

rance, but perceived he recognized us as travellers coming up to worship with him in the great congregation—he paused for a moment in apparent pleasing surprise—then lifting up his eyes to heaven and raising one hand in devout adoration, while, with the other wrapping his plaid around him, he advanced with slow and steady step to welcome our arrival. In a few moments we had alighted, and approached the large white gate which led up the avenue to the house—it stood open, emblematical of that hospitality for which its gracious owner, is so conspicuous. As the good man advanced to nearer view, tears of joy and love were streaming down his venerable cheeks, and he exclaimed with emotion which almost choked his utterance—“Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, my dear Brethren, I am happy to see you.” His figure was somewhat enfeebled by age, which in addition to hoary-hairs gave force to his truly Apostolic appearance and salutation,—and truly, on him these venerable locks appeared as a “crown of glory”.

In a short time we found ourselves seated in the drawing room, and were introduced to his amiable wife and family. My eyes for that morning you may imagine were drawn by a powerful charm towards this eminent saint. I could not but be humbled in his presence, and feel my own nothingness, and littleness of love to that Source of all goodness, whose boundless grace and mercy seemed so deeply to affect, and dwell upon the heart and lips of this his servant. At the name of our Saviour, and mention of his dying love, this venerable man's eyes would constantly fill with tears, and often bedew his cheeks. I have read of such characters, but never before saw such a one: he seems to live in a view of eternity, and on the verge of heaven! His soul constantly abounding with “peace and joy in the Holy Ghost,” and appears wrapped, and continually absorbed in heavenly contemplation,—while in simplicity and humility, he is as a little child. I do not wonder at his being styled, by some, “The Fletcher of the present day.” I felt my accountability for the privilege of being under the roof of this excellent man, and the little things of time and sense seemed to sink more than ever in my estimation. Now my dear Mrs. P——, what apology shall I make for detaining you so long by dwelling on the excellencies of one, whom you never saw, and perhaps never will in this world? I will make none—believing your heart now embraces him as a brother in the bonds of the Gospel, and that you will hereafter meet in the world above, and with him, unite in ascribing your mutual salvation to the same plenitude of divine grace and love!

But to digress no further. That day, which was Saturday, we rested at Colonel Bayard's. On the sacred morn following, at an early hour, we all sat off for Granville, which is twenty-four miles further, where the General Meeting was to be held. “Still was the morn of this hallowed day!” The sun, which rose in a thick mist, soon, by the brightness of his own beams, dispelled every intervening cloud, and shone, at length, in meridian splendour,—as if ominous of the invigorating rays of light and love from the Sun of Righteousness, about to be shed on the souls then assembling to worship their Creator. It was truly a pleasing and

affecting sight to see people, at so early an hour, gathering in crowds from every quarter—some perhaps from the distance of fifty or sixty miles—most of them twenty or thirty—all with serious faces, and many whose countenances bespoke they desired a blessing to their souls. We passed on the roads many wag-gons with four horses, loaded as full as they could hold with men, women, and children—gigs innumerable, with most frequently three or four persons in. It was a morning calculated to inspire deep reflection! and I have no doubt, the incense of prayer and supplication, warmly ascended from the hearts of very many on the road, that day, for the presence of the Lord, and the outpouring of his Holy Spirit!

At about half-past ten, we reached the place of worship. The Chapel, though large, could not contain three thousand souls (the number computed to have assembled). It was therefore deemed expedient, that the bread of life should be dispensed to those without doors, as well as to those within, which was accordingly done. The service was commenced by a Baptist Minister, with singing and prayer, previous to the sermon, after which an impressive exhortation was given by a Local Preacher. There was then a short intermission: but the people seemed neither inclined to leave the chapel, nor disperse even for a season. Service was therefore shortly resumed, and the Rev. Mr. Crosscombe, delivered a solemn and impressive sermon from these words, “*And they that were ready went in, and the door was shut.*” A deep impression was made on the hearts of many under this discourse. After a succeeding exhortation, the people were requested to repair to their respective friends' houses to receive bodily refreshment, which was abundantly provided for all by the inhabitants of Granville. The greatest order and regularity were maintained; and in about an hour, the house was again filled with many hungering for the bread of life, and others, who, being convicted in their consciences from what they had already heard, were ready to cry out with the trembling Jailor, “What must I do to be saved?” Service was held till about nine in the evening. Sermon and exhortation, singing and prayer were alternately interspersed. The neighbourhood provided comfortable lodgings: and at nine o'clock the next morning, the same concourse of people assembled again. The meeting continued for three days—the weather was uncommonly fine—the people still manifested an unwillingness to disperse—all were at least serious—most apparently devout—many engaged with God for his blessing.

On the second day, an increased work of deep conviction took place in many souls while under the word, which on the third day was matured to sound conversion, enabling them openly to testify that they had found redemption, even the forgiveness of all their sins, through the blood of Jesus Christ by believing on His name. It was difficult in such an assembly, to ascertain exactly, the number of those who experienced conversion: but I heard of six females, two of whom were sisters, and were “born again” within a half hour of each other. I heard them weep, and praise God with joyful lips, but did not see them, so great was the crowd. I was told the sight was affect-