1847

Life and observations of Rev. E. F. Newell

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Boston University
LIFE AND OBSERVATIONS
OF
REV. E. F. NEWELL,
WHO HAS BEEN MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AN
ITINERANT MINISTER
IN THE
Methodist Episcopal Church:
NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE,
Compiled from his own Manuscripts.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. 66: 16.
"We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."—John 3: 11.
"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

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TO THE READER.

It has been the endeavor of the Compiler of the following pages, in the first place, to select such portions from the Manuscripts put into his hands, as seemed best calculated to interest and profit the reader.

And, in the second place, to preserve, as far as consistent, both the style and language of the author of the original manuscripts.

Further, I would state, that the book will be found to contain an instructive account of the Personal experience of our venerable, much respected, and beloved Father in Israel,—interesting observations,—pious and profitable reflections,—striking anecdotes,—thrilling incidents and adventures, &c., &c., by sea and by land,—in the service of Satan and of God,—in times of Peace and of War,—in health and in sickness,—in prosperity and in adversity; also, in the joyousness of friendship and union with loved ones and in the sorrowing loneliness of heart-rending bereavement, yet, coupled with supporting Grace and a cheering Hope of a glorious and blessed im-
mortality, when loving kindred and bloodwashed saints shall meet, (even all who die in the Lord,) and sing forever and ever, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—Rev. 5: 9.

And now, with the earnest prayer that its influence may be none other than salutary on all who shall read its pages, and that many may be led by it to "Seek the Lord while he may be found," and love and serve Him with all their hearts, faithfully, until death, it is offered to the public.

C. W. AINSWORTH, Compiler.


LIFE AND OBSERVATIONS

OF

REV. EBENEZER FRANCIS NEWELL.

CHAPTER I.

Having written, from time to time, during more than fifty years past, a somewhat minute account of my experience, and of the merciful dealings of my Heavenly Father with me, I now sit down, feeling moved with a desire to benefit my fellow men and glorify God, to select, condense, and arrange for the Press, the principal incidents and items of my experience and life, which are recorded in my old Manuscripts.

I was born in the North Parish of Brookfield, Worcester County, Mass., (since incorporated a Town and called North Brookfield,) Sept. 1st, 1775. My father, Col. Ebenezer Newell, was also born in said North Parish, May 27th, 1745, O. S. He took an active part in the Revolutionary War—rejoiced in the victories of his country, and improved his hard earned Liberties by sitting under his own vine and fig tree and worshipping God according to the dictates of his own enlight-
ened conscience. And sweet were the songs of Zion to which I listened with great delight when a little boy; well do I remember seeing my beloved father sitting with four children upon his knees and others standing by him, all lifting their soft, sweet, and shrill voices, and with cordant notes, carry a tune in four parts.

The Holy Bible—family altar, and his uniform life, peaceful temper, and good conversation, are monuments of sweetest memory. He embraced religion when young—joined a congregational church and remained an acceptable member more than sixty years. About a year before he died I asked him how death appeared to him. He replied,—"Death has lost his sting and the Grave its gloom! But when I reflect on my past life and consider how little good I have done, I lament, and like Job 'abhor myself in the dust.' But when I behold the broad ocean of God's unbounded love in the gift of His Son to a lost world—the fullness and efficacy there is in the all-atoning blood of Christ, opening a door of mercy for a world of perishing sinners, and inviting them to look and live!—I can cast myself with unwavering confidence upon the bosom of mercy and feel no dread of the tomb! He died, we trust, in peace, in the town of Bethel, Maine, at the house of his son, Seth B. Newell, Esq., Jan. 14th, 1831, aged 87 years, 7 mo. and 21 days.

My beloved mother's maiden name was Sarah Banister. She was born in Brookfield, (South Parish,) Mass., May 25th, 1744, O. S. Before they were married she had joined the congrega-

tional church. Thus they wisely gave themselves first to God, then to each other, in the morning of life; and at its close found peace in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to crown the evening of their days. They were the happy parents of twelve promising children—nine sons and three daughters! Two died in infancy and one when about four years old. My mother died in Pembroke, N. H., May 17th, 1822, aged 77 years, 11 mo. and 22 days. Her death was peaceful. In connection with family prayer on the evening of her death, she read the 14th chapter of St. John:—"Let not your heart be troubled, &c." She remarked that death appeared very near to her and that this chapter afforded her great consolation.

When she retired she said to our father,—"this has been one of my best days! How important to be ready for our summons, for it will, no doubt, come suddenly! But if our lamps are trimmed and burning all will be well." They had but just retired to rest when she was struck with a second shock of the numb palsy; and in less than an hour her peaceful spirit took its flight to the bright mansions of Rest, leaving us the cheering hope that our loss was her eternal gain!

Great and glorious have been the manifestations of God to me; but poor, yea, poor indeed, has been the improvement I have made of them to what I might have done. I make this record to leave to my children, and to posterity, in hope that they all, especially the dear youth, may take warning, and listen to the voice of God.
which speaks to the mind of man, even in the morning of life. But alas! for the want of knowledge, like young Samuel, (1 Sam. 3; 4—9) they know not the voice of God, until some faithful Eli bid them say, “Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.”

The first extraordinary manifestation of God to my youthful mind was when about five years old. While on my way to school, walking alone with my eyes fixed upon the deep sand through which I passed, my attention was arrested, and in my youthful mind I saw the sky parted over my head by a light above the brightness of the sun. I thought it was God, and that he looked into my heart and the hearts of all people as the morning sun then shone upon my head. I saw no form, but a body of Light! I thought I should soon die and be with God, and then know as I was known, and see as I was seen. I appeared to myself as standing on a narrow plank, and all below, above, and around, was God!—Or, as the vision was, Light! vast, unbounded Light! To me, my stay on earth appeared truly as the blessed Bible represents it,—“a hand’s breadth,”—“a vapor,” &c.

When my brother, next younger than myself, died, I viewed it as a removal to be with God; for he was only about 4 years of age, and my mother told me he had gone to dwell with good angels and saints. And I wondered how my sister could cry so bitterly because of his death!

Again, being seated in the house of God with my parents, when my feet could not touch the floor under my seat in the pew, I fixed my eyes on the minister as he was preaching to the people, and thought if I could be a preacher I would ask no more,—that would be enough! When about 18 I heard preaching from Prov. 23; 26, and Job 22; 21:—“My son give me thy heart, &c.;” and “Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee.” I saw such beauties in a life of piety that I resolved to live like Joshua and Daniel—to pray three times a day. But for the want of some one to take me by the hand, and instruct, and encourage me, I soon fell from my good resolutions,—broke my promise,—indulged in sin, and lost my peace!

Here I would entreat parents and all who have the care of youth, to instruct them to shun all sin and every “appearance of evil;” yea, and what is called “civil mirth?” for it is deadly poison to the spirit of true piety! Direct their minds to God and his Holy Word; lead them to the throne of grace; show them that they are forming characters for vast, unbounded eternity! Teach them that each word, and act, is like a letter, and each day a page in their history, that will be read over in eternity, when they will be judged at the Bar of God;—or, as Paul saith, 2d Cor. 5; 10, “Judgment seat of Christ,” where every one will receive according to that he hath done in the body, “whether it be good or bad.” Who would not wish to see each page (or day) gilded and commenced with prayer on the top, and closed with a bright evidence of God’s pardon for every sin, or the least fault in thought, word, or deed? Thus composed, how calmly could one...
lie down to sleep, cheerfully leaving it with God whether to add another day to life or not. O Parents, it is You who ought to Train up your children in the way they should go. God hath promised that if thus trained, when they are old they will not depart from the good way; and Parents can have no greater joy than to see their children walking in the Truth! O children, if you are blessed with pious parents, praise God therefor, and obey Him,—keep his commandments; thus you may be happy, wise, and useful.

"Happy beyond description, he
Who knows the Savior died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

"Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:"

But if your parents do not, or will not teach you to know, love, and fear God, then listen! O listen to God's voice in his Word, his Providence, and by his Spirit, and be wise:

"Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good."

CHAPTER II.

Account of a severe thunder-shower—Reflections upon the same.—Grieving of the Holy Spirit—Consequences—Exhortation—Regret—Conclusion.

When about 14 years of age I had a day's ex-

perience, deeply solemn and impressive. I was plowing. It was a lovely spring day,—a day in which nature seemed to combine all her energies to make it solemn; and to me it was most divine ly so! The fair sky and clear sun were often hidden from my sight by the passing clouds, whose pure waters, in pearly drops, were freely shed on the growing plants and flowers,—cooling the sultry air, while peals of hoarse, rumbling thunder, in awful majesty proclaimed the power of Him who pointeth the clouds their course, and turns the seasons round; the sharp, forked lightnings, darting with vivid glare, proclaimed the preservative goodness of God, who shields us from harm while the trees around us are smitten and torn into shivers. Towards evening a larger cloud than common appeared, and spread darkness and tempest for an hour! The dazzling lightning blazed a horrid glare—a peal of thunder broke in awful power—the foundations of the earth seemed to shake—the house trembled—the furniture rattled, and a tree not far from the house, was struck, near which a herd of fat cattle were feeding, and two of them were instantly killed by the stroke! The cloud passed on, and the brilliant sun and blue sky—as if improved by the heavy shower—appeared to cheer on the one hand, whilst the dark cloud spread its shades in the east and south, adorned by a rainbow—tipt with splendor by the rays of the setting sun, and almost incessantly illuminated by the chain light ning which darted with crinkling form from one end to the other and from top to bottom, saying to me, in language most emphatic, God only can
do this, whose favor is better than life and whose frown must be Hell!

The scenes of this day led my mind in a train of solemn and most impressive reflections on the power and goodness of God; some of them were as follows:—"Here I walk as a kind of Governor between the handles of this curiously wrought plow, drawn by the strong nerved, patient, and obedient oxen. Thus the rich soil which is given for the use of man is prepared for the productive seed which God has made and given unto us; and which we take from his beneficent hand and strew on the fields—fence—watch, and wait for the harvest, while God sends the early and the latter rain upon it. In this is seen God's goodness, while the thunder speaks his power, which, together with the tempest's roar, and the vivid lightning's glare, warn men not to sin against a holy and just God! Angels, also, seemed to have a part in carrying out the great plan of God's goodness and mercy to man. Whilst my mind was thus wrapped up in meditation on the providence of God thus carried on by the combined agency of God, angels, and men, I was led to adore the Most High God! And I felt that I desired, above all things, to spend my days in his holy service. My soul cried out, "the Lord works, holy angels work, and man is called of God to work!" But O, how diminutive the part appeared which man has to do when compared with what God and angels do for us. To me, it looked like one drop of water compared to a whole shower from the passing cloud! Yet important—yes, our part of the work in the matter of our own salvation, is all-important; and even in raising a crop of wheat! But I said, "He holds me up and gives me all my energies and abilities." He gives to man the earth that is full of his goodness, and, by listening to his voice and obeying his commands, I saw that every thing contributed to the good of man; and I longed that all who had breath might praise Him.

Had I followed that good Spirit which shone with such brightness on my youthful heart, I have no doubt but that I should have been led clear from those depths of infidelity into which I afterwards plunged; and also those temporal evils, occasioned by my errors, whereby I wronged myself and others. And it is a mercy of God, and a mark of Infinite goodness, that I was not left to perish in my error and folly!

To all who may read these pages, whether old or young, let me stand an effectual warning, not to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, lest he take it from you, and darkness and ruin rush in upon, and drown you in perdition! But regard the voice of God and live! yea, live forever! Forsake sin, study the Bible and breathe out your soul to God in prayer daily.

But if any should read these pages, who, like me, have followed the multitude to do evil, and have turned from the Bible to infidel books, and from prayer to the foolish reasonings of a corrupt heart and uncontrollable passions, appetites, and desires, be persuaded, by one who knows by experience how to feel for you, to stop and think on death and judgment! For, if you, like me, should, in your pride and self-importance, say
there is no future state of conscious existence,—
and to the minds of wicked and weak people, ap-
pear to bring strong arguments and reasoning in
support of that, or any other false system what-
ever, be assured death will correct your errors,
(when too late!) and at the judgment seat of
Christ you will see, without a shadow of a doubt,
that you have had a day of grace—a state of pro-
bationary trial! O stop and think! and now be
persuaded to do as I did: Take the Bible, read
it, and pray to God to give you light and wisdom;
fly to Christ as the sinner’s only hope and help;
and you will find, to your joy and consolation,
that he died to atone, and lives to intercede for
transgressors; that he is ever ready to forgive
the repentant sinner, bless the humble, and bring
his saints safe home, in everlasting triumph, to
Heaven!

Glory to God for what he has done for my
poor soul! O seek and you shall find—knock
and it shall be opened unto you. But O, the
grief I feel on looking back on my youthful days
and seeing how God strove with me by his holy
spirit and instructive providence, and how I ad-
ded sin to sin! Many were the attractive charms
which, at times, I beheld in pure religion; but,
listening to the advice of others more than to my
conscience and the blessed word of God, my
“foolish heart was darkened!” O, could I blot
from my life eight or ten years, how would I re-
joice. Yet, though painful to remember, I would
cheerfully record the particulars, could I feel as-
sured that it would be useful to others. But suf-
face it to say, following the evil multitude; tak-

ing the advice of others and following it; plung-
ing in worldly speculations; reading wicked
books and infidel writings, together with corrupt
conversation, I was led to sit down on the seat
with the scornful! But now I look upon myself
as a brand snatched from the burning!

“What shall I do my God to love!
My loving God to praise!
The length, and breadth, and height, to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

“Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me!”

CHAPTER III.

Left home and went to Schoodic, Me.—Purposed to go to
England, but finally stopped and taught school—My infidel
foundation began to give way.—Interview with Rev. Duncan
McCall—Incidents of the Revolutionary War—Connecticut
Conference—Reformation on Long Island—Return to Me—
Preaching of Rev. Jesse Lee in the Orchard—Predicament
of a Lawyer.

As the sight of the eye affects the heart, so ob-
jects presented to the mind may affect the whole
soul; therefore I will record some of the peculiar
providences of God which led me to Repentance
and Faith in the Son of God; hoping that others
may be profited by tracing his goodness and mer-
cy to me, and be led to adore and bless his holy
name, and to love and serve him forever.

In the autumn of 1799, by a mysterious provi-
dence, I was separated, against my will and in-
clination, from my father's family which I so tenderly loved. Like Joseph I was sent into another government, far off, on the banks of the St. Croix river, on the British side, in the town of St. Stevens, New Brunswick. My intention was to go to London; for this purpose I went on board of an English lumber ship, then lading for England. The Captain was much of a gentleman, and offered to give me the place of steward on board, if I concluded to go; but, he added, you are very unwise to leave America for the old Country, for it is a corrupt place, and without a good recommendation, no profitable business can be obtained by a young man without much money, &c.

I left the ship and passed on to St. Andrews, where I met with Capt. Christie and Mr. Crocker from St. Stevens, in quest of a school master. I gave up the idea of going to sea, for the present, and engaged to keep school one year; so we passed over St. Croix river to Robinston, and followed what they called a “bushed path,” by marked trees through the woods, 13 or 14 miles, to Schoodic river falls on the United States side and crossed the river over to Capt. Christie’s, on the New Brunswick side; and we were glad to find ourselves comfortably seated in a pleasant family. Mrs. C. inquired with whom I expected to board. “Deacon Watson,” I replied. Said she, “he is a Methodist and will make you one in a short time if you board there.” “Madam,” I asked, “what is a Methodist?” “O, sir,” she replied, “they are a very good people who pray much.” I remarked with a smile of self-complacency, “I have a very good heart now and they will not hurt me.”

I commenced my school and began to study the art of Navigation with a view of going to sea at its close. I soon formed an agreable circle of acquaintances and was constrained to acknowledge that my lot was cast among a people whose religion had the appearance of something more than mere profession and form. I closely observed them and saw a lively cheerfulness without levity or folly; — also a sobriety without sadness and a solemnity without melancholy. Their conversation was instructive and edifying—their hymns and spiritual songs were melting and charming; especially to me whose ear was ever delighted with good music. Seasons of family devotion were affecting, and the solemn truths proclaimed in their public meetings penetrated my cold and impenitent heart; conviction began to raise a storm and the voice of reason began to speak—my judgment was enlightened and I began to examine the foundation of my opinions, and was forced to admit that if Christianity was true, my foundation was at best but sand, and would not endure floods and storms, and O, where should I land!

At this time Deacon Watson and his excellent wife, who were very attentive to me, introduced me to Rev. Duncan McCall, an intelligent and pious man, who, under God, contributed much towards bringing me out of darkness into the pure light of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God! He told me his experience which took place on board of a British man-of-War, lying in North
river, above New York, waiting the return of Maj. Andre, who had gone up to ascertain whether Gen. Burgoyne had arrived at Albany, and also the condition of the American troops, &c.—Mr. McCall was a clerk of the field-officers, and knew their plan to sail up the river and join Burgoyne's forces when they expected to subdue, at once, the rebellious colonies in America. He well knew the desperate struggle that must attend the collision of such mighty forces,—the effusion of blood and the destruction of the lives of many worthy men, unprepared for death, which, together with the tears, sighs, groans, and sorrows of bereaved relatives and friends, had such an effect upon his new-born soul that he spent a whole night in prayer to Almighty God that he would, in his infinite wisdom, goodness and mercy prevent it. He had such faith that, before daylight, he felt confident if but one soul was found, who, like himself, was crying to God for the same thing it would be granted! He afterwards found out that there was one in the same ship with himself who was thus engaged! And when the news of Maj. A's arrest reached them these praying men rejoiced, believing that God had heard and answered their prayers. And, although they were grieved at the loss of so worthy a man as the beloved Andre, yet they could say amen, better one die than thousands! And, had it not been for their idea of the honor of their nation, they would have complied with Gen. Washington's proposal to exchange Andre for Arnold, whom they themselves looked upon and despised as a traitor; and even the boys in the streets of Halifax, when they saw him, would cry out and hoot, "there goes the traitor!"

He also gave me an interesting account of an Annual Conference which he attended in Connecticut at the time he joined. He said one of the preachers rose and told the Conference that he must go to Long Island; and such was his ardor that he was appointed to that field. He accordingly went on board of a fishing schooner at the close of the Conference, and set sail for his new field of labor; but a shower from the west drove them, contrary to their purpose, round to the east end of the island. Just at eve they came into a cove, and he went on shore in company with the master of the vessel, in a punt, while the spray of salt water, ever and anon, dashed over them. He then took his portmanteau on his arm and moved towards a small house, nearest the place of landing. As he drew near, the door was thrown open and the inmates came out exclaiming, "come in thou servant of God; thou art the man for whom we have been praying!" Like Peter and Cornelius they were easily made acquainted. The people were notified of a meeting there that evening; after supper they came together and the field was found to be white, ready for the harvest. This was the spot and the time where, and when, Methodism began on Long Island.

He further gave me a pleasing account of his return, on horseback, in company with Rev. Jesse Lee, to New Brunswick. In Hallowell, on Kennebunk river, Me., they offered to preach if a door was opened. A Lawyer, on hearing of it,
offered to provide a place if either of them would preach on a text that he should select. Bro. Lee accepted the terms and seats were prepared in Mr. Moore’s orchard. The news of it went out and the people crowded in from all parts of the new settlement to hear a man preach without a written book. The text given was in 2d Thess. 3: 10. “This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.” Bro. Lee called the attention of the people to the wisdom of God in forming men rational, intellectual and accountable beings, capable of filling up the world with talents suited to all the departments of Government and Society, and fitting each for his and her proper work, after which he spoke of the King and Supreme Magistrates; he then noticed lawyers, doctors, merchants, mechanics, farmers, &c., and closed the catalogue with referring to the holy vocation and office of the Christian Ministry—detailing particularly the work of a Methodist Itinerant, during which he remarked, “I work and I will eat.”

The lawyer was asked how he liked. He replied, “He has a great mind—I never had such a dressing before, and I care not to give another stranger a text!” I have since stood in that orchard and heard the owner relate the same facts.

CHAPTER IV.

Another interview with Rev. D. McCall—Increased convictions—Three remarkable deaths—Reflections—Near approach of the devil—Sleepless night—Return to the rejected Bible with prayer—Dea. Watson’s library—Description of the “Sinner tree,” and “Christian tree”—Three sudden and alarming deaths.

I became much interested in the Rev. Mr. McCall. I loved to sit at his feet and listen to the words of instruction which dropped from his lips. One day I asked him this question,—“What is the strongest evidence of the truth and genuineness of the Christian religion?” He replied, “One of the strongest is the present state of the Jews;—it being just what God said it should be if they refused to obey his law given to them by Moses on Mount Sinai. And it would be hard to convince any man that there ever was such a nation if they were not now amongst us. And, in connection with this, are the miracles and prophecies concerning the promised Messiah, which were fulfilled in the person of Jesus of Nazareth—his death—resurrection and ascension; and the gift of the Holy Ghost, which every man knows by looking into his own heart, whilst the day of grace lasts; for it reproduces the world of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment. It is a true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But the Christian enjoys the comforts of the Holy Spirit—it bears witness with his spirit that he is a child of God, &c.”

Conviction began to affect my mind. The
dark clouds of error which had hung over me seemed to be breaking. The remembrance of several deaths which had occurred, attended with some remarkable and affecting circumstances, served to fix my mind upon the subject and to lead me in a train of solemn and heart-searching reflections. In hopes that others may be profited I will record some of the circumstances, and also a few other facts, which, combined, have contributed much to keep me from settling down in the belief of no future state of conscious existence, and to lift me up from the pit of infidelity and set me on the Rock Christ Jesus.

I will go back and notice first the case of Capt. Ebenezer Witt, of Brookfield, Mass., who died when I was a child. His funeral was the first I ever attended. This fact rendered the occasion more impressive. My parents told me many things about him. Among other things were the following incidents:—When he was young and had acquired some property he began to indulge a desire to make a show in the world; for this end, as he said, he bought him a gay horse and spoke for a saddle and bridle to be made that he might ride in style! But before they were finished his splendid horse was struck by lightning and killed on the spot! This led him to serious reflection. He thought within himself, live stock is uncertain property—my hard earned money has fled quickly away upon the red wing of forked lightning without asking my leave, and left me disappointed. My life may go as quickly as that of my horse and then where will be my prospects of wealth and happiness? Alas! the world cannot impart true happiness to man. This touching providence led him to see the uncertainty of all sublunary things and to seek the substantial joys of pure, undefiled Religion. He lived to the good old age of eighty eight! He used to spend three hours of each day, towards the close of his days, in secret retirement for the purpose of meditation and prayer—viewed his approaching dissolution with solemn joy, and, when he died, closed his own eyes!

There was another case that occurred,—a perfect contrast to this. The man's name was James Taylor. He was a very wicked man—his moral character was blasted and he was a nuisance in society. But O, his death! It was an indescribable scene! I can only say, it was a dread and awful picture of distress and horror!!

I will, in this connection, venture to narrate one other case. The circumstances were related to me by Deacon Watson. It relates to a Mrs. Brewer of Robinson, Me., mother of Esq. Brewer, who lived with, took care of, and finally buried his mother, and also his father. Dea. Watson called at Mr. Brewer's on Saturday Eve. The old lady requested him to tarry over the Sabbath and hold a meeting with the people. He did so, and had a very solemn time. In the evening she requested her family and friends to be called into her room. When they were all seated she thus addressed them:—"My dear husband, children and friends,—I am now about to die and leave you! I have called you in that I might take my leave of you, after first giving
you a word of advice and exhortation.”—Her husband interrupted her and said; “My dear, I hope you will be spared some time longer with us; you appear much revived and your voice is stronger and clearer than it has been for weeks.” But she replied, “No! I am only strengthened of God to do my last duty. I am now going to die; and you my kind husband will soon follow me!* My work is done my peace is made with God. I have a joyful hope of a part in the Resurrection of the just, and a pleasing prospect of Heaven and immortal glory! I have comfort and support in this last trying scene of taking leave of you all.” She thus addressed her husband and entreated him to prepare for his approaching end which was near. The eldest son was next spoken to and the other children in order to the youngest, all of whom she warned to flee from the wrath to come and lay hold on eternal life which is to be obtained through faith in the Son of God. And with an affectionate concern for the best good of all her friends and neighbors, she spoke to all present, assuring them that she felt the Divine realities of that holy religion that will save the soul;—that she was now ready to go, having been strengthened by her heavenly father to perform her last work

* In the year 1818, I visited Esq. Brewer and he gave me the following sequel:—“Although my dear father, at the time my mother died, was in as good health as could be expected for a man of his advanced years; yet, only about six weeks quickly passed away before we were called to follow the remains of our beloved father to the silent Grave; and to behold there the sacred remains of our venerable parents placed, side by side, in the house of Death!

of love to her family and friends. She then turned to Dea. W. and said, “I now wish you to pray with us.”

Deeply impressed with a sense of the Divine presence, they united in singing and prayer.—And, to their astonishment and surprise, when they rose from their knees she was gone! Gone with angels, no doubt, to join the bright armies above, where

“Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more!”

Her attendant said she perceived no alteration until just as the prayer closed; she then bowed her head and was gone!

While meditating upon these things I said to myself, if Religion be true it is as important to me as to any man. Light began to beam into my benighted mind more clearly and my conviction was more pungent. A dread of God rested upon me,—especially one Saturday evening. I had been reading the experience of a servant of God; and, after an instructive and affecting season of family devotion in Dea. Watson’s family, I retired to my chamber for rest. As I ascended the stairs, thoughts on the existence and power of the devil (whose existence I had denied) revolved in my mind as a reality; and, as I put forth my hand to open the chamber door, such were my feelings that I darted into the room and shut the door quick to shut the devil out, who I thought was like a flying eagle with claws just ready to grasp and bear me off! The question then rose in my mind, “can you shut out a spirit
with a pannel door?" As well might the roof prevent our thoughts from rising. But I said, I will not put out my light this night: then this question came up, "Can the dim light of that small taper aid in opposing an evil angel, who, if permitted, could destroy any part of creation as the first-born in Egypt and Judea were destroyed—Job's family or Sennacherib's army?—More than 180,000 in one night!!

Dread terror surrounded me, and my anxious inquiry was, "where shall I flee? Every refuge failed me—man was naught—bars of steel were useless—walls of brass no security, and all thou's of going to bed left me! I then took the Bible, that blessed book which, to my shame, I had rejected. For the first time I fell on my knees—mercy was my only plea! I said, O Lord, if thou wilt not regard me, who have slighted thy calls and warnings, and rejected thy Holy Word, and the only Savior of fallen man, I must be the sport of devils forever! After this manner the night passed away with little or no rest to body or mind.

At this time I had free access to the writings of Rev. John Wesley and others, contained in Dea. W's. well selected library, which I read to some extent. There were also two pictures hanging in his parlor which attracted my attention. They were designed to illustrate the truth of the Bible and to present it in the most impressive light. They were hieroglyphic trees; the one representing a sinner, the other a christian.

The one was loaded with fruit without a single green leaf upon it; at the bottom was writ-

ten, under the roots, "cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground." Death, with his axe lifted high, stood on the right hand side thereof, ready to obey the command. Satan stood on the left with a water-pot pouring water on the roots. "Unbelief," was written on the body of the tree, towards the roots, and, at a proper height, it was divided into three branches; around these a large serpent was coiled in frightful form! On one branch was written, "pride of life;" on another, "love of the world;" and on the third, "lust of the flesh." From these numerous branches proceeded and covered the top of the sheet. Fair looking fruit hung thereon inscribed with various names. Near the top I noticed Universalism; above that, Deism; then Atheism, Materialism, &c. Here I gazed,—for that fruit was the fruit of my own reasoning faculties, since laying the Holy Bible aside as the work of men or wicked priest-craft! While looking at the fruit upon the lower branches of this fruitful tree I discovered the slippery paths in which I had run; it was very clearly pointed out, also the fruit of my doings; and my conscience charged me with the guilt of the same. One other kind of fruit hung upon the top-most branch and on it was written that fearful, dreadful word, "Despair!" A cloud hung over the tree, and lightnings flashed most fearfully around; the word "Wrath" was written on the cloud. A dove was flying from the tree on the left hand, and an angel on the right. On the lower corner of the sheet was a gate with flames of fire issuing out, and the word "Wrath!" written upon the flame.
The tree seemed to be about falling, and a black
demon stood with outstretched arms as if to catch
it, as it fell, and hold it up.

The other tree was covered with green foliage
interspersed with beautiful fruit. Among the
first fruits was prayer. The top fruit was "heavenly-mindedness." On the right hand side stood
an angel watering the roots, and on the left sat
an appeared with an axe uplifted to cut it down;
but a holy angel stood holding him by the arm
so that he could not injure the beautiful tree. A
lovely cloud hung over it with the word "Grace"
written upon it, and beneath the roots were the
following words:—"And he shall be as a tree
planted by the rivers of water, and bring forth
his fruit in his season." My heart passed sen-
tence on myself as one standing on the brink
of ruin with nothing but the brittle thread of life
holding me out of the lake of fire, "prepared for
(not man, but) the devil and his angels!" I then
and there resolved, that if I perished I would not
have to reproach myself with the reflection that
I had not done all that was in my power to shun
that awful ruin to which I saw plainly I was dai-
ly and hourly exposed!

Just at this stage of my experience there were
three sudden deaths in the neighborhood which
led me to realize more deeply than ever the short-
ness and uncertainty of life. They also served
to increase my concern for my future destiny!
The first victim was a likely young man who
came from the west, to work with his brother.
He had the small-pox—survived—and when he
left the Hospital he said to the nurse, "now I
shall not be afraid to go any where; the small-
pox was always a terror to me, but now it is re-
moved." The pious nurse replied, "My young
friend, you must remember you have no lease of
your life." "I know that," he rejoined, "but I
am young, and as likely to live long as any other
young man." Shortly after he went on to the riv-
er in a birch canoe to hunt ducks—was heard to
fire—but, alas! he and his gun were soon picked
from the bottom of the river, but his spirit had
fled! I, with my scholars and neighbors, joined
in solemn procession and followed his remains to
the silent grave!

Another was a young man from Ireland,—a
widow's son. He was employed in lading a ves-
sel when he was instantly killed by the falling of
a stick of timber! His shipmates buried him on
this foreign shore and returned, bearing the sol-
lemn intelligence, to his kindred and native land.

The third was a man who went into the woods,
in company with others, to commence his win-
ter's work. And the first tree they felled was
the instrument of his death!

"Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time, there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To Heaven, or down to Hell!"

"Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And, if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!"

It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all accep-
tation, that Jesus died to save sinners!
CHAPTER V.

More exclusive attention to the Bible and prayer—Fears that the day of grace was past—Resolution—Regrets—Reflections, &c.—Heard preaching—Calvinism and its son, infidelity were struck prostrate by the Truth—Resolution—Temptation—Reflections, &c.—Views of intoxicating drinks and Sabbath—Trials—Class—Love feast—Joined the Methodists—Views of Church and Sacraments—Westminster Assembly’s Catechism—Interview with a Local Preacher—Bible views of Truth—Deliverance from error—Amen.

With all these things, besides many others which I might mention, in full view before my mind I trembled. The subject pressed heavily upon me; and I said to myself, I have never examined the subject of religion with that candor which a matter of such vast import demands. I saw it must be everything or nothing. I thought, if the Bible is a revelation from God he will let me know it for myself, seeing I must live and die an individual. I therefore resolved to take it and give it a close examination. Accordingly I laid aside my Navigation books and took the Holy Bible; for some weeks I read it in secret, unwilling to let any one know that I looked into it. While I read all the kind manifestations and mercies of God during my life, with my promises and the breach of those promises, passed before me. For weeks, a fear that my day of grace was passed, and that I should sink under the wrath of God forever, filled me with awful dread! But one evening, as I was reading, this question was impressed on my mind, “How can God be just and save a sinner like you?”

And I had such a view of his justice, holiness, and truth, that, so far from saying, as in the days of my Universalism, that God is too good to damn any one, my fainting mind cried out, “I can clearly see how he can justly damn all sinners, but, unless God can reveal a way, I see not how any can be saved!”

No tongue can tell my feelings while on my knees, with the Bible spread open before me, and my eyes covered with my hands. All at once a new view opened to my astonished soul and I saw Jesus hanging on the cross with the blood flowing from his pierced side:

“Here the whole Deity was known;
Nor dare a creature guess
Which of his glories brightest shone,
His Justice, or his Grace.”

My grief was that I had not followed the teachings of the Bible, and listened obediently to the voice of the Holy Spirit; and my condemnation was that light having shone upon my mind I had chosen and loved darkness.

At another time I read, “Enter into thy closet, and, when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.” Here duty was made plain before me; but I said in my heart, I cannot pray. One thing, however, I thought I would do, and that was to go into my closet and kneel down, hoping that God would hear his children’s prayers for me. I went; and when on my knees with the door shut, a voice seemed to say in my heart, “If all the people of
God forgot to pray for sinners, Jesus intercedes for them at the right hand of God!" This gave me encouragement to seek in hopes that I might find peace. I read and prayed until a late hour at night, while others slept, fearing that if I went to sleep I might wake in Hell, no more to sleep, or rest, forever! Glimmering hopes and gloomy fears alternately hung o'er my head. I clung to the Bible as my only chart and guiding star; to none but God could I go for help. But I found instruction and precious promises in his holy word; and my heart said, "If I am damned and sink to ruin at last, I had rather go from my knees than from a ball-room; therefore, if I must go, I am resolved to go pleading for mercy."

Many were the encouragements that I found in reading, praying, fasting, going to meetings and attending to every known duty, great and small, as in the immediate presence of a heart-searching God, who knows the inmost recesses of the mind of man.

"Lord, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye."

On the Sabbath, Jan. 19, 1800, (memorable day to me) I heard Rev. Duncan McCall preach in the morning from Job, 28: 7, 8: "There is a path which no fowl knoweth—the vulture's eye hath not seen, &c." In the afternoon the text was in St. Luke, 14: 33: "So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

After this I could say, with the utmost confidence, I know that my day of grace is not past—my soul may yet be saved! For the Holy Spirit of God is still with me and I will seek my soul's salvation at the risk of all things else and in spite of all opposition. At this time I was a constant attendant on the preaching of Rev. D. McCall. His preaching was clear and forcible, although his doctrine was new to me, who had been bred up under the Calvinistic creed. I now saw clearly that my infidelity was the legitimate fruit of Calvinistic fatality and decrees! This man of God pointed out my errors clearly to my mind, and I saw his doctrine was in accordance with the plain teaching of the Holy Scriptures; I therefore exchanged the doctrine of decrees for that of free moral agency and accountability. My blind, cheerless, and dark sentiments of no future state of conscious existence, fled before the cheering light and truth of the doctrine of the Resurrection of the dead and the Immortality of the soul! Also, of a future judgment, and rewards for the righteous and wicked according to the deeds done in the body.

I did not, at this time, think myself a christian, but could say I will serve God at the expense of all things! My sentiment was, let my name be written in the Lamb's book of Life, and I care not what the world does with it;—they may frown or flatter, by the grace of God I will seek to lay up treasures above. Thus I endeavored to do; but, while reading on my knees at a late hour one night, this question rose in my mind, "What have you read?" I could not recollect a
word. I read over several verses attentively, but could not retain them in my mind; I did so several times with the same result. I then tried it with a single verse, and found that as soon as I took my eyes off of my Bible, I could not recall a single word! I was afraid and hid my eyes with my hands and lifted my heart to God and cried, "O Lord, if this is an evil spirit that thus steals thy word out of my heart, drive him away." My heart melted; for I thought God did hear me, and would protect me and give me to understand his holy word. I read again; and my astonished soul gazed on the sacred page of inspiration with an understanding heart such as I never had before. Light broke in, and such were my views of the Divine reality of these things that I seemed like one awaking out of deep sleep. I viewed my body as a wonderful machine which was given me by which I might perform many useful things; and that it was wisdom to preserve it as I would an instrument of music that I wished to keep in tune. But the soul! O how vast!! I looked out upon the world of sinners, and my soul cried out, "O that I had wings that I could fly through the vast creation and tell every body that there is a divine reality in the religion taught in the holy Bible, and that all may come and partake and live forever!" As to the body, I considered that regard ought to be had to that kind of food and drink which is most conducive to health and sprightliness. I viewed intoxicating drinks as neither bread nor water; and should be used only for medicinal and mechanical purposes, like other poisons. As to re-

tailing it for drink, either to make a fortune or get a living, I should sooner have my right hand taken off and beg my bread during life! For how could I endure the thought of gaining money by selling that which would destroy both the bodies and souls of my fellow mortals whom I must meet at the Judgment?

The Holy Sabbath I found to be a Divine institution, old as Creation. Adam's first day on earth was kept a Holy Sabbath, and God was there! The first of the Christian dispensation, when the doctrine of "Jesus and the Resurrection," began to be preached, was a Holy Sabbath, and Jesus was there. It was given to man for rest, reflection, and worship, pointing to a better rest in Heaven! And the blessing of God rests on all who keep it holy!

From this time I began to be systematic and resolved to pray, at least, twice a day as long as I had my reason and my breath. An account of the conflict I passed in forming this resolution may be useful to others; hence I give it briefly:

I saw caution was necessary lest, like Jeptha, (Judges 11th chap,) I should bring grief upon myself. I therefore came to the following resolution: "While my strength lasts I will bow my knees in prayer twice every day in secret as I rise from, and retire to, rest; or if too sick and weak to kneel, I will do as Hezekiah did, (Isa. 38; 2.) turn my face to the wall and pray; and if unable even to turn thus, I will breath out my soul to God in the place and posture, where, and as, I may be confined." But, before I came to a solemn vow that I would, by his grace, set apart
a portion of each day of my life for devotional purposes, I had a hard conflict; something argued long and hard against such a resolution. It was evidently, not a good spirit; for some of the objections were as follows: "You will lodge in places and with persons where you will bring shame and reproach upon yourself by kneeling, and then will you kneel? You may not be in a right frame of mind to come before the Lord in solemn prayer, so that you would commit sin if you should attempt to pray, and will you then presume to come? Leave yourself at liberty to come or not to come—to pray or not to pray as your feelings and circumstances may dictate, and thus save yourself the guilt of a breach of promise—make no promise and then you will break none!" Here I saw the cloven foot; and I am sure from many years' experience that it was a good spirit that answered all these suggestions, and gave me to see that rational vows to worship the living and true God daily, were, to the soul, what a good fence is to the farmer. They guard us, binding us to duty. I saw that if I should sin there was "an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous—a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."—(1st John 2:1, 2.)

Here the Divine goodness in establishing Ordinances and Commands for us to walk in and by—our way to Heaven—appeared so clear that, so far from being afraid or ashamed to be seen worshipping God at all times and in all places, I felt willing to be counted singular for Christ's sake, if need be, on account of adhering to the way of Salvation as taught in the Holy Bible. Yea, I longed to be counted the most singular of any on earth in this respect, and wondered that everybody did not worship God! O how safe and happy those persons looked to me who did truly love and serve God always; they seemed to be walking under the wing of heaven and the guardianship of angels, to glory.

But, although I was convinced that the Bible was a revelation of truth from God on which I could risk my soul for time and for Eternity; and therein learned that Enoch, Abraham, the Prophets, Apostles and primitive Christians, had close and constant communion with God and knew their sins forgiven; yet, I doubted whether any such could be found among the professors in our day. About this time Dea. Watson invited me to go to a class meeting with him. I went; and there I heard many boldly say that their sins were pardoned and they had sweet communion with God in prayer; and that they rejoiced in lively hope of eternal life beyond the grave. My doubts fled, and I saw that the grace which was given unto them was promised unto me also. "Oh what a meeting this!" my heart cried out. I said, if the Leaders and Preachers are faithful, ignorance and cold formality will never exist among this people; but the honest inquirer after the way to heaven will find help here. And I fell in love with them and love them still.

I was also invited to attend a Love-feast; and to me it was a type of Heaven. They rejoiced, but I sat solitary and alone; yet panting after that knowledge whereby I might be able to say
I am a child of God—an heir of Heaven. I was much roused up to apply myself to use all the means of grace, and I thought it safe to follow the examples recorded in the Bible. So, like Daniel and others, in fasting, prayer, and searching the Scriptures, I sought to know how to live so as to please God. The good spirit said, join the church; but my heart said, I am not fit. And it seemed to me that no one but such as were fit for heaven were fit to join the church. While considering upon this subject the following dialogue, in substance, passed in my mind: "Where would you go to learn the French language? To learn it most perfectly I should go among the French where I could hear it spoken according to the purest French dialect," was my reply. "Where would you go then in order to learn the language of Canaan and the doctrines of Christ?" With readiness my heart said, "Amongst Christians." "What is the church?" "It is a school." "Well, who go to school; the learned or the unlearned?" "Surely the unlearned, or ignorant, if he would be qualified for enjoyment and usefulness." "Then join the church, for Christ is the teacher, and he teaches 'as never man taught.' And further it is written, "they shall all be taught of God." A new ray of light shone upon the word of God, and seemed to open it more fully to my understanding. It appeared to me that the church was an institution of God, founded in wisdom for the perfecting of the saints. And I thought that branch of the church where the purest doctrine and the best discipline were found, would be my choice. Finding none that seemed nearer right to my mind than the Methodist Episcopal Church, in June, all scruples being removed, I felt free to join it, and accordingly received a ticket of admission.

Here I began to feel troubled in my mind about a fitness to partake of the Holy Sacrament. I thought, "how can one who is only seeking religion dare to come to that sacred ordinance?" (I had not at this time, a clear evidence of my acceptance with God.) The good spirit said, "if Christ was now bleeding upon the cross, and you wanted a pardon of your sins, where would you go to obtain the blessing?" I answered, "to the foot of the cross, and plead the merit of him who died, the just for the unjust!" "Go then," was the reply, "to his table, amongst his children; for as oft as ye do this ye do show forth his death until he comes again, the second time, without sin unto salvation. The sainted in heaven washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; and where can you expect to be cleansed, in the path of obedience, or in the path of disobedience, sloth, and sin? In the neglect, or in the use of the means of grace? And do you wish to be saved from every sin and every thing unlike your glorious Savior?" I could answer, "yes, truly!" for it appeared clear to my mind that it was an appointed means of grace and ought to be used by the sincere seeker, as well as prayer, or reading the Bible, or indeed any other appointed means of grace.

Accordingly, with trembling, I ventured forward twice before I had an evidence that I was born of God, and that to my great profit. One
evening, after sacrament, I had, in meditation, such a view of God's care over those who love and serve him, that I said, Lord, let this spirit remain with me and I can travel through the world and not sin against thee or fear a wicked world of opposition. I felt that I could suffer the loss of all things for Christ, joyfully; and thrice happy should I be if I could cry in death "behold the Lamb of God!" and leave the world in peace.

Here I wish to remark, hoping that it may be a beacon light to others, that from Jan. 1800 to the spring of 1801, I labored under doubts and fears, though I felt that I could say, "God hath done great things for me." My doubts and fears were in consequence of errors imbibed in childhood from the Westminster Assembly's Catechism! In learning the contents of that little book I drank in the seeds of Infidelity! I refer to decrees, election, reprobation, &c., which led me first into Universalism, then Deism, Atheism, &c. They are in it yet—insidious, rank, fatal poison! Shun it.

The following remarks of a local preacher who was a blacksmith, on Christian experience, were of much service to me: He said he often compared christians to his coal fire; when he left the shop he threw out the cinder and spread open the coals; and when he returned it would look as if there was no fire; but on gathering them together and blowing a little they would soon kindle to a bright flame. So it is often with the children of God—when scattered abroad, tempted and tried, they oft times think they have no religion; but when they come together and begin to talk one with another and the Holy Spirit blows upon them, they can say like the disciples of old, "did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" (Luke 24: 32.)

I felt a kindling flame in my heart, and could say, this language suits my case; and, come to look back, I found that I had felt an inward flame to cheer my heart whenever I read or heard anything which gave me light on the things of godliness; and I said, surely this is the feeling of a Christian, and I have felt it more or less ever since Jan. 19, 1800.

But why did I not sooner believe, without a doubt, seeing I had passed so many deliverances and experienced so much inward consolation, both in reading the Bible and in prayer; yea, and in every thing of a religious cast, so that I had often said in my heart, my closet affords me more real pleasure than ever the ball-room and all worldly follies did, and my Bible more than all the novels I ever read. The pleasures of the ball-room and of novel reading were blasted by one serious thought that I must die! And my wretchedness was increased by the thought of time thus wasted, an account of which I must soon render at the judgment!

Not so with the Bible and closet. There are found comfort, peace, and joy. One evening, while reading the 20th chap. of Matt., I discovered my error which I had imbibed from the Catechism. I had concluded that if I was truly born of God I should be sure of heaven; and of course should be able to adopt the language of Paul and
say, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." But, as I could not say, I know that I shall go to heaven, therefore, I could not believe that I was a christian. I had been taught that, if once in grace always in grace; or, in other words, if once truly converted I was infallibly sure of heaven; hence, not feeling thus sure, I concluded that I was not a true christian.

I read, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive," (vrs. 6 & 7). The good spirit asked, "What evidence had these men that they were doing right, and that they should receive their pay?" I answered, "While in the vineyard they knew whether they obeyed the commands or not; and when the day of settlement came, they knew whether they had fought the good fight and finished the work or not; and, if they had finished the work that was given them to do, they would go with the fullest confidence in the promise of their employer that they should receive their crown of reward." I then inquired, "When did Paul use these words?" The answer was, "After he had fought the good fight and finished his course, having kept the faith to the end. But, while he was doing his work, he said, as in 1st Cor. 9; 27,—"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached the Gospel to others, I myself should be a castaway!"

Thus I clearly saw that my error sprang from my education and not from truth or the Bible;
in accordance with my practice, I sought by prayer and reading the Scriptures, for divine instruction. And the infinite wisdom of God appeared in establishing the ordinances of his house as pillars to support the truth of Revelation. And my mind was satisfied that God required all his children to walk in his holy ordinances and commands forever. The subject was opened to my mind in dialogue form as follows:—Q. Did God promise a Savior? A. Yes, truly; see Gen. 3:15; 49; 10 and 15; 18. Q. Did he give Abraham any visible, external sign, seal, or token pointing to and giving assurance that he would be faithful in fulfilling his promise? A. Yes. Q. What? A. Sacrifice and circumcision; for as often as either of these was understandingly attended to, it was in full faith that, in due time, the Messiah would come, according to Gen. 49; 10 and Dan. 9; 24—27, when sacrifice and obligations should cease. Q. Has God fulfilled his promise? A. Yes: Jesus Christ is the promised seed. Q. Is it not reasonable to suppose that God, who had given seals and signs as witnesses that he would be faithful to fulfill his promise, would also establish seals and signs, as external, visible evidences that he had performed his promise? A. Yes. Q. And has he established any that he requires us to perform or attend to? A. Yes. Q. What are they? A. Baptism and the Sacrament. Here I read in 1st John 5:8:—

"And there are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the Water, and the Blood; and these three agree in one." The interpretation, to my mind, was as follows:—The Spirit is the Holy Ghost given unto us; John 16:8. The Water is water baptism; and the Blood is the holy Sacrament.

Again, my mind was led off into another dialogue by this question: What renders baptism valid? A. 1st. A fit subject. 2nd. A properly authorized administrator—doing it in the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Q. Who are fit subjects? A. All who are in a state of justification before God, through the all-atonning blood of the Great Redeemer—which embraces all infants (vide Rom. 5; 18.) and all adults who repent of sin and become as little children, justified through faith in Jesus Christ. God will own the validity of baptism, when administered to a fit subject by a minister clothed with the authority of an officer of the Church of Christ. Q. What if the minister should afterwards be proved to have been a bad man? A. Then it would be woe to the administrator, not to the ordinance or the subject. Q. Will it avail any thing to apply the seal more than once? A. No; for a seal, though applied a thousand times, leaves but one impression. Q. Was Christ baptized with or without repentance? A. Certainly without; for he had nothing to repent of. Q. Which then follows the example of Christ the nearest, one who goes on in sin awhile, then repents, believes, and receives baptism, or the innocent infant who has nothing to repent of? A. My mind was illuminated, and I said, surely the tender sweet babe—one of the 144,000 first fruits unto God and the Lamb. Rev. 14:4.

Further, the inquiry arose in my mind, Who
received the old seal? A. Parents and children.
Q. Who shall receive the seal of the New Testament? A. Parents and children. And here, in the wide domain of fancy, I saw Abraham with little Isaac in his arms, standing by his altar of burnt sacrifice, nineteen hundred years beyond the Mount, looking towards Calvary and rejoicing to see Christ's day, (John 8: 56.) saying, Messiah is coming; sweet little Isaac also looks and cries out with his soft voice, Messiah is coming. Yea, all the circumcised Parents and Children, with all their oblations, stand as witnesses for God that Messiah would come as promised. But I inquired again, Whose eyes shall meet the eyes of Abraham? A. All who, like Abraham, in mature age, repent of sin, believe in Jesus and are baptized; thus looking back and saying, the promise is fulfilled, Messiah has come, and we are witnesses that he is the Son of God, the Savor of the World! Q. Whose eyes shall meet those of little Isaac? A. With solemn delight my whole soul cried out, thanks be to God, my infant eyes, with others, can meet them and say, Messiah has come, and we are witnesses!

Now then let all the baptized parents and children who have lived down to 1800 years or more this side Calvary, stand in a body and face Abraham and all the host of the circumcised Israelites beyond Calvary, as witnesses for God, that he has fulfilled his promise that the Seed of the Woman should bruise the Serpent's head! And who would reject, or strike from the list, infant testimony, either on this or the other side Calvary? Surely, not I. Let us meet, then, in Christ on Calvary, and from thence rise to dwell together in Heaven forever and ever, where we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known. Lord baptize us with the Holy Ghost, Amen.

Sept. 1st, 1800. This is my birth day. Twenty-five years have fled since I first opened my infant eyes on the solar light of this lower world. Here I stand, a monument of the long-suffering and tender mercy of God. By his mysterious providence I was brought to this place where I have heard many experiences related. There is one, that of a Mrs. Crocker, with whom I boarded the last quarter of my school, which I will here record. In substance, she related it in my hearing, as follows:—While listening to the preaching of the Rev. D. McCall, truth arrested my mind, and repentance broke my hard heart so that I could not conceal my sighs and tears. This offended my husband and he forbid my going to that meeting any more, and there was no other to go to. But, while on a visit one day near where a meeting was held, I ventured to go with my neighbor. As my husband was returning home from his mill he heard of it. When he came in I was weeping, and, with harsh words and angry looks, he demanded of me to promise him that I would never attend another Methodist meeting, or to leave his house. He gave me no time to think, but in a rage lifted his fist and bid me answer immediately. At that moment who can know my feelings! It was a late hour of the night; there was a driving snow storm without, —the snow already knee deep, and half a mile to the nearest house! To venture out as I was,—
bare-headed, hands and arms naked, thinly clad and with poor shoes, into the piercing cold, seemed like death! My husband, to whom alone I could look for protection, stood, demanding of me what I thought I could not comply with only at the risk of my soul's everlasting welfare; and to leave my children, house, husband, and all earthly prospects, was most severely trying! For a moment I thought I had no friend in heaven, on earth, or in hell! The wrath of God hung over me,—a frowning husband stood near me, and an enlightened conscience lashed me within! It was a dreadful crisis! I felt that I could say with the Psalmist, "The terrors of death compassed me about and the pains of hell got hold upon me." I finally said to him, if I must comply with your demand, and you will give me no time to think upon it, painful as it is I must leave your house! At this he opened the outside door and bade me begone in an instant! Knowing his passions I hastened, thinking if the Lord did not pity and save me, there was no pity or help for me! The door was slammed after me with fury, but my spry step saved me from injury!

As soon as my house was closed against me, and I had thus forsaken all that I might seek my soul's salvation, Heaven smiled upon me! God spoke peace to my soul, and all within me was calm peace and holy joy. I threw my apron over my head and stood a moment pondering what to do. I then went to the log barn, opened the door, and as I stepped in where the cow was I thought of Jesus' being born in a stable, and the place seemed to be filled with his presence and glory! I crawled in amongst the hay, blessing and praising God for his mercy to me—content to spend the rest of the night with the babe in the manger.

But God touched my husband's heart and he began to reflect on what he had done—turned his wife out of doors!—and for what? For seeking her soul's best good. He thought within himself; I ought to seek for mercy too; and how shall I answer to my neighbors, my children, or to God, if, in her flight, she should perish in the snow-drifts? He took his lantern and followed my footsteps to the old log hovel and entreated me to forgive him and return to the house. He also promised to let me go to the meetings and to go with me himself; I complied and he has been faithful to his promise.

How great a change in one short hour! The trial of her faith was severe; but joy, and peace, and victory followed in the train. Praise God, who helpeth in trouble.

In view of all the facts, circumstances, and evidences which had, thus far, clustered around my experience, I cried out, Infidelity must fall! What could be done, more than has been done, to convince all of the divine reality of our holy religion? Truly, there is evidence enough to satisfy all candid inquirers after truth; but not those who are bigoted, or captious caviters! God will never conform the christian standard to man's selfish and unreasonable terms. And if men will not submit to God's method of saving them, as made known in his Word, they must perish! The doctrines of the Gospel are calcula-
tended to prepare men for heaven, and the ordinances, pointing as they do, to the fact that Messiah has come, and also, that he will come again, will, doubtless, be observed while the world stands. Paul says in 1st Cor. 11:26: “As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord’s death till he comes.” Then all, whose names are not found written in the Lamb’s book of Life, will be “cast into the lake of fire,” which “is the second death.”—Rev. 20:14, 15.

Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear.
Eternal bliss t’insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.”

CHAPTER VII.

Left New Brunswick for Castine, Me.—Interview with the sailors—Temptation—Victory—Journey from Castine to Thomaston—First night—Affecting interview with the family—School—Difficulties about praying in it—Close—Condition of the place—Interesting account of a young convert—The old man and little boy—New doctrine—Remarkable revival on Fox Islands—Calvinistic anecdote—Close.


Having closed my school I prepared to leave this place and people with whom I had enjoyed so many happy seasons, and where God had bestowed such signal blessings upon me. They urged me to continue longer with them in the capacity of a teacher, but duty seemed to call me away; and I left them loaded with blessings and benedictions, rejoicing that my lot had been cast among such pious people. I took passage in a vessel bound to Castine, Me. Here I found no privilege of regular devotion or place of retirement for secret prayer. This was trying to me; but they could not deny me the privilege of lifting my heart to God; and while I did so the peace of God filled my soul, although surrounded by rough and wicked mariners.

We were soon overtaken by a severe storm which induced us to run into a harbor and wait for fair weather. Soon as our vessel was made fast, small boats came from other vessels near by, and our cabin was filled with sailors who amused themselves with music and dancing, while I kept my berth and read my Bible. They urged me to join them. In order to prevail upon me they told me that, though I was a Methodist, I should never be exposed by them; and further, that other good christian professors, and ministers even, allowed their children to dance, and were themselves often found with their children in the Halls of mirth and revelry. But my answer was, the God whom I fear and serve is the God of the Universe, and I would no sooner disobey him here than in N. Brunswick. All things are naked and open to the view of him with whom we have to do. He sees me and you; it is in him we live, move, and have our being.

They looked on me with apparent astonishment and said, one to another, “let’s go to another vessel.” So away they went and left me alone with God and my Bible. The moments then rolled sweetly on to the Ocean of Eternity,
Glory be to God. The storm was soon over, and I found myself in a short time safely landed in Castine. I then crossed over the bay to Belfast and with a cheerful heart moved on towards Thomaston. As the sun was setting I came to an opening in the forest where a few log buildings had been erected for present use. Here I found a family who had just moved thither from Cape Cod. They received me kindly and bade me welcome to remain with them over night, for which I felt thankful, as there was no public house in the vicinity. They had a large family of interesting children, and I found myself very pleasantly situated in the midst of them. After the usual civilities were over and a few familiar, common place questions and answers had been exchanged, there was silence for a while and I felt impressed that it was my duty to speak upon the subject of religion; but, through fear, I shrunk and trembled under the cross, and dread darkness rested on my mind. Soon the young people began their sports and folly. I was strongly tempted to join them—my nature urged me to comply; the struggle was severe and doubtful for a few moments; but the thought that for every idle word we must give an account at the Judgment, and that God saw on the land as on the sea, checked my desire, and I resolved to maintain my stand on the Lord's side. Soon there was silence again: and 'I conferred not with flesh and blood,' but began immediately by inquiring mildly what religious privileges they enjoyed in that new country. I also spoke of my views and feelings and told them what great things the Lord had done for my soul! The Lord touched their hearts and they wept. My mind was enriched and enlarged, and I sung, talked, read and explained the Bible,—prayed with them,—retired, and had a sweet night's rest. In the morning I prayed with them again and we parted, not expecting ever to meet again on earth.

As I left the house I felt deeply humbled in view of my narrow escape from ruin! Adoration and praise arose from my heart to the God of love who had preserved me and enabled me to overcome temptation and do my duty!

In Nov. I commenced keeping school in Thomaston, Maine; it was a large and rough school, but the Lord was with me and enabled me to govern them in his fear. I dismissed my school with prayer after the hour of school was passed, lest the objector should say, we hired you to teach and not to pray. And, lest they should complain of my keeping the children too late, I requested them to say to their parents that, if any of them wished it, I would dismiss their children before prayer; but no one objected and I kept in peace seven months. When I addressed and dismissed them on the last day, no one moved to go out until I went to the door to take them by the hand as they passed. Many of them wept—it was a melting time; Lord bless the children: Amen.

I found in the place a large, unfinished meeting house, but no settled minister. About three miles distant there was Methodist preaching half the time in a large hall. There I found a small society and felt at home among them. Bro. J. Tailor was the Presiding Elder, and Br'n. Hum-
phrey and Hibbard, circuit Preachers. With
great delight and profit I heard the word from
their consecrated lips; the people flocked to hear
them and many were converted. I will mention
one case: A man by the name of Brown, whose
business it was to draw rocks for lime from the
quarry to the kiln, was converted, set up a fami-
ly altar, united with the society, and proved to
be a worthy Christian. He had been a hard-
hearted, stubborn sinner! A few weeks after his
conversion he stepped into the store of a Mr.
Parsons, and Dr. Dodge, (a professed Deist) at-
tacked him, and accused him of being a lazy, idle
fellow—running after those rambling preachers,
who had turned his brain; and told him if he
did not alter his hand he would soon come upon
the town. Bro. B. listened patiently and heard
him through, and then replied, in substance, as
follows:—“Well, Dr. D., you appear to take a
great interest in my case; but I am surprised
that man of your sense should talk as you have
to me. Look at my former habits; when I came
down with my load of rocks in the morning and
had unloaded them, I used to come in here and
drink, pitch coppers and quoits, letting my poor,
hungry oxen lie on the common until night, and
then go home drunk, leaving charges, as Mr.
Parson’s books will show, of from one to four or
five dollars for intoxicating liquors; and that not
once a month merely, but almost weekly! Months
and years have passed thus—my family suffering
for the want of life’s comforts. And what did
they see come home? Hungry oxen and a
swearing drunkard! And not a word of reproof
for all this did I ever hear, either from you or
Mr. Parsons;—no warning lest I should bring
myself and family on the town! But now what
have I done, or what am I doing that calls forth
such treatment from you? I bring my load of
stone and return home sober and feed my team;
one a fortnight I take my little family and go to
hear preaching; and it costs me nothing, unless
once a quarter I choose to give something. Now
go to my house and you will find my windows
mended—children clothed—table supplied—no
swearing—no drinking, nor drinking companions
about—but my house is a house of prayer. And
here you are telling me about coming upon the
town! Where is your consistency? Their mouths
were stopped.

It was my custom to visit the families and talk,
sing, and pray with them. As I drew near to
one house I heard distinctly the trembling voice
of an old man and the soft voice of a child, sing-
ing a hymn of praise to God. On entering I
found an old man of eighty and a lad of twelve,
sitting on a low bench together with a hymn book
and testament. I inquired of the old gentleman,
“Is this youth good company for you?” “O
yes,” he replied, “for we both delight in reading
the word of God, in prayer and praise.” Surely,
thought I, Grace, like Death, levels all distinc-
tions—makes us all children—all of a bigness
and all of an age, as it were.

Pleasant and profitable were the seasons that
I enjoyed in visiting from house to house and rec-
ommending pure, experimental religion to all.
This was new doctrine to them; for election and
reprobation had been taught there most rigidly. But great joy filled my heart whilst I opened my Bible and showed them that "whosoever calls upon God in humble prayer shall be saved; for the same God over all, is rich in mercy unto all that call upon him,—all are invited to look and live, and whosoever will may take of the waters of Life freely." Glory to God: Amen.

Bro. Mayo, a local preacher, gave me the following account of a reformation on the Fox Islands, at the mouth of Penobscot bay, which took place while he resided there. The facts were these: It was a new settlement consisting of about 80 families. There was not a professor of religion among them, and the Sabbath was a day for visiting, doing up chores, &c. Yet the good spirit had not left them, for they manifested some conviction for sin. They said, ere long, one to another, we live too much like heathens—we were brought up to keep the Sabbath—let us meet on the Sabbath. So they met and took snuff, smoked tobacco, and talked about their cattle, farms, &c. But the Holy Spirit reproved them, and they said, we might as well be among our cattle and at work on our farms as to meet here and think and talk about them as we do. They then agreed to spend a portion of the time in reading the Bible and in singing. A few holy Sabbaths thus passed, and they felt convicted that taking snuff, chewing and smoking tobacco, were inconsistent with the worship of God; and they mutually agreed to lay them aside, at least, when in meeting. After this they came together for several Sabbath and sat down in silence and wept; indeed they could scarcely read or sing. On a certain day, when they sat weeping thus, one said, "neighbor, will you pray with us?" "No," he replied, "for I have no religion." The inquiry went round and a similar reply followed it. Their sighs and tears increased, till one knelt down and began to cry for mercy; but he was not long alone, for the power of God moved upon the little congregation,—they cried,—the Lord heard, and sent down answers of peace; their sorrows were turned into joys until there was not a family on the islands that had not shared in the glorious work! This was the Lord’s doing and marvelous in our sight! Hallelujah.

Among the Methodists in this region was a brother Brown, who had formerly been a deacon in the Baptist church. He informed me that Elder S——w, his former pastor, was obliged to expel two of his own sons from the church; and that, after reading the verdict of the church to them and pronouncing them ‘expelled,’ he addressed them in language like the following:—

"My dear children, I have no doubt but that you have been converted and are the children of God; and he will yet reclaim you before you die, and finally bring you in and save you in his kingdom; but at present your conduct is so much like that of the children of the devil, that we cannot keep you in the church!"

Bro. B. said, "while I believed that doctrine I always looked back and examined my old experience to see if it was genuine. But now when under trials I go to the Throne of Grace, throwing all my good and bad needs into one heap,
and look up for a fresh manifestation of God’s love and favor; and when, in answer to my prayers, he forgives me and scatters all my doubts and fears, and enables me to look up with confidence and cry Abba, Father, then I understand the Savior’s words, “He that believeth (not did or shall believe,) hath everlasting life!” To such he saith, be faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life. Thanks be to God for a present, free, and full salvation.

After the close of my school the committee offered me twenty-five dollars per month if I would stay and teach one or seven years longer; this pleased my nature, yet I could not consent to remain; a sound was in my ears, which said to me as to Abraham of old, “Go,” but I knew not where!

CHAPTER VIII.

Left Thomaston for my Father’s in Pembroke, N. H.—Interview with an old man—Jealous spirit towards the Methodists—Remark of a Congregational Minister—Talk with my parents on doctrines—Quarterly meeting—Class formed—Love feast in a barn—My Father reproved for attending—Happy death—Bar-room interview—Prayer meeting.

June, 1801. Took leave of my kind friends in Thomaston and went on board of a coaster bound for Salem, Mass. While on the way I said to myself, what an emblem of life is this element which bears us up, and without which we could not move; yet if suffered to enter the vessel it would destroy both cargo and crew! So this world is absolutely necessary for our subsis-tence here; but if it is suffered to get into our hearts it will destroy both soul and body.

In due time we landed safe in Salem. It was on a clear and beautiful summer’s morning; and while the rich odors from a thousand opening flowers regaled my senses, the love of God inspired my heart—my soul was happy. With an elastic step I bent my course towards Pembroke, N. H., where my parents resided. As I journeyed I overtook a decrepit old man and remarked to him, that if he knew Jesus, like good old Simon, he was, no doubt, waiting, and soon expecting to step off from the boisterous sea of Life on to that shore where scenes more delightful and lovely would surround him forever. He replied, “Young man, you seem to have greater knowledge of these divine things than I have; what church do you belong to?” “The Methodist, sir,” said I. At this he sheered off to the other side of the street; I followed, but could not get one word more from him; but as soon he came to a set of barracks he let them down and took to the field as if flying from an enemy!

I found it easy this day to follow Whitefield’s rule, by the grace of God not to converse ten minutes with any man without letting him know which side I was on. But, like the old man, if they found out that I was a Methodist, it seemed to destroy, at once, all confidence, on their part, in what I might chance to say; so I avoided mentioning the odious name of ‘Methodist!’

When I reached home I found my parents possessed of the same spirit. They were Congrega-tionalists; and when I attended their social meet-
ings and told them what the Lord had done for my soul, they concluded that I must be of their order, and at once pronounced me a convert! And when the rumor went out that I was a Methodist, I was told that the preacher said, I could not be a Methodist, for he believed me to be a true convert and a good christian; but he did not believe a Methodist could be a christian!! However, I found the word and spirit of God a ‘strong hold,’ and a safe ‘tower,’ and no one was able to move me. In fact, I quoted so much from my Bible to support my views, and that too which appeared to be such clear proof, that report said I had got a Methodist Bible! But when I took their Bibles and opened them, to their own confusion, it was found that the same truths were there! The same commands and promises, and the same conditions of Salvation. In both it was written that Jesus Christ is the “author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.” (Heb. 5:9) And that “Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.” (1st Tim. 4:8) My freed spirit could sing with the Poet:

“How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in Heaven.”

I sat down at the feet of my beloved and respected parents and read my Bible, giving my views and asking theirs. Our attention was first directed to the doctrine of Depravity. Here we were agreed that all were fallen—unholy; children of wrath;—‘under condemnation.’ Then we looked at the doctrine of Redemption, and found that Jesus Christ ‘tasted death for every man,’ and that ‘by the obedience of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.’ Also, that infants die because Adam sinned and brought death into the world, and so “death passed upon all, &c.” And further, that they are justified and saved by virtue of Christ’s obedience and death. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven! Glory to God: Amen.

“Millions of infant souls compose
The family above!”

We next passed to notice Election and Reprobation. We saw that all were invited, hence all might come—that all were commanded to repent, believe, and obey God, hence all ought to do it; and that all can do these things, or else God has commanded an impossibility and hung man’s eternal destiny upon the same, which cannot for a moment be believed; for it further appeared that Christ died for all—tasted death for every man; so that the atonement is ample for all the human family. Here my eldest brother remarked, ‘you prove Universalism?’ ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘we find proof of 1st, A universal depravity. 2nd, That all have a day of Grace, and a fountain of Life set open before them; but before we can prove that all go to heaven we must prove that the promise belongs to all.’ We read that the promise is to those who believe and endure to the end. To others belong the threatenings. ‘He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and
he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him!”

Here we dwelt a few moments on the point of the **Saint's Perseverance.** Passing over the words of man, God saith, “He that endureth unto the end (not he who merely sets out right and runs well ‘for a season,’) shall be saved.” I said, “Father, the difference between us is small, yet wide. We both believe, 1st, that a christian may be tempted—yield—commit sin, and thus fall under condemnation. 2nd, that this sin must be repented of and pardoned or he cannot go to Heaven. 3d, if he dies impenitent he must be lost. (Rev. 2: 5.) The threatenings of God are out against such and we dare not say there is no danger in them. **We believe there is a dangerous possibility of such dying in their backsidden state and being lost;** You do no believe so, but on the other hand, contend that God hath unconditionally secured their final salvation by his eternal, elective love. And to prove it you take those passages of Scripture which belong to the saints only, and apply them to backsliders;—not discerning that it is the elect character that is safe, and not the elect person, (Rom. ch. 2.) So long as we maintain a true christian character we are safe, otherwise we are not. My father was a man of good, sound, candid judgment, and he began to see that election and reprobation trembled before these truths, (which are here only hinted at) so plainly taught both in the Old and New Testaments.

Finally, we passed to the doctrine of **Perfection.** I inquired of my Father if we might not expect that a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ could serve him as perfectly as a sinner could serve Satan, seeing the promise is, “where sin abounded grace did much more abound?” In the 7th ch. of Rom. we found a man groaning under the law of sin and death crying out “who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” In the 8th ch. was the answer: “the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.” I said, Father, do we not find the two characters in the 7th and 8th ch’ts of Rom. as different as Saul of Tarsus and Paul the holy Apostle of Jesus Christ? And ought we not to look to God in faith for that grace whereby we may glorify Him in our bodies and spirits which are His? As Methodists, we think we ought to, and that we have authority from the Word of God to expect to made holy in this life. There we learn that, like Enoch of old, we may live free from condemnation—have the witness that our ways please God, and obtain that perfect love which casts out all fear. On the out-side cover ’tis written, ‘Holy Bible,’ within, ‘Holy God,’ ‘Holy Savior,’ ‘Holy Ghost,’ ‘Holy commandment, &c.;’ and a highway of holiness, ‘the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin;’ also, ‘sacred Sabbath,’ ‘sacred brethren,’ ‘sacred heaven,’ and ‘be ye holy, for I am holy.’ From these, and kindred passages, we conclude that without purity of heart (Matt. 5: 8.) or holiness, (Heb. 12: 14.) no man shall see God.

About this time three of us went 30 miles to a quarterly meeting, held in Poplin, N. H. Soon after this a Methodist preacher by the name of
David Batchelder,* whom we invited, came up to Pembroke, N. H., and preached and formed a class of about twenty persons. In due time we had a quarterly meeting in a Barn, near my father's house. In the love-feast I had the pleasure of seeing my father rise and express great joy that the Methodist people ever came there; he said they had waked him out of sleep and he desired their prayers that he might continue awake until death. His minister heard of it and came and reproved him for going to our meetings; but my father told him that there was a consistency in their doctrine, and a power attending their labors, which seemed according to the Bible; and further, that if he and his church were grieved they might give up his name and he would go and join the Methodists; but they would not do that!

How sweet to my soul is meditation; 'tis pleasant to look through Nature up to Nature's God. The beauties of nature are great, but those of God's word are greater; the charms of earth fade and fail in the trying hour of adversity and of dissolving nature, but not so with the promises of God. With what pleasure have I seen the charms of piety clothe the youth with the dignity of age in the days of prosperity; but a sweeter charm unfolds its brilliancy on the bed of death than nature ever knew. A bright illustration of this truth I once met in the sickness and death of Dea. Ambrose's wife, of Pembroke, N. H. I found her laboring under a fear that her willingness to die sprang from a desire to get rid of pain and suffering. I pointed her to the promises of God, such as, "Perfect love casts out fear," &c. She asked, "How can I gain that desirable state of mind?" I replied, "Jesus says, 'ask in my name what ye will and it shall be given.'" We then sung and prayed and her heart was comforted. The next day I called again; a heavenly smile sat upon her pale face and she whispered, "O brother, I long to die and be with Jesus. But I have no will of my own; if my heavenly Father sees good to keep me here on this bed of pain, he will support me; he will do all things well; I have given up all, and feel perfect peace and resignation." Her bodily sufferings were great, for her bones began to break through her skin! In the hour of death a calm serenity appeared visible, and in the joyous assurance of eternal life in heaven, her spirit fled away! Sure, thought I, infidelity itself must own that none but the Christian's God, can thus support and cheer a soul in death. Glory.

As I was passing through Vermont at the dusk of eve, I called at an Inn and found the bar-room filled with men, drinking spirit and quite merry. They soon offered me the mug and urged me to drink, saying they had drank enough (which was true) and only wished to have the mug emptied. I thanked them and told them I drank no spirit!
They stared and began to be quite noisy; one of them told a merry tale and then asked me if it was not true. I said, I cannot tell; I am not a judge of such things. They then began to talk upon religion; but I was silent; I neither drank, joked, or talked upon religion with them. My heart was not free to reprove their oaths and folly, for the door of reproof did not seem to be open. But the throne of grace was accessible and I found sweet communion with God in prayer, while pity moved my heart towards my wicked associates, for whom the Savior died. I longed to speak to them but waited for a good opportunity. Soon they began to sit down one by one until all were seated and silent. I then opened my mouth and God gave me great liberty in pointing out a better way for them to spend their time, money, and talents. When I had done, one said, there is a prayer meeting this evening, in the school house, near by, and if you will go we will go with you; the landlord said, wait a moment; and he went out, but soon returned with his wife, and we all went together. They were just singing the first hymn. A shock came over the little band as the tavern-haunters filled up the house. With trembling they finished their hymn and then sat in silence! But I could not hold my peace; I spoke, and found it good to be there. The meeting closed without any thing special. The landlord charged me nothing for my entertainment, but charged me to call again if I ever came that way. That, however, proved to be my first and last call. I learned that the brethren feared, when we came in, we should disturb them.

CHAPTER IX.

School in Warren, N. H.--Religious privileges--Revival--Polly Butler, &c.--Admission of converts to the Sacrament by Elijah Hedding, his remarks, &c.--Bitter opposition of a wife; her husband’s death and funeral--Dr. Bartlett--Trials--Victory--Reflections--Incidents--Anecdotes--Effort to make conversation useful--Holiness--Calvinism--School.

In the fall of 1802, I took a school in Warren, N. H. There was no preaching but Methodist, once in two weeks. Rev. John Brodhead was P. Elder, and Martin Ruter and Phineas Peck, circuit preachers. Prayer meetings were held when there was no preaching, and the little class were trying to live in the fear of God. There was a pleasant equality among them. He who lived in a log hut, if he was a good citizen, stood as high in the affections and confidence of the community, as the man who lived in a framed house. But the best of all was, the Lord poured out his Spirit and a glorious revival was enjoyed. The first fruits of it were among the young. One young lady, who belonged to one of the first families, came four miles on foot to meeting, in bad going, and when I asked her what induced her to come thus, she replied, “because I love Jesus.”

There was, also, a daughter of Capt. Butler, with whom I boarded. She was about starting to attend a dancing party in the evening despite of my persuasions and advice. It was the fashion then to ride horseback. When all were ready I held the horse for her to get on, and then led him into the road, and off she and David rode. She told me afterwards that my kindness made a deep impression on her mind; she thought, that
because she had slighted all my good counsel, I had given her up to run in the path of folly until she should land in ruin! Grief seized her soul! And neither the cheerfulness of her young companions, the music, nor the lively trampling of merry feet, could relieve her aching heart. She was unhappy; she retired from the ball-room to a private chamber—reflected on mis-spent time and abused instruction, and there wept. On the Saturday following, while walking in company with a friend near her father's house, so pungent was the anguish of her wounded spirit that she cried aloud, "O ye mountains can ye not fall upon me and hide me from the face of him who sitteth upon the Throne and from the wrath of the Lamb?" “Polly,” said her young friend, “you will alarm the neighbors.” “What do I care for that,” she replied; “I have sealed my damnation!” I met her in her father’s house, and a more affecting case seldom occurs; tears flowed like rain—terror marked her countenance, while reiterating “O dear, I have sealed my damnation!” I told her the Lord had removed the veil which hid her sins and awful danger, not to destroy, but to save her. I then held up the invitations and promises and urged her to look and live. She eagerly asked, “can you pray for me?” “With all my heart,” I replied. So I knelt, and, without an invitation, she fell upon her knees, (forgetting her former views, that it was a shame for a female to kneel). It was a season of deep interest—a precious time.

On Sabbath morn I saw her again, and asked her if she thought she should feel any worse if all her earthly friends and prospects were blasted? She replied, “What is that—it is eternal damnation that I fear and dread!” In prayer meeting she rose and requested prayers, and invited her young friends to seek the Lord with her. It was a refreshing season.

Monday morn she appeared pleasant, and fears rose in my mind lest she should take conviction for conversion; and I went to my school with an increased anxiety; my prayer was that a deep and thorough work might be wrought in her soul. About 10 o’clock a rap called me to the door and there I met Polly, who exclaimed, “God has pardoned my sins and filled my soul with his love; and I could not rest at home, but like Mary when she ran from the sepulchre, so I must run and tell that Jesus has risen and appeared unto me; glory to his name, for glory is his due. I called on you first, feeling that, as you prayed for me, so you would rejoice with me.” Thus she went on about 4 miles, calling at every house, and declaring what great things the Lord had done for her soul; and also entreating all to repent, seek the Lord, and go to heaven with her.

Her father was absent at the time and did not return until after Quarterly meeting. At the meeting, when the sacramental table was prepared, Polly Butler and Nancy Kezer came to me and said, such were their impressions that they knew not how to be denied the privilege of partaking, and asked if they could without being baptized. Elijah Hedding presided, and I led them to him. He inquired if they had joined the society and intended to be baptized. They
answered that they only waited an opportunity to do both, but they wished baptism by immersion, and it was not convenient now. He then received them on trial and granted their desire, saying to the audience, "You have heard what these young converts have said; and for my own part I can more cheerfully and conscientiously come to the table of my Lord with these new born souls, whose hearts burn with love to God and his holy ordinances, than with old cold professors, whose hearts are hard and whose moral life is such that they barely retain a name amongst us; and if there are any present of a different mind let them now speak." All were silent! The season will be long remembered.

Great and glorious was the work of grace in all the region! But the enemy raged! Polly's kind father came home, and, as I desired, I was alone when he came in; for I had been deeply interested for him. As soon as we were seated, with tears in his eyes, he said, "I am glad to find you alone; for I desire to learn from you what has taken place in my family during my absence. But first let me inform you what I have heard on my way home. I met some of my neighbors 40 miles from here, who told me that you and some others had led my daughter astray. But I told them that I had too much confidence in my daughter to believe that she would be easily led astray; and, as to our school-master, I had no fears of his leading any one to do any thing that is contrary to the Bible. And I must have clear proof that wrong has been done before I can condemn any one." "Now," said he, "I want to hear the facts from you." I related them, after which he remarked, "I am glad that my wife had the independence of mind and confidence in me, to open our house for a prayer meeting; and it shall remain open for the Methodists to pray or preach in." We then walked together to the place where the women were visiting; all hearts seemed glad, and with tears of joy and songs of praise we spent a little season, then closed the pleasing and profitable interview on our knees in prayer, and great peace rested upon us.

Many were the happy converts in those days; but, as in the days of the Apostles, there was opposition. One woman, as I was informed by a near connection, most bitterly opposed her husband; she declared if he attempted to read the Bible, she would give him no peace. Accordingly she would fret and storm whenever he attempted it; and she became so furious that she gave up trying to have family devotion and retired to the barn or woods for prayer. But whenever she had suspicion that such was his object she would follow after and call him back to do something which she had contrived for the occasion, and then scold him for neglecting his duty to her; and often, when he went to a Methodist meeting, she expressed the wish that he might be brought home a corpse! And alas! her wish, in part, was soon granted: while at a raising he fell from the frame and fractured his skull—was carried home breathing, but soon died! I was present at the funeral. When she took leave of the corpse her grief was great and her cries loud! She kissed the cold clay, and raising her head,
exclaimed, "I have abused my husband,—he was one of the kindest of men; he tried to seek the salvation of his soul and I opposed him! O, my injured husband, can you not open those cold lips and tell me that you forgive me? It would be worth more than all things else to me. O can't you speak one word of comfort to me——?——!! Let every woman take warning and not bring upon her soul, by following such an example, an insupportable weight of guilt and sorrow!

In visiting through my school district I called on one Dr. Bartlett, a skillful and amiable man. He said he wished everyone to enjoy his own opinion, but thought the best, which was that God would deal in justice, mingled with mercy, with every man. I inquired, "do men sin?"

"Yes," he replied. "Then," said I, "how can God, in justice, pardon the transgression?" He answered, "by cancelling the bad deeds with the good ones." I asked, "by what rule, or scale? One good deed outweighing one hundred bad ones?"

"Yes," said he, "let it go at that." "Well then Dr.," said I, "suppose you do two good deeds in your life time and two hundred and one bad deeds; what will you do—be forever lost for one sin? Justice must have its demands. But sir, good deeds will not cancel bad deeds. Suppose you, in kindness, have fed and clothed a poor family, for twenty years and at the expense of thousands of dollars; and then, getting weary of the task, should mingle a little poison with their supper, the result of which would be the death of the whole family before morning! Think you that all your deeds of kindness and benevolence would weigh a feather against the act of feeding them once with poison? Beware!

He listened while I pointed out to him the way of salvation through the atonement, whereby God could be just and justify him that believeth in Jesus—give peace to the soul and grace to live free from condemnation (without a license to sin); and then eternal life in heaven! He remarked, "that looks better than Calvinism." We had prayers and parted in peace.

One day, when on my knees in prayer, I had such a view of my unsanctified nature that it greatly alarmed me; restless and unhallowed propensities cried aloud for gratification. My first thoughts were, to leave the throne of grace, fearing it was an abomination to God to appear there with such a heart! But it seemed, if I left the throne, that I should yield to the first temptation I met. Here my affrighted heart said, all my pretensions to religion are vain; and I was on the point of giving it up, when this promise "He is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's soap. And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, &c.," relieved my mind. Before the increasing light of Bible promises all my doubts fled; my soul, filled with peace, joy, and love, sank down into the vale of meekness and rested upon the promises of God as upon a rock that never sinks, exulting in the lively hope of being prepared by the purifying flame of the Divine Spirit for the society of saints, angels, and God forever. Earth had no power over me; a view of the crown of thorns, nails, spear, and gushing blood from the Redeemer of man, quenched all my desires save
that of glorifying Him in my "body and spirit which are his."

By watching and prayer, I was enabled to live so as not to feel condemnation; and if, in any case, I gave way to temptation, instead of sinking under doubts whether I had ever experienced religion, I run immediately to the throne of grace, and, like a little child who had cut his fingers with the knife he was forbidden to touch, and then, while smarting and bleeding, threw it down, and affrighted, run to that very mother whose command he had disobeyed, holding up his wounded hand, and with tears implored her favor—not waiting till it festered—so, while my foolish heart was aching under the painful thoughts of disobedience, I ran to my heavenly Father, lifting my guilty heart, and implored forgiveness and help. And, to the honor of his name be it spoken, with the kindness of ten thousand mothers, he caused me to see clearly my faults and feel keenly my guilt, and then, O then! his healing hand wiped off the guilt, removed the pain, and opened to my view a fountain of mercy, in the contemplation of which the mind is lost in wonder, love, and praise.

I now felt the necessity of cultivating the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, &c. In the inspired volume I clearly saw that "holiness to the Lord," should be written upon all my thoughts, words, and deeds. With pleasure and profit I meditated upon the parable of the husbandman—the well cultivated field, producing 100 fold. (Matt. 13.) And I could not content myself with the idea of improving a part and leaving a wide headland for briars and thorns; so I said within

myself, plow up to the fence—give no chance for either tares or thorns to grow. I began with my thoughts and words, and soon found that, whatever transpired before me, I could, by lifting my heart up to God in breathings of prayer, turn to the glory of God, the good of myself and others. In so doing I found the graces of the spirit began to appear and thrive;—humility supplanting pride—zeal to do good to friends and foes took the place of prejudice, anger, and resentment; I exchanged ignorance for knowledge, and the fear of God raised me above the fear of man; the tho'ts of the last great day banished the dread of what man might say of me. My prayer was,

"The praying spirit breathe;
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart."

My constant aim was to turn conversation into a pious channel, which exposed me to many censures. One day, being reproved for speaking on the subject of religion in a tavern on the ground that it was not a suitable place, I inquired, is it not fitting a bar-room to talk on politics and to speak of men in high places? The answer was, Yes. I then demanded by what authority they would exclude the Governor of the Universe, his claims and mighty acts from the conversation of dependant man any where! They were silent!

On another occasion, being accused of talking too much on religion, I said to the young man, I will agree not to speak of religion in your hearing for one week if you will not speak in mine of your fine horse during said time. He replied, I
will make no such promise, for I am sure that I should break it often—I should speak before I thought. Said I, are you so taken up with him that you cannot help speaking of him, and yet complain of me for thinking so much, and speaking so often, of him who made your horse and all created things—who made man capable of loving, obeying, and enjoying him forever? He made no reply.

But the opposition that I met only served to scour off the rust and lead me to

"— a closer walk with God."

A holy boldness often clothed me with a coat of mail that my enemies could not penetrate. Finding the doctrine of holiness taught in the Bible I loved it; many, however, regarded it as a Methodist doctrine; and, because I found so much to support it in my Bible, I was accused of having a Methodist bible! But I asked, can you hold the Bible in your hand and plead for indwelling sin during this life? They answered, we are taught so in our Catechism and from the pulpit! I replied, they may both be wrong, but we know that, though the heavens and earth pass away, the work of God will never fail. I usually closed such conversations by pressing Christ’s words, "Ye cannot serve two masters." But surely, to commit sin is serving Satan, and those who serve him cannot be the children of God (1st John, 3; 8); for we must “fear God and work righteousness” to be accepted of him.

I was often asked if a child of God could perish? And my answer was, “No, surely not.” “But do not the Methodists teach that a saint

may perish?” “No; their doctrine is that all saints go to heaven.” “Perhaps,” said I, “you meant to inquire whether we believe a backslider can die in a backsidden state and be lost. In reply I would say, we believe that there is, at least, a dangerous possibility of it. And we found our belief on the following and similar passages of holy writ: “The righteousness of the righteous shall not deliver him in the day of his transgression.”—Ezek. 33; 12. “Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away”—and “they are burned.”—John 15; 2, 6. “Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen; and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.”—Rev. 3; 11 & 2; 5. Thus saith the Lord to the backslider, and we dare not say that there is no terror in the threatenings of God. But yet we believe he may repent, and, like the prodigal, return, be forgiven and restored. Thus, with the Bible on my side, I could meet all ministers and people, and rejoiced to see the triumph of truth over error—the revival of pure religion, which caused the house of prayer to be crowded while the ball-room and places of sinful resort were left solitary. Praise God.

My school was a place of interest, care, and responsibility. I felt that I was exerting an influence over minds for eternity, and thoughts of it roused me up to pray for grace and wisdom to enable me to go in and out before my scholars like a true pattern of piety. And, in order to do
it I watched every occurrence and endeavored to improve it so as to instruct and enrich their opening minds. "Finding a bird's nest one day, I called the scholars to see it, and asked, "where are the little birds?" "Flown away," was the reply. I then drew a comparison between a child and a bird: one, in a few short days, leaves its native home, qualified to provide for itself and to sing God's praises amongst the lovely branches; but the other remains under parental care for years, and then he oftener employs his tongue in uttering wicked words than in singing God's praise or in prayer! But soon even 21 years will be gone —the parental roof left, and this pleasant school separated; then study now that you may be learned, and pray that you may be the happy children of God. Then, O then, you may praise God on Earth, and, when birds sing no more, we may all sing in Heaven! Praise ye the Lord!

CHAPTER X.

Trials about preaching—Journey to Canada—Calls by the way—A poor woman—Evening meeting—Arrived at my sister's—Burial of her son; remarks—Revival—Polly Sawyer—Advice to a young lady about to marry—Result—Bro. A. Miller; his prosperitiy; &c.—Young Deist—Home again.

At this time the question of duty, as to preaching the Gospel, agitated my mind day and night. I oft retired to the shade of a large spreading pine, surrounded by a thicket of smaller growth, where I poured out the anxieties of my soul to God. There the work of a minister, winning souls to Christ, was presented to my mind. The thoughts of the tears and sighs—the groans and anguish of penitents, and the songs of the redeemed deeply affected my whole soul. And there was no other pursuit of life that presented any pleasing prospect to me but that of winning souls to Christ. Yet doubts and fears, concerning what course to pursue, much disturbed my peace; and in hopes of finding relief I took a long journey to Canada in 1805, to visit one of my sisters.

On my journey through Vermont I called at many of the houses and was much affected to see the destitution of the new settlers in those vast forests. From where I left the shore of Lake Champlain I travelled on foot and alone through woods and across a wide ledge of rocks of two hours travel, by marked trees that were difficult to find; and, if once lost, I might wander in the desert with little hope of finding my way again. To secure myself I resolved not to lose sight of one mark ahead and one in the rear, so that if I could not go forward I might find my way back. From this I learned a good lesson, viz: not to move toward Eternity without a clear evidence of being in the path that leads to Life! Often I rested my weary limbs by sitting down and reading my Bible, and kneeling in prayer. Soon I came to a small opening—found a log hut—stopped—talked, read, sung, and prayed with them, and then inquired if there was a house two or three miles ahead where I could stop over night and hold a meeting, and was informed that there probably was. So on I went, calling on every family and praying with them; all seemed glad to see me and promised to follow on to the meet-
ing. As I came to the third opening I called at
the first log hut and found it inhabited by a very
poor woman. I invited her to go to the meeting.
She said, "I have no clothes but these that I
have on and they are not suitable for such a
place." I replied, "Don't stop for that; just wash
you clean and go: God may meet you there and
wash away all your sins, and clothe you with sal-
vation." "But I have no shoes," she continued.
"No matter; God may put on your feet the gos-
pel shoes." "Then I have no bonnet." "Well,
God can put on your head a crown of life."
"Neither have I any cloak." "Dear woman,"
said I, "make no more excuses; throw a sheet
over your shoulders, and if you find Jesus, as you
may, you will not be sorry you went, even if you
should go barefoot and ragged, since it is the best
your poverty allows." I then passed on to the
next house; with cheerful looks they welcomed
me to the hospitality of their house—sent notice
of the meeting the other way, and thanked me for
inviting the people as I came along. They soon
assembled from several miles around and the
poor woman * was among them with rags sewed
on her feet, a sheet doubled and flung over her
head, and her children by her side. Oh how easy
it was to talk to a people hungry for the bread
of life; my soul was happy. Praise God!

* About 17 years afterwards my sister wrote me a letter,
in which she informed me that she had become acquainted
with the poor woman, above referred to, who told her the story
and wished her to inform me that she had, from that time,
been endeavoring to lay up her treasure in heaven, and had
a hope, that, when she should meet me at the bar of God, I
should behold her clad in the white robes of salvation, and
blessed with an inheritance where poverty is unknown.

In the morning I passed on through the woods
feeling that God was my support and comfort.
When I arrived at my sisters (her husband's
name was Dustin) they were gone to the grave-
yard to bury their son Clement. On their re-
turn I endeavored to point them to Jesus who
said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and
forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of
heaven." I exhorted them to lay up their trea-
sures above, assuring them that if their hearts
were in heaven, where their lovely babe was,
they might, by the grace of God, stand in the
midst of their remaining children, and praise the
Lord on the Earth until he should call them
home, to meet departed ones in the realms of un-
failing bliss, where parting is unknown.

I tarried a few weeks—held some meetings—
the Lord moved upon the hearts of the people,
and many were brought to rejoice in God. One
Sabbath morn I asked a little girl 11 years old
if she was afraid to die. She replied, "If I was
prepared I should not feel afraid." I then asked
her what she thought would be a preparation.
She paused; I then said, "If your heart was
filled with the love of God do you think that
would prepare you?" She answered, "Yes
sir." "How long," I asked, "have you thus felt
your need?" She replied, "Ever since you
have held meetings here." At the close of
our prayer meeting I held an inquiry meeting
and most of the people stopped; it was a weep-
ing time. The next Wednesday night, this lit-
tle girl (her name was Polly Sawyer,) retired to
rest in great distress of mind. She turned on
her face, as she told me, and put her hands over her eyes; and such was the view she had of her lost condition that sleep departed from her—strength and speech failed her; and O, such views of sin as she had language cannot portray. At length a light shone upon her mind and all was calm. She called to her mother and said, "I thank the Lord that I am alive; and then related what she had been through until she came into the light. She praised God aloud and shouted for joy. She also called to her brothers and sisters and said, "How can you sleep? I could not sleep during the fore part of the night lest I should die and sink to hell as I deserved, and now I am so happy that I cannot sleep." She continued praising God and exhorting till morning.

On Saturday eve there was a prayer meeting; the house was full. Near the commencement of the meeting Polly rose and said, "how can you hold your peace when God is so good?" She talked some time; her speech was childlike, yet the wisdom and power of God were apparent to all! One man was there who told me afterwards that the words of that little girl touched his heart as nothing else had ever done before. Said he, "I have denied that the christian religion was of divine origin. In my travels I have heard men of talents and reputed piety speak—have listened to their studied arguments, but never, until I heard that little girl, did such conviction of its truth sink into my heart. I have known that child from her birth—she was always timid—and now to see how undaunted and understandingly she appeared and spoke, I felt

constrained to acknowledge that none but God could enable her to do thus." And he expressed a desire to obtain the same inestimable blessing.

My visit was most delightful to me, and that desire which I felt when the light of divine truth first took possession of my poor benighted mind, began to break out into a flame!

I will here record, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, part of a dialogue which I held with an inexperienced youth who was turned out of her father's house in consequence of having embraced religion. She was about forming a connection with a young man who was a stranger in the place, and was making some pretensions to religion. I feared that he was a deceiver, and I wished to warn and advise this tender lamb of the fold. Accordingly I purposely met her in the street, a few rods from the house, that I might be alone with her and yet in sight of the people. I said, my young friend, I wish to speak with you on a subject which I think is of the greatest importance to you as it respects your character and happiness. Today I expect to leave the place, and think it doubtful whether I shall ever see you again this side of vast Eternity! I asked, Are you willing that I should speak plain and free, as a true christian brother and friend? A. I shall be pleased to hear you, and will endeavor to answer your questions correctly. Our dialogue was then, in substance, as follows:—Q. Do you expect soon to be married to Mr. ———? A. Y-e-s sir, I do. Q. What can be your greatest motive? A. A home. Q. Where do you expect to live? A. There; (pointing to an old
log house partly covered, which had been forsaken by a family because the land was too poor to afford them a living, and which the sheep that run loose on the common had taken possession of.) Q. But have you furniture, &c.? A. No. Q. Has he? A. No. Q. Have you or he the means to furnish the necessary conveniences? A. No, I suppose not. Q. Can you have employment among your friends? A. Yes; they offer to keep me as long as I choose to stay with them. Q. What, then, will be your prospects if you marry that man, compared with what they are now—you say you are both destitute of property? A. (With a blush of deep confusion on her fair cheek,) I never thought so far ahead as that! Q. Well, then, will you now take my advice? A. I will. Then said I, *If you are free keep free—if involved go no farther!* but say to the young man, we will suspend the matter for six months, and both go to work and earn what we can, and then do as we may judge best. And if your love and his be genuine, it will neither suffer or lose anything by such a trial; but, mark my words, it is my opinion that before six months shall have passed he will run away!*

With a full heart I traced my steps to the east shore of Lake Champlain, where I had left my horse. From thence I journeyed through Saratoga to Whitestown. On the third evening I called at bro. Allen Miller’s on an errand; his wife invited me in; I said, I must seek a place for the night; we keep Pilgrim’s tavern, was her quick reply. So I accepted the invitation, and, according to her directions, put up my horse; and I there found a barn full of rich crops, and a most amiable family. Soon bro. M. came in; we conversed a season, then sung and prayed together and retired. Their house was a home for Methodist preachers, and the report went abroad that he would soon come upon the town; for the Methodists would eat him up! But the Lord blessed them with prosperity in the things of this world. They had three ten acre lots fenced in for raising wheat; and after they gathered the crop from one they would pasture that until they had cultivated the other lots, in rotation, one each year, regularly, every three years. But in the spring after the Methodists came, one field appeared so well seeded and green with wheat plants that they put up the barns and kept the cattle out. In the fall he gathered ten bushels per acre, and told his neighbors that the Lord had given him one hundred bushels of wheat for the Methodist preachers, and he should joyfully deal it out to them. Then the people said he was prospered because they had so much praying there; so he invited them to seek and serve the Lord also, and reap eternal life at last.

In the morning his son was present, who was a teacher in an Academy. He was gaily dressed—much of a gentleman—free to converse, and frank to acknowledge that he was a deist. Yet, at family prayer, this son knelt with us, and we had a refreshing season. Afterwards I followed

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* About two years after this interview I happened to meet with this same youth again. And, with tears, she exclaimed, “I thank you with all my heart for your kind and timely advice; it saved me, no doubt, from sorrow and ruin! It was as you said, ere the time expired, he ran away!
him out doors and asked him why he knelt, seeing he had no faith in the divine reality of our religion. "Sir," said he, "it is out of respect to my parents—such is the order of their house, and as long as I retain my senses I shall conform to the regulations of my father's house when I am in it; for if there are any christians on earth my parents are of the number. They would take no pay for my entertainment, but charged me to call again, and also to invite others to do the same. Bro. M. then piloted me about 4 miles on a nearer route than the public road, and we parted.

I journeyed on, and, in a few days, arrived safe in Pembroke, after an absence of about three months and a journey of more than three hundred miles, richly laden with mercies. But my long journey, so far from calming my mind, had increased my conviction of duty and my desire to spend my life in efforts to save souls from ruin!

CHAPTER XI.

Question of duty to preach, settled—Taught school in Attleboro', Mass.—Insolvency—Correspondence with creditors—The way opened—Trials about support—Melancholy death—Bid farewell to Home—Commenced preaching—Spiritual pride cured by mortification—Opposition from Baptists—Solemn and powerful meeting during a severe thunder shower—Losing strength—Visit to the poor—Character and death of Fanny Glines—Complaint about parish lines—Promised ride on a rail—Judge Hoyt—Family worship—Quarterly meeting—Year closed and I left the circuit.

By a singular providence my steps were turned to Norton, Mass. I there proposed to take a school in Attleboro, on certain conditions. And, while waiting at the residence of my good friend, Enoch Balcom, for the decision of the Committee, I was fully convinced of my duty to go and preach the Everlasting Gospel. Having struggled for many months with convictions and trials of mind on the subject, I there derived some little satisfaction from a dream or vision, which, together with other strong evidences, settled my mind. In the midst of the vision I awoke and felt the full import of those words uttered by Jacob on a similar occasion, viz: "How dreadful is this place, &c." My heart cried out,

"My God is here, my soul adore;  
I feel his presence and his power!"

While meditating upon the scene, and the subject of my mind's trials, a voice seemed to say to me as plain as the conviction of any duty, "Go preach the Gospel and I will deliver thee from every thing that would harm or mar the blessed work of thy ministry, and cause thy labors to be blessed in winning souls to Christ! My passive soul, like Mary, said, Lord I am thine and all the world is thine; thou knowest my obligations and my duty; I give myself to thee without reserve, I will go! I will go! although I may meet with prisons, racks, or even death; for my Savior and my God will be with me, and all shall be well! But language fails to convey any adequate idea of this portion of my experience; I therefore pass it with this brief account. From this time I had no doubt concerning my duty to go and preach the Gospel according to my best ability;
I knew that God was able to thresh mountains with a worm, and, but for his promised help, I never could have harbored the thought of undertaking so arduous a work!

In due time the committee decided to comply with my conditions; and, although I earnestly desired to be released, yet they would not consent. However, I soon discovered the hand of God in it; for he gave me favor in the sight of the people, and abundant kindness and respect was shown me. But none can tell the feelings of my heart during that term of school. When one half day was gone, I would retire to my chamber, and, falling on my knees, would thank my heavenly Father that another half day was passed which kept me back from running and calling sinners to repentance. And often, during school hours, I found my heart going out after dying men and women in such a manner as caused pain in my very soul! It seemed to me that I could break through every barrier, or face any danger, to rescue them from impending ruin! I could say with St. Paul, "Neither count I my life dear, &c."—Acts, 20; 24. I said in my heart, Surely, when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat, then to behold even one immortal spirit robed in white, and escorted by angels to the realms of bliss and glory;—and to know that God has honored me as the instrument of its salvation, would afford a rich reward of infinite satisfaction, unalloyed pleasure, and unbounded joy! Thus I passed the term.

Having the fullest assurance that it was my duty to leave all,—take my cross and follow Christ in the openings of providence and the leadings and teachings of the Holy Spirit,—trusting alone in the power and presence of the living God for success and consolation, and standing on the point, just about to enter upon a new scene of life, I looked back upon the part which I had acted in time forever gone by, and would most gladly have buried in eternal forgetfulness the sins and errors of my past life rather than bring them up to view again. But duty appears plain to me, that, painful as it is, I ought to state some few of them, at least, as a beacon to warn others not to indulge pride and worldly ambition, lest it lead them, as it did me, to unjustifiable hazard in speculation—where I soon dashed upon the rocks of disappointment and mortification!! I failed in business and hid myself from my injured creditors —!!—! But, at length, low sunk in the valley of humility, and deeply sensible of my folly, guilt, and duty, I was ready to confess my error and do what I could to redress the wrongs which I had done; and then endeavor to do the duty which the righteous Lord saw fit to lay upon such a worm as me. My feelings and the course I pursued will, perhaps, be best understood by copying the letters which passed between me and my creditors relative thereto.

(My first letter to one of my Creditors.)

Boston, May 30th, 1807.

Worthy Sir,—Be not angry with me for calling your attention, for a few moments, to a subject which justly claims for me, your displeasure. I regret my case, but have not power to alter it——! Honor calls; humanity calls;
Justice calls, and pure Religion calls more loudly, if possible, upon all to render unto all their dues. If sighs, groans, and bitter lamentations would pay debts mine would have been paid long ago; but my every faculty is put to final stagnation, and yet I discover no way by which I can pay my lawful debts! Could I, joy would fill my heart. But, unless some unseen door opens, I must despair of that satisfaction. But, Dear Sir, if you will devise any reasonable method I shall gladly adopt it; if not I must give the matter up, at least, for the present; for I feel it my duty to devote my feeble talent to the work of preaching the Gospel—an employment that I should have been engaged in long ago had it not been for the demands which stand against me. I have thus long waited in hopes, that in some way or other, I should be able to accomplish a satisfactory settlement; but as yet, I despair! Nevertheless, I feel unwilling to proceed without letting you know my conviction and resolution concerning the matter. I could humbly wish an answer, but have no right to demand one. If you are silent, I submit; if you answer roughly, I will calmly endure it as the just merit of my folly, and if mildly, I will thankfully acknowledge the unmerited compassion and favor.

With grateful sentiments, I subscribe myself your Insolvent debtor, constantly wishing you the possession of the riches and righteousness which are found in Christ Jesus, our Lord and only Savior,

E. F. NEWELL.

(I received the following answer from Mr. J. A.)

BOSTON, MAY 30th, 1807.

Mr. E. F. Newell; Sir:—Yours of this date I have received. But am sorry that I am unable to devise the means which you desire; for I should be much pleased, for your satisfaction as well as for my own benefit, to point out some mode by which you would be able to pay your own debts. All I can say is, if you see no method yourself, and are under the belief that you can be of use in preaching the Gospel, my desire is that you should do it; and you have my best wishes for your success. And further, if you should be of the opinion, that, by a discharge of your obligation to me—thus in part freeing you from embarrassment—you will be better able to succeed, I shall freely give you up your note.

Your friend, J. A.——-

(I returned the following.)

BOSTON, JUNE 1st, 1807.

Very dear and much respected Sir:

The expressions of humanity and tender benevolence in yours of May 30th, claim my sincere thanks. It seems too much to accept the utmost extent of your proposal to discharge the demand; yet I feel confident that, whether the demand lies in your hands or mine, the justice of the claim will remain the same. And whilst I retain the feelings I now possess, riches would be like chains and fetters around me until those obligations were met which lie against me; therefore I trust your goodness. It is not easy for me to express my feelings on this subject—words are too feeble! May that God, in whose hands the huge pillars of creation are smaller than dust in the balance, give you to enjoy his tenderest smile and his precious love, which will clear the mind from doubts—support the immortal soul and enable it to stand firm amidst the frowns and flatteries of this uncertain life, on whose glittering points too many bleed and die,—warm the cold chills of death, and give you a happy seat at God's right hand with all the sanctified, where sorrow comes not—the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary rest, crowned with all the rich enjoyments thereof.

With a grateful and melting heart I take leave of you unless some unseen hand should put it in my power to do that which my heart would rejoice and delight to do. Farewell.

From your greatly obliged and humble servant,

E. F. NEWELL.

I then called on all my other creditors and handed each a letter worded like my first to Mr.
J. A., saying to each that I had been to see others. After perusing the letter they uniformly asked, "What did the others say?" In answer to which I handed them Mr. J. A.'s letter and a copy of my answer, saying, perhaps I cannot do better justice to the subject than by letting you see the writings which passed between us. While they were reading I walked out a little distance that I might breathe out my heart to God; and also, that they might have opportunity to reflect without influence from my presence; and, to my astonishment, they, as with one voice, said, "we acquiesce with Mr. J. A.'s proposal!

I felt deeply humbled before the Lord, and with a melting heart I parted with them and returned to my father's house. As I passed along I felt solemn, yet cheerful, and the language of my heart was, God is with me and I shall prosper! He has thus far opened my way, and his promise is mine—I claim it, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!" O Lord, I cried, it is enough; thou canst work by me, as thou didst work by Elijah to bring down fire upon the Earth to the confusion of idolatry and the destruction of the false priests—watered the fields from the clouds and caused the Truth to prevail. Yea, thou canst work by me—the weaker the instrument the more manifest THY power. Take me then, weak as I am, and confound the wisdom of this world, break down the powers of darkness, and bring precious, blood-bought souls to rejoice in thy love—shine as lights in the world, and then come up to Glory!

There was one other point on which my mind labored with much anxiety for a time, that I will mention. It was this: How shall I obtain the necessaries of life? Congregational ministers were settled for life and had a town pledged and bound to support them; but my commission was—"Go and preach—preach and go." I could not bargain with any people; none were pledged for my support, and what would become of me? When gray-headed and poor what should I answer those who might inquire, why did you not lay up for yourself when young? With an aching heart I laid my case before the Lord. While thus engaged the following dialogue passed in my mind: Q. Who calls you to this work? A. The Lord. Q. When you labor to whom should you look for your pay? A. To my employer. Q. Well then, if God calls you to work in his vineyard, and you spend your days in preaching the Gospel, to whom must you look for your pay and support? A. Of course, to my employer—God. Once more: If then, God calls you to this work, and you should continue in his service until gray hairs are on your brow, do you wish Him to get the pledge of some other as his bondsman that you shall have your support and pay? At this I fell low in the valley of self-abhorrence and cried out, O Lord, forgive me all my lack of confidence in thy promises of protection, support and success; 1st Cor. 9: 7-14 & 15; 58: Heb. 6: 10. A smile of divine compassion cheered my heart, and with childlike confidence I cast myself upon the wide world and the bare promise of God, and felt safe and happy! O the blessedness of trusting God alone; faith in Him gives strength
to work, and love to God oils the wheels of obedience to all his commands and ordinances. I could sing,

"While in the heavenly work we join,  
Thy glory be our whole design;  
Thy glory, not our own!  
Still let us keep our end in view,  
And still the heavenly task pursue,  
To please our God alone."

I labored as a local preacher under the presiding Elder three years before I joined Conference. I commenced in 1806, and in 1809 my name appeared in the minutes as appointed to Hallowell circuit, in Maine.

June 22, 1806, I preached part of the day (Sabbath) from 2d Cor. 13:11—"Finally brethren, farewell, &c." I took an affectionate and formal farewell of my brethren and friends in Pembroke to go and preach the Gospel. The next day I bade my tender and affectionate parents—loving brothers and sisters, farewell! It was a day long to be remembered by me. I was about leaving my friends and launching out into the wide world, having no certain dwelling place and no funds to supply my returning wants. Above all, my work! My insufficiency, and a world in ruins!!

The occasion was rendered doubly impressive by a most sad and melancholy accident which caused the death of a young man by the name of Chickering, a widow's eldest son! I was called on to attend his funeral before I left for my circuit. The day on which he was buried, he had previously selected for his wedding day! The guests had been invited and all things prepared! But alas! he was suddenly arrested in the midst of his active and busy employment; he fell from a high frame—linger'd a few hours, and died! And O! the scene of lamentation, wailing, and anguish that was observable in the circle of his friends,—especially in the case of his betrothed; her sorrow was inexpressible! Her wedding garments were laid aside for the dark habiliments which custom rendered most fit and proper to appear in, amongst the dead! The wedding guests changed into pall bearers and dejected mourners! Instead of sparkling joy there was tearful sighing; the sound of timbrels and harps gave way to the solemn tones of the funeral bell; the wedding feast was exchanged for the funeral supper! And, instead of embracing a husband, she must follow a cold corpse to the lonesome grave; even the pale remains of that loved youth, whose life to her was more highly valued than that of any other that the earth contained.

What disappointment is like this? What sorrow like this sorrow? And what wound is like the wound that death inflicts? Where can a balm be found to heal a wound so deep? Can passion, reason, idolatry, philosophy, infidelity, or the whole world produce a cordial that can heal the wounded spirit, or relieve the distress of this youth? No! no! But how sweet—how charming, yea, how divinely fair and lovely does Religion appear as she lifts her smiling face and holds out a Balm that can heal the wounded soul and give a pleasure to the bosom of sorrow that neither death nor the grave have
power to efface or destroy! Here is my joy; O what a pleasure filled my soul whilst I stood forth in the midst of this distress and woe as a messenger of consolation sent of God. I strove to fix the mind of that poor distressed girl on Jesus the crucified, who could take away her sins and give her peace and divine support and consolation, so as to enable her to say, the Lord giveth and he taketh away, and blessed be his holy Name.

After the funeral services were over I returned immediately to my father's house, not to sit down and enjoy the pleasurable associations of home, but to leave them all and go and call sinners to repentance. Accordingly, about 5 o'clock, P. M., I mounted my horse and started for my field of labor. It was Centreharbor circuit. The Conference year was a profitable one to me, and I trust, in some degree also to others. My colleague was Hezekiah Field.

I had an item of experience that I will relate, as it may, possibly, be useful to others. It was as follows: I had been able to speak with great ease, and, as I thought, clearness; so much so that I began to say to myself, what a good preacher I am—I think I can preach better than some others who have been in the work five years! But the good Lord saw my danger and cured my folly by mortification—a hard, but useful school. The hour for preaching had arrived one morning, and I commenced the services; singing was sweet and prayer was easy. A serene peace pervaded my soul, and an unusual degree of freedom was enjoyed until the first division of my subject was closed; then my recollection failed me; I could not even think of the 2d head of my discourse which I had given out to the people! I stood silent about a minute, then said to the gazing people, I cannot preach—let us pray; and we bowed in prayer. But when I arose my subject opened again clearly to my mind. I took it where I had left it, proceeded, closed it, and retired, feeling that my usefulness was at an end there and everywhere else. Could I have hid myself where no people would ever see me again in this world, it seemed that it would prove a delightful retreat! But it taught me my insufficiency and dependence on God;—it was a profitable discipline. As to the people, it lessened their prejudice and they went away and reported that the preacher was a very humble man. However, in the afternoon I had an increased congregation and a glorious revival of pure religion was enjoyed during the year. All praise to God.

A door was opened in Conway, near Maine, where the Methodists were not known; I entered and was kindly received by my Calvinist Baptist brethren. Several young people were deeply awakened and one young woman experienced religion. But, on my return in three weeks, my pleasing prospect of a revival was blasted! But few attended my meeting; and most of those were children, and all of them were unconverted persons. I inquired the cause and learned that the C. B. minister stated in public that he had run after the stranger long enough, and if the people were a mind to follow the Armenian they could. In visiting the people they all appeared to shun me as an impostor! And it was the ex-
ample and counsel of their preacher that had brought this change over the face of things. But alas! alas!! in a few short weeks nine of those lovely, blooming youth, who were present at my first meeting and appeared deeply convicted of sin, were cut off and laid in the silent grave; also three adults and one infant, all with one prevalent disease; and some of them died without hope! The one that was converted at my first meeting was among them, and died happy!

But, a door was opened in another part of the town, two or three miles distant, so I left this people with a heavy heart, for they seemed to me like those spoken of in Matt. 23:13, who shut up the kingdom of God against men, and neither enter themselves nor suffer those who would to enter in. I entered the new opening and my first text was John 1:11, 12. The people turned in to hear me, and during the exercises there was an unusually severe thunder shower. When I concluded my discourse the rain was pouring down in such torrents that it prevented the people from leaving; so, after singing a hymn, I continued speaking on the subject of Christ’s coming to judgment; the increasing tempest rendered the occasion doubly moving and awful! Flash succeeded flash and peal followed peal, until, at length, one dazzling chain of blaze streamed down, attended by a tremendous roar of bursting thunder, which seemed to shake Creation; the house trembled and the affrighted people swayed as though they would fall from their seats. But I felt calm and safe in the hands of Him who maketh the pathway for the lightning, and my soul was happy. Praise God. I asked the people how they could bear the thoughts of the elements melting with fervent heat—the heavens passing away with a great noise—the Resurrection of the dead and the dreadful realities of the Judgment Day, if one peal of thunder and one flash of lightning so terrified them here! The power of God was felt—backsliders were reclaimed and sinners awakened. A goodly number, 12 or 14, were so deeply convicted that they had no rest until they obtained the witness that God, for Christ’s sake, had forgiven their sins.

At the close of one meeting in Conway, a young man rose and declared what the Lord had done for his soul—closed his exhortation with shouts of glory and sunk into the arms of his youthful friends like a person in a sweet sleep. On hearing one ask, Had we not better send for the Doctor? I rose and told the people not to be concerned—that the young man was in no pain, but was in the hands of the Great Physician of souls, and he would take care of him; and that if it was an evil spirit he would, no doubt, soon begin to swear; but if a good spirit he would shout and praise God. At length be began to speak softly, and soon all could hear his shouts of glory; he then exhort the people again to turn, repent, and serve the Lord. Many wept.

On my route I entered a small log hut which betokened extreme poverty. The family expressed surprise that a minister should stoop so low as to enter such an abode; the woman asked how I came to call on such a poor family. I replied, I visit all, as far as I can, without respect.
of persons or places; I have been in painted houses, richly furnished, and my spirit has been bound, my mind barren, and I had no liberty in prayer; but here I have not seen the splendor of worldly things, but have felt, while singing and praying, that I could say with David, my feet are in a large room, and the place is beautified with divine glory! The woman shouted and said, "that agrees with my own feelings; sometimes, in prayer with my little family, I have thought I would not change places with a Queen on her Throne who had no pure religion; for their beauty is the result of the skill of man, but my house appears to me to shine with celestial beauty and every old log to be tipt with the glory of God. And I feel that I am rich in prospect of an inheritance that will not fade or fail. At death, Kings and Queens, dying without religion, are poor; but, blessed be God, I know if I am faithful until death, I shall have a crown of life—leaving my poverty behind as they leave their kingdoms."

This was a blessed, a prosperous year. By the power of the Gospel victories were gained, not only over sin by conversion, but over Death. Sister Fanny Glines, who used to rise in the congregation and exhort the people to repent and turn to God and live, until, overcome with a realizing sense of the worth of the immortal soul—the shortness of time—the vast concerns of Eternity, and a view of the fullness of provision in Christ to save all that would come unto him, she would sink, like Daniel, strengthless to the floor, or arms of her friends breathing out her glory to God, glory,—exhibited, in a very clear manner, in her departure from the Earth, the triumphant power of the Christian's Faith over the monster, Death! When told that she was dying she began to shout and clap her hands, as she had been wont to do in meetings, until her strength failed; and, as long as a word could be understood, it was glory—glory! One of the last sentences she uttered was, "My Savior unveils his lovely face, and it will never be hid from me again." She died; peace to her slumbering ashes. May we all, dear reader, so live that we can die the death of the righteous—that our last end may be peace.

On another occasion, at the close of a meeting in Conway, a man came up and asked, "Who invited you here to preach?" "No one, sir," I replied. "What business," he farther inquired, "have you to come into our Parish, contrary to our rules?" "Sir," said I, "I am unacquainted with your Parish rules and rules—please inform me." He did so, observing that I ought to have gone to their Minister and obtained his permission! I acknowledged that I had crossed their lines and gone contrary to their rules; but, said I, all I can do, is, to refer you to Him who bade me go and preach, for I am not conscious of any breach of his command, which was, "Go ye into ALL the world," &c." The people smiled and I heard no more from that man.

Feb. 22, 1807. On reaching my appointment I was told that a number of men had come up from Fryeburgh, threatening to carry that disturber of good order, (as they called me,) out of the place on a rail! But, said the young men, we are resolved to stand by you. A holy bold-
ness filled my soul, and I thanked them, saying, one who is stronger than all of you is here—pray to God, and all shall be well! My text was Isa. 21:11, 12. "Watchman, what of the night, &c." Truth cut—the way was clear, and a door was opened though which I passed, even to Fryeburgh, and preached to them in peace in their own town. Glory to God for success.

April 21st. Conversed with Judge Hoyt. He appeared humble in view of death near at hand; and no wonder—for a life of sin, though spent in what men call honorable state, will not take away the sting of Death nor the gloom of the Grave! Now he could listen to a poor Methodist preacher, whilst he holds up to view the merits of Jesus Christ as the only ground of hope that sinners can obtain remission of sins and a preparation for heaven. O how affecting to see an old sinner pleading for mercy.

The importance of closet and family worship was deeply impressed on my mind by the following facts:—Dea. Stimpson had neglected the family altar for some time; his wife said to me, "One morning I awoke at day-break with these words in my mind: 'Arise and call on God for the protection of yourself and family.' But, being weary, I fell asleep again; and again I was aroused by the same words, and felt deeply affected; but on removing my curtain behold the sun was up, and I put off praying, saying, I have not time now—we have workmen to-day and they must have an early breakfast; but the sound followed me. When breakfast was over I thought I must prepare for dinner, before I could stop to

pray; yet those same words seemed to be sounding continually in my ears. I said to my sister, if we do not arise from our lukewarm state some awful judgment from God will fall upon us; and it was so: for alas, alas, while waiting for a convenient opportunity to pray, I heard a cry at the door. On opening it, behold, there was my husband with our daughter, 11 years old, in his arms, bruised and bleeding! And O, my feelings, who can tell! I felt doubly rebuked for my neglect and disobedience; for the voice now cried in my ears, 'ye have not called on God for the protection of yourself and family!' " The Dea. said, "My mind has been impressed much like my wife's, and now I feel, that, in consequence of our neglect, this severe stroke has fallen upon us! I indulged my children to ride in the cart, and, as I left the oxen to drive some young cattle out of the field, they ran, as the young cattle passed by them—upset the cart, and thus the child was hurt. She lingered a few hours and died! We immediately resolved to seek and serve God anew; and we trust the sad event has been, and will continue to be, sanctified to our spiritual good!"

Here is another case: In Eaton, B. Blossom said to me, "From my youth I believed that family worship was a duty binding upon all heads of families; and before I enjoyed religion I used to pray in secret, and felt it my duty to pray in my family; I thought if I did I should get religion. And finally I resolved to attempt it. I called my family around me and told them what I purposed to do; but the darkness and barrenness of my mind was such that I told them I did
not feel as though I could pray a word, and hoped they would not be alarmed if I should be silent; for I dare not neglect it longer, lest God should take away his spirit and leave me to perish! I then took my Bible, read, and said with David, "Come, let us worship—let us kneel before the Lord." And down I fell upon my knees and prayed; the cloud moved—light broke in—peace filled my soul—a spirit of prayer was poured upon me for myself and family, yea, and for all the families of the earth. One daughter was awakened, and soon, like her father, rejoiced in a Savior's pardoning love! I could not work, because of the anxiety I felt to have my neighbors unite with me to serve and praise God and go to heaven; accordingly I spent the whole day in going from house to house exhorting them and praying with them." Praise ye the Lord!

Our last quarterly meeting on this circuit was full of interest. The people flocked in from all parts of it,—including 8 towns, several of which had been taken in during the year. It was refreshing to hear the people declare what God had wrought for them and their neighbors. Parents had set up family worship—swearing had given place to praying and many children had been converted to God. The people were united and happy, and the glory of God was overspreading many parts of the circuit. But the time soon arrived for me to leave that blooming field of labor and go to the Annual Conference; I left praying, O Lord, so keep us that if we meet no more on Earth we may meet in Heaven: Amen.

CHAPTER XII.

Circuit; condition of things—Cancer, supernaturally held in check: See Note—Sudden death; subsequent scene—Fatal accident: visit with the doctors; temptation; victory; effect on the dying man, and final result—Case of despair—Death of a young wife—Scene in a tavern—Journey to Canada—Roman Catholic superstition—Anecdotes—Interview with a stranger at a sand bar—Home—Quarterly meeting—Deception in trade—Closing reflections, &c.

Landaff circuit, July, 1807.

I travelled under the presiding Elder, ELIHABEDDING. Dyer Birge was preacher in charge; but he turned Calvinist and left us! The burden then fell on me, and Bro. J. W. Hardy was sent from Vermont, by Elder Branch, to serve as my colleague. It was a year of peculiar trials and many mercies, some of which I will relate. First I will revert to a point in the past: When about 14 years of age I had a cancer tumor cut out of my breast or neck, close up to my throat, and on the jugular vein. And the danger of cutting the vein was so great that the surgeon left a small portion of the tumor which soon began to grow again. At this time (1807) it had become very troublesome and tender; so much so that I was obliged to wear silk on it, and also a concave piece of lead to keep off the pressure of my clothes. And often, when riding cold days, I felt compelled to bare my bosom to the bleak winds in order to obtain temporary relief from the pains of burning inflammation!

During my first visit in Lyman I met with the mother of Bro. Joseph A. Merrill, one of the cir-
cuit preachers. She had cured many tumors and cancers which appeared more alarming than mine, and thought she could cure me in six weeks. In addition, the kind friends and brethren offered to board me during the time. And I finally concluded to go once round the circuit and then attend to it. But as I journeyed the inflammation increased rapidly—the bunch swelled very much, and began to discharge matter so profusely as to render a frequent change of linen necessary! Other bunches, also, began to appear on my hands and on one shoulder; and, before I had gone round my circuit, my whole frame became so disordered that whenever my horse stumbled, made a sudden motion, or took a very long step, my whole frame prickled as if full of nettles! When I came round to Lyman again, I called at sister Merrill's house, but she was not at home; so I prayed with the children and left word that she need not make any preparation for me until I saw her again. I then passed on my circuit route toward Concord, and soon entered upon a road leading round the south side of the mountain, through the woods. Solemn thoughts of death occupied my mind; for it seemed that my cancer would soon end my days. While meditating upon my situation the following dialogue passed in my mind:—Q. What do you want to live for? A. To labor in the vineyard of the Lord. Q. If he has need of you can he not heal you with or without means? A. Yes, verily; for all power is His! Q. Are you willing to use reasonable means? A. Yes. “Then go on,” something seemed to say, “and do your work, and give

your case up to God and wait the event.” And immediately, peace, like a river, rolled down from on high—all was calm, sweet peace; my whole soul cried out,—“To live is Christ, but to die is gain—whether living or dying, I am the Lord’s.” I also felt an immediate relief from the burning, prickling pains, which often passed through my whole body, as well as the parts more visibly affected. And it was no cheat—it was a divine reality! The bunches on my hands and shoulder soon disappeared, and that upon my breast scabbed over and discharged, some like a boil; and, in a few days, the scab came off and but little more than a thick-skinned scar remained.*

A most alarming case of mortality was related to me by a widow Young; it was that of her husband. He went to bed as usual; and when she retired, about 11 o'clock, he roused up and called for drink, saying, “I am extremely dry.” She quickly brought a cup of water but he could not drink—his eyes were set! She called for help, but it was too late; when the children and others came into the room he was gone—dead!! She added, “and we have much reason to fear

*Note. Sept. 1845. I am now 70 years old; and I live a monument of God's great mercy! Often the disease has stirred in my system from that time to the present; but, when I come to the same place, or state of mind, viz.: resignation and unreserved consecration, which I felt when it was first checked, I feel the same power stop its workings! And now, to the glory of his long-suffering and tender compassion, I record that his power has, to me, been clearly manifest in this matter. The cancer has thus grown and died, until it has reached near to the left shoulder, (a small tumor being yet possessed of life,) leaving a large scar, in appearance, like that of a burn. God has done it and I adore! O that this account and the scar may be seen at my funeral.
like the one we read of in Luke 12: 20. "Thou fool, &c.;" for he hated the Bible, and would not allow one to be kept in the house!

The following account of a subsequent scene I received from her son Eliphalet:—"A short time after my father was buried my brother James came home from his circuit, (for he was a Methodist itinerant preacher,) and we all met together; he addressed us in a most instructive and affectionate manner, from the Bible, relative to the event of our father's death, and then requested us all to kneel with him in prayer; he sung, and then we all kneeled before the Lord—and such a prayer, and such a scene I never witnessed before; we had humbled our bodies and the Lord humbled our hearts, by showing us our sins with their guilt and awful tendencies! We cried for mercy; our house became truly a house of mourning—yee, of mourning for sin! But, glory to God in the highest, soon our sighings were turned into songs; for the Savior of sinners appeared, and the orphan's Father and the widow's God, became our consolation and help! O how many parents stand in the way of their children's salvation! Bold blasphemers and opposers ought to take the alarm, lest God should say of them also,—"cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground!"

An occurrence, of a most painful and impressive character, took place in Waterford, Vt. A man of immoral and profane habits was mortally injured by a fall. I hastened to see him and met the doctors there. The oldest one, in examining him, thrust a pin, half its length into his leg, and asked, "Do you feel it?" "No," he replied. The old doctor then said, "It is of no use to flatter in such a case as this—I have seen a number like it, and I give it as my opinion that you may live a week, but cannot over four! His wife and friends seemed much affected at the declaration, but the injured man was, apparently, unmoved! The fatal injury was in his back—a joint was started in the backbone, just below the shoulder blade; above it was feeling, below, none.

When the doctors had finished their work all sat down. I then saw it was a suitable time to do my duty, but the trial was great. The man of the house where he lay was a Universalist, and the old doctor was a Deist. I sunk under the cross—took my great coat on my arm and turned to leave them without saying a word on the subject of Religion. But as I cast my eyes once more upon the dying man his eyes were fastened on me, and the good spirit asked me if I was prepared to meet that man in Judgment! Immediately the thoughts of my standing as a minister—his case as a dying, hardened sinner, and this, probably, the last—the only time, that I should ever have to offer a bleeding Savior to this bar-bound soul,—rushed into my mind; my trials gave way, and I stepped close to the foot of the bed and inquired, "Are you prepared to meet God?" The question sank into his heart—the tears started, and with trembling he replied, "I am a poor, wretched sinner!" My mouth was then opened and I had freedom in pointing him to Jesus; he interrupted me and asked, "Can you pray for such a poor sinner as
I am?" "With all my heart," was my reply. I then turned and asked the man of the house if there was liberty—he assented—I knelt—had great liberty in prayer—rose—sung—talked with his wife and friends, and went on my way mourning my want of boldness and firmness in my holy office; and wondering at the patience and goodness of God in bearing with me as he did, and assisting me to do my duty.

Four weeks rolled round and brought me to this afflicted family again, but the injured man was dead! His wife, with tears, gave me the following message from her dying husband:

"Tell that man, I was hardened and callous to all sense of my condition until he spoke to me about my being prepared to meet my God; the word went to my heart; and, after two weeks of mourning, sorrow, and dread of deserved wrath, which hung, as it were, continually over my guilty soul, I found pardon, peace, and joy in believing in Jesus! I could trust my soul and my family in the hands of a merciful God, and look forward, with joyful anticipations, to the time when all the saints will meet in heaven—tell him I hope to meet him there." He retained his senses to the very last, recommending pure Religion to all around him. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning? O that sinners may be alarmed and professors stirred up to be faithful, especially ministers! Amen.

In Landaff I found a brother who had given up in despair. After laboring with him about an hour, apparently to no purpose, he said, "It is useless for you to talk with me, I do not wish to hear it; I know that I shall be damned! It is not with me as it is with common sinners. I know the state of the careless sinner—of the penitent; also the joy of the happy convert. I once went from house to house warning sinners—suffered persecution, and was shut up in a dungeon as a crazy man! I gave way to discouragements—lost my peace with God and went on again in sin, so that I know the backslider's state. I was again awakened—felt the sorrows of a returning prodigal, and rejoiced as one reclaimed; again I warned sinners—met opposition, and was yet again overcome—fell into sin, and lost the favor of God! And now I am not deceived about my state, I know there is no mercy for me!

Seeing that he resisted all my arguments, and that the Scriptures had no weight with him, I sat silent for a while, breathing out my soul in prayer to God for this my afflicted and fallen brother. While thus engaged a new plan occurred to my mind; accordingly I said to him, "My dear friend, your case is dismal, but not hopeless—you have a Hope that is worth something yet." He replied, "I have NO Hope!" "Well, then," said I, "my friend, I advise you to take what comfort you can in this world; a dollar may procure you some comfort here, but heaven is of no value to you if you are sure of damnation! Now I will give you a dollar for your part, or chance of hope, in the blessed Savior and his precious promises. Will you do it?" "You ask me a close question," he replied. Said I, "It is time to come to close points. Now I despair of ever receiving any benefit from Mahomet—his Alko-
ran, or his multiplied heavens; and I will sell you all my part, right, title, and chance of benefit in, or from, them for one cent; for with one cent I can buy a biscuit—eat it, and on the strength of it go and preach the Gospel to poor sinners. And now, if you despair of ever realizing any benefit from Christ, the Bible, or heaven, then they are of no more value to you than Mahomet, &c., are to me. Now then, tell me, will you sell me your chance, or hope of salvation for one dollar?" He replied, "Sell all—all—"What ALL," I asked, "has a desiring man to sell!" He then said, "To give up all—Again I interrupted him and asked, "What has despair to do with ALL?" Finally, I said, "If I could offer you the world, instead of one dollar, would you accept it?" With a look of astonishment, he replied, "No sir!" "Where then," I asked, "is your despair, if, in the midst of all your misery, a secret hope of obtaining mercy at the hand of God is yet concealed in your mind which you value more than all the world beside? O sir, will you not begin to seek again that peace which you have lost?" A half smile lit up his countenance as, with earnestness, he asked me to pray for him. We knelt, I prayed, and his wife prayed; we had a sweet and refreshing season, and he resolved to try again in the use of the means of Grace which he had neglected for more than a year! We parted; in four weeks I came round again, and, to my joy, after I had closed my sermon, this same brother Atkins rose in the congregation and declared that the Lord had again liberated his soul, and he meant to serve him.

The insufficiency of the world to happy the soul was strikingly set before me one morning as I called at a well-finished and pleasantly situated house in Orford, where, to all external appearance, a kind providence had distinguished the tenants with unusual favors; and fancy would say, they are happy! But how disappointed on entering the dwelling. Gloom sat on all; especially the man of the house. With tears he took me by the hand and silently led me to the front room, which was darkened by shutters and curtains. He removed them a little that the light might shine in, and then unfolded a winding sheet which displayed to my view the pale features of one who was lovely and beautiful when in health. After a moment's silence he spake, as the interrupting anguish of his heart would suffer him, and said:—"There lies the remains of the most affectionate wife that ever a man was blessed with—a friend indeed, with whom I had promised myself much happiness for many years. But O how short! Only one year ago to-day I brought her to this house, and to-day I am to follow her remains to the lonely and silent grave!" (Here tears and sighs choked his utterance.) I asked, "Does your property comfort you?" "No," he replied, "it wounds me!" Again I asked, "Have you pure religion for your comfort and support?" To which he replied, "No; and that is my grief; I have thought too much of my property—but God has shown me my folly; and I hope by his grace assisting me, now to choose the better part.

I sat down with the family and read the Word of God with great pleasure, and it proved a pres-
ent help in trouble; with it I pointed them to God and joined in prayer. Whilst listening to the sighs and lamentations of this circle of mourners, (among them were two sisters under 21 years of age, one of whom was then sinking under the same disease of which her sister died,) how pleasant to hold up Jesus, the sinners friend, the ‘Resurrection and the Life,’ whose name yields the richest perfume and is sweeter than all other names, for he lives and shall forever live; and all who believe and put their trust in him shall live in peace here and in glory forever hereafter.

"These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying love!"

I wound my way through the notch of the White Mountains, amidst the broken ledges, which, to my mind were standing and unshaken evidence of the flood and also of the dying groans of the Savior of this fallen world. At evening I found a pleasant Inn, where I stopped for the night. I inquired of the landlord if he enjoyed pure religion. "No sir," was his reply. I proposed to have family prayer; he consented cheerfully and called in his family and hired help. I took the Bible, read, expounded, sung and prayed, and the Lord blessed and refreshed us. We then retired to rest, and I felt to say, thanks be to God for this good day.

In the morning I waited for breakfast and proposed prayer again; he ordered his saw-mill gates shut down, and the men and his family came in; I again read and commented upon the Scriptures, and found the word of life sweet to my taste; and I felt that it was a glorious privilege to pray in the house of rest—the tavern. I then called for my bill; the landlord replied, we are greatly indebted to you,—we charge you nothing, only be sure and call again if you pass this way. I left, praying in my heart, O Lord, bless that kind family.

This year I visited my sister again in Canada. The first night I stopped with a ‘Friend,’ who told me that Elijah Heddin once travelled their circuit as an exhorter—that he was listened to with great interest and regarded as a youth of much promise. I was cheerfully entertained the second night by bro. Oliver Shefleif. In the evening we held a meeting and I found the little band much engaged in the service of God. O, how good to find a lively band of witnesses in a wilderness, enjoying the life, power, and happiness of pure religion. In two or three days I set off, in company with bro. S. for Montreal; we took passage on a raft, managed by French Roman Catholics. Here I witnessed the dregs of their superstition and dead formality. As we wafted down the St. Lawrence river, we passed the Indian village Caghnaunaga; here they took off their hats and bowed the knee in reverence to the wooden cross that was raised on the steeple of the church. And as we came in sight of the rapids they all knelted down, except the man who held the oar by which the raft was steered; he simply took off his hat and stood with his eyes open; and there was such a chattering of French words as I never heard before. As fast as they got through with their lesson, or prayer, they
rose and put their oars into the water again; some of them were very slow about it and the rapids began to draw the raft swiftly. At this crisis the captain lifted his voice in quick, harsh sounds, which I did not understand; but, on inquiry, I learned that he was swearing at them for being so long saying their prayers! But why pray at all, I asked. The reply was, if we are drowned the priest can pray us out of purgatory, but if we do not cross ourselves, kneel, pray, and reverence the cross we cannot be delivered out of Hell! O that Christians would obey thus tenaciously our Lord Jesus Christ!

On arriving at my sister's, in the suburbs of Montreal, I found that she had chosen that good part, which Mary chose, and was happy in her Saviour's love. Praise God.

Montreal is a place of crime: as a warning against little crimes I relate the following:—Two sailors went on shore and stole some milk; and, on their return, they met the owner who fired upon them; and they, in turn, knocked him down, took his gun, and carried it off. They were arrested, tried, and convicted of highway robbery. The penalty was death! This was demonstrated the truth of inspiration,—"the way of transgressors is hard." Reader, would it not have been better if they had gone, in an honest way, and bought a pail of milk? Then they could have returned to the vessel with a song of joy—eat it and felt happy. But alas! "The wages of sin is death!"

I spent a week with my sister and family, and I thought if a pleasant situation could make one
heavy stroke to me; but the worst of it was she would pray in the family. Sometimes my heart was melted like wax before the fire, and then again anger would burn as though I could tear her in pieces!” I advised him to give his heart to the Savior, and, like the prodigal son, return to his father’s house—to God. We came safe over the bar, shook hands and parted; he turned away weeping and my full heart rolled up to God for him and his family.

19th. Home again; thanks to God who has preserved me, and returned me in safety.

Nov. 30th. Rode to Pembroke to visit my parents. Here dead formality and decreetal error had shed their withering influence, to confound and delude souls! O Lord, save a fallen world from trusting in that which does not promote holiness and love.

March 12th & 13th, 1808, our last Quarterly meeting was held in Bethel. In love-feast the wonders of Redeeming grace and mercy were seen; many were the happy souls who bore witness that the Son of Man still hath power on Earth to forgive sins. How sweet were the songs of praise, and the shouts of joy, which flowed from the lips and hearts of the children of God.

I changed horses and was deceived—cheated. O that we may all change sin for holiness; in so doing we shall not meet with loss but be infinite gainers. Lord have mercy on deceivers!

April 4th. I close my labors on this circuit. The language of my heart is, O God, pardon all my unfaithfulness and bless, O bless the people whose great kinkness hath bound my heart with strong attachment to them. Great have been thy mercies to me, but poor have been my returns; O fill my heart continually with thy love that my lips may praise thee forever.

What divine consolation the man of piety derives from this truth—God knoweth all things, even the thoughts and intents of the heart, and will render to all their due. However much virtue and piety may be despised and trodden under foot by ignorance and pride here, and honor and crowns be assumed and worn undeserved in this world, the day is coming,—yea, is fast approaching, when a never-fading crown of Life Eternal shall adorn the brow of the virtuous saint in the everlasting kingdom of God, whilst vice, impiety, and hypocrisy shall sink, covered with shame and everlasting contempt.

April 5th. I wound my way through the notch of the White Hills. And, as I gazed upon the ragged rocks with solemn awe, my busy mind inquired, “Are you amongst the rocks that rent when Jesus died on Calvary? And do you stand and witness that he was the Savior of the world?” For a moment it seemed that they almost groaned out We are! A marked sensation thrilled my whole frame; and the involuntary cry rose from my heart, “O ye Deists, come and see—nor let your hearts be harder than these huge mountain rocks, which broke at Jesus’ dying groan! How will these broken rocks, in unison with other evidences of the divine reality of pure religion—strike the sinner dumb at the judgment, and lead him to look back, with deep regret and overwhelming astonishment, that he remained im-
penitent amidst the great light and numberless evidences of God’s love and mercy to fallen man!

When I arrived at my brother’s, (Breed Newell) he had gone to the grave to bury a beloved babe, by the side of another, both of whom died because Adam sinned, but will live again because Jesus died and rose from the dead! I was glad to speak to them the word of comfort and tell them not to weep for the two that Jesus had taken to his bosom, for “Of such is the kingdom of heaven;” but prepare to meet them in glory, and train the two lovely children left them in the path of life. I returned to my father’s house and prepared to go to my next appointment.

CHAPTER XIII.

Field—Colleague—Baptism; interesting account of a deaf and dumb boy—Visiting—Case of despair—Difficulties about intoxicating drinks; settled—Our customary work—Interview with a sick man; his conversion—An interesting meeting—Severe snow storm—Meditations—Saying of a dying mother fulfilled—Interview with the settled minister, his treatment, &c.—Note—Conversion of two children—Death of a child; good effect on the parents—Distressing fire; man shockingly burnt; inhumanity of his father—Quarterly meeting; remarks of Bro. Hunt, who was on his way home to die—Conversion of a deaf and dumb young lady, daughter of Deist—Revival among children—Interesting experience of a man and his wife—Last Quarterly meeting; altar crowded with mourners—Journey to Conference in company with Bishop Asbury and a score of Itinerant Methodist preachers—Scene at the tavern where we all stopped to rest.

Tuftonborough circuit, May 20, 1808.

This is my field of labor this year and Bro. Lewis Bates is my fellow-laborer. The field is large, but the love of God makes labor sweet.

June 29th, met Bro. Bates in Brookfield, N. H. We had a precious season; several were baptized by immersion; among the candidates was a deaf and dumb boy, (12 or 14 years old,) who chose a way by himself as follows:—He waded into the water, knelt down, and had the water poured on his head. Did the Lord teach him this way? His father said the change in him was great—he could only say, “It is the Lord.” He appeared to have a fervency in prayer which none but God and himself could understand. He also seemed to have had vivid discoveries of the sufferings of Christ. One day, after I closed my discourse, he rose, and, by a humming sound, called the attention of the people and exhibited, by signs, that solemn scene of our Lord’s sufferings on Calvary as clearly as an eye-witness could have done. He first put his fingers into his hand, then on his feet, and afterwards on his side; then he lifted up and extended both arms, threw back his head, rolled up his eyes, and let his head fall on one shoulder in token of death! After this the scene was changed; he beckoned to them with a smile and pointed upward, which meant, come to Jesus, who died that you might live, and go to heaven. And then he turned, frowned, and pushed with his hands as though he would crowd you from his presence, and at the same time pointed down into the fire! Who thus taught him that those who came to Jesus should live and go up to heaven, and those who would not come must go down into the fire!
of God’s wrath, away from his holy presence forever? He had not the facilities of 1847 to assist him in gaining instruction. It must have been God! His father’s whole household was converted to God about this time, and a happy family it was. Praise God.

How good to embrace religion when young. I visited many old people in those regions and found a large portion of them lamenting that they had put off the great concern of their soul’s salvation so long; they were now on the brink of the grave with glimmering hopes and gloomy fears, lest mercy was beyond their reach forever! I called at one house where I found a pale, feeble woman, and I inquired the state of her mind. She said, “I am a reprobate—made on purpose to be damned, and there never was any mercy for me!” I was told that she had been sinking in that gulf of despair for more than a year, and all the while incapable of any business. I strove awhile to convince her of her error, but all in vain. I looked up to heaven for direction, and was led to ask her this question: “Are you not one of God’s creatures?” She evaded a direct answer until I had repeated it 8 or 10 times; she then said simply, “I am.” “Then,” said I, “look on me.” She raised her dull, heavy eyes and looked me in the face. I continued “I am a minister of our Lord Jesus Christ—hear ye my commission: ‘Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature!’ Now you are one of God’s creatures and I have the Gospel to preach to you, which is good will to all—all are invited—yea, it is written, ‘look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else.’” She interrupted me and asked, “Can you pray for me?” “Yes,” I replied, “with all my heart.” We bowed down—I had sweet access to the throne of grace, and we found the promise true, ‘ask, and ye shall receive.’ When we rose, with a cheerful expression of countenance, she said, “There is mercy for me,” and we parted in peace. O praise God for his goodness and for his wonderful works.

Most of the people received and treated me kindly. The universal custom then was, to use intoxicating drinks; and it was thought to be disrespectful, if not degrading, not to treat a friend or neighbor, who might call, with some one or more kinds of spirituous liquors. Of course I met the bottle of brandy, wine, &c., on all parts of the circuit. And as I visited from 3 to 10 or more families almost daily, if I complied and drank, or even passed the glass, thus sanctioning the practice, which, to my mind was full of mischief both to this life and that which is to come, I should be guilty before God! In consequence of this state of things, when I met my beloved and worthy colleague, Lewis Bates, I inquired, “What shall we do?” He replied, “Be Methodists, and take for our guide the good old Band rule drawn up by Rev. John Wesley, Dec. 25, 1738, viz.—‘Taste no spirituous liquor, no dram of any kind, unless prescribed by a physician.’”

—(See Discipline of M. E. Church.) Thus we settled this important question. Some thought we were taking upon ourselves a yoke too heavy to be easily borne; but to me it was light, yea,
easy and pleasant. And, to our great joy, we found that by our precepts and example the growing, deadly evil was checked among the people.

To rise early—read and pray a few hours—take breakfast—have family worship, and then pass on from house to house—from appointment to appointment, as our custom was, we found to be laborious, wearing, and tiresome work; but the Lord was with us and gave us to see scores of sinners converted to God, and their songs of praise cheered us in the glorious work.

I called on a sick man who appeared near the gates of death. He gave me the following account of himself:—"I lately returned from sea, where we experienced a tremendous gale, rendered doubly dangerous by the mountains of ice with which we were surrounded. We despaired of life; and, wicked as we were, unitedly called on God for help! He delivered us out of our danger and brought me safe to my home; but I forgot the vows I then made and have broken the solemn promises of my heart to God! And this sickness, which I regard as sent upon me in consequence of my breach of promise to the Lord, has brought them all fresh to my mind; and O, the anguish of mind that I have felt, none can tell! The distress of my body would throw me, as it were, into the very jaws of death; then the thought of appearing before God with all my sins and guilt upon me would cause me to shrink and cry out, I must live! I am unprepared to die!! Thus I have been tossed for these many days, and I have sent for you to see if you thought there was any hope in my case." I remarked,

"The Bible is full of encouragement for even the vilest of the vile, whose language is, 'What must I do to be saved?' Peter says, the long-suffering of God is salvation, for he is 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' Jesus says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' In Rev. it is written, 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' After a few additional remarks he requested me to pray for him if I could. And we joined in prayer—the water of life flowed—hope revived—his soul was in a measure relieved—his disease was rebuked—he was raised up; and, like David, he performed his vows in the great congregation; he united with the church and I heard him declare what great thing the Lord had done for his soul!

At my next appointment but one, I had a most interesting and affecting time. It was in a house where I had never held a meeting before. After I had spoken, the man of the house rose and said, "When this man first came into the neighborhood I had no mind to go to meetings of this kind. I was offered money if I would go, and I agreed to go for fifty cents; but when I had heard for myself I would take no money, for it was a great privilege; and now, my friends, I am glad to meet you in my own house to worship that God, who, a few days ago, called me to bury my only son! Then you affectionately mingled your tears with mine, and seemed to partake of our grief; and it may seem strange to you to hear me now say that I rejoice that the Lord hath dealt thus with me; but it is even so,—for
it appears to me that God has, in great mercy, taken that dear son to save my poor soul from death! He has taken away my idol and given me his pardoning love—I have lost an earthly joy, fondly loved, but have found a heavenly one more supremely dear." His wife followed in much the same language only adding, "You know, my dear neighbors, how much I was bound up in my dear son, and how I sunk under the loss, until I was led to see what a sinner I was, and what a loss it would be to lose my soul! I then began to mourn for my Sins instead of my Son; and now I can rejoice with my dear husband that God has sanctified the event to the subduing of our hard and stubborn hearts! O come and rejoice with us and help us to praise God for what he has done for our souls!"

While riding round my circuit I was overtaken by a severe snow storm. One day about two o'clock, P. M., in the midst of a long wood's road, I came to an opening about 80 rods wide. The snow had drifted in four or five feet deep. I dismounted and made my way through ahead of my horse, as far as I could without letting go of the bridle rein, and then he would leap and wallow up to me, and wait until I had again made him a track. The storm was so severe that I found it difficult, at times, to catch my breath, and our path was filled as fast as we left it. I was nearly two hours getting through the 80 rods; but, while toiling thus, I had many rich and refreshing meditations; among them was the following dialogue:—Q. Who is that up to his arms in the snow? A. A Methodist preacher. Q. Who is that in a snug study, by his warm fire? A. The honorable settled minister. Q. What is the Methodist preacher doing? A. Making his way to his appointment, where he hopes to call sinners to repentance. Q. What is the settled minister doing? A. Hunting his library over, selecting portions and adding, perhaps, some of his own thoughts, and writing out a sermon to read over to the people next Sabbath. Q. Which of them looks most like a lazy man; and which gets the most money—the most reproaches, or follows the example of Christ and the Apostles nearest in travelling, suffering, preaching, self-denysings, watchings, fastings, and winning souls to Christ?

Here my mind looked back and saw Jesus weary sitting on Jacob's well, Paul tossing on the rolling waves and shipwrecked on Miletus; and John on the desolate isle of Patmos. And my full soul cried out in the midst of the tempest, O Lord, permit me to wear out in thy service.

On the plains of Rochester the Lord wrought powerfully—many were converted to God. During a love-feast, held in a private house, the owner rose and said, "I now behold what my mother spake of on her dying bed. She said, 'God will raise up a church in this place, though I shall not live to see it.' And, blessed be God, here are the happy converts rejoicing together on the very ground where she died!

I visited the preacher who lived in the place, and he treated me, no doubt, as he thought a man of dangerous errors ought to be treated. He said, speaking of the young converts, "These boys and girls and apprentices will come to them-
selves bye and bye, and then I can talk with them; but now they are wild enthusiasts—'tis a fire of shavings, their passions are all excited— their feelings wrought up, but their religion will run off with the snow in the spring.*

On the north part of the circuit I called to see two children about 10 and 12 years of age who had experienced religion, and received, substantially the following history of their experience:

1st, From their parents as follows:—“We would not let our children go to the Methodist meetings for fear they would be led astray, but God has shown us our error.”

2nd, From the children. The oldest said,—
“A woman came to our house from Ossipee and told of the happy death of a woman in her neighborhood. I thought, ‘can I die happy?’ And I felt that I could not because I did not enjoy religion. I knew I must die, and perhaps soon, for other children had died. I could not sleep, for I felt that I was a great sinner, unprepared to die! I told my sister how I felt and she could not rest. At break of day we rose, went out into the field, kneeled down and prayed; the Lord heard our cries, and before sunrise our sorrow was turned into joy—we rejoiced in God our Savior.”

*Notes. 1829. Twenty years have rolled away and those young converts are now men and women of weight and talent—pillars in the church and town, and ornaments to the Christian religion. They have built a chapel for the Methodists and now rejoice in the prosperity of Zion. One of the girls, now a woman of acknowledged worth in the community, met me with a smile and said, “Bro. Newell, more than 15 snows have wasted by the heat of spring, but piety has not lost its warmth or charms with me;—if it was a “fire of shavings,” it still glows in my heart with flames of love to God and man.

3rd, From an Aunt living near. She said,—
“I arose before sunrise, went to the door, and to my surprise, I heard the voice of prayer; for I knew not of a praying person in the neighborhood. I called my husband and daughter, and we went out and found these little girls! As we drew near they saw us and cried out, ‘O Aunt and cousin, can’t you praise God with us for what he has done?’ We came here cast down, sorrowful and guilty, but God has forgiven us and filled our souls with love!’ As they went home and met their parents they declared what the Lord had done and exhorted them to live in sin no longer, but to turn, seek the Lord and serve Him.”

They continued praying Christians and I was invited to preach in their father’s house, which was most cheerfully opened and Methodist preachers found a hearty welcome there ever after.

About four miles distant I was called to attend the funeral of a child. I went and preached with good liberty, and the parents said to me, “It is God who has taken our child and sent you here to preach to us.” The mother further remarked, “I was once angry with you because you reproved me for not governing my children better, but God has reproved me of my wickedness and now I feel that I can hear you preach again.” Afterwards I went and preached at their house.

In Sept. I went to Wm. Webster’s in Sandwich and gave him 2 1-2 days’ work on his new house, he having been burnt out in the night but a short time before. The fire took near where his hired man slept; his groans waked Mrs. W. —she aroused her husband and family and they
fled in their night clothes. A neighbor, seeing their distress, ran with a blanket to cover her and her babe. As he drew near he heard from her pious tongue (while she gazed upon her house and furniture consuming in the flames and rolling up in pitchy smoke into empty air,) this sweet sentence;—"Glory to God, my treasure is not there!" The hired man was rescued with much difficulty. He had given up all hope of escape and laid himself down to die! So shockingly was he burnt that all hope of recovery seemed vain. He earnestly requested the prayers of christians. O how dreadful to lie down, unprepared to die, and wake up at midnight in the midst of flames and no way of escape! Let this be a warning to all not to put off a preparation to die until a more convenient season, lest they sink suddenly into unquenchable fire!

His father came to see him and was asked to let some one ride his horse to a neighbor's and get some meal to make poultices for his son who was lying in fiery pain; but he refused, (inhuman monster!) saying, they would ride so fast as to injure the horse! But in a few hours death closed the scene of agony on Earth! What is man? O parents, be kind.

Our Quarterly meeting was held in Centerhabor. Bro. E. Hedding preached from John 4:35, on the harvest. My soul was blest. Bro. Hunt was present on his way home to die; (for he died in a few months.) He had worn himself down by exposures in traveling and preaching in hopes of winning precious souls to Christ. In addressing the people, he said, "Do you ask if I am not sorry for thus exposing myself? I answer, No: and had I ten lives, I would lay them all down in so good a cause."

The next day I preached at Bro. Watson's and the power of God was present to kill and make alive. Eight were brought from darkness to light, one of whom was a deaf and dumb girl, near 20 years of age, daughter of a deist. And in a few days 10 or 12 lovely children and youth were brought from the power of Satan unto God; thus from the mouths of "babes and sucklings;" as it were, the praise of God was perfected: Hallelujah.

With great delight I listened to the following experience of a man and his wife in Wofsborough. He attended our Quarterly meeting and heard Bro. J. Young preach from the text, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the World." The truth reached his heart. On Monday morn he went to his woods to work, but could not, for his mind was troubled. Something seemed to say within, "hang yourself and know the worst of your case!" But he thought of his wife and little children; and the text was also, continually ringing in his ears. At length he thought within himself, "If he died for the world, he died for me, and I need not perish—I will go home and invite my wife to seek religion with me." As he met her he said, "My dear, we have sought the good things of this world together, and God has prospered us; but now I am resolved to seek my soul's salvation, and have come home to invite you to join me in seeking the Lord." They fell into each other's arms and wept; and as soon as she could speak she said "I
will join you with all my heart, and I should have thus invited you ere this, but had not courage." They prayed together—set up family and table devotion, and in two weeks they were both happy in God their Savior.

Our last Quarterly meeting was held in Tustonboro'. The divine presence was seen and felt, especially in love-feast, and at the communion, after which mourners were invited forward—they filled the altar, and several were prayed for in other parts of the house; for such was the crowd and anxiety of the people that they could not come forward and were unnoticed by those in the altar. The cries for mercy, sighs, groans, and shouts of joy were such, that one mingled cry of heavenly confusion, for an hour or more, arose as sweet incense before the Throne of Mercy. Many found pardon and went down to their houses justified, praising God.

The next morning I started, in company with several other preachers, for Conference, which set in Monmouth, Me. After a few hours ride we halted in a Grove and let our horses feed in the highway while we held a prayer meeting. It was a blessed season. We then passed on, meeting with great kindness as though the Lord had given the people a command to entertain us for his sake. On the morning before we reached Monmouth, we fell in with Bishop Asbury, and brought up the rear of more than a score of Itinerant Methodist preachers. About 10 o'clock we stopped at a tavern and called for a room. After we had rested about half an hour Bro. Asbury said, "We must have prayers before we go.

— I will go and give notice to the landlord and some of you must pray." I followed him to the bar-room to learn his skill and manner. He said, "landlord, we are going to have prayers in our room, and if you, or any of your family wish to attend, we should be happy to have you." "Thank you sir," he replied, "please wait until I speak, not only to my family but my neighbors." Soon they flocked in—we sung and prayed, and melting mercy moved our hearts. When our bill was called for we were told there was no demand against us, and requested to call again. How blessed to hold up the light of truth in all places as we pass along through the world.

CHAPTER XIV.

Campmeeting—Ordination—Parting scene; reflections—Appointment—Death of Bro. Martin—First baptism—Confirmation; altar crowded with penitents; Interesting account of a young man—Sudden death of a Lawyer—Reflections—Death of Bro. Hamlin's wife; solemn reflections—Courtship and marriage—Anecdote—Interview with a Universalist; his sudden death; reflections—Resolution—Interesting 4th of July celebration—Visiting from house to house—Remarkable and instructive experience of a lady—Wife goes with me.

Monmouth, Me., June, 1809.

A Campmeeting was held during the session of the Conference. It was a most precious time—God was there—his truth cut, and great grace rested on the encampment.

On the 18th I was ordained Deacon with twenty others. I then felt free to give myself up wholly to the disposal of the Conference, having
travelled, as I chose to for certain reasons, three years under the Presiding Elder.

The parting scene at the Campmeeting was truly affecting and impressive. I can never forget it, nor fully describe it. I felt as if I could stay there forever, nor ask a more blessed heaven. Never did I care less for the scorn and contempt of a proud and wicked world, to which we prominently exposed ourselves by going into the woods to worship God, than at that time. On leaving the place I felt to say, “No earthly charms shall draw me, nor worldly good detain me from living nearer to God than ever, and laboring more zealously to win other souls to go to glory with me;” And, in the language of another,

“Farewell, thou sacred grove, farewell;
Long may you grow, and stand and toll
The wonders which were here displayed,
Beneath your pleasant, cooling shade.”

And again my heart sighed,—

“O could I carve Christ’s passion on the bark,
That every wounded tree
Might bear some mystic, never failing mark,
That Jesus died for me.”

Conference closed; my appointment was Hallowell circuit. Such were my desires to go to Kennebec river that I told my P. Elder I was confident we should have reformation, and so it proved; the second quarter the work began.

While reflecting on the death of Bro. Henry Martin, my predecessor, who died the previous year, and was then, no doubt, in Paradise, my heart cried out, “O Lord, give me grace to walk this year as though my heart was in Eternity; so that if I drop my poor body ere its close, I may have the consolation of my Savior’s smile to cheer and comfort me in death.”

July 21st. At our Quarterly meeting in Sidney, I, for the first time, served the church in administering the holy ordinance of baptism, and I could truly say, “It is better to serve than to be served;” I felt solid peace. Praise God.

In August we had a most interesting Quarterly meeting. The Sacrament was administered on the green in front of the barn where preaching had been attended. At the close of the Sacrament services an invitation was given to penitent mourners to come forward; and from every part of the ring formed by spectators standing round, they eagerly rushed forward and filled the seats, (which were 3 or 4 in number, each from 20 to 30 feet long,) of every class and age. They all bowed down and wept during a season of prayer, and those who did not come forward seemed almost persuaded to seek the Lord also. One young man told me that he looked to see who they could be that were thus humble; and, to his surprise, he saw his sister Jane, with all her proud, gay dress, kneeling there! He asked himself, could pride lead her to do that? And he felt constrained to answer, No; it must be the power of God! And I must be thus humble, he said to himself, or never go to heaven! The sight of his eyes and his reflections affected his heart; and, as he told me, he had no rest from that time until he sought and found pardon and peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. I baptized
him and he was called of God to preach the Gospel from that time. The reformation continued and spread rapidly from Fairfield through Waterville, Sidney, Augusta, Hallowell and Gardner.

In Augusta, a lawyer, of high standing, died suddenly, as follows:—August 11th, 1809, at 11 o'clock, A. M., in the village of Hallowell, he remarked to a friend, “I am in perfect health, there is no disease upon me.” He returned immediately to his office in Augusta, and found a poor man waiting there who wished to confess a debt and save cost; he plead his poverty and family necessities for so doing; but the lawyer required his fee just the same as if he had carried it into court! The poor man said, it is hard, and handed him the money, saying, “Squire, can you take this from me and go up the hill to your dinner?” He replied, “I will try!” The bell rang, he left the office, and in a few moments an alarm was given; Esq. Vose had fallen prostrate on the ground about half way up the hill, and, on examination it was found he had sunk into the icy arms of Death!

“How shocking must thy summons be, O death,
To him who is at ease in his possessions!”

O how desirable and needful to have a treasure that death cannot deprive us of. The scene, when the intelligence reached his wife and family, was one of anguish and distress extreme! What an unthought of hour!

“Death enters; and there’s no defence;
His time, there’s none can tell;
He’ll in a moment call thee hence,
To Heaven, or down to Hell!”

Who would be satisfied with fruit trees, which, though yearly covered with blossoms and leaves, yet would never bear any fruit? Outward morality and the form of religion may be compared to leaves and blossoms; the Love of God shed abroad in the heart, and the power of Religion inducing a holy Life, are the fruits! God grant we may never rest without the fruit—the power.

Of all the books in the world I dare not risk my soul with the directions and instructions of any but the

HOLY BIBLE.

“By this, the ALMIGHTY’s attributes we trace,
And ponder time, Eternity, and space;—
By this we’re taught, our follies to restrain,—
To curb our passions with a straitened rein,
And imitate the bounteous powers above,
In JUSTICE, GOODNESS, PURITY and LOVE!”

Nov. 30th, attended and preached at the funeral of Bro. Perez Hamlin’s second wife who left him one addition to his other motherless children. His heart appeared broken but his consolation was in God. I visited her while sick, talked and prayed with her, and thought I would call again the next day and say something more definite and special; but that night she died! My soul was alarmed! I asked myself, “am I prepared to meet the departed?” How dangerous to delay. I cried, O Lord, give me wisdom and grace to know and do every present duty—leaving nothing that ought to be done to-day till tomorrow.

With an eye single to the glory of God and the good of souls, I here record a few thoughts and facts on a delicate subject, viz:—my mar-
riage. When I left my father's house to preach, Paul's resolution was mine; i.e. to live single—suffer and die in the work of an Itinerant preacher, which my heart loved. By watching, fasting, and praying, I was enabled to go on in peace, singing the Pilgrim's hymn, especially this verse:

"I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear,
For mine I humbly claim;
Better than daughters or than sons,—
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name."

In Aug. 1809, having become acquainted with Fanny Butterfield, I felt an impression that she would some day be my companion. Mark, not a desire, for my mind was opposed to the thing, but a sudden, inward, unexpected, powerful, impression, or conviction. I retired alone and prayed over it and meditated upon the matter. The thought of being united in bonds of holy wedlock with one of her piety and talents was pleasant; but my age and calling—first resolution—her youth and delicate constitution, together with a multitude of other weighty objections, rose up before me, and I could not, for a time, consent to harbor the thought; yet it followed me as closely as the voice that called me to go and preach the Gospel. Finally, all my objections were removed much in the same way, and I viewed it my duty to bring her gift into the more public service of the church. Accordingly, in March, 1810, I introduced the subject to Fanny for her consideration. Some time after this she related to me the exercises of her mind upon the subject and they so nearly corresponded with my own that it served to confirm us both in the opinion that it was of God. In two weeks we met again, when I said to her in the language of Jehonadab, "If thy heart is right with my heart as mine is with thine, give me thy hand." And she reached out her right hand, at the same time modestly covering her face with the other.

Having been appointed to travel on Norridge-wock circuit, Me., on my way to my appointment I called at Sidney, at which time we were married in the following manner, or style:—At the close of the afternoon sermon I rose and informed the people of our intention and gave some reasons for our wishing to be married in public. I then kneeled and prayed, and while praying a broken hearted sinner cried aloud for mercy. When I rose I went and took Fanny Butterfield by the hand—we stepped forward, and our beloved Bro. Gideon Wells, Esq., in a most solemn and impressive manner, performed the ceremony, and proclaimed us lawfully married husband and wife, agreeable to the laws of the State and the written Word of God. He then gave us good advice and Elder O. Beal followed with a most appropriate and affecting prayer.

The loud sighings for mercy continued through the ceremony; but this did not disturb us in the least, for we had been fasting and praying, (although unknown to each other,) that our God, in whom we trusted, would give us, on the occasion,
some public token of his favor,—or if displeased with the step, rather let us die in the presence of the congregation than sin against his holy will! To us, this was a token of favor—an answer to our prayers. After the ceremony I went and assisted in spreading the sacramental board on the green in the door yard, (for the meeting was held in a private house,) leaving Fanny in the midst of her young female friends and acquaintances, who were pleasantly congratulating her on having changed her name; she replied, truly, I have a new name, but it is only for a season; but if you will comply with the conditions of salvation you may each and all of you have a new name, a name glorious and enduring, even the new name of Jesus! Many wept while she exhorted. We then renewed our covenant with God at the Sacramental board, and the gentle dews of heaven watered our hearts while we bowed prostrate before our blessed and adorable Redeemer.

Thus we were married with as little ceremony as possible, according to our desire. Fanny returned home with her friends, and when the duties of my office were attended to I followed to her father’s house. We attended meeting in the evening, and could truly say, with many who bore testimony, that the Lord was there in truth; and after we returned home we had a precious season in family worship. Thus ended another day of our mortal life, which is fast drawing to a close.

Feeling that duty called, I hastened on my way the next morning, at early dawn, to call sinners to repentance, leaving Fanny with her Bible and her God, cheerfully singing as I went,—

"Jesus, let thy beauties be
My soul’s eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good."

As I was passing, on one occasion, from Sidney to Augusta, Me., I turned and rode down by the side of the road, into a beautiful clear stream of water to let my horse drink of the pure element. A stranger, who was travelling in the opposite direction, met me in the stream; I said to him, “Friend, it is a great favor to meet with such a good and convenient watering place on our journey, left open and free to all.” “It certainly is,” he replied. “But, sir,” I farther inquired, “would God have been to blame if you and I had, as we might have done, passed along and let our horses suffer, and perhaps die, with thirst?” He looked at me with surprise and said, “To be sure, he would not.” “Well, sir,” said I, “the waters of Life are as open and free for us to partake of as this brook is for the thirsty traveller; but, in order to obtain it, we must turn aside from the broad road of sin, as we have the power to do by grace, and come down into the deep vale of humility and meekness, that we may drink of the river of the waters of Life and live forever; if we do not do it God will not be to blame; the responsibility will be ours; we are free agents—accountable beings, and all things are so prepared, that, if we are lost at last, we shall find ourselves the authors of our own damnation! For we may be saved IF WE WILL!” He appeared solemn and thoughtful, and we parted. My heart melted in fervent prayer that we might meet a-
gain and praise God for those streams of mercy that flow from that fountain opened for us to wash in and be clean. My soul was refreshed as I passed along. Praise God; Salvation’s free!

In Sidney I called on an aged man who was a strong Universalist. I met him at his woodpile, he used me with hard words and started for the house. “Sir,” said I, “I should like to go in and see your family.” He replied, “I want no such fellows as you are in my house.” But I followed close to his heels, and, as he he did not shut the door against me, I went in. I conversed sometime but he would not listen to anything I could offer. Loath to leave him thus I lifted my heart to God for wisdom, and a new method occurred to my mind. Accordingly I said, “Father S., I suppose you believe I shall go to heaven, bad as you say I am.” His surly answer was, “No, not as you are now!” But I repeated the question over and over again until he finally said, “Y-e-s, I believe you and every body else will go to heaven.” “Well, sir,” said I, “please tell me what must be done to make you and I enjoy each other’s society? You have bid me go out of your house several times—you will not suffer me to sing a hymn of praise to God with you and your family—nor will you pray with me, or let me pray with you, but tell me you will not have either praying or singing in your house! Must I return and be as in the days of my folly and wickedness? What is heaven? Does it not consist, in part, in adoring, loving, and praising God? Will death prepare you to engage in these exercises there which you refuse to join me in performing here on earth? Surely not; for death is the wages of sin, and there is no other name (but Jesus) under heaven, given among men, whereby we can be saved. And, “Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.” As I retired the old man said, “You may call again if you will!” But, before I came round again he fell dead on the floor!!

The devil is not a fool; for when men will dream of heaven and live in sin he will let them alone; but if the arrow of truth enter the heart and begets the cry, “What must I do to be saved?” he pays close attention to them and leaves no stone unturned in his efforts to secure his prey. O how few, I thought to myself, it is to be feared, resist the devil and come up boldly in the very face of the gates of hell and maintain their privilege to walk in “all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless,” determined to rest their heads on the dear Redeemer’s lovely bosom, or have no rest!

To do this I found it essential that we be clothed with the whole armor of God; (Eph. 6; 13, &c.) for cruel unbelief is always ready to unite with the powers of darkness and the unhallowed passions of fallen, depraved man, to conquer and destroy. But to the eye of faith their artillery is loaded with empty boasting; they strive to flatter with the charms of earth—to pour contempt upon true godliness and put the soulless carcasses of cold morality and dead formalism in its place, and are continually saying we must live in sin all our days! And too many, like Israel in the days of Saul, hide themselves in the cave.
of fashionable, carnal security—dread the foe! And sin, like Goliath, stocks abroad, boasting most contemptuously, while here and there only one is found, who, like David, dares venture forth in the name and strength of the God of Israel, and boldly maintain a close and holy walk with God. But I said, God being my helper, I will face Goliath (sin) and in the strength of my heavenly King, the Almighty Jehovah, I will win the field and preach holiness to the people. And I found that by watching, and praying, and looking continually unto Jesus, I could "keep under my body," enjoy perfect and sweet peace, and breathe constantly the pure air of heavenly love! I could say, let men frown or smile, my soul's delight is to do them good in the name of the Lord.

July 4th. I attended as Chaplain, at the request of the Young Men's Education Society, the Celebration exercises of our National Independence. The music came to the door to conduct me to the appointed place. My heart cried, Lord when thou shalt call me away, may angel bands escort me home to Paradise. The procession was formed; the Martial of the day, Col. Kendall, marched at my left hand, and I sighed, O may Jesus ever be on my right hand. As we marched along between the lines of armed soldiers, my cry was, be thou, Lord, on my right hand and on my left; and while noticing the "strip'd and starr'd" banner waving o'er our heads, as we came to the centre, my heart said, let the blood-stained banner of thy cross, O Jesus, ever cover my poor head. And, as I lifted my foot upon the threshold of the meeting-house, my soul was full, and my strength almost failed me, while thinking of that day to which I looked forward with fond anticipations, when I should stand in the gate of Heaven, in the midst, not of armed soldiers, but of cohorts of admiring angels! The Lord, however, bore me up and I ascended the pulpit stairs with a lively hope of one day taking my seat with the blood-washed multitudes who shall come up through much tribulation, having fought the good fight (but not with carnal weapons,) and overcome through the blood of the Lamb, to celebrate a far more glorious victory in the Temple of God above.

When all were seated, Dr. Allen read the Declaration of Independence, then a hymn was sung, prayer offered and afterwards the Oration or Address was delivered. But, according to arrangements, I had liberty to add what remarks I pleased, and the Lord gave me freedom of soul and readiness of utterance. The people wept whilst I alluded to the object had in view by our forefathers in leaving their native land, braving the dangers of the trackless and storm-tossed Ocean, and seeking a home in the wild forests, surrounded by savage tribes of untutored Indians, viz:—That they might enjoy freedom of conscience in matters of Religion. Further I remarked, What moved our ancestors to fight for the Independence which we now celebrate? Was it not that you, their descendants, might, in the enjoyment of the legacy of Liberty which they have left you, seek for a more glorious liberty, even an heavenly? Who then will consent to wear a more galling yoke than that of Britain, i.e. a yoke of sin? Will men who would risk their lives and fortunes to gain that freedom, in the enjoyment of which, even some who fought in the battles when the victory was gained, are now hobbling on crutches, having become "halt and maimed" in the struggle, begging their bread in this land of boasted freedom,—will they now refuse to fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on Eternal Life—secure a home in heaven, where all are blessed with full supplies? Do you ask, How can we obtain that victory and inheritance? Jesus is our captain; follow him and you shall live forever in the enjoyment of a Liberty, boundless as the range of man's immortal, and ever expanding soul! A manifest solemnity rested on the assembly. When the services were closed we
returned in order to the house from whence we came and my engagement was out; but, on solicitation, I consented to dine with them on condition that I might retire before the toasts were given and the wine was drank. The Lord favored us—all was solemn and remarks, good and instructive, occupied the pleasant hour. The martial then rose and observed that he would give one toast without cheers, and wished the company would consent to let their wine stand until the table should be dismissed by the chaplain who would then retire; afterwards they might give their toasts and drink their wine, if they chose, with or without cheers. All was done without noise—my horse was ready—I mounted and rode off happy in God.

I was told afterwards that all retired from the place before sunset, and not a person was seen on the common or about the place that day who was intoxicated,—a strange thing at that day! I rode 20 miles that night to regain my place on the circuit, (the place of celebration was 30 miles distant,) and the next day I helped a brother in the Lord fell trees until I blistered both hands, to enable him to get along with his work so as to take his boat—row me across the pond and spend the Sabbath with me in Palmyra; thus saving me a long and tedious journey by land through the woods. Thanks be to God for the exceeding riches of his grace which makes me happy, independent of outward things.

July 10th. Rode 20 miles through woods, among roots, rocks and mud, to Clinton, and from thence onward round my circuit, facing storms, passing through miry sloughs, visiting the log huts, and partaking with the people of their coarse fare; but the peaceful presence of God my Redeemer filled my poor heart with constant peace. The eagerness with which ragged children and parents would hover round me whilst I read the Bible, pointed out the way of Salvation, sung, and prayed, caused my soul to break forth in emotions of joy and gladness, in hopes of finding the fruits of my labor in the eternal world.

Nov. 9th. Passing through the woods I came to a small clearing in the midst of which stood a little frame house raised on blocks—without cellar or chimney—enclosed with rough boards, edge to edge, leaving cracks through which light and air might pass freely. I entered—was received with marked kindness, and with a politeness of the highest order, conducted to a shingle block for a seat; the lady took her place in an old frame chair and three pretty children, with lovely faces, answering to the beauty of the mother’s cheek, sat down on a low bench by her side; a fire was blazing in one corner of the room, kindled on the ground between a few stones laid round like a wall, and the smoke ascended through a hole left in the roof. Every thing bore the impress of poverty. But few household articles were to be seen; and the mother with her children was covered with patched garments, but her countenance indicated contentment and happiness. I inquired if she was born in that part of the country, and in reply she gave me the following history of herself:

“I was born in old Haverhill, Mass. My parents are wealthy and surrounded by the most fashionable society. They gave me all the advantages of a polite and fashionable education; my fingers were at times busy with the finest needlework, but scarcely ever employed in doing any kind of housework. I could sing, dance, and play—visit and receive visits, and my pa-
rents, no doubt, thought that they were doing well by me. But it was a mistake; and it ought to be known and corrected by the wealthy and fashionable ones in society; for we know not what changes may overtake the rising generation as my case fully proves. My affections were placed on a young blacksmith; I loved him, and because I would have him my father drove me from his house, destitute, not only of money and clothes, but of that knowledge which I absolutely needed to fill the place of a wife and mother with that wisdom and dignity which becomes those of every rank in society—especially the poor! Oh, that parents would give their children such an education as they would need if their lot should be cast in poverty's vale! My husband was without money but had a good trade, and notwithstanding I did not know how to make bread, wash my own clothes, or do any kind of housework, we were happy in the possession of the object of our early love and esteem. We came down here to the East, and the women where we have been living kindly assisted me, both by telling and showing me how to do, and, by the blessing of God on our efforts, we begin to see a flattering prospect of worldly competency, at least. We have taken up this new plot of land, which promises soon to be surrounded by enterprising settlers; and to save my husband much inconvenience and travel I have come at this early stage of building. But in the midst of, and above all, I have abundant cause to praise God that I was ever separated from that fashionable circle of vain and proud idlers, among whom I spent my early days; for my lot has been cast where the truth of God has reached my heart—his love fills my soul, and I am happy! Yes, happy in these woods and in these circumstances! It is a peaceful retirement. Here I have my Bible and my God,—am surrounded with the charms of Creation,—the songs of innocent birds fall sweetly on my ear, and I am in the midst of my beloved little family. I would not go back to my former state for all Creation! I sung, prayed, and retired, lifting my heart to God in prayer for such mistaken parents as hers. There is more truth than poetry, thou'lt I, in this saying,—"True happiness is found in poverty, retirement, and a close walk with God." O seek and find, all ye who read these lines.

Nov. 17th. My wife leaves her father's house and goes with me to the work in which her heart and soul delights. We are happily united like Moses and Miriam, to lead the wandering sinner back to God and Heaven. Eight days united effort in public and from house to house, conversing with both males and females, proves the advantage of our union and mutual labor. Thanks be to God for all his care for me. Our constant prayer was:—"O Lord, grant unto us whom thou hast joined in closest, sweetest union, grace and wisdom, so to live that we may glorify thy holy name all the days of our appointed time on earth, both in our bodies and spirits which are thine."

"Together let us sweetly live; Together let us die; And each a starry crown receive, And reign above the sky."
CHAPTER XV.

Motto—Accident—Funeral; conduct of the mother, &c.—Visited a Doctor who was badly injured; his alarm and the treatment I received—Calvinism—Two children burnt to death—Extracts from Diary relative to an old lady, alcohol, Fanny’s severe trials, my sorrows and labors, treatment by a Calvinist minister, victory over temptation—Reflections—Left for Conference.

“The prosperity of Zion is our prosperity,” was our motto, and our hearts were oft times cheered by the songs of the newly converted.

In Dec. I called on a poor man whose leg was broken the day before; he said to me, “I swore when it was done, notwithstanding death stared me in the face; I felt no concern as to what would be my fate beyond the grave! But, on reflection, I realize that my life has been spent in sin, and I tremble with fearful anxiety while I remember that I must stand before a holy God in judgment, against whom I have sinned!”

Thus we see dangers may not awaken wicked men, but reflection will. I pointed him to Jesus, prayed with him and his family, and passed along rejoicing to bear the glad tidings of salvation to other perishing sinners.

Dec. 15th. Attended the funeral of Harvey Holly, of Fairfield, an eldest son, aged 21 years. When I entered the house the mother was bathed in tears. She rose, took me by the hand, and said, “God hath shown me my folly; when this son was 9 months old he was very sick, and I prayed earnestly that he might live until he was 21. God heard and spared him, and he has not done a day’s work since the day he was 21. Then the loss of his company was my trouble, but now I know not what has become of his soul!” My text was 1st Pet. 1: 24.—“All flesh is grass, &c.” The truth was most applicable, “he cometh forth as a flower and is cut down;” for only two weeks before he was in the ball-room, listening to the sound of music and dancing, and now we hear the sound of the mourner’s solemn tread and of gravel and earth falling on his coffin! O Lord, so teach us to number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom.

In Norridgewock a Doctor fell and injured himself so that he could move neither hand nor foot! Yet he had his reason and could speak. I called at the request of Bro. Clark, (formerly a Congregationalist deacon) who said to me “He, has been a bitter enemy to the Methodists, but I presume he will be glad to see you now death is near.” I went in and was introduced to him as a Methodist preacher. He fixed his eyes upon me with earnestness, and said,—“Sir, I charge you not to open your mouth unless you can tell me how a miserable sinner can be saved.” Glory to God, I was not embarrassed, my soul was full, and with joyous confidence I held up a bleeding Savior to his view, and pointed out to him the way to everlasting life. I sung and prayed, and we parted with the kindest feelings.

O how many in the days of health, wealth, and pride, will pay their money and give their influence to sustain, and sit and hear, fatality preached in its various forms, which leads many to say proudly and carelessly, “If God saves us we
shall be saved; if not, we can't help it: for election, and of course reprobation, must stand for truth!" But when death is near they will cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" And weep whilst we point them to Jesus.

Feb. 16th, we witnessed a most affecting scene. It was the funeral of two children (one 3 months the other 3 years old,) who were burnt to death in the following distressing manner:—The mother had stepped into the neighbors, leaving the babe in the cradle—the other in the foot to rock it. The father, (Aaron Rice,) was in the same room shaving shingles. Having occasion to go to the barn, a few rods distant, he went; in a short time he looked towards the house, and behold, the smoke and flames were pouring out at the door! He ran, but could not enter! By some means the fire had kindled among the shavings and spread through the whole house. All he could do was to cry aloud for grief and alarm. His neighbors and wife soon came and viewed their earthly substance and comfortable abode rolling in pitchy clouds of smoke to empty air! But what was all this? Their CHILDREN were there! their only babes!! Oh, the distressing anguish of those parents' hearts! They cried, "O could they have died of disease, like other children, we could have borne it; but to see them reduced to ashes, how can we endure it? Help! O, neighbors, help! Save the dear children! O save, if it be but a small part of their precious remains!" Their prayer was answered; for, by persevering exertions their bodies were rescued from amid the burning ruins. At the funeral, women who held their sweet babes in their arms, seemed to press them more closely to their bosoms as if saying in their hearts, thanks be to God that our babes live. Their gushing tears bespoke the tender sympathy they felt.

Rev. O. Willson, their school teacher, (a worthy local preacher,) preached on the occasion from Mark 13; 33. Both were buried in one coffin. How much we need the supporting grace of Religion when the dear objects of our love are removed from our fond embrace by the stern providence of God.

Feb. 23d. Heard good news from Pembroke, N. H., where my parents lived; it was like cold water to a thirsty soul. The children of my old friends were turning to the Lord.

24th. Preached in township No. 4, where I found about 50 families who were like sheep without a shepherd; yet they remembered the days of their youth when they heard prayer at the family altar—the table, and in the social assembly; and they sighed for the same heavenly privileges again.

In Solon I met with a singular case; an old lady, over 60, climbed upon the high beams in a barn without a ladder, with a rope in her hand to hang herself, hoping thus to get rid of trouble! —but was prevented by a voice, or inward impression, which said, "What you now suffer is nothing compared to Hell!" She cried to the Lord for help, and promised never to attempt the like again. I heard afterwards that she died in peace upon her bed. Praise God.
Elder; he baptized a whole household. King alcohol had commenced his reign of misery and ruin there, but Grace conquered. Hallelujah.

My dear Fanny sinks in deep waters, being sorely tempted! O Lord, support her though she may be sifted like wheat.

23d. Quarterly meeting in Augusta; Fanny's trials increase; we sympathise together and the language of our hearts is, let us live to honor thy cause or let death do his office.

26th. Put up at Bro. Hamlin's; poor Fanny is struggling under trials of terrific character! I spend the night in sorrow!—tears run down my cheeks as they had not before, that I remember, since my childhood. I prayed, O Lord, remember in tender mercy the cause for which I weep. A ray of hope pierced the gloom and my tears, in part, were turned into joy; Praise God.

28th. Left my dear wife at her father's and went to my circuit; we prayed and wept as we parted, and I carried my burden with me, which so affected my whole frame that I was often asked, "Are you sick?" Never before did I find such earnest cleaving to the word of God and to prayer. My heart said, let this trial purify our hearts and more fully qualify us to do and suffer thy holy will.

April 2nd. Sent my horse back to Fairfield and run on foot through the new region to relieve the people from the burden of keeping him, as hay was very scarce. They could keep their own cattle alive only by cutting down trees and letting them "browse."

4th. Travelled 14 miles, visiting from house to house, and preached in the evening.

5th. Rose early—travelled 18 miles—found it good to serve God—his burden was light—the roads were very bad, but the Lord was very good, and I was happy in visiting and preaching.

8th. Travelled 8 miles, preached, and was found fault with by an old Congregational Calvinist minister for telling sinners to repent. He said God must change their hearts and then they would repent! In my heart I prayed, O Lord, pity the blind! I said to the people, if sinners can do nothing until God changes their hearts, as this well-meaning, but sadly mistaken, man says, my advice can do you no harm; but I have the word of God on my side. Isa. says, 55; 7. —"Let the wicked forsake his way," &c. Ezek. says, 18; 30. —"Repent, and turn yourselves," &c. And Christ preached Repentance as the immediate duty of all the guilty. Sinner, 'tis safe for you to confess and forsake your sins, and with repentance and faith to plead for pardon now in Jesus' name; but to follow this man's advice, to wait God's time,—i. e. go on in sin till special grace changes your heart, is dangerous; you will be liable to lose your soul by heeding it! God says, not to-morrow, but "to-day if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." O take heed both how and what you hear!

11th. Fast day; at half past 10 o'clock, A. M., I found a lonely place where I poured out my soul to God in prayer for my dear companion; and the Lord removed my burden and gave me a sweet hope that we should rejoice together again in the happy work of winning souls to Christ. My mind was calm and I had liberty in preaching to the people.
14th. My tried faith increases that I shall meet my wife rejoicing, notwithstanding 100 miles now part us. Visited Bro. B. Newell,—found that his wife believed God heard and answered prayer, even for her; praise God.

May 1st. Met my dear wife and it was a joyful meeting,—her soul was happy; she had found deliverance on Fast day about half past 10 o'clock, while on her way to meeting. When we had related our stories we had no doubt but that we were both on our knees, each in a lonely place in the open field, at the same hour, engaged in prayer for the same thing, and received an answer at the same moment. My heart overflowed with gratitude, and my prayer was, O that I may never doubt the goodness and faithfulness of God again, but cast my every care upon him; O that I had a heart and spirit to praise the God of love and power, who has regarded the low estate of his poor unworthy servant and handmaiden, and has lifted up our heads when sinking in despair! O Lord, establish thou our goings, and ever be a wall of fire round about us and a glory in our midst. Amen.

5th. I started to go round the circuit for the last time. My heart cried out, O that I had done more good this year; O Lord, forgive my want of zeal, and lay not the blood of souls to my charge, but grant me more holy boldness and humble love.

May 27th. Started for Conference. Fanny, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, took leave of her dear parents, brothers, sisters, kind friends and native land, and for what? To range the wide world and seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel! This turned our tears of grief into songs of praise. We left praying that the many prayers and tears that were mingled and offered up for us might rise as sweet incense before the throne of God,—that the rainbow of his mercy might compass us about, and the cloud of his presence never leave us, but cover and conduct us through, until we shall sing the song,—yea, the triumphant song of Moses and the Lamb in the bright world of joy and rest where angels sing. Amen and Amen.

CHAPTER XVI

Ordained Elder; Bishop's address—Circuit—Baptism of a family—Funeral—Birth day—Sister Fisk—Wife sick; reflections—Excessive labours—Diary—First born—Reflections—Bad management—Quar. meeting; Son baptized—Interesting meeting—Pleasant interview with a deacon—Conference—Proclamation of War—Barre circuit—Called on a Quaker—A day's labor—The War—Young man run away from home to the army; affecting sequel—Revival—Great sickness, mortality, &c.

June 17, 1811.

Our Conference, (held in Barnard, Vt.,) was full of interest. Bishop McKendree ordained me and a number of others, Elders in the Church of God. In his address to us he said,—"Brethren, we have no money to offer you as a reward for your services, but we have work enough, and if you are what you profess to be, the servants of God, and are faithful unto death, we have crowns of everlasting life to offer you in the name of the
Lord.” My heart responded, it is enough—enough Lord, I can ask no more.

26th. Started for Danville circuit, my appointment for the current year. We were everywhere received as the messengers of peace. The circuit was large, embracing 16 towns, and was called a “four week’s circuit.” Having about 24 regular appointments for preaching and other occasional ones to attend to besides visiting from house to house—class meetings and prayer meetings, left us but little time for private improvement, or to stop for storms and bad going; and by the blessing of God we rarely disappointed a congregation. The tears of the penitent—songs of the convert—joy of the saints, and the prosperity of Zion, encouraged us along through storm or calm, night or day, with cheerful steps and a lively hope that—

“Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.”

The circuit was so large that but few could attend the Quarterly meetings, consequently they were deprived of the privilege of the sacrament to a great extent, as there was the only place where it was administered regularly. To remedy this in part, I carried a small flask of wine in my post bags and administered it in the most obscure corners of that new region.

Aug. 5th. Preached and baptized a father, mother, and daughter. The father gave me the following facts:—“When you was here last and my wife and daughter expressed a desire to be

baptized, you turned to me and asked if I had any objection; my answer was, No; I am glad to have them go forward. You then said, Sir, will you suffer your wife and daughter to go where you will not go with them? This question went as an arrow to my heart and I have had but little rest in my spirit night or day since until last eve;—we then set up an altar, and while engaged in family prayer I found peace in believing and joy in the Holy Ghost. And now, if there is no objection, I want to go before my wife and child in the holy ordinance.” No one objected; and he led the way. How blessed to see the father thus saying, “Come my wife and children, let us walk together in the ordinances and commandments of God to Heaven.

18th. Witnessed a most solemn scene. Esq. Parker of Glover, Vt., buried his wife, who left 6 children between 2 and 14 years of age. On the occasion a minister read a sermon, but in so low a tone that but few could hear. I thought within myself, “is this the good way?” One said that “writing sermons was done as a substitute for the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.” My heart said, “O Lord, if this be true, have mercy on those who use paper swords!”

Sept. 1st. My birth day; thirty-six years have I lived upon the mercies of God; twenty-four of them have been spent in sin and only twelve in endeavoring to serve God! O how great his goodness unto me; sure I ought to love him!

3rd. Held a meeting in Billemeade, at Bro. Fisk’s, uncle to the late Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D.D. His wife, who had been sick for years, sat up in
her bed near the close of the meeting, and prai-
ed God for his goodness to her, testifying that
the years of her suffering were numbered among
the most profitable years of her life! Her bodi-
ly sufferings were great, being rarely able to
sleep except by the help of medicine! In addi-
tion to this she had a lovely son cut off suddenly.
He was driving a team, heavily laden with brick,
over a bridge when it gave way, precipitating
bridge and all down 20 or 30 feet into the dry
cavern below; and he, with some of the cattle,
was found dead under the ruins! In view of all
her afflictions she remarked—"The Lord, in this
way, has been humbling my proud heart and pre-
paring me for his heavenly kingdom, and blessed
be his holy name." What beauties shine in the
Religion of the Holy Bible which supports and
comforts the sick and afflicted.

Oct. 10th. Quarterly meeting. I expected to
go to Canada but my wife was taken sick, which
prevented me; and as I was spending my time
in waiting upon her this question arose in my
mind, "Is it right for you to be thus employed?"
This thought then rose, "God gave her to me;"
and with this view of my obligation, together
with the end for which she was given, and the
fact that the blessing of God had thus far attend-
ed us, led me to feel that I was doing my duty,
which is the work of the Lord, whilst waiting
upon her. I felt to praise God for a good con-
science in the matter.

31st. Left my feeble companion for two weeks
and we cheerfully resigned all to God.

Nov. 14. Rode 9 miles through the mist and

rain to carry comforts to my wife;—found that
God had heard prayer and been near to my love,
—a present help in trouble. Praise God.

30. For several weeks I have travelled over
the frozen ground from 1 to 25 miles, out and in,
in a day, many of the days, to meet my appoint-
ments; and, for the want of money, my poor
horse had to scrubble over the bad ways smooth
shod. But I could say the Lord is near; he pro-
tects me in the dark and in the storm; he is my
shield and buckler, my strong tower and hiding
place. Glory to God for the sweet peace that
flows down to me whilst in the pathway of duty.
Being unwilling to neglect the Church or my
wife, I rode day and night to preach, &c., return-
ing about midnight usually and taking care of my
feeble companion the rest of the night, whom the
Lord and her parents had committed to my care,
trusting in God for health and strength to carry
me through. I desired to do every duty faith-
fully, so that when called to give an account for
the deeds done in the body, I might not be found
guilty of betraying my trust, either with regard
to the Church of God or my dear family.

Dec. 1st. Parted with Fanny at 4 o'clock, A.
M.—Rode 25 miles—preached—held class—re-
turned 12 miles and preached at 7 o'clock in the
eve—then returned home—God supporting me
and my horse. Glory to his holy name! Fann-
ny also leaned on his arm of mercy and power,
which comforted and sustained her. I felt to say;

"This world is but a bubble, fill'd up with care and trouble,

And nothing in it noble, to satisfy the mind:
But Jesus has arisen and spoke my sins forgiven,
And I am bound for heaven,—to the New Jerusalem.”

2nd. Enjoyed the day at home with my devoted companion. We found the promises of God divinely sweet to us in that portentous hour!

4th. We rose early and had a melting season of devotion; we had a cheering confidence in God. At 8 o’clock in the evening our hearts were made glad;

When my first-born son was put into my arms I had the household called together and addressed them thus:—“Here is a little spark just lit up that will never go out; the sun, moon, and stars will fade away and cease to shine, when created worlds shall pass away and no place be found for them,—but this immortal spirit will live, and blaze, and burn in bright glory, surrounded with angels and saints—or sink in black despair eternally!—Therefore let us kneel down and commend him to God, and plead that he would preserve him from the evils that are in the world, or take him up to heaven.” After prayer I carried him and put him into his mother’s bosom, saying, ‘take this child and train him up for God.’

Through dangers seen and unseen the Lord led us safely from that time forward; and notwithstanding, through bad management my wife was brought near the grave on the 5th day after confinement, yet the Lord raised her up, and on the 22d of Jan. following, she took the babe and started with me round the circuit. We felt truly to rejoice in the bountiful dealing of our God.

March 15 & 16. Our last Quar. meeting. Br’n D. Kilburn and B. R. Hoyt attended; the Lord was present and good was done. Sabbath, in love-feast, the quickening power of God was felt in many hearts—glory to God for pure Religion. Before Sacrament we came forward with our little son and gave him up to the Lord in holy baptism, thus confirming publicly what we had before done privately. And truly it was a precious time.

April. Another year is closing up and the work of the Lord is reviving on some parts of the circuit. While preaching at Bro. John Nelson’s, the Lord seemed to stretch the wings of his love over us and I asked those who were determined to set out for heaven and press forward in the narrow, happy way, to manifest it by rising up; immediately they all rose but one girl! I then told them if they were all honest I wished them to kneel down with me in prayer; and they all fell upon their knees! To God be all the glory.

In the early part of the year, after preaching on one occasion in Greensboro’, two amiable young ladies were introduced to me who gave me a polite invitation from their father, to call on him without fail,—adding, “father says he feels that he has a claim on you for a visit because we attend your meetings.” Accordingly I called the next day and found the old gentleman in his garden. I knew nothing of him only that he had once been a congregational minister—backslid—became a Deist—was now reclaimed, and had become a deacon of the church. I therefore expected to be treated by him as I had been by others of the Calvinistic order, but I was disappointed. He received me with the utmost cordiality, and when seated in the parlor, expressed
his regret on learning that I must go to my appointment at 4 o’clock, P. M., saying, then we must improve our time. He then remarked, “I shall be accused by my brethren of entertaining a renegade preacher, and I want to know what to say to them: please tell me, in short, your experience and call to the ministry.” I complied. He then asked, “What do you preach?” I answered, “Jesus Christ and him Crucified—and whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.” He said, “I am satisfied;” and then turned to the young brother who was with me, and asked him the same. He told his experience, and when he spoke of having backslid grievously, the deacon wept much. When the table was spread his wife and daughters came in and, before eating, the deacon said, “We should be glad to hear you both pray;” we did so, and found sweet and free access to the throne of grace. At the table he asked me this question: “What is Methodism?” I gave him the origin of the name, of class meetings, circuits, districts, &c; also the object of the movement, viz:—To raise up a holy people, zealous of good works, spread scriptural holiness over the land and fill the world with righteousness and peace. As we parted he took me by the hand and bade me God speed, saying, “I would that there were multitudes like you,—called of God to preach; and now don’t speak a word about another denomination of which you would be ashamed in heaven.” A few weeks after this I was praying with a sick woman in G. and some one responded, Glory to God, Amen; I rose and found it was the Deacon.

May 27th. Took leave of the circuit and started towards Conference which was to be held in Lynn, Mass. Great has been the goodness of the Lord. When we came to the circuit Fanny was hardly able to lift her head for sickness, but now she was in a good measure well and blessed with a well child. With emotions of submissive regret we turned our backs upon the many kind friends whom the Lord had raised up for us in that part of his vineyard, expecting to see them no more in time, praying that we might be so happy as to meet them in heaven.

At Conference, (in June 1812) my heart was made to mourn on account of a PROCLAMATION OF WAR!

WAR with Great Britain! Bishop Asbury gave us an appropriate address and closed with an affectionate exhortation to seek all opportunities to speak to the soldiers, saying: “you may do them much good—pray with and point them to Jesus—many of our brethren and their sons will be there.”

Barre circuit, Vt., 1812.

On our way from Conference to our field of labor we called on a Friend, (Quaker,) and were kindly entertained. On inquiring what was to pay, he replied, “my rule is to take a small sum of all who call on me for entertainment, except the poor and those who spend all their time in spreading Gospel truth—therefore I have no demand, but wish thee and thy help meet God speed.” To the honor of God be it spoken, this is the kindness with which the Lord disposed the people to treat us wherever we went! We reached the circuit much wearied, but the kindness
with which we were welcomed cheered our hearts.

One of my Sabbaths was filled up with preaching and class-meeting in the morning;—riding 8 miles over a rough road, preaching and class-meeting again;—then took bread and cheese in my hand and rode on 7 miles farther, preached and held class, and retired to rest with a fervent desire to wear out in the work of winning souls.

The War created a great excitement! A son of the brother we stopped with ran away to join the Army 3 times. The father overtook him the third time, but the stubborn boy said he would go with the Army unless he was confined. A kind officer said to the father, “Put your son under my care a few weeks, and let him go to Pittsburgh with us, and most likely he will then be glad to go home. The father consented;—but the Lord met that wicked son in a few days—he was taken sick; and, when racked with pain, he called for his parents, brothers and sisters, saying, “I have done wrong, I can’t die without confessing my fault!” His bitter cries touched the soldiers’ hearts—they sent for his parents, but before they arrived he was dead!

Were I to record all I met with, my journal would make many volumes. Hence I can notice but few things, and those briefly.

In Middlesex we had a blessed reformation among the children and youth; and other parts of the circuit were visited with some revival.

Sickness prevailed and many died during the year. Twenty, thirty, forty, and so on, in a town; in some houses both parents and children were swept away! It could appropriately be said,—

“Death’s shafts fly thick,
The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by.”

With gratitude I gave thanks to God for such sweet peace that no fears disturbed, whilst open graves, disease, and death, were all around; my motto was—“the path of duty is the path of safety, whether visiting the sick or burying the dead.”

On the night of the 21st of May, I had my horse stolen; Lord, have mercy on the man or persons who stole him and forgive him or them, and prepare us all for the final Judgment!

By the kindness of our valued friends another horse was provided and we started for Conference again. Attended a Camp-meeting on the way in West Windsor; from there we journeyed on, in company with Bro. Lewis Bates, to Springfield, Vt., and from thence I went to Brookfield, Mass. The WAR so disturbed the place appointed for the sitting of the Conference that it was moved. I received my appointment to Barnard circuit, Vt.

CHAPTER XVII.

Circuit; remarks—War—Young man shot; reflections—Remarkable surgical operation—A moving picture of War, &c.—Interview with the Army—Thoughts on Discipline—Family government, &c.—A daughter born—Poverty—Conference—Glorious scene; Bishop McKendree’s remarks upon it in Conference next day—Pittstown circuit—Distress occasioned by the War—Encouragement to mothers—Preached to the Army, &c.

Barnard circuit, Vt., 1813.

This circuit also included many towns. The soil was rich and the industrious settlers were
found scattered among the mountains, hills, and vallies. We found much patience and courage necessary to perform the journeys round it. Yet a preacher who partakes largely of the Spirit of his Lord and Master, who went about doing good, might do good on such a circuit. The fields appeared already white for the harvest, but the WAR ROARED, and we felt the awful effects of it! One dear brother, with two of his sons, enlisted and went to the Field of Battle, where noise and confusion, and garments stained with blood, strike terror to the heart! One son was wounded in his shoulder and fell to the ground; a young friend and townsman, who fought by his side, lifted him up to lead him off when another ball pierced his temple and he sank in death! The news reached the mother and remaining children, and I was called upon to preach a funeral sermon to them. And O, who can tell the feelings of that afflicted family—a son, a brother shot! And a father and husband—another son and brother, if not already dead and the tidings on the way, they know not how soon it may reach them! Other fathers, husbands, sons and brothers are there, and O, in what a place I stand! The Apostle says, Wars and Fightings come of "lusts!" How dreadful! But I endeavored to call their attention to the consolations of that Gospel which proclaims "PEACE on Earth and good will to Men." WAR and GOSPEL!! O how unlike! Astonishment filled my mind, while in silent wonder my soul cried out, "how can one man lift a destructive weapon against another! How can any man, or company of men, kneel down and pray for each other and then rise and shoot one another!"

A soldier related to me the following remarkable case:—A man had a sore gather in his throat and it swelled so that it came near choking him to death; they sent for the surgeon to relieve him—he came and cut into his windpipe and put in a quill through which he breathed two or three days before the sore broke!

The battle in which Gen. B., a British officer, was killed and hundreds of others on both sides, furnished us an occasion of deep humility and most solemn meditation! In contemplating it my mind seemed lost and wholly absorbed. In my fancy I saw Gen. B's widow with all the relations of the fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons who had been slain in the battle, and were lying there together on the same field of slaughter, enshrouded in "BLOOD and DEATH!"—advancing slowly in one close column,—all bathed in tears,—weary and faint with journeying, weeping, and anguish,—to seek the objects of their affection; and when they were recognized and separated from each other, all covered as they were with blood and wounds, O what bursts of sorrow and floods of tears! The wailings and lamentations of widows and orphans—parents and children—brothers and sisters, broken-hearted with grief and disconsolate with bereavement, is heard afar off! They call loud upon the Rulers of the Nations, saying, "Come and see!" And they come:—The President and Congress on the one hand,—the King of England with his Parliament on the other. They come to witness the funeral procession; and what do they behold? Not one corpse of one nation, followed by a single family, but hundreds on hundreds from almost all nations, followed by thousands on thousands, borne down with almost insupportable grief for the loss of their departed relatives, who have been torn from their fond embraces, not by disease, but by
the horrid process of wholesale murder, to gratify the pride and unallowed ambition of contending Nations! My soul sunk within me whilst contemplating the picture, and cried out, "Could these, or any other rulers, with such a scene before them, ever, by their votes, give rise to another like it? But if all this would not check, yea quench, their reckless thirst for power and self-aggrandizement, let them think on the RESURRECTION, when they must meet the mourners and the bemoaned before the awful BAR OF GOD—THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST, WHERE ALL WILL BE JUDGED IN RIGHTEOUSNESS!!"

One day, about 3 o'clock, P. M., we crossed Connecticut river and met a company of soldiers. I saluted them in the name of the Lord and they appeared friendly; I talked with them and learned that there was a large body of them coming on. I felt a desire kindling in my heart to talk and pray with them. Soon we met another company; my salutation was acceptable, and my desire increased to speak to them. When we came up where we met the Colonel and Surgeon, I found, to my great joy, the main body of the soldiers resting by the road side. I immediately made known my desire and the privilege was readily granted by the officers present. They called the company together and formed them into a hollow square. Fanny sat in the carriage, which formed a part of the line, whilst I stood in the midst, and, with a deep sense of the character of God and of Eternity, I presented their case to God in prayer. The windows of Heaven seemed to be opened and the rich blessings of Grace were poured forth. Fathers wept and the young men were bathed in tears; the sweet melting of heart that I felt and the appearance of the soldiers made me think that good was done.

Upon the subject of Discipline my mind has gained maturity by experience; I am satisfied that discipline or church government, is designed to save,—not to destroy—souls. The rule which Christ has given is, Go, tell HIM (not others) his fault (not publicly, or before others, but) between thee and him alone; and I believe if you have not two or three good witnesses, by whom you can prove his guilt, you had better leave him with God and be silent; for, if you go and tell it to others, it is slander, and you cannot support your charge, but must fall under condemnation with those who say 'raca,' or 'fool.' And in all cases where there are witnesses they never should be allowed to testify in each other's presence, nor to associate together in any place during the examination of any case. The importance of this must be obvious to all upon the slightest reflection, even. Much may be learned of the workings of these things by reading the history of our Savior's trial, and also, the story of Susanna and young Daniel in the Apocrypha. Let no one suffer without clear evidence from the mouth of two or three witnesses. Do as you would be done by, is the good rule. If you err—better err on the side of mercy.

Here I wish to record a few thoughts upon another, and a kindred subject. And I remark,—"Parents ought to correct the faults of their whole family, as a general rule, in private. I knew a woman once who said to her husband soon after their marriage, 'Will you grant me one request?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'if consistent.' Then said she, 'It is this: tell me all you think wrong in me when we are alone; and in no case in the presence of any one, great or small.' 'I will do so,' said the affectionate husband, 'on condition that you will do the same by me.' 'Agreed,' said the fond wife.
"Afterwards I saw a son of theirs who was over 20 years of age, and I asked him if he ever noticed any thing in the looks, words, or actions of his parents which indicated that either was displeased, or 'put out' with the other, and he answered, 'No sir.'"

Now then hear a case involving the opposite principle, or rule, though not exactly a parallel: On a sacramental occasion there was lightness observed among some youthful spectators. One of the communicants, seeing his daughter among them, called her by name, and gave her a sharp rebuke and a close exhortation. When she returned home she told her mother that her father had never given her any instruction on the subject, and she hardly knew how to endure such treatment at such a time and place. She owned that she smiled, but said it was not the smile of lightness, trifling, or contempt, but of pleasant, social cheerfulness; and, not feeling guilty of intentional wrong, it deeply wounded her! O ye parents, learn wisdom:—first examine the case, and then take Paul's advice, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged; but bring them up in the nurture (or discipline) and admonition (instruction) of the Lord."

In the midst of toils and privations we enjoyed many blessings; the Lord gave us favor in the sight of the people and inclined the hearts of some to walk in the paths of wisdom. We had many foretastes of heaven in our public meetings and social means of grace. Feeling that Christ was with us we could say, "All is well." The kind and skillful physicians gave us their advice

and timely aid, and our hearts were again filled with joy and gladness at the birth of a lovely daughter whom we dedicated to God as we did our son. And, having named our son Ebenezer Butterfield, we now gave our daughter the name of Olive Fanny; for we felt to say, "Hitherto the Lord hath been our helper," and his great "peace" hath filled and comforted our hearts.

Like Paul we were sometimes "in want;" one day I went in pursuit of food for my little family but was obliged to return empty and with a heavy heart. But the Lord was better to me than all my fears. I found his word true which says, "For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. 6; 32, 33. On entering the house my devoted and faithful wife said, God has sent relief—a man who professes no religion has sent a boy with supplies for the present. We wept, and prayed, and gave thanks, and partook of the sweet morsel. My heart said, "The World is my parish—the Church my home on Earth, and God my portion forever."

May 4th, 1814. We took leave of the affectionate friends and started again for Conference, which was held that year in New Durham, Me. It was a remarkably interesting session. I witnessed one scene which I will attempt to describe:

We had labored in preaching and prayer meetings evening after evening with the people, and the altar had been crowded with penitents, but no one found peace! It was proposed amongst the preachers to form a circle around the body
pews; and it was done by the preachers and lay brethren taking hold of hands, passing down one aisle, crossing at the farther end of the house, and then up the other aisle to the altar again. My position was at the back end of the house facing the pulpit and altar; the whole circle and all the penitents and people in it, were full in my view. My whole soul was filled with raptures of delight and I cried out in my heart, “This is a wall which Satan can neither break through, crawl under, nor leap over; for it is laid upon a sure foundation, even the Rock of Eternal Ages, and reaches up to Heaven.” To me it appeared, that, through fear of being enclosed in the circle, he had left the poor distressed mourners and fled from the place with terror! I expected to see souls converted and the people of God triumphing in victory—and so it was. After singing all who felt an interest in the salvation of precious souls were invited to kneel down and pour out their souls in prayer to God; it was done, and soon the sighs, groans and cries of the penitents were heard above the fervent prayers of those who were praying for them; and then the shouts of victory began to be heard among the delivered ones; thus it progressed until it was all one glorious, heavenly jargon; unintelligible confusion, indeed, to the natural mind and lukewarm soul, but well understood by all those who were “full of faith and the Holy Ghost. There was one brother, however, who took his stand up in the pulpit to look on, or oversee, that was somewhat tried; at one time he cried out with a loud and quick voice, “ORDER, ORDER—NOT SO MUCH CONFUSION!” A brother who was down in the altar, laboring in the work, looked up and, calling him by name, said, “Brother B———, go home, and go to bed and sleep, and you will feel better.” He took his hat and went out; but joy and gladness filled the place, and we rejoiced in the rich harvest. Praise God.

The next morning we came into Conference; and, after a season of sweet devotion in reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer, our beloved BISHOP McKENDREE, with a countenance full of expression, rose and said, “Brethren, it has been reported to me this morning that there was great confusion here last evening in your meeting—can you tell me who it was that was so confused? Was that soul confused who was crying for mercy; or the brother who was praying with all the fervor of faith working by love? Was it that happy soul who had just found peace in believing and was shouting glory to God for the pardon of sin, or was it that pious soul who had labored for the salvation of that newly pardoned sinner, and was now adding his loud amen and mingling his shouts of victory with the triumphant hallelujahs of the happy throng? Or were there so many and various voices, some crying one thing and some another, that God was confused and could not understand the wants and wishes of the circle? Brethren, tell me who it was! Was it God or his faithful people,—or was it that COLD, LUKEWARM SOUL THAT ENTERED NOT INTO THE WORK OF GOD in laboring to save souls from ruin?” After a moment’s pause, looking round with a piercing eye, he said,—“Brethren, I hear no reply—let us go about our work.”

Our Conference closed in peace and we separated full of faith and courage. My appointment was Pittstown Circuit, Kennebec river.

On arriving at our field of labor I located my family at Woolwich; they occupied a part of N. Webb’s house. I left my wife and babes there and went on to Parker’s Island, and preached my first sermon July 3rd, 1814. The unhappy War affected the shores much; the British ships-of-war lying near, prevented, in a great measure, the fisheries, which was a prominent source of supplies in that place. One good brother told me he was afraid he should lose his little, but valuable, farm; for it was hard times and his creditors were pressing him hard. He wished to pay all his debts, but he dared not go out in his sail-fishing-boat, and could only go in a little skiff; consequently he realized but little from that source compared with the profits he had enjoyed when he
could launch out with his large vessel. I strove to cheer and encourage him by laying before him the promises of God to those who put their trust in him. We prayed—hope revived, and we parted with hearts panting after him who holds creation in his hand—turns the seasons round, and before whom the nations are but dust.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan the work of God in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And HE will make it plain."

When I returned from the upper part of my route I called on that brother again; and, as I met him, he exclaimed, "The Lord has relieved my wants, and thanks be to his adorable name. I can now pay my debts and have something left to impart to you for the support of yourself and your little family, whilst you are laboring to lead us to obey and serve God." I asked, "How has he done it?" He answered, "By sending me one of his small whales! I had been out—had poor success, and was returning with a heavy heart, when lo, in plain sight of my door, far up in the bay, I discovered a small whale entangled among the rocks, and the tide was fast leaving him! My heart leaped for joy—I hastened to the shore, took my harpoon and soon secured him. I then called my wife and children to unite with me in thanksgiving and praise to God."

On Rawsick Isle I met a case encouraging to mothers to pray with their children. I was walking one day with Bro. S., one of the selectmen of the town, and he pointed me to a large tree standing in the midst of a thicket of shrubbery, saying, "My beloved and pious mother used to lead me and the other children in there by turns and pray with us." And, with tearful eyes, he added,—"I can never forget the feelings that came over me on one of those occasions! I have great reason to bless and praise my heavenly Father for giving me such a mother!"

We had frequent alarms of War which frightened many; but my only business was to point all to the name of the Lord which is a strong tower, where the righteous may run and be safe. In the fall there was a general alarm all over the land. Wiscasset was crowded with the militia from the country, and I had such a desire to speak to the Army that I braved all my objections—marched up to the guards who watched the gate that led to the encampment and told them my wishes. While speaking with them two officers came along, who proved to be old acquaintances and brethren in the church. They rejoiced to see me and said,—"We will go and see the General, his quarters are near." Soon they returned with the joyful tidings, "All is well." For when they told the Gen. who it was that asked the privilege, he said, "I know him and have heard him preach—also met him once at a celebration of American Independence in Fairfield, Me. I will give orders for general attendance and be present myself and see that good attention is paid." The hour was fixed, and I retired to supper giving thanks to God for the open door. The hour came; it was a lovely moonlight evening,—Sept. 22d 1814. I stood on the head of a barrel and gave out the following text: "For it became him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their Salvation perfect through sufferings."—Heb. 2:10.

I told them I would first speak of the Captain, and then beat up for volunteers. And that I hoped to prevail on all around me to enlist for life and be faithful until death, under the Captain of our Salvation, in the warfare against all the powers of sin. Assuring them if they did so a crown of life should be their everlasting reward; for Jesus never lost a battle—under him victory is sure to all! The congregation gave good attention, silence reigned, the meeting closed, and we retired.
Sept. 23rd. I passed on to fulfill my regular work on the circuit happy in God. Amen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Circuit—Afflicted family—Dreadful shipwreck—A wayward young man; his end—A merchant and his sick daughter—Closing reflections—Conference; Bishop Robert's preaching, &c.—Durham circuit—Fatality—Revival—Scarcity of provision; apprehensions of the people; sequel—Females speaking in public—A word to step-mothers—Quar. meeting—P. Elder—M. E. Church—Readfield circuit—Class meetings winter-killed, &c.—Course pursued—Glorious reformation—Close.

Bristol circuit, June 18, 1815.

Our field stretched along the rocky shores—over rivers, bays, capes, and islands,—sprinkled over with many families who gathered the greatest part of their living and wealth from the briny deep. I found it laborious going from place to place, partly by water and partly by land;—but easy finding the way to the affections of the people. I here record a few occurrences.

One day I called at a large house and found the whole family sick of fever! The father and one or two small boys were in a front room. After talking a few moments he said, "Will you pray with us?—I cannot call my family together, for they are scattered through the house on beds of sickness." In the other parlor lay the mother and several small girls, wishing prayers. At the parent's request I went up stairs and from chamber to chamber where the elder children lay panting under the scorching disease! I endeavored to point them to the heavenly physician; and, after praying with the sick above and below stairs, I conversed with the neighbors, both men and women, who had left their own homes and come to that house of affliction to assist them in doors and out, by night and by day. Never did I enjoy a family visit better. One of their number, (and I believe only one,) a lovely daughter, in the morning of life, died! We trust she fell asleep in Jesus.

On the rocky point of Cape Newagon, I was called to preach a funeral sermon to an afflicted family whose number one had been suddenly torn away; he was shipwrecked in a snow-storm, and in sight, almost, of his father's house, being on his way home! There were 17 on board and the skipper, or captain, was the only one saved! All were young men. They left their parents to earn money by their industry,—had been prospered, and were now on their way home, laden with money, furs, and other articles to aid in making them and their friends happy and comfortable through life. One of them had fifteen hundred dollars in gold and silver in his trunk; but all—ALL was lost! What hopes were blasted and what treasures sunk in one short night! Reader, what is your life?—a had's breadth, a vapor.

"Vain man! thy fond pursuit forbear;
Repet: thy end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far,
O think before thou die!"

There was a young man of promise who lived in Bristol, on the Dammarescotta river, Me. His parents were Quakers. They had endeavored to lead him in that path which would insure peace of mind, both in life and death. But the 'carnal mind,' which is 'enmity against God—is not subject to his law, neither, indeed, can be,' led this young man astray. He left the parental roof, and, in direct opposition to his fond parents' instructions and entreaties, mingled with those whose delight was 'music and dancing.' He spent his time and money in qualifying himself to keep dancing, or, as those who styled themselves the more polite of society termed them, 'manner's schools.' He commenced the business of his profession within a few miles of home.
His course wrung his parents’ hearts with grief, anxiety, and anguish extreme. But his career was short! One evening, while engaged in teaching his school, he was suddenly attacked with severe pains; he retired, sought relief, but found none; he was then carried to his father’s house where he lingered a few days in anguish and pain, and died! But before he died he sent for the members of his school—warned them against a life of wickedness and folly,—besought them to forgive him for the part he had taken in influencing them from the paths of sobriety and religion—adding “DANCE NO MORE! for it will pain you in an hour of affliction and death as it does me now, to reflect that my moments that were given me in which to prepare for usefulness in life and happiness in death, have been wasted in sin! But they are gone with me now! Yes gone!! Forever gone!! Death is approaching and the Judgment will follow! O waste not your time—your day of probation—as I have done.”

He earnestly sought forgiveness, also, at the hand of his parents, and their prayers that he might be forgiven of God. He seemed to feel particularly guilty in view of his violations of the command, “Honor thy father and thy mother,” &c. The parents indulged some degree of hope that their son, like the penitent thief on the cross, obtained pardon and left the world in peace, to be with Jesus in Paradise.

We called at the house of a merchant whose daughter was sick; the mother told me privately that her daughter wished to hear my wife sing and pray; she said her husband was much opposed to women’s improving thus, but hoped we should not regard it. I then talked with her, we sung, my wife prayed and it was a refreshing time. Many such like seasons we enjoyed while on that circuit. We have been happier walking over rough paths, jolting in our wagon, riding in boats and skiffs, hunting up the lost sheep of the house of Israel, than parlors, sofas, empires or dominions could have made us without the peace which God gives to those who faithfully serve him.

I met the above mentioned merchant after I left the circuit, and he said to me, “Mr. Newell, you well know how bitter I used to be against a woman’s speaking or praying in public; but I don’t feel so now; God has done a work for me since that time, and I now like such things.”

April 1816. We closed up our labors on that rough circuit, having found the same God and Savior with us that blessed us while laboring among the high, ragged hills of Vermont; and the work of saving souls the same; their tears of penitence and shouts of joy have been as reviving as spring and as rich as autumn.

On leaving the circuit we moved to Gardiner, to a place that I had bought. And having located my family there I started a coastwise voyage for the seat of the New England Conference, which was Bristol, R.I. Peace having been proclaimed we offered thanksgiving to God for deliverance from the scourge of WAR! We had a stormy time part of the way, but by the blessing of God were preserved and prospered to our journey’s end. We had precious seasons of religious worship on board; the Capt. was Bro. Moses Springer. On arriving at Bristol I met with the kindness of a father’s house, and felt that I had great reason to be thankful that I ever became acquainted with the Methodists.

I was much interested, and I trust profited, by enjoying the privileges connected with the Conference. I felt a constant tenderness of heart and longing for more full conformity to God; but I was assailed with many temptations. I sometimes found that worldly calculations would follow me to my secret devotions and harass my
mind. Sometimes I had but little comfort in prayer; it seemed that I had but little access to the throne of grace; but my soul was instructed and blessed while listening to the preached word. Among those who preached were Bishops Roberts and McKendree, Bro’n E. Hedding, G. Pickering, C. Virgin, and J. Brodhead.

Bishop Roberts, in preaching on 2d Cor. 5:20. —“Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ; as though God did beseech you by us we pray you in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God,” made, in substance, the following remarks, which, in my view, are worthy of serious consideration by those whom they concern:—“It is believed by some people that a minister of Christ ought not to study his sermons, but depend on the Holy Spirit to inspire him on the occasion with words to speak;—others are of the opinion that a minister ought not to expect any such extraordinary or supernatural help at all from the Holy Ghost, but must depend wholly upon his studies to prepare him for, and assist him in, his pulpit services. But I will venture my opinion on this point though it differs, in part, from both of those that I have given. It is this:—When a preacher is out of the pulpit he ought to apply himself to study as though he had nothing to depend upon but his studies; and when he comes into the pulpit he should trust in and hang upon God as though he had never looked into a book.”

Much unanimity marked the proceedings of the Conference. One morning Bro. Daniel Webb came in a little while and then took leave of us. His heart was so full he could say but little and his tears flowed freely. The heavenly spirit of brotherly love and sympathy pervaded the whole Conference; at its close I was appointed to Durham circuit, Me.

July 14th, 1816.

Began my labors in my new field. It was a cold season, crops very light, and worldly prospects were covered with gloom! The language of the people was, “We do not see how we shall live through the ensuing winter,—it does not appear that there is provision enough for man or beast—not even to sustain life!” This did not discourage me nor my faithful wife. She said, “If the wicked perish the righteous shall be safe.”

I rode round the circuit and found great room for Reformation. Our first Quar. meeting was held in Litchfield, and signs of reformation began to appear. The 2d Quar. meeting was held Dec. 28 & 29, in Durham, and the grace of God rested on the people. All the town seemed moved to seek the Lord! Dead formality lifted her expiring head and groaned, whilst all possible means were used to brace up that Monster error—FATALITY! More than twenty joined society in love-feast, and it seemed as though Bro. Well’s prayer offered at the 1st Quar. meeting would be fully answered. He prayed that 100 souls might be converted and given us on that circuit that year. And, thanks be to the good Lord, it was fully answered,—even Scripture measure—running over; for more than 100 joined us that year.

One day I called on a good brother at meal time and ate with him; there was no bread on the table until we had nearly done. The brother
said, "We do not deny ourselves of bread at our usual meals because we cannot have it; (God had blessed him with abundance comparatively,) but there are many of our neighbors who have it not; and by thus denying ourselves we can supply the more for them and feel the satisfaction that they, with us, have a little bread for their comfort."

In another house I found the man full of complaining and uneasiness in view of the scarcity. I strove to fix his mind on the kind care of God over all his obedient creatures,—yea, and even the unjust! But still he murmured. When I came round again death had removed one lovely child from his table! How good it is to trust in the Lord. Selah.

We proved the Prophet's words true, "When thy judgments are in the earth the people will learn righteousness." So it was round about us, and we gave thanks to God whose judgments are just! Notwithstanding the fearful apprehensions of the people in the fall that there would not be enough to keep man and beast alive—much less to furnish seed for the coming year, it proved, to our astonishment, in the spring, not only that none had starved to death, but that more acres were seeded in the State than had ever been in one year before!

My amiable and true help-meet, with our little son and daughter, went round the circuit with me. One Sunday evening we held a meeting in a school house, near the residence of an old Congregational minister, who had, like other Calvinists, bitterly opposed females talking or praying in public. It being noised abroad that the preach-
In a mournful tone she replied, 'I don't have any cake;' and her appearance evinced her treatment! O that every woman would feel and do for orphans what they would wish to have done for their own children, if left in another's care! Ye step-fathers and step-mothers; God bless you, and through you, the poor orphan!

Our last Quar. meeting was extremely interesting. One man rose and praised God that he and his wife, and nine children, had experienced pardonng mercy during the year; he said, "We lived pleasantly together before, but now heavenly. We have family worship—we can all pray, and every thing goes on happily." Many others were there from different parts of the circuit who bore similar testimonies.

When our P. Elder, Bro. Eleazer Wells, came round he was like a cloud full of rain to refresh the thirsty fields—his word was with power, and great good was done in the name of the Lord! To me the Methodist Episcopal Church appears like Ezekiel's vision—a wheel within a wheel—moving as the Spirit of God directs, and terrible are her movements to many. May she be a thousand times more terrible to all that is unlike Christ. Amen.

Readfield circuit, June 8th, 1817.

We were blessed with the co-operation of some good, devoted brethren on this circuit. In some places the spirit of reformation was early manifest in the softening of the hearts of the people. But in Monmouth the prayer and class meetings seemed to have been winter-killed. At length two sisters in Christ resolved in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts to hold prayer meetings weekly if they had to meet alone! At their first meeting no one came in with them but one unconverted neighbor. They prayed—God heard, and sent conviction's keen arrow to the unconverted woman's heart; her tears and sighs encouraged the hearts of these devoted sisters. The news spread abroad and afterwards the house was crowded—penitents and converts were multiplied until a general reformation was enjoyed throughout the region. Here we see how much may be done by female improvement and energy, with the blessing of God. And since the day of Pentecost, especially, it has been the privilege of daughters, as well as sons, to prophesy; and surely God does own and bless their labors!

April, 1818. We are now closing up our labors on this circuit. The voices of young converts have spiced our meetings and the prosperity of Zion has been our joy. The people have been very kind, and grace hath borne us up and made hard things easy. We move back again to our little place in Gardiner, making some calculation to locate my family for the present. A permanent home is very desirable for a family. I find the hard part of Itinerancy is to move so much from place to place; it renders it more difficult to train up children aright.

"Daniel's wisdom may I know,;
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
Run like th' unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all."
CHAPTER XIX.


Conference was held in Hallowell, Boman's point; Bishop GEORGE, presided; it was a session full of interest. A volunteer was called for to go to St. Croix. My heart was moved with a desire to go; but to move my family,—my wife so feeble,—was most trying to think of. I retired and consulted her; and with a cheerful countenance she said, "My dear, if you will go I will go with you." Her voice was to me like the voice of Deborah to Barak; courage filled my soul, and all objections fled; we felt that it was an opening of Divine providence, and we could bid the joys of our native land farewell, if we could go to a destitute field and call sinners to repentance, point the dying to Jesus, comfort the bereaved with Gospel truth and honor God.

The next morning I hastened back to Conference—gave my name as a volunteer—it was accepted, and my appointment, accordingly, was Calais circuit, St. Croix river.

The time of our departure came and we started by water for our destined field of labor, to meet suffering, and for aught we knew, death! Whilst I cast my eyes on my much loved little family, thus exposed to the winds and waves, bound to a strange land, and no fortune of my own to look to for even the necessaries of life, I breathed out my soul in earnest prayer to God for help and protection; and I could claim that soul-reviving and soul-sustaining promise, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;" and also go on singing,

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head;—
Though strength and health and friends be gone;—
Though joys be withered all, and dead!—
Though every comfort be withdrawn:
On this my steadfast soul relies,—
Father, thy MERCY NEVER DIES!"

When we arrived at Calais, the kind friends met us with the cheerfulness and hearty welcome of God's people. We found no lack of opportunities to do good. The Lord was with us and gave us to see a glorious revival of pure religion.

Aug. 28th, 1818, I called at a house and asked the man if he had family prayer; he replied, "No, my children never heard prayer nor preaching!" It was easy talking about Jesus and salvation, and pointing them the way to seek the Lord. And when I bowed my knees in prayer I kept my eye on the family; and soon I saw the youngest but 2 or 3 kneel down, then another, and another, until the mother, and also the father fell upon their knees before God! My soul was full. Ere long this and other families set up family altars, held prayer meetings, &c., and the new settlement began to be vocal with the praise and worship of God. Praise God.

Jan. 24th, 1819. I was called on to go to No. 15, to attend the funeral of Mr. Jonathan Cary's wife. A number of the young converts from No. 3, went over with me; we found
In East Machias my wife was taken sick with lung fever and brought low—to appearance, even to the gates of death! But the Lord comforted and supported us, and raised her up. When we left for Conference, which was to be held in Lynn, Mass., to go by water, via Boston, the kind people loaded us with such things as were necessary; and, after we had gone on board, while lying at anchor, even then, they sent us money lest we should be in want. Our prayer was, O Lord, bless them through life, and when they leave the shores of time, let the crown of everlasting life gladden their hearts as their repeated kindnesses, both in sickness and health, have and do gladden our unworthy hearts.

On our voyage to Boston we encountered a storm at sea! It was severe; my heart felt a dread shock as I heard a sailor say, "It looks wild!" I looked out on the Ocean and the waves were rolling high, capped with white foam! The sun was about setting and leaving us to meet our destiny amidst the gloom of the sable shades of night. Our vessel was laboring to climb the lofty waves assisted by no sail except a small gib, all the rest being "close hauled." Fear and terror, in a degree bordering on despair, had seized all on board so far as this life is concerned! I poured out my soul in prayer to God, and a sweet calm pervaded my mind,—my fears fled and I confidently committed myself, my wife, and children to the care and mercy of God. My reflections at this crisis upon the time when the sea should give up its dead, were clear and pleasant. Whilst laboring hard at the pump to free the vessel in part from the water that continually gained upon us, my soul was happy; and I sung,

"O God, our help in ages past,—
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal home,"
While thus singing heartily, brother D., a lawyer from Machias, said, "How can you sing at such a time as this?" I replied, "My feet are on the everlasting Rock."

But, ere long, a thunder squall came down upon us from the land, and, with superior force, drove back the gale and took us out of the hurricane! When both winds were blowing with full force upon us, in opposite directions, the vessel plunged her bow into the ocean as if she would escape the fury of the winds by diving to the bottom of the sea. The thunder storm seemed to tread down the towering waves, and when it had rolled over us, carrying back the gale, it left us in a measure of calmness with a good breeze, though shifted. To me it was an angel of God, sent to rescue us from the power of death; and my soul was melted in gratitude and uplifted in thanksgiving and praise! I told the mariners that no man was safe anywhere unless he was prepared to meet death and judgment; but if he had peace with God, through faith in Jesus Christ, he was prepared for any emergency. I then entreated them to lay up their treasures in heaven; they listened, wept, we prayed and parted.

"O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free."

After landing safe in Boston we proceeded to Lynn and attended Conference. I asked and received a location. Our health, together with other reasons, led me to do thus. After the session closed we returned to Kennebec by water—a number of preachers were on board, and we had a pleasant voyage.

Gardiner, July, 1819.

We are again located on our little retired farm in this town. Having no appointment from Conference, I labored as the Lord opened the way. There was a call from Hallowell for labor and I started to go; but something seemed to say,—they have had men of talents laboring there and of what use can it be for one like you to go there now? My poor heart was faint; but a voice said in my mind, by the same spirit that enabled Peter to speak to the awakening of thousands in Jerusalem, you may speak to the awakening of souls in Hallowell. Courage breathed in my soul and on I went trusting in God; and the Lord was with me in power. Fanny also, lifted her voice for God, and truth fell from her lips like arrows from a well-strung bow.

One young man who had been running fast in the path to ruin was deeply convicted; so much so that he sent out in the "dead of night" for Christians to come and pray for him. His sorrows, tears, and sighs, affected the hearts of his associates, and he soon gathered some of those with whom he had run in sin into the very cellar where he had formerly met and played cards with them, and there they prayed for each other that God would have mercy on them.

Our altar was soon crowded with mourners, old and young,—yea, the whole town seemed to be moved. The general topic of conversation was religion and the work of God. In the streets, shops, stores and dwellings, little else appeared to occupy or interest the minds of the people. And not only so, but the work spread beyond the limits of the town; and our prayer was, "O Lord, 'keep the fire a burning.'"

A young man from an Apothecary's shop was conversing one Sabbath evening with a number of young men on the doctrine of free-agency as taught by the Methodists. And, inasmuch as he
defended the Methodist view of the doctrine, one of the company said to him, "Mr. C., if you believe with the Methodists that you can obtain religion at any time you choose, why do you not put your religious doctrine to the test, and attend to a matter of such vast importance?" The question came home to his heart with such force that he immediately answered, "I will!" It affected him so to think what he had said that he left the circle, walked to the window and began to reflect on his hasty resolution; but did not conclude to take it back. He then returned to the circle and said, "I wish you all to hear me witness that I am resolved to put my doctrine to the test—to seek the Lord from this hour; and I invite you all to unite with me."

After some two weeks had passed he came into prayer-meeting and declared what the Lord had done for his soul—that he had found his doctrine of free-agency true. Many others sought the Lord with him; and one consequence was the places of amusement were forsaken and the prayer and class meetings were crowded.

In visiting from house to house I found, like Paul, that, in private, the 'first' families were glad to hear me talk about Jesus and tell them the way to heaven; and when I prayed in their families, they would kneel on a chair or sofa! But many of them would neither know or speak to me in the street! However, thanks be to God for any opportunity to labor for their good.

My custom has been from the beginning of my pilgrimage to watch for an opportunity to speak for God. Accordingly I stepped into a wholesale and retail store one morning—purchased a small article of an elderly gentleman, and while he was making change I inquired, Sir, do you import your goods? We have, he replied, but at present the embarrassments are such that we are about discouraged. I then observed, there is a port open, the supplies of which are as rich and abundant as ever, and the difficulties of obtaining them as small as ever. He eagerly inquired, where is it and what is the trade? Sir, said I, it is the port of which Solomon spake, and the merchandise is wisdom, which he says is "better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof, than fine gold." These things may supply the necessities of this life, but wisdom is a tree of life to those who lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her. I spake on wisdom and the way of obtaining it about half an hour. He then thanked me and invited me to call at his house.

The next day I dined with a merchant who kept opposite the store above referred to. He inquired how I came to go in there. I replied by inquiring, why should I not? He said, had you known his threats perhaps you would have thought it prudent not to have gone in. I heard him say, "If the Methodist minister comes into my store and begins his preaching I will kick him out into the street!" And when I saw you go in I trembled for the result! But as soon as you left I ran in and said, "Well, you have had the Methodist preacher in to see you—and did he preach to you?" "Yes," he replied. "And why did you not put him out of doors——?"
I asked. "Because," said he, "he began in such a way that he completely disarmed me; he arrested my attention and commenced before I was aware what was coming; and I never was better entertained upon the subject in my life." Thanks be to God, a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

I visited a family in Boston one day, conversed with each concerning their daily enjoyment, and spent a season in most sweet devotion. As I was conversing with them I came to one whose outward adornings of curls, ruffles, rings, &c., indicated that she was a stranger to the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—the pearl of great price, &c.; but, to my surprise, she spake as a child of grace! I asked her if she had ever read the third chap. of Isa. with the corresponding passages in the New Testament, attentively and prayerfully. She replied, I have no recollection of the subject there treated upon. Then said I, as a Christian friend, I advise you to give them a careful examination before you sleep.

The next day, in company with my wife, I met that same lady at a pious house on a friendly visit. All her superfluous ornaments had been laid aside, and all her apparel was plain and neat. She said to my wife, I have often felt that it was wrong to follow the fashions—to spend so much money for needless ornaments, and that I could not give a good account at the Judgment for so doing; but I was not aware that plain dress, or 'modest apparel,' was a doctrine of the Bible until I followed your husband's advice yesterday. But now, being fully satisfied that the true fashion for the Christian is taught in the Bible, I am resolved, by the help of divine grace to adorn myself with good works—with a meek and quiet spirit which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Reader, 'Go thou, and do likewise.'

I find the Christian course a warfare. My enemy pursues me and too much I feel the force of his temptations; while listening to his suggestions and looking at the high coloring he puts upon his allurements, I feel a strong inclination to comply! But, thanks be to God, my judgment, profession, piety, and station in the church:—my wife and children, my love for souls, conscience, the word of God, all the wounds of Jesus, and my own Will—all forbid my yielding to any thing that would not stand the test of the Judgment Day! And yet how far,—O how far, that old Diabolic Serpent has power to press the soul! I humbly ask, Great God, thy grace for myself, my wife, and all professors of religion, that we may stand against all his temptations, win souls to Christ, stand entire at last and shout Victory in Heaven.

I visited at Mr. Foster's and found them in deep affliction on account of the death of their daughter. She was taken delirious and died so,—leaving no satisfactory evidence, to comfort her parents, of the safety of her state! O how dangerous to put off religion to be attended to in the uncertain future. Dear reader, if you have neglected religion thus far, stop now; repent, and seek the Lord while he may be found! If you are a professor, from this time redouble your diligence to make your calling and election sure! If you are a parent, be faithful to your children.
and labor earnestly for their immediate conversion to God. Lord help: Amen.

The monotonous detail of a daily journal would be so wearisome to most readers, that it is thought best not to insert it; especially when there is nothing in it particularly striking. I therefore pass along with a brief sketch to keep the chain of the history merely.

I located, in part, to rest and be with my little family; but there is, perhaps, no rest for my body until I shall find it in the grave. My two years of location have been occupied with long journeys and various calls on every hand, with no regular means of support. My little family has been like unto a parlor to a mother whose child is in the river—no rest until the child is restored and safe. So when there are no sinners to be won to Christ the Itinerant preacher may settle down and rest in the bosom of his loved family. But the Lord has supplied our wants. And, though trying, we felt that we could leave all and again enter the itinerant ranks, and rejoice in the opportunity of raising up another happy band of heaven-born and heaven-bound children of grace. I accordingly attended Conference—re-united, and was appointed to Thomaston circuit.

“A few more days, or years at most,
My labors will be o'er;
I hope to join the heav'nly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast,
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest,
Is transporting to me.
I called on a lawyer to get his assistance in forming a petition to the General Assembly; and as I stated the order of our Church, he abruptly asked,—"Are the Methodists a regular people?" I spent half an hour giving him a history of them, after which he observed, "Surely, if such be their system and practice, they are Methodists going by rule! And if they were popular the whole community would be Methodists!" I told him that the words of our Savior explained the mystery why the world were not in fellowship with us, viz:—"Marvel not if the world hate you—if ye were of the world the world would love you—but because I have chosen you out of the world therefore the world hateth you." "So persecuted they the prophets."

"How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions Rest!"

The labors of my wife from house to house and in public meetings, together with her domestic duties proved too hard for her weak frame; and notwithstanding the large circle of new friends who had endeared themselves to us on the circuit, (which extended from Georgetown up along on the west side of the Penobscott to the town of Knox,) by many kindnesses, would fain hold my true help-meat with them, yet it appeared plain that the time had come when it was her duty to leave the field and go to her father's in Sidney, and there attend to the use of suitable means, if perchance, the Lord would be pleased to restore her to health and lend her to us a little longer. Accordingly she was removed the last of March, 1822. With a kind of cheerful gloom I parted with her and returned to the circuit.

I visited, at one time, a mill where they sawed rocks, &c., into slabs for side-boards, grave-stones, &c.; and they polished some of them so smooth as to make a very good substitute for a looking-glass. I remarked to the workmen, you can, by the skillful hand of art, fit these huge rocks to adorn the parlors of Princes and the Great of the earth, to which they readily assented. Then said I, these works are striking emblems of pure religion which will fit the roughest man in the world, if rightly attended to, to adorn the Church of God on the Earth, and Heaven above as a star of magnitude after death!

I will here record a few thoughts and reflections addressed to my dear children, hoping that other children who read these lines may be profited by them:

Dear children,—While absent, visiting from house to house, I often reflect upon your case; my heart melts with tenderness as I think of our privations. But the hopes I have of doing more good in this way than in any other makes me cheerfully submit. If you will read the tenth chapter of Matthew you will see where I gain comfort and support. You have been taught to go in secret and, upon your knees, confess your sins and pray for forgiveness. You must not forget that God sees and knows your hearts; and if you are honest he will meet you and bless you with pardon, peace, and joy.

I awoke in the night and thought, what sweet
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I awoke in the night and thought, what sweet
reflections must fill your minds should you live when your dear, dear mother is in Eternity, if you obey her advice and follow her directions; then the remembrance of the hours you have spent with her in singing, reading, and praying will afford you the most pleasing sensations, especially if you are pious. And when you shall remember her tears, her affectionate prayers, and unaffected zeal in the cause of God, with inexpressible delight you may say, “Happy Mother! Gone from this vale of tears to the Paradise of God, where troubles never come and pleasures never die!” Then, when the question shall arise in your minds, “Are those prayers that she offered for us while here below forgotten and lost?”—you may be able to answer, No, no; they are all recorded in heaven, and God is ready now to open the richest treasures of his Love, and pour out upon us, her offspring and her care, the grace that is needful to qualify us for usefulness here and fit us to die, so that we may go and join her immortal song, and by her side sit down forever.

In conclusion, dear children, let me press upon you the following sentiments and reflections for your profit and safeguard:—1st. Never slight the caution of one older than yourself, and say, I know more about it than you do. 2nd. Go not into danger because others do. 3rd. Trust not in man’s help alone; for it may come when too late and thus you may be lost forever! 4th. Make God your only hope and strength. 5th. Learn to love one another; so that if one of you should see the other dying you would not have bitter reflections of your unkindness to afflict you in addition to the loss of a brother or sister; but the pleasant reflection that while you lived together you strove to do each other good. Lastly. So try to reverence your parents and attend to their pious counsels, that if you should die before either of us you may leave for our comfort the knowledge of your good behavior and pious disposition; also, that you may be enabled to die in peace and go to heaven to dwell forever.

The following testimony, facts, and reflections, appear to my mind so thrilling, clear, and important, that I cannot well forbear preserving them:

Lord Russell once said, that in the mercy of God revealed in Christ, through faith in his name, was his only trust. And such a prospect had he of immortal pleasure in the pure presence of God and the Lamb, of which he did not doubt even on his deathbed, that he could say his last hours were his best, his happiest hours!

Selden, an English lawyer, eminent for his reading and learning, who had collected and perused books and manuscripts upon all subjects, ancient and modern, said, he could trust, or rest, his soul upon none but the BIBLE—that Book of GOD! O reader, make the Bible your greatest study; read it on your knees with prayer;—reduce it to practice and claim the promises of God! Then you can say of those who reject it,

“They know not that
The Bible is the word of God,—
The only cure of woe;
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its odors o’er the Christian’s thorny road;
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Forget her labors as she toils along,—
Weeps tears of blood, and bursts into a song!

O how many lament upon a bed of death—in their last moments that they have ever been lighted by the sun, moon, and stars, because, like enchanted or delirious people, they find they have only used their loaned beams to assist them in working out their own Damnation!

One poor infidel of fortune, in his anguish of soul, broke out, when about to die, in strains like the following:—"I am expiring upon a bed of down, attended by my servants and physicians; my dependents sigh—my dear sister weeps—my father bends beneath a load of years and grief! My lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward sorrow in pity, no doubt, towards me, being unwilling to add to my already intolerable load! But who, of all my friends, can answer for me before God's high tribunal? Who of them will bail me from the arrest of Death;—or go to the Grave for me? Ah! here I must leave them ALL and go, Friendless and ALONE, where my Soul, my only conscious part, will stand trembling before its holy, scrutinizing Judge——!

Come then, and let us learn wisdom from the lips of the dying, and while considering our latter end apply our hearts unto wisdom. It should, yea, it will be the care and concern of every truly wise man to take heed how he gives credit to the reproaches cast upon the Bible and pure Religion by Infidels! For, if Jesus be indeed the only Savior of mankind, and if the declarations of the Scriptures are at all to be regarded, the situation of those who cast off Religion must be, beyond degree, DEPLORABLE!
July 13th, 1822. Left my dear companion sick with consumption, and unable to sit up but little, to go and preach the Gospel. When I asked her opinion about leaving her she replied, "I think it your duty to go, for you may do good in the name of the Lord, and the Lord will take care of me;—if I die I shall go to rest and hope to meet you in heaven." My heart cried out:—"By thy grace, O Lord, we can do and suffer all things for thy sake.

Sept. 5. Having been absent sometime I again enjoy the innocent pleasure of feasting my eyes and gratifying my ears, with seeing my family and hearing their soft, pleasant voices. I find through goodness, the Lord has raised my companion to such a degree of health and strength that she is able to attend class and public meetings. Thanks and praise to his holy name forever.

Having travelled this circuit 13 years ago and given a somewhat full account thereof, and as nothing extraordinary or of special interest has occurred this year, I have thought it best to pass it this time with a brief notice, and that, mainly, for the purpose of keeping the history connected. Not that it has been free from interest, anxiety, trials, favors, or kind friends whose love and favors claim our grateful remembrance. It would afford me pleasure to speak of many of them but the limit of this book does not permit.

July 5th, 1823. Move on with cheerful heart to labor on Pittstown circuit, leaving my dear wife and children among affectionate friends, and in the all-sufficient care of Heaven.

O what new pleasures open to my vision while

I look forward and behold no end to the happiness of saints in heaven; there sorrow and sighing flee away forever and peace and joy are boundless! My heart cried out, Great God shall I there see my son and daughter—shall that kind bosom friend, whom thou hast given me, (their mother,) look out and see her unwearied labors crowned with success? I remembered that some children adorned the church at 12 years of age and others when but little older; and that my own chosen Fanny experienced the new birth when about 14 years of age. Since that time she has, by the grace of God, surmounted all the opposition that she has met with in this unfriendly world; and, although she has suffered much pain of body through the fatigue of journeying, disease, and the many deprivations she has endured, especially since she has been married to me, yet she has maintained her holy profession, and, I humbly believe, made rapid advancement in the pathway of the Just.

Aug. 25, Returned home and found my companion relieved in a measure from her sufferings.

27th, Went back to my circuit sorely beset with temptations, but the Lord was with me and I came off conqueror.

Sept. 11, Went with my son to Campmeeting. He told me on the way he hoped to obtain religion; and when mourners and seekers were invited forward on Friday noon I beheld him amongst them, and my heart melted with gratitude to God for giving us the answer to our prayers. The Lord met him and blessed him; and glory be to his holy name forever.
The spirit of God moved upon the people—nursing fathers and mothers were found, and a glorious revival of religion, which commenced in a school, blessed old Winor. It was my privilege to receive many of the parents and children into the church, and among them were two young men who had been great enemies towards each other. Knowing this fact, when they rose to join I asked, Do you love each other. Yes, they replied, more than we do any body else, seeing we came so near destroying each other soul and body! Pure religion is the best peace-maker.

Dec. 25, 1823. This is the day of the year that christians have ever regarded as the anniversary of that memorable event, the Birth of Christ! I awoke early, arose and retired to the barn to pray; the sky was serene, the bright moon in the west, and the sparkling beams in the east began to lift the sable curtain of night and proclaim the approach of a glorious morn!

With solemn delight I contemplated the fair emblems of more solid joys—a more glorious morn, which the beauties in nature brought to my mind. Prayer was sweet and a heavenly calm rested upon my soul while laying my dear family once more on the altar of God, beseeching him to do for us as seemed good unto him, and making one general request that we might all be directed right in all things—die in triumph and meet in heaven.

It is now about 24 years since I sought the pardon of my sins; and, although I have been fully convinced that 'holiness of heart' is not only due to God but is the mark to which we must attain if ever we win the prize and gain the court of heaven, yet I have not attained that degree of death to sin and life of God that I view to be the happy privilege of all christians; and yet I have found daily access to the throne of grace by faith and prayer; and if at any time, through unwatchfulness, I have fallen out by the way in thought, word, or deed, I have always made it my practice to go immediately and pray God to pardon and guide me in the strait and narrow path more steadily. For about 3 years I have felt the dregs of a wicked life and the influence of wicked thoughts with more weight than usual. At times I have been almost ready to give up to the temptation that after all I should be a 'castaway,' and go down to ruin! But everlasting praise is due to God for what I have felt within one week. It has not been so much a feeling of ecstatic joy as I have often felt in times past, but a clear view of all my sins and infirmities from my childhood, with the filthiness of their nature and their ruinous tendency, bringing me to abhor myself in the dust as not worthy of a place in the whole of God's vast creation; but

"'Tis all my hope, and all my plea,
That Jesus Christ hath died for me."

Yes, I, even I, have hope in his mercy—confidence in his power and faithfulness, and think I have enjoyed a degree of victory that I never before experienced! My most besetting sin, that I have so long struggled to get wholly rid of, has has had no life moving in me; and when the eye of the mind looks at the object which used to
kindle fiery temptations that would often alarm me to the quick, I find nothing within me to move in unison with the outward object; like as a little child who is afraid of all strangers clings hold of the parent when they knock at the door and cries out, ‘papa, don’t let him in,’ so my poor heart has been for days lifted to God in such a manner that I have only desired, asked, and received;—and have felt, as it were, shut out from future periods, saying only now let thy power and goodness preserve me from all evil.

Almost ten weeks have rolled away since I was arrested from my labors in the vineyard of the Lord to witness the sufferings of my afflicted companion, and administer to her necessities. She has been confined to her bed during the whole time, and required watchers every night, which I have supplied half the time, (except being absent on my circuit three times over the Sabbath,) usually rising every night about 12 o’clock and sitting up until morning.

One morning as I arose and came to the bedside of my dear wife, after inquiring how she was, I kneeled down and lifted my case to God in prayer; and, notwithstanding the silence and gloom of the midnight hour, I found the prayer-hearing ear open, and obtained needed comfort and support! O how sweet is a smile from Him who lives forever and pities all our miseries!

I now look back upon the years that have passed since I covenanted to serve God, and my only grief is that I have not asked more, believed more, loved more and done more for him who has done so much for poor me. But here I am under the battlements of death, that thick, impenetrable wall which has been built by sin, and nothing but a Savior’s merits and power can demolish it! When he died it trembled, and when he arose and ascended it was shattered, so that, through its openings, the light of eternity beams, breaking in upon my soul, and upon every believing soul, revealing more and more clearly the odious nature of sin and the wretched situation of all who are destitute of pure religion! And O, the lonely and lamentable condition of an unbelieving professor of religion! Cleaving to the vanities of a wicked world and too much charmed by its false colorings and intrigues to be fully bent on holiness and heaven. For my right hand I would not clip the wing nor hang a feather’s weight upon them to hinder the progress of any creature in the way of Life. And wherein I may have done so I hope and pray that God will forgive me and also help me to live better hereafter.

I have learned by experience that backsliding begins in the heart; as James says, when “lust is conceived it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death!” The enemy comes first to the mind with a simple thought; if we harbor it he thereby gets hold of our imaginations, and if we suffer the imagination to run it will soon paint bright figures before us,—and these bright figures will kindle up our passions, appetites and desires, thus pressing us hard to seek gratification, while the devil secretly points out the way and means by which it may be done; at the same time he labors to silence eve-
ry scruple that conscience, judgment and piety, can bring to oppose it;—and if our will gives consent, or acts the non-resistant even, we are carried like a ship in a whirlpool and dashed against the rocks—all the alluring prospects are blasted, guilt and condemnation follow, and Satan stands ready, not to comfort and relieve, but to drive the soul thus deceived and flattered into sin, down to the gulf of endless sorrow and despair! And what can or shall be done? This I have always done and still determine to do whenever thus deceived and led along until I fall into something wrong or wicked, viz:—I fall on my knees and say, O Lord, is there yet mercy with thee? Can such a poor, careless, unwatchful and trifling soul find pardon? And here the holy Apostle John comes to my relief; 1st John 2; 1, 2.—"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." At such times my soul has always been humbled in the dust before God; and I find that regular set times for prayer are well calculated to prevent our being overcome by temptation; for when I begin to think, and ask myself this question, How shall I come before the Lord or pray unto him if I do this wickedness?—it serves to cause me to fly, like Joseph when that wicked woman got hold of his garment and said, 'Lie with me,' saying, How can I do this wickedness and sin against God! His pious mind ran up to God and no doubt said,—

"Thou God seest me and wilt bring it to light if I do it!" Christ has said, and I dare not doubt his word, that what is done in secret shall be made known; yea, for all these things we must give account in the day of Judgment!

CHAPTER XXI.


A somewhat full account of the last sickness and death of my beloved companion having been given to the public in her Memoir, it is thought best not to republish it in detail here, but simply notice the event as a connecting link in the history herein recorded. We had always conversed freely about Death and Judgment from the first of our matrimonial union, and always endeavored to keep in constant view, whenever we met or parted, that it might be the last time; so we ever met and parted in the spirit of love, faith, meekness and prayer. But the time came when, like Elijah and Elisha, with death by our side and the grave open before us, we made arrangements for that solemn and trying moment, which was fast approaching, when we should be parted to meet no more on earth!

After one of her distressed turns she said to me, "My dear husband, you must not think it
strange if I have a dreadful conflict in death, for I expect it! But God will be with and support me. I have prayed that, if it be possible, this cup may pass from me; nevertheless, I give it all up to God, for he will do right.” I said, I cannot think, my dear, that the good Lord will add that bitter cup to your sufferings unless he sees best; but it appears to me that you will have an easy passage—and so it was. During the last 24 hours she rested as easy, almost, as when she was comparatively well. Once, with great composure of mind and sweetness of countenance, she exclaimed, “Thanks be to God, I shall conquer and have crown when my sufferings here are o’er.” Thus by faith she triumphed.

On Saturday evening, April 24th, 1824, about 8 o’clock, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus to wake not again till the Resurrection morn. My dear Brother, Charles Virgin, an old Methodist Itinerant Preacher, attended the funeral and preached from Rev. 14:13. The discourse was eminently instructive, comforting and affecting.

Once I took my dear companion by the hand to lead her forth to the field of battle, where, with the sword of truth and shield of faith she fought, and strove with me to win souls to Christ. She wept, she prayed, suffered with patience, and, like her adorable Master, endured the contradiction of sinners, earnestly entreating them to turn to God and live. Her prospects then were pleasing and her zeal was great! We were happy in our work, and cheerful in our deprivations and sufferings; but now she rises above them all—her tears are wiped away—her sorrows ended, and I am waiting, not to conduct her, as before, to battle, but to the peaceful and silent grave!

She was buried on her father’s farm, near the Meeting-house; as I turned to leave the grave the language of my heart was, “Farewell, precious dust! I leave you here to rest, and go to finish the work God hath given me to do.”

Columbia & Dennsville circuit, Me. 1824-5.

With a tender solicitude I bid my motherless children farewell, leaving them at the Readfield Institution, in the care of Bro. Robinson, and under the instruction of Bro. Cushman, while I go to attend to the duties of the circuit alone. My prayer was, Thou, O God, who art acquainted with the children of men, keep me and these little lambs, O keep us safe and clear from sin and bring us to meet the departed in Heaven.

Experience has taught me that Grace is Grace; and Nature is Nature! At that heartrending time when I buried my best earthly friend, grace and love so filled my whole soul that I verily thought I should see war no more;—that I was “dead indeed unto sin,” that I should ever after live to God with an undivided mind, and never feel the power of depraved nature moving or tempting me to sin again. But I have found it otherwise! Yet the Lord has held me back from the power of temptation whenever the pleasing snares of sense have been spread before me. He has taken me as a bird from the snare—the snare he has broken and I have escaped! Praise God.

At times my mind has soared on contempla-
tions wing, and mused on subjects so rich and so sublime, that my heart has said, "It is some seraph (though unseen) from the upper world assisting me to search the rich mines of truth with a light and strength of intellect, unknown before." While in the midst of charms so bright—feasting on pleasures so divinely sweet, all at once it would vanish like extinguishing a lamp in midnight darkness! And then hateful objects would rise before my mind as worthy of my attention! Fond nature was oft charmed with the thoughts of indulgence; and, like David, I have sometimes felt constrained to say, "I shall fall, one day, by the hand of mine enemy," (Saul) (Sin and Satan.) But I have ever found that the safest way is, to be constant in the use of the means of grace; read, meditate, watch, and pray to Him from whom all our help cometh.

My cup is a mixed cup; my time is spent in visiting from house to house and in preaching. I have some most heart-cheering refreshings from the presence of the Lord, and some sharp, but short conflicts with the tempter. And when victorious I have oft said in my heart, He can never try me so hard again! But hunger and thirst, pleasure and pain, joy and grief, will interchange and affect us, more or less, so long as we are united with this poor dying body. Like Paul, we must, by grace, keep under our bodies, or be cast-away!

A Doctor said to me one day, "If I knew what was right I would do it." My reply was, Do as you require your patients to do. The Great Physician has given you directions, and, lest you, like a careless nurse, should forget them, he has given them in writing—the Holy Bible! There is no lack of knowledge or skill with the Lord—healing power and pardoning mercy are found with him. Do your duty as there laid down and you shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God. If the publican's character and condition suits your case best, then go and smite upon your breast; and if your Heart causes you to say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' the Lord will effect a cure, and you shall know for yourself that Jesus Christ hath power on Earth to forgive sin! He wept and we parted. My whole soul cried out, Lord bless him.

O that Doctors were men of God, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, like Luke, the beloved physician, and Stephen.

When I came to the circuit I spent the first Sabbath in Sullivan. The people appeared glad to see me, and treated me kindly; but there was not a Methodist in the place. I passed on to Steuben, another of my Sabbath appointments, where I found nine names, only, on the class paper; and they were like young lambs in a cold morning. At Harrington 14 names were on the class paper. I preached next in Rugglesville, a new settlement, and there I found but few names. They wept while I visited and preached among them. But ah! thought I, what shall I do or say? I went back to Columbia and preached, and found two sisters only residing in that village; two rich and useful men had there been taken from the church and world by death, and there were none to fill their places. I cried out in view
of the condition of things, My only hope is Re-
formation! If the Lord does not help, vain
is the help of man! The year passed, however,
without a general reformation.

Gardiner, Me. July 7th. 1825.

This is the first conference held as the
Maine Annual Conference. My health being
poor, I received the appointment of Conference
Missionary, or agent, to solicit aid for the Wes-
leyan Seminary, located at Readfield, Me.

I left Gardiner—carried my dear bereaved
children to Readfield where a blessed revival
was in progress, humbly hoping that the Institu-
tion would ever prove to be a nursery of Piety
as well as of learning; I left my children and
started on my Mission.

July 24. Attended Quarterly meeting in Sid-
ey. Bro. Wells preached, and it was a search-
ing time to my heart. My soul cried out, I see
my wickedness; I own my follies: but I can-
not say I am clear from all faults! I thirst—I
pant for full redemption! I loathe myself and
long for every nerve and power to be engaged
in the service of God.

I passed on to Palmyra; stopped with Bro.
Gale; found that death had made extensive in-
roads into the family circle. Yet we had a pleas-
ant and profitable interview, though very solemn.
O how sweet,—how precious are the promises
of God to his afflicted children! Surely God is
better to trust in than man, or all creation
and ten thousand times more besides! My prayer
was, O Lord, if thou dost please in Infinite Wis-
dom and Goodness to take me away while my
dear children are yet young, give them,—O
give them to understand that promise of thine,
—I WILL BE A FATHER TO THE
FATHERLESS! For this will be better than
gold!

From thence I came to Monmouth. Dined
with Dr. Corran in company with Bro. Burnham,
the circuit preacher, and the Preceptor of their
high school. His knowledge of school books far
exceeded mine; yet, like a child, he sat and lis-
tened, with apparent eagerness, whilst I explain-
ed the way of Life through faith in a glorious
mediator. He acknowledged his destitution and
need of Religion. I felt to bless and praise
God that in the midst of all my lack of knowledge
I had the knowledge of JESUS CHRIST AND
HIM CRUCIFIED! My heart was deeply affected
and drawn out in desire for him. Such pleas-
ing, improved, and cultivated talents, if matured
by the grace of God, how useful! O how trium-
phantly useful to the church and world!

Having a desire to visit my native place
Brookfield, Mass., I journeyed on, lamenting
that learning and talents are, far too often,
stumbling blocks in the way to heaven; I arrived
safe and held a meeting in the house formerly
occupied by my grandmother on my father's side.
What changes had taken place! All under
forty years of age had been born since I had
visited there and many had died! Truly we are
passing away! I found a small Methodist class,
standing like a city on a hill, whose light cannot
be hid. A small society of zealous and devoted
members had been formed in the South Parish,
and Rev. —— McKee was the circuit preacher. We held many interesting, and I trust profitable, meetings together. A number of happy converts joined the class on trial, and among them was the widow Blanchard’s daughter Polly. And, having thus become acquainted with her we conversed some about being united in marriage—agreed to seek, by prayer, the will of God concerning the matter. I then returned to the East.

Anecdote. Capt. A. of Brookfield, told me that, fearing his daughters were being led away into gross errors by the Methodists, he called upon Rev. Mr. S. to correct them and teach them the right way; but, to his astonishment, they were able to support the doctrines taught by the Methodists so clearly, and they appeared to his mind so rational and Scriptural too, that he was satisfied they could go to no better school of Divinity. When he examined them on experience they went far beyond their Rev. teacher, who said, that a comfortable hope was all that we could expect to enjoy in this life; and even that might be a false one! But my children, said he, took the ground that those who were born of God had the witness in themselves that they were the children of God! (1st John 5; 10.) Not an uncertain witness, but the sure and certain witness of God’s Holy Spirit, bearing witness with their spirits that they were the children of God, (Rom. 8; 16) enabling them to look up and cry Abba, Father; (Gal. 4; 6.) They supported their views from the Bible in such an able and ready manner that I thought the man whom I had selected to teach my daughters the way to God and heaven, had need to learn of them the pure doctrines of the Bible and of Christian experience. On the whole, seeing the great change in the lives of my belovéd daughters, I was fully satisfied to have them join the Methodist Episcopal Church. I told them my desire was that they should hold out faithful and show to all around

that they were what they professed to be. Thanks to God for kind, free, candid and affectionate parents who will bow to common sense, plain Scripture and good experience!

CHAPTER XXII.


Jan. 1826.

Having travelled through New Hampshire and a skirt of Vt., I returned again to Brookfield. And, after much deliberation and prayer for direction in so vast and important an undertaking, together with the counsel and advice of friends, I did, conscientiously, and, I trust, in the fear of God, with a sincere hope that it would prove for our best and everlasting good, and that of the children, decide to be united in marriage to Polly, daughter of William and Prudence Blanchard, of Brookfield, Mass. Accordingly, on the 14th day of February, 1826, the ceremony was performed by Rev. Micah Stone of the same place. My prayer was, O Lord, make our union a blessing to us, the church, and the world.

After a few days spent in preparation we took leave of our friends and started for Maine. Here again I was called to witness the tender emotions of a daughter taking leave of a Parent, a Moth-
er—an aged Mother and a lonely widow. After family prayer we took the parting hand—started—arrived safe in Readfield, Me., where the children were, who, with apparent simplicity and joy, welcomed their new mother.

My wife went with me to the Annual Conference, held in Bucksport, on the Penobscot river. It was a pleasant, peaceful session, and a holy zeal appeared to inspire the preachers to go to their various fields of labor to win souls to Christ. Our appointment was Bethel circuit, Portland District, D. Kilburn, P. Elder. It included 8 towns. The spirit and word of truth worked like leaven; our class, prayer, and public meetings were lively and spiritual;—the cries of mourners and songs of the redeemed cheered our hearts—doors were opened and we were invited to hold meetings, and, thanks be to God, "the people had a mind to work." (Neh. 4:6.)

In Dixfield, I called on Gen. Farwell. He was lying dangerously ill, as his physician told me, in consequence of the excessive use of intoxicating drinks! Here I witnessed fallen nobility!—his wife, children, and house all declared it! His law office was closed and his support came from his relations, as I was informed! I opened the only way of salvation to him—God set the word home to his heart—he wept, and when I prayed he rolled off of his bed down upon his knees, and the Lord heard prayer! He was restored; and I afterwards heard him declare in a public congregation, and in a most affecting manner, what God had done for his soul! His improved talents were now employed in doing good. A Temperance Society was formed in which he labored, and the whole of that little village was improved—many obtained religion.

In the midst of these brightening prospects we had some trials. A young man was employed by the Presiding Elder as a candidate for admission into the Itinerant ranks of the Conference. But he lacked, in my view, the following essential characteristics of a useful travelling preacher, viz:—
1st, A love of study—involving a waste of time, both in bed and when up.
2nd, Exemplariness—especially before the youth.
3rd, Prudence.
4th, Love and zeal for the salvation of souls.
5th, Courage and self-denial to face storms and endure sufferings.
6th, Deadness to the World—he loved the praise of men.
7th, Teachablness and patience—not heeding advice easily offended.

I write these facts as a touchstone for those who think they are called to the office and work of the holy Ministry. Who is willing to suffer the loss of all things for Christ that he may make many rich? Many are willing to reign with Christ, but O, how few are willing to suffer with him!

This young man was, however, admitted; but, after three years' trial—like a chariot wheel made of green wood—he proved unprofitable in the work. O that we may find our place and keep it!

I was appointed a second year to Bethel circuit. Bro. Oren Bent was my colleague; and he was a man of God both in the pulpit and out of it; his preaching and practice harmonized. Our cup often ran over and converts were multiplied. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

My wife travelled with me and we passed thro' many dangers in crossing rapid streams and dif-
ficult places. Once, passing along the side of a hill, she walked by the side of the carriage and held it up from turning over whilst I led the horse. On another occasion we attempted to ford a river on a sand-bar and the carriage turned over into the water! I jumped and lit firm on my feet, waist deep in the water; with a good degree of calmness of mind, I attended to my horse and turned him towards the shore, expecting that my companion was under water, as the top of the carriage was almost covered! But I soon found her standing near me, as she sung out, “I am safe.” We immediately returned to the shore and went to a house where we borrowed each of us a dry suit of clothes—prayed and gave thanks to God for his protecting care—returned to the river, and, by the assistance of kind friends, turned that dangerous point—forded the river, and returned safe to our home! My heart was melted into gratitude and praise to God that he had given me another wife who was willing to face dangers and endure deprivations in the cause of God; and that too, notwithstanding she was brought up in the bosom of plenty in good old Massachusetts. The Lord give her a safe passage o’er life’s tempestuous sea, and across the stream of death, yea, and land her soul on the heavenly shore of immortal felicity, where

“Trouble never rolls a wave.”

Many old cold and lukewarm professors were aroused to diligence. One woman wished to withdraw from the Calvinist Congregationalist church and join the Methodist. A committee, consequently, was appointed and sent to labor with her. They finally told her that if she joined the M.

E. Church she would be guilty of breaking her Covenant with them, which was a crime as bad as to break her marriage Covenant with her husband, and that they should excommunicate her! She was grieved and asked my views on the subject. I told her that we believed our Covenant was with God, like Abraham’s—our duty, to walk with God, like Enoch—in all his ordinances and commandments blameless; that an organised assembly of such persons is a church of God on Earth; that the continuance of a conventional relation with any organization, claiming to be such, depends upon the choice of the individual and a due observance of the rules, or conditions of membership. Now, said I, if you have united with an organization whose doctrines you are convinced are erroneous; and if you find that connection an impediment in the way of serving God with an undivided heart, so that you do not feel at home with them, and do not choose, or desire, to stay with them, the sooner you dissolve, or break, that connection the better! If they turn you out of their church as the Jews turned the blind man out of the synagogue, whose eyes Jesus had opened so that he saw their corruptions and errors, (St. John 9: 35,) it will do you no more harm than it did him; Jesus will meet and bless you. Pay all your covenant vows to God—choose that people for your helpers and associates which liketh you best, and you shall dwell in his love—all shall and will be well.

In Bethel I called on an Infidel by profession, who was about 80 years old. After conversing somewhat at length on the evidences of Christianity, &c., to which he gave marked attention, he looked me full in the face, and, with a degree of fervor said—"It is written that God wrote upon a rock! Now, if I, like Moses, could see the writing of God’s finger, that would satisfy my mind!" With a fervor more than his I replied, "you may have a similar sight." He thought me in jest until I had, with fixed eye on his, repeated it solemnly several times. Perceiving he was anxious for further information, I said, "you may not expect God to write his
law again upon a table of stone, as he did on Sinai; for he has not promised so to do. But he has promised to write in an equally legible form, so that whosoever shall read it will retain no shadow of a doubt but that God is the author of what he reads! And you, sir, may read it for yourself.” “Where can I go to find it,” he earnestly inquired. “Not to Sinai—not to Jerusalem—not to a minister,” said I; “you need not leave your seat; your feet and eyes are both useless in this matter! Here is the promise, “Thus saith the Lord, Behold the days come when I will make a new Covenant, &c.; (Heb. 8; 8.) I will put my law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts,” (Jer. 31; 33.—Heb. 8: 10 and 10; 16.) Look there, sir, and you shall find it true.—Obey the truth and it shall make you free indeed and preserve you; seek God in the way pointed out in the Bible and you shall live!” He opposed me no more. I sung and prayed and then left him.

In the autumn of 1827, my son came to see us; and when he was about to leave, I was impressed that it was the last time I should ever see my children together, and I desired to pray with them in secret; for this end I harnessed my horse and rode out with them; as they talked together by the way, they were sorrowful and wept by my side; and my heart felt it! When we came to a piece of woods I halted, and we retired to a pleasant spot where no eye but God’s beheld us. As we were walking thither the children asked, ‘Father, where are you going?’ ‘Going to hold a little campmeeting,’ I replied. We sung and then knelted down together and poured out our complaints, desires, and sorrows before the Lord. And, glory be to his holy name, he did not despise our tears nor shut out our prayers, but dispelled our gloom, filled our hearts with comfort, joy and peace, and we parted without a tear, trusting in God, for all was well! Here may we always rest; for surely, ‘God is our refuge and strength; a present help in trouble!’

Sweet is the memory of Bethel circuit, and dear to our hearts are the numerous friends with whom we part. May we meet them all in heaven. Our next appointment was Kennebunk Port circuit.

Sept. 6th, 1828. Called at Capt. Credford’s; his amiable wife received me with a hearty welcome and requested me to put up my horse in the new barn which the Capt. ordered to be built with accommodations for Methodist preacher’s horses, before he sailed. I did so; and as I went up stairs to feed him I bowed the knee and prayed to God for the man who had built us a stable, though not a professor of religion. My heart melted—my thoughts ran over the Ocean—I grasped the ship, and such were my feelings that I said to his wife, “You will have your husband to go with you in the way to heaven!” She replied, “I believe it and look for it.”

Nov. 13th was Thanksgiving day. I called to see the Capt. who had just returned from a long voyage, and invited him to go up to the house of God. He replied, “Oh no; I cannot. I have but a few days to remain at home—I love my family and want to enjoy their company all I can.” “Then sir,” said I, “I presume you will be glad to join in prayer to God for hearts of gratitude, thanksgiving and praise, for your preservation and that of your family during your long separation.” “Certainly,” said he, with an affectionate tone. We then sung and knelted down, and the Lord blessed me with great confidence and boldness, and also with abundant access to the throne of grace! When we arose he turned to his wife and said, “My dear, if you are willing we will all go to meeting!” She heartily fell in with the proposition, saying, “you could not have proposed a more agreeable or richer treat.”

My text was Ps. 107; 31.—“O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.” The Lord poured light and truth upon the Capt’s heart, and he resolved that he would seek his face from that time. For several days the enemy of souls strove hard to keep him in sin. I called the next Tuesday
evening and found him walking the room deeply distressed and weeping. He inquired, "Can a sinner like me be saved? Who could have believed that I had such a wicked heart? I have spoken hard things to my wife whom I love as my life—been angry again and again with some of the ministers of God who have labored for my salvation—sometimes forbidden my wife's entertaining them, or going to hear them! I have often been on my knees to adore and unlace my vessel, but never to be prayed for; and if you can pray for one like me I will kneel down with you now!"

We knelt, and sweet was the promise, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' I prayed, then his wife prayed, and he sunk under the weight of his sins! We helped him up and it was 10 o'clock. His children proposed to go to bed, but he said, "No, children, come to your father; you have had a good mother but a wicked father," he then flung his arms round them and kissed them, saying, "I am sorry, and now hope that God will have mercy upon me, that I may join your mother in teaching you the way of life!" It was a melting, moving time! Hope and fear, joy and grief, swayed his soul; and soon we parted.

The next evening I met him in class meeting. He there told us that the Lord had removed all his doubts and fears and filled his soul with peace and love! And that he could not stay at home, but had spent the day among his neighbors and friends, declaring what great things God had done for him and inviting them to join him in serving the Lord. He also requested to have his name recorded on the class paper, saying he desired to walk in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord, like Zacharias, blameless.

The next morning, at 4 o'clock, he took the stage for Boston, to go another voyage. In a few days a letter came to hand informing us of his safe arrival in Boston; also that he went on board his vessel—called his crew together—declared to them what God had wrought in him and for him—set up a family altar with them to be kept up during the voyage;—that after praying with them he went to his brother-in-law's vessel and exhorted them to seek the Lord and cast their anchor within the vales where it would be sure and steadfast! In a few months he returned and told us that his practice had been to call his crew together each Sabbath and read one of Wesley's sermons to them in the morning—another in the afternoon—hold a prayer meeting at 5 o'clock and close up with a class meeting; and that some of his crew experienced the pardoning mercy of God and joined in carrying on the meetings on board the ship! Praise God.

But the Devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour! A young lady was caught in hymen's snare! A young man, active and smart, as the world would say, paid his addresses to a pious young lady—seduced her away from her prayer and class meetings to a dancing school—telling her that he would stand between her and all harm, (referring to the church and religion.) The winter passed merrily—in the spring they were married, and in a few weeks her husband went to Augusta to work on the State house. And the first news she heard from him was that he had fallen from the building and was taken up badly bruised! She hastened to him, but alas! He was dead! After her return I saw her at her father's house; and O, the anguish of her soul, who can tell! Her language was like this—"I have turned my back upon the Savior and the people of God for a husband and the ball-chamber! And now God has taken away my husband and I have no Savior!" O who will have the daring to follow her most unwise example? Her boastful husband was silent in the grave and her heart was stung with reflections most painful! Giddy mirth and midnight revels have no power to cheer a sorrow-stricken heart like hers. But unbounded charms are found in Jesus. She appeared penitent and I believe found peace and pardon at the hand of her offended Lord and Savior. O happy office to carry the word of life to the perishing. Young men, beware how you lead the fair sex into snares by
promises which you either never intend to, or never can, fulfil, lest God take you away with a stroke when there is none to deliver! And you daughters, professors of religion, I here earnestly exhort you, as you value the favor of God and your own happiness, to heed the holy Apostle’s caution and instruction, “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.”

We were highly favored on the circuit with nursing fathers and mothers, and were blessed with prosperity. One great instrumentality for helping on the holy cause of virtue and sound piety was the Sabbath School! In Kennebunk Port we organized for the purpose of raising a school. The enemies tauntingly remarked, “The Methodists can’t get up a Sunday School and sustain it.” But we selected our teachers—gave them class papers—advised them to go through the whole place—search out all the little children and youth, and advise with their parents and guardians to send them to some Sabbath School. And thanks be to God our efforts were crowned with success! The next Sabbath more than 30 united with us in a School; and the dear young and children became so attached to us that all efforts to entice them away proved ineffectual.

A few facts relative to Sabbath Schools taken from a publication which fell into my hands some few years since:

In 1775, Thomas Rankin established a Sabbath School in England, and also John Wesley, the same year. In 1758 one of Wesley’s schools numbered 530 scholars. The names of Harvard and Clough in the East Indies, and of Charles of Wales, Wesleyan missionaries, will be had in grateful remembrance so long as Sabbath Schools are a means in the hands of God of perfecting praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

I believe it is generally known and admitted by the intelligent and candid of the Christian public, that Francis Asbury, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, established the first Sab-

bath School in this country. The school was opened in the house of Mr. Thomas Craunshaw, in Virginia, in 1756. In this school the Rev. John Charles, who is now a travelling preacher (1830) was awakened and converted to God. Since that time the Methodists have been doing something in the way of Sabbath Schools.

About the year 1825, the Methodist Episcopal Church formed a Bible, Sabbath School, and Tract Society, located in New York. Since that time Biblical knowledge has increased rapidly among the children and youth of the land. A good method for giving children and others lasting impressions is, to read daily in the Bible, allowing all to ask questions and intermingling remarks when reading; but always with a prayerful spirit for light and guidance into all truth.

A remark relating to Slavery. If our Rulers had my feelings and views the slaves would have the Bible and be taught to read and obey its holy laws and precepts. Then Columbia would be Free—our Flag tell the Truth, and the Declaration of Independence be felt and enjoyed by all the inhabitants of the Country! O Lord, hasten the time. Let our motto be,

“Cut down our Flag—Blot out the Declaration of Independence, or

FREE THE SLAVE.”

Many were the kind friends on this circuit. We labored a part of two years here and then, in compliance with the request of the presiding Elder, moved to Kittery station, Me., Dec. 1829. So we took leave of another circle of Christian friends—being borne above sorrow and grief by a lively hope of meeting again in peace in heaven.

Our beloved Bishop Hedding called on us as he was returning from the Maine Conference and
preached in a large school house. It having been announced that the Bishop was going to preach, the house was crowded. There was a gazing as he came in and kneeled in silent prayer. His appearance was not proud and lofty, but meek and humble. His text was 2nd Cor. 8; 9.—“For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich.”

The Lord gave him utterance and with a masterly hand he unfolded and brought out the truths wrapped up in these words of inspiration by showing

1st, In what the riches he possessed before he became poor, consisted, viz.:—In the glory he had with the Father before the world was, &c.

2nd, What is implied in becoming poor, &c., viz.:—The taking on him, not the nature of angels, the form of an Emperor or King in a worldly sense, but the form of a servant—leaving all he had before the world was; he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—no where to lay his head, &c. And he also unfolded the plan of Salvation through a Crucified Redeemer, who became a sin-offering for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in him.

3rd, The advantages which we may derive from his meritorious sufferings and sacrificial death upon the cross, viz.:—That we (all) might be rich.

The meeting closed under apparent deep solemnity. A Unitarian Lawyer, who was present, was asked, as he left the house, what he thought of the sermon. He replied, “The Bishop has torn our doctrine of the atonement into ‘fitters,’ and scattered them to the ends of the Earth, so that we can never collect them again; and yet I could not find the least flaw in any sentence through his whole discourse.”

“‘Tis all my business here below,
To cry, Behold the LAMB!

“Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold, the LAMB!”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Kittery, Me.—An old Congregational minister died and left his flock in the care of the Methodists.—Condition of the place—A rummelling professor of religion—Left and returned to Brookfield, &c.—Attended Conference at Springfield—Transferred—Appointed to Brookfield circuit—Monson; shower; house struck; result—West Brookfield; revival—South Brookfield—North Brookfield—Close—New appointment—New Worcester—Spencer—Leicester—Brookfield—Belchertown circuit—Monson—Brimfield—Quar. meeting—An experience and death—Northbridge and Uxbridge—Sudden death of a Mr. Willson; funeral—Rev. Dr. C——, of Northbridge—Restorationist preacher—Catherine and Lydia Ferry—Hopkinton and Holliston—Josiah Ball of Millford—Wife feeble and left at home, but does not feel to complain.

Kittery, Dec. 27th, 1829.

We moved into the old parsonage. The Congregational Church here followed the advice of their old pastor and invited a Methodist preacher to take charge of the little flock which he was about to leave; they obtained one before he died
and he expressed great satisfaction in being able to leave his charge under the care of the M. E. Church.

Depravity is seen here, breaking out in various forms! It seemed to me that if I could persuade the people of this parish to give me the money that is spent for intoxicating drinks alone, I should be safe in pledging myself to make all the poor people comfortable and clothe their children so that they could go to meeting and to Sabbath School, decently clad! In view of these things I cried out, O when will people be wise and act with reference to the Judgment!

In visiting from house to house the awful effects of snuff, tobacco, and rum; dogs, guns, and idleness, were readily seen! Yet they treated me kindly, acknowledged that my expostulations were just and that they ought to reform. And some, thanks be to God, did reform and became ornaments in the cause of piety; but others continued to stand in the way of reformation; and among them was one Church member who sold rum! His uniform answer to nearly all my arguments against his business was this:—"I should not have any thing to support my family, or to give you to support yours, if I did not sell liquors, &c." My reply was, "Then let me starve! for I wish not to live on the ruins of poor distressed women and children!"

One day I called on this rumselling member for help to buy Bibles and Testaments to supply the poor, and also to give to Sabbath School children. He refused and gave this reason, "if you give them Bibles they will sell them for rum and get drunk upon it!" I left him with this question, "Will you buy their Bibles and pay them in Rum?" My soul cried out, "O, who can think on meeting his fellow men at the Judgment seat of Christ, and then pursue a course that will corrupt society and lay a foundation for misery both here and hereafter!"

May 2nd, 1831. We take an affectionate leave of Kittery, with all the kind and loving Christian friends who have become endeared to us by those ties which bind our hearts in heavenly union. Pleasant have been the seasons of devotion in class and prayer meetings—love feasts, and in public worship, though nothing of special interest has occurred. Believing the air of the sea-shore is too bracing, and as Providence opens the way for our removal to the West, we deem it best to improve the opportunity; and accordingly we turn our faces towards our native land in Brookfield, Mass. And our prayer is that we all may set our faces heavenward and arrive safe to the land of eternal joy and rest.

May 6th. We arrive safe in Brookfield, Mass. And it is pleasant indeed to meet with our friends again. My voice and lungs being feeble we come as a man comes home at evening—to Rest.

8th. Preached in the Methodist meeting-house and found the spirit of true piety burning in the church. Thus may it ever burn.

17th. Arrived in Springfield to attend the N. E. Annual Conference.

18th. Take an early walk on the highest bank of the pleasant Connecticut river; the storm has cleared away and the morning sun is shining brightly. The North West wind
also flows down upon and around me, and I stand and inhale the soft, cool air, every breath of which relieves my laboring lungs, while the heavenly gales of grace, from the upper world, roll down upon me, and a lively sense of the Divine presence causes my spirit to cry out, "How can any rational being live on such an Earth as this and not fall in love with and worship God in spirit and in truth?"

Whilst sitting in Conference I looked round upon the scores of preachers, but among them I could find only a few who were members when I commenced travelling. And the thought occurred to my mind, "Soon they will look for me but I shall not be here!—no matter, however, if I am seen praising God in heaven!" They voted to have me transferred to this (New England) Conference, and my appointment is Brookfield circuit; Enoch Bradley is preacher in charge.

We commenced and prosecuted our labors which were crowned with unexpected success! The Holy Spirit moved upon the hearts of the people and glorious were the results. In Monson, at a Factory village, almost all the workmen, great and small, were happily brought to know, love, and obey God. During a thunder shower in the night the lightning struck a large house, and tore out a stud and window near the bed where the man and his wife slept! They were thrown from their bed to the floor, but rose upon their knees and implored mercy from that God who had spared their lives! And ere long they obtained pardon and were added to the number of young converts! Praise God.

In West Brookfield the melting power of God was felt and we were blessed with the privilege of seeing at the altar old and young, parents and children, weeping together and praying for mercy. Glory, honor, and praise be given to that God who can be just and yet the justifier of all those who believe in Jesus! Many were brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God and boldly declared what he had done for their souls. One fair lad, about 12 or 14 years of age, who had found peace at the altar, was invited to take supper at a neighbor's house. He went, and when the table was surrounded, mostly with youth like himself, he lifted up his heart and voice to God and implored his blessing upon the food that they were about to partake of;—and that too, without an invitation. Family altars were erected and joy and gladness surrounded us. A goodly number of useful preachers have been raised up in this little Zion. It has proved to be a vine of God's own planting; and he has watered and blessed it and made it fruitful. May the ark of the Lord ever abide with them and prosperity be their portion forever.

South Brookfield also has been drinking at the same fountain, and many tongues are speaking forth the wonders of Redeeming love!

In North Brookfield, the place of my birth, the society have a zeal for the cause, but I fear they will run too fast. They want to have a preacher stationed among them and build a Methodist meeting-house! Bro. E. Bradley encourages the plan, but my judgment differs. To my mind darkness surrounds the plan—it appears premature. But my prayer is, and has been from the first of my praying, that God would fill this place with living christians. We have some revival on the circuit and feel happy in the work.
As we close up this year we find the same banner of love and mercy over us that cheered and comforted our hearts in Vermont and Maine. 1832-3. My family (consisting of myself and wife) is located in Brookfield, in a house that we bought with a little plot of land, so that my wife might have a chance to rest.

My appointment for this year is Brookfield in connection with Spencer, Leicester, New Worcester, Millbury, &c.,—a long range through towns and villages, and a landscape differing widely from the new settlements where I have sought to win souls to Christ in the forests of Vermont and Maine. There I have conversed with men as they were in the field piling up logs that had been blackened by the fire used to burn up the brush, &c., and prepare the ground for a crop of grain, and told them how to clear their hearts of the black stains of sin and prepare them to receive, with meekness, the ingrafted word of life—the good seed of the kingdom—and to bear the fruits of the spirit, viz, love, joy, peace, &c., and at last reap the rich harvest of Eternal Life at God's right hand! On one occasion as I was passing along in the road I saw same men hitching their oxen to a plow to break up a piece of green-sward and I sung out to them, 'Break up the fallow ground of your hearts and seek the Lord;' the Lord blessed the remark, as I afterwards learned, to the salvation of one of the men. But here I pass into a factory and with difficulty speak to any one on the great concerns of the soul amidst the rumbling, clattering noise of the mill, which is hard work for my weak lungs. Many things exist here in the busy hum of worldly pursuits after gain and pleasure, to hinder reformation; yet a little few are found who are seeking holiness in the fear of God.

In New Worcester some promising young men were baptized and the Holy Spirit cheered our hearts with joyful prospects that the life and power of pure religion would revive and spread in all the region in spite of dead formality, pride, and unbelief.

In Spencer I found a little class of Methodists among whom the truth was believed and enjoyed, and it was working like leaven in the community. Its progress, however, was slow; for it had a most unrighteous and inveterate prejudice, in high places and in low, to encounter, besides deep rooted and most fatal errors! My heart cried out, "O Lord, roll back the dark cloud and let righteousness and truth prevail!"

Leicester also, seemed to feel the power of truth. I sighed, O for a general reformation.

Our Quar. meeting which was held in Brookfield, was most precious occasion. In love feast one from Old England rose and spoke of the wonders of Redeeming love, testifying that it was the same all over the world, for he felt that he was in the midst of his father's children. Orange Scott was our Presiding Elder, and was much beloved and esteemed.

The Conference year closes with encouraging prospects that better days are near at hand.

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing."

1833-4. This year my field of labor is Bel.
chertown circuit; my colleague is Brother Amos Taylor, an old and successful laborer in the Lord’s vineyard. We found the field all white and ready for the harvest.

In Monson, where a goodly number of souls were brought to rejoice in God their Savior, one poor child of disobedience conducted so rudely that I paused and addressed him personally. I told him it was possible that when I should come round again I might inquire and find that he had gone to the grave where silence reigns.

Four weeks soon rolled round, and when I returned I was informed that that young man was dead! His probation closed forever!

“His blooming cheek had sunk to fade,
And wither in the lonesome Grave!”

“O that all lovely youth would rise,
And seek a mansion in the skies!”

In Brimfield the witnesses for Jesus were firm. Some were baptized by immersion, a striking emblem of the death and resurrection of Christ. But baptism by sprinkling or pouring is a more clear and striking emblem of the outpouring of the Spirit, promised (Isa. 44:3, and Joel 2:28) as one of the blessed and glorious results of Redeeming Love, and the distinguishing characteristics of the Gospel dispensation. And I have found by experience and observation that where a large measure of the Spirit is enjoyed, there is great tenderness, meekness, generosity and every Christian grace and fruit in proportion.

Our Quar. meeting in Belchertown was a little heaven below. I felt as though I should like to live and die in just such a place. The cry, ‘Come over and help us,’ is heard, and there is much land to possess.

This year some have proved the power of Grace to support and bear up the soul in the hour of death! One sister was called to leave a kind and loving husband and a few small children. The disease which had long been wasting her youthful vigor forced her to give up all labor and care for her little family. One day her husband, with tears in his eyes, said to her, “My dear, give me your work, and do not attempt to do anything more until you are better.” She gave it up and never did any work afterwards. Speaking of it on one occasion she said, “As I gave my husband my work I gave myself and all I possessed up to God, without reserve, for time and eternity; and in a moment Peace—such Peace as I never had before enjoyed, filled my soul, dispersing all gloomy fears and lifting me above all created things, and opening to my faith’s clear vision full and unfading joys beyond the Grave!” I saw her about an hour before she died and inquired the state of her mind. She told me she still enjoyed that peace and felt a longing desire to be all like God! At last she fell asleep so easy that her watchers did not perceive the moment when she left the world!

The Conference year of 1835-6, I labored in connection with Bro. J. S. Ellis, who was preacher in charge, on Northbridge and Uxbridge circuit. Kind Christian friends and attentive congregations made it a pleasant field.

Dec. 25th, I preached in the evening and the
Lord was present to bless and save. Mr. Winslow, our chorister, was present, and when he arrived home that night he told his wife that he was resolved to lead a new life, and expressed his joy in God. On Saturday evening he prayed with his family and retired to rest; but about midnight he was found to be dead in his bed! Sabbath morn (27th) we met as usual in the hall, but on looking for our chorister he was not there! And the news soon came that he would sing no more on earth, together with a request that I should preach the next day at his funeral! My text was Amos 4; 12. The good Lord helped me to show the people what it was to be ready for such a change. Bro. Ellis prayed first; afterwards Mr. Clark, the Unitarian minister made some remarks and Mr. Grosvenor, the Orthodox preacher, offered the closing prayer. Truly, it was good to be in that house of mourning; for harmony reigned, and these preachers of different orders, endeavored to impress upon the minds of the people the importance of being prepared to meet the solemn change!

One day I called on the Rev. Dr. C—-, of Northbridge, an old Congregationalist preacher who had just buried his wife; he was sunk in the deep waters of sorrow and used the words of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' which he thought suited him best! I endeavored to press upon him the all-important doctrine of perfect love which casts out all fear. He listened while I laid the promises before him and urged him to look for the witness of the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit that he was a child of God. But he broke out, ere long, and said, “Do you think that I have been preaching the Gospel fifty years and cannot quote Scripture as well as you?” He appeared to sink under a conviction of guilt and condemnation; and with all his long experience and improved knowledge of Divinity, he was, most evidently, ignorant of that faith which works by love and purifies the heart! I sung and prayed with the sorrowing and afflicted old man—he kneeled with me in prayer—thanked me for my call—followed me to the door and waited until I had mounted my horse and started off. As I rode away I thought of Jesus' words, “If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!”

On another day I fell in with a Universal Restorationist preacher. I asked him wherein we differed. And it proved to be in this, viz: The length of time in which the wicked will be punished in another world. He held that it would come to an end when the promises of restoration should be fulfilled. I asked him where there was a single promise, the fulfilment of which could not be found either in the Restoration from the Babylonian captivity, or in the thousand years of Christ's peaceful reign on Earth; or, in other words, during this life? Or where is there one single promise that refers to a restoration from the lake of 'fire and brimstone,' into which the wicked are to be cast in the Great day of Judgment? He acknowledged that he knew of no such promise in particular. I then told him that I had a still stronger objection in my mind against his doctrine. We both acknowledge, said I, that Jesus Christ is to be the Judge at the last day;
and he will say to a certain class, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared (mark! not for you, but) for the Devil and his angels!" And for what are they thus banished from the presence of God and the glory of his power? Paul says, 2nd Thess. 1:8—because they know not God, and obey not the gospel of Jesus Christ! Here then is my strong objection to your plan of restoration: Jesus Christ, the only Savior and Mediator, is to be the Judge in that day, and as such, in the execution of the just and holy law of God, he consigns them to ruin—to endless banishment! Who then, I ask, can reconcile them to the offended Judge—to God? There is no promise, no Mediator, no Savior! He gave me no answer and we parted. "If the blind lead the blind both will fall into the ditch." O Lord, I sighed, save us from selfishness, yea, and all blindness; for O, how dreadful, how awful, to be lost! And who so wretched as a lost minister? Lord save or we perish!

On the 13th of Oct. I was called to attend the funeral of Catherine Ferry, aged 16 years, who had died in the triumphs of faith. Her sister, (23 years old) who was sick in the same chamber, rejoiced at her departure, and said to me as I stood by her bed-side, "You preach my sister's funeral sermon to-day—to-morrow you will preach mine!" And so it was! Oct. 14th I preached at Lydia's funeral! Her prospects, on leaving this vale of tears, were bright for that land where sorrows sighs, disease, pain, and tears are never known. Love, yes, that perfect love that casts out fear was a wall of fire round about her and a glory in her soul!

Death seems to be riding forth on his pale horse and shaking his spear over this little village, (Parnum's upper village!) but thanks be to God we may have victory over death through Jesus Christ our Lord. Many were the happy meetings we had with the kind people. Numerous are the friends that pure religion makes; but ah, how soon we are called to part! How swiftly the yearly wheel of time flies round! Another Conference year is gone.

My next field of labor was Hopkinton and Holliston, 30 miles from my wife. Bro. J. Cady was preacher in charge, a pleasant, and happy fellow-laborer. Memorable are the seasons we had together while we beheld the light of the Gospel dispersing the dark shades of depravity, and by its power raising the old and young to that dignified station of sanctified humanity and communion with God, to which no other, nor all other agencies could elevate our race! In class meetings, love-feasts, and on other occasions, we heard happy souls declare that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned their sins; and their daily deportment bore witness that they had that faith which works by love and purifies the heart! All glory to God and the Lamb.

March 13th, 1835, I was called to attend the funeral of Mr. Josiah Ball in Millford, an old man about 93 years of age. He told me a few days before his death that he had never obtained a clear evidence of his acceptance with God.—He had previously given me a long history of his life. He told me how rejoiced he was to hear a free and full salvation preached by the people
CHAPTER XXIV.

Marlboro' circuit—Rev. C. Virgin—Reflections—Rev. L. Boyden—Solemn News—Protracted meeting—Leominster—Rev. Abel Conant; his death and funeral—Meditations, &c. Diary of Experience and Labor—Funeral of a child; its cruel treatment—North Brookfield—Rev. J. Shepard—Paxton—Mr. E. Stowell's—Funerals: Bro Gillum Rice's son; Francis Knowlton; Lucy Aspinwall; Bulah Hamilton; Lucy Bartlett; widow Smith; —Moulton; Mr. Harrington's son—Thoughts on Doctrine, &c.—Reflections—Close.

Marlboro' circuit, 1836-7.

Aug. 3rd, I left my wife and habitation in South Brookfield and went to my new field of labor. In the evening I arrived at bro. S. Weeks' hospitable dwelling where I met bro. Charles Virgin, an old and experienced travelling preacher, who had charge of our large field of labor.—(It included Marlboro', Harvard, Leominster, Lunenberg, Bolton, Stow, Sudbury, &c.) We were glad to find a people whose doors were not shut against us because we were gray-headed and feeble! The whole family appeared to feel an interest in cheering and refreshing us with the best that their full house afforded; and then they sat down around us to hear us tell of some of the kind dealings of God with us during nearly thirty years which had swiftly passed since we first met on the pleasant banks of the Connecticut river. Then we were blessed with good health and firm constitutions, and rejoiced that we were counted worthy to be put into the ministry; but many summer heats and winter chills, wearing labors, anxious cares, and stormy blasts have
whitened our locks, withered our cheeks, furrowed our brows and exhausted our vigor and strength, yet, by the grace of God, we continue to possess an unabated love for souls and zeal for the glorious cause of our Immanuel, God. We read the Holy Bible, sung praises to God, bowed down and prayed; and our hearts were melted under a deep sense of that goodness and mercy which had followed us all the days of our life and of the presence of the Prince of Peace in our midst! Our interview was divinely sweet and our hopes of usefulness here, and of heaven hereafter, were bright and cheering. In the morning we parted to seek the lost sheep and to win souls to Christ.

Bro. Luman Boyden was one of my colleagues; he was an excellent young man, of an humble, teachable spirit, and, like Paul, ardently desired to go from house to house and warn the people even with tears. Such an one, by the help of God, will do good; yea, must succeed.

Sept. 6th, 1836. *Solemn News!* (A gentleman from Saugus related the facts to me as follows:) Mr. Jonathan Makepeace, of Saugus, Mass., had one son; and that son was published to Miss Abigail Pinkham. The time appointed for their wedding was Sabbath eve Sept. 11th, 1836. And on the morning of the 6th, in company with his intended bride, he left his father's house for Boston, designing to purchase household furniture, &c., buoyant with hope and cheered by the prospect of enjoying each other's society for many years to come. But soon

One short mile closes up their mutual joy on earth forever! A shaft from the never-missing hand of death smote the young man in his chaise!! He was taken out and carried into a house near by where he expired in a few moments!! He died in a fit!

How like a "thief" did the awful summons meet this fond and hopeful couple!

In view of such a scene, with what force the words of the ever-blessed Savior, come home to our hearts: "In an hour when ye think not the son of man cometh—therefore be ye also ready."

"Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!"

Oct. 24th, we commenced a four day's meeting in Marlboro' meeting house. And, not expecting help from other stations, like Nehemiah, we sought help of God and were not disappointed; for the interest of the meeting continually increased. On the last day bro. S Weeks said that his fears had proved groundless; for he thought that new gifts and new matter would be needful to keep up an interest for so long a time; but he had reason to praise God, and for his own part he had no fears of any lack either of gifts, matter or spirit, and should be glad to have the meeting continue another week; and no marvel, for we felt the promise true, "Lo I am with you always." Yes, Jesus was with us to aid in speaking and hearing; also, to heal the sin-sick soul, strengthen the weak, and comfort those who

"The lovely morning fades."
mourned. But eternity alone can reveal its full effects in the church and community.

Leominster, Dec. 9th, 1836.

I was respectfully requested to attend, as a bearer, the funeral of the late Rev. Abel Conant, pastor of the first Congregational church in Leominster, who died on the 8th of Dec. 1836, aged 43 years. It was a scene, the like of which, I have no recollection of ever witnessing before in my life—to bury a minister of the Gospel. O may I never lose sight of the solemn impressions made on my mind on the occasion. I profess, like him, to be called of God to preach the Gospel— I also must die and go to the Judgment! Under the light of Eternity I seemed to sit and entered into the work of self-examination. I first turned my mind back to that memorable period when God called me to the work—when the command came home to my heart with power, "Go preach the Gospel!" Then the Holy Ghost fell on me and enabled me to say, "Lord, I will go, relying on thee alone to clear my way and give me success!"

I then meditated upon the dignity of the office—the work of a Minister and the plan of Salvation through the atoning merits of the Son of God for a lost, a fallen world—the worth of an immortal soul, and the glory that should attend, follow, and cover the faithful ambassador of Christ!

While reviewing my labors for the past 30 years I felt to say with Job, "I abhor myself in the dust." Never did I see more clearly the absolute necessity of Christ's all-atoning blood in order to our continual acceptance with, and justification before, God. The language of my heart was,

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death!"

I felt, also, that nothing short of the power of God could clothe a minister of the Gospel with the ability to discharge the duties of his high office with acceptability and success!

I inquired within myself: Will brilliant talents, improved by the aid of the first literary advantages, or institutions in the land, and displayed so as to win the admiration of the people, avail, in the day of Judgment, to justify men in taking this holy office upon them, if they are not called of God, as was Aaron? To be weighed in the balance and be found wanting, like the King of Babylon, the case of a minister, of all other men, must be most deplorable! Will a christian have to balance, in the scale, five times the weight of a heathen? And will not a christian minister, like Aaron and his Sons, have to sink the scale in opposition to the enormous weight of the whole congregation to whom he preaches, in the final Judgment? And if the blood of souls may be required at his hands, who, with this bible truth before him, would dare to take this holy office upon himself without the clearest evidence that God has called him to the work? And who can bear the thought of continuing in the field without constant access, by faith, to the Throne of heavenly Grace?

Such were some of my meditations, and they were profitable to me. May they lead the minds of others to a like profitable season of self-examination.

When the coffin was taken from the meeting-house, the church followed the mourners with the deacons in front,—then the Sabbath School, (lovely sight,) with the superintendent and teachers in front, and, behind this large procession the people of the vicinity followed to the grave-yard.

My heart was up-lifted to God for myself and nine other ministers in front of the whole column, that he would pour upon us the spirit of wisdom and grace, that we might improve the remnant of our days more to his glory and also for the good of our fellow-men; so that when each, or either of us should be carried out and buried, and the multitude pass our grave as we did his, they might look down upon our dust laid in dust, and in truth say, "There lies the tongue in silence that once taught me the way to flee from the wrath to come and lay hold on Eternal Life!"

And, so that, when the last loud trumpet shall sound to awake the dead, and call all Nations to stand before the Judg-
ment seat of Christ, we may there find that our labor has not been in vain in the vineyard of the Lord. But that, by divine aid, we have fought the good fight, kept the faith and secured a title to a crown of life which will never fade;—and there be permitted to join that unnumbered host who shall have come up through great tribulation, in songs of everlasting praise and honor to God and the Lamb; yes, and to

"Fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore."

Dec. 25th, 1836. Sabbath morn. Rose early—sweet praying—went down and built a fire and was attacked with what I called symptoms of a shock of numb palsy. I felt sickness at the stomach, inactivity, faintness, weakness, and trembling. These symptoms slowly increased upon me until 9 1-2 o'clock, when I gave up the thoughts of preaching that day, thinking that unless God interposed, death would soon execute his office upon me. The goodness of God so filled my mind that it looked pleasant to go and preach to the people, but to go home to heaven on the last Sabbath in the year, (especially on the 25th, a day set apart on which to celebrate the birth of Christ;) was truly glorious! About 10 o'clock, however, the Lord relieved me from my disabilities; so I went to the brick Chapel and my soul was joyful in leading the congregation to the "Gift of God to a fallen world!" and in urging them to seek the Lord and lay hold on eternal life!

26th. Rise early, find my heart filled with gratitude, peace and health are my portion, reading and prayer my joy and comfort, God is my strength, Christ my rock and salvation and Heaven my prospective home! Hallelujah.

Rode three miles through the beating rain to attend the funeral of a young sister who died happy in the hope of resting from her labors and gaining an inheritance with all the sanctified. Within two years, two of her sisters had gone to the spirit land, leaving such bright evidence of their safety that no doubt is harbored but that their robes were washed in the blood of the Lamb! Thus that family was called, in less than two years, to weep over the graves of three lovely sisters and daughters, cut off in the bloom of youth. No age is exempt from death!

I then rode on six miles farther in the rain and at 2 o'clock, P. M., attended another funeral of a young married woman, who had left a husband and little daughter behind, whilst she went, we trust, to join her lovely babe that died but a few days before, and also a brother and sister, both of whom had been called away in the bloom of youth within a twelve-month! Surely, man cometh up like a flower and is cut down! What is life—a vapor! The surviving parents wept, conscious that they had not lived faithful as they ought. O Lord, forgive them.

29th. I was again called upon to attend the funeral of a child 17 months old whose own mother had been dead about 9 months! In view of this case I could sing,

"Happy soul, thy days are ended;
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel hands attended,
To the arms of Jesus go!"
How many motherless children, suppose ye, as young as this was, are compelled to sleep alone, and in a separate room; yea, and even up stairs, to save trouble and inconvenience! I was informed that such was the fact in this case. The child was put to bed up stairs alone (!) that the new married father and new mother might sleep more quietly! The consequence was, the clothes got off, and the child became so chilled that it soon found a resting place in the silent grave! Where was piety? Where was sympathy? Where was humanity? Echo asks, WHERE? Kind Heaven, pity the helpless.

In 1838, my labors were in North Brookfield, the place of my birth. Endearing associations passed before me whilst standing in the new meeting house, erected on the ground where the old house formerly stood, in which our fathers worshipped, and in which I was dedicated to God in infant baptism. But I now find some cause to weep, like Nehemiah, over our desolations! Our beautiful little house is not burned down as the temple, and city of Jerusalem were, but, as I feared when the plan to build and be set apart as a station, was proposed in 1832, (when I labored here occasionally,) the house is embarrassed with debt, and the little society sunk under discouragements. They had not been represented at the Annual Conference, consequently they were left unnoticed and unprovided for. And if here and there a Daniel and a Mary might be found it would be in retirement before God.

My heart melted at the sight, and my good brother, J. Shepard, who was stationed in South Brookfield, encouraged me to labor among the people what I could. I accordingly attempted to call them together and tried to do them good. Joy and gladness smiled around, a holy zeal was enkindled, God owned and blessed us with his holy presence, Grace, like leaven, began to work among the people, the friends of Zion opened their hands and, after much difficulty and many trials had been encountered, especially by the trustees, matters were so shaped as to free the society from the embarrassment of debt! For two Conference years I supplied the pulpit except one half of the time the second year—the other half I spent laboring in Paxton.

The most Divine charms of our holy religion are seen and enjoyed in the house of mourning:

June 10th, 1838, I was called to comfort the hearts of the bereaved. Mr. E. Stowell and family were called to bury a lovely child; they lived in North Brookfield. My text was Matt. 19; 14.—"But Jesus said, suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." How calm is the heart of him who has right views of God and possesses a spirit of true resignation. I remarked,—Do parents claim a right to their children? Do they love them, and would they make them happy? Jesus has a better right—loves them more and will make them, if he takes them in infancy, far happier in heaven. Then suffer them to go and forbid them not, for Jesus created them and has redeemed them by his own precious blood! Look for them, then, among the
solemn charge! A GOD to glorify—never-dying soul to save—to fit for a pure, a holy heaven!

Aug. 27th, I attended the funeral of one of my old school mates, Francis Knowlton, aged sixty-three years, (about my own age.) O for a preparation to follow him to the eternal world and leave behind, for the comfort of surviving friends, the evidence that my last end was peace.

Sept. 16th, Attended the funeral of Lucy Aspinwall, 9 years old, in South Brookfield. After having prayer at her father's (brother John Aspinwall's) house, the corpse was carried to the Orthodox meeting house, where I addressed them from Rev. 14; 1, 2, 3. I remarked that the song in heaven would consist of three parts: 1st, Converted souls would sing of Pardoning Love. 2nd, Infants, who sinned not “after the similitude of Adam’s transgression,” would sing of Redeeming Love. And 3rd, Angels would sing of Creating Love. Yet there would be no discord—but harmony all—most perfect harmony—even the harmony of pure, heavenly LOVE. We trust her happy spirit fled to that blessed abode where coffins and grave yards are never seen. The Rev. Mr. Nichols, the orthodox preacher, made some appropriate, instructive and comforting remarks to the parents and friends, after I got through, and the services were closed.

Nov. 1st, Bulah Hamilton’s remains were conveyed to the silent grave. She was a mother in Israel, 82 years of age; her end was peace. I stood by her bedside when her happy spirit took its flight; we had prayed and conversed with her; in the conversation her daughter asked her,
"is your evidence clear?" "Yes—yes—yes," was her reply. We were singing, and before we closed she was gone! To me it appeared that she forgot our song while listening to the songs of Angels. Farewell, freed spirit.

Nov. 5th. Our beloved sister Lucy Bartlett, of North Brookfield was torn from the fond embrace of her husband and two interesting young children; a sweet peace attended her last moments, and a joy such as true religion alone can impart. "Blessed in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." It is one of the glories of Christianity that its subjects die well!

In December I was called to attend the funeral of a widow Smith, who died of a fever, leaving 14 children to mourn their loss—all of whom were present on the occasion.

There was also, the same month, a young man by the name of Moulton, who came from New Hampshire a few weeks before with his widowed mother for a visit, was taken sick with lung fever and died, leaving her in the care of the other children with whom she was visiting. He appeared penitent—sought pardon and expressed resignation which was a source of great comfort to his friends.

I was called to attend a few other funerals of individuals of various ages. Thus the generations are passing away!

June 29th, 1839.

Mr. Harrington, of Paxton, was called to bury his fifth infant son, leaving a twin sister, the only child remaining alive with them of six children who were born unto them! One only of the number lived to his fourth year! I had the privilege of standing and pointing those afflicted parents to that portion of Scripture which teaches and assures us that all infants are saved by virtue of the atonement of Christ. Rom. 5:12-18. I cried out, "happy band of little brothers—sweet cluster of infant stars in the Savior's crown of glory."

This was the first appointment in Paxton and many questions met me concerning our doctrines, discipline, prosperity, &c. With great satisfaction I replied to these inquiries and endeavored to show them that five words well understood—repent, believe, hope, love and obey, would explain our views of the way of life. And I remarked further, that whatever doctrine is taught that does not tend to rouse people up to "fear God and work righteousness," is dangerous error and ought to be rejected; and that that church discipline which affords the best help to walk, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless, is the safest and best.

I was asked the difference between foreknowledge and decree. My answer was, all knowledge with God is present knowledge; so that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as foreknowledge with him; hence the difference may be stated thus: knowledge is an attribute—decree is an act. God may know that a thing will take place and not decree it;—also, that things might have taken place that never did take place. Matt. 11:21, 22.—"Wo unto thee, Chorazin, wo unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works
which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.” “And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.” It is plain that all the actions of the children of men, past, present and future are known to God; and he could have revealed the whole by his holy Prophets, as he has some parts, thousands of years before the events took place; and the prophetic record is as correct as the history written after they occurred! They both agree. Yet God no more decrees, and by that decree renders the action necessary or certain, than the history of past actions was the cause of those actions! For he knows that they might have acted otherwise as shown above from scripture. Therefore, his threatenings and promises are just!

I was everywhere received and treated with christian kindness; the hearts of parents and children appeared to melt into tenderness as I visited from house to house and talked with them about Jesus and the Resurrection. A few precious souls were brought to rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven and the enjoyment of the love of God shed abroad in their hearts.

Here I proved again that the friendship formed by that kindness which the truths of the pure Gospel beget, or induce in the soul is unadulterated—worth possessing. Thanks be to God for the many friends of this good stamp, with whom I meet, and the many who appear glad to turn out and help me through the deep snow drifts; also, at other times when I need help; and all this they do because they love me for my work’s sake.

CHAPTER XXV.

Southbridge circuit—Rev. F. Nutting—Reflections—Charlton—Rev. Hezekiah Davis—Bro. Kingsbury; his wife, brother-in-law, &c.—Reflections—Close—Conference in Springfield—Superannuated—Phillipston—South Royalston; grove meeting—Reflections—Barre—Hubbardston Camp-meeting—Converts—Mr. Sherman’s son—A young man by the name of Atwood—Grove meeting—Preaching in Barre—Revs. S. Putnam and A. Barnes—Town meeting; voted to let the Methodists have the use of the Hall free—West Brookfield—A visit at farmer C’s in North Brookfield—A warning; last visit to Mr. D’s.

Southbridge circuit, 1840.

Bro. Freeman Nutting, is preacher in charge on this circuit, with me this year. I find him to be a pleasant, pious, worthy and good preacher. Having obtained help of God I am still able to travel and preach! Miserable as I am, I cast myself as a worn out garment at my Savior’s feet—all I have and am—and he accepts me! And now O Lord, I cried, give me to see thy power and goodness displayed in the awakening and conversion of sinners! Save them from the cruelties of sin and Satan and make them happy in their God and King.

When I have the clearest views of truth and enjoy the greatest degree of the presence and love of God, my desires are strongest to live and
labor to win souls to Christ and increase the spirit of piety and holiness in the church. I will illustrate my feelings by a simple figure. Suppose your house to be on fire and your children or friends were in it, and you had a clear view of their condition; would you feel like running off to your neighbor's house that you might find an easy resting place on a sofa and in a beautiful parlor? Surely you would not! So I feel with reference to perishing sinners; rather than go away from earth and enjoy the rest and glories of heaven, I would say, let me live and labor to pluck sinners as brands from the flames of the "devouring fire."—from eternal burnings!

—Isa. 33:14.

July 19th, I held my first meeting in Charlton, in a school house called No. 6. There met with Brother Hezekiah Davis, a local preacher from Dudley; a man, who, like Enoch maintained a close walk with God, and his labors were blessed. (He has since gone to his reward in triumph.)

20th, Called on a baptist brother, by the name of Kingsbury,—who lived on "Dresser-hill," so called; he very generously offered his large and convenient hall for a preaching place; I engaged him to board me and my horse when I was there, and on the 16th of August we met for the first time in the hall. It was a good season; we felt that the Lord revealed his holy name and mercy there.

At the close of the first quarter I called for my bill of board and horse keeping, and both he and his excellent wife responded that they were amply rewarded on their part and wished me to continue my visits as I might find it convenient. I then went to his brother-in-law, who carried on his farm and called for his demand; but he and his kind wife, who were members of an orthodox church, replied, we have no other claim than for you to make our part of the house your home part of the time. That same spirit that made christians of one heart in the days of the Apostles, seemed to move here, both in public and in private. We felt like children of one father—members of one family.

One of the brethren who lived in the centre of the town was asked, "how do you get along at the hall with so many different orders?" His reply was, in substance, as follows:—"Come and see. Jesus Christ is the truth the way and the life; we enjoy so much of the presence and good spirit of the Son of God that the darkness of error flies before it, as the shades of night vanish before the rising sun. Love to God and man destroys hatred and peace and joy reign; the dumb speak and we are blessed with the joyful sound of salvation flowing from the lips of young converts."

Charlton is a place where depravity exhibits some of its most hideous features and darkest colors! And the doctrine of the "final restoration of all mankind to happiness," (flattering notion—fatal error!) which is here preached, serves to keep the poor sinner down in the dreary region of "carnal security," causing him to say, I shall go to heaven at last, even if I do die in my sins." Let all such hear what God says. Mark
holy ordinances—Zion's army filling up with happy volunteers from all ranks, especially of the lovely youth, and the time of parting arrives. At such times nothing could cheer our hearts, thus united in christian love and friendship, but a lively hope of meeting in heaven. Deprive me of this hope and the centre of my joy is removed! I have found many kind benefactors; and my Savior's promise to them relative to a cup of cold water even, is a relief to my mind in view of the obligations their many kindnesses lay upon me.

At the close of the second year, as at that of the first quarter of the first, when my bill for board and horse keeping was called for, the generous friends replied, "We have no bills to present—we have our reward as we go along," and the bonds of christian love were increased and extended.

Thus far the Lord hath cheered our hearts in the midst of a world of sin, reproach and death—whilst striving to win souls to the wisdom of the just!

The New England Annual Conference held its session this year (1842,) in Springfield, Mass. And in consideration of the many infirmities of old age, and the wear of thirty-six years labor in the itinerant field; my name was placed on the superannuated list of preachers—embracing the worn out and infirm servants of the Lord, whose spirits are willing but whose flesh is weak. I returned from Conference to South Brookfield, and having no appointment from Conference I took a journey to Marlboro, Vt. On my return
I found an open door and a call to labor in Philip- 
lipston. Nothing special occurred at that place, 
yet I trust my feeble efforts were not altogether 
in vain. I found many kind friends, and God 
blessed my heart with heavenly consolation whilst 
running from house to house and trying to per-
suade my fellow men to be reconciled to God. 
My soul was feasted while trying to comfort, in-
struct, and pray for, the sick and sorrowing. 

In South Royalston there was a grove meeting 
held for several days; it was a precious time; 
a number of both young and old, were led to 
seek the Lord, and the tears of penitents and 
songs of praise cheered our hearts. The people 
seemed to be all one in Christ. It is a factory 
village and stands on ground which my father 
possessed in the days of my youth. There my 
feet moved in the days of my folly; but thanks 
be to God that I have come to myself, and now 
stand and proclaim a full and free salvation, and 
invite, on the authority of God, all the ends of 
the earth to “look and live”—come to Jesus and 
find pardon, peace and rest. There is a Metho-
dist class there whose light cannot be hid. O 
may their future course prove that they are in-
deed of God!

On my way home I passed through the town 
of Barre. And, through mistake, I called at a 
house, and, as I began to talk upon the subject 
of religion, was invited to put up with them for 
the night; and it was a precious season. Such 
was the influence of the conversation upon that 
candid man’s heart, that like Joshua, he resolv-
ed to be for God and immediately set up his fam-
ily altar, to the unspeakable joy of his praying 
wife, who embraced religion in the days of her 
youth. O that I may meet brother Fay and his 
dear family in heaven.

In the autumn there was a Campmeeting held in Hub-
bardston, an adjoining town, and many were the happy con-
verts who left that sacred ground as the Apostles left the up-
er chamber, filled with the Holy Ghost; they returned 
home praising God and began to invite sinners to go to 
heaven with them.

The sons of a Mr. Sherman, in the spirit of humble bold-
ness, asked of their father the privilege of setting up a fam-
ily altar; it was granted, and he also kindly opened his 
house for prayer and preaching meetings. May he open his 
heart to entertain Jesus and the truth, and find heaven open 
to admit him and his family at last.

There was also a young man by the name of Atwood, 
whose eyes the Lord opened at that meeting in Hubbard-
ston; when he returned home he boldly proclaimed what the 
Lord had wrought for him and gave God the glory; it seemed 
as if he could not praise the Lord enough! O praise the 
Lord, all ye that fear and love him, for the power in the 
Gospel to save, and to save now from all sin; and let all 
the people say Amen; praise ye the Lord. O Lord, keep 
him and all of us from the evils that are in the world.

There was a Grove-meeting held during the fall season in 
the edge of Hardwick, near Barre line; Satan raged, but his 
kingdom was shaken, glory to God, and a goodly number of 
young converts was added to the happy, praying, heaven-
bound band. Prayer meetings, &c., were kept up in Barre 
and Hardwick—the Lord gave them of his Holy Spirit, and, 
with giant strength, they went forward in the work, singing, 
praying, exhorting, preaching, and rejoicing in God their on-
ly Savior. They were a devoted, laborious, whole soulcd, 
happy band; they were led on by brethren S. Putnam and 
A. Barnes, and, encouraged and assisted by the co operation
of the bold hearted and persevering-souled Warners and others, much treasure, no doubt, was laid up in heaven that year.

Dec. 17th, 1843, I preached in the Town Hall in Barre;—and, with the assistance of Br'n. S. Putnam, A. Barnes, Sabbath Preaching was maintained there until the session of the New England Conference, when a preacher was stationed in Barre and Hardwick. So God moves and our hearts rejoice to see the Truth spread and prevail, and souls brought to walk in wisdom's ways.

At a Town meeting in Barre the question was proposed,—

"Will the town grant the Methodist Society the use of the Hall for Religious worship on the Sabbath, free?" And I was afterwards informed that a gentleman of high standing, by the name of Lee, rose and said he hoped that the town would not object to allowing the Methodists the use of the Hall, inasmuch as their labors had exerted a strong moral and religious influence upon many of the inhabitants, which was manifest to all candid observers; and he would therefore move that the Methodist Society have the use of the Town Hall for Religious worship, free of expense. The vote was taken without further debate and carried in the affirmative. To me this seemed just and right; and also to be what ought to be done everywhere. May the blessing of God rest on that people, and each individual prove by his own personal experience, that the blessings of the Gospel of Christ are free, on easy and accessible terms to, and for, all.

My labors during this Conference year have been considerable. My Sabbath appointments have been from 15 to 30 miles from home, in Barre, Phillipston, &c., and the health of my wife has been so feeble that I have deemed it expedient, generally, to return home every week. But the prosperity of Zion—the untiring kindness of my new made friends, together with the unmerited mercies of God, have sustained me. Praise the Lord.

1844-5. By exchanging with the Methodist ministers all round in the neighboring region, preaching was sustained, a part of the year, on Brookfield (West Parish) plain, in a private Hall. We had some refreshing seasons and trust some good was done.

One day I called on farmer C,—, who lives some two miles from the plain in the edge of North Brookfield, and in whose house I have often been entertained with great kindness. In compliance with his invitation I went out with him to view his premises and possessions. He led me first to his hog-house where his lusty swine and fat pigs were growing larger still upon their rich fare; as I stood and gazed at them, I reminded him of the miraculous deliverance of a man from a legion of devils by our Savior, in the days of his sojourning upon the Earth; and that they were permitted to enter into a herd of swine, causing them to run violently down a steep place and perish in the deep waters.

As we passed his garden I spake of the garden planted by God, in which Adam enjoyed a few of his first days that he spent upon the Earth; and that they must have been happy days; for God made and endowed him with large capacities for enjoyment, and surrounded him with objects to gratify the eye, the ear, the eye, the whole man with all his vast capacities, and nothing but sin can mar or destroy that happiness. Adam disobeyed the command of God and lost Paradise; and if we obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be unhappy and lose, or full of, heaven.

We next came to the barn and the well fed stock of cattle rolled their wishful eyes upon us which brought the words of Isaiah to my mind, viz:—"The Ox knoweth his owner, and the Ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." I observed, after repeating the above passage, Your neighbors would find it difficult to keep your cattle from your well supplied mangers. I think they would, he replied. Well then, said I, how vile and guilty is man who receives every good and perfect gift from God, and yet, like the wicked Jews, forgets him! Do not know—will not consider! And now my dear friend, I continued, when
Here we learn that one rich man turned away grieved whilst another rich man received him joyfully. And what made this vast difference between these two rich men? The plain answer is this: one disobeyed the voice of Christ and sunk down with grief opprest, and was unhappy; the other obeyed the voice of the Savior, and joy and gladness filled his heart and benevolence moved his hands; for he said, (v. 8) “Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-fold.” Thus, in possession of his Savior’s love and half his goods, joys unknown before, even the joys of salvation, (v. 9) filled his habitation. To this rich man I said, God calls on you to look unto him and be saved; and in the day that you seek him with all your heart he will be found of you; make, therefore, an unreserved dedication of yourself to God and seek, through Christ, who died on the cross, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life, the pardon of your sins and the renewing of your heart; and also dispose of your goods, your possessions with a single eye to the Judgment day!

He said, In my distress I have often wished that I had only a little hut just to cover my head from the storm;—but then, I suppose, if I should get well that I should want all my possessions back again!

I then read the 16th of Luke and also a part of the 12th, and showed him that a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses; for Lazarus was borne up by grace, while he suffered patiently the ills of life, poverty and distress, and he was happy independently of the body and all worldly comforts! He was able to look forward with the blessed hope and sweet assurance of enjoying a whole eternity of bliss beyond the tomb! Solemn was the interview! He desired me to pray with him and my heart was melted in view of his critical and dangerous state. But, in spite of all his convictions of right and duty, I afterwards learned from bro. S. that after I left a little girl called
and asked the rich sick man for a nine-pence to buy a New Testament to carry to Sunday School—but was denied!!! Well might the holy Apostle call Covetousness, Idolatry! O Lord, save us from an undue love of the World!

I conversed with a deacon on the plain who frankly told me that he could not conscientiously teach the whole of the Westminster Assembly’s Catechism to the S. S. children, and it had caused him trouble. But he was not alone.—How few dare subscribe to the clause, “God, for his own glory, hath fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass!” May that clause, together with all those of kindred shade, soon be forever erased from its pages and God’s words inserted in its stead, viz:—“As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the sinner, but that HE turn and live, &c.” Then it would be a most excellent book.

A merchant said to me one day in the North parish, “We do not believe in degrees, &c., as they are held forth by our teachers, yet we are just so inconsistent as to lend our influence and give our money to support that false and dangerous system of Theology.” Thus I find that the excuses which are made by such, for so doing, do not silence the voice of conscience now—even now! How, then, can they stand in the “Great day of His Wrath?”

CHAPTER XXVI.


Boston, May 7th, 1846.

We are drawing to a close another session of our Annual Conference. And, to me, it is a season of deep, heart-felt, solemnity and interest. I look round on the men who compose this interesting and noble body and remember that all who are under forty years of age, have been born since I commenced preaching the Gospel. They now occupy the seats and fill the important stations which were once honored by those older veteran servants of God who have finished their work and gone to their reward! As I compare the present state of the M. E. Church with what it was when I entered the Itinerant ranks, gratitude fills my heart and my soul cries out, “What hath God wrought?” Yet I rejoice with trembling while I witness the growing energies of our beloved Zion! I fear she is getting proud! Lord save us from the fatal act of folding such a deadly viper as the serpent Pride, to our bosoms, lest it know our vital piety and our cherished Zion be thus shorn of her beauty and strength!

The printing department of our operations also differs very much. Then (when I joined) we had but few books and no paper. But now our libraries may be furnished from our “Book Rooms,” with books of richest merit; we have also, an abundant supply of papers and other periodicals.

And furthermore, now our young men, and ladies too, can find institutions of learning at home, among ourselves; we have schools of every necessary grade from the primary to the highest grade in literary scientific and theological departments;—helps which I and my co-laborers did not enjoy. Our success, like that of the Apostles, depended entirely on the presence and power of God, and the riches of his grace; and, indeed, without these the greatest talents are rotten wood, and the most profound learning is a broken reed. WITHOUT CHRIST WE CAN DO NOTHING!

The establishment of a “Biblical Institute,” for the benefit of young men who feel moved by the Holy Ghost to go and preach the Gospel, is a step which causes my heart greatly to rejoice. It furnishes an important means of instruction to prepare the man of God to go forth and perfect the work which the old pioneers, through grace, have com
signed them, rest on and qualify us to discharge our duties and finish the work which thou hast given us to do; and may the good we do them be done unto us by those who shall come after us and take our places when we shall be laid aside by sickness, age, or infirmities."

A few crumbs from that benevolent society, like manna, has fallen into my hands, which I regard as a treasure that my heavenly Father has provided for me to solace and cheer the evening of my life. Blessed be his holy name.

It is my prayer that no one may ever take upon himself to be a Methodist preacher with no higher views than a desire to live easy and obtain a good revenue to supply his wants when old; lest he, like the wicked king of Israel, die and have the burial of an ass!—Jer. 22: 19.

The race of Methodist preachers who entered the Itinerant ranks 25, 30, and 40 years ago, did not look at the greatness of the work, the dangers and opposition that were to be encountered, and compare them with the qualifications they possessed, either natural or acquired, to perform the task which God had laid upon them; but they looked to him who said, Go and preach my Gospel, and lo, I am with you always, &c. And like Caleb and Joshua, they said, "We are well able to go up and possess the land, and our enemies shall be bread for us." And here let me say, if the present, or any future race of Methodist preachers shall look on the revenues of the church—schools—libraries—learning—talents, &c., and say, We are rich and abundantly able to do the work of a minister, and forget or neglect God,—'Ichabod will be written upon the walls of our Zion!'"
I observed that our holy religion was a religion of knowledge—knowledge of the right kind! That which 'edifies,' and not that which 'puffeth up.' Jerusalem was full of the knowledge that 'puffeth up;' and their proud hearts disdained to look on Jesus of Nazareth, who was born of poor parents and in a stable, as being the promised Messiah. Its tendency is the same now that it was then; but those who possess a meek and quiet spirit, who humbly, yet earnestly, seek the knowledge of sins forgiven, and that wisdom which God imparts, will be blessed and prospered, though hated, persecuted and despised by the proud, the worldly wise and popular! The truth of this has been demonstrated here among yourselves, even in Spencer, as your history fully proves. Now 'as ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in him;' don't get proud, but be humble,—be holy,—and victory is sure—the field is yours! The day of probation will soon close, and destruction will be the portion of all those who have not the true knowledge of God, and who obey not fully the Gospel of Christ!

At 5 o'clock, Bro. A. A. Cook, of N. Brookfield, preached to a crowd of attentive hearers in the Grove, on the bank of a pond, near the house of Bro. P. Allen, from Luke 16: 25. "Son, remember." He remarked that memory would never cease to be active—that under the light of Eternity it would act quicker, if possible, than galvanic electricity, and open to the sinner a life of rebellion against God in a moment; and that it would furnish hell enough, to remember that they had 'had' their 'good things,' and Lazarus

"evil things," but now he is comforted and blessed, but they have rejected the counsel of God, and brought down ruin upon their own souls, &c.

In consequence of an approaching thunder shower the discourse was briefly closed, and the ordinance of baptism was attended to whilst the songs of Zion and the voice of God in the booming thunder, combined to render the occasion doubly impressive. A solemnity, worthy of the occasion, spread all around, and the cloud, apparently, held back whilst the holy ordinance was being administered. After the congregation was dismissed a goodly number stopped at Bro. Allen's until the shower was over, and we improved the time by holding a social meeting. Several of those who had just been baptized rose and gave praise and glory to God for the blessings bestowed upon them that day, and, like the baptized Eunuch of old, they went on their way rejoicing. Praise God.

Aug. 15th, I left home to go and preach, and visit my brethren, in Belchertown; on my way I called and dined with Bro. Stevens in Ware Village, and renewed an acquaintance which I highly prized in view of the many kindesses of former years. I found them on their way to heaven and urged their children to lay up for themselves treasures in the same safe place.

The rain in gentle drops sweetened the air and the waters of life beilded my heart as I passed on to Palmer. And as I drove up to the house of my beloved brother Hastings, in P., I found his gate wide open,—turned in and found a shelter under his shed from the descending rain.
His son seeing me, ran out, and, with a cheerful smile, asked, “May I put your horse in the barn?” I replied “Yes, if you please.” As I looked on the young man I recollected that when I came to this place for the first time, about 15 years ago, this young man was but a child, less than two years old; then I was a stranger, but they received me as a messenger of God; and many have been the refreshing seasons that I have enjoyed with this amiable family during these few fleeting years. There kindness to me this time, was, if possible, greater than formerly. Death had broken into their family circle and the cluster of their connections, but the streams of divine consolation had borne them up. As they rehearsed the parting scenes through which they had been called to pass, our minds were deeply impressed with the fading and uncertain nature of all earthly things! The most trying scene was that of the death of their eldest son; he was torn from their fond embrace in a moment by the accidental discharge of his gun, as he was on his way home from a hunting excursion! His father was the first that found him—he was prostrate on the ground with his hand on the fatal wound—dead! It was a severe stroke, but they found support and comfort in the grace of God.—Thanks and praise be given to God that they still love the name of Jesus! And why should they not love him? He is the Resurrection and the Life! The children all knelt in family devotion; and it was a lovely sight to behold parents and children prostrate together before him from whom they receive every good and perfect gift, uniting in thanksgiving and praise—an employment we hope to continue forever.

Sabbath morn. Having layed awake some time in sweet meditation, especially upon these words, “I am dead, and my life is hid with Christ in God,” the clock struck 8, when I arose to read and pray, and prepare to spend the approaching Sabbath in the most profitable manner:—Sweet emblem of Rest in Heaven! The presence of God was manifest in the public assembly and I found it pleasant to spend another Sabbath with old acquaintances.

23rd. I attended meeting in the house standing on the ground in South Brookfield, where my parents and grand-parents used to go up to worship God. It is now occupied by the Unitarians. As I walked up the mall I thought of my parents who played there when they were children. When I entered the house I took my seat in one of the pews with a kind friend and my heart melted under my contemplations; time appeared a vapor—a meteor glare! There my parents were united in marriage; but where are they now? I inquired within myself. And the answer was, In heaven, I trust. I felt a desire to speak to the people; and when they were singing, Mr. Green, the preacher, came and invited me to “go up higher,” into the pulpit. I went—offered prayer, and then listened to a plain and instructive discourse, founded on Heb. 12: 3.—“For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself; lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.” He observed that all were sinners, and that salvation
could be obtained only through Jesus Christ; he directed us to take him as our Captain—obey his voice—stand firm and not faint, or be weary, on our way to heaven. He invited me to speak a word of exhortation and I gladly embraced the opportunity. I endeavored to carry out the subject by holding up the blessed Savior as our great High Priest, who has passed into the heavens and is seated on the right hand of God making intercession for us: therefore we may come boldly to the throne of Grace and obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. Thus armed and provided for we can do all things, and having done all things, stand entire at last—complete in Christ, through faith in his blood.

Sept. 1st. I awoke this morning and heard the clock strike three;—the morning of my 71st birth day. My whole life seemed spread out before me like a map. In view of it I covered my face with my hands, and, like Hezekiah, turned over towards the wall of the house under a deep sense of the long-suffering and tender compassion of the Almighty God of Love, who has borne with my manners so long! I prayed and cried to God that he would cleanse me thoroughly—keep me from the evils that are in the world, and enable me to spend the remnant of my days in a manner answerable to the great light he has shed forth upon me during my long life. I felt to praise God for so much of a hungering and thirsting for all the mind that was in Christ as I then had; and I could say with Paul, “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

Sept. 3rd, 1846. A lovely and pleasant au-

tumnal day. Our new Methodist Episcopal Meeting-house has been, this day, dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. A solemn and interesting congregation filled the house to overflowing; the pulpit, altar, and seats round about were filled with preachers of various denominations, viz:—2 Unitarians, 3 Calvinist Congregationalists, and near a score of Methodist preachers. The exercises were well arranged and skillfully and ably performed. The Sermon was preached by brother Geo. Landon of Springfield. His text was Heb. 7; 26, 27.—“For such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens; Who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people’s: for this he did once when he offered up himself.” The sermon elucidated the character of Christ,—the nature of his sufferings, and the plan of Salvation by the atonement and mediation of Jesus the crucified, so plainly that every attentive hearer might understand clearly that if any man missed of heaven and was lost, it would be his own fault!

More than forty-six years ago, when I first became acquainted with the people called Methodists, the instructions which I found in their meetings,—preaching, and in private interviews —pointing the sinner the way to heaven through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, so interested my mind that I began to pray that these books and ministers might reach my native town and fill the World! And now I am old and gray-headed, and find myself in the midst of young men.
who profess to be moved by the Holy Ghost to enter this holy office and vocation;—and they so closely follow the doctrine of salvation by faith in the all-atoning blood of the Lamb, having the fruits of love and obedience, that, like Simeon, I could say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Simeon left the world in peace because he saw Jesus, the Immanuel, who had come to atone for sin by the sacrifice of himself; and my joy is this, viz:—That the Plan of Salvation revealed in the Holy Scriptures, is so clearly and fully taught by the writings and preaching of the Methodists, who are now fast filling our land and the World! Glory to God: Amen.

I was told by an old Methodist from Scotland that the Episcopal Bishop of London, being present at a Conference held by John Wesley and the Itinerant preachers who were associated with him, asked Father Wesley this question, "What do you and these boys intend to do?" The answer was, "By the grace of God we intend to convert the World!" And now in a little more than a century, the Methodist preachers and people have planted the standard of the cross and unfurled their banners, inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord," in nearly all parts of the World!—And thousands and hundreds of thousands are now praising God on earth, like myself, for what he has done for them through the instrumentality of the Methodists! And besides, other denominations are indebted to Methodist instrumentality, under God, for thousands of their members! But, in the day when Christ makes up

his jewels, we doubt not but that he will put every star in the right crown. To God be all the glory for what he has wrought by us. Amen.

"When he first the work began,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its wining way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell!

Sons of God, your Savior praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
He who spake a world from nought!"

"Rejoice evermore with angels above,
In Jesus' power, in Jesus' love:
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been;
Hast saved us from grief, hast saved us from sin;
The power of thy Spirit hath set our hearts free,
And now we inherit all fullness in thee."

Sept. 7th, was a solemn day to me. In the morning a son of Mr. Kittridge Hill of North Brookfield, came after me to attend the funeral of his aged grand-mother; he kindly took me in his carriage and carried me to his store, where some interesting conversation was had upon the
a few weeks before, called together to take the last farewell look at the lovely cold clay of a great-grand-child of the deceased, whose lifeless remains were about to be conveyed to the silent grave—the destination of all the living—the resting place of the dead of Earth till the Resurrection morn, when all that are in their graves shall come forth—they that have done good unto the resurrection of Life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of Damnation! But there can be no doubt but that all who die in infancy are saved by virtue of the meritorious sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, and will come forth in that glorious morn clothed in beauteous robes of white; and we have good reason to hope that this aged mother departed in peace and rests in hope of a blessed immortality! Some two weeks before she died I visited and prayed with her; and with tears she exclaimed, "My soul is full of love to my Savior!"

A wide Grave was opened and her coffin was placed by the side of her husband's; so they both rest in one grave, where they must remain till the last loud trump of the archangel awakes them to appear at the Judgment! In these two deaths God has spoken with a loud and instructive voice to the circle of mourners and others, saying, "though the old must die, yet the young may die; therefore, be ye also ready!"

"Reflect; thou hast a soul to save,
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?"
Dedication of an Album.

THIS ALBUM

Opens its pages to receive and retain the instructive, native sentiments of affectionate friends and acquaintances, for the edification, and happiness of all who may live to read and profit by its sacred contents.

O, Sister E. F. Whiting,
Open your heart to receive and retain the Savior’s law of Love; and knowledge, peace, and happiness will take possession of your mind that will remain unimpaired when this Album and all Creation shall sink in ruinous decay.

E. F. Newell.

Dedication of another Album.

MY ALBUM,

With its unsullied pages invites all my affectionate friends to enrich this little volume by imprinting on its pages, in fair, plain writing, some rich and instructive lines, either from the native understanding, or from the treasury of a retentive memory, which may prove a perpetual source of pleasing instruction to all who may live to turn these endearing leaves in sweet memory of the author and owner.

Blessed are those who keep the commandments of God;—they shall have a right to the tree of life—enter in through the gates into the City, and go no more out forever.

E. F. Newell.

A PARTING HYMN.

BY A FEMALE.

TUNE—Greenville.

1. Farewell stranger, thou dost leave us,
   Never more, perhaps, to meet;
   Other places soon shall know thee,—
   Other friends thy presence greet:
   Heaven protect thee; Heaven protect thee;
   Heaven protect thee all thy days;

2. Heavenly breezes gently fan thee,
   Stars of glory cheer thy way;
   Savior, deign to guide the stranger
   To the realms of endless day;
   Savior guide him, Savior guide him
   To the realms of endless day.

3. Stranger, take our hearts’ best wishes,
   Take our thanks for all thy care;
   That our God for this may bless thee,
   Is our warm and fervent prayer;
   Oh, reward him, Oh, reward him
   With thy smiles forevemore.

4. Farewell stranger! must we utter
   That sad word, farewell, once more?
   But, through God, we all may meet thee,
   On that happy, peaceful shore!——
   Farewell stranger! God protect thee
   Till we meet to part no more!

The following method of testing the foundation of, and settling difficulties, (which troublesome things all are liable to meet and most are prone to contract,) appears so just, and has worked so well, that I think it advisable to publish it to the world for the benefit of all "the afflicted!"

I was led to adopt it for the first time in a case of jealousy (green eyed devil) between a married couple. (The plan is equally good, however, for all cases.) This was a case of long-standing—attempts at reconciliation, investigation, &c. had been made, but all in vain; the case grew no better but rather worse! When I arrived on the circuit I was met by the jealous complainant as others had been before me, with a request that
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