesy." I remember to have heard one young woman, on being brought into the liberty of God's children, after pouring out her soul in praise, beseech and intreat those around her, in the most solemn and moving language, to seek the same salvation,—setting forth the love of her Redeemer, and his willingness to receive all who would come unto him, and warning others, by an exact quotation from some of the most awful passages in holy writ, especially from Malachi, including the first verse of the fourth Chapter, to flee from the wrath to come.

There was a young man, a *Sailor* also, who excited much interest. It seemed from his own simple relation, he, by the Providence of God, had, by some unforeseen circumstance, been cast on the shores of NOVA SCOTIA. His parents, (I believe now living in England) fearing and worshipping God themselves, had endeavoured to instruct their son in the same important duties. But, alas! for them, he hearkened not unto their counsels, and would none of their reproof, but hardened his heart from the fear of the Lord and stiffened his neck. In this undutiful and rebellious state, like the prodigal mentioned in Scripture, he left his father's house, and embarked on the mighty deep: but even *there*, the remembrance of his pious parents (and doubtless their *prayers* too,) followed him, and often caused many uneasy hours. But he was resolved, and struggled hard, to stifle these convictions, and still pursued the broad way which leadeth to destruction, trampling under foot the commandments of God, particularly the third and fourth. Thus unhappy and discontented, "like the troubled ocean, casting up mire and dirt," he wandered for several years, till at length, I believe, he was thrown out of employ, and being somewhere in the neighbourhood of *Granville*, and hearing there was to be a meeting held for preaching and prayer, he came—whether from curiosity, or led by some secret Divine impulse, I know not—the latter however I think most probable from the happy result—and on the first day, while listening to the word preached out of doors, was made deeply conscious of his lost estate through sin. His unhappy state of mind, so affected his body, which was robust and healthy, that he became pale as death, while the large drops of water, wrung from every pore by mental agony, rolled down his rough and distressed visage. His now feeble limbs would have no longer supported him, had he not been kindly aided by those who stood near. He was led into the chapel, apparently insensible to every thing in comparison of his awful condition in the sight of God: only uttering deep groans through the agony of his mind! He continued in this state two days weeping, almost despairing, yet earnestly supplicating divine mercy. During this period, prayer, without ceasing, was made for him. He seemed to have lost all fear of man in suffering the "terrors of the Almighty"; and frequently prayed aloud in the sincerity and bitterness of his soul

in such language as this:—Lord, have mercy on me a sinner! A vile sinner! O Lord have mercy on me and pardon me, though I have often blasphemed thy holy name! O save me from going down into hell! And more than once did he invoke forgiveness for disobedience to his parents, and entreat the blessing of heaven, upon *them*, in return for their advice and good instruction to him,—at the same time in apparent anguish bewailing he had not listened to the admonitions, particularly of his "*dear mother*". He continued in this state till the third day, when at the conclusion of a powerful discourse, by the REV. MR. AVARD, from, "*Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Lord Jesus,*" &c.,—he rose up, and with a loud voice, expressed himself in these words as nearly as I can recollect—"My friends, I must beg you to bear with me while I speak, and tell what God has done for my poor soul:—I have been a great sinner,—guilty of every sin deserving hell—but the Lord has had mercy upon me, and convinced me of it, and, I believe, now, for Christ's sake, God has pardoned all my sins. I believe I should offend his Holy Spirit, and the stones would cry out, if I held my peace,"—concluding with an earnest prayer, that the Lord would help him *now*, and make him faithful to his grace. What an incitement is offered, in the account of this young man, for pious parents, to follow their children, even though they are rebellious, with their prayers, and to besiege the throne of grace, that their offspring may be made partakers of like salvation with themselves: and what encouragement to hope, though they should see no *immediate* fruit of their labours, that the "effectual, fervent prayer" of *such* a parent shall not be in vain. I have been more minute and circumstantial in this little narrative, than perhaps I should have been, (although my feelings have been deeply interested), had I not recollected, hearing you say, (and having a similar predilection myself) you always felt peculiar interest in that useful, but oft neglected class of fellow mortals, called *Sailors*.

I have given you now, my dear Madam, an account of some of the good effects resulting from this Meeting: but it would be almost impossible to ascertain every instance. However, there is no reason to doubt, that much good seed fell into good ground, and will be seen at some future period, "springing up unto eternal life". The Labourers in the vineyard were not only encouraged in their master's service, by receiving souls for their hire, but abundantly watered and refreshed in their own souls, by the fulfilment of that gracious promise, "Lo, I AM WITH YOU!" There was nothing like party spirit to be observed by difference of denomination or sect: all was apparently love and harmony—none saying that "ought of the things to be possessed was his own".—And now my dear Mrs. P—, if this historical epistle affords you any gratification, I assure you, it will give me pleasure. The hope of this has induced me to write, more especially as my letter contains chiefly a statement of facts. Knowing your catholic spirit, I have often regretted you could not have been with us,—I believe it would have been quite a feast to your heart, and that you would have felt yourself at home, in the company of your Christian friends.

Your's affectionately,

C. A. N.

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