

## Religious Intelligence.

## REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

[We have for some time hoped that some friend would, ere this, have favoured the Wesleyan with some account of the revival of the work of God in Aylesford and the neighbourhood. We have heard some few detached accounts of considerable interest, and hope, ere long, to be able to present some authentic statement to our readers. In the mean time, we were much pleased to have the following case brought under our notice by the kindness of a friend.—Ed.]

THE individual who describes his own present circumstances in the subjoined letters, had, for a long period, been the champion of Universalist doctrines in the neighbourhood where he resided; he had been successful in inducing others to embrace the same unscriptural views, and was at all times glad to have an opportunity of exhibiting his opinions. His only parent was a Methodist, who had long prayed for his conversion; and repeatedly had he declared to her, when she expressed her anxiety respecting his state, that he would willingly submit to have his head severed from his body at that time, if he thought his views would ever change.

On one occasion he attended the Methodist Chapel; and though his intentions were not to receive conviction, yet it pleased the Lord fully to reveal his state,—he was convinced of sin,—threw aside the reeds of delusive doctrines,—and was converted to God. He is now engaged in exhorting others to seek the Lord. The following letters were written to his mother.

Wilmot, 17th Sept, 1838.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I now take up my pen to address you on a very different subject, from any that I have ever done; for how could I speak of things that I knew nothing about? Blessed be the Lord God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,—in his own appointed time he called me from nature's darkness into his marvellous light, and to the glorious liberty of the sons of God. On the sixth day of last month it pleased the Lord to reveal his will to me, brought me to see myself a guilty sinner in the presence of God, condemned to eternal burnings. My feelings are more easily imagined than described. For fourteen days I was in that horrible state; felt it justice in God to send me to hell, and saw no way of escape, for I thought the day of grace was past and gone; but glory be to his holy name, on the fifteenth night I purposed to spend all night in prayer to God, as Jacob of old did wrestle with the angel till day-break,—so I besought my God in strong prayers and tears; when about midnight, the messenger of peace, the Lamb of God said, Thy sins that are many I freely forgive.

"How sweet was that moment, he bade me rejoice,  
His smiles oh how pleasant, how charming his voice;  
I flew from my knees to spread it abroad,  
I shouted salvation, oh glory to God!"

Eleanor became deeply concerned, and has since

found peace with God. Blessed be his holy name! My dear Mother, our life is just beginning; we have both joined the Methodist society, and I trust with the help of Him who has redeemed our souls from hell, that we shall ever adorn the doctrine of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, ever bearing about in our bodies the dying of our Lord Jesus. For myself, I feel the weakest and poorest of all sinners; but my prayer to my God is,—to give me his wisdom to guide me, his counsel to direct me, and his Spirit to strengthen me, that I may grow to the stature of a man in Christ Jesus.

As soon as the Lord pardoned my sins, I purposed having prayer-meetings at six o'clock every Sabbath morning;—blessed be God we have met two Sabbaths, and found it was good to wait on the Lord. When there is no preaching, we have prayer-meetings in the neighbourhood, which prove seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord to our waiting souls. My dear Mother, I long to see you; I long to have you come, and join your prayers with ours at the throne of grace.

I wrote a letter to send you a fortnight ago on Saturday, but the stage went on Friday. I went down again on Monday, but was so much exercised in my mind, and getting in conversation with some person, did not think of the letter till I got part of the way up the mountain road. I then stopped, and prayed to my God to direct me, when the thought came to my mind, it would be better not to send it, as over joy sometimes operates as great trouble. As some persons have went from here, I trust you have had the news by report; and to remove all your doubts, I now write you with my own hand.

Dear Mother, pray the Lord to strengthen us in his faith, fear, and love. Now may the blessing of our God, who hath bought us with his blood, so keep us, that we may join the ransomed of the Lord, having our robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb, to sing praises to his name for ever and ever; is the prayer of

Your son in the flesh, and

Adopted in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

Wilmot, Nov. 6th, 1838.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

We had a very good and blessed meeting in Aylesford, which lasted for five days; the Lord was pleased to grant a special blessing to many souls. There were about twenty-two struck under conviction, only two came into liberty, the rest are seeking the Lord with full purpose of heart, and I trust before long will be brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, that they too may testify that Jesus hath yet power on earth to forgive sins. We have our meetings every Sabbath, in some part of our neighbourhood, or the one joining. We hold prayer-meetings when there is no preaching; the Lord always meets with us, and that to bless us. Dear Mother, as I hope soon to see you face to face, I shall not at this time write at much