

the blessing; but had again to address them. For more than an hour and a half after the regular service was ended, this continued. The boys began to pray aloud for mercy to their souls, and their earnest petitions were heard all over the church. The prayers of several elders, whom I asked at this time to conduct the devotions, were drowned in the petitions of the boys. It was with the greatest difficulty, that the children could be persuaded to leave the church, and not until I had promised to preach to them, in the same place, on the following evening." They, in some instances, spent the most of that night, at their homes, in private prayer. "One boy, of twelve years, who had to be helped home by a neighbour, kept saying to her by the way, 'Woman, can there be any mercy for a sinner like me?' A girl, between seven and eight years of age, who went home crying, was asked why she cried. Her reply was—'For the Holy Spirit.' And when asked what she wished the Holy Spirit to do, she said, 'To give me a new heart.'"

Such instances, well authenticated, have been recorded by many witnesses. They are not peculiar to any locality, period, or instrumentality. Half a century ago, the Rev. Hector McPhail, a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, was on his way to attend the General Assembly, at Edinburgh. Tarrying for a night at an Inn, he gathered the family of his host, for evening worship. Before opening the Bible, he asked if *all* the household were present. The Inn-keeper said they were. On the inquiry being repeated, it was admitted that a little scullery maid was wanting; but the good wife objected that she was too young to know anything, and too dirty to make her appearance. However, to please their reverend guest, she was brought in, and for the first time attended family prayers. Afterwards, the man of God called her to him, and catechised her a little; but finding that she could not answer such questions as 'Who made you?'—'Do you know that you have a soul?' (to which latter she replied—'No: I never heard that I had one')—he taught her a few elementary Bible truths, and obtained from her the promise that she would offer every day, the following short prayer of four words—"Lord shew me myself." The minister on his return from Edinburgh, halted again at the lonely Highland Inn, among the wild mountains of Badenoch. Again he summoned the household for prayer. Again the little kitchen maid was wanting: but now for a very different reason. "Indeed, sir (said the hostess, in reply to Mr. McPhail's inquiry), she has been of little use since you were here. She has done nothing but cry, night, and day, and now she is so weak, that she cannot rise from her bed." Immediately he hastened to her bedside, to discover what was the matter. "O sir, (she exclaimed) you taught me a prayer, that God has answered in an awful way. He *has shewn me myself*, and oh! what a sight that is! Minister, minister, what shall I do?"

Dr. Jonathan Edwards, in his narrative of the work of God at Northampton, in 1735, furnishes a minute account of the awakening of a little girl, only *four* years old. She had been greatly affected by the conversation of a brother who, in his *eleventh* year, had been brought to Christ. Her parents were not aware of the state of her mind at the time, and in their conversations with the children, were not accustomed to address a word particularly to her, not supposing her, at so tender an age, to be capable of understanding. But they were struck with her eager attention, when the others were addressed. She often retired to her little room alone. Her mother watched her with surprise: but left her to herself, till at last she would go away five, and six times a day, at stated seasons, and nothing would divert her. On Thursday, the 31st