

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

REMINISCENCES.

NO. I.

MANY circumstances have transpired, in years past, within these Provinces, eminently displaying the power of divine grace on the human heart and life, which, for want of a suitable periodical, have remained unpublished, and treasured up only in the memory of those who have witnessed them, and which are worthy of public notice and of being preserved:—I design, through the pages of the WESLEYAN, to make known a few of the instances of the above character, under the title at the head of this article, with the expectation of inducing others of superior qualifications to follow my example. The following account is from the pen of a pious Lady who has kindly furnished it, and relates to a THANKSGIVING MEETING, which took place at Granville, (N. S.) in 1820. Ministers and people of different denominations took part in the services, which were conducted with much harmony and profit. One of the Wesleyan Ministers mentioned, the Rev. A. C. AVARD, has long since entered into rest, after a brief, but useful ministerial career, whose memory still lives in the affectionate remembrance of many in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick: the other, the Rev. W. CROSCOMBE, still occupies the field as a tried and faithful champion of the cross. Since this "MEETING" through what varied changes and scenes has he passed! What different countries has he visited! In what different climates has he lived! To what different people has he preached the unsearchable riches of Christ! And yet by a kind and gracious Providence, he is permitted to return to the favoured Province of Nova Scotia, to employ the decline of life in making known the Sinner's Friend. I need scarcely say that his return is hailed with joy by his brethren in the ministry, and his numerous circle of friends. The narrative which follows, written with great elegance, will, doubtless, awaken in his mind, pleasing reminiscences, of many a year, and of many a scene gone by, and, to our readers generally, prove both interesting and profitable. It was originally written as a letter to a pious female acquaintance, which form it will still retain.

A. W. M.

L——, N. S., DECEMBER 20, 1820.

I WILL make no apology, my dear Mrs. P——, for not earlier availing myself of your kind permission to write, relying on your candour to believe, it has not proceeded from either want of inclination or esteem; yet I am constrained to acknowledge, I cannot fully exonerate myself from the charge of procrastination. This justly counted, "thief of time" has often stolen, and (alas! for me) still continues to steal away—tho' not always quietly—many a privilege and blessing; among the catalogue of which may be included your epistolary converse. But let the time past suffice—and, although so many days, and even months have elapsed, since I have enjoyed a personal interview, yet, in mind, it seems as if yesterday only you had left us, while in respect and affection you are still here. I shall therefore commence my letter as I should have done had I written a week after my return from the country. Your request I have for a minute detail of

my journey, and of the good done by the "Lord of the harvest," through the instrumentality of his faithful labourers in sowing the good seed, the word of life. To commence:—The two first days after I bade you farewell we travelled fifty-five miles on horseback. The weather was fine—the roads part of the way very bad. On the third morning, we journeyed five miles more, in gigs, for which accommodation we were indebted to the kindness and accustomed activity of the Rev. Mr. Crocombe, who, with a friend, rode on, that distance, and returned with this timely relief for us poor females. This brought us to the hospitable roof of COLONEL VAN BAYARD, at whose house we were to make our home. I am not certain whether you heard us mention this gentleman of singular piety and devotedness to God; I shall therefore take the liberty of introducing him to you (and most sincerely do I wish I had the pleasure of doing it in person). He is a half-pay officer, retired with his amiable family, and living at his own country seat in WILMOT—a gentleman of superior education, and for many years of deep piety. The morning on which we arrived was lovely, and the scenery picturesque and interesting—far beyond my feeble powers of description! Everything conspired to render this morning's ride delightfully impressive—under the care of our beloved pastor, Mr. Crocombe—two other friends of whom it might be said, they *walk with God*—in addition to which, two pleasing female companions. As we rode through the Colonel's grounds, some miles from the house, the blue smoke was rising and gracefully curling from the chimneys of several neat little cottages, occupied by the Colonel's tenants. Scarce a breath of air disturbed the still scene!—while the eye was alternately relieved by beautifully shelving wood—or hill—or dale. The glorious luminary of the morning was just rising to shed his cheerful and mellowing beams on all around! The sparkling dew weeping itself away beneath his fervid rays—while it rose again in soft exhalation from the earth, adding increased beauty to the already lovely view. All to me was more than interesting! It was one of those scenes which affect and awake the heart and every power and faculty of the soul, to a grateful, a *silent* adoration of the God of Nature! I felt,—if "*these are thy works Almighty Father, thine this universal frame thus wondrous—thyself how wondrous then!*" I gazed on either side, as we passed along, lost in silent admiration, till our good pastor aroused my attention, and unsealed my lips, by pointing me to the *Mansion of Peace*, whose roof was just peeping above the thick foliage of surrounding trees. I could have wished my journey prolonged, had I not looked forward to its termination, as a means of affording me a pleasure, far superior to any I had yet enjoyed—that of seeing and conversing with one of whose excellencies I had so often heard: and, when the favour was allowed me, and my eyes beheld, and my ears listened to the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth, I was constrained to acknowledge, the *half* had not been told me. But to return. Though at so early an hour, the master of the mansion was walking in the fields to meditate. As we drew nearer, the trampling of horses awakened his attention: we were at a considerable dis-

tance, but coming up to the gate—surprizing one another with slow and large white—it stood which its good man love were he exclaim utterance—dear Brethren was some hoary-hair and ble locks

In a shodrawing rewife and f imagine w eminent sa sence, and love to the grace and upon the b game of o this vener tears, and such chara seems to of heaven "peace a wrapped, temptation a little chi some, "T accountab of this exc sence seem Now my c for detaini cies of one will in thi heart now the Gospe world abo mutual sa and love!

But to Saturday, cred morn Granville, the Gener morn of th a thick mi dispelled e in meridia ating rays ousness, a to worshi