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## **WILLIAM BLACK**

**A Compilation by Duane V. Maxey  
From the HDM Library**

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Digital Edition 09/27/2000  
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## **INTRODUCTION**

As mhalb-54.jpg, a picture of William Black, "The Apostle of Nova Scotia," accompanies this compilation, which consists of the following material: two paragraphs about William Black from hdm720, the "Cyclopedia of Methodism" (B-Listings) by Matthew Simpson; "The Life of Mr. William Black, Written by Himself," from hdm0420, "The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers," by Thomas Jackson, and, two items not written by William Black are appended to the end of his autobiography.

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### **Part 1**

#### **TWO PARAGRAPHS ABOUT WILLIAM BLACK**

From hdm720, the "Cyclopedia of Methodism" (B-Listings)  
By Matthew Simpson

BLACK, William, "the apostle of Methodism" in the eastern British provinces, was born in Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England, in 1760. What Jesse Lee was to New England, and William Losse was to Upper Canada, William Black was to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. His parents emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1775. About the same time, a number of earnest Yorkshire Methodists settled in various parts of that province, but remained for several years destitute of regular services by their own preachers. They supplied the lack of ministerial services by holding meetings for reading the Scriptures, prayer, and exhortation. Through these meetings and the reading of good books, Mr. Black was converted when nineteen years of age. By his efforts a great revival commenced in the surrounding settlements, and several large classes of from eighty to one hundred were organized. Unhappily, some Antinomian preachers injured his efforts and divided the societies. Frequent letters, however, from Mr. Wesley encouraged him to

continue in the work. At one time he expected to attend Kingswood school, but he was disappointed in his arrangements. By diligent private study under the guidance of the Holy Spirit he became a good theologian: and he also acquired considerable knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. As a preacher he excelled in power and in pathos. Thousands were brought to God through his instrumentality.

He visited the celebrated Christmas Conference held in Baltimore in 1784. In this journey he visited and preached in the city of Boston with considerable success. His return to his own country was the commencement of a deeper interest and of greater success, as several ministers accompanied him. In 1789, Dr. Coke appointed him superintendent of Nova Scotia and the other northeast provinces, which position he held while he remained an effective minister. He visited the United States in 1791, attended the Philadelphia and New York Conferences, and received ordination from the Rev. Dr. Coke. He also obtained six additional preachers for the provinces. He attended the General Conference at Baltimore in 1792, and accompanied Dr. Coke on a visit to the West Indies. In 1816 he was appointed with Mr. Bennett to attend the American General Conference, to adjust some difficulties arising out of the occupation of the same territory by missionaries from both England and America. He exercised a commanding influence over the Methodism of the provinces, and was in correspondence with the ablest men of the church. He died in Halifax, Nova Scotia, September 6, 1834, aged seventy-four years.

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## Part 2

### THE LIFE OF MR. WILLIAM BLACK

Written by Himself

From hdm0420, "The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers"

By Thomas Jackson.

I was born at Huddersfield in Yorkshire, in the year 1760. When I was about six years old, I had serious impressions on my mind; and the thoughts of my state so distressed me, that I frequently said within myself, "O that I were a toad, a serpent, or anything but what I am! O that I had never been born, or else had been greater than God! and then He could not have punished me for my daring sins." I found enmity in my heart rising against the blessed Author of my being; particularly against His sovereignty, holiness, and justice; so that before I was ten years old, had it been in my power, I would have overturned God's throne, and put down the Judge of all the earth.

At this time I lived at Otley, near Leeds, with my uncle. Here I went to school; but was inattentive to my learning, and assiduous in wickedness; particularly fighting, quarreling, lying, stealing, and disobedience to my uncle. When I was about twelve or thirteen years old, I ran away to my father's, who lived about twenty miles distant. He gave me a severe correction; but, as he had thoughts of going to North America, he did not send me back to my uncle. O, how I desire at this day to be humbled at the remembrance of these my youthful iniquities, and praise the God of grace who had mercy on my worthless soul!

In the year 1774 my father left England, and went to Nova-Scotia. After going through several parts of the province, he purchased an estate at Amherst, near Cumberland, and in the fall

of the year returned. While he was in America, my dear mother paid particular attention to the concerns of my soul. She frequently took me aside into her closet to pray with and talk to me; after relating God's gracious dealings with herself, and affectionately pressing the necessity of the new birth on my conscience. Her godly admonitions were not altogether in vain. Many times they deeply affected me, and sent me in my closet to my knees, where, with tears, I besought the Lord for mercy; which I surely should have found, had I not believed the subtle fiend, who whispered, "It is too soon for you to be religious: it will destroy your happiness, cut off all your pleasures, and make you a laughing-stock for every boy in the school." With this, and such like temptations, he prevailed. I quenched the spirit of God, and drove away my concern, so that I could sin on nearly as I did before.

In April, 1775, we sailed from Hull, on board the "Jenny," Captain Foster, and had a good passage, until we came within sight of Halifax, where we struck upon the rocks with great violence, and were afraid the ship would be lost; but it being low water when she struck, through mercy, she was got off again without much damage.

Captain Foster was a pattern to mariners, especially to masters of vessels, both with respect to his private walk as a Christian, and his government as a master. I never heard him speak a rash word; nor did I hear a rash oath from the time we left England, until we arrived in Halifax harbor, either by mariner or passenger, although we had about ninety on board. There was religious worship in the cabin constantly, morning and evening, to which the captain invited all to come that could be spared from the management of the vessel. He used to sing and pray with the people, and affectionately to advise and exhort them to make sure of the one thing needful. What pity it is that so few imitate him!

After staying about a fortnight at Halifax, we sailed for Cumberland, and arrived in June. Here I grew in wickedness as I advanced in age, turning the grace of God into lasciviousness; spending whole nights together in the ridiculous practice of shuffling spotted pieces of pasteboard, with painted kings and queens on them; and dancing for four or five nights in the week; until the spring of 1779, when the Lord again began to work upon my mind in a most powerful manner.

A few old Methodists who had emigrated from England some years before, and had retained something of the work of grace in their souls, began to keep meetings amongst themselves for prayer and exhortation. God blessed these means, some being awakened, and several set at liberty; and when this was rumored abroad, the people began to think and inquire whether these things were so or not.

One day my brother John had been over at Fort Lawrence, and on his return told me that two of our acquaintances were converted, and knew their sins forgiven; and that he thought it was high time for him to set out, and seek the same blessing. I replied, "Brother, whether they are converted or not, it is certain we must alter our course of life, or we cannot be saved." He said, he intended to do it. But said I, "Let us determine to set out now; and, lest we should be drawn back, let us covenant together." We did so, and shook hands, as a confirmation of the same. Yet, as our conviction was not deep, this covenant chiefly respected outward things; as the leaving off card-playing, dancing, Sabbath-breaking, &c., and resolving to attend the meetings, to read, and to pray, &c.

About this time I went over to Mr. Oxley's, (whose family were under concern for their souls,) who exhorted me to set out with all speed to seek God, and not to rest until my peace was made with heaven. This was a great blessing to me, as it strengthened me in my determinations.

One night, at our request, John Newton of Fort-Lawrence came over to Amherst to pray with us. While he was giving out the hymn, the tears began to gush out of my eyes, and my heart to throb within me; so that in a little time most of the company did so too. One young man at first began to laugh at us, and thought within himself, "These never committed murder, or did any dreadful thing, that they need to make such fools of themselves, and roar out that way like mad people." But God soon turned his laughter into sorrow, and sent an arrow of conviction to his heart; and then he roared out the loudest of all, "God be merciful to me, a poor miserable sinner!" Ten or eleven continued crying thus for some time, when God graciously set Mrs. Oxley at liberty. Her soul was brought out of dismal darkness into marvelous light. O, how did her soul exult in the Lord her Redeemer, and magnify His holy name! Our meeting continued that night for several hours; after which, I went home with my three brothers and a sister, weary and heavy laden with the burden of our sins.

From this time, we met almost every night at Mr. Oxley's, to sing and pray, for some months together. We generally met a little after sunset, and continued our meetings until midnight; indeed, frequently I and the young man before mentioned continued until daylight. I now wept, fasted, and prayed, and my constant cry was, "Give me Christ! Give me Christ! or else I die." I could bear to hear of nothing beside Jesus, and Him crucified; and was amazed to see men, endowed with reason, and capable of enjoying God's love in time and eternity, spending their precious moments in the most trifling and unprofitable conversation.

One night coming from a religious meeting with two or three young men, whilst the northern lights began to wave backwards and forwards in the air, I thought, "What, if the day of judgment be coming? I am ill prepared to die!" Then, throwing myself on the ground, I cried to the Lord to have mercy on my poor, wretched, sinful soul. While lying on the ground, this thought was impressed upon my mind: "The curse of God hangs over prayerless families. God is not worshipped in a public manner in your family: this is your sin." This had for some time lain heavy on my mind, and that of my brother John. He had several times been requested to pray with us, but always put it off, saying, "By and by I will, when I get more strength." But still he could not break through. I rose from the ground, and went immediately home, resolving in myself, that if neither my father nor elder brother would pray with the family, I would. Just as I entered the door, my brother began to pray; which was the first time we had family prayer since my mother died, in 1776.

Soon after this, Mr. Wells came over to Amherst, and gave an exhortation, in which were these words, "Sin and repent, sin and repent, until you repent in the bottomless pit." They went like a dagger to my heart. "Lord," thought I, "I am the very man. I sin and grieve, and then I sin again. Alas! what will such repentance avail? I must be holy, or I cannot be happy." Now my sins were set in array before me. I saw and felt myself guilty, helpless, wretched, and undone. I went about from day to day, hanging down my head like a bulrush, whilst streams of tears rolled down my cheeks; yet still I found no deliverance. However, I was determined never to rest until I found rest in Christ. None of the externals of religion would now satisfy my awakened conscience. I saw that

if ever I was saved, it must be by grace through faith; and that this faith was the gift of God: but, alas! I had it not; nor was I yet brought wholly to trust in the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

Soon after this, I went to hear an exhortation at a neighbor's house: but, alas! I felt hard and stupid; all my softening frames were gone. (Perhaps I trusted too much in them.) I could not shed a tear, if it would have saved my soul from hell. I thought, "Surely I am one of the vilest wretches on the face of the earth. I know that I am a child of the devil, of wrath, and hell; and dying here, I am for ever undone; yet I cannot shed a tear. Alas, alas! I am worse and worse! more wretched than ever!" In this miserable state I laid me down, concluding I was farther from deliverance than ever. I mourned because I could not mourn; and grieved because I could not grieve.

The day following, we had our monthly meeting at Mr. Foster's, of Fort-Lawrence. Such a day as this I never saw before or since. Mr. Wells' prayer seemed just suited to my case. Every word came home with keen conviction, and sunk deeper into my heart than ever. I formerly used to long that I might feel my sins a greater burden, and that my distress might be increased. I mourned because I had so little sense of my state. I was greedy of sorrow; to mourn was pleasing, and to shed tears was some relief. But now the scene was changed, and my sins were an intolerable burden. He was weary of life, and strangely said within myself, "I wish I was dead. If God pleases to save me, it is infinite mercy: if He damns my soul, be it so, He was righteous and just; I cannot help myself." Every thing augmented my sorrows. A cock, just then crowing, brought strongly to my mind Peter's denial of his Master, so that I cried within myself, "O, I am wretchedly denying the Lord a place in my heart: I, like Peter, have denied the Lord." The enemy then softly whispered, "Go and hang thyself." But God of His infinite goodness (though He did not yet deliver me) preserved my soul from self-destruction, blessed be His name for ever!

Meeting being over, John Newton came to me, and said, "Surely, Willy, there must be something that thou art not willing to give up, or the Lord would have delivered thy soul before now!" I replied, "I am in Francis Spira's condition." "No, no," said he: "only give up all thy soul to Jesus, and He will soon deliver thee. Sorrow may continue for a night, but joy shall come in the morning." Thus he endeavored to encourage me to look for relief, while he pressed me to surrender up all my soul to Jesus Christ, assuring me I should find deliverance the moment I cast all my soul on Jesus. My distress was so great, I thought if I was in hell I could not be much worse. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" Soon after, the extremity of my distress went off, and I remained for two days melancholy, under an abiding sense of my lost condition, except the Lord should, in infinite mercy, send me help from His holy place. On the evening of the latter day, I went to Mr. Oxley's, where a woman who knew my distress asked me, "Can you believe?" I answered, "No." She said, "You are reasoning with the enemy. Come, I have got a sweet promise for you;" and then showed me a passage in the Bible, which she supposed suitable to my case. I said, "I have seen many such sweet promises as that today; but, alas! they are not for me."

Mr. Frieze then came to me, asked the state of my mind, and went to prayer. He took an affectionate leave of me, saying, "I believe God will deliver you before morning." We tarried still at Mr. Oxley's, singing and praying for about two hours, when it pleased the Lord to reveal His free grace; His fullness and suitableness, as a Savior; His ability and willingness to save me: so

that I was enabled to venture on the sure mercies of David, and claim my interest in His blood, with, "I am Thine, and Thou art mine;" while our friends were singing,

"My pardon I claim.  
for a Sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus a name."

Now I could lay hold of Him, as the hope set before me, "the Lord my righteousness." My burden dropped off; my guilt was removed; condemnation gave place to mercy; and a sweet peace and gladness were diffused through my soul. My mourning was turned into joy, and my countenance, like Hannah's, was no more heavy. After tarrying some time, and returning public thanks, I went home with my heart full of love, and my mouth full of praise. The next morning my brother John came to inquire how I felt my mind. I said, "O, blessed be God, I am happy: He hath graciously delivered my soul, and makes my heart to rejoice in His name." He went and told my brother Richard, who soon after came to inquire as he had done: but I did not feel so clear an evidence as before, and began to question whether I had indeed found the Lord; whether the peace and comfort I had felt might not be from the devil I soon after took up Mr. Hervey's Meditations; and while reading a little in them, God smiled again on my soul, and cheered my heart as with the new wine of His kingdom. My scruples now were all removed, and I could again cry, with joy, "My Lord, and my God!"

That night, when a few friends met at my father's for prayer, I was much comforted in singing those Words,

"Not this I can tell,  
He hath loved me so well  
As to lay down His life to redeem me from hell."

Now I concluded my mountain was so strong, that it could not be moved; but, what are we, if God for a moment hide His face? In the evening we went to Mr. Oxley's; where seeing many in tears and great distress, I said, "O that ye would all come to Christ! Surely ye may all now believe, if ye will it is easy to believe." But it was instantly suggested with great violence into my mind, "You are deceived; you are puffed up with pride." This came with such force, that it blasted all my evidences and comforts in a moment, so that I cried out, in the presence of them all, "O, what a wretch am I! I said a few minutes ago, Ye may all believe, if ye will; and now I myself cannot believe." I left the house, went into the field, and, throwing myself on the ground, cried to the Lord for help. He heard my prayer; He saw my distress; filled my soul with love, and bade me go in peace. Lord, what a wavering, inconstant soul am I! Sometimes I feel Thy love; I behold Thy fullness; I see Thee altogether lovely, and cry, "Now I will never doubt again." But, alas! no sooner does the storm come on, the winds blow, the waves run high, than I begin to doubt; and the more I doubt, the more I sink; and I should. perish altogether, if Thou didst not reach to me Thine arm, as Thou didst once to sinking Peter. However, these temptations served to confirm me the more; for always proportionable comforts followed them: if my distresses were great, my deliverance was the greater. This, I find, hath been the case with me unto the present day.

For some time after this I was peculiarly blessed. I went on my way rejoicing, carried as in the bosom of my Redeemer.

"Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song.  
O that all His salvation might see!  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffer'd and died.  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

"On the wings of His love  
I was carried above  
All sin and temptation and pain;  
I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve  
That I ever should suffer again."

Everything conspired to make me happy. If I looked upon the heavens above, or the earth beneath, both sparkled with their Creator's glory; and all creation seemed to smile on my soul, and speak its Maker's praise. My heart glowed within me, while the fields broke forth into singing, and the trees clapped their hands. The glory of Lebanon was given unto them, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, because of the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. Whether I looked on man or beast, I saw the wisdom, power, and goodness of God shine conspicuously. I was filled with wonder and felt the greatest tenderness and love for every creature God had made. With glowing admiration my soul beheld, and with grateful praise I confessed, the inimitable skill of His all-creating hand in the formation of a fly, or the paintings of a flower. More especially, when I considered, "This is not barely the work of a God, but of my God! my Father! and my Friend!" When I thought of death, judgment, heaven, or even hell, it filled my heart with comfort. But above all, at the name of Jesus, my heart took fire, kindled into love, and ardently longed to be with Him. In this happy frame I continued for some time.

When walking out one day, I began to reason with the enemy, or accuser of the brethren, who suggested, "Your joy is not the joy of the Holy Ghost: you deceive yourself: it is self-made, for you can rejoice when you please. If Jesus, heaven, or hell is but mentioned or thought of, you instantly rejoice. Ah! it is only your passions that are a little moved: you are no Christian still." This temptation appeared so plausible, that it threw me into many doubts and fears; nor could I then command my former joys, as my tempter insinuated. But I cried to the Lord, and He helped me; so that again I could rejoice with confidence in Jesus, as the Lord my Savior, the Lord my righteousness.

At another time the tempter suggested that question, "Is there any God? with such power, that I do not wonder St. Paul should exhort us above all things to take the shield of faith that therewith we may be able to quench the fiery darts of the devil. However, I rejected the thought with abhorrence, but then it soon followed, "You are no Christian or such a thought could never have entered your mind. You surely are not born again." With such suggestions I was led

sometimes to reason to my hurt. I did not always consider, it is no sin to be tempted, unless we make the temptation our own by giving place to it.

Some days after, a blasphemous suggestion against the being of God struck me as if it had been lightning from heaven; but I cried aloud, "Lord, help me!" and it vanished in a moment. One day, beginning to reason, whether a child of God could ever meet with such suggestions and temptations as I did, until my mind was perplexed and clouded, I was sweetly relieved by these lines

"My Savior doth not yet appear,  
He hides the brightness of His face;  
But shall I therefore let Him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,  
I never will give up my shield."

At another time the accuser struck at my sincerity thus: "After all your profession, you are only a hypocrite still: you pray much; so do hypocrites: you are very exact in all you do; are not they, touching the law, blameless?" But I have faith. You think so; and do not they?" But I have power over sin. "They suppose they have, but deceive themselves, as you do." But I have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins. "So you conclude; but there is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, who are not cleansed from their filthiness." But the love of God, and the joy of the Holy Ghost, are shed abroad in my heart. "Many have thought so, and yet were deceived: Herod heard John gladly, and did many things: the stony-ground hearers received the word with joy," &c. Thus all my evidences were disputed, as fast as I could produce them. I went into an adjacent field, and, throwing myself on the ground, cried, "O Lord God Almighty, Thou that searchest the heart and triest the reins of the children of men, search and prove me; see if there be any wicked way in which I go. Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I would love Thee with all my heart. If I am deceived, if I do not love Thee, O my Lord, show it unto me." My appeal was scarcely gone from my lips; yea, while I was yet speaking, He lifted up the light of His countenance, and answered in the joy of my soul. In His light, I saw light, and could not doubt either God's love to me, or my love to God. O, what a blessing it is to have a throne of grace so free of access!

When I first set out in the ways of God, I thought if I was once converted, I should never feel the last evil desire, wandering of thought from God, or aversion to duty. I concluded, sin will be all destroyed, and I shall know war no more. But how mistaken! I found, my conflicts were just beginning; or myself but newly entered on the field of battle. O, what a depth of wickedness I found still in my heart! what a den of thieves, a cage of unclean birds, a nest of corruption, pride, self, unbelief, love of the world, aversion to duty! all loathsome to behold, and contrary to the will of that God whom in my soul I loved. Yet, blessed be God, they had not the dominion over me. The moment they were discovered, my soul rose in indignation against them, fled to the atoning blood, and looked to heaven for deliverance. I hated, I abhorred them as the spawn of hell; so that they did not break my peace. I still held fast the beginning of my confidence, and felt the Spirit of the Lord bearing witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. But a view of these things greatly



humbled me, and showed me the continual need I had of Jesus Christ. It sent me often to Calvary with this cry,

"Every moment, Lord, I need  
The merit of Thy death."

I never had a greater sense of my vileness, or so great a love to Jesus. Never did sin appear so odious, or grace in so lovely a view before. Jesus, in His various names, characters, and offices, appeared lovely, yea, altogether lovely. His presence sweetened everything; so that now I could sing, --

"With me no melancholy void,  
No moment lingers unemploy'd,  
Or unimproved below:  
Our weariness of life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone,  
And only Him to know."

My days did sweetly glide away. I could see, or feel, or taste God in everything. The eating a little bread, or the drinking a little water from a brook, hath many times filled my soul with wonder at His goodness, in feeding such a worthless, hell-deserving creature as I was. God's ordinances now became delightful to me. I went up to His house with joy, and entered His courts with praise. His people now were my dearest and only companions. They were the excellent of the earth, in my view, though perhaps clothed in rags. I was glad when they said unto me, "Let us go up to the house of God." Sabbath-days, formerly the most burdensome, became the most delightful days in all the year. I fed on marrow and fat things. I was sorry when the Sabbath was over, or longed for the return of the next. I saw time was exceedingly precious: I longed that it should be all filled up for God; and was determined to have opportunity for prayer, though I should take it out of meal-times.

While I thus happily went on, I was assaulted with many temptations, out of which the Lord delivered me; one of which I will relate. One day, while I was at work, a sudden thought was darted into my mind, "Is there any God? I wish there was no God!" This horrid injection surprised me. I scarcely knew my own voice from that of the fiend. However, when the enemy comes in with a flood, the Spirit lifts up a standard against him. I cried, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I not only believe in Thee, but love Thee, and rejoice that Thou art mine." By the grace of God, I was preserved, so that Satan gained no advantage hereby. His temptations were rather a blessing to me, as they made me seek after the continual presence of God. I could not rest one moment without feeling His love; which He in mercy graciously bestowed upon me, from day to day. I set the Lord always before me, and almost continually adverted to His presence, both in speaking and acting.

In the evenings I frequently walked out to meditate on God's goodness, and the works of His hands. O, how often hath my soul been filled with wonder and admiration! I felt a peculiar love to souls, and seldom passed a man, woman, or child without lifting up my heart to God on their account; or passed a house without praying for all in it, that God would open their eyes, give

them to see the miseries of a natural state, and make them partakers of His love. It grieved me from day to day to see them so ignorant of themselves, of happiness, and of God; so that sometimes I was constrained to speak to them, though I met with rough treatment in return.

Most of our family were soon after converted to God; and O, what a blessed change did religion now make among us! Before its blessed influences were known in our family, nothing but discord, jealousy, and ill-will were there. Peace had for some time left our dwelling, and we, hurried on by devilish passions, were urging fast to ruin. But when religion once spread her benign influences over us, our jars ceased, peace returned, and harmony and love reigned in the whole family. So that my father, once speaking to a person very much prejudiced against religion, said, "Madam, you may say what you please against religion; but I would not for three hundred pounds, it should have missed coming into my house, even on a temporal account. And sure I am, whatever others may think, that those are the happiest people under heaven, who love God, and bear the Redeemer's cross."

I now longed vehemently that all should know the sweetness and preciousness of Christ. I had a feeling sense of their unhappy condition, as strangers to the grace of God, and could scarcely refrain from weeping over them. I loved them so, that I thought I could willingly have sacrificed my life on a gibbet, if that would have been a means of bringing them to the knowledge of themselves and of Jesus Christ. One evening, when we met at St. Lawrence, I gave vent to the fullness of my heart, and entreated them by the mercies of God, and the preciousness of their own souls, not to quench the Spirit, and destroy themselves eternally. Soon after this we had meetings at Amherst. Here also the love of Christ, and the love of souls, constrained me to beseech them in Christ's stead to be reconciled unto God. My heart seemed to melt down while I spoke, and tears flowed from my eyes.

I now began to pray and exhort at almost every meeting; and God was with us of a truth, but to convince and to comfort. We seldom met together, but the shout of a King was heard in our camp. I found the Lord graciously stood by my weakness, and His Spirit helped my infirmities; so that many times, though my body trembled, and my knees smote one against another, yet God delivered me from these fears, so that I could speak with confidence, freedom, and tender affection.

In the winter following, being invited to go over to Tantremar, and give a word of exhortation, I did so; and God sent the word with power to the hearers' hearts. From that time an awakening began. Many, both young and old, inquired the way to Zion, and afterwards believed in Jesus. Three other young men and I agreed to visit in our turns, every Sabbath-day, Prospect, St. Lawrence, and Amherst. The word did not fall to the ground in vain; for in every place God gave us to see the fruit of our labors. We met with little opposition, except by hard names, (which were plentifully bestowed upon us, both by the Pharisees and Sadducees,) and being once taken prisoners to the garrison, where after we had been detained two hours, they set us at liberty. The work still went on with greater swiftness during the winter, and many found the word to be the power of God unto salvation.

In the spring following we were visited by a young man from Falmouth, who was very zealous in the cause. He labored fervently, and at his first coming was made a great blessing to

many. After staying about seven or eight weeks, he returned; but, before he left us, proposed that we should give up the Methodist discipline, and form ourselves into a Congregational church. This the people could not consent to do. He soon sent another, who preached amongst us for some time; but, alas! he sowed dissension, and poured out a flood of the rankest Antinomianism, which afterwards produced dismal fruits. At the time he came, we had about two hundred in the society, which met regularly in the classes; and about one hundred and thirty of them professed faith in Jesus. He tarried about a month with us. Several of the friends, beside myself, reasoned with him on the evil tendency of his doctrines; but all in vain. At last, ten of the principal friends wrote him a letter; in which they informed him, that if he continued to preach such doctrines, they could not in conscience hear him. The letter did not reach his hand; but he never returned to Cumberland since. Yet though he was gone, his doctrines took root and spread, and soon after tore the society into pieces. I took a tour up the river Petitcodiac, and spoke to the people of the goodness of God, and the way of salvation through faith; but they remained in general hard and stupid. However, the word did not wholly fall to the ground, one being then awakened, and the next time I visited the river, set at liberty. It was up this river where I first ventured to take a text, to prevent a sameness in my discourses. After my return, I continued as usual, working at my father's in the day-time, and in the evening and on the Sabbath-days exhorting and preaching at different places, according as it suited the people best. One night, having called at a friend's house, where a number of those that were awakened had got together, a hymn-book being put into my hand, I gave out a verse, and began to expound it. One of those that had been under great distress began to praise God, and to tell what He had done for her soul. Soon after another and another, till four that night professed redemption in the blood of Jesus Christ. I continued to labor at home until November 13th, when I set off again, to visit the poor, hardened people of Petitcodiac river, and labored amongst them until the 20th. I preached to them sixteen or seventeen times, and perceived the word reached their hearts, as appeared from their heaving breasts and weeping eyes. At Hillsborough, and also at the village, many were pricked to the heart, and began to inquire the way to Zion, in a manner they had never done before. One cried vehemently for mercy, who had just before been mocking. The word fastened on his mind, so that she was ready to cry out, but left the house to void it soon after he returned, and found it to have the same effect. He attempted to leave the room as at the first, but before he reached the door, was constrained to cry out for mercy.

On the 21st I returned to Tantremar, and preached in the evening with very great freedom. Jesus was in the midst of us, both to wound and to comfort; and many of the friends were remarkably happy. One little girl about seven or eight years old got upon a form, and told, in a wonderful manner, what God had done for her soul. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He can and does perfect praise. After preaching several times at Tantremar, on the 26th I rode over the marshes, and on the 28th, by God's blessing, arrived safe at home, having found this a blessed journey to my soul.

I labored about home as usual, and for about six weeks was sorely grieved to see the enemy likely to gain so great an advantage. Antinomianism now began to rear its dreadful head. The commandments of God, more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold, were dressed up as scarecrows. God's law was, by many, rather vilified, than magnified and made honorable. To press it on the consciences of our audience was looked upon as a mark of our ignorance, if not of our being total strangers to the grace of God. All this they did under pretense of honoring free grace; and taught publicly, that no believer could make shipwreck of his faith; that his soul never

sinned, though he should lie or get drunk; that David himself, or his soul, never sinned, while in Uriah's bed, -- it was his body only. Thus were the flood-gates of iniquity set open; and many sucked in the poison, as if it had been the marrow of the Gospel. So that some of my own children rose up against me, even those that once loved me as the apple of their eye. Yea, even two of our leaders, and many of our principal members, were drawn away by these corrupt notions. Hence dissensions arose; their zeal was spent upon notions and opinions, and the life of God gradually died away.

January 9th, 1782. -- I set off for Petitcodiac river, and stopped the first night at a place where I found one whom I had left in great distress, now rejoicing in the Lord. The next morning I set forwards on snow-shoes, for the French settlement on the north side of the river, in company with one or two of our friends. We lay at a French house that night on a little straw, and had only about two yards of a thin linen wrapper to cover us, though it was one of the coldest nights in all that winter. But

Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If Thou, my God, art here!"

The next day we went forward, and walked about nineteen miles. I was much fatigued with the snowshoes; yet I preached in the evening, but felt little life in my own soul. O Lord, what are we without Thy love? Sunday, 12th. -- I preached at the village, where many were deeply affected, and, with floods of tears, declared they sought the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world. After preaching, I walked about nine miles to the head of the river, where we met a small company in the evening. The next day I preached twice; and the day following returned to the village again, where I found some fruit of my labors.

Wednesday, 16th. -- We walked as far as Ricars point, where I preached in the evening; but the people appeared quite unmoved. On Thursday we reached Hillsborough where we were received with joy. Many appeared to be in sore distress and one found comfort. Monday 21st -- I walked about twenty miles on snow shoes and preached at night Many were deeply affected and one in particular cried, "O, Mr. Black, what shall I do? my heart is ready to burst" I pointed him to Jesus and exhorted him to believe. Others declared what God had done for their souls and many hung around ready to catch every word, and some with tears crying, O that I might receive my sight! O that my eyes were opened! What shall I do? My heart is almost broken!" &c.

Wednesday, 23d. -- I preached at the village, and, having left the people weeping, went on my journey. At night I preached at a friend's house, where a young man trembled greatly, and cried, "O Lord, if Thou dost not save, I am undone!" About bed-time I went out of the house to the barn, where I found him kneeling on the snow, crying and praying in the bitterness of his soul. The next morning we commended him to the grace of God, and set off for Membromcook, where we tarried all night amongst the French again and the next day reached Mr. Weldon's. Saturday 26th. -- About one o'clock I arrived at Sackville, but found a proud, barren heart, many times wandering from God. O my God, I hate this self and will not give up my claim to Thee. Sunday, 27th. -- I preached twice, but felt great cause to mourn my barrenness, my distance from, and unlikeness to, Jesus.

I next visited the societies around Cumberland as usual, for about six weeks, and then returned to the river again, where I found all were walking steadily according to their profession. On April 3d I got safe to Membromcook, after a dangerous passage across the bay. Had my Master been pleased to have called me then away, I was well reconciled to a watery grave; for I knew that I had a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. On the 9th I arrived at Cumberland, and continued in my old Circuit until the 22d of May, when I set off for Windsor, and on the 25th got safe to Cornwallis. On the Lord's day I preached three times; and whilst some wept, and others greatly rejoiced, I had such a sense of my unworthiness, that I appeared to myself as the chief of sinners. If conscience did not prevent, I believe I should yet give up preaching. O, Lord, let me not fall by the hand of Saul!

Wednesday, 29th. -- I visited a sick woman who thought she had a great stock of good deeds to build upon. I endeavored to convince her of the necessity of the new birth; but all in vain. I offered to pray with her, but she refused. I then exhorted her to consider the dreadful state of her soul, and left her. O Lord, pity her benighted soul

June 4th. -- I rode on to Falmouth, and preached in the evening. Many of Mr. Alleine's friends were there. They felt the power of the word, and rejoiced greatly, declaring it was the power of God unto salvation. But, though they frequently spoke thus during my first visit yet after Mr. Alleine had returned from Cumberland the second time, and told them that I had opposed his doctrines, and his design to set aside the Methodist discipline there, the case was changed, and on my second coming they said, I was no minister of Jesus Christ; soon after, I was no Christian; and, in a little while, a downright minister of antichrist. Yet I continued to act, live, and preach the very same doctrines as before. Lord, what is man? I doubt not, but many of these are good, though mistaken, people, and enjoy the life of religion; yet they do not know their brethren.

June 10th. -- I set off for Halifax, where there was scarcely the shadow of religion to be seen. I preached four times amongst them; but the word met with little reception. In general they are Gallio-like, and care for none of those things. I then went and preached at two or three other places; and on the 20th returned to Halifax again, where I tarried five days, and preached six times. Some were now affected, and two backsliders much stirred up: but we had considerable disturbance from the sons of Belial; some of whom threw handfuls of flour about the room, upon the people's clothes; others threw gunpowder crackers into the fire, which flew about amongst the people; and others cursed, and swore that I should not preach long, for the press-gang was coming. I pitied them much, but did not fear them. Father, forgive them! they know not what they do.

July 1st. -- At the request of some, who had come about seventy miles to hear the word, I agreed to visit Annapolis. We set off early in the morning, and got to Granville that night; where I tarried about seven days, and had some comfortable meetings. I then rode to Horton, and preached in Magee's barn, where the word was sharp as a two-edged sword. Many trembled exceedingly, and amongst the rest, one who had formerly been a valiant servant of the devil, and confessedly as proud as Lucifer; but now he trembled in every limb, and floods of tears gushed from his eyes. Many saw the necessity of inward religion, and with strong cries and tears besought the Lord for mercy. In the evening we held our first watch-night at Nathaniel Smith's, in Cornwallis. Such a meeting as this I never saw before, except one at Amherst. O, what a noise and a shaking amongst the dry bones! The cries of the wounded were so great, that my voice could scarcely be heard.

When the first meeting was over, I found my strength almost exhausted, and feared I should not be able to preach again. But I found the promise literally fulfilled "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

On the 12th I returned to Horton; and the next morning setting off about four o'clock, I reached my father's house the same evening, traveling that day about seventy miles. Blessed be God, this was a Comfortable journey to me, seeing seven or eight profess to have found the pearl of great price.

Sunday, 14th. -- I preached at Amherst. Whilst I was absent, Mr. Alleine paid the people here a second visit, completed a separation, and drew nearly seventy of our members away from us. All was in confusion; the classes were broken up, and a flood of contention threatened dreadful consequences. O Satan! a wicked man could not have answered thy purpose so well. But may the Lord overrule it for good, and prevent the mischief I dread! O Lord, suffer us not to lose the spirit of religion in the spirit of controversy!

On the 25th a number of the principal friends met together at Mr. D's, to consult what was best to be done in our present situation. Several leaders were appointed, and three or four classes formed again. O that the Lord would heal the breaches of Zion!

August 1st. -- I set off again to visit the dear people at Petitcodiac. I arrived at Membromcook that night, where we had a comfortable meeting. Here I found one, whom I left on March 4th in sore distress, now rejoicing in God her Savior. This was a day of sweet refreshment to my soul: so does the Lord regard the unworthiest of all that ever knew His grace or spoke in His name. Alas, what a body of death, what a heap of corruption and deformity, am I! Yet, Lord, I trust I can say, grace (not sin), reigns in me. O, what need have I to live by faith.

"O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!"

Friday, 3d. -- I preached at Hillsborough in the forenoon, and in the evening at the village. The day following I preached at the head of the river, and joined a few in society. On the Sabbath we had a comfortable time, when many seemed fully determined to seek God for their portion; but especially on Monday, 6th, while I discoursed on, "Ye ask, and have not, because ye ask amiss." Many were deeply affected, and some very happy. When the tide served, we went down the river in a canoe, leaving many in tears; and in the evening we arrived safe at Hillsborough, where my heart was made glad by hearing one of the Dutch women tell what God had done for her soul.

Tuesday, 7th. -- I preached in the morning, and then set off for Shepody. We had a tedious and dangerous passage: the tide was for us, and the wind high, and right a-head, which meeting the tide, made it both rough and dangerous. The night was very dark, and the men almost spent with rowing. With difficulty we reached Cape-Mosel; yet, blessed be God, in the midst of breaking waves and foaming surges, I could with confidence sing,

"I fear no denial, no danger I fear,  
Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near."

After we got ashore we groped our way about a mile across marshes, until we got into the edge of the woods, where we tarried all night under the shade of the trees, and about day-break set off again, by land, for Shepody, and arrived about eight o'clock. Here I tarried until the 11th. Several appeared affected under the word; but I fear the work is not deep. Then I set off for Membromcook, and arrived safe at Tantremar that night, where I stayed until the 14th. Then I crossed the marshes, and preached at Mount-Whatley in the evening, and at St. Lawrence the next day.

Sunday, 19th. -- I received a very pressing letter from Petitcodiac, requesting me to return there if possible immediately, and informing me that my last visit had been made a great blessing; that now the prejudices of the people began to vanish, and several were under deep concern. I laid the matter before our friends, who thought I ought immediately to return. The next morning I set off, and rode to the English settlement at Membromcook that night, and about ten o'clock the next reached Hillsborough.

Tuesday, 22d. -- I preached twice, when deep attention sat on every face, and some wept most of the time. God appears deeply at work. O that they may never quench His Spirit! The day following I went in a boat, with about twenty other persons, to the village, and preached twice to an affected congregation, where two professed redemption in the blood of Jesus.

Friday, 24th. -- We went by water to the head of the river, where also I preached twice; and about one o'clock in the morning set off again in our boat. We had not got above a mile or two down the river, before we met a small canoe, with a man, his wife, and a little child in it, who had rowed about twenty miles, to hear the word, but was too late. O gracious Father, let not his labor be in vain! About nine in the morning, I preached again at the village, and met the society afterwards. Truly this was a powerful and affecting time. God set old Mrs. Stieves at liberty, and her mourning was turned into glorious joy. O, how did she speak of the goodness of God, until all in the room were melted into tears! She was always of a moral character, and had strictly adhered to some of the externals of religion; but saw not the necessity of inward religion. When two of her sons were awakened and joined the society, she opposed, supposing they were deceived; and when Mr. B----, justice of the peace, went up the river, she wrung her hands in great distress, and cried, "O that Black, that Black, he has ruined my two sons! O, he has ruined my two sons!" But some time ago God opened her understanding, and gave her to feel a need of a deeper work. She was then convinced that she was but a poor deluded Pharisee herself, a whited wall, a painted sepulcher; and that she was in a miserable situation, unless her soul was converted. Sore distress and anguish filled her soul, until God in mercy revealed His Son in her heart. Then she willingly joined those whom formerly she looked upon as enthusiasts and fanatics.

About one o'clock, leaving many in tears, we set off with the tide, and arrived at Hillsborough in time for preaching; where one fell to the ground, and some wept bitterly.

Sunday, 26th. -- Having to cross the river at high water, which was about twelve o'clock, I preached early in the morning, and again about eleven o'clock, when there was weeping and rejoicing on every side. F. Stieves, who had been under concern for some time, was powerfully delivered in the last prayer. O, what a blessed time! Gladly would I have stayed longer here: but

Tuesday was the Quarterly Meeting at Fort-Lawrence; therefore we took an affectionate leave of each other. They accompanied me across the river to the French settlement, where I had left my horse; and I rode that night to Tantremar.

Tuesday, 28th. -- In the lovefeast at Fort-Lawrence about fifty declared their desire to continue in the Methodist Connection. About nine or ten of these had joined Mr. Alleine; but now saw cause to return, and walk in the way in which they were first called, who, together with those at Petitcodiac, amounted to about eighty. Many stood aloof, and would not join either society. O, what a blow did the work in general receive from these unhappy divisions! Satan's maxim is, "Divide and destroy." However, our way is, with meekness and love, to instruct those that oppose.

September 3d. -- I set off again to visit the lower towns, and on the 5th I arrived at Windsor. I then visited Halifax, Horton, Cornwallis, Granville, and Annapolis. We had good seasons at each of these places, except Halifax; and even here, two since my last visit professed faith, so that I hope the word did not fall to the ground. These, with a few more, I joined together in society. But in general the people here are hardened. Lord, pity them! Having visited the friends from Halifax to Annapolis, I returned to the Cumberland Circuit again, where I arrived, after a dangerous passage, on the 14th of November.

Wednesday, 20th. -- I rode over to Tantremar, where I was sorely grieved to find mysticism and the foulest Antinomianism spreading like fire, and its deadly fruits already growing up on every side. The people were informed publicly, that they had nothing to do with God's law: that David was still a man after God's own heart, when wallowing in adultery and murder; that his soul never sinned all that time, but only his body. Mr. Alleine himself told several persons one day, that "a believer is like a nut thrown into the mud, which may dirty the shell, but not the kernel." That is, we may get drunk, or commit adultery, without the smallest defilement, &c. O Lord, suffer not the enemy of souls to deceive them thus!

Thursday, 21st. -- I rode on to Membromcook, and in the evening went in a canoe to Hillsborough. I tarried near the river about seven days, and had several affecting meetings: two more professed an acquaintance with Jesus; the society were pretty lively; some were under deep concern, and trembled exceedingly under the word.

December 1st. -- In speaking on Gal. v.1, I endeavored to point out to the people of Tantremar the true Christian liberty; that it did not consist in a liberty to sin with impunity, but a happy liberty to serve God both with our body and with our spirit, which are His.

February 18th. -- While I was at Mr. Donkin's, a young man began to talk unscripturally of being led by the Spirit. A woman that was present kindly cautioned him; but it was to no purpose. Like other enthusiasts, he was above being taught by man, and said he spoke by the Spirit of the eternal God. She replied, "Some are led by another spirit, and not by the Spirit of God: the word of God is the only rule by which we are to try the spirits." After they had talked together for some time, I related the case of George Bell in England, as related in Mr. Wesley's Journal; and also of another person of whom I had heard. It struck him; he threw himself down on the floor, and cried aloud, "I am undone, undone, undone!" I said, "Only seek the Lord, and abide by the testimony of His word: is still able and willing to save." He then rose from the floor, and sat down on a bench,



grinning and grinding his teeth; and appeared evidently to be under the influence of an evil spirit. I fell on my knees by his side, and began to pray; when immediately, as if possessed by a thousand furies, he leaped from his seat, raised up his hands, and scratched me down the back, as if he would have torn off my coat. But when his hand came to the bottom of my back, he could touch me no more. Mrs. D---- caught up her child in her arms, and ran screaming out of the house, leaving him and me alone.

I know not how to describe his various gestures and hideous noises. Sometimes he barked like a dog; then again he would fly round the room, jumping, stamping, and making the most dreadful noises, imitating the Indian powwows, when they invoke the infernal powers. He then roared and screamed in my ears, and shouted in order to drown my voice; mingling with his shouts terms of the most bitter disdain, and execrable blasphemy against Jesus Christ. I found his design was, if possible, to stop me from praying; thinking he should then have power to seize me: but I was peculiarly helped to wrestle with the Lord that he would either bind or cast out the evil one. I continued praying until he so strongly possessed by the devil, that he wished to become quiet as a lamb, kneeled down by me, and began to pray. He told me afterwards, that he was so strongly possessed by the devil, that he wished to tear out my eyes or kill me; but that after his hands came to the bottom of my back, he could touch me no more. Hence we may learn the devil's malice, the prevalence of prayer, and the worth and necessity of our Bibles.

March 29th. -- I left partridge-Island, and crossed in a small boat to Cape Blow-me-down. After a fatiguing journey through mud and water, and having for several hours lost my way not knowing where to go in the dark and fully expecting to stay in the woods, I at last found a house, where I tarried all night; and the next day preached at Cornwallis, where many were much comforted.

From this until May 22d I labored at Horton, Annapolis, Granville, Falmouth, Windsor, and Halifax. I then set sail in a small schooner for La Have, where we arrived the day following, and I preached in the evening. I tarried here about five days, preached eighteen times, and then left some deeply affected.

Wednesday, 28th. -- On taking my leave, some friends came with me down to the shore, entreating me to return as soon as possible; and some seemed fully determined to seek God as the portion of their souls. That evening I arrived at Liverpool; the news of my arrival soon spread, so that at half after seven I had about three hundred to hear me. I came here only to get a passage to Halifax; but little did I think what blessed times I was about to see.

June 1st. -- The Rev. Mr. Frazer preached twice in the meeting-house, and I preached once. At noon I went to Mr. Smith's, where the people followed me, not willing to lose a word. The house was presently filled; and the Lord was in the midst of us. Many were deeply engaged in seeking salvation. Weeping and rejoicing were on every side: many were exceedingly happy, praising God. Blessed be God for all His kindness to me! O Lord, how do I love Thee, and Thy people!

June 2d. -- I preached on the east side of the river; and great was the power of God in the midst of us. Verily God is known in Salem; His name is great in Israel. Great indeed was the noise

and shaking of the dry bones. I think there were about fourteen crying out in great distress and anguish of spirit, while others were shouting for joy. Indeed, I never heard more heart-piercing cries and groans, than those of one little girl. O, how did she cry out, for the space of two hours! "What shall I do to be saved? O, my Jesus, my dear Jesus! What shall I do! O, what shall I do to be saved?" These, and such like expressions, were enough to melt a heart of stone, as they dropped from her almost infant lips. Our meeting continued between two and three hours, while shouts of praise and groans of distress might be heard from every part of the room. We had such a time in the evening again at Mr. Dean's, which continued until midnight. Lord, what a day was this! Glory be to Thy name for ever!

June 3d. -- I expected to have gone to Shelburne this morning, but the vessel did not sail; therefore I crossed the river to Mr. Smith's, where presently a number of people were gathered. Here also great was the shaking amongst the dry bones, and there was scarcely a dry cheek in the room. In the evening I preached at the Falls above the town, and God sent the word home to their hearts. It was sharp as a two-edged sword! I have seldom seen such a meeting as this. Numbers were in great distress, groaning, crying, and earnestly pleading for mercy. One gentleman in particular, lately from Stratford, in Connecticut, in New-England, was very grievously wounded. O, how vehemently did he plead for mercy for several hours! Others, again, were filled with consolation. The meeting continued until one o'clock in the morning. Blessed be God, these were reviving days to me, and I could say,

"With me no melancholy void,  
No moment lingers unemploy'd,  
Or unimproved below;  
Our weariness of life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone,  
And only him to know."

June 4th. -- I received the following note Edmund Darrow, a stranger to a saving interest in Jesus Christ, begs your prayers to Almighty God for the deliverance of his soul; and should Mr. Black come to New-England, he would be glad to wait upon him at his own house, in the western part of Connecticut." He soon after found peace with God, and with great zeal exhorted others to seek after the same blessing; and the next year God called him, I trust, to a mansion in heaven.

June 5th. -- I set sail for Shelburne, with brother Dean, where we safely arrived on Friday evening; and our hearts were made glad by the sight of some of our friends from New York. These had just sat down in the midst of barren woods; and, as there was not one house in all the place, they lived in tents. It rained hard most of the night. Brother Barry, in whose tent brother Dean and I stayed, insisted upon our going to bed, and he sat up. The rain beat in upon us during the greater part of the night. The next day I preached to a few of the people, and on Sunday I preached three times. They heard attentively; but on Monday, 9th, while I was at prayer, one came up in the habit of a gentleman, cursing and swearing that if I did not come down, he would knock me down. He asked, "By what authority do you preach?" and then, turning to the audience? added, "He is nothing but an impostor, and has no authority to preach." I said, "Sir, I have as much authority to preach as you have to swear, and sport with the tremendous name of the great Judge, who will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." "Well, but who sent you?" "Sir, I AM hath sent me unto

you." "What, are you God's mouth to this people?" "I am; for it is written, He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that heareth Me heareth Him that sent Me." He went away, uttering dreadful menaces; but presently returned, with two of his companions, sturdy servants of the same master. They came on like mad bulls of Bashan, with mouths full of blasphemy, oaths, and dreadful imprecations, declaring they would tear me down; but the people suffered them not. One of them swore, "I can preach as well as he!" He then leaped on the stump of a tree, (one put a pocketbook into his hand,) and after uttering horrid blasphemy came down. As he came towards me, I addressed him thus: "Friend, I wish you well: my soul pities you: you know that you are fighting against God: your own conscience condemns you. Remember, you and I must soon stand at the bar of God; and how, O how, will you meet me there?" He seemed to be struck for a time, but soon hardened his heart against God, and belched out a few more oaths, and then left me to finish my discourse without further trouble. During the preaching, a man from the skirts of the congregation threw a stone with great violence; but as I saw it come, I saved my head, and it just passed by my temples. Blessed be God for His mercy! This disturbance brought many more to hear. Several appeared to be concerned; particularly in the evening, while I gave a few words of advice in one of the tents.

Tuesday, 10th. -- I preached at Rosaway, when most in the room were in tears, and some cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" Wednesday, 11th, we sailed for Liverpool; but did not arrive there until the 19th, by reason of the fog. On my going ashore, I found there was a vessel sailing for Halifax. I proposed going in her; but our friends would not consent, insisting in the strongest manner, that it was not my duty to go and leave them now. I knew not what to do, as I had already stayed double the time I intended. After praying for direction, being anxious only to do the will of the Lord, I opened my Bible on these words, "If any man compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain." I could not say another word, but readily consented; and that night we had a comfortable time whilst I was preaching.

Saturday, 21st. -- I preached twice with great power. In the evening several came to Mr. Smith's, some of whom were deeply affected, wept and cried for a considerable time. One young woman was very happy, who prayed and praised God in a very wonderful manner, and exhorted all around to seek an interest in Jesus Christ. Some part of this day I had a sense of God's goodness, and longed to live entirely to His glory; yet I could not find those sweet sensations, and lively views of His goodness and love, that I had formerly felt. O my Lord! give me to love Thee alone; take away every rival; destroy all sin; and let me spend my latest breath in proclaiming Thy love to the fallen sons of Adam. Gladly would I die as soon as my last message is delivered. Death is no terror to me; rather it appears infinitely desirable, when I feel Thy presence.

Sunday, 22d. -- I preached three times: three, I trust, found peace with God, whilst others were in deep distress, and many were filled with abundance of consolations. O, what a blessed day! Glory, glory to God, that ever I was born!

Monday, 23d. -- I preached at the meeting-house; and on my return I met the Rev. Mr. Cheevers, who said abruptly, "I suppose you think you have been doing good." "Sir," said I, "I hope we have been doing no harm." "Yes, you have been poisoning the minds of the people with doctrines as had as ratsbane. You are leading them all to hell." "Sir, I pity you, and I will pray for

you." "I suppose, replied he, "you do not desire that I should pray for you." I said, "If you can pray in faith, I do; otherwise I do not:" then I bade him a good day, and left him.

Thursday, 26th. -- In the forenoon I preached at the Falls; and endeavored to point out the creature's emptiness, and Christ's fullness. One at this time professed redemption through His blood; and in the evening we had a good time at the town, when another broke out in praise, saying, "Jesus is precious! O, He is precious! O that all would come, and taste His love!" Another little boy spoke to the same effect. Indeed, many rejoiced, and others wept. After preaching, many went down with me to Mr. Bradford's; and it was midnight before we could part. As I expected to sail for Halifax next morning, I took my leave of this people, and bless God that I ever saw Liverpool.

Friday, 27th. -- I set sail for Halifax, and arrived there the next day. After preaching two or three sermons here, I set off for Windsor, on July 1st, and arrived the same night. Here I tarried until the 10th, and had some comfortable times; but a difference between two of our friends has done much hurt. On the 11th I arrived at Cumberland again, where I labored until the 20th, and then visited my dear children at Petitcodiac river. These are a simple, loving people indeed, happy in God. I preached ten or eleven times among them; and found many Divine consolations, and great refreshments of soul; and then returned to Cumberland. Having rode two or three times round the Circuit, I returned to Windsor, Horton, &c., where I tarried until September 23d.

On the 28th I arrived at Cumberland in a small schooner, and visited all the places round. We had some comfortable times; but found a general declension, at Tantremar in particular. Once it was filled with peace and love, praise and prayer; but, alas! the glory is departed. Our meetings were now flat and dull, and many who began well are like to end in the flesh. Speculative or practical Antinomianism hath bewitched them. O Lord, lay to Thine hand; for men have made void Thy law.

October 20th. -- I set off for the island of St. John's, at the invitation of Mr. B. Chappel; where I arrived on the 22d, and tarried about a fortnight. I preached several times at Charlotte-Town, and at St. Peter's; but, alas the people in general appeared stupid, and senseless as stones, altogether ignorant of the nature of true religion, and of that faith which worketh by love. On my return from the island, I was exceedingly ill; but, through grace, not afraid to die. It was my earnest prayer to God, that if my usefulness was done, I might then finish my course, and go to Him whom my soul loved. Blessed be God, death has long since lost his sting and terror. Many times the very thoughts of dying filled my heart with joy: particularly once, when a party of Indians had risen at Miramichi, and taken many of the inhabitants prisoners; and it was reported they were on their way to destroy all the friends of government at Cumberland. At the news of this, my heart leaped, yea, danced within me for joy, to think that I had a mansion in heaven, a house above their reach, even the bosom of my Redeemer,

"That palace of angels and God."

I did not fear those who could only kill the body. After being three days on our passage, and most of the time with little to eat, we arrived at the Bay Verte. The next day I rode on to Cumberland, and took my Circuit for the winter.

For some time before this, I had had thoughts of marriage. At first I rejected them as a temptation. I had not the least scruple but it was lawful for a minister to marry; but I feared lest I should do my own will, not the will of God. I prayed again and again, that the Lord would show me His will, and would rather die than offend Him; and having advised with my friends, and they approving of my design, I was, on February 17th, 1784, married to Mary Gay, of Cumberland. We both devoted ourselves to the Lord and His service; and, blessed be God, I have no reason to repent of it to this day. As soon as the spring opened, I set off for the lower towns; and after preaching several times at Windsor, &c. I went to Halifax. Having stayed here some time, and met the classes, one of blacks, and the other of whites, I then went with eight of our friends in a boat to Birchtown; where I preached to about two hundred black people. It is truly wonderful to see what a work God hath been carrying on amongst these poor Negroes. Upwards of sixty profess to have found the pearl of great price, within seven or eight months: and what is farther Remarkable, the chief instrument whom God hath employed in this work is a poor Negro, who can neither see, walk, nor stand. He is usually carried to the place of worship, where he sits and speaks, or kneels and prays with the people.

April 23d. -- I met nine of the black classes; (five more remained unmet, for want of time;) and many of them are deeply experienced in the ways of God. There are about one hundred and eight blacks and whites in society at Shelburne and Birchtown.

April 26th. -- I set sail for Liverpool, and arrived the next evening. On hearing that I was come, the friends flocked to see me: we had a comfortable evening, and could heartily praise God that He had brought us together again. On the following days, whilst I preached, many were bathed in tears; and some were so filled with a sense of the glory of God, that they said, their mortal bodies could hardly stand under it. O my God, what kindness is this to mortals! O, how did they rejoice and tell of His goodness! Blessed be God that ever I was made a partaker of these immortal hopes! O, what an infinite fullness is laid up in Jesus! My God, only give me to enjoy Thy sacred smile, a constant sense of Thine approbation and love, and I desire no more:--

"Honor, wealth, or pleasure mean,  
I neither have nor want."

May 2d. -- I preached twice, and we had several meetings for prayer and exhortation. The people were much engaged, so that we had scarcely time or inclination to eat. O, what a blessed day was this! Many trembled, wept, and cried for mercy. O that none may ever turn again, as a dog to the vomit!

Monday, 3d. -- We had another wonderful meeting One woman, whose harp had been on the willows for some time, and her soul in captivity, was filled with unspeakable joy. O, how did she praise the Lord for her happy deliverance! This was a glorious time to me. Blessed Lord, let me only taste Thy love, and be employed in Thy service, and it sufficeth me. Once, indeed, I wished that I had never been born, and thought it my greatest misery to have a soul now I bless Thee for my being, and glory that I am capable of loving Thee.

Wednesday, 5th. -- I set sail for Halifax, where having arrived early on Saturday, I set off for Windsor on foot, and traveled forty miles that day; but the skin was so blistered under my feet, that with difficulty I reached Carles'. The next morning I reached Windsor, and preached twice; and after visiting Annapolis, Cornwallis, and Horton, I returned to Cumberland on May 26th. I labored here until September 15th, when, after an affecting parting, I set off to visit the States, intending to get some help from our brethren there, as I alone could not take care of all the societies. On my way to Baltimore I called at Boston, where I preached twice: from thence I went by the way of Rhode-Island to New York; where I arrived October 20th, and preached a few times.

I was much exercised here about my temporal circumstances. Satan painted in lively colors my distance from home my money almost gone my being amongst entire strangers &c. I could not fully resist this. It followed me even to the pulpit but there God delivered me and removed the heaviness from my mind. The first words I opened upon in my Bible were these, "O ye of little faith where fore did ye doubt? Look at the lilies, &c. My heart was filled with joy, and I walked in the strength of this promise, not doubting but God would provide.

From New York I went to Long-Island; and on the 29th preached at Black-Stump, the day following at Newtown, and on Tuesday attended the execution of two men that were hung at Jamaica. At the sheriff's desire, I prayed with them, and recommended their souls to God. After traveling two or three days with brother Cox, and preaching at Serrington, Cowharbor, and Huntingdon, I crossed the sound into Connecticut. I preached in the evening at Northwalk, and the next morning rode on to Stratfield. I preached six or seven times amongst the people here, and then returned to New York. During my absence from New York, Dr. Coke had arrived there, and two other preachers from England, and were gone towards Baltimore. Therefore, on November 17th, I set off for Philadelphia, and thence forward on my way to meet them. December 14th I met Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury. On the 15th the doctor preached and administered the sacrament at the Gunpowder meeting-house. It was a blessed time to me. O my God, I am Thine by a thousand ties, necessary, voluntary, and sacred; houses of worship, woods, fields, and trees have been witness to the sacred vows and engagements that I am under to Thee; and these, when I willfully and presumptuously sin against Thee, will bring heir evidences against me. O my Lord, keep me by Thy powerful grace! O, preserve Thine for ever!

Friday, 17th. -- I rode with Doctor Coke and four other preachers to Perry-Hall, the most spacious and elegant building I have seen in America; and on Saturday, 18th, I left it, and rode on to Hunt's chapel, to relieve brother Whatcoat. This was a day of trials, and, blessed be God, of peculiar comforts too. After preaching at Rioter's-town, and several other places, on Thursday, 23d, I arrived at Baltimore. Friday, 24th, our Conference began; and ended on January 1st, 1785. Perhaps such a number of holy, zealous, godly men never met together in Maryland before. Two preachers, Messrs. Garrettson and Cromwell, were appointed for Nova-Scotia. They set off by way of New York; and I went by water to Hienab, near Barnstable. Here I tarried a few days, and preached six or seven times. The Lord was attended with power; many were stirred up; and two, a few days after, found peace with God. From hence I went to Hingham, where I found my wife well.

February 1st. -- I went to Boston, and tarried there mostly until May, and then sailed for Cumberland. When I first arrived here, I preached in private houses, none of the ministers being willing to lend me their pulpits. First I preached in a chamber at the north end of the town; but the people crowded in so that the floor sunk an inch or two. I then preached in a large room at the south end of the town, where in time of prayer one of the beams of the floor broke, and the people screamed, as if going to be swallowed up by an earthquake. After this I preached in Mr. Skillman's meeting-house, two or three times: but this was like to cause a quarrel between him and the committee, who had offered the use of the house; so I declined preaching there any more. We then procured from the "select men" the use of the North Latin school-house: but neither would this contain half the people; and one of the beams here also giving way, the people were terribly afraid, and screamed as if about to be crushed to death. I preached most of the time in the Sandemans' meeting-house, as most of that society are now scattered; but it would not contain half the people. The last Sabbath I preached in Dr. Elliot's meeting-house, to, I suppose, upwards of two thousand people. This was the only meeting-house that would hold the people; nor would this have held them, if they had had timely notice. I trust my labor here was not in vain. The word reached the hearts of many, who soon after found peace with God; and, as there was no Methodist preacher there when I left them, they joined Mr. Skillman's church, who is a lively, useful Baptist minister.

In the end of May I arrived at Cumberland, where I tarried about a month; and then set off for Windsor, &c., to meet Mr. Garrettson. During my absence, I found, the classes had met but badly, and some not at all. Since that time, I have endeavored to labor in my Lord's vineyard, and find He is a gracious Master. I have always found Him faithful to His promise. I feel His love better than life, and I trust I shall spend and end my days in His service. Only I am ashamed that I have made no greater progress in the Divine life.

W. B.

SHELBURNE, June 1st, 1788.

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Part 3

From hdm0420, "The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers"

By Thomas Jackson.

The following account of the latter years of Mr. Black's life was written by the Rev. Richard Knight, one of his fellow-laborers in Nova-Scotia:--

In the year 1786 we find his name on the Minutes of Conference, as a duly authorized and regularly appointed minister of our Connection. He had, however, for five years previous to this devoted his whole time and energy to the important work of calling sinners to repentance. He had, amidst much labor and opposition, and sometimes even peril, been singularly successful; but now, a more special and regular path of ministerial duty was marked out for him. To the itinerant work (as may be seen from his journals and letters) he brought a constitution of more than ordinary strength; a strong, sound, and discriminating judgment; the very desirable possession of great Christian prudence; an ardent thirst for the attainment of knowledge; talents for the ministry of the most useful kind; a heart intensely inflamed for the salvation of souls, and a fixed purpose to labor

for God. These varied and important qualifications became still more valuable when strengthened by faithful exercise, and matured by experience. Since I have read his pastoral letters and journals, and have thus caught some glimpses of him in the closet, in the family, in the church, and in the world, I can see how it is, that his memory is embalmed in the most endearing recollections of the churches. I had heard him called, long before I saw him, "the Apostle of Methodism in Nova-Scotia." I have since found, that to this distinguished honor he has an unquestioned claim. Some favorable opinion must be formed of his zeal, when we find the devoted Dr. Coke, who was a missionary in body and soul, thus writing to him:-- "You cannot be so useful in one Circuit in England as you are now; but do not kill yourself. I am almost angry with you for shortening your useful life." His zeal, and love for souls, were as the fire upon the Jewish altar, always burning; and to the missionary devotion of his early life doubtless it was owing, that he so soon came upon the supernumerary list: but he worked while it was day. With the venerable Wesley and Dr. Coke he kept up a regular correspondence; and to his judgment they paid considerable deference. In their letters to him, they speak of him in terms of warm commendation; and therefore it was that so early as 1789, three years only from the commencement of his regular itinerancy, we find him appointed as "presiding elder, or general superintendent of the missions in Nova-Scotia, New-Brunswick, and Newfoundland." The estimation in which he was held by Dr. Coke (on whom then rested the principal management of the foreign missions) may be seen from the following fact, -- that the doctor wished him to take the general superintendent of the missions in the Leeward Islands. To this appointment Mr. Black acceded; and, as preparatory to his entering upon the regular performance of its onerous duties, visited, in the year 1793, in company with the doctor, the scene of his intended labors. The exercises of his mind at this period were intense and interesting. He thus sets them before us:-- "Tomorrow we are to sail for St. Eustatius. O my Lord, let Thy presence go with us; and if it is not for Thy glory that I should go to the West Indies, let me not go! I desire not to choose for myself: rather let Infinite Wisdom choose for me. Sometimes the thought of going to those islands appears to me like death and the grave; but I feel resigned. 'Not my will, but Thine be done!'" The day after they sailed, he thus writes in his journal: "My great desire is to enjoy God, and to live in His will. Away, ye earthly loves, and leave me to my God! His love, His favor, His will, are dearer to me than life itself. O, what is life without Him but a dull, empty round?" This submissive state of mind he held fast throughout the voyage; for we find him, when approaching its close, thus recording his feelings:-- "I have had much pleasure this evening in my closet-duties. I said, with the disciples on Mount Tabor, 'It is good to be here.' I feel thankful at the thought that Infinite Wisdom is at the helm of affairs, and directs the whole; and here my soul would rest. Let me cheerfully go wherever Thy providence appoints. Though the flesh would incline me to prefer England to any other part of the world, especially to the sultry climes of the West Indies, yet I wish to walk not after the will of the flesh, but after the will of my God. Sovereign of the world, sanctify my will! Let all within me be in sweet subjection to Thyself. A thousand times rather would I die, than live to sin against such goodness and purity as are in Thee. To lose my place in the scale of being would be sink into darkness evil, than to lose the image of God, and sin into the base drudgery of sin and the vassalage of Satan."

His stay, however in the West Indies was short. The brethren in the Nova-Scotia District thought his removal from among them would be attended with injury to the mission; and making their opinion known to Dr. Coke, he was continued station.



In July, 1791, he visited the island of Newfoundland. The result was a large accession to the Methodist society there, and the dawn of that brighter day which has since shone upon our island. Newfoundland had early engaged the attention of Mr. Wesley. Some years previous to the visit of Mr. Black, Mr. Wesley and Lady Huntingdon had prevailed on the Bishop of Bristol to give episcopal ordination to Laurence Coughlan, who had for seven years traveled in our Connection. He was sent thither. On his arrival he found the moral and spiritual condition of the people too much resembling the bleak and gloomy coasts of the country in which they resided. After three years' toil and disappointment, he was the means of effecting much good. He established a society but its discipline and modes of worship, owing to the peculiar relations in which he stood had neither the simplicity nor the freedom of Methodism in England. This want of independence marred in some considerable degree, the good which had been effected. Mr. Black therefore found religion at a very low ebb on his arrival. He observes: "I reached Carbonear, where I was joyfully received by brother McGeary, a Methodist preacher. He said he had been weeping before the Lord over his lonely situation, and the deadness of the people, and that lily coming was like life from the dead to him. There was a great work here, a number of years ago, under the ministry of Mr. Coughlan; but some of the fruits of it are gone to heaven, some gone back unto the world, and now only about fifteen women meet in class." The arrival of Mr. Black retrieved the mission from abandonment, (for Mr. McGeary had determined to leave the island,) and laid the foundation of its future prosperity. His visit to Newfoundland may be considered as forming the most useful and interesting portion of his missionary life. As such he thought it himself, and spoke of it to the last with feelings of great pleasure. He was indeed to that land as the messenger of mercy. No sooner did he open his providential embassy, than the Lord crowned his labors with success, and blessed revival broke forth, marked by depth, and extent, and all the characters of a work truly Divine. No less than two hundred souls were savingly converted to God during his brief sojourn in Conception Bay. Nor are the fruits of that visit to be limited by its immediate results. He organized Methodism; settled the mission property, and secured it to the Connection; increased and inspirited the society; and, by laying their case before Mr. Wesley, obtained for them the help they needed. He then left their shores, and thus describes the circumstances connected with his departure:-- "I think I never had so affecting a parting with any people before in my life. It was hard work to tear away from them. I was nearly an hour shaking hands with them, some twice and thrice over; and even then we hardly knew how to part; but I at last rushed from among them, and left them weeping as for an only son." In Newfoundland, though most of those who knew him have passed away, his memory is still blessed.

He reached Nova-Scotia from this missionary excursion in October, 1791, after a rough and dangerous passage. But here new trials awaited him. "On my arrival," he says, "I was sorry to find that some painful and difficult circumstances had occurred, in consequence of which Mr. M---- is out of society, and we have no meeting-house to preach in. Lord, make all things to work for the best!" Mr. M---- continued for some time intractable, and would agree to no arrangements either for selling or letting the preaching-house. The mind of Mr. Black was much exercised; but on this occasion, as on many others, he found a comforter in the excellent woman who was so truly a help meet for him. Several letters had passed between him and Mr. M----, who was still obstinate. "I was much affected," said he, "in reading the letters. The Lord pity that untoward man! But the following letter from my dear wife much comforted me. She says, Blessed be God, you have a Friend who can and will bear you up under all your trials. Fain would I help to bear your burdens, for they are great at present. Long has our heavenly Father kept us from almost

everything that might disturb our peace; but at length He sees fit in His godly wisdom to try us; but O! be faithful unto the end. May our gracious Lord be with you, to bless, direct, and comfort you." The unyielding disposition of Mr. M---- rendered it necessary that measures should be used to procure another chapel. Our venerated friend engaged ardently in this business. A subscription-list was opened, and in one day £200 were raised, and a place of worship in due time erected.

In the year 1812 his name was put down on the stations as supernumerary: but from that time to the period of his decease, he continued to render many and important services to the church; and in her most endearing recollection is his name enshrined. Nor did he forget her in his last will. To the old chapel, with which he was connected by so many affecting associations, he left £250; and to the poor of the Wesleyan society in Halifax, the sum of L50. But, "our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" The time came, when the man who had been for so many years looked up to as the father of Methodism in this province, must pass from the fellowship of the militant to that of the triumphant church. Indications of the rapid approaches of death were perceived by his friends for some weeks; but they were scarcely prepared to hear of his removal when it actually took place. Conversing with him a few days before his death, on the awful disease which was raging in our town, he, with his usual heavenly smile, said, "It does not matter; I must soon go: whether it be by the cholera, or "(pointing to his swollen legs)" this dropsy, it is all the same; I leave it to my Master to choose." But his days were numbered. On Sunday, September 6th, 1834, he felt himself worse than usual. I saw him just before the time of evening service. His conduct towards me was, as it had been from the first hour I saw him, that of the utmost kindness and affection. Knowing that my whole time had been occupied in visiting the cholera patients at the hospital, and in their own habitations, and in attending to the regular duties of the Circuit, he feelingly entreated me to be careful of my health, for the sake of my family and the church. I did not, however, think that his end was so near.

When called to visit him early in the morning of the day on which he died, September 8th, I felt the force of the often-quoted language of Dr. Young

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life, unite in the verge of heaven."

I found him contending with the last enemy, but in the perfect possession of his reason, although so oppressed by the complicated afflictions under which he labored in his last hour, as to find very great difficulty in speaking. "I trust, sir," said I, "you feel that Savior to be precious whom you have held forth so long to others." He said, "All is well; all is peace; no fear, no doubt. Let Him do as He will He knows what is best" I referred to his long and useful life He said very impressively, "'leave all that; say no more. All is well." We joined in prayer and his spirit was evidently much engaged in the solemn exercise. On leaving the room I said, "You will soon be in that glory of which you have so often spoken in the course of your long ministry."

"I shall soon be there," he said, "where Christ is gone before me." After this he sunk very fast, and spoke little, and that with considerable difficulty. His last words were, "Give my farewell blessing to your family, and to the society;" and, "God bless you. All is well."

As a man Mr. Black was affable, generous, prudent, and one that followed after peace. As a Christian, his piety was deep, uniform, active, and growing. As a minister, he possessed a very considerable knowledge of divinity. He had given attention to reading and study, and could rightly divide the word of truth. He was well acquainted with human nature; possessed a longing desire for the salvation of souls; was faithful, affectionate, and assiduous. In short, he had all those qualifications which never fail to make the minister respected, beloved, and useful. As the head of a family, he "walked before his house in a perfect way," as his journals and letters abundantly testify. His reward is with his God; and being dead he yet speaketh. To ministers he has left an example, and to the church an admonition to be faithful. A funeral sermon was preached in the old chapel, from II Tim. iv. 7, 5; when a gracious feeling pervaded the congregation. May the effects be permanent and saving!

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#### Part 4

From hdm0420, "The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers"

By Thomas Jackson.

The following character of Mr. Black is extracted from the Minutes of Conference for 1835:--

William Black. He was a native of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, which place he left at an early period of life, and accompanied his parents to the province of Nova-Scotia. Soon after his arrival in that country, he was deeply convinced of sin by the Spirit of God, and under the guidance of the same Spirit sought and obtained redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of his sins. In the year 1786 he was set apart to the work of the ministry; to which sacred employment he brought a constitution of more than ordinary strength, a sound and discriminating judgment, an earnest desire for useful knowledge, an enlightened zeal for the glory of God, and a fixed purpose of mind to seek and save the souls of men. He was a diligent student, as well as a faithful and laborious pastor; and his profiting appeared unto all. Though placed in circumstances very unfavorable to mental cultivation, he so improved the few advantages which he enjoyed, that he was enabled to read the oracles of God in the languages in which they were originally revealed to man; and his reading in theology and ecclesiastical history was extensive and judicious. He was an acceptable and useful preacher of the Gospel; and hundreds of people, who were by his instrumentality converted from the error of their way, will be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. On the recommendation of the late venerable Dr. Coke, he was appointed general superintendent of our missions in British America; the duties of which important office he discharged in a manner alike honorable to himself, and beneficial to the missionaries and societies that were entrusted to his care; and by them he was justly regarded as the father of Methodism in that portion of the British empire. After a long, laborious, and useful life, he died, as he had lived, in peace with God and man, on the 5th of September, 1854, in the seventieth year of his age. His last words were, "All is well! all is peace! I shall soon be in that glory to which Christ has gone before me."

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THE END