

he was violently and conscientiously opposed to our Missionary when he first came into the neighbourhood, yet was wont to come and hear him. The place where our brother Roussy preached was on the opposite side of the road to C.'s house.

It pleased God gradually to affect the mind of our old friend with the truth. Light began to glimmer over his mind, though darkness and prejudice had still the mastery there. He heard the word with increasing interest; he loved to hear it, and availed himself of every opportunity to hear the gospel read or preached. The light of truth entered his mind by no sudden flash; it was like the opening of the morning. The love of God flowed into his heart by no sudden rush; it was like the dew, not seen to enter, but it was there. He felt himself a lost sinner, utterly unable to do any thing to render himself acceptable to God. As far as I could learn, his anguish of soul was not great: he soon discovered that God pardoned sin for Jesus' sake. He believed the gospel; it changed his heart; it gave him peace; it made him happy, and took away the fear of death. He loved the gospel and the new people; and used every means in his power to put a copy of the Scriptures into the hands of each member of his family that had reached the years of maturity. He felt anxious about their salvation. He had twenty-one children, fifteen of whom are still alive. Many of them are surrounded with families themselves. May this little heaven speedily leaven the whole lump.

The first time I spoke to him was by the water side, this day (June 30) when the first four were baptized. He seemed much interested during the whole service, though not himself a candidate; this induced me to speak to him. I asked him if he thought of these things, and loved the Lord Jesus Christ; he replied

calmly, deliberately, and affectionately in the affirmative. He seemed unusually thoughtful, and spoke like one whose mind was deeply engaged; like a man whose mind had come in contact with something new, which held him in thrall. I asked him if he had understood and felt the importance of these things. The tear moistened his eyes; there was a tenderness about his voice (his countenance is not expressive of much emotion), he replied, "about six months." He spoke feelingly about (*les ténèbres horribles*) the horrible darkness of his mind (*avant la lumière de l'évangile*), before the light of the gospel; he dwelt on the love of God in sending Jesus to die for our sins, and then to send his servants from a far country to instruct them. His mind seemed, however, so much taken up with what had just taken place that to converse with him appeared intrusive, and therefore I desisted. Madame Feller has since told me that the administration of the ordinance of Baptism, as also that of the Lord's Supper, to which we attended the succeeding day, was greatly blessed of God to him. It was a means of grace; in this light he had received both ordinances and enjoyed them. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Conversing one evening with Madame L., who has been long under deep convictions, yet refuses to receive the truth "in the love thereof," after explaining to her the freeness, fulness, and suitableness of the gospel, and urging her to receive it as a faithful saying, &c., I paused, when he began to address her in the following artless strain:—"Madame, you have often been sick during your life, and have used medicine to remove disease. Madame, when you got the medicine in your house, did it cure you? "Certainly not," said Madame L. "unless I took it."—"Ah! Madame, unless you took it.