

FULBECK CIRCUIT, NOVEMBER 16, 1840.
SLEAFORD MISSION.

We opened a mission for the fourth time, in April, 1840. We had a few members in this place and one local preacher. They manifested their attachment to our Connexion, by sending- their quarterly subscriptions, and meeting in class according to our rules, for a length of time after we had relinquished the place. At our March quarter-day it was agreed that we should re-commence a mission in Sleaford, and the adjacent villages. But Sleaford appeared a place of the greatest importance.* As it is a market town containing above three thousand inhabitants : and it was ascertained that if all the places of worship in the town were filled, there would be sixteen hundred souls left in a state of spiritual destitution. This astonishing fact excited our Christian pity, drew tears from our eyes, rekindled our missionary zeal; and we resolved forthwith to send them a P. Methodist missionary.

We went and took our stand in the Market-place; and the first time not less than three hundred people attended; who behaved orderly, and listened attentively, to the doctrine of a present, a free, and a full salvation. We continued to labour, preaching in the Market-place every Sunday night, and once a fortnight on the week night, (congregations generally good,) until the weather became too cold to preach out of doors.

We had prayed and believed, for God to provide us a place to preach in; but the time arrived and no place was obtained. Our faith was tried; we could not see an inch before us. Still when we prayed about the matter, we always had liberty.

At length a large house in Westgate, was left unoccupied. We made application to the owner, and he let it to us without any objection. It will seat about seventy people. We got it comfortably fitted up with seats, pulpit, &c., and opened it on Sunday, Nov. 8, 1840. The congregations were overflowing and respectable; the collections liberal, and one soul got good.

On Monday night another soul got good. The Sunday morning following, I visited a poor backslider. She was on the border of despair. Satan tempted her to destroy herself. She wept, and cried, "What must I do?" I knelt down and prayed, and exhorted her to believe. She prayed and wept: at length God spoke peace to her soul. She shouted, "Glory be to God! he has saved me! My evidence is bright!"

We have formed a new class, and have got about twenty in society. Another local preacher has been raised up, a young man who bids fair to be useful. We have commenced a Sabbath school, and have upwards of forty children.

We have reason to thank God and take courage. May the blessing of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be with us and with our spiritual Zion universally. Amen.

* It is in the County of Lincoln, seventeen miles from Lincoln, on the Stamford Road.