

No. 12
ANECDOTES

OF

SINGULAR

AND

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

SELECTED

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLASS.

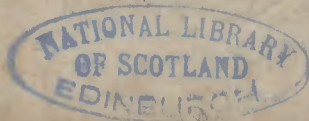


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ANECDOTES.

Remarkable Conversion of a Young Man at Sheffield.

ONE evening (saith Mr. Longden) as I was returning from Chapel, where I had been much blessed, I felt my soul travailing in birth for the salvation of perishing men. Having to call at our grocer's shop, I found him enquiring of a poor woman after the health of her son. In a plaintive voice she replied, "He is very ill;—he cannot continue long;—he is my only child, and when I have lost him, I have lost all!" Instantly I felt a strong desire to visit him, and with some difficulty obtained permission. I found him in a wretched habitation, seated in an easy chair, panting for breath, in the last stage of a consumption: he appeared to be about twenty-two years of age.

I addressed him as follows: "Young man, I am sorry to see you so ill." He said, "I am ill indeed sir; but it will not be long;—I shall soon be released,—I hope I shall soon be in heaven." "I am glad (I added) to hear of your willingness to die and of your hope of heaven: have you a scriptural foundation for your hope?" As he made no reply, and thinking he did not understand me, I said, "You know, my friend, there are many die who do not go to heaven: for God saith, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the people that forget God.' Before we can be admitted into heaven, we must repent of our wicked lives, and obtain a pardon of all our sins. Have you repented, and been forgiven?" He could contain himself no longer, but turned with indignation to his mother and said, "What did you bring this fellow here for?" Then turning

to me, he said, "Man, go about your business: I did not send for you, nor do I want you: you do me no good: surely my sufferings are great enough, and you distress me exceedingly." The more I endeavoured to pacify him, the more his anger kindled against me. I therefore sat, and silently lifted up my heart to God for wisdom to direct me. It appeared as if I had no possibility of success; unless I could obtain consent to sit up with him all night. I asked, entreated, *and would not be denied*: I told them what an excellent nurse I was, and I hoped we should have a comfortable night: if they pleased I would go home and fetch some eurrant-jelly, and other things proper for a person in his situation;—that I would bring some refreshment for myself, that I might be no expence to them;—that a night of sound sleep would refresh the old mother, who seemed almost worn out.—That I would instruct him in the best manner I was able;—and that if there were a change for death, I would awake the mother, that she might see her son die, &c. &c. Taking it for granted I had prevailed, I hastened home, and returned as soon as possible, and found they had not looked me out.

The young man received me with sullen silence. After some conversation, I prevailed upon the mother to go to bed. As the young man was not able to lie down, he remained in his large chair day and night. I told him I had brought a Bible with me, and if he pleased I would read to him, to which he consented. After I had prayed, I read and expounded those parts which were applicable to his state. "What! (he said) you are beginning again; you certainly will kill me: it does so hurt me to talk.—Oh that my mother was but here!" I said, "My dear child you do not need to talk: I won't ask you one

question, and I beg you will not speak, and I will pray and read." I kneeled down and prayed again, but with little expectation. Then I opened the precious word of life and alternately read, expounded, and applied; when I saw his passion rising, I begged he would not speak, for that would hurt him.

We spent our time in this way for some hours, till at length under prayer, I heard him feebly say *Amen* to my petitions; which inspired me with fresh courage to persevere. When I arose, I spoke to him more closely, with all tenderness, concerning his sin and danger. Now he opened his mouth, and brake the snare of the Devil. He told me he was the son of a pious Methodist class-leader, who many years ago had passed into the heavens. I felt confident that the father's many prayers must be answered. Now I kneeled down, and asked God in faith, nothing doubting: I heard the young man repeating my petitions word for word: I instantly personated a poor lost sinner on the brink of eternity, and on the verge of hell, yet, through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, suing for mercy. Then I cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner,—Jesus died for me; for his sake alone forgive me, but let it be just now." We both prayed harder and louder, till we prayed with all our might.

When we arose from our knees, (for I found he had dropped upon his during the last prayer,) he walked over the room, and leaning his head against the wall, he said, "O God, if thou wilt give me a little ease and strength, I will pray as well as I can." Immediately he turned to me, and said, "I have no pain: it is all gone!" He then poured out his soul in strong cries and tears, and his body shook like a leaf in the wind.

Considering his state of weakness, it is astonish-

ing he did not faint. I encouraged him to take no thought for his body, but by faith to plead the blood of the covenant. His importunity increased, till he made a sudden pause, and turning to me, he said, "I am happy! O how happy! bless the Lord! blessed be my God!" And he praised God, in language which astonished me.

He was so filled with the love of God, that he opened the door and walked into the street, though he had not been able to stand for some time without assistance. Accents of praise to the most high God filled the air, in the solemn silence of the night. He said, "O ye angels join with me to praise the Lord! The dead's alive, the prodigal is found! Glory be to God for ever. Oh! the matchless mercy of God, to save me at this latest hour," &c. &c.

This was a memorable night: what a contrast between the former and the latter part of it. In the beginning, devils were raging within him, unwilling to lose their prey; in the after-part of the night, angels were rejoicing over another sinner saved by grace. I sang several hymns of praise to God, and we conversed as brethren in the Lord, and fellow-citizens of heaven: we eat the bread of life, and antedated the joys above. When his mother came down stairs in the morning, she was struck with astonishment to hear her son praise God. He said, "If God had not sent this his servant to visit me, I should have been damned for ever. The Lord has pardoned all my sins. I am so happy I cannot describe it—Glory be to God for ever," &c. He continued a few days, faithfully warning his friends and acquaintance to flee from the wrath to come, magnifying the boundless grace of God as manifested in him, and then triumphantly departed this life, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

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*The Conversion of a Poor Woman near  
Manchester.*

A POOR woman that lived about ten miles from Manchester, hearing some say "We have been there and have found the Lord." told it to a neighbour, and said, "I wish I could go to Manchester and find the Lord." Her neighbour said "then why do you not go?" She replied "I have got no shoes!" Her neighbour answered, "I will lend you mine." She said "then I will go." She accordingly went to Manchester, but knew not where to go; seeing a gentleman in the market-place, she asked him, "where is it that people go to find the Lord?" He said, "among the Methodists, as far as I know." She asked, "where are they?" He answered, "come and I will shew you." He brought her to the passage which led to the Chapel, and said, "go in there." A person came to her and asked what she wanted? She said, "is this the place where the people find the Lord?" One of the members then came (John Morris,) and having heard her simple relation of the cause of her coming, he took her into the chapel, and placed her near the middle of the room, and advised her to look at none but the preacher. She took his advice, and about the middle of the sermon she exclaimed, "glory be to God, I have found the Lord;" Which she repeated over and over, being filled with joy unspeakable.—*C. Atmore's Memorial.*

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*The remarkable conversion of two wicked Men at
Congleton in Cheshire.*

DAVID and Samuel were pot-companions; David made it his business to stand in the street near the time of preaching, and swear at the people as

they were going to it. About this time there were several remarkable conversions. At this David seemed much perplexed, and asked Samuel, "What can this be? What is it they do to the people to convert them? I have a good mind to go and see." Accordingly they both went to hear Mr. Furze preach; but after they had sat about a quarter of an hour, David started up and said, "I will stay here no longer." He attempted to run, but quickly dropped down: however he rose, and with some difficulty got home. He went straight to his chamber and got to bed: he turned a few times, and then leaped up and said, "I will lie here no longer." He ran into the fields, and there wandered all the night. In the morning he came home, went into his shop, and thought he would go to work. He heated his iron in the forge, and lifted up his hammer over his head; but he imagined Satan was just behind him, and ready to carry him away. He immediately let fall his hammer, ran out of the shop, and wandered in the fields all the day. In the evening a farmer saw him, and said, "David, why are you not at your work?" He answered "I think I shall work no more." The farmer asked, "Why so?" he said, "I am afraid I shall be converted." It quickly spread through the town that David was going to be converted. But David protested he would not! And in order to prevent it he would go and get drunk directly! He accordingly went and drank two quarts of ale, and half a pint of brandy! He was now raging mad, after knocking down several persons, and destroying the furniture in the public-house, he went home; but he now thought Satan would surely have him; he therefore took to his heels and ran into the fields, where he spent the day. At last he went to Samuel and said, "Ever since

I heard that old man preach I can neither eat nor sleep." Then said Samuel, "Take it for a warning, or I will keep thy company no more." David said, "What shall we do?" Samuel answered, "Whatever thou doest, I will join the society." David fell a weeping, and said, "If thou doest, so will I, if they will have me." As soon as their design was known, several persons went to Mr. Furze, and desired he would not receive them. A little before the time of preaching they came, and Samuel said to Mr. Furze, "We are two desperate wicked men; but we want to be better. And we beg you, for Christ's sake to receive us into your society." He replied, "Yes, for Christ's sake, I will receive you." They looked one at another with tears flowing from their eyes, and said, "For Christ's sake to receive us now, and let us go to the Love-feast." Mr. Furze answered, "I do receive you now for Christ's sake." After preaching, David was observed to be in great distress; his cries and groans were such as struck terror into all who were near him. Mr. Furze kneeled down and prayed for him, and while he was praying, David started up and cried aloud, "Glory be to God, my sins are forgiven!" At the same time Samuel said, "O precious Lamb of God! all in a gore of blood for me!" David then broke through the people and caught Samuel in his arms, saying; "Come let us sing the Virgin Mary's song together: I could never sing it before; but now 'My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour!'"

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*An Infidel Converted to a Missionary.*

THE Rev. J. D. Perkins, one of the American Missionaries to the back settlements, mentions



in his journal, the following remarkable display of divine grace at Hadley, on the Hudson, in the case of a young man, a physician, who had been personally acquainted with Thomas Paine, had embraced his infidel sentiments, and was very profane and dissipated.—

“After more than a year’s fighting against the convictions of the Spirit of God, (which were so powerful, and his stubbornness so great, like ‘a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke,’ as to bring him to a bed of long confinement, and the most awful desperation of mind,) he has become a humble, zealous, and exemplary Christian. As soon as his health is recovered, and he is qualified by preparatory studies; he designs to go forth to the world, and preach that Jesus, whom he for many years considered as an impostor, whose name he habitually blasphemed, and whose religion he accounted foolishness, and a base imposition on the world.”

#### *Singular Conversion of an Innkeeper.*

EVENTS of the last importance often arise from causes apparently insignificant. The links of the chain of Providence, are wonderfully connected: an infidel ridicules—a believer admires and adores!

The following is a story that can be authenticated by the evidence of many who have heard it from the person who is the subject of it, but now gone safe to God and glory. “When the Rev. Mr. \*\*\* went to his living in the country, a very great audience collected from the neighbouring towns and villages, in one of which lived an old innkeeper, who having made free with his own tap, had well carbuncled his nose and face, which bore the visible marks of his profession. He had heard the report of the concourse at this church,

as many went from his own town ; but he always stoutly swore he would never be found among the fools who were running to turn Methodists. Indeed it was equally contradictory to his praetice, as well as profession, to be found among those who followed the gospel of Christ ; but on hearing the particularly pleasing mode of singing at church, which was much spoken of, his curiosity was excited, and he said he did not know but when next P—n-feast came, which was half way, he might go and hear the singing ; but not without some imprecation, that he would never hear a word of the sermon.

He lived about six miles distant, and when P—n-feast came, dining with a party, instead of sitting to drink he came to the afternoon service, merely to hear the singing at the church, with a full resolution of keeping his vow, and excluding every word of the sermon.

He was a large fat man, and it was a hot summer's day, he came in sweating and wiping, and having with difficulty found admission into a narrow open pew, with a lid, as soon as the hymn before sermon was sung, which he heard with great attention, he leaned forward, and fixing his elbows on the lid, secured both his ears against the sermon with his fore fingers. He had not been in this position many minutes before the prayer finished, and the sermon commenced, with an awful appeal to the consciences of the hearers, of the necessity of attending to the things which make for their everlasting peace ; and the minister addressing them solemnly, " He that hath ears to hear let him ear." Just the moment before these words were pronounced, a fly had fastened on the earbunched nose of the Inn keeper, and stinging him sharply, he snatched one of his fingers from his ear and struck off the painful vi-

sitant, at that very moment the words, "*He that hath ears to hear let him hear,*" (pronounced with great solemnity) entered the ear that was opened, as a clap of thunder. It struck him with irresistible force, he kept his hand from returning to his ear, and feeling an impression he had never known before, he presently withdrew the other finger and harkened with deep attention to the discourse which followed.

That day was the beginning of days to him; from that moment a change was produced upon him which could not but be noticed by all his former companions; he never from that day returned to any of his former practices; never afterwards was seen in liquor, or heard to swear; began to pray and hear God's word; for many years walked, all weathers, six miles to the church where he received the first knowledge of a dying Redeemer and salvation through his name; and after about eighteen years faithful and close walk with God, he died in the rejoicing of hope, and blessed him who sent the meanest of his creatures to open his ears to instruction."—(January 5th, 1796.—I. H.)

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Remarkable Conversion.

A YOUNG Gentleman of high connections and great respectability, was induced by gay acquaintance to accompany them to a ball. Arrived at the scene of dissipation, the festive company proceeded to their amusements. The music struck up, and he, among the rest, was highly delighted with the diversion. In the midst of their enjoyment, as though a messenger had been sent from heaven, the Clock struck ONE.—That striking passage of Dr. Young's instantly rushed upon his mind.

' The bell strikes one—we take no note of time
 But from its loss—to give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an Angel spoke
 I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood,
 It is the signal that demands dispatch.
 How much is to be done. My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss,
 A dread eternity."

Conviction seized the youth. Alarmed and terrified, he instantly left the dissipated throng, and retired to his closet. The result was a saving change, and he is now a Christian indeed in whom there is no guile.

Reader, art thou an admirer of the fashionable follies of the age? Remember they lead to the chambers of eternal death. Leave then—Oh leave these deluding phantoms of an hour, and employ the uncertain moments left thee, in seeking for those realities, unfading pleasures, and eternal joys.

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*Conversion of a Farmer, by a circumstance rather uncommon.*

JOHN Dickson, a farmer in the parish of Ratho near Edinburgh, was long a stranger to the inexhaustible riches of grace. He paid no regard to the sacred ordinances of the gospel, or, if ever on the Lord's day he entered the church, it was more from a desire of ridiculing than profiting by what he had heard. The word preached did not profit him, not being mixed with faith. In this dreadful situation was he, when, on the 10th of March 1790, his wife died, after bringing into the world an infant daughter.

The good providence of that gracious God, who calleth the weak things of this world to con-

found the strong, had ordained that the nurse of this child should be a woman of exemplary faith, who "walked in the Spirit, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost." The carnal mind of the Father still continued at "enmity with God," but he was ere long to be brought to a conviction of his own unworthiness, and a delightful experience of the riches of redeeming love. The child being now about twenty months old, and beginning to prattle a few words; was one day sent for by the father, who was sitting after dinner with some of his profane acquaintances; to his great astonishment, the child repeated two or three times, in its infant tone, "O the Grace of God!" These words made a deep impression upon the father: he began to reflect upon his sins, and the power of that grace "which cleanseth from sin," so long the subject of his impious ridicule. The Holy Ghost had "opened his heart," and now brought him, like a sheep that had been astray, unto the fold of divine love. Since that time he has ever walked as becometh one called in the Lord, "bringing forth fruits meet for repentance." The words which through the grace of God, became the happy instrument of his conversion, were the customary ejaculations of his pious nurse, and had thus been learned by the infant. So truly was the Scripture verified, that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the Lord has ordained praise."

*Free-grace exemplified in the Conversion of a Thief.*

A NOTORIOUS robber in Scotland, known by the name of John-of-the-Score, happening to meet with a poor man travelling with two horses, forcibly took them both away, regardless of the intreaties of the distressed countryman, who fal-

ling on his knees, begged him for *Jesus Christ's sake* to restore one of them, as the maintenance of his family was depending on his horses.

The thief having returned home became from that day dull and melancholy, unable to rest at home or pursue his depredations abroad, for which he could assign no cause but this, that the words which the poor man had uttered concerning *Jesus Christ*, (which, by the way, he was so ignorant as not to understand,) laid like a heavy weight upon his spirit. Desiring therefore his sons to shift for themselves, and secretly refraining from attempting to escape or hide himself, he was apprehended by the ministers of justice, imprisoned in Edinburgh, tried, and condemned to die.

Being visited by the Rev. Mr. Blyth and a Mr. Cunningham, who had formerly known him, he was exhorted to consider his miserable and dangerous condition as a dying sinner, and to fly for refuge to *Jesus Christ*. Hearing that name he suddenly cried out, "Oh what word is that for it has been my death? That is the word that has lain upon my heart ever since the poor man mentioned it, so that I had no power to escape." The minister took occasion to preach to him *Jesus* as the only and all-sufficient Saviour. But will he, said the relenting thief, will he ever look upon me, will he ever shew mercy to me, who would not for his sake shew mercy to that poor man, in giving him back his horse.

After further instructions a real and most gracious change appeared in him, of which he discovered the most convincing evidence: he attained to a happy assurance of his interest in *Christ*, and on the scaffold, where he suffered, spoke so wonderfully of the Lord's dealings with him, as left a conviction on the spectators, and forced

them to acknowledge a glorious truth and reality in the grace of God.—(*Evangelical Magazine.*)

*The Conversion of a Libertine.*

A CERTAIN libertine, of a most abandoned character, happened accidentally to stroll into a church, where he heard the fifth chapter of Genesis read; importing that so long lived such persons, and yet the conclusion was "they died." Noah lived 905 years and he died—Seth, 912 and he died—Methuselah, 969 and he died. The frequent repetitions of the words HE DIED, notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, struck him so deeply with the thought of death and eternity, that through divine grace, he became a most exemplary christian.

*Conversion of a Father by means of a child.*

THE father of the Rev. John Baily, an eminent divine, who died in New England, 1697, was a man of a very licentious conversation. His wife a serious christian, one day called the family together, and engaged young Baily, then a child, most remarkable for piety, to pray with them. The father being informed in what a wonderful way his son had prayed, was struck with a deep conviction, which proved the beginning of his conversion to God: so that he became one of the most eminent christians in the neighbourhood where he lived—(*Laneashire.*) He would sometimes retire with his child in his hand to the scenes of his former wickedness, and there pour out floods of tears in prayer before the Lord.

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Anecdote of Mr. Guthrie.

THE late Mr. Guthrie, of Fenwick, when riding in the county of Angus, happened to lose his way in a moor, and after wandering awhile, he came to a cottage where a poor man was dying. Upon coming into the house he found a carnal minister endeavouring to comfort the poor man from the consideration of his own works, and not from the free grace and righteousness of the Lord Jesus. After the clergyman was gone, Mr. Guthrie took occasion from the melancholy situation of the poor man, to instruct him, with respect to his sinful and miserable state by nature, and the glorious method of recovery by grace through the righteousness and atonement of the great Redeemer, which was so blessed to him as proved the happy means of his conversion. Well might the poor man sing, "O to grace how great a debtor!"

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*Conversion of a Gentleman by reading Mr. Flavel's little "Treatise of Keeping the Heart."*

Mr. Flavel being in London in 1673, his old bookseller, Mr. Boulter, gave him the following relation, viz. "That some time before, there came into his shop a sparkish gentleman, to enquire for some play books; Mr. Boulter told him he had none: but shewed him Mr. Flavel's little "Treatise of Keeping the heart," intreated him to read it, and assured him it would do him more good than play books. The gentleman read the title, and glancing upon several pages here and there, broke out into these and such other expressions — 'What a fanatic, who made this book?' Mr. Boulter begged of him to buy and read it, and



hold him he had no cause to censure it so bitterly. At last he bought it, but told him he would not read it. What will you do with it then; said Mr. Boulter; I will tear and burn it, said he, and send it to the Devil. Mr. Boulter told him then he should not have it. Upon this the gentleman promised to read it; and Mr. Boulter told him he did dislike it upon reading, he would return him his money. About a month after the gentleman came to the shop again in a very modest habit, and with a serious countenance, he speaks Mr. Boulter thus, "Sir, I most heartily thank you for putting this book into my hands, I bless God that moved you to do it, it hath saved my soul: blessed be God that ever I came in to your shop!" and then he bought an hundred more of those books of him, and told him he would give them to the poor who could not buy them.

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A very singular Conversion.

A MINISTER of Lady H—'s happening to be some time since at Edinburgh, was accosted very civilly by a young man in the street, with an apology for the liberty he was taking. "I think, Sir," said he, "I have heard you in Spa-Fields chapel." "You probably might, Sir, I have sometimes ministered there."—"Do you remember," said he, "a note put up from an afflicted widow, begging the prayers of the congregation for the conversion of an ungodly son?"—"I do very well remember of such a circumstance." "Sir," said he, "I am the very person; and wonderful to tell, the prayer was effectual. I was going on a frolic with some other abandoned young men one Sunday through the Spa-Fields, and passing the chapel I was struck with its appearance, and hearing it was a Methodist chapel, we a-

greed to mingle with the crowd, and stop for a few minutes to laugh and mock at the preacher and people. We were but just entered the chapel when you, Sir, read the note requesting the prayers of the congregation for an afflicted widow's profligate son. I heard it with a sensation I cannot express. I was struck to the heart: and though I had no idea that I was the very individual meant, I felt the bitterness expressed of a widow's heart who had a child so wicked as I knew myself. My mind was instantly solemnized. I could not laugh: my attention was riveted on the preacher. I heard prayer and sermon with an impression very different from what had carried me into the chapel.—From that moment the gospel truths penetrated my heart. I joined the congregation, and cried to God in Christ for mercy, and found peace in believing; became my mother's comfort as I had long been her heavy cross; and through grace have ever since continued in the good ways of the Lord. An opening having lately been made for an advantageous settlement in my own country, I came hither with my excellent mother, and for some time past have endeavoured to dry up the widow's tear which I had so caused to flow, and to be the comfort and support of her old age, as I had been the torment and affliction of her former. We live together in the enjoyment of every mercy, happily, and thankful, and every day I acknowledge the kind hand of my Lord that ever led me to the Spa-Fields chapel."

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*Anecdote of Dr. Staunton.*

THE DOCTOR was called the searching preacher. Preaching once at Warborough, near Oxford, a man was so much affected with his first prayer, that he ran home, and desired his wife to

get ready, and come to church, for there was one in the pulpit who prayed like an angel. The woman hastened away and heard the sermon, which, under the divine blessing, proved the means of her conversion, and she afterwards proved an eminent christian.

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The Conversion of a poor woman near Bath.

I WAS well acquainted with a pious woman, who died in Bath, about the year 1774, who was brought to the saving knowledge of God, in the following remarkable manner. She lived in the country and was left a widow, with several children, who were all taken ill of the small pox at the same time. Being in deep poverty, and distress, especially while her children were under that affliction, a Quaker-woman one day rode up to her door and said, "Art not thou a poor widow and in great distress?" The woman answered, "yes, I am a widow and in distress enough." She then gave her a little money, and said, I am a stranger to thee, but as I was riding along the road, the Lord inclined me to call at thy house, and to relieve thee." She then rode away, and the woman saw her no more. Some time after this she came and lived at Mashfield, where the travelling preachers were entertained by one John Ranger, a truly pious young man, he being visited by affliction got this poor woman to attend him in his sickness. One day as she was sitting by the bed-side, he being asleep she fell asleep also, and dreamed that John Ranger said to her with great earnestness: "awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light."—She immediately awoke out of her sleep and could hardly be persuaded but that John Ranger had really spoke those words to her. However they had a

blessed effect on her mind. She was awakened from the deep sleep of sin, and sought the Lord with her whole heart. About a week after this she again fell asleep while sitting by the sick man, and dreamed that John gave out and sung Dr. Watt's hymn,

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, &c.,

and while he was singing, the Lord spoke peace to her soul, and she awoke full of peace and joy. I preached at Mashfield the following Sunday, and not knowing any thing of this, I happened to give out, before the sermon, the above hymn, which very much affected her mind. John Ranger died happy in the Lord, and the preaching was removed from Mashfield. On this account, the poor woman removed to Bath, as she could not live without the gospel. Here she got her bread by attending the sick, as a nurse for some years, and walking humbly and comfortably with God. I visited her in her last sickness and found her solidly happy in the enjoyment of close communion with God. She lived alone, and had no one to attend her in her affliction except some of her kind neighbours might occasionally look in upon her; and she had nothing to support her unless what might be now and then given her in charity. And although she was alone night and day, she was perfectly satisfied. I took the late Mr. Wesley to see her, who after talking and praying with her, would have given her a little money, but she refused to take it, saying, "I am unable to take any thing but a small bit of bread steeped in cold water, and therefore I want nothing." Thus lived, and thus died this poor, but exceeding happy woman.

—(John Pawson.)

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*Conversion of a Soldier at Berlin.*

A SOLDIER of the king's guards was sentenced to be hanged, for desertion and theft. He was a wretch abandoned to all manner of wickedness. General Ruth was much concerned for his soul. He earnestly desired me to take the charge of it, though we saw no prospect. I visited him the day he was condemned, being Thursday. He seemed quite careless and unconcerned. I endeavoured to convince him of sin; but did not perceive any effect. I begged of him not to deceive his own soul, but to consider the condition he was in. On Friday this began to sink into his heart, and on Saturday, much more. Perceiving this, I much insisted on those words, "this is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The effect was astonishing. He laid hold on them by faith, and not only his burden was gone, but he had such experience of the love of Christ as it is impossible to describe. His peace, triumph, and joy increasing every hour, till the night before his execution; and indeed were never more observable than when he was brought out of prison. In his way to the place of execution he praised God for dragging him as it were with chains to heaven. 'What!' said he, 'will God, after all my hellish actions, give me eternal life into the bargain?' The efficacy of the blood and death of Christ being made to him by the Holy Ghost, he spoke of nothing but his wedding day, which was to be this 13th of August. Every one that looked upon him was struck! Officers and all were moved. Being entered into the ring, I once more prayed with him, and gave him the last blessing. But the very instant he was to be turned off, Colonel

H. called out, *Pardon!* I was thunder-struck and Mittelstadt protested it was to him like a ball shot through his body. He fainted away for some time. Being recovered, his first words were, 'Why was I not rather hanged, or even crucified, than pardoned? Why am I thus stopped in my course? I should now have been with Christ!' I myself was more afraid of him now than ever: but the grace of God was strong in his soul; and ever since it has continued the same. Yesterday I was informed by one who went on purpose to enquire, that his whole employ during his confinement (which is to continue six months) is reading, praying, and comforting himself with the blood of Christ.

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Singular Conversion of a Scotch Farmer.

SOME years ago, an aged man, a farmer in Scotland, who had lived all his life in a careless worldly spirit, was taken dangerously ill, and expected soon to die. A pious young woman, a servant in the neighbourhood, felt a deep concern for the salvation of this man, and set herself to invent some method to promote it. She invited another serious young woman to accompany her to his house, in the evening, when they offered their services to sit up with the sick man; which offer was thankfully accepted. When the rest of the family had retired to their beds, and all was still, the young woman, first mentioned, addressed the dying man in the most solemn manner respecting the state of his soul, and the important concerns of eternity; after which they asked his permission to pray with him.—He consented;—and while she, with uncommon enlargement, poured out her soul in his behalf, the Spirit of God powerfully affected the poor man's heart,

convinced him of his lost and ruined state, and led him cordially to embrace Jesus Christ and his great salvation, as exactly suited to his condition. The rest of the night was employed in spiritual conversation and fervent prayer. The poor aged creature greedily imbibed the glorious truths of the gospel, and evinced, as fully as circumstances could admit, a genuine work of the holy spirit on his soul. When they were about to leave him, just as the sun arose, he desired they would help him to the door of the house, that he might take a solemn leave of that vain world, which had so long deluded him from Christ.—They did so;—and having taken a serious adieu of all worldly enjoyments, he expressed his hope of being with Jesus Christ in heaven before the sun should set. Throughout the day he spoke to his neighbours concerning Christ, his Spirit, and eternity, in a manner altogether new to him, and in a way that greatly surprised them.

A little before sunset the young woman, who had so earnestly thirsted for his salvation, heard a report of his being remarkably better in his health; and felt an apprehension that, if he should not die at the time mentioned, her hopes concerning his conversion would be disappointed: but this apprehension was quickly dispelled, for she soon afterwards was certainly informed that just as the sun was setting, the poor man had departed in peace.

This pleasing anecdote affords an encouragement to pious persons, earnestly to strive for the conversion of sinners; and proves that those who occupy the humblest stations in life may nevertheless be eminently useful, if with zeal and prudence they attempt it.—*Evangelical Magazine.*

The Scold Converted.

THE late Rev. John Wesley relates the following circumstance in his Journal of 1741 :—“ Wednesday, 9th. I rode over to a neighbouring town to wait on a Justice of the Peace, a man of candour and understanding, before whom, I was informed, their angry neighbours had carried a whole waggon-load of these new heretics, (the Methodists.) But when he asked what they had done, there was a deep silence: for that was the point their conductors had forgot! At length one said, ‘Why they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they pray from morning to night.’ Mr. S. asked, ‘But have they done nothing besides?’ ‘Yes sir, (said an old man,) and please your worship they have converted my wife.—Till she went among them she had such a tongue!—and now she is as quiet as a lamb.’ ‘Carry them back, carry them back, replied the justice, ‘and let them convert all the scolds in the town.’”

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*The Remarkable Conversion of Lord \*\*\*\*\*.*

ONE of the former lords, Say and Sele, having invited good old Mr. Dodd, who lived in the same neighbourhood, to dine with him; dinner not being quite ready, his lordship asked him to take a walk in the garden to fill up that interval. Accordingly they both went, and after viewing its productions and rarities, his lordship exclaimed thus: “Well Mr. Dodd, you see I want for nothing; I have all that heart can wish for.” But Mr. Dodd musing and making no reply, his lordship asked him the reason. “Why please your lordship,” added the venerable man; “I have been thinking that a man may have these, and go to hell after all.” The words powerfully struck him, and terminated in a sound conversion.—*Evangelical Magazine, 1804.*