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GLIMPSSES OF LIFE

IN

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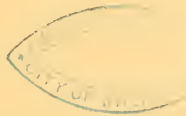
SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL AND OTHER  
WRITINGS

OF THE

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D.



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# GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN SOUL-SAVING.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.



IT is now twenty years since the writer made his first acquaintance with the Rev. JAMES CAUGHEY and his very remarkable labors as a revivalist. After carefully observing Mr. C's. methods during a revival in Providence, R. I., and in Fall River, Mass., I felt convinced that a republication of the best portions of his journals and letters, which had already appeared in England, could not fail of doing great good in this country. Guided by this conviction I prepared a volume for the press under the title of "Methodism in Earnest," and in connection with the Rev. R. W. Allen, gave it to the public. Its success was immediate and complete. Thousands of copies were rapidly sold, and very soon I heard from many ministers assuring me that the book had greatly quickened their own souls and given them new insight into the philosophy of scriptural revivals. They also

assured me that the circulation of the book had been followed by a powerful work of God in their stations and circuits.

Confirmed by these facts in my original convictions, and encouraged by the large sale of the first volume, I made further selections from Mr. Caughey's published writings and from his manuscripts, which were also published by myself and Mr. Allen, under the titles of "Revival Miscellanies," "Earnest Christianity Illustrated," &c. The sale of these volumes was immense, and they were productive, as I was repeatedly assured, of glorious revivals of religion in many places.

In obedience to the call of the church, I came to this city nearly twelve years since, and as required by the discipline, withdrew my connection with the publication of books. My dear friend, Mr. Allen, continued the business and brought out still other volumes from Mr. Caughey's fertile pen, which also met with great favor from the religious public.

Meanwhile, Divine Providence kept open effectual doors for Mr. Caughey in England, where he remained for several years, laboring with his wonted success. At length it appeared to him that his future field of labor would be in this country. He returned, and a few weeks since I was agreeably surprised to see his face in my office. He informed me that he was about to issue two new volumes of selections from his journals and papers, and requested me to read them, to introduce them to the public, especially to the readers of his former works, and to render him some other trifling aids in bringing them through the press.

Though crowded, even to burdensemeness, with official work, I nevertheless consented, for the sake of "auld lang syne," to do so. I read his manuscripts, and now take great



pleasure in commending this and its companion volume, "Arrows from my Quiver," to the favorable consideration of the children of God.

The readers of "Earnest Christianity" will recollect that the great revival in Huddersfield, England, was the chief topic of that volume. *Eighteen Hundred* converts and neary *eight hundred* believers sanctified, were the grand results of that work. The toil very nearly broke down the laborer, and he was compelled to retire from the rich harvest fields to the quietude of "Bank House," Yorkshire, the residence of his friend, Benjamin Wilson, Esq., where he remained five weeks.

This volume introduces the reader to Mr. Caughey at Bank House. From thence it guides him to Wakefield where Mr. C., gathered much fruit in a short time; but again almost breaking down, he is found reposing at "Thorp Arch;" then seeking change of air, with favorable effects, at York, Leeds, and Liverpool. The reader is finally taken to York and made the hearer of some of Mr. Caughey's most effective discourses, the spectator of another great work of God, and of the workings of Mr. Caughey's mind while engaged in mighty conflict for souls.

The last named feature is the characteristic of the volume and gives it its chief value. Mr. Caughey, with singular frankness, uncovers his heart and permits his readers to see the workings of his emotions, his hopes, his fears, his joys, his griefs, his trials, and his triumphs, while earnestly engaged in his great work. Every soul-winner will at once see the value of this insight into the mental workings of one of the greatest revivalists of his times. He will learn from it that

even the champions of the Lord's hosts pass through the same trials as the less distinguished soldiers of the Cross, and that even the mightiest and most successful owe their triumphs more to God than their own strength. The lesson of the volume is that *man is strong only when God helps him.*

Mr. Caughey, with a simplicity peculiarly his own, also reveals the effect produced upon his head and heart by the shafts of the enemies of revivals, which were so numerous and constantly hurled upon him during God's great work. Letters of criticism and super-criticism, anonymous and otherwise, came to him almost daily at York. Sometimes they made him smile, sometimes they wounded him even to tears. Some of them drove him to his knees; from others he forged sharp arrows, with which he pierced anew the hearts of the King's enemies. But none of them weakened his faith or unnerved his arm. Aided by Divine grace he made them all contribute to the progress of the work they were designed to retard. The mental processes and the heart struggles, by which he achieved this blessed result, are skillfully portrayed in these pages. In no other work is the inner life of a great revivalist so laid open to the view of others.

It is because the volume gives this view of Mr. Caughey's interior life, of his feelings in public, in private, in the closet, and in the church, that it is fitly entitled, "Glimpses of Life in Soul-Saving." Its style is often abrupt, but it is also strong. It has both grit and grip. It will enable the reader to understand readily the valuable truth which its writer means to communicate; his heart must be very hard if he is

not at times very strongly impressed by its burning and impressive words. Trusting that it will be at least as successful and useful as the best of its predecessors, I commend it to the thoughtful attention of every earnest, working Christian. To them I am convinced it will be profitable. For formalists and luke-warm professors it will have no charms, albeit, they would doubtless be mightily quickened by it could they be induced to read it with candor and patience.

DANIEL WISE.

ENGLEWOOD, New Jersey, *Nov.* 26, 1867.

## CHAPTER II.

### SIGHS FROM SOLITUDE.

BANK HOUSE, *April 28, 1845.*



I AM hoping for returning vigor. My health is in a precarious state. Cough troublesome. Homer says, "Hope gives strength and horns to the poor man." But then he hints that she is a *fugitive*—"a fair fugitive;" but, while she stays,

· "Bids the wretched strive to live."

*My* hope is in God; therefore I cannot be wretched. But it requires more grace to *suffer* than to *do*, to be *passive* than *active*;—the experience of all disabled ministers, I presume.

\* \* \* \* \*

Writing a little; but much under open sky, with that "habitual restlessness of foot," which Wordsworth thinks is peculiar to the sailor, who is schooled to it as he measures the short domain of his vessel's deck, as she travels onward through the dreary sea! It is much my habit, also; whether I have learned it in "keeping step" with many a sailor on the solitary deck, or from lonely thoughtfulness and retrospections in strange lands;—when it is as if my soul would train the feet to imitate the restlessness of her thoughts. Be

it as it may, my soul enjoys thus many a delicious season,—many an important lesson,—many a smile from above, while like a pacing sentinel, she

“*Guards* the least *link* of Being’s glorious chain.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Cheering news from Sheffield!—the new converts generally standing fast,—*eleven hundred* of them meeting in class weekly, all warm in their first love. O, who would not love revivals!—a revival such as that was! I am longing to behold another of the same, any where the Lord my God may choose. I can sympathize with St. Paul, who said to his spiritual children at Thessalonica, “For now we live, if we stand fast in the Lord.” The credit of revivals is at stake, and those which occur under any ministry in England are watched very narrowly. But this is not all;—St. Paul expresses the rest: “For what thanks can we render to God again for you, for all the joy wherewith we joy for your sakes before God;—for what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming; for ye are our glory and joy.” Sweet words, full of simplicity and power. O, how these things do comfort the solitary heart at such a time as this!

“My heart and all my powers now say,  
My God, I live and die for thee.”

John Bunyan used to say of those places where God had greatly blessed his ministry in the conversion of sinners, that he counted as if he had “goodly buildings and lordships there;” that his heart was so wrapped up in the glory of

this excellent work, that he counted himself more blessed and honored of God by them as his spiritual children, than if God had made him Emperor of the Christian world, or the Lord of all the glory of the earth without it; adding, "Oh, the power of those words in James v. 19, 20,— 'Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins;' and Prov. xi. 30,—'The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise.' Nothing goes so near my heart, unless it is a fear of the loss of my own soul, than that any of my spiritual children should go back into the world;"—a feeling shared largely by all who have *prayed* and *wept* and *preached* and *agonized* for the salvation of sinners successfully.

\* \* \* \* \*

Spring advances as if something were pulling her back. There is much complaint against her in these regions, and many who would nod a strong assent to that uneasy sentiment of a poet:

"Spring is but the child  
Of churlish Winter, in her froward moods,  
Discovering much the temper of her sire;  
For oft, as if in her the stream of mild  
Maternal nature had reversed its course:  
She brings her infants forth with many smiles,  
But once delivered, kills them with a frown!"

Winter has, indeed, retired very reluctantly, unusually so for this climate; "from time to time looking back, while at his keen and chilling breath, fair Flora sickens; the first-



born of Spring, nipt with the lagging rear of Winter's frost," as one poetically observes. What would they say were they dwellers in some parts of North America, where

" Winter lingers in the lap of May,  
To kiss returning June ?"

A dull Spring this for poor unsaved sinners, whose happiness so greatly depends upon the state of the weather and other outward circumstances! Blessed be God! though weak in body I have had much of Eden weather in the soul within!—with a *restlessness*, it is true, of this *call* to preach, but could sympathize, with a burst of joy, in those truthful sentiments of him, who said :

" A lunar change, an Easter wind,  
A gloomy day, or meagre dinners,  
A season cold, a look unkind,  
May spoil the Paradise of sinners!

" But he who summer has within,  
May brave the seasons altogether,  
He lives above the clouds of sin,  
And has perpetual *July* weather!

" Then cease to blame our humid isle,  
The fault is in thyself alone ;  
Love makes December heaven's smile,  
And turns to bloom the torrid zone !"

Yes! one may enjoy a *summer within* at any season of the year, when the heart is *pure*, and filled with *perfect love*. Blessed be God for what I do enjoy!—and with how many rich temporal comforts has he surrounded me! with smiling tenderness of kindest friends. The Lord bless and reward them. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul!

## CHAPTER III.

WAKEFIELD.

May 5, 1845.



I COULD bear solitude no longer. Oh! this call to preach!—this “Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel.” *Woe*, if I *neglect* preaching it; and *woe* if I do not preach the *whole gospel*. The call does certainly allow necessary *rest*; but it may intrude, and render solitude *irksome*;—“souls are perishing while I am *idling*.” Enough! Off for the battle ground of Wakefield!—I arrived, and made a sudden *onslaught* upon Satan’s kingdom, the Sword of the Spirit in my hand, bidding defiance to the Devil in my soul, and having *burning, weeping love to poor sinners in my heart*. I preached twice on Sabbath, held a prayer meeting on Monday night, and preached twice on Tuesday, and twice on Wednesday. The power of God was present in every service. They appointed a secretary; the following were the results of those four days: *two hundred justified*, and *one hundred and thirty* sought and found purity of heart. Math. v., 8. All of whom had their names and places of residence recorded;—some were in from *ten to twenty* miles around;—they came to be *saved*, and were not disappointed. A most extraordinary effusion of

the Holy Spirit occurred last night, during the sermon. The sobs and cries were wonderful. Had I closed just then, the results would have been far greater than they were: for it appeared as if God had come down in terror and power upon the vast mass around; but I had only been preaching about *ten or twenty minutes*, and felt unwilling to close so soon, I, therefore, silenced the people, and went on;—thus grieving the Spirit, it is to be feared.—I should have paused just then, *ceasing to speak, when God himself was speaking*;—should have fallen upon my knees and all the people with me, and let the Lord God of hosts do as he pleased with them. But, no! I went on;—all became *still* enough, till the sermon closed;—then I saw my error, and was *grieved*, and promised the Lord that if ever he came so near again, and with such a remarkable manifestation, I would be silent, and let him do his own work in his own way. I trust he has forgiven me. However, about *forty* souls were saved in the two blessings, pardon and purity, before the close of the prayer meeting. O, but it seemed to me, to use an idea of Mr. Harris, as if the Spirit of God were passing through every region of every soul present, at that awful instant;—diffusing himself through all its capacities and recesses;—throwing light into the understanding, assailing and subverting the fortress of sin in the heart; revealing himself as the *antagonist* of sin—disturbing and tracking it in all its windings—stirring the soul to its depths, drawing it slowly, but surely to a crisis—piling up these sentences of condemnation, one upon another, until the whole soul, collecting all its energies into one outcry for mercy, exclaimed: “God be merciful to me a sinner!

What must I do to be saved? Save, Lord, or I perish! O, save or I sink into Hell. Heal my soul for I have sinned against thee." Aye! thus it was last night among the Wakefield sinners!

I have enjoyed several agreeable rambles around this town. The scenery is full of interest and rural beauty;—some sweet solitary paths in different directions, and I have enjoyed them:

“By sweet-briar hedges, bathed in dew,  
Let me my wholesome path pursue,  
When summer flings, in careless pride,  
Her varied vesture far and wide;  
Where all the charms of chance with order meet,  
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.”

Wakefield is a pleasant town, reclining on the southern declivity of a hill, on the north banks of the river Calder. It contains about 14,000 inhabitants. The houses have mostly a respectable aspect, and an air of great quietness pervades the town.

From a neighboring mound, *Low-hill*, we had an extensive view of the town, which appears to advantage from this spot; situated as it is, in the bosom of a rich and picturesque country, in a high state of cultivation. Our place of observation was itself an object of curiosity. It is of Saxon origin, but for what purpose such an amazing heap of earth was thrown together, has not, I believe, been satisfactorily ascertained.

A narrow valley lies between it and the ruins of Sandal Castle. We had not time to visit the celebrated spot, and,

indeed, could scarcely get a glimpse of the old walls, they are so closely embosomed within the foliage of lofty trees.

The Castle, we were informed, had its origin in a scene of wickedness, which Jehovah could not but avenge. A certain nobleman erected it, about 500 years ago, for the purpose of defending, from the fury of her husband, an unhappy woman whom he had seduced. Here the guilty pair resided till the providence of God interfered, with a vengeance that could not be withstood.

The place must have been extensive, and of considerable strength ; as, in 1461, the army of the Duke of York, to the number of 5,000, were accommodated therein. In this Castle he was besieged by the Queen of Anjou. Her husband, Henry VI., had been taken captive by the Yorkists, and compelled by them to declare the Duke of York heir to the crown. She appeared before the walls of Sandal, at the head of an army of 20,000 men. The duke, for a time, prudently refused to give battle, waiting the arrival of his son, whom he daily expected with a numerous reinforcement ; but on being taunted with cowardice, for not having courage to look a woman in the face, his pride carried him beyond the bounds of prudence. He opened the gates, drew out his few troops, set them in array, gave battle, but plunged them and himself into the jaws of destruction.

We rode over the battle-ground, a little below the ruins. Here an army of 20,000 men fell upon that of the duke, which numbered only 5,000 ; who were soon overwhelmed with arrows, and trampled to death by the queen's cavalry. The duke was slain at the door of a cottage. The owner, a poor woman, terrified by the approach of his enemies,

shut the door in his face, and thus he fell a victim to their fury. We returned over the bridge where his son perished. He was a mere youth, fleeing with his tutor from the scene of slaughter, but was stopped on this bridge, and his name ascertained. A savage nobleman, named Lord Clifford, came up at the moment, and plunged his dagger to the heart of the unfortunate youth, exclaiming, "As thy father slew mine, so will I slay thee, and all thy kin." How happy is England in the present century! Instead of being involved thus, in the horrors of a civil war, the talents and energies of her enterprising population are expended upon those noble works called forth by the triumphs of science, railways, steam navigation, architectures, manufactories, etc. The overplus of her wealth is lavished in improvements upon her colonies abroad; while the overflowings of her benevolence are circulating over heathen lands, converting the desert into a fruitful field, and the wilderness into the garden of the Lord.

I saw, the other day, a table of all the battles fought in Great Britain since the first landing of Julius Cæsar down to 1746, amounting, if I recollect aright, to two hundred and ten, and the number of persons slain in these bloody contests nearly six millions. What a sacrifice of human life! And for what? The author of these calculations, singles out forty battles from the above, in which 580,000 human beings were butchered; but he tells us why: "To gratify that insatiable passion—the love of rule, or thirst of power."

When crossing the Wakefield bridge I was struck with the appearance of a small Gothic chapel, situated at the end



of the bridge, in the bed of the river, deserted. One of the party named it King Edward's Chapel, and stated that it was erected in memory of the persons slain in the battle of Wakefield. The western front was to me an object of peculiar attraction. I do not remember to have seen such a profusion of ornamental carving and elegant workmanship, upon any ruin, and on a surface so small; but I have been informed there is nothing equal to it in England. Several of the figures are much defaced by time and storm, if not by violence; but the rich tracery and other decorations are surprisingly perfect. It still retains a roof, and is in a good state of preservation.

When riding through the town we noticed a singular wooden building, not unlike your American houses of the same material; only it has no such weather boards; and the black timbers stand out in bold relief from the white plaster in which they are incased. It was built in the reign of Henry VI., and is still inhabited.

We visited Temple Newsome, the other day, a few miles from Leeds. It was formerly the seat of the Preceptory, belonging to the Knight Templars. This order was instituted about seven hundred years ago, and consisted, originally, of a number of religious gentlemen, who renounced property, made vows of celibacy, and submitted to the government of the patriarch of Jerusalem.

In process of time, the order augmented its numbers, and accumulated wealth; but became corrupt in morals, and dangerous to the state, as it increased in riches and power. At length, the crimes and enormities of the members, awoke the jealousies of the civil power.

The fury of the governments of Europe, throughout which they had spread themselves, came down upon them like a thunder storm ; especially in England, France, Italy, and Spain, till the Pope was compelled to pronounce the extinction of the order.

This is another instance of the *elasticity* of popery, and unfolds one of the leading causes of its success in past ages ;— its accommodating spirit to the whims, prejudices, and passions of men. Let the infallibility of the Pope and Roman Church be recognized, and no matter how wild and anti-scriptural the tenets of any leader, or the rules of any party, it has granted them a charter and protection. The history of Romanism up to the present day affords to this fact illustrations the most ample and striking.

Nine years after the above order was instituted, it was recognized by Pope Honorius II., who assigned them a rule of government, and the “white habit” by which they were distinguished.

The manor of Temple Newsome having been confiscated to the crown, Henry VIII. gave it to the Earl of Lenox in 1544, who pulled down the old hall, and erected the present mansion, which is of great magnitude, and situated in the midst of a beautiful domain. It is built of brick, and remarkable for its large windows, and small panes. The eave of the roof is surrounded with a battlement of large letters, in stone work, composing an inscription, which can be read distinctly from the grounds, and which speaks eloquently of the piety, loyalty, and hospitality of the noble family by whom it was erected :—

“ ALL GLORY AND PRAISE BE GIVEN TO GOD THE FATHER,



THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST, ON HIGH; PEACE UPON EARTH; GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN; HONOR AND TRUE ALLEGIANCE TO OUR GRACIOUS KING; LOVING AFFECTIONS AMONGST HIS SUBJECTS; HEALTH AND PLENTY WITHIN THIS HOUSE."

We spent an hour in walking through the interior, which is richly furnished. The picture gallery is spacious, and the collection of paintings must be of great value; some, for energy of design and composition, and beauty of coloring, are not inferior to any I have yet seen in England.

We were conducted into the room in which Lord Darnley was born, (he who married the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots). Poor Darnley! how dreadful was his end!

## CHAPTER IV.

### THORPARCH.

May, 1845.



IN the pleasant month of May, and in a pleasant place, and surrounded with pleasant friends, is your humble correspondent. A few choice and kindred spirits from Huddersfield and Mirfield, alarmed for my health, hurried me off here, a willing prisoner, to this secluded spot. O, my God, bless them for their kindness!

Seneca, I remember, hearing one promise a friend that he would spend a week with him in *recreations*, wondered at the rashness of the promise, and exclaimed, "What! throw away so considerable a portion of your life? How can you do it?" Nay, Seneca, but it might have added months to thy life, or years! But, Seneca himself had his seasons of *recreation* for all that.

Thorparch is a small "watering place," with mineral springs, and a pleasant country around. The air is remarkably soft and balmy; the company full of life and cheerfulness, and, my cough, better—how *self* will intrude itself!

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I had an agreeable drive to the ancient city of York, a day or two since, with all our party. What a fine old city

it is, situated in one of the most extensive valleys in England, at the confluence of the rivers Ouse and Fosse; and, as to rank, the second city in the kingdom. A poet, who wrote about one thousand years ago, says:—

“ The city first by Roman hand was form'd,  
 With lofty towers and high-built walls adorn'd .  
 It gave their leaders a secure repose ;  
 Honor to the empire, terror to their foes.”

In no city, that I have visited, have I observed so many ancient buildings, each promising a rich feast; but, having only a short time to remain, we could not gratify our curiosity. Should I ever again visit the city, you may expect a further account. But the glory of York is its *Minster*. This word has not yet got into the American vocabulary, as a term of distinction among our churches. In the Anglo-Saxon it was *Mynster*; and in Latin, *Monasterium*. In ancient times, a Cathedral Church and Monastery were synonymous.

Immediately after our arrival at the hotel, we commenced threading our way through narrow streets, in quest of what we had seen for many miles, towering in dark magnificence far above the crouching city. The first glance, on turning the corner of a mean street, created a something like a feeling of disappointment, not, perhaps, with the edifice itself, but with the lowness of its position, and its proximity to the dwellings of the citizens. But on approaching this majestic and stupendous pile, which exhausted nearly two hundred years in its erection, and has weathered the storms of three centuries since its completion, one is conscious of emotions at once elevating and sublime, yet calm and subduing. I

have stood by the brink, or close by the landing place of the mighty cataract, have listened to the loud thunders of its voice, which has roared since the deluge, and gazed upward at its "delirious bound," coming down "like an eternity," as if to sweep away everything within its track into the profound and tortured gulf at my feet. I have crept with care to the edge of the terrifying precipice, and looked down, appalled, from the giddy crag, or have made my circuitous path to its base, and scanned with trembling awe the overhanging rocks, colored and worn by the storms of many centuries, and have had sensations powerful and sublime;—yet have found words to express the impressions made upon my mind. But, when my eye ranged from one pinnacled angle of York Minster to another, until the immense outline of this magnificent edifice had filled my vision; and then luxuriated amid a vast profusion of carved imagery, intermingled with elegant tracery, till the imagination itself had received its peculiar tinge, from that dark tone of coloring which has spread itself like a veil over the entire mass;—I stood wrapt in mute astonishment. I cannot even now define my sensations. The West-end, with its elaborately ornamented front, is one hundred and twenty-four feet in breadth, and its two uniform steeples, running up to a great height, in eight or ten contractions, are delicate in symmetry, yet combining strength in full proportion to their magnitude. Each steeple is finished off with eight crocketed pinnacles, and rich with elegant carvings, curious figures, and fine tracery work. The entire of this front is certainly the most imposing and fascinating *coup d'œil* in architecture I have had the pleasure of beholding.

The East front is supposed to contain one of the finest windows in the world, being seventy-five feet high, and thirty-two broad. It is divided into one hundred and seventeen compartments, in which are illustrated many Bible events, with the representation of monarchs, confessors, and mitred priests. This window, I believe, is considered one of the greatest curiosities in England. The architecture of this end is in a very florid style, adorned with graceful, airy pinnacles; altogether it is noble and imposing. The South entrance and the North side are gorgeously decorated with sculptural designs, each presenting beauties for the gratification of architectural taste. The Minster is in the form of a cross, from east to west, consisting of a nave with two aisles, a transept with two aisles, and in the centre of the transept is, what is called, the lantern tower, supported by four massy pillars, branched into arches. This tower is a heavy square structure, two hundred and thirteen feet high, square at the top, with a parapet without pinnacles, covered and well leaded, affording a fine promenade. From its top we had a commanding prospect of the city, rivers, and the surrounding country.

The view in the interior is extremely magnificent. To the right, left, forward, backward, or upward, in whatever direction the eye ranges, there is a magnitude of dimensions, and an extent of prospective really amazing; this, and that depth of obscurity, so peculiarly its own, softly brightened though it is, with the ever varying tints from many windows of stained glass, lead one to sympathize with the hyperbole of a traveler, respecting a cathedral on the Continent, "Which seems to realize all that we can imagine of

indefinite space, and interminable length." It has never yet been my privilege to behold an architectural exhibition, so superb and stupendous, as burst upon our vision, on taking the first step into the interior, through, I think, the Western entrance. Only imagine a vista extending between five and six hundred feet, terminating with a Gothic window, seventy-five feet in height, by thirty-two wide, casting forth its varied colors upon the smooth pavement of the extensive aisles, throwing into relief the large columns which arise on every hand; while they, in their turn, support arches which spread out and sustain a roof, elevated to the height of one hundred feet. The scene was, if possible, more surprisingly grand, when we stood beneath the central tower. The long sweep of the aisles, the lofty and numerous columns, with the mighty arches, and rich tracery and ornaments of the windows, and other decorations were, from this spot, seen to great advantage. After taking a turn through the intersecting aisles, and thinking how glorious must be that house of our heavenly Father, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, we were conducted into the Chapter House. This is also a superb structure, octagon in form, sixty-three feet in diameter, and to the top knot, nearly sixty-eight feet high. The roof, unsupported by any pillar, is singularly dependent for support upon one pin or plug, geometrically placed in the centre. We were shown some very ancient relics; one, a horn made of an elephant's tooth, curiously carved, by which, it is said, the church holds property of great value, presented by some nobleman, a long time ago; who, it seems, was not happy with his family. This "Horn of Ulphus" serves as a "title deed" to lands, east of York,



styled, *De Terra Ulphi*. Another was a large and elegant bowl, the gift of one Archbishop Scroope, to an honorable company in 1398, but he lost his head soon after. It is a wooden cup or bowl, edged round with silver, and ornamented with silver feet, cherubim, etc.; the arms of the company are richly embossed upon the inside. On the rim is the following inscription in old English characters: "Richard, arche-beschope Scrope grant unto all tho that drinkis of this cope XLti. dayes to pardon.

"Robert Gobson, bechope mesm grant in same forme aforesaide XLti. dayes to pardon. Robert Strensall."

A large staff, or crozier of silver, about seven feet in length, with a virgin and child under the bend, was another object of curiosity. Our guide related its history, from which we gathered, that an English earl wrested it out of the hands of a priest, who was in the act of carrying it in some religious procession; and the Romanists, it is probable, never again had it as an ensign of sacerdotal dignity.

As we were re-passing through the cathedral, divine service had commenced in the choir, and the solemn pealings of the fine organ, swelling and reverberating through the long drawn aisles, in "awful strains harmonious," had a most pleasing effect upon the mind.

In the early part of the year 1829, this noble edifice was threatened with total destruction by a fire, the work of a madman, named Jonathan Martin. Providentially it was confined to the choir; the wood-work, roof, and organ of which were consumed. The incendiary was tried for the crime, but acquitted on the ground of insanity; and was afterwards removed to the lunatic asylum. He has since

died. The place where the unhappy man concealed himself on the night of the horrible deed was pointed out to us: a recess behind an old monument. In the dead hour of the night, he arose from his hiding-place, struck a light, and collecting prayer books, cushions, and surplices into two heaps, one in the vicinity of the archbishop's throne, and the other near the organ, set them on fire, and effected his escape through one of the windows. Although the fire was got under, and the damage confined within a comparatively small compass, yet such was the injury done to some of the splendid work of past centuries, that it was considered a national calamity, and excited universal sympathy and regret. The call for pecuniary aid was responded to with a liberality that did honor to the taste of the country. The choir was speedily restored to its original beauty, but at an expense of nearly £70,000. In 1840, another fire occurred through carelessness, which injured a portion of the cathedral.

After dinner we visited the York Castle. The governor was exceedingly kind, and conducted us through the various departments of the prison. It is a place of great strength, and well arranged for the security and management of felons. The Castle, with its appendages, occupies four acres of ground. When we were on the point of leaving the dreary mansion, we were conducted into an apartment, where are deposited most of the weapons by which all the murders, during many years, had been perpetrated in the county;—a sad and horrible array! Each, too, has its history; and those unhappy beings who wielded them long since paid the penalty on these premises to the offended



laws of their country, and their remains are mouldering in the dust close by, but their souls—oh! their souls ——

Adjoining the castle is a high artificial mound, thrown up by immense labor, many centuries ago. It is crowned with the ruins of a tower, somewhat circular. We spent half an hour very agreeably upon this mound. The tower was blown up by treachery, in the year 1683, and it has never been repaired. At present it is a most picturesque and imposing object.

I received a pressing invitation to re-visit the city, and labor for souls, which I intend, if the Lord will, and health permit. If so, I may enlarge my notes of this ancient city.

We also paid a visit to the “York Lunatic Asylum,” outside the city walls; a large edifice, and many inmates.

“The moping idiot, and the madman gay!”

Here, it is presumed, Montgomery noticed that poor unfortunate he so graphically describes :

“I saw an idiot with long, haggard visage,  
 And eye of vacancy, trolling his tongue  
 From cheek to cheek ; then muttering syllables  
 Which all the learn'd on earth could not interpret ;—  
 Then laugh'd aloud, and crack'd his fingers, smote  
 His palms, and clasp'd his knees, convuls'd with glee ;  
 A sad, sad spectacle of merriment !  
 Yet he was happy ; happy in this life ;  
 And could I doubt that death to him would bring  
 Intelligence, which he had ne'er abused,  
 A soul, which he had never lost by sin.”

In one of the halls sat a middle-aged man, a Roman

Catholic, pen in hand, intensely engaged in working out the salvation of the world. Before him, a paper with a vast array of figures, to which he was continually adding. We asked him how long before the mighty result should be accomplished. "*To-morrow*," was his reply, and he kept on laboriously; as he did daily from morning till night.

Another stopped me, and said: "You are from a cold country, sir. You have passed through hardships at sea, sir." "How do you know that?" "O, by your face, sir! You have no color in your cheeks, sir; rest awhile, sir, rest awhile, sir; stay long enough in the country to get color on your cheek. Go to my estate. Lady Flint will take care of you, sir."

We thanked the baronet; the company enjoyed a laugh, and we passed on. In another room, sitting by a table, was a man, alone by himself,—a sober mechanical-looking genius, busy with his finger tracing diagrams upon the table, but leaving no marks behind;—uttering low muttering sounds as he moved the finger:

" His reason strove in vain to find its way,  
Lost in the stormy deserts of the brain."

The "keeper" informed us, the man had been an engineer; and that, while he and his brother were engaged in planning some perplexing machinery, he became deranged. All the day long he is thus engaged,—working at the point of difficulty where he lost his reason, years ago!

In a large hall, among other unfortunates, stood one who had been a Wesleyan Minister, a man of considerable talent, when he had his reason; but some private trouble had over-

whelmed him. Here he stood, a mournful spectacle, arms and hands straight down by his side, and countenance in blank vacancy. Two or three idiots came up and looked upon him also, and appeared to consider him "a subject for study," one of them undertook to prove he was a *know-nothing and a fool!* It was said of Charles VI. of France, 1414, that he was so incurably deranged, that a light like that of a sunbeam in a tempest, seemed only to gleam on his clouded intellect, enabling him to express approbation or disapprobation, with some indication of reason. Alas! this excellent man—deep, dark night lay black on all his brain! I was struck with the remark, that there is no darkness so great as that which overshadows and overwhelms the glorious light of mind; no scene so *sad* as the fall of intellectual greatness from its height;—nothing in the flight of time so grievous as the unlooked for funeral of holy expectations; once they were bright and beautiful, but now they are under the pall of absolute despair;—lunacy is the sad undoing of man's sublimest deeds, the wreck and the ruin of mental power:—especially, when it may be said:

" His darkness came down with no softening gradation,  
 On the noon of his life, it was instantly night ;  
 It was the thunderbolt killing, in swift desolation,  
 In its greenness and glory the pine of the height."

Wakefield has a Lunatic Asylum, also;—a neat edifice, and in excellent order. I was conducted through it before I left. It has a large number of patients;—sad sight,—relieved somewhat by the apparent happiness of man, exhilarated by the vagaries of their brain. One of them

stepped forward to make a speech, and after a pause said to me—"Sir, I have news for you." Indeed! Well, what is it? "A wonderful concert of music, sir;—performers, angels, brutes, and humans, all taking their several parts, sir; but brutes will far excel in sweetness and harmony." Do you think there will be any *donkeys* among them? "What, sir?" Will the *ass* have place among the performers, think you? "O, as to that I cannot say. However, the melody will be heard a thousand miles." He then gave us some specimens of his own powers; and we passed on. Another, a female, intercepted us, dressed in a most fantastic sort:

"In whose confused brain reason had lost  
Her way, long driven at random to and fro."

With a gay and careless air, she asked if I had seen her wandering husband in America. "Do you know him? Have you seen him?" No. Her wild eye wandered for a moment, then fixed itself upon me, as I said: "You must pray for him." "Pray for him!" said she, "Pray for him! I have enough to do to pray for myself." And then reason was off——

"Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."

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With solemn feelings we hastened back to Thorparch. This rest, and these excursions around, are greatly benefiting my health.

## CHAPTER V.

### LEEDS.



OUR time passed away most agreeably at Thorparch. I ventured to preach once, and a few were saved. Our little party parted at last with much feeling, but all were highly delighted with their visit. My health is somewhat improved, but relaxation is still needful.

The warrior takes pleasure in re-visiting his old battle-fields, and so do I;—Leeds is one of them! Here I fought a hard battle for Christ and souls in 1843, extending over several months, during which many hundreds of souls were converted to God; and scores of believers sanctified. O, how often am I hailed by these trophies of grace, holding on their way rejoicing!

And now, here I am in Leeds again, a poor homeless wanderer, looking around me with an undefinable sigh—undefinable? Ah! Goldsmith's "Wanderer" has just now well defined it:—

"But me, not destined such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care;  
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view.

That like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;  
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
 And find no spot of all the world my own."

Although my mind sympathizes with the above which, in some respects, is quite applicable, yet, mine is not a "fleeting good." The good my soul pursues is of a two-fold nature; to be supremely happy in God, and to see lost sinners, by the power of the Holy Ghost, rescued from Satan and hell, by my humble instrumentality; and this good does not fly from me, but pursues and overtakes me daily.

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I have enjoyed a few pleasant excursions in different directions, and, "as is my wont," made a few pencillings, which have served to amuse me, and may be worth preserving.

The flourishing town of Leeds adorns the slope and summit of a gentle hill, which rises from the north bank of the river Aire, one hundred and ninety-four miles from London, and twenty-four from York. The town extends along the river, say two miles, from east to west, and in breadth about one mile. That part which lies on the south side of the river, and which may be considered the suburbs, is of considerable extent, and is united to the town by two substantial bridges.

Leeds is the principal seat of the woolen manufacture in England; and you could well believe it were you here to witness the amazing forest of lofty circular chimneys, not unlike an American wood, some years after a great fire, when the trees, though left standing, are stripped of their



bark, leaves, and branches. Chimneys imply smoke; or, to be more poetic,—

“Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke.”

If the town had the same property of scorning it away, it would be well; but it settles down and envelops the whole place. What Prior said of smoke in general, seldom applies to that of Leeds:—

“The smoke that rises from the kindling fires,  
Is seen this moment, and the next expires.”

Sometimes, however, the sentiment of another poet is happily realized:—

“The noisy breeze with brushing wings,  
Sweeps up the smoky mists;”—

Then it is that Leeds, and the bold outlines of its guardian hills, with the valley of the Aire between, entertain the eye with many very pleasing and picturesque combinations. This clarified state of the atmosphere is generally enjoyed on the Sabbath.

The inhabitants have borne the smoke for many years with great patience, although the beauty and healthfulness of the town have suffered by it. The houses have a gloomy aspect, and there are very few healthy trees in the immediate neighborhood. Till very lately, those days have been considered unfortunate (with the exception of the Sabbath,) when a series of them have passed away without smoke. The people of Leeds have long considered smoke as inseparable from their manufactories, as the noise of their ma-

chinery ; but, within a few years, science has triumphed over their prejudices ; even *reek* may be conquered without stopping the works, or extinguishing their fires. A very simple and cheap apparatus has been devised, by which the smoke of steam-engine furnaces can be so far consumed, as to create no public annoyance ;—no additional consumption of fuel being incurred, nor any diminution of the power of the machinery. After testing the invention, and finding the most sanguine expectations answered, Parliament passed a law, that all manufactories should have smoke-consumers attached to each of their steam-engine furnaces. I felt surprised on learning this, to see the vast columns of smoke issuing from many chimneys, notwithstanding. Prosecutions have been threatened against the proprietors, but there seems to be a general unwillingness to push matters to extremities.

Although Leeds is a town of unquestionable antiquity, I have been disappointed to find so few stirring events connected with its ancient history. There seems to be nothing certain as to its origin or derivation of name. History tells us of a severe and decisive battle having been fought close by, in which Penda, King of Mercia, who was a violent enemy to Christianity, was slain, and, also, most of his army.

Leeds shared in the commotions of the civil wars, often changed masters, but with little blood-shed. The principal action was on the 23d January, 1643, when the Parliamentary General, Sir Thomas Fairfax, summoned the town to surrender ; but receiving a haughty answer, he made an assault on the south-west side of the town. The royalists



maintained their out-works during two hours, but were driven from them with some loss, and the besiegers entered the place, sword in hand; few were slain, but hundreds made prisoners. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, Leeds was visited by a dreadful plague, which carried off a fifth part of the entire population. The historian relates, that such was the infectious state of the atmosphere, that dogs and cats, mice and rats, died; and that birds, in their flight over the town, dropped down dead.

The location of Leeds is most favorable for manufacturing purposes, and, indeed, for mining and farming. It is situated in the heart of a coal district, and surrounded with a fine country, in a high state of cultivation. The river Aire, a serpentine and beautiful stream above the town, but sadly disfigured with dye-stuffs during its sojourn here, supplies the machinery with an abundance of the needful; and being navigable to the Humber, it carries off, expeditiously, the products of mills, mines, and agriculture. There is, besides, an excellent railway, which unites with those that lead to all parts of the kingdom.

As for the public buildings, some of them are elegant; but as I find little likely to interest your antiquarian taste, I shall occupy but little time in description.

The parish church is of considerable magnitude, and quite in keeping with such an opulent town. The three principal Methodist chapels are the largest I have seen;—plain, substantial buildings, capable, I should suppose, of seating nearly eight thousand persons.

Leeds is well supplied with places of worship; those of the Dissenters, as well as the churches of the Establishment,

are very creditable to the benevolence and taste of the inhabitants.

The new Court House and Prison are ranked among the first buildings in the town. It is composed of a two-winged centre, with a central portico of four Corinthian columns, supporting a pediment; the pannels of the wings, with their adornments, fasces, fleece, wreaths, etc., in bas-relief, present a front at once spacious and noble. I did not visit the interior.

The "Commercial Buildings" is a most imposing edifice. The plan appears to be a parallelogram, and the elevation Grecian. A portico is formed by the rounding off of one of the angles, which, with two principal façades, forms the front. Although the two façades differ in dimensions, they do not seem to contradict each other in architecture; if the one have four columns, and the other only two, they are all Ionic. The four fluted columns in the bow of the portico, are Ionic also, but set on socles, crowned with an entablature, surmounted with an attic, concave in the centre, and sweeping in the contrary direction. A low dome, of a circular form, crowned with a handsome cornice, enriched with Grecian tiles, rises behind the portico, and gives to the building a pleasing and beautiful finish.

The interior, I understand, is very elegant, but with the exception of the reading-room, I have not yet been able to snatch time to inspect it. Certainly this is a fine apartment. I visited it, hoping to find some American papers, but was disappointed, and tarried only a few moments. A single glance, however, around the room, left a pleasing impression. Its double tier of fluted Corinthian columns,

supporting a richly moulded architrave cornice, together with the divisions and adornments of the ceiling, afford a fine proof of the scientific taste of the architect, and liberality of the proprietors. The edifice is of stone, and cost about £34,000.

The Cloth Halls are a mass of irregular, quadrangular, pretensionless brick buildings, little creditable to the opulous merchants who do business there, often, to the amount of £20,000 a day.

There is an excellent museum in town. The specimens illustrative of Natural History are select, numerous, and well arranged.

Leeds is encompassed with populous villages, the most handsome of which are Headingley and Chapel-Town. The latter, owing to its elevated situation and salubrious air, has become the residence of many wealthy families; consequently, there is a variety of handsome mansions, which give a peculiar interest and beauty to the place. Headingley, however, has been my favorite village. It reposes in a sheltered, but elevated valley; the houses are not large, but exceedingly neat, with nice gardens, and many trees. An old oak, close by, is always an object of interest to me. This venerable, but decaying tree, is unquestionably a patriarch of the ancient forests of this country. Antiquaries, who seldom have sufficient courage to admit ignorance or mistake, have advanced various suppositions respecting its age, and even its *political* history; but they appear to be little more than *conjectures*.

About three miles west of Leeds, in the beautiful recess of

Airedale, on the banks of the river Aire, lie, scattered, the extensive ruins of Kirkstall Abbey.

A short ride, on a lovely afternoon, brought us to these "time-stricken remains." The scenery, up the vale, is rich in all that gives charms to a landscape; but when the ruin burst upon our vision, the effect was delightful—so tranquillizing and subduing;—the lofty walls of the old Abbey, and tower crumbling hopelessly beneath the ruthless hand of time;—the green lawn in front, with the vast elms, and other trees, some of them growing amid the roofless chambers of the ruin;—the serpentine Aire, clear as crystal, gliding along "at its own sweet will;"—meadows and fields clothed and fringed with trees;—and the noble back-ground of swelling hills, darkened with woods, whose tasteful outlines play into each other with graceful undulations; an arrangement, in fact, of some of the richest beauties of nature, and an assemblage of all that could delight the mind, or excite the imagination.

Kirkstall, with its shattered tower, broken columns, and arches, cloisters and grey walls, with ivy veiling, "the waste of years," is the principal feature in the landscape, and admirably adapted to the pencil. The tranquil and pensive melancholy of the desolate ruin;—as if sympathizing with its misfortunes;—not unlike the efforts of youthful beauty to cheer the drooping spirits of old age, or the grateful attention of children to the infirmities of an aged parent.

These hoary walls, "Dim with the mist of years," maintain a gentle association with one's historial recollections, and claim affinity with the touching allusions of seven

centuries. In spite of the prejudices entertained toward the errors of a system which they once sheltered, they lay hold of the better feelings of the heart, and compel an acquiescence with the concluding lines of the following verse :—

“Thy haughty tower, which raised aloft in air  
 Tempests have wreck'd, and hurricanes shall tear ;  
 Till, low in dust, no vestige to be seen,  
 Thy walls lie level with the tufted green :  
 Yet shall the spot to every muse be dear,  
 And pensive genius oft shall wander here.”

The dimensions of this, once famous, monastery, are three hundred and forty feet from north to south, and four hundred and forty-five from east to west. The church is in the form of a cross ; over the intersections of the cross aisles, stands the tower, which, though in a ruinous condition, bears marks of its former majesty.

The body is divided into a nave and two side aisles, by a double row of massy clustered columns of chiseled masonry, with Saxon capitals, and square pedestals ; the sides of each pedestal measuring six feet. These columns support pointed arches, over which is a range of windows with semi-circular arches. From the nave we passed beneath the tower into the choir. The grand altar has long since disappeared, but the large window, shorn of its glass, is still there, as if to remind the visitor of these fine lines :—

“ A mighty window, hollow in the centre,  
 Shorn of its glass of many colorings,  
 Through which the deepened glories once could enter  
 Streaming from off the sun like seraphs' wings.

Now yawns all desolate ; now loud, now fainter,  
 The gale sweeps through the fretwork, and oft sings  
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire  
 Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire."

We spent an agreeable hour in traversing the various departments of the ruined monastery, and then returned to Leeds.

\* \* \* \* \*

In company with a few friends, I visited the Woodhouse Grove School. It is situated in a pleasant vale on the banks of the Aire, about nine miles from Leeds. The sons of Wesleyan Methodist ministers, alone, are educated here. There are, at present, ninety-six boys in the Institution, under the care of four masters. My friend, the Rev. William Lord, was appointed Governor, by the last Conference, and had got comfortably settled in his new situation.

Shortly after our arrival, the bell rang for dinner, and we followed the boys into the dining halls; before taking seats, they sang, with free and sweet voices:—

"Be present at our table, Lord ;  
 Be here and everywhere adored ;  
 These creatures bless and grant that we  
 May feast in paradise with thee."

Having been supplied with an abundance from the hands of the governor and masters, they arose and returned God thanks, by singing:—

"Through all eternity, to thee  
 A grateful song I'll raise  
 But O, eternity's too short,  
 To utter all thy praise."



In the afternoon, Mr. Lord very kindly introduced me to the scholars in the large school-room. The children of Methodist preachers are always dear to me, but my heart warmed towards these fine intelligent little fellows in an unusual manner, as every cheerful face seemed to say, "Welcome, stranger, to Woodhouse Grove."

After a short address and prayer they all arose from their seats, and passed by in rotation, shaking hands with me, quite in the Methodist fashion, with all the heart. A few were pointed out to me as sons of Missionaries abroad. The father of one I knew in a distant land, a devoted and successful minister of Jesus Christ, the Rev. John Brownell.

The Observatory, an interesting object in the distance, stands upon a circular hill close by. It rises, perhaps, sixty feet from the summit, but is closely surrounded with a luxuriant grove, which entirely covers the hill.

The prospect from the top is exceedingly beautiful. The hills arise amphitheatrically from the valley of the Aire, enlivened with verdant fields, skirted with dark woodlands, in which are nestled mansions of the wealthy, or the humbler dwelling of the farmer, while the fore-ground in the vale below, is cheered with the brilliant windings of the busy river, and the artificial turns of a distant canal. At the foot of the hill, reposes, in quiet seclusion, the Institution.

The house of the governor is the home of the scholars; a very respectable mansion, and the internal arrangements well adapted for health and comfort. The gardens, shrubbery, lawn, and shade trees, though not very extensive, are

well arranged; add the sweet solitude which, in spite of the hum of the boys, has spread itself over all. This is, really, as charming a spot as I have yet seen in England. It is, however, not unlikely, that the gratification I enjoyed in seeing the sons of Methodist ministers so advantageously situated for health, mind, morals, and the deepening of those religious impressions received under the parental roof, contributed to impart a loveliness to the scene which might not strike a less interested visitor. Institutions such as this are much needed in America. One can easily conceive, how much anxiety is removed from the minds of those laborious servants of God, in knowing that their sons are placed where they may lay the sure foundations of a character, which may give a desirable distinction to the future man, and credit to the ministry of their fathers.

This Institution was opened in January, 1812; and I have been informed that as many as twenty-five ministers, now in the Wesleyan Conference, some of them occupying prominent places in the ministry, were educated here.

We bade Brother and Sister Lord and family farewell, about half-past five, p.m.; and, just as we started, the boys pulled off their caps, and gave us three hearty cheers, till they made the welkin ring again. All remained still till a bend of the neighboring road brought us in view, and again their tiny voices peeled the cheering adieu, which we returned with a wave of our hats, and the Woodhouse Grove School disappeared from our eyes, perhaps, for ever.

Hastening back to Leeds, I set out for Harrowgate, sixteen miles distant, and preached, in behalf of a debt on the Wesleyan Chapel. The town is celebrated for its chaly-



beate and sulphureous springs. As a watering place, it is popular with the fashionable world, while the medicinal properties of the springs attract, annually, hundreds of invalids from all parts of the kingdom. What Saratoga Springs are to the State of New York, those of Harrowgate are to the north of England; but none of the latter equal the sparkling waters of the Congress Spring at Saratoga.

The situation of Harrowgate is elevated. There is a fineness and purity in the air which must render the place eminently salubrious. We enjoyed a very gracious Sabbath. The "living waters" flowed in abundance. Many of the saints were refreshed, and several sinners were healed of their spiritual maladies. Hallelujah!

Next morning, an intelligent party of Christian friends escorted me to the famous park of Studley Royal. How good the Lord is to me, a stranger, in a strange land! Blessed be his name!

My expectations, though high, were not disappointed at Studley. Several hundred acres of hill and dale compose this beautiful park. Nature and art have mingled their efforts here in some of the richest combination to form a paradise.

Some visitors have been inclined to criticise with severity the too great predominance of art. It would, however, be difficult to conceive how wood and water, stately avenues of giant trees, and walks which appear interminable, shaded with luxuriant foliage—graceful vistas, verdant lawns, and distant glimpses of temples in miniature, with a choice variety of classical statuary, could be more happily or harmoniously disposed for picturesque beauty and effect.

These are merely the prominent features of these magnificent grounds; there are thousands of lesser lineaments which I cannot find language to describe, but which have left a most pleasing impression upon my mind.

Within the park, in a lovely and romantic vale, on the banks of the river Skell, sheltered by gently ascending hills, clothed with woods, repose in soft and imposing sublimity, the vast ruins of Fountain's Abbey.

The stranger is conducted by an ingenious route, encompassed with trees, whose thick foliage serves as a veil to hide the scene which is so soon to burst upon his admiring vision.

Arriving at the declivity of a wooded hill, we paused before a small summer house, which seemed embedded in leaves and branches. Suddenly a door opened, and a portion of the valley of the Skell, with a fine sheet of water, and the Abbey, were spread before us like a scene of enchantment.

"Of all the religious orders," says a writer, "the Cistercians were the most distinguished for selecting grand situations for their houses. The fertility of the soil they began to build on seemed to them only a secondary object, if the surrounding scenery was marked by the hand of nature, with a bold outline, and had a river and deep woods near it. The site of Fountain's Abbey beguiles admiration more by the charms of loveliness than grandeur—it is the richness of American river-side scenery, in a champagne country, that invites you to linger upon it;—fine meadows, inclosed by indented diluvial banks of uniform height, with nothing but sky beyond their sylvan brows;—no waterfall

or glen barred up with walls of everlasting rock, or mountain towering above the clouds."

At the moment we were contemplating this lovely scene, a gentle shower came down, and detained us, against our will, in the place of observation, although the attraction into the vale was most captivating; but we were well repaid for our patience. The falling shower was brightly illumined by the sun bursting through some neighboring clouds, while the ruins, and different objects in the dell beneath, seemed to glow in a softened and subdued aspect, but with rich coloring, through the watery particles of this filmy, but transparent veil. The scene was replete with beauty, and drew the admiration of all.

How well the mind is prepared to enjoy such a beautiful array of the works of God and man, when the soul is happy, and all is right with regard to the other world!

After the shower, we hastened down to inspect these venerable remains. The sky had become suddenly almost cloudless, as we approached them along the banks of the Skell.

The river "emerging from the deep shades of forest gloom,"—the rich hues of verdant slopes—the freshly wet foliage of the trees glistening in the sunbeams, and the lofty tower and stately walls of the Abbey, reposing in architectural beauty, and in magnitude that amazed us, was certainly a scene of the most tranquil and fascinating loveliness, to which memory will ever recur with delight. Time will not permit, even were I adequate, to give you a description, in detail, of this wonderful pile. Six hundred years have passed away, since the first anthems of many worship-

pers sounded through these "long drawn aisles." Three hundred years it was devoted to the services of the Roman Catholic Church; and during the last three centuries of its desertion, it has been gradually and silently sinking to decay.

The choir is of great width, and leads the eye into an extensive perspective through the long and sombre vista of the nave; which, with its side aisles, divided off by rows, of round and lofty columns, sixteen feet in circumference, shows how wisely the architect had designed the whole, to add an imposing solemnity to the long processions, and other services of the Romish Church.

The whole length of the interior is nearly three hundred and sixty feet. The gallery, under the east window, is supported by twelve marble pillars, the freshness and beauty of which would persuade one they had been erected in the present century.

We placed ourselves in different positions, in order to get the most impressive view. That from the gallery alluded to is very fine. A regular and beautiful perspective is obtained westward, through long and columned aisles. When standing in the spacious choir, "no longer glittering with the splendid ceremonials of the Roman Church, roofed as it is by the changing glory of the sky, and frequented only by minstrels of the air," how forcibly occurs the lines repeated at Kirkstal:

"Now loud, now fainter,  
The gale sweeps through the fret-work, and oft sings  
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire  
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire."

The tessellated pavement of the "high altar" was, to us, an object of curiosity. As a relic of antiquity, it is highly interesting and valuable to the antiquarian.

As this is the most perfect ruin of the kind in England, and encompassed with all the buildings peculiar to a wealthy and magnificent monastery, where the relative position and extent of the departments and their uses, can be so satisfactorily ascertained, you will probably be disappointed with the brevity of my observations. The shortness of the time we remained, precluded the possibility of taking many notes on the spot, or criticising the various parts; this, with the hurried circumstances in which I now write, must be my apology.

It was to me the richest treat of the kind I had enjoyed. On taking our departure from the deserted and solitary pile, the inscription, high upon the tower, "Honor and glory to God, for ever and ever, Amen," was calculated to lead our thoughts to that glorious and adorable Being who changes not, but who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and to leave a deep and salutary impression upon all our hearts, of the changing destinies of man, and the fading and transitory nature of all his productions.

Close by the ruin are some overhanging rocks, from which echoes, the most distinct and solemn, can be obtained. As we stood underneath, a voice from one of the party inquired, "Our forefathers, where are they?" A deep, sepulchral voice, yet majestic, as if sounding through the lofty aisles of a cathedral, reiterated, "Our forefathers, where are they?" "They are gone into eternity."—"They are gone into eternity." "Dreadful eternity."—"Dreadful

eternity." "Away from the bar of God, away."—"Away from the bar of God, away." "They have long since departed."—"They have long since departed." "Not dead."—"Not dead." "Alive, in hell or heaven."—"Alive, in hell or heaven." "In torments or joy unutterable."—"In torments or joy unutterable." "Choose, but haste away to meet them."—"Choose, but haste away to meet them." "Prepare to meet thy God."—"Prepare to meet thy God." "O, eternity, eternity."—"O, eternity, eternity." "Who can number the years of eternity?"—"Who can number the years of eternity?"

We hastened down the vale, indulging sentiments similar to those of the poet :—

"Beautiful fabric! even in decay  
 And desolation, beauty still is there:  
 As the rich sunset of an autumn day,  
 When gorgeous clouds in glorious hues combine,  
 To render homage to its slow decline,  
 Is more majestic in its parting hour;  
 Even so, thy mouldering, venerable shrine  
 Possesses now a more subduing power,  
 Than in thine earlier sway, with pride and pomp thy dower."



## CHAPTER VI.

BANK HOUSE, MIRFIELD.

*May, 1845.*



ARRIVED here from Liverpool two or three days since, after a short but pleasant visit to that populous and flourishing sea-port; I preached there a few times, and sinners were converted at every service, and believers sanctified. The "*notes*" of my visit, and remarks upon the town, must be reserved for some future communication.

Mrs. Wilson, my kind host, has given me two autograph sermons, or rather outlines, or sketches, by the Rev. John Fletcher. They are closely written upon both sides of a small slip of paper, four inches by two, which lay before him in the Bible, doubtless, when he preached the discourses.

This valuable relic, was presented to her by a Wesleyan Minister, who received it from the hand of Miss Tooth, the companion and sole executrix of Mrs. Fletcher, who selected it from a large quantity of Mr. Fletcher's unpublished papers.



The first sketch has Luke xxiii. 42, 43, for the text :  
 “ And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou  
 comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, verily  
 I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.”  
 I have been at some pains to decipher the writing, the hand  
 being so small; and now that the contents of both are before  
 me, and I have copied them verbatim, the wonder is, how  
 so much could have been crowded into so small a space.

#### I. THE POWER OF THE CROSS OF CHRIST, AND MANNER OF CONVERSION.

1. All men are robbers, murderers, despisers of Christ.
2. The greatest blessings or plagues humble not.
3. The prayers of Christ, and grace to answer it does.
4. *Works* not the *cause* of pardon.
5. The *meritorious* cause, Christ,—God—Lord gives  
 pardon.
6. *Instrumental* cause, faith and prayer. “*Remember  
 me.*”

#### II. THE HEART OF CHRIST TOWARD SINNERS.

1. In these dreadful circumstances, Christ takes notice  
 of an *ejaculation*. “*Lord, &c.*”
2. “*Verily.*” Truth of promise.
3. “*Thou,*”—Base and guilty as thou art.
4. “*With ME.*” What company.
5. “*Paradise,*”—the abode of Christ.
6. “*To-day.*”—No delay; now the accepted time. .

#### III. MARKS AND EFFECTS OF TRUE FAITH.

1. It judges not by *appearances*;—“*Lord*”—“*King-  
 dom.*”

2. It sees *Christ's glories*, though before it valued him not.
3. It prays "*Remember.*" Humbly ;—not, *let me in.*
4. It takes *Christ's part*, and sees his right: "*He hath done nothing amiss.*"
5. Hatred of sin. [Reproof] "*Fear God. Dost thou not ?*"
6. Convinced of *Justice.* "*We, indeed, justly.*"
7. An open confession. "*For we receive the due reward of our deeds.*"
8. He had but a *heart* and *tongue* at liberty ; both used.

N. B.—*Adam* lost, *Christ* regains *Paradise*. As a proof, the thief. How great the miracle !—*rocks, graves, earthquakes, veil*, less glorious trophy. The shame of his company redounded to his greater glory.

*Sinners.* He is exalted to give repentance and pardon. Apply. Abuse not God's goodness that leads you to it. You cannot outwit God. "*Thou fool.*" Luke xii. 20. God will harden you as the thief. How near is Hell and Saviour. O, be convinced ; rise against sin. God's fear is the thing.

*Mourners.* Ask, seek, knock—*Christ's* readiness to receive sinners ;—grants petitions. Exceeds them. Upbraids not.

*Ob.*—The thief never heard *Christ* before. Peter had.

*Self-righteous.* Be not angry at this prodigal receiving pardon at the same door ;—one way and door.

*Believers.* See your privilege—Assurance—Answer—Knowledge of pardon and sanctification—Make the best of a short life—Speak for *Christ* on a death-bed.—Be humbled."

## SKETCH SECOND. Acts xiii. 40, 41.

“Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken in the prophets. Behold, ye despisers and wonder and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which you shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.”

HAB. i. 5.—COMING OF THE CHALDEANS AGAINST JERUSALEM.

## I. GOD WORKS A WONDERFUL WORK IN GOSPEL DAY.

1. A work of *Conviction*;—Woman of Samaria. Pharisees. John viii.
2. A work of *Justification*;—Mary—Paralytic—Publican.
3. *Sanctification*. 1 Cor. vi. 11. St. Paul. New Birth.

## II. MANY WILL NOT BELIEVE IT TO BE THE WORK OF GOD.

*Conviction*, they call despair. *Justification*, presumption and enthusiasm. *Sanctification*, being righteous over much. They believe it not, though a man declare it unto them,—as God’s promise, and his own experience;—though that man may be Christ, or Paul, a dying man,—a disinterested person.

## III. THEY DESPISE AND YET CANNOT HELP WONDERING.

1. They despise the *place*,—the *instruments*,—the great instrument, the Holy Ghost,—Christ crucified,—preached.
2. They wonder;—why so much ado;—why the loss of reputation, preferment, ease, pleasure.

UNBELIEVERS. Does God work? “Behold!” Consider *your need* of the work, ye despisers and unbelievers. “Won-

der,"—at the patience and goodness, power and mercy of God. Wonder and glory in the cross. Wonder *aright*, and ye shall not perish. Wonder and despise and perish,—as the world in Noah's day ;—as Dives, the rich man.

° YOU THAT BELIEVE GOD DOES WORK.—Does he work in *you*? How far? Be not offended by counterfeits. God is here, the workman. The blood is shed. The word and Spirit present. O, work on your part!—Believe and pray. *Careless*, awake. Mourners, rejoice. Believers, abound in praise and good works. Christ's reward is with him,—work before him. What wouldst thou have me do? A word from Christ does the work, Saul, Saul! Go in peace, Martha, Martha! A new heart. Anointing—king—prince. Behold, wonder and be saved.

YE THAT ARE IN EARNEST AND PEACEFUL.—He that has begun,—he that is the Alpha and Omega, will finish. Pray for a deeper work,—in your hearts,—day,—church,—ministers,—witnesses who declare it.

*Works of Death, Judgment and perdition, wondrous!*

Great "*bones*" these!—necessarily dry and bare; but when "*clothed upon*," with a power from above, and set in motion by that burning intellect, we may imagine the effects!

The prophet Ezekiel speaks of "the likeness of the living creatures." Ezek. i. 13. These sketches are but "skeletons" indeed, but when covered with sinews and flesh, and skin, and embroidered with arteries and veins, and animated with fire, such as Prometheus never stole, and filled with the unction of the Holy Ghost ;—and going forth among the congregation at Madley,—bright and burning as coals of

fire,—shining as lamps of light,—running and returning, [as Ezekiel describes,] like flashes of lightning;—the noise of their wings like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, as the voice of a host;—aye! in the hearts and consciences of sinners, and the saved of the Lord. Such was the preaching of the seraphic Fletcher;—so terrifying were the effects, that on one occasion he wrote to Charles Wesley stating that he was on the point of taking to his heels, and flying from Madley, never to return!

## CHAPTER VII.

SHEFFIELD.

*June 4, 1845.*



HERE I am at Sheffield once more, and with health much recruited, blessed be God! I was received as affectionately as ever at Shirley House, the mansion of Nathaniel Greaves, Esq. Have preached in all the chapels since my return, in both of the Sheffield Circuits. First in Ebenezer, and then in Carver Street Chapels, to vast crowds. And O, what shall I say? an influence from above carried everything before it;—swept like a fire over a western prairie; for O, it is a fact! that one hundred and forty persons received salvation,—nearly one half of whom were cases of justification, the remainder sanctification!

Last Sabbath I spent on the other circuit, and preached twice in Brunswick Chapel; the secretary reports ninety justified, and one hundred believers sought and found purity of heart! I record these facts with great confidence, knowing the intelligence, care and piety of the faithful secretary, Brother Sharman.

On Monday evening we held a prayer-meeting in the same chapel, when twenty poor sinners professed to find mercy, and thirty believers, purity of heart. Acts xv. 9.

The next service was held in Norfolk Street Chapel. The Lord gave me strength to blow the trumpet in Zion with good effect, and twenty-eight found peace in believing, and twenty the blessing of purity, and besides a good collection for the Attercliff Sabbath-school. I preached twice at Brighthouse Chapel, morning and night, the result of which was, sixty converted, and forty purified.

Here I pause, and return all the glory to Him who has styled himself, "Mighty to save;" and surely he has proved it in these few services. I have written to my friend, and brother, unvarnished facts. My soul is humbled to the dust in view of it all;—I can only say, "To me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given," to preach the Gospel at a time when the Holy Ghost from Heaven, seems so willing to accompany it. I tell you, my dear friend, it is all of God! It was his work. The axe cannot boast itself against him that heweth therewith; no, nor the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it! Isa. x. 15. O, no, my Lord! no! But I would conscientiously record thy wonderous doings in my day, and if spared, tell of them to the generations to come.

A cloud of mercy hangs over Sheffield. Indeed, it has never departed an hour since the great revival last year. Sheffield is a heaven-favored town. Is there anything too hard for God? saith my heart. But O, my cautioned soul is impressed to work while the day lasts. How can I expect that Satan will stand and see his goods spoiled, and his kingdom shaken, and not resent it,—resist it, and raise up distressing opposition from quarters least expected? However, I have peace in all my borders now, and,



' I'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.'

Huddersfield, *June 13.*—I arrived here yesterday from Hull, where I preached thrice ;—twice in "Kingston Chapel." The pillar of cloud and of fire was with us, as at Sheffield. Twenty found mercy, and eighteen full salvation. The night following, at "Great Thornton Street Chapel," offered salvation to a crowd. Thirty-five accepted the offer, and found mercy, and twenty believers purity ;—at least so they professed,—and O, who could doubt that saw and heard them ?—and so they were registered. But God knoweth the hearts of all ; and I can sing :

" O, the goodness of God, employing a clod,  
His tribute of glory to raise !  
His standard to bear, and with triumph declare  
His unspeakable riches of grace !"

My eyes are now turned towards York. I am busily engaged in writing ; but looking up to the Lord also, regarding York. I am offering myself to him, for what is likely to be a great spiritual conflict ; but uncertain whether my health is in such a state as to bear it ;—yet, inclined to try, and if I fail, the design, at least, is noble. If in the order of God, may I not expect strength equal to the great fight ? Jesus is not a hard master ;—never has been so to me ;—He never has sent me a warfare at my own charges ;—but has always provided me strength equal in my day ; and he will do so again. Amen !

## CHAPTER VIII.

YORK—BUCKLING ON THE ARMOUR.

YORK, *June 19, 1845.*



\* \* \*  
HASTENED away from Huddersfield on the 14th inst., for this old city. It is perilous to linger, when the Head of the Church so blesses one's ministry everywhere. Now seems to be the time,—“the set time,” when the Holy Ghost affords me the most convincing evidence of his willingness to accompany my labors. Neglect on my part, might provoke “such a backcast,” as one expressed it, as to cause me to follow *limping* all the rest of my days. It is best not to risk it.

It is best to work while the day lasts ; the night may be coming when I cannot work. This is evidently the harvest-time of my ministry. Winter may be approaching. It is wise to reap when I may. The time is coming, perhaps, when I would, but cannot. The signs of the times are ominous. I understand them somewhat. The ecclesiastical sky is red and lowering ;—foul weather is at hand. Matt. xvi. 3. God help me. No parleying now with flesh and

blood ;—strike the iron while it is hot,—or till it is hot,—but strike. Those lines are near my heart :

“ Though now the storms of sorrow roar,  
And raise in cares a troubled sea ;  
Yet when I stand on yonder shore,  
There will be calm enough for me ;  
Why then for tempests should I care,  
Since they but drive me sooner there.”

I may say with that dying lady : “ Thus far has the Lord brought me through the wilderness, bearing, chastening, forgiving, restoring. I am near to Jordan’s flood. May my blessed High Priest, and the Ark of the Covenant lead on my staggering steps the little further I have to go !” Amen ! But like the hero on the battle-field, I must strike on for “ God and victory ” while life lasts. Amen !

I have been thinking, and perhaps the thought has been your own, sometimes, that there is much of military life,—in idea and feeling, at least, in these soul-saving conflicts. The gospel ministry is a war. The world, the flesh and the Devil, the combined enemy ;—more to be dreaded than the combined armies of Ammon, Moab and Seir, which made Jehosaphat to fear and fast and pray, and all his people with him. Again, one victory makes way for another ;—predisposes other towns,—gives influences,—rouses expectation,—creates faith,—conviction,—popularity. Now, the great Captain of our salvation expects us to understand these advantages ;—looks to see whether we take advantage of them, and improve them to the uttermost ;—neglect them, and one may never have the like again.

There is philosophy, or "the reason of things," besides, in all this;—rapidity of action excites attention in this world of ours! Christ has given me a succession of victories in England. York has felt the influence thereof,—a wave has passed over her, and she is awake, aye, and Satan too! No matter. It is best to follow the wave, and repeat the blow. The tide is not at its flood. That is to come yet; but there are waves of influences, which have already carried me close up to the enemy's works! Must move rapidly—Wesley-like. Was not this the secret of Wesley's success?—the rapidity of his movements?—and of Napoleon Bonaparte's victories?—as if he had stolen a leaf out of Wesley's book! Did not that great conqueror owe many of his bloody victories, to the whirlwind swiftness of his motions?—at the heels of his foes before they knew it; rear or front there he was, and fight they must, or surrender. Ceaseless activity,—concentrated action,—rapidity of blows, by these he shook Europe, and astonished the world. It was well said of him that no conqueror ever felt more deeply the maxim, that an invader should never pause;—that excessive rapidity, incessive attack, and prodigal expenditure of lives, were the principles of the French system of warfare under Bonaparte; he acted upon these maxims more, perhaps, than any other warrior that ever existed. One victory made way for another.

Hannibal was deficient in most of these great military qualities;—the battle of Cannæ for illustration. That victory left the Roman power prostrate at his feet, and Rome at his mercy, or next to it. Instead of advancing at once upon Rome he paused, deliberated, hesitated, lingered, and

lost his advantage for ever! Maharbal advised him to march instantly upon Rome, having no doubt of its immediate surrender. Hannibal objected, that such a step required time for mature deliberation. To which his general replied: "I see that the gods have not endowed the same man with all talents. You, Hannibal, know how to conquer, but not to make the best of a victory." Bonaparte knew both. Hannibal deliberated, and let slip his opportunity; while Napoleon would have thrown himself upon terrified Rome, like an avalanche, and soon dictated terms upon the Capitoline!

May I not take a leaf out of Napoleon's book of tactics, in my turn? He for temporal; I for eternal glory. He for an earthly; I for a heavenly crown. He for kingdoms, crowns, and sceptres, and the destruction of human life; I for souls, and for a crown that fadeth not away! Hallelujah! Ambition is allowable here!

Well, with such, or kindred feelings, I arrived in York, and received a hearty English welcome to the house of Benjamin Agar, Esq. Next morning [Sabbath] I preached in the Centenary Chapel, a commodious edifice, on the joy of angels over repenting sinners. Luke xv. 10.

It was a good time to my soul, however others felt. O, how it does fire my soul to think that angels are spectators—hearers,—and both here and in Heaven, take a rejoicing interest in the success of a preached gospel!

The text tells us why there is joy in Heaven; and Luke xvi. 22, reveals unto us the soul of a poor saved sinner, "carried by angels into Abraham's bosom;"—carried by angels,—one angel would have been enough, one would

think, unless the devil contended for the soul of Lazarus, as he did for the body of Moses;—a thing not likely. Angels, doubtless had a joyful time over the conversion of Lazarus, and now they rejoiced to carry him home to heaven;—a company of them, as if many were ambitious to bear a part in conducting a saint into glory! Besides, Lazarus was one of God's princes, of the blood-royal, by adoption, though a beggar at a rich man's gate, and full of sores, and dogs for his physicians;—members of the royal family are heirs to a noble retinue of attendants. We shall know more of this by-and-by. A certain king of Egypt, to show his magnificence, had his chariot drawn by four captive kings. But what were these, compared with those glorious angels who carried Lazarus into heaven! What a magnificent creature must the soul of a child of God be! But the acclamations of angels over his repentance prove that. A company of them may be as near him then as they were to the soul of Lazarus—"On wings of golden plumage borne." And near, besides, through all his pilgrimage here below;—all ministering spirits, the Apostle says, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation; or, as the poet Spenser beautifully expresses it,

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succor those who succor want,  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting sky, like flying pursuivant,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and daily ward,  
And their bright squadrons round us plant  
And all for love, and nothing for reward,  
O, why should Heavenly God to us have such regard!"



The reasons why there is joy among the angels over a repentant sinner, was the principal theme. I preached again in the evening at New Street Chapel. Well, the angels of God were not disappointed; thirty-five sinners repented unto life, and were saved, and ten souls were purified. A good beginning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have been received by the stationed Wesleyan ministers here, with great cordiality;—the Rev. Daniel Walton, superintendent, and his colleagues, Revs. N. Curnoch, C. Chetham and Mr. Beach. They sympathised with the state of my health, and it was suggested whether it would not be prudent to limit my labors to two or three services a week. I replied, no; I would rather rest a while altogether than risk a defeat by half measures; that, if an effort for a revival be not made in an entire abandonment of self to God and the work, live or die, it will not amount to much;—Satan will undo in the intervals, much that has been done. If a mason or carpenter leave off work a few days, he finds his work as he left it. If the goldsmith pause in purifying his precious metal, he finds the process at the same stage of forwardness when he returns to it;—his gold received no adulteration or relapse in the interval. Not so the work of the Christian minister. The devil and depravity are too active for that! No! Half measures would defeat our object. The devil and sin would laugh us into public contempt! Let us begin with a full blast of the trumpet, and a vigorous onset for the salvation of sinners. Let each resemble,



“ — one of those who  
Have ta'en the giant world  
By the throat, and thrown him ! ”

What Napoleon once remarked on the eve of war is good for the present time: “ Since we are doomed to war, it will be better to plunge into it wholly, than to go but half way.” So I advise in the present war for God and souls.

Is this the valley of dry bones? Ezek. xxxvii. Is it full of them? and are they very dry? What have we to fear, if the Spirit of the Lord has set us down in the midst of them, causing us to pass by them round about? “ Son of man can these bones live ? ” — “ O, Lord God, thou knowest ! ” — for they are lifeless, sinewless, skinless, bloodless and bleached ! — the most unlikely of all things to perform the functions of living men ! But the prophet prophesied over them as he was commanded : “ O, ye dry bones, hear ye the word of the Lord, &c., &c.” Soon there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone, and sinews, flesh and skin covered them above, but the breath of life was not in them. A cry for the breath of God to come from the four winds, and breathe upon the slain that they might live, ascended from the lips of the prophet. The cry was heard and answered ; breath came into the dry bones, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army !

A like cause, will produce a like effect, the world over, — even here in the old city of York ! If we preach the preaching that God bids us, and as He hath commanded us, with all our might, and with an influence from above attending, then there will be “ a noise, ” — which some

folks do not much like, and “a shaking,” that will frighten the nice, delicate, refined, and nervous ones; but an army of living converted souls will be an argument with a thundershout at their gates! Hallelujah!

Let us open all our batteries then; trusting in the power of Christ. Let us look for great things; preach for great effects; expect mighty results. In being content with little things, one is greatly in danger of being disqualified for the promotion of a work of magnitude.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us trust in Him who is “mighty to save.” Mists of unbelief, with many balancings of hopes and fears, are apt to shroud beginnings into misty endings! Faith gropes onward in the darkness, and refuses to pause, and at last sees and comes out 'neath unclouded skies!—

“Zeal and virtue must exist by Faith,  
As soldiers live by courage!”

There is light for the steps of the bold and the courageous;—increasing light if followed at all risks. There is a path that is straightforward. There may be difficulties in it, but fervent faith, and the flashings of the sword of truth, will make them vanish away; for they are only as so many shadows to the eye of faith;—“Confident and sanguine of success, let us go forth conquering and to conquer.” Only let our confidence be in God, and not in man; but let us have confidence. The world is all chances, said one statesman to another, on the eve of a great political crisis, and ten to one of them are in favor of the man who is not to be frightened by anything. I like the sentiment, though not

particularly fond of the term "chances," because it seems to slur a providence; but it is true, that ten to one are in favor of the man who is not easily frightened by any difficulties he may have to encounter in the work of soul-saving!

The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, and our hearts be courageous. Would to God, that those words with which some of the churches in France commence their worship, were inscribed in letters of gold upon the front of every Wesleyan pulpit in this city; or, what would be far better, in all our hearts!—"OUR HELP STANDETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD, WHO MADE HEAVEN AND EARTH." Let that be our motto. Rollin tells us of a Jerusalem warrior, whose banner motto was, "VICTORY IS OF GOD," and with that sentiment written on their banners, and burning in their hearts, he led forth a handful of men against an Assyrian army composed of one hundred and twenty thousand men, thirty-two elephants, twenty thousand horse, and three hundred chariots of war, overthrew them, and gained a great victory—illustrating that fine sentiment:

"How often hath the strength of Heaven  
To few triumphantly been given."

\* \* \* \* \*

York was favored with a good revival last year, under the labors of a popular and successful minister, the Rev. Mr. Rattenbury. But many were left unsaved. Truth that does not convert, hardens. I have feared the effects of this. A sinner often in conflict with truth, learns how to fight it, Resistance becomes a science, and Satan is master teacher! These York sinners called so often to defend

themselves against the onslaughts of truth, may have become veterans, like many American sinners I have known; who present a front of steel, so to speak, against the weapons of the gospel. There was good policy in that triad of laws enacted by Lycurgus, which he called *Rhetraë*, one of which forbade the Lacedæmonians to make war often upon the same enemy, lest they should make them too good soldiers, by obliging them, too frequently, to defend themselves!—a policy we dare not carry out towards sinners; for if we let them alone in their sins they will soon be damned in Hell. Therefore, we must enter the battle-field for their conversion, though, in doing so, we may necessitate them to learn the dreadful and destructive art of resistance. But a few hundreds saved out of every thousand is a consideration!

Believers have been crying mightily to God for help. If they have sent up many prayers for a revival, answers must surely come down. When many vapors ascend from the earth towards heaven, much rain descends from heaven to the earth. What goes up is sure to come down; up in prayer, down in blessing. If they are looking for returns, our God will not disappoint them. Those people, far to the north, who had not seen the sun for months, climbed the highest mountain, the other day, dressed in their best, to hail the King of Day; each struggling for the highest peak, and vying with the other to catch the first glimpse of him. Did Providence disappoint them? No! The glorious orb arose, and they rent the air with acclamations of joy: "The sun appeareth! the sun appeareth!" Then they kept the feast with gladness and exceeding joy. York has no mountain, except her mountain-like Minster; but she has

her spiritual mountains, and her Abrahams upon them, pleading and watching for the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon this people, with healing in his wings. York is to have a better fate than Sodom;—a shower of fire notwithstanding!

Well! how many “dispatches” from a field where only a few skirmishes have occurred, but where the main battle has yet to be fought! But it does me good to write to my friends at —— and elsewhere, as well as to hear from them in return;—it gives me heart, somehow, and fans the flame of holy warfare in my soul! It is with my friends upon earth as with the angels in heaven; all are ready to rejoice over the conversion of sinners. A knowledge of the lower fact, stimulates me as the higher; and there is this advantage, I often hear from my friends upon earth by way of letters, and otherwise, but not from the angels above. However, I doubt not they are all around me on this battle-field of souls!

## CHAPTER IX.

“Take heed unto thyself, and unto thy doctrine.”—1 Tim., iv. 16.

### JOURNAL.

YORK, *June 16th.*



T. PAUL advises Timothy to look unto himself, and to his doctrine. If necessary for Timothy, how much more for me! For what purpose? “For in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.” A two-fold salvation is contemplated; that of self and that of my hearers; otherwise the Devil may have both parties at last.

Well, then, I must look to myself,—to my spirit,—motives,—desires,—thoughts,—tempers, and the effects of truth upon my own heart and conduct. For what purpose? “Save thyself,”—my own eternal salvation! What next? Must look to my doctrine,—that every sentiment of it may be clearly proved by the word of God; must take heed to it,—watch its effect upon my hearers; as the physician that of his medicines upon his patients; must note down the effects. “The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life,” says Paul. There may be too much of the “letter,” that



is, of the truth that convicts and condemns the sinner to eternal death; and too little of the "Spirit," by whose influences alone the sinner is quickened into spiritual life, so that he will cry for mercy; otherwise it will harden and stupify him more and more—a "death unto death," as the Apostle expresses it. I must take the alarm when matters are so, and cry aloud for a fresh baptism of the Spirit. I had a good day yesterday, and numbers were saved. This often happens in the beginning; after which believers are tempted, and sinners hardened,—"**SATAN** came also among them." Job i. 6.—There is reaction now, and then comes the tug of war! How often have I seen it thus, and dwindling congregations, till the Lord's reaction appears and Satan gives way!

*June 18th.*—I was hard upon those "who abound in the shadow and ceremony of religion, that they may be excused from the spiritual life and substance," as Baxter remarks,— "who offer him the lips, that the heart may be excused; who, when most zealous, are but serving God, that they may be excused from loving him; who carry an empty gilded scabbard, accusing the sword of true religion of a dangerous keenness, as a thing more perilous than is necessary for their use." Poor souls! compliment for holiness—semblance for reality—the shadow for the substance. There is much of this in this old city of churches, or I am mistaken. We shall see! This preaching about knowing the time and place of conversion, will tell; some Protestants cannot be reached and roused, I find, without pushing matters to extremities!

*June 19th.*—The true gospel, when it comes home to



people, is not apt to be liked ; that is, if it come not in word only, but also in power. The Jews looked for a Messiah—one formed in their imagination. But, when the true Messiah came, they were not pleased with him ; he became a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense, to both houses of Israel ;—so fares it with religion in our day.—We had a good time last night ; some were saved.

*June 20th.*—I know the preaching that would win hearts without winning souls ; would gain friends without making them the friends of God ; that would secure peace and avoid persecution. I am struck with that sentiment of one, “ A sermon that has nothing but some general *toothless notions*, in a handsome dress of words, seldom procures offense or persecution. It is rare that such men’s preaching is distasteful to carnal hearers, or their persons hated for it. But when the Gospel comes to the heart, to do the great prevailing work, ah ! then how impatient they are of the search and the smart, and presently have done with it !” Just so ! But I came, not to win hearts or friends to myself, but souls for Christ ! Aye ! and herein is developed, what I call, life in soul-saving ! The work of God advances. Praise the Lord !

*June 21st.*—I like that observation of one that a great part of a Christian’s skill and duty, is to be a good preacher to himself !—that two or three sermons a week for others is a fair proportion, if so be the preacher reserves two or three sermons a day for himself ;—that any less, ordinarily, would be too little ;—he thought it a lawful and gainful way of preaching !—that is, it has this advantage, nobody can question one’s call, or deny one a license, or silence one from

this preaching to oneself!—the point being to take care that self does not silence self. Indeed! how many sermons, then, ought I to preach to myself, seeing that I preach at the rate of half a dozen a week to the people!

*June 25th.*—Caution! Caution, my soul! A quality with which thou hast never been much overstocked! Remember, it is with mind as with iron, when cold it requires wisdom and prudence to deal with it! That advice of an old preacher to a young one, that he must not only strike the iron when it is hot, but till it is hot, is all very well; but a hand guided by wisdom is needed in the latter case. When the iron is red-hot, the smith may mall, hammer, and stretch it out at will; but if the iron is cold, he must take care, or he will bruise, fracture, or break the iron to no good purpose, and weary himself for nothing! Get the people warmed—moved—melted—or, at least, a good heat on, before you set a-going such trip hammers, O my soul! But it is hard to wait; I must pray for the grace of patience, and, for what is more needed than even that, a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. Aye! that is it! I must get a good heat upon myself, before something similar seizes upon my hearers. God have mercy upon me, and pardon my shortcomings.

*June 26th.*—The Lord is saving some daily; but we look that the word of the Lord should be like a fire, and like a hammer to break the rock in pieces, before the Lord. Jer. xiii. 29.

Let me note one thing just here: I sometimes imagine the heat of the Gospel is often so tempered by my style and illustrations, that it takes some time before it burns! Is it

not somewhat so just now? Philosophers say the sun would burn up our globe, were it not that his rays are tempered by our earth's atmosphere. Collect his rays into the focus of a burning-glass, and then see what they will do! Every sermon should be a sort of burning-glass;—should have some focus, or point therein, where the scattered rays of truth may collect and concentrate,—to warm the hearts of believers, till they say, with those 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?”—or, to set the devil's tinder on fire!

*June 27th.*—Our doctrine needs no doctoring. It never was sick. Thank God for that! But sinners are sick, and some of them do not know it; others are sick, and know it; both classes need doctoring, something to make them know and feel their disease; and medicine for those who both know and feel it! So “the cure of souls” is not a meaningless or an imaginary term, though to some it is, I fear. Lord help me.

## CHAPTER X.

WISE FOR BOTH WORLDS.

*June 30th.*



HEN at Hull, a few weeks since, a brother received the following letter; thinking that I knew something of the parties, I requested a copy, which is as follows:

“SHEFFIELD, *June 6, 1845.*

“MR. R. H. HULL.

“DEAR SIR: It is with deep sorrow I have to inform you of the death of your friend, and my brother, William. He had only arrived from London on Saturday, and was to all appearance in perfect health when he retired to rest last night. He complained of restlessness about three o'clock, and desired Mrs. W. to make him a little senna tea; when she came up stairs she thought he had composed himself to sleep, and did not like to disturb him, and did not find out that he was dead until about five o'clock; when you may judge, but I cannot describe, her grief and affliction. My brother had assured his life for one thousand pounds, and only received the policy yesterday morning, and, I believe, one of the last letters he wrote was to acknowledge the receipt of it. When he got it, speaking to his wife, he said,

‘Now, Polly, if I should die to-morrow, you will be provided for.’ Never was a speech more fatally prophetic. I am sure you will sympathise with us under this awful visitation, and trust you will never receive another such sad epistle from his sorrowing brother.

“ J. N., JR.”

A few days ago, I received the following letter, which explains my impression when at Hull, that I must have known something of the parties. The letter is from an excellent servant of God in Sheffield, a Wesleyan leader and local preacher, and it is all so very good, I think it is worthy a place in my journal. Names are given in full ; but perhaps it may be better to retain the initials only.

“ SHEFFIELD, *June 19, 1845.*

“REV. SIR: My soul is happy ; body and soul strong ; —enjoying the activities of religious and social life, and the blessings of a happy domestic life. The Lord is very good to me. My classes are increasing in numbers, and a majority of the members have clean hearts.

“The revival is still going on ; your late visit did us good. I never saw our people more united and loving ; and while this spirit continues the revival is sure to go on. Should like to hear from you soon. Let me know particulars as to your health, and where you are likely to labor next. If not very far from Sheffield, I should like to join you frequently, and do all the good I can, and I know I should get good. I lost about 20 lbs. of flesh in the special services here last year, and was all the better for it ; getting it back too fast,

I fear ; happiest by far, and in my proper element, when in the thick of the battle. It is a most glorious strife.

“I also write to inform you of the sudden death of Mr. W. N., the junior partner of the firm, J. N. & Sons, Merchant Cutlers, Meadow Street, Sheffield, which took place on the morning of the 6th instant. The deceased, W. N., was in the thirty-first year of his age, of strong and athletic form, enjoying almost uninterrupted good health, of a cheerful disposition, and highly esteemed for his moral worth by all who had the happiness of being allied to him or acquainted with him. His wife is the daughter of a clergyman of the Established Church, of which both were members and communicants.

“On the 13th of June, 1844, a gentleman from Hull invited Mr. and Mrs. N. to hear you preach. They both consented, stating, however, their prejudices against you, owing to the strange reports about your style of preaching. However, they went. Your text was, “*How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.*” The word reached their hearts. They were both awakened. Mr. N. turned to his wife and said, “I can’t stand this; I must go down, and join those who are seeking mercy.” Mrs. N. said she would go too; their friend from Hull went with them into the Band Room, where they knelt and prayed for mercy. I spoke with them both, instructed, encouraged, and prayed with them. Mrs. N. obtained pardon; but her husband went away without the blessing.

“However, on Sabbath evening, 23d of June, 1844, while hearing you preach from that text, “*This year thou shalt*



*die,*" God spoke peace to the soul of Mr. N. He and Mrs. N. attended your Meeting for the New Converts, and returned thanks for God's mercy. Agreeable to the advice given to all that evening, they continued their connection with the church to which they belonged, holding fast faith and a good conscience, and witnessing a good confession.

"In the beginning of May, 1845, Mr. N. went to London on business. While there a friend spoke to him on the advantages of Life Insurances, and advised him to make provision for his family. Mr. N. acted upon the advice, and effected an insurance upon his life for one thousand pounds sterling in the Providence Life Insurance Office. He returned home on the 1st inst., in good health, attended to his business as usual up to Thursday evening 5th; on the morning of which day he received from London the policy of insurance, and the last act in his counting-room that evening was to write a letter acknowledging the reception of the policy. The orders obtained during his journey were all entered up, and his books posted and balanced;—indeed, full preparation was made in every respect, as if he had known before what was to take place.

"About half-past seven in the evening, he and his brother walked in the garden, gathered some sallad for supper, of which he partook; visited his father's house, and affectionately embraced his sister, who with her father, has just returned from a long journey. He then went home, and retired to rest. Along in the night he complained of a kind of numbness, but no pain, yet sufficiently annoying by a tingling sensation, as to prevent sleep. He requested his wife to procure some medicine down stairs. On her return,



she thought he was asleep; his head lay upon his arm on the pillow, and the other hand stretched out, grasping the hand of their infant child. She felt sure he was asleep, and concluded not to disturb him; so she also went to sleep. About five o'clock in the morning Mrs. N. awoke, tried to rouse her husband, and found him cold and dead, lying exactly in the same position when she thought he was asleep. I will not attempt to describe her anguish, nor that of the family; you may imagine it.

“A corner's inquest was held on the 7th inst., and by adjournment to the 10th. A *post mortem* examination, in presence of Surgeon W. L. and Mr. H., professional chemist. Brain and vitals were all perfectly sound, except a slight inflammation of the upper part of the bowels and stomach, but not likely to cause either pain or death. The contents of the stomach and bowels were carefully analyzed, applying every test for the discovery either of mineral or vegetable poisons, but none were found. Both the medical men and coroner declared that they had never met with a more singular case than this during the whole course of their experience. Both they and the jury being fully satisfied with the evidence adduced, an unanimous verdict was returned, ‘That the deceased Mr. N. was found dead in bed, in his own dwelling-house, having, in the opinion of the jury, died from natural causes, and not otherwise.’ Mr. N. has three children behind him. He was one of the most amiable of my acquaintances. I have spent many happy hours in his father's house and amongst his relatives, most of whom are Wesleyans, and four of them members of my classes.

“I thank God that our deceased friend ceased to ‘*Halt between two opinions;*’ and by embracing the right one he acted as one fully believing the message, ‘*This year thou shalt die.*’

“I heard Rev. Mr. M. preach his funeral sermon on the 15th inst., from Rom. viii. 23. An excellent discourse, right to the heart, and felt by his hearers. He said his brother had that first fruit of the Spirit, or rather the Spirit itself, witnessing to his adoption; yet he carefully concealed the where, when, and how he obtained this; prudent, perhaps, on the whole; and I hope good was done.

“Do let me hear from you soon. I have not forgotten the request, ‘Sometimes pray for me.’ This, I believe, you do for us, and for me your unworthy yet affectionate brother in Christ,

“JOHN LEVICK.”

A remarkable event this, surely. O, I remember that night, on “*This year thou shalt die;*” and the emotions that swayed my soul! He had then but eleven months and seventeen days to live. While the decision of Heaven was falling upon his ears, he was pardoned through faith, and sealed with eternal redemption. Blessed be God! But what a flickering taper is human life! And yet how men will risk their everlasting all upon its continuance. Our departed friend was wiser than this; and wise, besides, for both worlds! Happy man! Happy escape from a world of sin! Comfort his disconsolate widow, O Lord. Be unto her a husband, and to her fatherless children, a father. Isaiah liv. 5. Psalms lxxviii. 5. Jer. xlix. 11. Amen!

## CHAPTER XI.

### LIFE IN PREACHING.

July 2d.



SEE, O, I see, and feel, too, that the truth must never be separated from the life, if one is to expect success. Jesus says, "*I am the way, the truth, and the life.*" Precious words, and important! He could not have been a *perfect Saviour*, had any one of these been disjoined from his character and mission.

But a Gospel, defective in any one of these, is not the Gospel which has the promise of the attending power of God. Rom. i. 16. Let it be defective as to the *way*, or the *truth*, or *life*, and one might well be ashamed of both *it* and *self*. But without the *life*, that is, the UNCTION from above, the presence and power of the SPIRIT, what avail the *way*, and the *truth*? O, for more *life*. There are tokens of good at Newtown Row; but, O, for more of this *life*. What am I but as a sounding brass and tinkling symbol without it; O, for more *life*.

July 4th.—How intolerable are certain departments of preaching to some! An entire change of nature, or eternal

banishment from God! "Not a change in one, or two, or twenty particulars, but in the whole soul!" The straight gate of regeneration and the narrow way, the feet of the soul in it and the face towards the heavenly city! Not stepping out of one path into another, as Baxter remarks, the face all the while keeping on in the old road to hell. No! but to be turned clear round, quite in another direction! Aye! that is it! And some received the truth, and were saved.

*July 7th.*—Preaching that has life, and fire, and seriousness in it, mightily convinces. The dead, the cold, the trifling feel it, are aroused by it, are convinced by it, that it belongs to a religion that is a reality.

But mark this, if they are disinclined to be saved, and still love that from which they were aroused, they will oppose; that is, if the preaching diminishes not in life, fire, and seriousness. Life quickens, fire burns, seriousness lays on, and presses down the seal, and makes an impression that is burned into the conscience, as by fire. Then are the thoughts of many hearts revealed. Aye, and the depravity and enmity, too! Peace is broken, and friendship, and respect. "What will this babbler say?" But keep on my soul, with life, and fire, and seriousness. Amen.

*July 10th.*—Whether I have success or not, it is good to be cheerful;—cheerful faith. That is it! It is a point of philosophy with me, as well as theology. But my religion and temperament have much to do with it;—aye, and principle and conscience. I know the world I live in. I shall not allow it to suspect I serve a hard Master. No, indeed.

*July 11th.*—Power increases. The people are stirred and warmed. I am looking around for larger and weightier truth. I like that idea of Baxter, that straw and little sticks may make the quickest and the lightest blaze; but will not make a durable fire, like the bigger fuel! A good thought that, and worthy to be remembered! Yet, my good old friend, Baxter! “little sticks” may be needful in kindling! and one is glad of them, sometimes; when there is much green wood and wet wood and the fire is low; and one is like Paul on the island of Melita, wet—and cold, too! Glad was Paul, just out of the breakers, and drenched from head to foot, to lay hold of any thing that was combustible! A fire was needed! A larger blaze than the folks in the island had kindled, who were too busy, perhaps, scanning Paul and his dripping companions! And so Paul “gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire,” and soon had a blaze! Too hot, indeed, for the viper, but very comfortable to those who wanted it. The viper fastened upon Paul’s hand, and criticism or suspicion upon his character,—“no doubt,” the man is so and so, and “vengeance” will not suffer him to live! That was poor busy Paul’s reward! But the Lord was there, who protected Paul. The viper was flung into the fire, and opinions were revolutionized! Acts xxviii. 3, 4, 5.

Well, shipwrecked Paul was not able to carry a large tree or heavy timber to the fire, but what he could,—only a bundle of sticks. Very well! He laid them on the fire, and made a blaze of them! So, if weightier matter be beyond my ability, just now, I must use the lighter kind. Paul’s “bundle of sticks” were as truly wood as the large

trees ; smaller truths may be as much Gospel truths as the weightiest truths wielded by the sons of thunder. Paul's "bundle of sticks" made a quicker blaze, and brighter fire, for his half-drowned fellow passengers, than if he had brought a back-load of heavy logs ; they were rolled on afterwards, doubtless, to keep the fire a-going ! Ah ! me ! such is revival life ! But whither is my pen running !

*July 12th.* The work of holiness is taking deep hold of the hearts of the people. Persons long convicted for the blessing, but baffled by unbelief, are receiving clearer views of the way of faith. The Friday night discourses are working wonders ; salvation by faith ! Purity of heart by faith. Acts xv. 9. And if by faith, why not now ? A startling question ! If by works, then some time in the future. But that is not the Gospel, "*Not of works, lest any man should boast,*" says Paul. "*Sanctified by faith that is in me,*" said Jesus to him, when a Saul of Tarsus. He remembered that ! But many sincere souls do every thing possible to obtain the blessing, excepting to BELIEVE ;— "*Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have.*" Mark xi. 24. But they refuse, because they cannot feel that they receive ; and so all their efforts fail and fall into disjointed confusion, like an arch without the keystone. BELIEVING is the keystone. •

" 'Tis the last keystone  
That makes the arch. The rest that there are put  
Are nothing, till that comes to bind and shut.  
Then, stands it, a triumphal mark."

*July 17th.*—I have always abhorred tediousness in the



pulpit ; and am I doomed to that vice ? Heaven forbid ! Beware of it, O, my soul ! Shun it as thou wouldst the plague—for it is a plague to hearers ; say what thou hast to say, and have done with it ! Prolixity is brother to perversity. Tediousness is trying to a hearer as perverseness. God forbid I should fall into this vice as I grow old ; but it is unpardonable in a young man, totally unfit for revival effort or soul-saving life ! To be sure it is ! A heavy, tedious style for nimble sinners is like setting the South American three-yards-an-hour SLOTH to hunt down a herd of wild horses whose speed outstrips the winds of heaven ! Or, as if one would start an English SNAIL to catch the nimble hare ! No ! no ! these animals want something as swift and as nimble as themselves to catch them ! And so do these York sinners ! I see that ! Firstly, secondly, thirdly, with their quiet and steady paced subs, are all very well sometimes ; but when I want to run down sinners I have to go over them all at a jump, and dash in among the ungodly, bold as the South American hunter among a herd of wild horses, lasso in hand ! The cord with its noose flashing around with the swiftness of lightning !

*Afternoon.*—Beware, my soul ! The livelier the manner the weightier should be the truth ; so liable am I to extremes ! Exuberance of fancy, and vividness of imagination need a good deal of Mr. ——'s ponderosity. Gravity, point, weighty truth ; or, alas ! 'it is but to beat the air or to amuse the people as a player !

Let me carry this thought into the pulpit with me, next to the thought, I have God for a hearer ; this, when the matter is grave, serious, weighty, then loveliness of manner



secures attention, and prepares the way for its acceptance and success. Lord Jesus, I am but a child! Teach thou me thyself. But what business have I in the pulpit with any other matter than that which is grave, serious, weighty. Henceforth, may these never be separated from liveliness of manner. Amen.

## CHAPTER XII.

### SPIRITUAL TACTICS IN YORK.



\* \* \* \* \*

OUR friend is looking around him for advantages against Satan; for St. Paul tells him Satan is ever ready to take advantage of him. It is good generalship to be able to select proper vantage ground in the presence of the enemy; but great generalship to seize upon such advantages, as the battle waves and drifts to and fro over the field! Depend upon it the battle begins to wax hot. We have counted the cost, and are fairly in for victory, through the help of Heaven. Souls are being rescued from the devil daily. You may expect particulars by-and-by.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are storming the works of darkness. Sinners are grumbling, of course; they stay away in contempt, some do; but others come in their places, five for one—Hallelujah!

I was cheered to-day with these observations of a writer, that the truth fears nothing more than inattention; it is too important to be treated with indifference; that opposition calls forth and sharpens the powers of the human mind in its defence; the Gospel is a gainer by investigation. Credulity is its bane. The sound policy of the deist is to let it alone, and leave it to itself. Opposition from the world propagated it originally. At length that opposition ceased. The *great ones* of the world smiled upon it,—patronized it,—fostered it—betrayed it. And what was the result? All writers testify that a worse than an Egyptian darkness of ignorance and delusion, soon overspread Christendom. Truthful remarks! Well, let this cheer me, I am not endangered by the smiles of the *great ones* of this world! Nor is religion in my hands likely to suffer from that quarter. It is well for me that it is so, doubtless. My hardy soul might melt and grow effeminate in such sunshine. One's faith is all the more robust for having frowning circumstances around, and a sharp wintry wind in its face!

“The OAK strikes deeper as its boughs  
By furious blasts are driven;  
So life's vicissitudes the more  
Have fix'd my *heart* on Heaven!”

\* \* \* \* \*

I had a free day yesterday. My words were rough materials for delicate ears. But an unction from above melted down both material and hearers; and now and then “something of the graceful drapery feeling wears;” but not so much as to dazzle sinners into admiration of the

truth, or the preacher, or themselves for having the taste and intelligence to appreciate oratory! alas! instead of hating their sins and themselves for committing them. There may be much of this going forward under what is called "eloquent preaching." We had sixty or seventy souls saved yesterday. York is looking up! Glory be to God.

\* \* \* \* \*

June has fled away and carried good news into Heaven; and now July is on the wing; and I am endeavoring to load it with glad tidings for the skies. O, how good it is to make some returns to these good angels, who said: "*Behold, we bring you good tidings of great joy.*" But what better tidings do they wish to hear, than that of sinners repenting unto life.

\* \* \* \* \*

My "notes" from the field of conflict must necessarily be short, but they will afford you and my friends in — some idea of life in soul-saving!

Samson felt for the pillars whereupon the Philistines' temple stood. I have been feeling lately for some of the pillars upholding the fabric of Satanic power, and have, besides, been digging in search of the foundation hopes of professors; great searchings of heart among them. There is no use in beginning to build up where there should be a pulling down. "*Ye must be born again.*" Nehemiah, when rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, found that *the strength of the bearers of burdens was decayed,—that there was much rubbish, so that they were not able to build;* and adversaries besides, who criticised the work, and threatened. Neh. iv. In every revival effort there is much strength and

time expended upon the foundations of Zion—the walls are decayed, or are battered down by sin, Satan, and back-sliding. They must be razed to the foundations, and the rubbish removed out of the way. The difficulty must be coped with, or one builds but upon the sand, and daubs with untempered mortar.

\* \* \* \* \*

War! war! war! O, what a life of warfare does that minister choose when he determines to have scores and hundreds of sinners converted—slain by the Spirit's sword wherever he preaches. \* It is a war against the world, the flesh and the devil. He needs to have a brow hardened to adamant, and a face set steadily against opposition as a flint. The Lord told Jeremiah not to be dismayed at their faces, lest he should confound him before them. But there was no superfluity, nor hyperbole in figure, when he promised to make him as a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and a brazen wall against kingly, princely, priestly, and commonly opponents, leagued together for his overthrow: for all these combined were not able to prevail against the faithful prophet. The iron pillar and brazen wall stood erect amidst the ruins of their fearful overthrow! Jer. i. 17—19. O, Lord God of hosts, thou knowest how unworthy I am of the honor of thy protection and deliverance, or even to strive and do battle for thee and for thy Son, Jesus Christ, my Lord. A poor, weak, sinful worm, saved and purified by grace; who can never lay aside weighty, personal arguments for unfamed humility before Thee. But I would be, —yes, I would be—

“Sagacious, prudent, enterprizing, bold,  
Determin’d, firm, assiduous, sincere,  
Unaw’d by menace, and unbrib’d by gold ;  
The Cross and Jesus be my only theme,  
Set free from ev’ry earth-born wish and care,  
While kindling ardors fire my soul for Him  
Whom cherubs call, ‘ The Everlasting Fair.’”

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BIRDS OF PARADISE.

\* \* \* \*



MY JOURNALIZING has been irregular of late. But I have taken care to “*Gather up the fragments*” of “pulpit thoughts;” so that were I to set about it, I could give a pretty good account of the most important of them; those especially which did some execution! Among these I would place unpremeditated thoughts,—that is, not prepared in mind or manuscript previously,—not purposed or intended; but which upon occasions in the pulpit, come rushing into my soul as “*a sound from heaven,*” —glowing as if baptized with fire,—stirring it to the depths,—rousing its powers like a spark falling upon gunpowder. These seldom fail. Their effects are wonderful. I speak now of a certain class of thoughts. But there are others which require different figures to illustrate them. They are thoughts with a certain freshness or fragrance about them, as if they had just come from paradise! It may be only a pleasing fancy, but I call them my birds of paradise! happy-



hearted, soul-enlivening visitants,—small and great, endless in shapes and colors, as poets sing;—free denizens of the skies. Then, O then, how easy to bathe and wash the subject with one's tears! and how many, on such occasions,

“ Taste the grace that found out me ! ”

These are the thoughts that come unexpected; birds of paradise! glorious visitants! free as the birds which float or flit around the Minster, owing allegiance to no “ skeleton ” cage! You understand me! up and away, bearing the mind on wings aloft, soaring in track of God sublime,—

“ The clouds and sky about them ringing ! ”

And then, their sweet returnings, nearer to human kind, bearing intelligence,—full of application and of the spirit and intent of the occasion,—

“ Alighting here, ascending there,  
Ranging and revelling everywhere,”

till there is a shout among the sons and daughters of Zion! My birds increase,—power increases, with a jubilee of gladness! O, how they glisten, and flit and sing, like

“ The free tenants of land, air, and ocean,  
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;  
In plumage delicate, and beautiful,  
Thick without burden, close as fishes scales,  
Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze,  
With wings that might have had a soul within them,  
They bore their owners with such sweet enchantment.  
Of these a few with melody untaught  
Turn'd all the air to music within hearing,  
Themselves unseen ! ”

Aye! "Their forms all symmetry, and their motions grace!" but much the worse for my handling! However, they answer a heavenly purpose notwithstanding the awkwardness of the "birdster!" It is no easy matter to be graceful always, in catching these sweet paradisiacal visitors,—or to have an inward ear, clear and curious enough, as a poet speaks, to disentangle the maze of voices, and so nice a mental eye to single out each minstrel and pursue his labyrinth of song, till one feels "every vibration of his little throat; every pulse of his heart, and every flutter of his pinions! O, but then, when one is able to do so, what significance there is to my birds of paradise! St. Paul, you remember, says, "There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification;"—"So many kinds of languages," says Clarke; but why did St. Paul put, "it may be," before what was as certain in his day as ours?—perhaps so many different sounds, accents, inflections, pronunciations, articulations,—which are as so many voices,—to comprehend the significations of which would be essential to the understanding of the language? Was that his meaning? O, well, it is not essential to the point; but there are many voices ringing through my soul in times of revival, resolving themselves into thought and speech, and none of them, "it may be, without signification." To understand them, and thunder their meaning into the ears of my fellow-men is often the stirring business of the hour!

Well, you have found out by this letter that I am sweetly happy to-day; and so I am; and many others besides, in York, who were lately the wretched children of the devil!

This is a longer letter than usual ; and really, I have yet scarcely done ! A poet speaks of

“ Bolder quiresters

On loftiest branches, straining their clarion-pipes,

Making the forest echo to their screams

Discordant ! ”

Aye ! these bold quiresters are my pulpit visitants also ; “ screams discordant,”—yes ! for although I seldom or ever scream, yet these scream an alarm for Zion in every soul, and my voice and manner, O, what shall I say ?—discordant enough,—grating wildly upon delicate ears ; “ clarion-pipes and screams discordant,” reiterated, after a sort, and echoing wide through a human forest of thousands !

Fearful thoughts ! O, how they roll over my soul at such a time ! Not paradisiacal thoughts, these ! Not birds of paradise ! No ! They are all called forth by the mighty God, or the Angel of his presence, from regions too dismal and joyless to mistake them ; but they are necessary, dark, raven-winged, foreboding, and harsh as the screech-owl, betokening calamity and death ; others, the tempest-loving kind, beating against stress of weather ; storm-birds of misfortune, as the Germans name them—calling from afar : “ *Prepare to meet thy God, O sinner !* ” Then descends the storm,—thunder and lightning and wind and rain,—truth with its thunder tones and bolts and lightning. . . And then a tempest of sighs, groans and wailings from beneath, and cries for mercy, and tears like rain—and victory over all the powers of hell and unbelief ! Victory through the blood of the Lamb ! Hallelujah ! Such is life in soul-saving !—my life in York !

For all God's mercies, I would still be praising Him; but for the high privilege of extemporaneous preaching, and freedom from the trammels of sermon-reading, I would raise my note of thanksgiving very high. Through His help I escaped from the temptation to use, and then from the necessity of using, even a sketch before me in the Bible! That ended on the Christmas Day of 1836, in Plattsburgh, state of New York; but not till after a long and conflicting dialogue with myself and something else upon my knees, with appeals to God. Then away flew the crutches! True, I make preparation for the pulpit, write largely; but I never allow the manuscript, or even a sketch before me in the pulpit, excepting when I was in Hull, as a legal defence against reporters, who were stealing my sermons to print and sell for gain. The extemporaneous style has its disadvantages and imperfections, I admit, but they are greatly overbalanced by the mighty advantage of liberty,—freedom to follow the SPIRIT, to seize and appropriate those emanations from above—those birds of paradise, aye, and storm-birds—the “tempest-loving,” and the “raven-winged,” the “clarion piped,” and the “harsh-discordant,” shrill as the wading-bird of South America! O, but I would not forego these advantages for all the wealth of the East and the West! May my spiritua' ear and my heart ever be open unto them; and may I have a ready tongue to give utterance to their welcome notes when they come.

If you enquire, “What becomes of your birds of paradise, and those from less joyful regions?” I reply, if time permit, I drop down in the pulpit after preaching, or during prayer meeting, and “cage them;” that is, note them down

in my note-book, or journalize them on my return to my lodgings, or enter them into my common place volumes for some future occasion, else they are apt to take wing like other birds; then, in that case, they are not on hand when wanted, and MEMORY has no charm to recall them! She has learned the lesson once hinted to Shakspeare's hero, who boasting that he could "call up the spirits from the vasty deep," one present replied, "*And so could I, but will they come!*" But memory can command them from these cages, and they come!

When a school-boy I was mightily pleased with one sentence in my lesson, an old proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!" for it tallied so exactly with my experience and great toils in laying hoops and snares to catch the fugitives! And do I find it with these pulpit visitants! What was censurable with respect to one sort of birds, is praiseworthy towards these! But it is written, "*Every fowl after his kind, and every bird of every sort, went in unto Noah into the Ark;*" and with these he peopled the new world, when it emerged from under the floods. And from these, my spiritual aviaries, I am enabled often to people many a sermon,—"*Where the birds make their nests, and where the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.*" Ps. civ. 12. 17. However, some of these pulpit visitants are so swift-winged, or of so strong a pinion, they escape from me, and return no more; as if sent to answer some special design, and to return again to Him that sent them out on their errand of mercy or of warning!

Account for those thoughts as we may, it is well to make



the most of such helps. Youth hastens away, and prime rushes into decline. The imagination loses its vividness and readiness of conception as we advance in life. Fancy flags, genius becomes inexpert; the mind grows inert, and sympathizes with the decaying body. The memory needs help; it cannot recall of itself, the brilliant thoughts of youthful vigor. It wants help from the note-book, or journal, or common place book, or "sermon plan." The birds in the cage that sang so sweetly in other days are ready to sing again, rendering the "old man's ministry" as vigorous and refreshing as ever. With others it is far from being so, even while the health remains good. Why is it that some minds become superannuated so much earlier than others? I know there are other reasons, but in the majority, I fancy the fact may be traceable to this neglect. Is it not wisdom, therefore, to secure these visitants of our youth and prime, that they may be our resource and succor in our declining years!

As to myself my call is peculiar, somewhat like my field. Let me be vigorous, and "play the man," as Bramwell used to say, long as I can, or as God permits; and, then, sink at last into obscurity, or into the grave, with as good a grace as possible. My health seems to totter. What remains must be used. I dare not retreat from such scenes as these. That remark of Flavel, if I remember right, once struck me very forcibly, "If our health was less precious in our own sight, it might be more precious in the sight of the Lord!" Very true, and yet one may be imprudent and be punished for it. O, for more of the wisdom from above.

It is now August, and we can form a good judgment of

the work in York. We commenced, you remember, about the middle of June. It has been ascertained that about three hundred have been converted from the world, and over one hundred sanctified. Besides these, some sixty or seventy members of Wesleyan and other churches of city and country have been born again, or reclaimed. All glory be to God alone! He doeth the works. Let us sound the trumpet to his glory alone, and hide ourselves in the dust. Amen! Jesus is precious! May his smiles be your sunshine!\*

\* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Here end our extracts from MR. CAUGHEY'S Journal and Letters for the present. The reader will find the remainder in Part II. of this volume.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE SURE FOUNDATION.—A SERMON.

“ A sure foundation.”—Isaiah xxviii. 16.



THE whole verse reads thus : “ *Therefore thus saith the Lord God.*” What an exordium is that!—showing the importance of what is to follow ! “ *Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation : he that believeth shall not make haste.*” What glorious intimations are here ! How GOD himself [I speak with reverence] seems to labor for terms,—as if he would set this “ *stone* ” in jewelry ; as if at a *loss*,—as if dissatisfied with human language,—as if that of Heaven only were sufficient, to honor a title belonging to a Name that is above every name, in earth beneath or Heaven above ! But we adore ! We understand thee, O Lord God of Israel ! We adore Him who is the brightness of thy glory, and the express image of thy person. We adore the ineffable name of thy Son, our Lord ! We would fill this temple of thine with the melody of our voices ;

—yea, all earth and Heaven, were it in our power, with the triumphant song of our adoring souls—

“Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore ;  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set our Saviour forth !”

But let us proceed.

II. That which is of the first importance, that which passers by seldom think of, but without which the noblest edifice would be but a splendid folly,—is what?—what else but *a sure foundation*? But everybody knows that! We need not waste time in telling people that!—architects know that, and so does everybody in the land!

Well, then, hearken!—that which is of the first importance, that which many seldom think of, but that without which the fairest moral character [so far as eternal safety is concerned] would be but a splendid folly,—is, *a sure foundation*! Jesus Christ is that foundation; regeneration makes that foundation our own. But of what use is a foundation that is never reached? never built upon? And of what use is Christ, as a foundation, if we make no proper use of him?

Our Lord himself tells us of two men who began to build, each a house for himself. One of them built his house upon the *sand*; and him he named “a foolish man;” and the sequel proved it! The other built his house upon a *rock*; him he named “a wise man;” and the sequel proved that, also!

What a contrast in their foundations ! what a contrast in their history. Think of this, for I may refer to it again. But such contrasts are still witnessed in our day. Not, indeed, in the erecting of material edifices. No, indeed ! men have better sense than to build them on shifting sands ; but in selecting foundations for their eternal hope. Every man has within his breast a hope of getting to Heaven at last. Now, that hope rests upon either an insecure or a sure foundation. Is he building his hope on Christ, or upon something else ? morality, virtue, honesty, church-going, and other things ; or has his conscience found a resting-place on Christ ?

III. Mark what I am going to say : Christ, as a foundation, implies repentance, faith, pardon and regeneration ; all that must be gone through, before it can be said : Christ has become TO YOU, *a sure foundation !* You may talk much about Christ, profess his name, and say you believe in him ; but you may be building on the sand all the while ; and if you are building on the sand, a terrible ruin awaits you. Jesus tells us that the man who built upon the sure foundation, “*Digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock.*” It was not easy come at ; he had to dig deep. And thus it is with those who would reach Christ, as a foundation ; they have to dig deep, through many an encumbrance, habit and difficulty, before their poor burdened souls and bleeding consciences repose in Christ.

IV. And this may explain to some [who *wonder*, but who I hope will not “*wonder and perish,*”] the phenomena so constantly occurring in this work of God ; the sobs and prayers, and tears, and cries for mercy ; aye, and

joyful exclamations, when the sure foundation is secured !”

V. And this may explain some oft and strongly insisted upon points in my general preaching. A *sure foundation* implies the possibility of an *insecure* foundation ;—therein you may find imbedded my principal reason for preaching as I do. Christ as “a stone, a *tried* stone, a *precious* corner-stone,” an *experimental* Christ is the idea. *Unto them that believe He is precious.* He is not only a stone, but a *tried* stone, mighty to succor and sustain. He is, besides “a foundation, a sure foundation.” Foundation is mentioned twice in the same breath, as it were. He is none of these to any of you unless you are *regenerated and born again*. If this be true, how many of you are yet in your sins, with your foundation in the sands !—the quicksands of unbelief that may soon swallow you up, and sink you into the unbeliever’s portion in perdition ; the sands over which the torrents of God’s judgments are to sweep, and the storms that make desolate. Awake ! awake unto righteousness, that sin may not be your ruin !

VI. And this is my answer to “one of another taste.” Alas ! how can it be otherwise that our tastes differ, if you have never “*tasted that the Lord is gracious* ;”—never have come to Jesus, “*as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious.*” Peter ii. 3. 4. Or, if you have come once, but have measured back your steps to earth again.

O that God might once more touch your heart ! Or, if never before, touch it effectually before you leave his temple. Christ has purchased much for you on Calvary. And be

assured of this, if you feel not your need here of what cost Him so dear you must hereafter. There is no truer sentiment than this! O that the Holy Spirit may apply it to your heart.

Yes! my friend! I dwell much upon the points in question,—“deeds, evidences, foundations, and assurances, and what not, seem the staple of your preaching.” Perhaps so, on the nights you happen to be present; and you see the reason now, if you did not before; do you not? But have you never known property lost at law, or left to desolation, for the lack of an indisputable title deed? or a suit lost for want of evidence? or an edifice ruined by a bad foundation? or a tree blown down because rotten-hearted, or badly rooted? There is, perhaps, not a large town in the kingdom without examples. Lectures in season might have been of use, and saved much damage. But, sir, such things are constantly happening in soul affairs;—for lack of an assurance of pardon,—want of a good foundation in regeneration, many die in the dark, saying with one in Switzerland. “I leave the world with empty hands, with exhausted powers, with a beggared spirit and a withered heart.” It is to prevent such a catastrophe I thus preach. Scores of persons, now present, have been persuaded lately they were building upon an unsafe foundation; holding hopes of Heaven upon a suspicious and disputable *title*. They have been awakened out of their delusive dream. This place has been vocal with their cries of distress. And not in vain; a sure foundation,—a title of adoption, and heirship in Christ, have been realized. They are now happy and rejoicing in hope. So much for deceived, but

now saved professors. But look around. Here are hundreds of people, who two months ago had neither the power nor form of godliness; who made no pretensions to religion whatever. And now, behold! They have found Jesus! They are new creatures in Christ Jesus. To what is all this owing, under God? To the fact of plain-dealing in the pulpit. Preaching directly to them, "at them," as some say, and not of them, at three removes, in the third person, that is, of "somebody else;" a great relief that to uneasy consciences.

I wish you to understand me. *When were you converted? or born again?* John iii. 3. Read that, and you may find an exception, that may "cast you," an eternity. Harken to the Apostle. Acts iii. 19. "*Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.*" Harken to St. Paul. Rom. viii. 15, 16. "*For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.*" With these three texts *I close upon you*, and I claim the right of grappling with your conscience and hopes of Heaven! Here, to use a legal term, we "join issue," the state of your own soul being ripe for trial. Have you *repented? been converted? sins blotted out? born again? spirit of bondage again to fear, removed? Spirit of adoption, given? the Spirit of God witnessing thereto? the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, now comforting and rejoicing your soul?* Is it so? *when did all this take place? where?* Look back upon the past. Look inwardly to the



state of your poor soul? what saith it? Come, sir! Either treat Christianity as a fable, and these declarations of the New Testament as groundless assumptions, or give them the attention they deserve.

Who can tell but "the staple" of my preaching, on the nights in question, was the very best selection for your own case! Jesus, who saw Nathaniel under the fig-tree, may have had his eye upon you; and so, the word was suited to your case. That was an eventful night to Nicodemus, when he had that interview with Jesus. John iii. Any other *truth* then than that with which Christ assailed his solitary visitor, would, doubtless, have failed. "*Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.*" The *suitableness* of the declaration was unmistakable. It was well-timed and well-applied. Jesus, by his ministers, has spoken to many a Nicodemus since. Are you quite sure he spoke not to you as you "dropped in to see what was going on?" Alas! Eternity may yet speak upon the subject! I meant nothing more by a good title-deed than what is recorded in Romans viii. 15, 16, already quoted. He who has a properly executed deed has neither fear nor bondage,—no fear of legal difficulties, and perfect freedom of action upon the premises!

*Pardon, Adoption and Assurance*, through the blood of the Lamb! These are, so to speak, the foundation stones of our eternal salvation. Built upon these, and these upon Christ, the *sure foundation* and *tried*, we are strong and safe, as a castle upon an immovable rock. Without these, the gossamer is not weaker.

Stand with me before the most beautiful edifice in this

city. Suppose you should say, "A noble building that, sir. Much might be said in its praise; but after all, what is the most important part of it, without which all the rest would be of little use?" Now, do you think I would reply,—It's dimensions? symmetry? classic purity of order? or its chaste and elegant sculpture? or the beauty of its internal finish? O, no! but the solidity of its foundation, without which it would be but a perilous affair! Do you anticipate the application even to the most accomplished Protestant in the city?—the most unexceptionable professor of religion within its walls? "*We look for a city that hath foundations,*" says Paul. We look for a professor who has attained a safe foundation. You know what I mean. I have explained it before. It is hardly necessary to repeat it. Are you built upon the foundation of foundations, Jesus Christ, and as a consequence, do you *feel* you are *pardoncd*, and *regenerated*? and as the last proof of it, as well as the last definition of a Christian,—do you know that you are *a new creature in Christ!* that *old things have passed away, and that all things have become new?* 2 Cor. v. 17.

Alas! alas for you, and for all your accomplishments, if it be not so. But if you are sinful man; doing the things you ought not and leaving undone the things you should do: woe be to you. In view of these texts your prospects are dismal. You are building on the sand; and the storm is gathering.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE SURE FOUNDATION. — A SERMON.

“A sure foundation.”—Isaiah xxviii. 16.



SOME of the wicked have lately turned prophets! Don't you know it? Aye, and some who would be very angry if we called them wicked, have become prophets also! “And what do they prophesy about?” you enquire. Why, they are predicting the downfall of these new converts! They have said of me, “His preaching is *prophetic*, therefore he is a fanatic! he has turned prophet, instead of preacher!” And now, behold, they are doing the same thing themselves! predicting things to come; things that shall never come to pass, I hope, through the Lord our God. They say, “this and that one may stand a *week* or a *month*, or until the exciting instrument has disappeared; then they will become bad as before, and *worse*.” Well, that is saying a good deal! for some of them were bad enough before, and if they happen to become worse, then you would need to look out for broken windows, or, what is more, for broken heads in dark nights, in defiance of your police!

II. You have turned prophets yourselves, then, some of

you! But nobody *marvels* at you, nor protests against your assumptions. But if our God raises up a preacher, who predicts coming events concerning sinners, guided by the unfulfilled threatenings of God, then all the city unites in a protest! "The preacher pretends to be a prophet, treat him as a fanatic." Hear me, all of you. Time is a heaven-commissioned commentator upon the unfulfilled threatenings of God. And Time also gives some stirring comments upon that one declaration of the word of God, concerning the soul he saves, "*Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up: for God is able to make him stand.*" Rom. xiv. 4. What do you think of that? Do you believe that? Away, then, with all this judging things before the time! But God has many ways of rebutting false prophets. I would not like to be in the place of some of you, when God himself shall speak out of some providence, or dark judgment, and say, "*Who art thou that judgest?*" Beware of what you are about! Think of that declaration of our Lord, concerning one of these "little ones" that believe in him; that the man or woman, who offends one of them,—that is, causes such to be stumbled, so as to fall from God, "*It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea!*" Matt. xviii. 6. What an awful *prohibition*, terrible as that around the *mount that burned!* Ah! if these predictions weaken—offend—or stumble one of these little ones that believe in him, will not our God see to it, and punish such stumbling-block?

III. But let us hope better things of all concerned, henceforth. At any rate we shall hope better things of all

these little ones—little in their own estimation and little in the estimation of the world ; but very precious are they in the sight of God. Nor is our hope without foundation ; because we have taken great pains with their foundation ; that is, that they should be well established upon Christ, the only true foundation and sure ! For it is one thing merely to know of a good foundation, and it is another thing to build upon it and to build properly upon it. And who does not know that the future history of the edifice, for weal or for woe, depends upon this ?

IV. But allow me to apply the thought, or to enlarge upon it a little.

Regeneration is to the future history of the soul, what the laying of a sound foundation becomes to the future of the edifice. That architect sitting over yonder will appreciate the sentiment. The importance of a solid foundation for the future structure can hardly be overrated. What architect does not deprecate an unstable foundation ? both as regards the foundation and the foundation work. Who of them would build upon the sand, or where a *landslide* is likely to occur ; or in the bed of an exhausted torrent, where the next freshet may sweep the fabric away ! No ! no ! not in such places will they build, if they can provide a better ! But if forced to build in perilous places, what pains do they take to secure a foundation that will defy the power of the elements. They dig deep, and are fond of the rock, and when that is won with what confidence they build ! And, yet, no true architect will depend wholly upon the rock, regardless of the materials he builds thereupon. Did not St. Paul look in this very direction when he

hinted the possibility of a bad superstructure upon a good foundation? 1 Cor. iii. 11. There he speaks of Jesus Christ as the foundation, and the only foundation which can be laid, for it is laid; and what men have to do is to build upon it; and compares the possible materials to "*gold, silver, precious stones,*" or to "*wood, hay, stubble;*" showing that the fires of the Great Day shall declare the character of such spiritual materials.

Pause for conviction, just here. The future character, and the future history of an edifice, demand a solid foundation. Architects secure that at whatever toil or cost. The world has never been without a succession of such architects from the day that decree went out from Cyrus, king of Persia, concerning the house of God to be built in Jerusalem, "*Let the foundation thereof be strongly laid;*" down to the time of our Lord, five hundred years afterwards, who described the two builders, one of whom "*digged deep, and laid his foundation on a rock,*" and thence clear down to our own times.

And how plainly does our Lord show how a good foundation in regeneration and good works are essential to the future well-being of the soul. Read his story of the two builders, Matt. vii. 24, 29, and you will be convicted at once, or convinced! I have stated his doctrine; architecture was his illustration. And was it not on the same principle he made that solemn declaration to Nicodemus! John iii. 3. "*Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God!*" Do you not perceive that he points to this "*second birth,*" as the foundation work of a happy eternity? This is plain, then. The



future history of the soul sinks or rises with the character of the second birth, "born again;" or, as the margin has it, "born from above;" or, as St. John has it, "*which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God;*"—"born of God," as he speaks elsewhere. God himself denominates a regenerated believer, "*The temple of the living God;*"—and St. Paul says, "*What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?*" and immediately joins the spirit of the believer with his body as the temple in which God is to be glorified. O, then, if Cyrus was concerned that the foundation of God's ancient temple should be strongly laid, should not we be much more so in the matters of such spiritual foundations.

I was thinking to-day of that watch-word which rang over the plains of Shinar four thousand years ago, and which set so many hundreds of thousands of hands to work. "*Go to, let us build us a TOWER, whose top may reach into heaven.*" Men who thought to build so high, were concerned about having a good foundation, and dug deep, unquestionably. That the foundation was equal to the wants of the tower, seems somewhat evident from the following hint. This great tower had ascended heavenward about fifty stories, according to Rollin, when the Lord came down to see it, and remarked: "*Behold the people are one, and they have one language, and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.*" Gen. xi. What a little speck upon the platform of creation is man! And, yet, discontented with the earth, he would climb to the very

abode of God himself! A thing he may do, and must, or perish for ever! but not by such a foundation and superstructure as that of the Babel tower. No! but a foundation laid on Christ, the sure foundation, resulting in a new birth unto righteousness. After which, by virtue of a heavenward tendency, the regenerated souls ascends, finally, above all heights, to the abodes of the Eternal! But he who expects to build so high should "dig deep," and secure a foundation upon the rock, should he not? Aye, and take heed, besides, how he buildeth thereon.

When in Edinburgh, Scotland, I was struck with the great height of the buildings in "the old town," numbering twelve or thirteen stories high. The same thoughts occurred, regarding the foundations, as about the tower of Babel; and how careful we should be regarding our foundations in regeneration, who have not to build thirteen stories high, but above the clouds, into the heaven of heavens! I thought of what Jude says: "*But ye beloved, BUILDING UP YOURSELVES on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.*" God have mercy upon those among you, who have never yet begun to build, nor even to dig for a foundation, or if they have built, have done so on a false foundation! Death and eternity will be their ruin, if they persist!

A few months since, when in the south of France, I was walking one day upon the banks of the river Rhone, when I overheard two men talking about the architectural ruins in Egypt. One had examined them in person, and he went on to describe the amazing dimensions of the stones and the

solidity of the masonry. The other replied, with feeling: "Ah! sir, the ancient Egyptians *built for eternity!*" The remark afforded me a profitable train of thought, in harmony with what I have already stated. Wake up, then, every soul of you, and as you repent and pray and cry for mercy and believe, think with yourself, "I am laying a foundation whereupon to build for eternity, and a mistake here may ruin me throughout eternity." Think of what St. Paul urges in Heb. vi. 1, "*Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance.*" In order to do this, lay it so securely, and live so afterwards, that neither suspicion nor sin shall necessitate a re-laying of your spiritual foundations in regeneration!

Regeneration is as necessary to the soul's perfection as a solid foundation is to the completion of an edifice. The illustration needs little argument. Look at a mansion. Without sustaining walls there can be no roof, no apartments;—nor walls, nor roof, nor apartments, without a foundation. For though men act like fools in religion, they do not so in architecture. They have no fancy for trying to build "castles in the air." They "*look for a building which hath foundations.*" An unwise builder, indeed, in a certain place, mistook his foundation and the edifice tumbled down before it was completed and lives were lost. But this just illustrates the fact, if a person mistakes his conversion he is not likely to stand long enough to be perfected. He will soon fall into sin, tumble out of the church, and may lose his soul with his life. That is worse than the falling of a building. If that builder

suspected the catastrophe before he was thirty feet from the ground, he could have but little heart to proceed higher ;— as little as those have to go on unto perfection who seriously suspect their foundation-work in justification and regeneration !

Regeneration is to the soul what a salubrious foundation-soil is to a family mansion ;—a pledge of good health to the inmates. If built upon an unearthly soil—the foundations laid in pestilential effluvia, with which the lower apartments are filled, good health is not to be expected by the family. No ! nor can a soul ever enjoy good health whose misfortune it is to dwell over the foul soil of an unregenerate heart.

Suppose you and I were standing in front of one of the finest mansions in Yorkshire, and you should require me to point out the most essential requisite in a family mansion next to a solid foundation and strength of superstructure, in order to comfort, health, life, and happiness ! What answer do you think I should give you ? Do you suppose I would say, the point of compass to which it looks ? or the grandeur of its prospect ? or its architectural proportions and beauty ? or the richness and elegance of its furniture ? or the wealth and intelligence of the family within ? No ! but that it stands upon a healthy soil ; that the foundation air of it is salubrious ; that its apartments are filled with a pure healthy atmosphere. Without this, health and happiness are not to be expected there. I see by your look you understand me. It is not that we belong to this or that church, or that our intellect is well informed and the outward character faultless ; the soul can only be

in health, as it breathes the pure, free, salubrious atmosphere arising from a truly regenerated and purified heart.

When John wrote to his well-beloved Gaius, saying, "*I wish, above all things, that thou mayest prosper, and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.*" SOUL-HEALTH was John's idea! Confidence in that was the foundation of his wish. Had Gaius been unconverted, St. John never would have expressed such a wish! never! For if men's bodies were as sickly as their souls, hospitals might be multiplied by the thousand!

Well, Jesus Christ is a sure foundation—sure for safety, health, and happiness. This trinity of felicities are enjoyed by all those who founded upon Christ, and built up in Him. And, let me add, they are found no where else. This is no fancy, and you know it. Why, then, seek any of the three: spiritual safety, health, happiness, where they never can be found. Hasten, then, O, hasten to this only sure foundation, and you shall find rest for your souls!

This is nearly all I have to say to-night. We do not marvel that the world dislikes this sort of preaching; or that the votaries of fashion pretend to treat it lightly. They do not understand it yet, many of them; may not, perhaps, till the gates of eternity are just opening to receive them; and, as one mournfully said, They leave the purposes for which they were sent into the world, when they are just on the point of leaving it; when the terrible lesson is burned into the departing soul, that what was first in God's intention,—their repentance, pardon and holiness, has turned out to be the last in their execution; and, alas! the lesson is a terrible one!



But why should the religiously inclined not understand? Why should *they* treat these subjects with indifference? Alas! Some of these are as fond of closing their eyes against the light, as the careless and profane. This is *fact!* However, my work is to urge the settlement of such soul affairs with all the energy God has given me. How many of these risk their souls, where they could not be persuaded to risk a small amount of property! I mean without an indisputable title-deed. Were a document offered them as a title-deed, without date or signature, would they purchase? Nay, verily! And yet they risk the loss of their place in Heaven, after much trouble and expense upon it, by neglecting a date and signature to their title! that is, they know neither when nor where they were pardoned, regenerated and adopted; nor have they the witness of God's holy Spirit to the fact of their adoption,—which St. Paul shows to be so absolutely necessary, in Rom. viii. 15, 16—that neither our identity with the race of Adam, who are invited to say, “Our Father, which art in Heaven,” nor morality, nor all the accomplishments which ever adorned a human being, can certify the safety of the soul, or its admission into the family of God, until the third person of the adorable Trinity sets his *seal* to the fact.

No wonder such are in consternation on the death-night, when such a deed—date—evidence, are worth more than all the property beneath the sun; when such would they give, if they had them, as many worlds as there are stars in the firmament of heaven, if their title to a place in Heaven might thereby be ascertained without a doubt. What a difference between those two deaths which occurred lately!



—one all confusion, doubt, misery; but the other calm, collected, happy! Why this difference? You can answer this yourself; the striking acknowledgment that it was impossible to leave the world in a comfortable state of mind, with a doubt so tremendous hanging over the soul like a thunderbolt! Ah! was an answer sufficient for one case. How with the other? that it was impossible to die unhappy, however severe the last sickness, when the evidence of eternal safety was certain and unclouded!

Have you never read that item which Aristotle inserted into his “*Œconomics*,” that in household order every thing should be so kept in its place that at any time you could go to it though at midnight! Happy is he whose evidence of salvation is so well ordered as to be able in the darkest hour of temptation, or in the sudden midnight of death to go to it and to lay the hand of his soul upon it, and like him of whom we have just spoken to shout, “Victory! victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb.” This is the best of all economy, Aristotle! which you would have heartily confessed, had you lived in our Dispensation! It is the neglect of this, which

“Wraps that hour of woe in tenfold night.”

Through the blood of the Lamb of God, I offer salvation to every soul among you who will accept. I am about to say *Amen!* and to retire within myself, so to speak, to ponder upon the lesson in theology, which the depravity of man teaches me, and the need of supernatural aid in order to cope successfully with it. O, but I do feel this night, this need, to the depth of my solitary and pleading heart:—

the aid of the Holy Spirit, and of *faith*,—as much as the bird its *wings* in flying, or the ship the wind and helm in sailing, or the soldier his sword in fighting. Let us rise and sing :

“ Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers !  
Come shed abroad a Saviour’s love,  
And that shall kindle ours.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE GREAT TEST.—A SERMON.

“Rooted in love.”—Ephes. iii. 17.



MY text is a part of that profound and expressive prayer of the Apostle, “*And for this cause I bow.*” My intention, however, is to confine your attention to the agricultural figure in my text. I shall not be able to say all that might be said upon it, for it implies much, and has a deep spiritual meaning; but I mean to preach from the text again, and shall, therefore, only apply it, for the present, to the peculiar developments of this great work of God. I remark:

#### I. THESE REVIVALS ARE REAL TESTS OF CHARACTER.

1. They certainly distinguish between the living and the dead;—living church members and dead church members; aye, and living Christians and dead souls in the world around us.

A revival is the Spring season of the Church of God. And, as Spring affords a test for the trees of the forest, so does a revival for the trees of the Lord’s right hand planting. You understand me! If there be life in the root and

sap, Spring is sure to call it forth in leaves, blossoms, and, at length, fruit, although there were evident signs of death before. It is so in a revival!

2. How often have we wandered through the forest in Winter-time, observing the trees all leafless and crusted with ice and snow.

“The groves are clad in widowhood,  
 Their leaves they’ve shed in weeping,  
 They howl their anguish to the blast,  
 Which their tops are sweeping.

The sparkling rill that danced so bright,  
 The stream and the mighty river,  
 Are all reposing in death-like sleep,  
 That would seem to be broken never.

Through field or grove no bird is seen,  
 Its music sweetly pouring,  
 For every songster’s voice is dumb,  
 And the winds aloud are roaring.

Winter has come with savage brow,  
 Commanding his ice-clad legions,  
 Has spread his gloomy ravages  
 O’er all these once fair regions.”

3. We have wandered amidst the desolations and sighed for Spring, as we have often sighed for a revival. We have sighed and queried how many of the trees are really dead?—for they all seemed dead. Yet we knew they were not all dead—that there was life at the roots, although under the embargo of Winter. And we were ready to question the ice whether it really concealed a living stream, or whether the last shower or the last thaw

had been congealed into ice upon a filthy surface? But there was no reply, and we passed on. And on to another thought, that the state of some churches is as great a puzzle!

4. But Spring came at last, like a revival of religion, and disputed the reign of Winter, which, after some skirmishing and retreating, and advancing and retreating again, was driven from the field, and young Spring was victorious, and all was bud and blossom—an unmistakable revival, when, as one observed, the air is heavenly, the chill is off, and it feels like a breathing from a rarer world; the sun is up, marching through infinite and cloudless blue, and every thing that loves his rays is out of doors! So much like a revival of religion that!

5. And then we rambled out where we walked and sighed during the reign of Winter. And what a change! The trees were all in the flush of green; for, as Virgil observed, the cheerful hours had awakened the Spring, and the Spring had awakened the flowers, and the trees had boldly trusted their buds in open air, and May, which another of the poets named Heaven's kiss to the earth, was there, embracing everything, while heaven and earth rejoiced in each other's smiles! So much like a revival of religion, we thought and walked on, and found further that what had seemed pure ice in the Winter had only covered the dirty ground, but we found the living streams and thought of the poetic sentiment:

“As the great sun, when he his influence  
Sheds on the frost-bound waters, the glad stream  
Flows to the ray, and warbles as it flows!”

. So much like a revival of religion, we thought! There was life and purity beneath the ice though we did not see it, and there was death and impurity beneath the ice, neither did we see that; but Spring, like a revival, has revealed the difference, and we wandered on; aye, and found trees as leafless and dead as they were in Winter! The fault was in the roots, which we could not see; but Spring, like a revival among professors, has detected the dead trees and discovered the living trees! the rooted trees—rooted in a good soil, as true Christians are rooted in love, whose life is hid with God in Christ.

6. Aye! So it is; a revival, like the Spring, is a professor-detector! "*Rooted in love.*" Without roots there is neither life, nor growth, nor fruit; "the barren fig-tree" is the emblem—a cumberer of the ground. This rooting or striking down the affections of the soul into the pure love of Christ, is the grand secret of life and the pledge of life even in the worst times. This begins in regeneration, and so long as the roots remain healthy and vigorous, they remain and grow until transplanted to the paradise above. But this is the one thing needful, without which all else avails nothing.

7. Do you all understand me? "*He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*" It is this being rooted in love that makes the Christian. It is another definition of the Christian. It is the most essential peculiarity of his character, without which all the rest is worthless. Harken! It is not so much the height of the tree, nor the stateliness of its trunk, nor the graceful balance of its branches, nor the abundance of its foliage which the landscape painter so



closely studies! But that which is quite out of sight, and which nobody thinks of—its roots—healthy, vigorous, sap-giving roots,—without which the sooner the axe is applied to it the better, which determines its value. Can you make the application? Perhaps John the Baptist may assist you. Hear him: “*And now, also, the axe is laid unto the root of the trees, therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.*” Matt. iii. 10. Do you understand the Baptist? I shall help you in a few moments. But let me first sound one trumpet-note of warning. It is this:

## II. A GREAT CRISIS HAS COME IN THE HISTORY OF SOME PRESENT.

1. Spring is a crisis in the history of many a tree. “Let it stand till Spring, and then, if it shows no signs of life, it must be cut down and removed.” Let that sinner live till another revival, and then, if he shows no signs of repentance unto life, let him be cut down and removed into the grave and into eternity. Was not that idea in the mind of the vine-dresser when he advocated the cause of the barren fig-tree, “*Let it alone this year also, till I dig about it, etc.*” And now let us consider the meaning of John the Baptist in the warning referred to, “*And now also the axe, etc.*”

2. Well, the Jewish Church had arrived at a crisis in her history. Long, very long had been her Winter. Four hundred years had passed away since any messenger of the real prophetic order had shed over the land, the sunshine of a heavenly announcement. Signs of death were everywhere visible. Rabbinism and tradition had overlaid everything,—had almost smothered the last spark of spiritual life.

3. But a crisis had arrived in the government of God, to the world in general, and to the Jewish Church in particular. Something that would be decisive was at hand. A new Dispensation had already dawned; but new and tremendous obligations to repentance attended it. A herald from God had announced it. John the Baptist was that herald, and he aroused the nation with the cry, "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight,*"—while, as Dr. Harris beautifully observes, "to prepare the minds and to excite the expectations of those he addressed, the burden of his message was nothing less than the stern necessity of immediate repentance, and the approaching erection of a heavenly kingdom: '*Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*' The voice came pealing from the Judean desert, peopling its path wherever it swept with echoes of astonishment and alarm; and as it passed over the banks of the Jordan, rung through the palaces and streets of Jerusalem, and startled even the distant shores, the wondering land went out in crowds; the sanguine, the envious, the devout, the anxious, the oppressed, the curious—priest, politician, populace—all flocked and thronged to the scene of this remarkable prodigy; where, having won their admiration and credence, by the severe sanctity of his life, and agitated their fears by the bold and alarming tenor of his address, he awoke in them vague but elevated anticipations of '*Him that should come,*' and took from them a solemn pledge, by baptism, that as soon as that Illustrious Personage appeared they would enrol themselves among his disciples."

This was a crisis to the sinners in Zion. A new order of things had come. For this great privilege God had

spared them, as he has spared hundreds of you who hear me this hour, to behold and to feel the power of this great revival in this city.

4. Then it was that John cried in the ears of the multitudes, "*And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire.*" This was a faithful and fair warning; a distinct announcement of the *crisis* in their history. O, may I be as faithful with you! They were now put on trial, their last trial, to determine whether they would show signs of life, or signs of continued death; or whether good fruit or bad fruit should be put forth. The axe of God's judgments was now laid to the roots of these human trees, and ready to be set on against them when the occasion demanded. If they showed signs of life in the bud, blossom, and fruit of true repentance, then they were allowed to live, and to enjoy the sunshine, the shower, and the breeze of the New Dispensation, just opening like the gates of Paradise upon Palestine. But if no such signs of life appeared, they were to be hewn down and cast into "fire unquenchable."

"Dread words, whose meaning knows no bounds."

5. And now, hear me every soul of you: *The Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye and believe the gospel.* O, ye human trees, not rooted in the love of Christ, but in the old original soil of depravity, hear the word of the Lord! Your crisis has come! Something decisive is about to be done. A crisis has arrived in the government of God concerning you. How is it to be? The axe is laid at your roots. Judg-

ments are coming. You must be *rooted in love*, or uprooted in wrath; given to Christ, or to the flames. O, how is it to be? You can determine it yourselves!

6. O, ye human trees, shaken alternately by the breezes of heaven and hell; how is it now to be? O, ye trees that once bore *the fruits of righteousness*? what shall I say to you? Not given to the flames yet! No, thank God! no, thank God! no. See the cause in the face of your Advocate above. But what are you to expect, seeing that Jude has fully described your case; hear him: "*Trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots.*" O, Jesus, have mercy upon these rootless and fruitless and twice dead trees! Spare them, O, spare them from the flames a little longer! If there be any sins of real repentance, thou wilt. I know thou wilt! Look at thy hands, thy feet, thy side. O, remember thy dying hour. Remember also, the mercy thou did'st show to Peter, and even to the thief on the cross. O, ye backsliders! there is yet a door of hope. Hasten to enter it, ere it is closed for ever!

7. O, ye who are *rooted in love*, all hail! You who taste the love of Christ! ye royal trees of the Lord's planting! ye branches, too, of Jesus the living Vine! Blessings from above descend upon you,—sunshine, breeze and shower. O, I would shout unto you, as Dr. Watts did to the pine trees and vine branches—

“ Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,  
To Him who bids you grow,  
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,  
On every thoughtful bough!”

8. Yes! praise him ye sons and daughters of God! praise him! praise him, till your voices become as *the sound of many waters*,—even as *the waves of the sea!* Praise him, and allow me to shout a chorus,—however it may vary from the figure in my text I am sure it does not from the spirit of the occasion!

“ Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,  
In your eternal roar:  
Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
And shore reply to shore!

Amen and Amen.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE GREAT DISTINCTION.—A FRAGMENT.

“Rooted in love.”



IFE, love, growth, fruit and stability are some of the results of being rooted in love. Of these I have much to say. We are rooted in love the moment we are pardoned and regenerated. We trust in the merits of Christ and are saved. But, first, we hear with our repenting hearts what great things Jesus Christ has done for us. This enkindles our love. We cannot help loving him who first loved us. Before, we only heard the Gospel with our heads, and it only inspired sentiments of respect for Christ;—light, like moonshine—very pleasant it may be, but it melted nothing, changed nothing. But when we heard with our hearts what great things he had done for us, something better than respect, esteem, or light sprang up within, even LOVE, yes, LOVE, which differed from the other as sunshine differed from moonshine. Jesus then became precious; we loved him, and felt that we were born of God. From thenceforth we heard the Gospel with our hearts!



And that which was the element of our support, comfort, joy and strength in the first hour of our spiritual life is the very element that is to sustain us all through life till we are transplanted to Heaven!

2. Now, herein we may perceive a great distinction. Those who have not been thus rooted in love have neither life, love, growth, fruit, nor stability. How can they? A tree without roots might as easily show forth such qualities! To these very facts may be traced much of the phenomena observable among professors of religion. This city is not without its stirring examples. You all know this very well; but I forbear; only claiming the privilege of imitating, somewhat, my Lord's style in preaching by the use of similitudes or comparisons. I noticed a stake, the other day, that had been driven into the ground, and near to it was a flourishing tree. In what did they differ? Much every way, but chiefly in the matter of roots. Of what use would sunshine and shower be to the old dead rootless stake, only to rot it the faster. But these sustain and invigorate the well-rooted tree. But there is an equal difference between that professor that is not rooted in the love of Christ and the one who is! Do you understand me? Does the similitude apply? Does it trouble you? O, that it might, if you are not rooted in love!

In an elegant drawing-room, not far off, there is a beautiful picture of a grape-vine; and in a certain green-house there is another, but it is covered with leaves and ripening clusters; no picture that, but a real vine. I need not ask you in what consists the difference? In a certain garden, in this city, there is a beautiful array of flowers, and they

were all serenely drinking in the rays of the sun this morning. And, about the same time, there was a great display of artificial flowers in the show-window of a milliner's shop. What a difference was there?—in nature, in the rooting, in fragrance, in life, in growth, in origin, in history! And yet there was a considerable resemblance. It is thus with professors; but you must make the application yourselves; only let me exhort you with the Apostle, "*Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your ownelves, know ye not your ownelves how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates.*" 2 Cor. xiii. 5. How is it with you? dead or alive in the Spring-time of this revival?

When in Leeds some time since, passing through a garden, I noticed a small dead tree. Much pains had been taken with it as to its position, for it stood upon a gentle mound of rich earth, and had had rain and sunshine in plenty, but it was dead, while everything around was clothed in living green. I remarked to the lady of the place that summer was an unfortunate time for that dead tree, as the living ones exposed it so; that its honor stood with the Winter, for then other trees were much like it in appearance; that it reminded me of some dead church members in the summer-time of a revival; the living Christians exposed them by contrast. Their credit stands in the wintry state of the church!

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XVIII

### RETURN ARROWS.



HAVE noticed lately that some of the ladies in York and its vicinity have taken quite a fancy to archery;—a commendable exercise, doubtless, for those who cannot find more useful employment. Now, the end of archery is to learn to hit the mark. I learned that fact when a boy, but never succeeded very well in hitting the mark! had it been somewhere else than where it was I would have been sure to hit it!

II. When called to preach the idea was of use to me; for I am not ashamed to say I carried the art into the pulpit with me! and so, as it was said of Ishmael, “*And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.*” Gen. xxi. 20. I became a spiritual archer in the wilderness of North America! Nor have I changed my profession in England as many of you very well know! The arrows of truth speed better and surer than my boyhood arrows! My bow, like “*the bow of Jonathan that turned not back;*” 1 Sam. i. 22, because it had a stout

back!—my bow has a back of steel, even the word of God! and it is bent by the energy of a helping God as was said of that of Joseph, “*But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.*” Gen. xlix. 24. To many of you has it not been salvation?—the arrow from its string, “*The arrow of the Lord’s deliverance.*” 2 Kings xiii. 17. Ah! yes! but at first it was otherwise. You realize as many do now, Psalm xlv. 5,—*Thine arrows are sharp in the hearts of the King’s enemies, whereby the people fall under thee.*” Yes, you fell, but upon your knees, and upon the atoning lamb, and were freely saved by grace. Blessed be God! you may well sing:

‘ I on the brink of ruin fell,  
Glory to God! I’m not in hell!’

III. But this let me say, no man should become a pulpit archer without counting the cost. Ishmael was a great archer, but while his hand was against every man, every man’s hand was against him! Joseph’s bow abode in strength, but we are told in the same chapter, “*The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him.*” Arrow for arrow is the motto of human nature! “*Against him that BENEATH let the ARCHER BEND HIS BOW*” is too often realized. Jer. li. 3.

Well, some of my late arrows have fairly hit the mark! But I have bent my bow too often, not to learn that return arrows are to be expected. Some of these I notice, re-feather them, and send them back from my own string. Others are not worth notice, and they lie at my feet just where they fell!

IV. Look out for your arrows then! newly feathered, indeed, and barbed, but not so as to prevent them from being distinguished!

V. Suppose I say to "Facts of agriculture," admitted; what then? Sinners grow, and so do carnal professors. But they grow upon their own roots; they have never been "*cut out of the wild olive-tree,*" the old stock, Adam, and "*grafted into the good olive-tree,*" Christ, the second Adam, the Lord from Heaven. Rom. xi. 17. 24. The wild olive-tree to which they belong may be rooted in Christian soil, and may differ somewhat from that part of it which has taken root in Pagan soil; but, like other trees, the soil changes not its nature nor its fruit. No, nor were it transplanted a wild olive, into the gardens of Paradise, would it be otherwise?

VI. This wild olive grows, then, and so do its branches, in York,—but they do not "*grow in grace,*" do they? perhaps in knowledge, but more frequently in presumption and wickedness. They take advantage of the soil, the love of God in Christ, and such poison, death and perdition, from that which gives life and salvation to those who by repentance and faith have been grafted into the good olive-tree. No! no! I had no intention, last night, of denying growth and a species of life to those who adhere to the Christian faith but are not converted by it. Serpents grow as well as doves; but though they breathe the same air, and bask in the same sunshine, the serpent remains a serpent and the dove a dove. Weeds grow where lillies grow; but the weeds continue weeds and the lillies remain lillies, though privileged with the same soil and shower and sunshine.

Thistles grow, if allowed, where roses grow, but the thistles are thistles still and the roses roses still, but what increases the fragrance of the roses will only multiply the troublesome prickles of the thistles. It would require a *miracle* to have it otherwise! But it is just so with sinners, carnal professors and real Christians, who grow and are nourished upon Christian soil.

VII. This is all the answer I have to give. Is it not sufficient? Does it detract from what I said last night? I think not. The tree that soars must descend if it would stand; the greater its height the deeper and more widely spread must be its roots; hence the old maxim:

“The lower it roots,  
The higher it shoots!”

It is so with the truly converted soul. For this reason, I urge the pursuit of holiness, upon all the “*Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.*” Isaiah lxi. 3. They must be well rooted to stand against the assailing blasts of hell.

VIII. For a similar reason I urge the necessity of a sound foundation in regeneration and entire sanctification. He who builds high should dig deep. You understand me? He who purchases an estate should be sure the title is good. None of you would buy a lot of ground in York upon trust; that is, without having it surveyed, defined, deeded, and properly conveyed. Would you? The answer is in your minds. Very well; take the same care in soul matters and all shall be well. It would have been well for the foolish virgins, mentioned by our Lord, had they looked to



their lamps in time. Look well to your heart that the true grace of God is there, otherwise, though the devil were bound with the great chain John saw in the hand of the angel, and shut up and sealed in the bottomless pit, it will forge a chain and a tempter strong enough to drag you into the same lodgings!

## CHAPTER XIX.

### MORE RETURN ARROWS.



THE word "*Extravagance*," is a popular term in your old sedate city of York! just as the term "*Blasphemy*" was in Quebec when I was pushing the battle to the gates in that city! When any sentiment of strength and potency was uttered, pointed and convincing, and with a somewhat louder and more alarming voice than usual, and not exactly after their manner of thinking and expression, "*Blasphemy!*" was the watchword of some sedate sort of folks, whose head and heart were never remarkable for traveling far into religion. But "*Blasphemy*" answered every purpose of argument. Well, "*Extravagance!*" answers a similar purpose here! Both cities are walled around and fortified; but Quebec has fifty cannons to one in York! But their polemical tactics remind one of their military defences.

II. Some time since, when conversing with an old Quaker lady upon the ordinance of Baptism, which she opposed as a useless ceremony after the baptism of the Spirit has been

received : I replied, Had you been at the house of Cornelius, Acts x. 44. 48, when the Holy Ghost fell upon all them that heard the word from the lips of Peter, and then had heard the Apostle enquiring, “*Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we !*” I suppose you would have forbidden it, or at least protested ! Her reply was very confused, and the conversation changed after one remark, that what was right in the first century of the Christian Church cannot be wrong in the nineteenth ! I have alluded to this incident merely to say, that had some of you been present when Jesus Christ said : “*Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a DEVIL !*” John vi. 70, you would have been tempted to exclaim, “*Extravagance !*” Much less could you have borne with an eminent divine of the last century who declared that “a sinner befiltied by sin, is no better than a devil !” I persist in saying that sin devilizes the sinner ; and that for a man to graduate into a devil among men upon earth, before he numbers among devils in hell, is not among the things impossible ! And whether “at war with good taste” or not, I again solicit your attention to the other offensive sentiment ; that grass in the field is useful, but grass growing upon the housetop rots it : sinners growing in the field of the world are variously useful ; but sinners growing in the Church, as members, will rot and ruin it and themselves if let alone !

III. If TRUTH disturbs the conscience of a sinner in Zion, am I to blame ? Did I make it, or prepare the sinner to be wounded by it ? “Truth is no doctress ; she takes no degrees in Paris or Oxford,” no, nor in York ! “The sting

of a reproach is the truth of it," says the old proverb. "Truths, like roses, have their thorns about them," was another. Wise sayings these. Are they not? The hand of conscience often presses these roses too close upon the soul, so that their thorns are felt more than their beauty and fragrance! It is *grievous* that it is so, but so it is with some of you.

IV. I believe with Claude that "Truth grows not old by length of time; that she minds not places, nor suffers herself to be overtaken by night. Nor does she shut herself up in shadows; but she is near to all that turn to her in every part of the world; she is eternal to all, and she is everywhere to change and convert those who behold her." A beautiful sentiment! But Truth is often weak and modest, and allows herself to be shouldered aside for a time into silence and seclusion, leaving the heart as vacant of Truth as hell of holiness! But the old maxim in philosophy that nature abhors a vacuum is true in theology. Truth abhors a vacuum! and like the winds of heaven rushes for possession and an equilibrium with a force equal to the unoccupied space and time of exclusion. This accounts for the awful noises and terrible wailings and outcries among hitherto careless and prayerless sinners.

V. It is singular that learned and philosophical minds in York are so much lacking in the philosophy of mind as not to understand these phenomena. They can account for currents of air, or the motions of a whirlwind, or the direction of the hurricane, or outburstings of the thundercloud; but the motions of TRUTH in a congregation of mind take them by surprise, and fill them with wonder and con-

sternation! They know not what to think or say, only to exclaim, "extravagance! fanaticism! madness!" When a storm occurs in nature they are calm and philosophic. They acknowledge a cause, and a just one. They expect that nature will recover her tranquillity presently, and be all the better, all the more serene and healthy for her fearful commotions. And so they confess the wisdom, goodness and power of God in the use and control of elements so tremendous. But in matters of religion their philosophy is at fault. Their emotions and predictions are equal to the dark ages of superstition; when an eclipse, or a comet, an inundation, the appearance of the clouds, the wailings of the winds in a hurricane, or the lightnings of a thunder-storm made the world stand aghast, as if nature had taken her last fit and would never recover! But she recovered for all that, and became all the brighter and lovelier! Aye, and so it is with the religion of the Son of God. But these gentlemen do not, like true philosophers, suspend judgment and wait results, or believe against appearances!

VI. However, we must bear their critiques patiently. They have nature closer than the Bible or religion;—are better versed in the history of natural storms than of supernatural or spiritual ones!—those especially which belong to the true succession of Penticostal storms as recorded in Acts, second chapter, which fairly awakened Jerusalem and made it vocal with "outcries," when all were in amazement, some doubting and saying one to another, "*What meaneth this?*" Others mocking, saying, "*These men are full of new wine;*"—when wiser heads than any we have in York, perhaps, were puzzled! But Peter understood the

whole matter as he stood and called upon the men of Judea and Jerusalem to hearken! and dashing the base insinuations aside, he pointed them to that glowing prophecy of Joel: "*And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and on my hand-maidens I will pour out of my Spirit, and they shall prophecy.*" But there was a great cry at the close of Peter's sermon, and this was the burden of the cry: "*Men and brethren what shall we do?*" Truth had done its work—"*They were pricked in their heart,*" and in their distress cried out as loud as any of them! Repentance, baptism, faith in Christ, for the remission of sins were urged upon them; and that day three thousand souls were saved and added to the Church!

VII. The Truth of God is still powerful. Ye are witnesses! As one said, Truth is in morals what steam is in mechanics, nothing can resist it! Equally true was the remark of another, that Truth, like the filings of gold, is precious. The least ray of truth is glorious. And I would add that a small particle of truth, like a grain of gunpowder, may explode and scorch the conscience; may ignite an explosive substance in the magazine of memory and conscience, and blow the sinner's carnal peace to atoms. Read over that sermon of Peter on the day of Pentecost. There was nothing very "great or eloquent" about it. But how amazing the results! Truth is all but omnipotent when backed up by the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. This is all I have to say upon this subject just now.



## CHAPTER XX.

### WALLED CITIES.—A PRIVATE HINT.

YORK, *July*, 1845.



DISRESPECT for York? No such thing; no more than for Quebec. There are noble minds in both cities, and in both cities I have abundance of friends. But now a word for "a private ear or two." I cannot deny but I have been tempted to think that people who live within walled cities are apt to be more contracted and illiberal in their views than those who reside in large unenclosed towns and cities. Now, although it would be unjust to apply the remark to the people of either York or Quebec, yet I would not assert that minds of certain temperament or calibre, or range of information might not be somewhat affected by the walls! Pardon me for thinking or supposing so, but you know one cannot help being tempted although he need not yield to the temptation!

The mouse in the tub when he climbed to the edge, and looked around the garret, declared, says the fable, that he had no idea the world was so large! Pardon me! but if you know any one in York to whom it might apply by way

of instruction, pray do whisper the circumstance in his ear ! It may do him good and dispose him to admit that there may be something more than he has yet seen beyond the circle of his vision. Let this suffice !

However, one more gentle hint may not be inadmissible : Addison was of opinion that several of the singing birds of England learn to sweeten their voices and mellow the harshness of their natural notes by practicing under those that come from a warmer clime ! The application to the matter in hand is not very difficult. But the Lord reigneth. He is the Head of the Church, and you know what the Apostle says, "*The foolishness of God is wiser than man, and the weakness of God is stronger than man.*" 1 Cor. i. 25. A strange expression that ! But it was speaking after the manner of men, I suppose : that the wisdom of men is at fault when judging of the appointments and operations of God ; that what seems foolishness or weakness to it really surpasses the wisdom of the wisest and the strength of the strongest ! And never is carnal wisdom more at fault than when it sets itself up as a judge of the divine administration in a revival of religion.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### STRAY ARROWS.



FEW remarks concerning that alarming discourse on Rev. xiv. 9, 11. Suppose there was “a regular stampede,—sinful men flying from the house of God in all directions; from a place which should rather attract than repulse them?” Well, what of that? who was to blame? what of it? They only acted against God’s house, as they have been doing for years against God himself; turning their backs upon him, and flying like Jonahs from his presence. Why is not God more attractive to them? because he is a God of truth. Why did they fly from his temple? because *Truth* was there. Why did the devils fly from a spot they had so long frequented? because the Saviour was there. Why did the swine run so violently down a steep place? because the devils had gone into them. Matt. viii. 32.

Is it much that they fled from my ministry, when they have been running away from God for years? Thank God! they have not gone down “the steep place;” but it

has not been the fault of devils that they have not. Do not be at all surprised, my friend! Men must needs run when devils gets into them; as the Roman Catholics ran away from a street-preacher the other day in Ireland, when the priest got in among them, whip in hand! Well, the devil hates Protestant truth as bad, and grins with satisfaction when he sees his flock flying out of the circle of its voice! Aye! and if sinners could change globes as they can change nations, and a globe presented itself which God never made, never governed and never intends to, there would soon be a regular Exodus. But happily no such globe exists in the universe,—unless we admit hell to be such; but it is rather called “the bottomless pit” in Scripture; or, “the lake of fire.” It was the fear of that which made them run away so; besides, they learned from the text, that hell itself is no refuge from the presence of God, wonderful as it seemed; that there they must *drink the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the PRESENCE of the Lamb, and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever.*” That was decisive. But they stayed and heard all the truth, and then fled from it, as if in doing so they could fly from God, and even from hell at the same time. However, our old globe retains them yet. They may think better of the matter and return. I know they will; how many of them have returned already!

If I used other weapons, or other “coloring,” than what my text afforded, then am I to blame; for surely there were enough of the terrible and the alarming in the text itself,

without drawing either upon fancy or poetry. But I kept to my text as close as your soul keeps to your body! If I got "all wrong," then my text was all wrong! for I followed it as closely as the mariner steers by his compass or chart.

Are the threatenings of God to be respected and relied upon? What true Protestant ever doubted that? They mean something then. Certainly they do not prove that God desires to damn the sinner. He threatens him with it that he may be induced to avoid it; else he would send him to hell so soon as he heard the threatening, or without any threatening at all. But he threatens and waits for the sinner's amendment and repentance with all long-suffering. We know the cause; Jesus pleads for the sinner, and God spares and waits, and throws around him those threatenings to awe and keep him back from hell. A friend of mine compares the threatenings of God to a *fence*, which he has thrown around the mouth of the bottomless pit, to hinder sinners from falling into it. Another calls them the *curb-bits* of the Bible, to check men in their full career towards hell. Another compared them to *sea-marks* and *light-houses*, showing those rocks in the sea which threaten death to those who draw near. The fence, the curb-bit, the sea-marks and light-house-like threatenings, are all so many illustrations of the benevolence of God! Would you have me remove or conceal them? Human governments would visit with severe penalties those who would meddle with theirs. No wonder, as that would jeopardize human life. Is God any less concerned for the preservation of the human soul? If these threatenings are tokens of the Almighty's benevolence, surely an energetic and faithful method of

drawing attention to them should not be stigmatized as "Malevolence," which is but another word for ill-will; one would think the more vividly they are indicated by a preacher the contrary rather should be surmised! If sinful men "laughed outright in the streets," it might have been only from the throat upwards! If the laugh came from lower down, they were not the first sinners who laughed at the thunderbolts of God. If "they swore at the preacher," which is likely, the indication is ominous and terrible for themselves! He spoke truly who compared the BIBLE to the Garden of Eden; for, like that garden it has a "tree of life" for every sinner, and at its gate also a "flaming sword,"—the threatenings of God to keep the way of the tree of life—turning every way and flashing fire in the face of every sinner who resolves upon going on obstinately in wickedness. By what mode of reasoning would you controvert the sentiment? Is it safe to screen this sword from the eyes of sinners? or to sheath it out of sight in the mercies of a rejected Gospel? or to hide it behind the drapery of eloquence? or endeavor to cover it over with the flowers of oratory? when, alas! it is still turning every way and hewing down rushing thousands!

The sinner refuses the mild and cheering light of the Gospel promise,—"*He that believeth and is baptized shall be SAVED;*" a promise which like a sun-glass collects within its focus all the promises, twists them together as so many rays of "The Sun of Righteousness," and would fain pour them down upon the sinner's heart and kindle his repentings, faith and love together. But he will not allow it; he rather madly hurries from under its power. But he hates and



dreads the Gospel threatening—“*He that believeth not shall be DAMNED,*” Matt. xvi. 16—which, like another burning-glass, collects as in a focus all the threatenings of God and pours them down upon the sinner’s understanding or conscience, like a tongue of fire, from which he flies as from a devouring sword. And yet there is no alternative than that he must be saved by the one, or be scorched and hewed in pieces by the other. What is to be done? Is it an act of mercy to try to keep the sinner in the *dark*, that he may perish in the dark? like the Indians of old, who, terrified by the glitter of the Spaniards’ swords, resolved upon a “Night-fight,” when the swords would not glisten nor terrify. Poor fools! they encountered those swords in the dark, but found them keen and fatal as in the light of day! So they fought in the dark and were cut to pieces in the dark. What advantage, then? Objector! hearken! Has not this sword of the Lord God flashed fire in the face of your own conscience? Are you sure there was no necessity for such an administration? The Psalmist said: “*Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee.*” Ps. cxix. 11. That was his antidote against temptation; a preventive against a relapse into the sin disease, or its progress. He hid the word of God in his heart that he might not forget, or leave it behind, but carry it about with him everywhere, as the blood in his veins. But the threatenings are the word of God, as well as the promises. What are they but a heaven-prescribed antidote against presumption as the promises are against despair! If both are wielded with an energy that arrests the presumptuous, and cheers and saves the despairing, O, blame me not!

But another complains: "If the threatenings of God must be employed pray utter them, but not in a style that would make a good man quake, and even terrify devils themselves." But, perhaps, one is a consequence of the other. Threatenings which make devils and sinners tremble, may well cause saints to fear. "*Let not God speak with us, lest we die,*" cried the terrified Israelites, when God himself uttered his voice out of the thick darkness. Exod. xx. 19; and Moses himself said, "*I exceedingly fear and quake.*" Heb. xii. 21. If the threatenings of the word are to be announced and applied at all it is for a purpose. For what purpose? To turn men out of the way to hell, and to prevent others from returning to it, certainly. Now, if one method happens to become ineffectual it is wrong to try another! If the soft, the mild, tender, gentle, persuasive style fail, who will take upon him to decide that the alarming and terrifying is uncalled for! Aye, in full accordance with that command: "*Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins.*" Isaiah lviii. 1. Allow a question: Is it possible think ye to describe the threatenings of God as more terrible than they really are? Or that the sinner's alarm can exceed the realities threatened? Or whether any sinner is sufficiently terrified in view of his peril till he flies in earnest from the wrath to come? Matt. iii. 7. I think not, and upon this principle I press home the alarming truth with all the power God has given me. That there is a touching and truthful allusion in that poetic sentiment, I admit:

“ There are hearts  
 So perilously fashioned, that for them  
 God's touch alone hath gentleness enough  
 To waken and not break their thrilling strings.”

Aye, but there are hearts of rock in York which need God's fire and hammers to break them in pieces! Jer. xxiii. 29. He who is called as was Aaron, will know when and where to apply the promises of God,—

“ Low as the sound when gentle pity pleads,  
 Or lone remembrance mourns the cherish'd past.”

Yes! gentle as the touch of morning sunbeams,—or the hand of Jesus upon the trembling leper, with “*I will, be thou clean;*”—soothing as “*music's dying fall,*” with a “*Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*” Aye! and he will know when and where the fire and hammers of God's threatenings are needed to break the rocky hearts in pieces!

But the gentle touch that “wakes the soul of music sleeping in the strings” of the piano would make no impression upon a rock. D'Acre was not taken by music, promises or diplomacy, but by artillery. A whisper cannot accomplish what requires thunder. The defiant oak is not to be cloven by a ray of sunshine! a bolt of heaven for that, or the unceremonious axe, or by the arguments of wedges. A zypher is very well fanning the cheek of fever, or wafting the fragrance from the flowers; but it cannot do the work of the breeze or the tempest.

There are "differences of administrations" in the pulpit as well as in nature, "*but the same Lord.*" 1 Cor. xii. 5. Gardens must be covered with snow as well as flowers; hail is appointed as well as rain; the overwhelming torrents take the place of showers; the zephyr or the breeze must give place to the tempest or the tornado; the atmosphere must carry the volleys of the thunder as well as the voices of the birds; the gentle sunbeam gives place to the lightning with its bolt. Much damage is done, it may be, to the works and calculations of men; hearts are pained or frightened, or discomforted in the process. Nevertheless, all these have been working together for good, the greatest good of the greatest number. But it often happens that those who complain the most of these violent changes are the most benefited in the long run. However, nature is all the lovelier and better for these "differences of administrations." Every thing, even in the widest extremes, answers some special end in the divine economy. Thus it has been, thus it is, and thus it shall be—to use a pretty thought of a German poet:—

"As long as skies shall nourish  
The thunderbolt and gale,  
And frightened at their fury, -  
One throbbing heart shall quail."

## CHAPTER XXII.

MORE STRAY ARROWS. — HOLINESS.



SATAN hates holiness as he hates God. He has been showing it in your case. You are not the first to whom he has caricatured it. "It would not make you happy ; besides, you could not keep it." Nay, Satan ! but it keeps him who has it, and thou knowest it ! Besides holiness is but another name for happiness. Get thee hence, Satan !

And now thou tempted one, listen to me. Holiness is not what Satan has represented it. If you could see it in its true relation to your own happiness you would never rest without it—in its exquisite beauty you would love it. It was said of Catherine Adorna, after her conversion, that she went away "bearing in her heart a flaming arrow of divine love." O that I could plant such a flaming arrow of love in your heart, a love for holiness, "the beauty of holiness," before you leave this temple of our God !

It is said, "A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband." Proverbs xii. 4. And so is holiness a

crown to the soul. Nor is it crowned here or hereafter without it. It is the crown of its happiness here, and the crown of its glory hereafter. A "kingly crown" has many cares beneath; but this crown frees the heart from care and fills it with happiness. Holiness and happiness are really the same. They differ only in name; they are but interchangeable terms. The old proverb that a rose would smell as sweet by any other name is applicable here.

And what is unholiness? Is it any thing else than another name for unhappiness? These also differ but in name; and a thistle, you know, would still be a prickly thistle, call it whatever other name you fancy.

To sin is to miss the mark. Linguists say this is the proper definition of the word in the original. And if they did not say so, and Lexicons, both Hebrew and Greek were silent upon it, we know that to sin is to miss the mark of true happiness.

He who called sin a system of discords without concords, of noise without harmony, the disorderer of creation, and the curse of soul and body, was about right. Dr. Adam Clarke once asked, "What is history? Is it not the record of the soul, mind and heart of man. And what is the great tale that is told in history from the foundation of the world to the present time? It is this: Man is a wretched being through all his generations." And why? because he has been unholy through all his generations. That is the reason.

He who desires to find happiness in God, and will not allow God to find holiness in him, is sure to be disappointed; and he deserves to be. Equally so when we look for happiness in the creature, when the Creator looks in vain for



holiness in us. If we disappoint God should we wonder when he disappoints us? This is the reason why many of us have knocked at the door of creature comforts and have been sent empty away. It is right it should be so. But, alas! how slow we are to learn this lesson! How vigorously we have struggled against it. How many waste their whole lives in trying to cope with this determination of God! I appeal to that aged man sitting over yonder, who is earnestly seeking the peace which the world cannot give, if it is not so! I appeal to another, into whose heart the arrow of conviction has not yet flown. O, that now at last he might give up the vain and sinful contest. Where is the arrow of the Lord's deliverance? Speed it, O Lord, and let it not linger on the string, else that aged sinner may soon be in hell! For, O, how thickly are the arrows of death flying just now in this city!

But let us proceed. As Job spoke of wisdom so may we of holiness and its inherent happiness; if I may be allowed a parody upon his eloquent sentiments [in Job. xxviii.] that the price thereof is not to be found, nor even estimated in the land of the living; nor is it to be found in the depths of science, nor upon the wide sea of commerce, nor in the depths of voluntary or involuntary poverty. "*The depth saith it is not in me. It is not in me saith the sea.*" The gold of Ophir, the precious onyx, and the sparkling sapphire have no value compared with it, and, therefore, cannot be exchanged for it; gold, silver, crystal, and jewels of gold will not be taken in exchange for it; as for coral and pearls they are not to be mentioned, for its price is above rubies; even the topaz of Ethiopia cannot equal it!

All these fine things which the world so highly values are valueless as so many straws in procuring it or in bestowing it. "*It is hidden from the eyes of all the living*" who seek it in such things. It is kept close from those who soar, as well as from those who dive. It is not to be found in the glittering heights of fashion, nor upon the pedestal of fame, nor upon the pinnacles of pride; it is "*kept close from the fowls of the air.*" Victory fresh from the field has nothing to say about it only that "*Destruction and Death*" said, "*We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.*" Ah! "*God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the PLACE thereof.*" He sees it in the lowly purified heart, the sparkling, priceless pearl of HOLINESS!—aye! sparkling with the wisdom and understanding which Job so eloquently extolled; and sparkling, besides, with the happiness of a heaven begun below!

Aside from all this, the nature of the case forbids we should be happy without being holy. When *the flesh lusteth against the Spirit*, and *the Spirit against the flesh* we cannot, as the Apostle says, *do the things that we would*, no, nor be happy as we would. When the judgment challenges the appetites, and conscience is at war with the passions, happiness departs from the heart as peace from the battle-field!

That French divine who challenged it as a contradiction in terms to suppose we can be happy while the operations of our mind clash one with another, had the experience of a whole audience on his side. It is equally absurd, he insisted, to suppose that the Almighty can terminate the fatal war, the tragical-field of which is the human heart,

without re-establishing the dominion of holiness. The poet Burns groped after the same truth in these fine lines :

“ If happiness hae not her seat,  
 And centre in the breast,  
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
 But never can be blest ;  
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures  
 Can make us happy lang ;  
 The heart aye’s the part aye,  
 That makes us right or wrang.”

O, all ye who have ears to hear and hearts to appreciate ponder these things well. “ *Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy,*” is the command of the God we worship. And along with the command there is a *still small voice* to this effect :—“ It is for your happiness you should be holy as well as for my glory. Be holy and you shall be happy ; but never till then.” O, may a flaming arrow of divine love reach every heart in this vast multitude around me, and my heart, too, O Lord my God ! May it kindle such a flaming desire after holiness, that nothing short of it shall ever satisfy. May it become a *spirit of judgment, and a spirit of burning* ;—not in *wrath*, but in *love* ; till upon every dwelling of Mount Zion, and upon all her assemblies there shall be a *cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night*, as the prophet Isaiah predicts, and upon all this glory may there be a *defense* ; even that of thy continual presence, O Lord our God, as thou has pronounced by thy holy prophet :—

“ And I will be unto her a wall of fire round about ;  
 And a glory in the midst of her.” *Zechariah ii. 5.*

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE COMPLAINING MORALIST.



LL this congregation will bear me witness that I never "run down morality, nor abuse really moral people." But I confess, when morality will not keep her place as the daughter of religion but becomes independent and sets up for herself, I am disposed to treat her with very little ceremony! when she affirms that she has no no need of repentance, faith, and regeneration; when repentance, faith, and regeneration are matters of indifference to her, who renders unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; then I am disposed to *arrest* her for the things which are God's. It may be roughly done, but with an honest and loyal heart to the King of Kings.

It is no part of my religion to abuse any body. But St. Jude advises, "*Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire.*" Had you been present at a great fire in a certain place, and had witnessed how the firemen dragged folks out of the flames, flinging them hither and thither, you might have thought "that is pretty rough treatment," but the next

thought would have banished that, "The flames would have treated them more roughly than that." But none of those saved from the flames uttered a lisp about having been abused.

Well, if I have treated moralists rather roughly of late, it was just to save them from the flames. I feared they would take offense, nevertheless, I pulled hard to get them out of the fire. They are not yet in hell, nor are they out of danger, though some have been saved. They are fretted and say I am "ultra in everything;" in their case especially, they think. And so was St. Paul, on their principle, when he said, "*If righteousness is come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain.*" A terrible blow that to the self-righteous! But let that pass.

St. Paul, in another place, I remember, says, "*I write these things being absent, lest being present I should use SHARPNESS.*" Now, I have no particular authority, perhaps, to write epistles to such, but being present I speak all that is in my heart without circumlocution. This plain, outspoken style, unaccompanied by the flowers of oratory, may have the appearance of sharpness sometimes; when all the sharpness there is about it is an intense love of truth and the souls for whom Jesus died.

A conscientious moralist, who is really such, all that he appears to be, like Cornelius of old, before whom an angel stood in "bright clothing," I respect and love, and my heart burns as did that of Peter to guide him to Christ. But when it is otherwise, and matters are sadly wrong within, though the trumpet of honesty sounds so loudly without, I cannot help speaking *loud* enough for the inner

man to hear, and plain enough to make him understand, and sharp enough to make him feel.

And now, let *one* and some few others hearken, and let many others consider the import of this somewhat singular exordium.

Query? Did I really caricature you by the sentiment, "You may be as much a stranger to grace as to vice; and zeal may be as odious to you as uncleanness?" adding, that what one said of bigotry might be fitly applied to a proud, self-conceited, self-confident moralist:

"While bigotry, with well-dissembled fears,  
His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,  
Mighty to parry and push by God's word  
With senseless noise, his argument the sword,  
Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace,  
And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face."

A heavy class of charges, I confess; but if they did not apply why feel yourself aggrieved? The hardest blows, I fancy, came from another quarter, such as "Not outwardly bad, not inwardly good;" the hands purer than the heart;—free from outward enormity, but a captive to inward enmity! Was not the rub thereabouts? Or, the feet in the way of righteousness, but the head and heart conniving at hidden wickedness. The outside of the sepulchre white and garnished and outwardly beautiful; but *within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness*. Matt. xxiii. 27. The *outside of the cup and the platter clean, but within a fullness of extortion and excess*. Matt. xxiii. 26. The mark of the beast effaced from the forehead of the outward character, while the same



mark has found its way and has deeply imprinted itself in the secret hand of the soul. Rev. xiv. 9. The profane swearer, the Sabbath-breaker—the drunkard—the thief—the murderer—the liar—the notorious whoremonger and such like, who not only bear the mark of the beast and devil in their soul, but have it unmistakably imprinted upon the forehead of their outward character; these, who, as a good man observes, call the devil their father, aloud! had I preached against such sins and such characters which carry damnation in their very front, you would have thought very well of it, whether such characters were present or not. But to pass by all these and to have the temerity to pry into the secret souls of the outwardly moral; to dare to “*dig in the wall,*” and find “*a hole in the wall, and behold a door,*” and to enter into “*the chambers of imagery,*” presuming upon an authority from God. “*Go in and behold the wicked abominations that they do here,*” and then, Ezekiel-like, to “*behold every form of creeping thing and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about, and a thick cloud of incense going up;*” and the sentiment of the soul inscribed upon all the walls; “*The Lord seeth us not, the Lord hath forsaken the earth.*” Ezek. viii. 7. 12. Aye, to have this assurance and to search there in the naked hand of the soul for the mark of the beast—for concealed sins—for little sins—for secret sins—for family sins—for sins which, as a shrewd man observed, some folks called graces; and then, bold man! to tell this self-confident moralist and all his brethren who have no need of repentance, and who scorn those who talk so much about their need of the atoning blood

of Christ—to tell such that “they stand at as hopeless a distance from a reception on the ground of innocence as the most guilty of their fellow-men,” was too heavy a blow to their hopes not to be resisted. I might have been aware that I was stirring a wasp’s nest! for this is just the way to stir the nest. It is disturbing the Pharisee within; it is *binding the strong man and spoiling his goods*—his contraband goods and counterfeit productions; and so the whole family are in an uproar!

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE PRINCE OF MORALISTS.



ALL you say is very well, were your premise scorrect.

But wrong premises make clumsy conclusions!

That is not the word, but a harsher might offend,  
and we shall all try to keep in good humor these times.  
But ponder,

“What is base no polish can make sterling.”

A fact which you will not disown, however you may shrink from the application! But not a greater fact than something else which might be stated. Ah! sir, there are many in this old city of churches who have no need to pray with the honest weaver of Kilbarchan, “Lord, send us a gude conceit o’ oursel’,”—for I am sure they have plenty of that already, but they may have less some of them ere long, or the Gospel has lost its power. Amen, saith my soul!


At the head of all such moralists once stood Saul of Tarsus. By birth a Hebrew. High in the esteem of his countrymen. A Pharisee, and the son of a Pharisee, who “lived in the strictest sect of his religion, a Pharisee;” and “as

*touching the law blameless.*" Thus adorned in all the accomplishments of his sect, no man had a better conceit of himself than Saul of Tarsus. None stood higher upon the tower of spiritual pride and self confidence, till he caught a glimpse of the spotless righteousness of Christ, and that struck him blind for three days! But his spiritual eyes were opened. The glory of his own righteousness had departed as a dream of the night; when compared with the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ he pronounced it "dung," one of the most contemptuous of things. He tore it from off his shivering soul, and cast it away; declaring that those things which once seemed gain to him he now counted loss, *for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord.* Phil. iii. 4. 11. To win a better righteousness became the struggle and the glory of his soul. It was the want of his conscience; the yearning of his heart. He fell, at length, from his tower of self-righteousness, lighted upon Christ the Rock of Ages, and was saved. Turning around to scan his late tower, he beheld it was built upon the sand and full of cracks and flaws, and ready to fall to pieces everywhere. Then he preached everywhere, "*To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.*" Rom. iv. 5; fetching many a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart. "*That I may be found in him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.*" Phil. iii. 9. Ponder this experience of the Apostle wisely and well. It will sweep away your notions as cobwebs!

And, if I may presume to say anything after this; if you will wear that perfect robe of Christ's righteousness with joy here and hereafter, you must not allow a single thread of your own spinning to be in it; that is, none of your own self-righteousness. God would not allow the Israelites to wear a linsey woolsey garment, made of linen and woolen threads. Neither will he permit you, without the most terrible consequences following, to drape your soul in the moral linsey woolsey of which you speak. St. Paul shuddered at the thought in his own case, and his negative was emphatic, "NOT having my own righteousness which is of the law." What he desired to wear in life and in death was "*that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.*" Suffer me to appeal to your principles as a Protestant! Can you be right in espousing and advocating sentiments so directly opposite to those of St. Paul? Would it not be safer for you to imitate his example! How completely his tower of spiritual pride was demolished, and garments of self-righteousness were torn away, you may gather from his first Epistle to his son in the Gospel, 1 Tim. i. 15. 16. There you have his altered views of his own character when a self-righteous and blameless Pharisee; he there views himself as having been the very chief of sinners to whom God has shown all long suffering;—to the end that no sinner might despair since Saul of Tarsus had found mercy!—he even more than hints that his case might well be a theme and an illustration for all future ages!

## CHAPTER XXV.

MORE FOR THE COMPLAINING MORALIST.

 DO not question your exalted views of Christ. But what of them, so far as you are concerned? You have only extolled a physician upon whom you have never yet called for a cure! A cure! You have never been sick; at least, not in your own estimation; never so sin-sick as to despair of every other physician save Jesus only. "There is the rub." How can you speak of Christ as you do, consistently? What he has done for others is nothing to you. What has he done for you? Morality has done everything, Jesus nothing, only that he has given you a good example.

Your "views" of Christ preserve you from being an infidel or a Jew. They have assisted you, perhaps, in the formation and polish of your character. How much more? Have they reduced you to repentance? changed your nature? dried up your spiritual corruptions? destroyed your pride and vanity, and the inward love of what you have outwardly renounced and condemned? How is it! Alas,



no! for you have become "morally good" without such repentance and spiritual changes. The corrupt stream of your nature has been made pure without any connection with the purifying fountain. The "evil tree" has brought forth "good fruit" without being made good itself! The thorn has produced grapes, and your thistly nature figs, which our Lord pronounces an impossibility. Matt. vii. 16. 19. Matt. xii. 33, 35. Ponder this: the declaration of Jesus that you *must be born again* or never see the Kingdom of God, should sound in your ears like a thunder! May the Holy Spirit open the eyes of your understanding.

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It is a pity your religion runs so much upon negatives! You are not a drunkard, not a thief, not a Sabbath-breaker, —nearly a dozen nots were they all inserted. How then can such an one ever miss of Heaven? Alas! I fear John iii. 3 will deal a heavier blow eventually than any the stranger has yet dealt you: "*Jesus answered and said unto him, verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.*" Exceptions in law have often been powerful things. A terrible exception is that of Jesus. The authority is so high it admits of no cavelling.

Have you been "*born again?*"—"born from above," as the margin has it? In view of this what think you of a negative religion? Is it enough? Can it save you without being accompanied by the positive?—*the love of God shed abroad in your heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto you.* Rom. v. 5. How many ciphers alone would it require to make a sum? Cover a foolscap sheet with them and would they be

any nearer a sum than a single cipher? It is the unit that makes a sum of a cipher! that the more ciphers the better if placed in the right position. Do you understand me? It is inward religion, the love of God in a regenerated heart that gives an importance and a value to your negatives—your outward harmless-ness. I noticed the other day in your lunatic asylum a lunatic, a Roman Catholic, his brow covered with drops of sweat, and his pen marshalling figures with amazing rapidity!—*he was working out the salvation of the world!*—and, indeed, he was working as if the salvation of the world depended upon it. You know the sad case, doubtless. It may create a smile. But what are *you* about with your *moral qualities*, which are only as so many solitary ciphers without Christ!—and were your whole life as full of them as that lunatic's sheet of paper they would avail just as much for your eternal salvation as his for the salvation of the world! You understand me. If salvation come by these to any soul of man then has Christ died in vain. Gal. ii. 21. He is no Saviour for you. O, how *can* you have courage, or how *shall* you have courage to look up to your Judge, and tell him that on a future day!

## CHAPTER XXVI.

FRAGMENTS FOR THE COMPLAINING MORALIST.

NE of your own Church remarked a long while ago,  
“If you are only negatively good, God makes no  
account of you ; you are so many ciphers in God’s  
arithmetic, but he writes down no ciphers in his book of  
life.” A hard thrust that ! was it not ?

You have read the plea of that good-for-nothing servant,  
“I did no harm in the vine-yard. I neither pulled a flower,  
nor injured a vine, nor broke a tree, nor weakened a fence,  
nor gapped a hedge.” What said the owner of the vine-  
yard ? “True ; but what did you do ? Certainly I did  
not hire you to keep you from doing harm, but to do good ;  
not to be idle, but to work for me.” You may apply this as  
you please. But I consider it so directly applicable it needs  
no further words.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of what I said, at the time in question, this is the sum ;  
that a man may be damned for not doing the good within  
his power as for doing evil. “*Therefore to him that knoweth*

*to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.*" James iv. 17. Though hell be not the end of every sinner it is the end or drift of every sin. You see, then, how far a mere negative religion will carry you. It is a pity so much self-denial should go for nothing. It is true you have a reward therein;—it is better for your character and health and estate you should be thus; and by means thereof you may not drop into hell so soon. But it does not, cannot fit you for heaven without the change which you scout at, as forming "the staple" of my preaching.

A friend of mine had two fruit trees growing in his garden. One of them bore no fruit, and the other bore bad fruit. He cut them both down at length. The fruitless tree displeased him as much as the bad fruited one. He considered them both as cumberers of the ground. Both met the same fate—the axe and the fire!

Do you understand John the Baptist, think you? Matt. iii. 10, "*And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees, therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.*" Thus, you see, not to bear "good fruit" procures the death-axe, and consigns to the fire! A fearful intimation this, to which you would do well to take heed.

Ground may be wasted and misimproved by having no good seed sown therein as by bearing tares. Read over that solemn programme of the Great Day, Matt. xxv. 41. 42. The characters addressed are sent to hell not for doing evil, popularly speaking, but for neglecting to do good. Those foolish virgins, also mentioned in the same chapter, had not broken their lamps no more than you have broken

the rules of what the world calls good morals; but they neglected to take oil in their lamps as you have neglected to take the oil of regenerating grace in your soul. And so they found themselves in the dark when they most needed the light. The night of trouble came, as yours shall by and by—the death-night—the midnight cry, “Behold, the bridegroom cometh.” But all was confusion. Time was wasted and lost in procuring oil. The door was shut when they came. Long and loud was their knock and their cry, “*Lord, Lord, open unto us.*” But the Lord answered them as he will thee, my friend, if thou approachest heaven’s gate without holiness of heart, “*Verily, I say unto you I know you not.*” That is, “I approve you not; I never approved you; cannot approve you now—depart”. Thus they were rejected, as you shall most certainly be unless that heart of yours is replenished by grace divine. Thank God for an “unless,” for it implies you may thus be replenished! Why not during this great revival of religion! Never have you seen a better time. May you improve it so as it may not turn to your condemnation. Amen.

“That twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew! Do read it over when you go home. Read it upon your knees—for it seems as if written for yourself and brethren. The sentence therein seem all pronounced against negative professors! Consider the case of the unprofitable servant,—he of the *one* talent; he who was sentenced to outer darkness, where there is *weeping and gnashing of teeth*. Why this fearful doom? for wickedly prostituting his talent? No! but for his negative use of it—doing no good with it. He went and *hid his Lord’s money* and thought the act praiseworthy, because he

had not used it in ill-doing, but had kept it securely. You have read his sentence—you have seen his doom. “I was afraid” was his apology. Fear restrained him from abusing his talent, but not from burying it! He feared the consequences of positive wickedness; but that he should be sent to perdition on the negative principle does not seem to have entered his mind. He was lost by mistake! Need I say more. It is plain a negative religion affords a poor foundation for hopes of eternal rewards: Beware of being damned at last, by mistake.

You might with profit, read over the case of that rich man who went to hell. Luke xvi. 19. 31. How did he get into hell? For what act of wickedness was he damned? I preached from it when a young man, and had a very “dry time,” and never touched the subject again for seven years. I could not show how the man came to be damned—unless he was just one of the reprobate, and God had sent him to hell arbitrarily. But then I noticed he made no complaint against God in the matter, which I thought he might very well have done had some secret decree despotically consigned him to hell. When a drop of water to cool his parched tongue was refused, on learning the impossibility of the request he quietly submitted, as if he had none to blame in the business but himself. I noticed, besides, that he exerted himself in forming plans to prevent his five brethren whom he left behind from entering into that place of torment. He saw they might or they might not be damned. Had he been damned despotically, would he not have anticipated a similar doom for his five brethren, which all his schemes could not prevent.



True, he had his *good things*—such as plenty of wealth, which there is no hint he got dishonestly, or employed for wicked purposes. It was plain he lived well—but that he was a glutton or a licentious man remained to be proved, which I could not. He was also well clothed, but I could not prove he had been either proud or vain. Behold one of your negative brethren, sir! And yet this harmless sort of man got into hell; a serious affair this, sir! You would do well to look into it.

But why was he damned? that was my perplexity. Does the question excite any interest in your mind? was his character altogether negative? no; it was evident to me he did some good;—he fed Lazarus—he was charitable to the poor; there seemed a probability that more received alms at his gate than Lazarus, but to allow even him there was a strong proof; not every gentleman would allow such an object at his gate habitually. He was *fed with crumbs* from the rich man's table. True, but that only meant the leavings or remains of dishes. But he *desired* to be fed with the *crumbs*; well, that appeared to me as the choice of the poor saint, as if he thought “they are good enough for me;” besides, I could not prove his desire was denied. Such was my perplexity. I could not find any charge of immorality; and the question how he came to be damned returned with ten-fold force!

After awhile I suspected the cause might be found in his principles. Did he believe in the spirituality of religion?—the possibility of a *change of heart*, or being *born from above*? or in the desirableness of the remission of sins? *the love of God shed abroad in the heart*? why then was he contented

with such "good things," of which Abraham reminded him. "Son, remember, that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things;" another hint he did not indulge in evil things so far as outward wickedness was concerned. But alas for him! the good things of a spiritual religion are not to be found in his "bill of fare!" was not that enough to send his carnal soul to hell. But did he believe in any such place as a hell in eternity! It is evident he did not; for when in hell he requested that Lazarus might be sent to testify to his five brethren the existence of such a place. A pretty strong proof that neither he nor they had believed in any such place. "*They have Moses and the Prophets, let them hear them,*" rejoined Abraham. Why this reference? because all these testified to such a place in the spirit land. The lost soul, doubtless, would instantly refer to such declarations as the following, and for anything we know to the contrary, told how he and his five brethren explained them away thus: "We were aware there were such passages in the Scriptures, as '*For Tophet is ordained of old; he hath made it deep and large, the pile thereof is fire and much wood: the breath of the Lord like a stream of brimstone doth kindle it.*' Isaiah xxx. 33. And again, in the book of Psalms: '*The wicked shall be turned into Hell with all the nations that forget God.*' But we explained them away as well as we could, calling hell in the latter passage, the grave; although we could not see any force to the threatening, thus; for it was evident that all nations should be turned into the grave, whether they remembered God or not; and so the motive fell to the ground and the threatening amounted to nothing. Besides, there was another awful intimation: '*Upon the wicked he*

*shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest : this shall be the portion of their cup.*' Ps. xi. 6. Nor did another passage escape our attention—one of the most awful, and, indeed, convincing in all the Jewish scriptures : '*Hear ye that are far off*' what I have done, and ye that are near acknowledge my might. *The sinners in Zion are afraid ; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites : who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire ? who among us shall dwell in everlasting burnings ?*' Isaiah xxxiii. 13, 14. All these we read. But we explained them away ; pronounced them as only fit to keep the ignorant and vulgar in awe, but unworthy the attention of belief of the rich and intelligent. We often said, were God to send some one that had actually died to testify to us there was such a place as hell we would believe it and try to shun it. But, alas ! no such messenger came ; and I died and found myself actually in hell ! Now I discover the Scriptures are God's messengers on this subject ; and that if men believe them not their damnation is just. Nevertheless, I plead that the soul of Lazarus be dispatched to my father's house to warn my five brethren, *lest they come into this place of torment ; one of a family is enough to be damned.*" Now, sir, such a view opened my eyes and I saw how it came to pass that this harmless gentleman—this negative well-to-do person became one of hell's prisoners ! What thinkest thou ? was this not enough to damn him ? Why seek for that in religion which he did not think it possible to attain ? Why try to shun a peril which he did not believe to exist ? what was there to prevent such an one from being damned ? what thinkest thou ? These are serious things, sir ! I conjure your attention to them. A little longer and it may be too

late. You may die as suddenly as the rich man ; your eyes may be lifted up in hell as hopelessly as his. O, be wise, sir ! believe for more than a mere negative Christianity, or thou art eternally undone.

While on the case of Dives allow me a few moments longer. It appeared evident to me that he doubted the *immortality of the soul*. Abraham, in reply to the request that Lazarus should be sent to prove to his five brethren there was a hell, said : “ *They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them.* ” Dives instantly replied : “ *Nay, Father Abraham ; but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent.* ” As much as to say, “ I know their principles ; they are of the sect of the Sadduces, who *believe in neither angel nor spirit*. I heard them often say, that if they were allowed to *see a soul* they would repent and believe ; to see what one of Job’s friends declared that he saw—a *spirit*, that it *stood still* in the dead hour of the night — that he discerned the *form* thereof, a clearly defined *image* before his eyes ; that in the midst of *deep silence* he heard its *voice* in *audible articulations* communicating to him a *message* from the *eternal world* ! Such was what we often wished to see, even though *fear* should have come upon us, and *trembling*, even so as to make *all our bones*, as his, to *shake*, and *the hair of our flesh* to *stand up* ! Job iv. 13, 21. We often said such a visitant would settle our doubts, as to whether men had a soul that survived the death of the body. But no such visitor ever appeared to us ; and so we disbelieved on until I dropped into the abyss of eternity. Here ended *my doubtfulness*. I fear lest theirs should end in a similar manner. A visit from Lazarus would put an

end to their doubts. Why cannot such a visit be vouchsafed?"

Abraham replied: "*If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.*"

Here ended the conversation between these two disembodied spirits. What thinkest thou? Do you wonder that the man lost his soul? Why should he try to save that which he believed did not survive the death of the body?

Some read the passage I have been commenting upon as a parable; others as a history. But it is nowhere called a parable, neither by our Lord nor by his disciples; a thing we usually meet with in connection with his parables. Rather, it is stated with all the precision of an historian; no facts on the pages of history more so. We would pronounce a man mad who would insist upon any fact in history so clearly stated, as a mere parable. Why then should they take such a liberty with an event related thus by our Lord Jesus Christ. But, as Dr. Adam Clarke very properly remarks, if it be a parable a man may live so and so, and be damned at last; or, if it be a history, a certain rich man did once so live, and was damned at last. Thus, take it which way we please the conclusion is the same. I have dwelt longer upon this than I intended; but as it seems to cover the whole ground I do not regret.

#### A BRIEF REPLY.

You gave your views merely as suppositions and inferences, of course. Yes, but were they not just and natural? I considered the rich man a Jew by profession. That he was

so, and well acquainted with the Jewish vocabulary is evident, in calling Abraham, "*father*," not once nor twice, but three times in that short conversation. Perhaps it was on the same principle that he allowed Lazarus, as a brother Jew, a place at his gate. Alas! all would not do. He lost his soul because he neglected to possess the religion of the heart.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE INQUIRING MORALIST.



LET one deeply interested hearken ; but I must to the point at once.

Yes, my text was 2 Cor. v. 17, on that occasion, “ *Therefore, if any man be in Christ he is a new creature ; old things are passed away ; behold all things are become new.* ” Of course I did not mean “ a new creature physically,” but a new creature spiritually in the full sense of my text. No better definition of a true Christian ever was given than you find in that text, sir ; he is a new creature or a new creation. The grace he receives is new, and so are his emotions, perceptions, tastes, habits, principles, and the whole tenor of his life. All are new,—not pre-existent, but infused in the moment of pardon.

The physical man is the same in appearance and reality—so is the soul as regards its former faculties ; I mean none have been abolished, none created in the absolute sense. But they have been re-constructed or created anew ; they are new in the sense of regeneration, which

signifies to re-produce, to be born anew, formed into a new and better state, the natural enmity to God subdued and destroyed therein, and the principle of pure love to God implanted therein. In this sense such an one is "*a new creature.*" The change is from a carnal to a spiritual state. "*Behold all things are become NEW.*" When all is new within all becomes new without. When the works of a clock are cleaned, re-constructed, and set a-going the results are seen on the dial plate. "Behold!" says St. Paul. Such a change merits a note of exclamation! "Behold!" mark how marvellous the change!

Now, do you understand me better? Thus, as one wisely remarked, "A man may be *who* he was, but not *what* he was, neither inwardly nor outwardly." You comprehend that, don't you?

II. Perhaps I had better pause. Your position is plain enough. Peter-like you are in the boat of something you call "good works." Jesus only can call you out among the waves as he did Peter. Speak unto him, Lord! Bid him come to thee. Hast thou not said, "*No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him.*" Procure this heavenly drawing, my Lord Jesus, else my friend must perish. O, draw him out of the work-boat, dangerous to him, as the great deep of the Galilean lake. Peter received faith with thy invitation, "Come!" and he stepped out among the waves. But anxious Peter had prayed, "*Bid me to come unto thee on the water.*" He wanted to go out and meet Jesus. He had sailed on that lake often and was familiar with all its shores; but he had never before tried to walk upon its waves; this was something quite outside of

all his experiences; but Jesus was among the waves and the attraction was powerful. O Jesus, wherever my poor friend is this night exert upon him a similar attraction. Bid him come unto thee in this, to him, new mode of existence or experience. But may he venture out with a cry, "Lord save!" And O how soon he will be by thy side, saying, "*O thou of little faith, wherefore did'st thou doubt?*"


III. However, if unbelief still retains its hold, before I pass let me drop this word in your ear,—rather a word which once found its way into another ear centuries ago, but so suitable is it for yours I cannot withhold it. It is this: "You must either have a new Bible, or a new heart, for the old Bible is as true to the doctrine of a change of heart as the sun is to his rising and setting."

And let me drop another word in your ear, and may it also reach your conscience like a spark of fire; better you had never been born into this world if you leave it for the world to come without being born again. Better you had never been God's natural workmanship than depart from this life without becoming God's spiritual workmanship. If you leave the world thus, what was once said of Judas may be fitly said of thee, "*Good were it for that man if he had never been born.*" Mark xiv. 21. To the interposing grace of Christ I leave thee; but Judas went to his own place,—where, I trust, you have no ambition to meet him. But hearken, it is as possible for you to betray your own soul as it was for Judas to betray his Lord and Master.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*“And ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.”* John v. 40.

### A FRAGMENT.

T was once a matter of dispute among theologians whether Faith be seated in one or other of those two distinct faculties,—in the approbation of the judgment, or in the consent of the will. For my part I would have no objection to allow it a place in both! Although, I think, as in your own case, the consent of the will is, perhaps, the last attained, usually. Ah, sir! all would soon be well were your will in harmony with your judgment! Had you but a will to seek the Lord and to push the matters of your salvation to a final settlement.

There has been a will within you upon which God has been working, Phil. ii. 11, 12: *“For it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.”* Aye! but he has not found a will to do that which he calls you to do, to *“Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;”*—the work of faith with power, earnest repentance with all

its consequent fruits, with an energetic reliance upon the merits of Christ. This brings salvation, and good works follow. You are fond of Latin and therefore will venerate the sentiment of Bernard, "*Bona opera sunt via ad regnum non causa regnandi.*"\* Believest thou this?

My preaching has been thundering at the door of your will, and it in return has been thundering back that which is in harmony with the character of your morals,—a positive negative. The thunder has bolts, and so has the door of your will. The law of thunderbolts is annulled at the door of the will. Free agency must be respected, though the man should be damned.

But it is written. The lightnings have arrows when the clouds pour out water, and the skies send out a sound; they are often the *arrows of God, and the shining of his glittering spear*. Ps. lxxvii. 17, 18. Hab. iii. 11. It is also written that God has moral arrows ready upon the string, and that they are sharp in the hearts of his enemies. One of old cried out, "*Thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore.*" And another exclaimed, "*The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison thereof drinketh up my spirits: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me.*" Such arrows fly with the sound of this preaching, sir, quick as those in the nimble lightnings. They are pointed to pierce the conscience; and barbed to stick fast there. And they do stick fast. If not potent to force free agency they pierce and pain the mind and bring it to terms. As on the battle-field, though a general surrendered, it was

\* "Good works are the way to the Kingdom, not the cause of entering the Kingdom." A valuable distinction!

understood he was at liberty to fight till he died had it pleased him to do so ; but prudence became the better part of valor, and free agency carried out its own laws in the surrender as much as if he had fought on to the death. The application is plain. It is thus with the freedom of the human will. But in death and at the judgment seat, if condemned, it is shorn of this dignity or prerogative.

The arrows of truth flew thick and fast last night ; and with what an effect ! They were not all “ random ” ones, without aim or intent. Some were levelled at the will, for judgment and conscience had both surrendered. But others sped to the conscience, and others to the judgment, and showers of them to the hopes and to the fears ; aye, to the fears. They are made up of apprehension, you know, and I often make use of them to apprehend the rebel will ! You saw the effects and “ wondered,” and I wonder in my turn, how *you* escaped ! Query, did you escape ?

Ah, my friend, you had better yield ; better for *thee*, and better for *me* ; for, as Luther said to one in his day, so say I to thee, “ There will be little rest in my bones or thine till thou art saved, or fly from the presence of truth ! ” The arrows have been flying around thee,—the arrows of truth ; oh, yes ! and the arrows of death also ! You have been hit again and again by those of the former, but your will has prevented you from yielding. But when Death bends his bow he will treat that faculty with little ceremony :—

“ Ready or not ready there’s no delay,  
Forth to your Judge’s bar you must away.”

What say you ? yield, come unto Christ and have life—



fall upon that stone which the builders rejected, and thou shalt be broken into repentance, and life and salvation shall be thine ; otherwise, alas for thee ! in some dark or cloudy day, or dismal night, it will fall upon thee and grind thee to powder ; then what will become of thy foolish will ? must perish with the ruins of the soul. Luke xx. 17, 18.

There is mercy for you in Christ if you will but come unto him for it, and come as you ought. If you perish it will be your own fault. The blood of Jesus Christ was shed as an atonement for your sins. The Holy Spirit is ready just now to seal upon your heart and conscience its saving benefits. Will you come unto Him that you may have life instead of eternal death ! What sayest thou ? O, be wise ! Resist not his saving influences. Persist in the "well enough" deception, and thy blood shall be upon thine own soul. Ezekiel xxxiii. 1. 10.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### GOADS FOR THE TARDY.

ECCLES. XII. 11.



O halt is to stop, and to "*halt between two opinions*" is to balance between two, not knowing which to choose. In matters of religion it often betrays a very infirm state of mind ;—what one termed "a wavering inconstancy, a spiritual palsy." Difficulties in theology, I have known sometimes to be only the difficulties of indolence, which Lavater considers to be the hereditary sin of human nature ! If a man can but overcome that, he insisted, he is sure to overcome everything else !

II. "Progression !" I like the word, if it does not happen to illustrate Solomon's figure of *a door turning upon its hinges !* Prov. xxvi. 14.

III. Gradation is very well if it is not a cover for cessation ;—"an instantaneous conversion or pardon is not to be expected ; but I may approach unto it step by step." What ! and never arrive at it ? I do not wonder that such consider the stand-still policy as profitable as the progressive ! which they so frequently illustrate ! Where there is a will there is a way, says the old proverb. But, "the slothful man says

there is a lion in the way, a lion in the streets." Prov. xxvi. 13. There is work to be done in the fields, and there is employment to be had in the towns ; but in both directions there is an imaginary lion ! Sloth, like a foul stomach, has a vapor into the brain which has resolved itself into a lion ; but be it known unto all such the old lion of hell is not far off, waiting to devour the slothful soul. 1 Peter v. 8.

IV. How many cases of gradual conversion, [I speak now to a certain person in this audience] can you point out in the New Testament ? Have you found one ? are you thinking of Saul of Tarsus ? Well, I admit the "process" in his case lasted three days, and three dismal days they were ! And if you are willing to limit the gradual conversion to three days, instead of extending it to time indefinite, as years, I would be content to drop the matter just here and urge you to be *true* to your expectations ! But as it is otherwise, let us proceed a little. Saul of Tarsus was three days in the sorrows of repentance ; but he was gradually approaching to salvation ; he arrived at it, and the glory of God burst upon his spiritual vision ; he recovered his *eye-sight* at the same moment. Was this so ? Then he was changed in a *moment from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God !* If so, there was a last moment when it was not so ; and that last and first moment came within the compass of three days ! What then becomes of the gradual conversion of which you speak ? Consider again : when Jesus said to the man sick of the palsy, "*Son, be of good cheer ; thy sins be forgiven thee,*" how long, think you, before he felt he was forgiven ? how long before this act of mercy was completed, so that it could be said, the

man's sins were really forgiven? O, my dear friend, away with all such childish notions, and think like a man! Rouse yourself, man! and lay hold on eternal life! "*Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.*" It will be your own fault if it is not so. Awake to purpose then, and it shall be so. The Lord help you.

V. There is a gradual preparation for pardon, a progression towards it. But when pardon takes place it must be in a moment. There is a last moment when we are not forgiven, and a first moment when we are, if ever that boon is granted us from Heaven. It is necessarily so, as you must see, if you exercise your common sense in thinking upon the subject. All your comparisons in science and in nature fall to the ground before the glorious manifestations of a sin-pardoning God.

A fine writer took just the opposite view of matters from your stand-point. He compared the advance of intellectual science to the sun rising from the verge of the earth, light by light towards the meridian. But spiritual science he compared to the light which heralded the birth of the Messiah; it bursts upon us at once from the zenith, and fills the midnight of the soul with celestial glory! Were I to appeal to this concourse around me, what "a cloud of witnesses" would rise to testify to this very fact!—each declaring,

"Long my imprison'd spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
*Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;*  
*I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;*  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee."

VI. What one remarked centuries ago applies to you most strikingly. It was to this effect, that never was a wound healed by a prepared but unapplied plaster; nor a body warmed by the most costly garment, made but not put on; nor a heart refreshed and comforted by the richest cordial, compounded but not received. Nor from the beginning of the world was it ever known that a poor, deceived, condemned, polluted sinner was ever delivered out of that woful state, until *Christ was made unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption!* There, sir! that is speaking out like thunder! May something fall into your conscience doing the work of a bolt, but only to kill and make alive; for, that is the grand design of all the thunderbolts of the Gospel.

VII. He who says in the sixteenth Psalm, "*Thou wilt show me the path of life,*" spoke a great general truth; a part of God's merciful government to every soul of man, although multitudes make no good use of it. For what good to be shown the path of life if we refuse to walk in it. The throne of God is indeed cleared from our blood, but our responsibility is thereby increased a thousand fold. To suppose we are in the path of life merely because we have had a glimpse of it is the conclusion of a madman's dream. The beggar who dreamt he was a king, but awoke and found himself a pauper still, is brother to such an one. Or, he who fell asleep on the brink of a precipice and dreamt he was "rolling in wealth," and rolled over into destruction is a fit representative; fearfully illustrative of the last hours of many a Protestant as well as Roman Catholic; who dream they are Christians and ascending into Heaven,

when, alas! they find themselves sinking into hell;—“*their hope as the giving up of the ghost,*” Job xi. 20; their hope and their ghost depart together, and are separated for ever; heirs to flames instead of crowns; misery beginning where *hope* had its ending. I tremble lest such might be my own fate; which, by the grace of God I shall try to do all I can to prevent. Are you of the same mind? Begin *now*, then, in right good earnest!

VIII. When at sea I noticed the captain take note of his position on the great waters. 1st, By looking down upon his *compass*; and 2d, by looking up towards the *heavens*; scanning the sun through his *quadrant*. O, sir! look down into the Scriptures,—which declare that “*by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight.*” Rom. iii. 20; that by *faith alone we are justified without the deeds of the law.* Rom. iii. 28; and that “*being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*” Rom. v. 1. Look up into the *heaven of heavens*, the dwelling-place of God! Look down into the *word of God* and read: “*Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.*” A declaration this, which, as one says, “Come to us under the great seal of our Lord’s most solemn asseveration repeatedly affixed, ‘*verily, verily.*’” John iii. 3. Look up into the *Heavens*, a holy God is there. Look down into the *Bible* and read, “*Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*” Heb. xii. 14. Look up to that elysium where only the holy dwell. Look down into the intimations of your own moral nature within, of which *conscience* is often the expounder. Does it not confirm the declaration of the Bible, that no *holiness* in death is no



heaven after death;—that such a *pre-intimation* within you is not “a *superstitious fear*,” but that which is supported by the Scriptures, which cannot be broken.

Be not *weary*, sir! Look *within*! Behold a *proud*, unclean deceitful *heart*,—“the grand impostor,” as St. Augustine called it; and then tell me whether you think sincerely you are in a safe state regarding eternity. Be advised: think of what Mr. Melville said to his London congregation: “If I would find out what is hidden I must follow what is revealed. The way to Heaven is disclosed; am I walking in that way? It would be a poor proof that I were on my voyage to India that with glowing eloquence and thrilling poetry I could discourse on the palm-groves and the spice isles of the East. Am I on the waters? Is the sail hoisted to the winds? and does the land of my birth look blue and faint in the distance? The Bible never speaks of men as elected to be saved from shipwreck; but only as elected to tighten the ropes and hoist the sails, and stand by the rudder. We are ELECTED to faith, to sanctification, to obedience. Here is a stimulus to effort. It cannot act as a soporific. It cannot lull me to security. It cannot engender licentiousness. It will throw ardor into the spirit, and fire into the eye, vigor into the limb. I shall cut away the boat and let drive all human devices, and gird myself amid the fierceness of the tempest to steer the shattered vessel into port.” What think you of such sentiments, sir, to say nothing of the beauty of the figures and of the language? A most favorable view of a controverted sentiment, and safe withal!

## CHAPTER XXX.

### PRIMITIVE PATRONS OF THE GOSPEL.—A SERMON.

*“And the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.”—Matt. xi. 5.*



IT is said of Jesus, *“The common people heard him gladly.”* Nor is it to be wondered at; for it was among them, and in their behalf, some of his choicest miracles were wrought. No wonder that they congregated around him in such tremendous masses with their halt, and deaf, and blind, even their very dead were there awaiting a touch or a look which restored them to life; nor were the poor lepers prevented by their poor brethren from following in his train! These masses of the people would follow him into the wilderness, they hung upon his lips for days, forgetting to eat,—so much had their spiritual appetites overpowered their bodily appetites; their concern for their souls quite absorbing the recollection that they had “bodily wants” to be supplied, so much so that Jesus, their constant friend, had to perform a miracle, and thus preserved five thousand of them at one time, and four

thousand at another, besides women and children without number, from perishing by hunger.

II. The words of my text were uttered upon a certain occasion of a great gathering of the poor and the common people.

It seems that John the Baptist sent a deputation to our Lord with this inquiry, "*Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?*" "Jesus," to use the words of an eloquent writer, "foresaw the moment when these disciples would arrive, and he prepared for it: he knew the object of their visit, and he arrayed his demonstrations accordingly. And what were his preparations? A company of the blind, the deaf, the leprous, the demoniacal, the dying; these were collected around him, and formed the materials on which he proposed to work; this was the selection of misery, the mass of disease and death, on which he designed to breathe, and create it anew. The messengers drew nigh, and he made bare his arm; they arrived, and asked him to decide the question of his Messiahship; forthwith they received his reply in a series of stupendous miracles. He spoke, and the deaf heard his voice; he spoke again, and the blind opened their eyes on the blessed light of day; he put forth his hand, and the crimson fever faded at his touch; he looked on the dying, and they arose and were strong; he called to the frenzied demoniac, and madness itself fell down and worshipped him. 'There,' said he, 'behold my reply! Go and tell John what things ye have seen and heard, and abide by the right interpretation of them.'" And added the words of my text, "*And the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.*" But aware of the advantage which Satan might

take of the fact, those words fell upon the ears of the deputation as they departed, "*And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me;*" or as some render it, "*Happy is he who will not be stumbled at me;*" "stumbled into unbelief of my divine mission as the true Messiah, by the meanness of my appearance, and the poverty of my followers." No, Jesus, no! for how often have our faith and love been increased when contemplating thee so engaged and so surrounded! And who are they, O blessed, invisible Saviour, who are the vast majority yet of thy devoted followers? who, but the poor, the common people? It is they who crowd thy temples and gladly follow thee in thy Gospel. We rejoice in the fact. Far be it from us to kindle at the contemplation of the past, and look coldly upon the present. We hail the royal succession. The primitive patrons of the Gospel are represented in the modern! "It is the poor in general who hear the Gospel;" says a learned writer, "the rich and the great are either too busy or too much gratified with temporal things to pay any attention to the voice of God." We rejoice, therefore, in behalf of the true succession! and in the triumph of the grace of God among them in this our day!

"The shepherd who died his sheep to redeem,  
On every side are gathered to him;  
The weary and burden'd, the reprobate race,  
And wait to be pardon'd through Jesus's grace.

The blind are restored through Jesus's name  
They see their dear Lord, and follow the Lamb;  
The halt they are walking and running their race,  
The dumb they are talking of Jesus's grace.

The deaf hear his voice and comforting words,  
 It bids them rejoice in Jesus their Lord :  
 ' Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art,'  
 They listen, and heaven springs up in their heart.

The lepers from all their spots are made clean ;  
 The dead by his call are raised from their sin ;  
 In Jesus's compassion the sick find a cure ;  
 And Gospel salvation is preach'd to the poor."

And were a deputation sent unto us from this or any other land (as John sent to Christ), inquiring, "Is this the Gospel that should come, or do we look for another?" we would humbly point to the effects produced by the Gospel of Christ, and say, "*Go back to those who sent you, and show again those things which you do hear and see : the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the dead hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them.*" And might we not add also, happy is he, whosoever he may be, who shall not be stumbled at this report of the Gospel's triumph.

"To us and to them is publish'd the word :  
 Then let us proclaim our life-giving Lord,  
 Who now is reviving his work in our days,  
 And mightily striving to save us by grace.

O Jesus ride on till all are subdued ;  
 Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle the blood ;  
 Display thy salvation, and teach the new song,  
 To every nation, and people and tongue."

III. My text contains then two grand primitive facts ; first,

it was the Gospel Jesus preached ; and, second, it was to the poor he mainly preached it. And, O, how wonderful, that he whose name was wonderful, and whose title was "The Prince of Peace," Isaiah ix. 6, had not, in worldly parlance, a "better class" to preach to ! That he had a sprinkling of "the higher classes" in his assemblies we know, but the mass of his hearers were the poor. To them he preached the Gospel emphatically,—that is, with a powerful and striking directness and reference. Why so ? Because they were more favorably disposed to receive it ;—were the most likely to profit by it. Besides they needed it the most, and were the most worthy of it, to indemnify them for their many providential privations. To this add, "the deceitfulness of riches" were not so likely to "choke the word" in them, and render them "unfruitful," as Jesus hints in the parable of the Sower.

IV. And now I have much to say ; in hints or sudden flashes of reference, may be, as much possibly as some of you may be able to bear ; but the still small voice within may tell you more, perhaps, than you would patiently hear from me. Jesus spoke of "good ground," for the Gospel seed ; but, I doubt, its largest tracks do not run through Mammon's territory. An old writer deprecated much investment of his ministerial toil there, shrewdly remarking that "where gold grows, plants do not prosper ;" adding that he was very sure "where riches bore the bell it was poor soil for grace." Dr. Adam Clarke tells us of a rich man who was heard to exclaim, "There must be something exceedingly malignant and poisonous about riches to hinder me thus from enjoying the consolations of the Gospel." Austin used to say,



“Earthly riches are full of poverty.” And equally true was the saying of another, that a purse full of gold, and a heart empty of grace are usual companions!—adding that under many “silken coats” were many “thread-bare souls” to be found. Bold man: how dare he speak so before the rich and the well-dressed! He knew them well, as every pastor should, and did not mince matters with them. Neither did Jesus when he thundered in their ears, “*Woe unto you that are rich for ye have received your consolation.*” And for this reason he would have the disconsolate poor find their consolation in the Gospel. And so unto the poor he preached the Gospel.

V. The rich and the great were drawn to hear him; some from curiosity and others from a worse motive,—“to catch him in his words; or, “to entangle him in his talk,” and so betray him to the authorities. Some of them, as at this day, were purse-proud, others pen-proud, or office-proud, or possession-proud; while others had pride of family, station, honor and influence to sustain. “These are the playthings that keep the eyes awake?” Aye! not only “o’ nights,” as the Scotchman said, “but o’ days, also.” They carried with them a sleepless attention to them, lest at some unguarded moment their feelings, under his preaching, should betray them; especially did they know the consequences of becoming followers of the despised Nazarene. Nicodemus was “heavy laden” with a sense of the peril when he visited Jesus by night. John iii. 1. There is much of this sort of thing in the world yet!

VI. He who said gold-dust has put out more eyes than it has done good to hearts uttered a great truth; and that the

golden wedge and the silver quinsy had made many men silent and speechless in good causes. Jesus knew the hearts of all his hearers. While all eyes were turned towards him, while preaching he knew those that were troubled with the gold-dust or the silver quinsy. Behind the eyes of the body he saw the eyes of the soul squinting to this and that earthly attraction; illustrating the old fable of a young eagle asking a learned owl about a bird called merops, which, said the young eagle, they say can fly with its tail uppermost, and its head turned down towards the earth. "Pooh!" said the bird of night, "this is a pure fiction of men! man himself may be the merops: for, often his wishes fly to heaven without for a moment losing earth out of his sight!" Jesus had such hearers, doubtless, especially among the wealthy. In proportion as earth had attractions such merop tendencies would be evident. Such often are the despisers of the poor and the destroyers of the poor. "*The spoil of the poor is in your houses,*" was God's charge against the princes of Israel; and others were charged with oppressing the poor and crushing the needy, saying at the same time, "*Bring, and let us drink.*" God himself had to appeal to such, and expostulate. "*Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread. they have not called upon God.*" No! their eyes were not in that direction! Perhaps this was the reason why such were called merops in the fable, for it signifies BEE-EATERS, a species of birds which eat bees! Bees, like Christians, though the smallest creatures that fly, yet the produce of them is the sweetest thing in the world, and the most agreeable and delicious;—"what is sweeter than honey?" spoiled Samson's riddle.

What is sweeter than the love of God and the love of man, the product of religion in true Christians ?

VII. The Psalmist says, "*The poor committeth himself unto thee ;*" that is unto God. And then God replies : "*For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise saith the Lord ; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.*" Necessities often force the poor to appeal unto God, or to look unto him. The best remedy for the poor is the Gospel, "*and unto the poor,*" said Jesus, "*the Gospel is preached ;* and then pronounced a blessing upon him who would not be offended, or stumbled into unbelief at the fact.

VIII. O, ye poor in this world, whether you are the devil's poor, poor and wicked ; or the Lord's poor, poor and righteous, to you is the word of this salvation sent ! Unto you is the Gospel preached ; you need it most. It would be sad to have a hell of poverty or hard work in this life, and hell of damnation in the next. God determines this need not be, by sending the Gospel especially to you. It will be your own fault should it ever be. Come away, then, and claim your inheritance in the *Son of David* by repentance and faith in his atonement.

IX. You who are the Lord's poor, poor in this world, but rich in faith, and heirs of a kingdom : all hail ! I honor you, the sons and daughters of a king, though you have not been called yet to put on your royal robes. But you shall, by and by. Every accent of the Gospel is but a fresh assurance of this. Cheer up ! You are, as the great ones of the world, sometimes chosen to be *incog.*, that is, in disguise, so as not to be recognized or known,—then they

receive no more honor or attention than common folks ; unless it happens that grace of manner betray them, as belonging to a more elevated rank. Let it be so with you now, ye heirs of glory, ye nobles of the Royal Family of Heaven ! only let the heavenly graces of your true character shine out through the disguise in which the Lord has caused you to travel towards your kingdom in the skies. It is on these accounts we honor you this day ; and above all the nobles of England, salute you this day, *All hail !*

X. That young lady of a wealthy family, answered the amazed and contemptuous look of her proud brother well, when she introduced one of these to him, saying, "*A king's daughter, brother !*" a poor old woman, deeply pious, had been invited to a seat in the drawing-room, with whom this accomplished young lady, a child of God, also, was holding sweet Christian communion when the proud brother entered. She noticed his look and rebuked it effectually by rising gracefully, and politely introduced the heir of glory,—"*A King's daughter, brother ! but she has not yet put on her fine clothes.*" And did she say anything more than the truth ? He was abashed and withdrew !

And you, ye comparatively poor, poor when compared with England's proud aristocracy ! You, ye bone and sinew of England's strength ! Ye patrons and pillars of the cause of Christ upon earth !—all hail ! It is to you a learned writer paid that just tribute of acknowledgment : "By the comparatively poor the Gospel is still best received." The truth of this is evident all over Christendom.

XI. And you, the Lord's rich !—for the Lord has his Abrahams yet upon earth, who are "*very rich in cattle, in*

*silver, and in gold.*" Gen. xiii. 2. And as Abraham was called "the father of the faithful," so are some of you "fathers to the faithful;" sure pledges to the Church of Christ of the fulfilment of that still higher state of things held in promise, when kings shall be our nursing fathers, and queens our nursing mothers; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Isaiah lxix. 23. And the Lord has yet upon earth "honorable counsellors" and "honorable women not a few;" kindred spirits to Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counsellor, who was not ashamed to go in unto Pilate and crave the body of Jesus. Mark xv. 43; and to those "honorable women" of Berea, who believed, and were not ashamed to espouse the cause of Paul and Silas, because they were the messengers of Christ. Acts xvii. 12. All hail to you, their noble successors upon earth! You have been the successors of many, and we honor you! for though you are rich, yet being poor in spirit, yours also is the Kingdom of Heaven. O what a contrast between you and some below you; who are poor and proud! You are rich, and yet poor in spirit;—a pleasing illustration of 2 Cor. viii. 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.*" All hail, then, ye peculiar ones and race,—rich and deeply devoted to God,—rich in good works also—hail ye choicest flowers of England's glory, who, knowing that you hold upon "uncertain riches," is as frail and uncertain as the hold of the flower to its stem, are wise to lay up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come that you may lay hold on eternal life;—and as an evidence

thereof, you are rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, because your *trust is in the living God who has given you all things richly to enjoy.* 1 Tim. vi. 17, 18, 19. All hail! For unto the poor in spirit also the Gospel is preached!

XII. My time has expired. I did intend to have blown a loud blast in the ears of Mammon, but must reserve it for another time. Amen.




## CHAPTER XXXI.

A LOUD BLAST IN THE EAR OF MAMMON.—A SERMON.

*“And the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.”—Matt. xi. 5.*

*“And the common people heard him gladly.”—Matt. xii. 37.*

T is said in Mark v. 7, that our Lord sent forth his Disciples “by two and two” to preach repentance through the land. Why by two and two, but that they might stand by to encourage and support each other.

II. Well, I have selected these two expressive declarations for a somewhat similar purpose, that they may go forth and sound an alarm in Zion that may echo like the sound of a trumpet over the territories of Mammon; that as the fame of Jesus reached the ears of the Herod, so may that of these “two witnesses,” if I may call them so, reach the ears of Mammon. These two texts mutually support and reflect each other, as the Old and New Testament reflect one another, and are linked together, and go together, as the Lord’s testimonies to man. My texts are like the two cherubims which *looked one toward another as they spread their wings on high, covering the MERCY-SEAT.* Exod.

xxv. 2. For they look toward each other as they spread their ample wings on high covering the heirs of mercy and eternal life; the poor and the common people which comprise the great mass of the nation;—the best and the most useful part of the nation.

III. I was thinking the other day of that shrewd remark of old Hesiod, the Grecian poet, that “A half is often greater than the whole.” There is both wit and wisdom in the idea. For sometimes in attempting to give the whole of what one has to say in a sermon, we spoil the whole; and as we spin out the subject we tempt the hearers to go away saying, “the half of that would have been greater than the whole;” and it is well if some of the hearers may not fretfully say, with Shakspeare’s character, “the thread of his verbosity was greater than the staple of his argument;” and so I concluded it would be prudent to “cut short” my last discourse and leave a worse half or a “better half” till another time. That time has come. And “*now he that hath ears to hear let him hear.*”

IV. It is said in the Bible, “*The Lord raiseth up the POOR out of the dust, and lifteth up the BEGGAR from the dunghill to set them among princes, and to make them inherit glory.*” This the Lord hath often done; and oftener a thousand times more by the Gospel than by any other instrumentality. In the book of Psalms we have these words also, “*Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.*” And where else is the goodness of God so fully prepared for the poor as in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ? The Virgin Mary said, “*He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of a low*

*degree. He hath filled the HUNGRY with good things, and the RICH he hath sent empty away."* And tell me, O tell me, where is this oftener done, than under the sound of the everlasting Gospel!

V. Glad am I this day, my brethren, that there are ears present to hear these things who should hear them. Pray, O pray, that they may hear me patiently, for I have some very pointed things to say. Your hearts, I perceive, are alive to the theme; and I need not shout so loud in your ears as my namesake James had to shout in the ears of his brethren: "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? But ye have despised the poor. Do not rich men oppress you, and draw you before the judgment-seats? Do not they blaspheme that worthy name by which ye are all called?" James ii. 5, 6, 7. They had been showing partiality in giving the best seats to persons who came in adorned with a gold ring and goodly apparel,—proofs of his opulence, his ring and his coat, being the best qualities of the man, was conducted to a good place; while the poor man,—a poor saint, perhaps, whose heart was better than his coat, was allowed to stand, or had a sort of foot-stool seat as good enough for him. No wonder James had to shout aloud, "Hearken!" and O how soon he enthroned the poor saints in their proper position, the chosen of God, and heirs to a kingdom! Think ye, my beloved brethren, that both my texts were not in the mind of St. James? Yes! they had found the pearl which the rich despised;—they were poor in this world

and despised of men, but they were loved and prized of God!

VI. Hallelujah! The Gospel is preached to the poor, and the common people heard him gladly! And yonder sits one whom the Lord has reduced from wealth and affluence; and dubbed him a knight of the royal order of "the common people," who still hear the Gospel gladly. Let him rejoice. Let him also think of what our Lord says about "the deceitfulness of riches," how "they choke the word and render it unfruitful;" and think much besides upon Rev. iii. 17. Hearken, "Because thou sayest I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou are wretched, and miserable and poor, and blind, and naked." What! and not know it. Deceitful, indeed! Aye, and uncertain as deceitful; "uncertain riches," says Paul; making themselves wings, and flying away as an eagle towards heaven, as he in Proverbs speaks. "Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten," said St. James. That which is corrupted corrupts, as we see every day. Think of that, O thou reduced one! and bless God for thy escape from corruption! If many of the rich around us would speak out they would cry out with him in the seventh of Romans, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" You heard of the tree which, stripped of its bark, lasted a great while, but if allowed to keep its bark on, it was sure to rot soon. Riches are a bark which have rotted many a sound and shining Christian! Praise God, then, that Providence has barked you? Your appetite for the Gospel, and desires after God may be more lasting.

He who said he would rather go whipped to heaven than charioted to hell was a wise man; and so, also, was he who preferred footing it to heaven before coaching it to hell.

Yes! my humbled brother! Praise God for that. You are a safer and a happier man than once! You were in the peril of him of whom Jesus spoke, when he declared that a camel might easier go through a needle's eye, than he into the Kingdom of Heaven. Mark x. 24, 27. How thankful then should you be. But O, you cannot be truly so, nor happy, until you are born again, and an heir to a better inheritance than ever this earth promised you. Do you not realize this? Well, then, unto you is the Gospel preached?

V. Let none think me harsh or disrespectful in what I have already said about the rich as a class, or may yet say. I have uttered nothing more so severe than an old divine did in this same England centuries ago. Harken to the flowing blast with which he saluted their ears! "A rich family, the richest in the land, but without godliness, is what?—a Golgotha, a place of frightful skulls; a church-yard full of carcasses. There is nothing there but gilded rottenness and golden damnation." Be sure of one thing, such godless families did not invite him to dine with them often after such a blast. And hearken, we may rest equally sure that if any godly rich heard him that day he was by them none the less esteemed.

VI. Again, let me caution, let none be offended or imagine I have any pique against the rich as a class. I have none whatever. No! none of them have injured me at all! some of them, indeed, are my personal friends,—my hearers

frequently; and they know I esteem them highly. Facts must be stated, that it is a hard thing for such to obtain or retain real religion. But I do not argue, of course, against the possibility of both. Facts would contradict me if I did. Jesus forbids the sentiment where he shows "*That what is impossible with men is possible with God.*" Matt. xix. 26. Facts, glorious instances have proved it so; but this reference to the omnipotence of God in the accomplishment, certainly bespeaks it to be a difficult case! He seemed to soften it some by adding: "*How hard it is for them that TRUST in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God.*" But how hard to have riches and not to *trust* in them for happiness, instead of the grace of God. That was the bane of the rich farmer who talked largely of pulling down his barns to build upon a larger scale; and saying to his soul, "*Soul, eat, drink and be merry, for thou hast much goods, etc.,*" which provoked Ambrose to say, that had the man possessed the soul of a hog he could not have said more; for certainly these things were fitter to satisfy *swine* than an immortal spirit!

The same sad temptation, it is to be feared, sank the rich man into hell;—to whom Abraham said, "*Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.*" But alas! alas!—the comforts of religion were not among his good things! No, else he never had lifted up his eyes in hell! Luke xvi. 23. He was duped into contentment with these things; and so, poor man, he lost his soul!

VII. And may not these things account for the fact acknowledged by our Lord, that it was the poor who had the Gospel preached unto them? Because they were the most likely to receive it and profit by it; so suitable was it



to their wants and longings ; so likely also that they would cherish and retain its consolations—and that “the common people” or middle classes heard him gladly. But let that pass. As in our Lord’s time so it is in ours, there is a terrible necessity for loud and repeated blasts of truth’s trumpet in the ear of Mammon !

VIII. And now, let “A looker-on,” who has had something to remark on “the aspect of things,” hearken. Knowest thou not, that a similar question was once asked during our Lord’s own ministry, “*Have any of the RULERS or of the PHARISEES believed on him?*” Thinkest thou that I feel it to be no honor to be circumstanced as my Master ? Is it not, as he once hinted, enough that the servant be as his Master, and the disciple as his Lord ?

Allow me, if you will, to enjoy this honor ! Albeit, who can tell how many great ones may be brought to ground their arms at the feet of Jesus before I leave York ! However, my nets, I confess, were not made to catch whales ! lords, earls, dukes and sir knights, and other nobles and great folks, rich men, and the learning-puffed. Most of these are harpooned already by the devil, and if he should happen to pay out line enough to my fishing grounds what would become of my poor nets !—“Much ado about nothing,” over again, it is to be feared ! The harpoon is certainly in them ; they are on Satan’s line whether you believe it or not. What would become of my nets ? If such were entangled some value might be placed upon their “oil-money ;” but if minus of the fragrance of exalted piety they might become a curse instead of a blessing. No ! there is little demand for them in the Gospel-market, as St. Paul shows : “For ye see your

calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to nought the things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." A remarkable passage that, is it not? And how ingeniously he sets off the "foolish things" against "the wise;" and "the weak things" against the mighty;" and "base things" and "despised," and things which, in the estimation of the great world, are as if they were not, yet such really bring to nothing the things which are considered *great somethings* in the world!

Nevertheless, I would not limit the power of God; but would shake out my nets and let them down for a haul on the right side of the ship, and leave Him to take care of the meshes! For, as Paul said, "Not many of the noble, etc." were called, yet we may infer there were some. And "is there anything too hard for God?" The impossibilities of men are the possibilities of God. So you see I am not altogether hopeless, although quite contented the while that my nets take an abundance of what the great world call "the small fish," but they are of the right kind—such as were in shoals around my Lord's nets: "And the common people heard him gladly!" Don't you suppose Peter was very well contented with that "great multitude of fishes," in the memorable morning draught, Luke v., though perhaps there were no "great ones" among them? especially, as he

mournfully confessed: “ *We have toiled all the night and have taken nothing?* ” A few big fish might have endangered his nets. But as it was miracle all round, it would have made no difference to the nets, I suppose. Well, sir, like Peter, I must be very thankful for whatever sort of fish are taken in my nets; nor be disheartened, that, while *gathering the good into vessels, we have to throw the bad away!* Matt. xii. 47, 48.

Besides, if successful with the great and wise, would there be no danger to me from pride or vanity? Either would be to me a calamity. Hitherto my Lord has preserved me, I trust, from sinning against that decree, “ *that no flesh should glory in his presence.* ” Add to this, with ordinary help from above, I could catch five hundred of such as the Apostle speaks of in the above passage while arranging my nets to take one of these “ *great ones,* ” and, perhaps, miss him after all! So you see, I lack faith!

IX. If those taken in my nets are negatives in those things in which “ *the great world* ” are pleased to lodge true greatness, wealth and honorable titles, be it so. Let that world see to it that the Bible does not prove them negatives in all things in which it lodges true greatness! and so we are content to let the one be a set-off against the other; and let the Bible and eternity strike off the eternal distinctions.

In English grammar two negatives destroy one another, or are equivalent to an affirmative. But according to St. Paul in the passage already quoted, my negatives make naughts of your positives, while they are changed into true affirmatives in all that is holy and wise and just, and of good report in Heaven above and in the earth beneath! They are rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom. Hallelujah!

X. But hearken again! We have no wish to boast. That might set us a glorying, not in the Lord, but in men. That would be sinful. But, in justice I think it due to say, that the subjects of this work of grace will compare number for number with the great majority of the accredited members of other churches, not excepting your "Establishment." They are as intelligent, as well-to-do, as the generality of their fellow-citizens, and appear about as well as any of them. It is no subject or basis, indeed, of our glorying, although we allude to it; as Paul, on another occasion of self-defence, "*I am become a fool in glorying: ye have compelled me!*" 2 Cor. xii. 11. But let that pass. Each individual in the community has a soul that must live for ever in weal or woe. Each has been redeemed by the blood of Christ. Each may be an heir of a crown that fadeth not away. Positions in civil society are temporal, and pass away for ever with life. Not so with positions that are eternal. This needs no argument—no illustration. Higher than the highest in this world becomes the child of God there, though poor as Lazarus while here!

XII. Ah, my friend! These worldly distinctions "bulk largely in the filing eye of Time." But they look small to them whose eye has tried to measure the grandeur of the human soul aside from all such distinctions. The titles conferred by grace are the only true and honorable. That celebrated artist understood this, who when dying dictated an epitaph for his tomb-stone to the following effect;—that, what he was as an artist was of some importance to him while he lived; but what he really was, as a believer in Jesus, is the only matter of importance to him now that he is dead!

XIII. It is evident many of your "great folks," and some of your little ones in this city do not understand these things; at least not practically. Do you? I would like to shout again in all their ears, St. James' reminder, "*Hearken, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him!*" What is England with all her glory when compared with such a kingdom!

But should that fail I would covet one long and loud blast through that trumpet blown so effectually in the ears of the rich in this country centuries ago by an eminent divine. "Hearken! the nobles and potentates of the earth, many of them, are without justifying faith and the privileges of adoption. They can justify their titles to houses and lands, crowns and sceptres, but not to this. They have no saving faith in Christ—no pardon. They have authority to rule over men, but none to become the sons of God. John i. 12. '*But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in his name.*' Therefore, let those who have full tables, heavy purses, rich lands, but no Christ, be rather objects of pity than envy. Is it not better, like certain cattle, to be kept lean and hungry, than with the fatted ox to tumble in flowery meadows, thence to be led away to the shambles!" A hard and troublesome blast that. O, would to God that I could make it sound like thunder once more all over these kingdoms!

XIV. However, until the concluding intimations of that trumpet are fulfilled I can very well afford to preach the Gospel to "the poor" and to "the common people," who hear it gladly. It was for the benefit of these, I doubt not,



the Lord called me into the ministry. It would much surprise me to find it otherwise. You see how candid are my acknowledgments.

The world has its great ones, and Christ has his little ones; but these are the only happy ones, even though they humbly say with St. Paul, "*Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given.*" Honor to such little ones then, and let all the people say "Amen!"

XV. God's poor are preferable to the devil's rich, and better off any day. What thinkest thou? As to the vast majority of my hearers, I know very well what they think! Could you say Amen to that remark of a plain man, that he would value a diamond, though in the dirt, above a pebble, or a clod of earth set in gold; a child of God in poverty and rags rather than a devil's son, though, like him of old, clothed in purple and fine linen, and who fared sumptuously every day! Luke xvi. 19.

XVI. And hearken again: next to the cross of Christ, if I glory in any thing it is this; to seize upon Satan's ill-treated poor, whose consciences, as one remarked, are as badly torn as their clothes; aye, and their souls more abused than their bodies; and to bring them to Jesus that he may put the ring of his love upon their finger, and shoe them with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, Ephes. vi. 15, and clothe them with the best robe of his righteousness. Phil. iii. 15; aye! and their outer garments as sound and respectable as their conscience! Such are sure to hate and oppose their old master wonderfully:—and no wonder! it was too bad, they think, to put them off with a hell of poverty in this world, and treat them to a hell of fire and



brimstone in the next. Such, also, love their new masters with an intensity that wakes the acclamation of congratulating angels.

The devil's rich, when they happen to get saved, cannot help reflecting that they had the means and opportunities of many enjoyments in his service; enjoyments which they renounced for the rugged service of the Cross. This is apt to cool their love, and in times of temptation and trial lead them to say with her of old, "*I will go and return to my first husband: for then was it better with me than now.*" Hosea ii. 7. And return they do, many of them, in practice or in affection.

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XVII. Many years ago one shrewdly remarked that in the creation of the world God gave the water to the fish, the earth to the beasts, and the air to the fowls, and afterwards made man in his own image that man might ever say, "*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee.*" Psalms lxxiii. 25. Aye! but there are great folks in and around this city who grasp at all these,—water, earth, air, the portion of the fish, the beasts, and the fowls! Nor are their lips altogether strangers to the claim of Jeremiah, "*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul!*" Which is all very well if the latter claim goes deeper than the lips; but if only from the teeth outward, it is about as valuable as the kiss of Judas.

Jerusalem was in ruins when Jeremiah exclaimed, "*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.*" "Is" and "my," mark those little words, verbs and pronouns are great in theology; there is a world of divinity in them, as Luther used to say;

“*is* my portion” now, not shall be; reminding one of Matt. v. 3. “Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven,”—“*is*,”—they enjoy it now, and have not to wait till they die. That is the glory and value of religion! So that good man who exclaimed the other night, “A portion in possession is better than a portion in rever- sion; as a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.” Did you not almost cry out with another, “That’s true!” And ponder well the pronoun, “*My* portion.” There is a great difference between the *mine* or *thine* in the possessions of this world,—*my* house or *thy* house, etc. It is *thine* with regard to the Lord as a portion; he might be *thy* portion and not *mine*. And yet my right to God for the portion of my soul is as good as *thine*; for God may be every man’s portion as the sun is every man’s sun, the air every man’s air, and the ocean every man’s ocean.

XVIII. What more shall I say? A “strange minister” must not come to this city in search of atheists, speculative atheists. But if practical atheism be nothing more nor less than “living without God in the world,” they are as thick in your streets and squares as men with hats on their heads!

Let him begin to preach facts, real repentance, real faith, a real pardon, a real “*new birth unto righteousness*,” the witness of the spirit, real holiness, and real union with God, or a real hell instantly after death; let him preach these things in downright earnest, lifting up his voice like a trumpet, smiting his hands and stamping with his feet as the Lord God commanded the prophet, and he will rouse croakers around him thick as the plague-frogs that swarmed in the palace of Pharaoh!

That is a great hint in the New Testament that the goodness of God should lead men to repentance. How much of his goodness has the Lord of earth and sky lavished upon multitudes around us! What returns does he receive? How small the minority who inquire with the Psalmist sincerely: "*What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?*" Where are the signs of real repentance among thousands?

Alas! open doors for the world, but closed doors against Christ. A heart insatiable as the grave for the world, but either shut up, or puny as an invalid, in the last stages, for things spiritual and divine.

It is said in the book of Proverbs, "*A man's gift makes way for him.*" So should it be with the gifts of God. Is it so here? What rich temporal gifts has God bestowed upon the people of this city! Do these gifts make way for him? Do they afford him an easy admission into their hearts? or a chief seat therein when he does enter? I appeal to all such highly favored ones now present! Rather do not these gifts prejudice against the bountiful donor? Do they not furnish mighty arguments why God should not have the chief place in your hearts? why you should not take up your cross and be singular for Christ? Are there not hearts present which, like your city gates, stand open night and day for all visitors, although, perhaps, ready to be shut against an enemy, were it "war time;"—open to all visitors, by night and by day, are some hearts among you, but instantly closed when God approaches. He is the enemy against whom the gates of the city of Mansoul (to use an idea of Bunyan) are closed. When the Lord of all your

mercies comes he finds closed gates and bolted doors. He knocks, and waits, and knocks again, and stands, and cries to rebellion within, "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*" Rev. iii. 20. What response? Are the doors opened instantly? No, no! but he has still to cry, "Behold, I stand." "Behold, be amazed at it, yet I stand and knock!" Aye, he stands and knocks, when he might burst open the door!"

XIX. Hear me all, such of you as have ears to hear, if the gates and doors of your hearts are not speedily opened, he may spoil all your pleasant things, as a general often does to a city besieged;—cutting down their fruit and forest trees, desolating their gardens, and spoiling the country around. God, who is now standing knocking, may do all this. He may cut off your supplies, and withdraw all his gifts. Hearken! "For she did not know that I gave her corn and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold which they prepared for Baal. Therefore, will I return and take away my corn in the time thereof, and my wine in the season thereof, and will recover my wool and my flax, and will destroy her vines and her fig-trees." Hosea ii. 8, 12. Aye, and he may withdraw your friends and lay them in the grave, or as bad as if they were; covering your cheeks with tears, and your souls with mourning, black as the funeral weeds which shall drape your bodies.

Hear me all of you! all who are well-to-do in this world, possessing my Lord's gifts, and repulsing himself from your hearts! too rich or too comfortable to receive the Gospel with the poor of this world or "the poor in spirit;"

hear me all of you. If sugar will not preserve, brine may. If ever God has tried to preserve a city with sugary mercies he has this. But if you are like to spoil altogether he will put you down in brine; nor would it be the first time he has done so to York. Look into the annals of your city, and read that in this very month of August, the thirtieth day of it, one hundred and fifty four years ago, a mortal sickness broke out here by which eleven thousand persons died! He who cried out then to every citizen to behold the wounds of his bleeding city, that his sins had struck to the heart, was a faithful watchman. He also who insisted then that there was no better physician than that every man should turn to be his own doctor, and prepare his own recipe for the destruction of his own sins, and the cure of his own soul was a wise counsellor.

The Lord God, whose Gospel you hear from Sabbath to Sabbath in vain, and whose rich temporal gifts you still enjoy, may again visit for these things. Briny tears may do that in which sugared blessings have failed. All hail ye tears which are already flowing from some eyes! repenting tears in some; in others "the tears that tell your sins forgiven!" But, alas! in others these sacred walls are closed, filled up, as those of old, with Philistine earth.

The hand of our God is outstretched still for mercy or for judgment, the sceptre or the sword. He spoke truly who said, when lenitives will not cure, corrosives will be tried, searings and cuttings. But, alas! if the gangrene of wickedness has penetrated too deep your case is desperate; aye, and desperate measures will be resorted to, and desperate results. Health may depart at the bidding of



God, that the body may be as badly off as the soul, and as desperately in peril. *He that hath ears to hear let him hear.* The battering rams of disease and death may batter open the door of your hearts, aye, and batter down the walls of your bodies, and place your souls under an eternal arrest! Aye! and all the while the walls and gates of your ancient city may remain as of yore, standing as to-day, hoary with age and honor.

XX. One of the fathers used to say, "Poverty is the highway to Heaven." Aye! good father! if God calls us to it, and we are really on our way there independent of it, otherwise poverty may be the highway to hell! Many of the devil's children are poor enough, but that does not prove them on the way to Heaven. A man may be poor and yet not "poor in spirit," but of the really such Jesus says, "*Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven;*" mark the little verb "*is,*" not *shall be*; but theirs *is* the kingdom of Heaven. They enjoy a heaven now of "righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," which St. Paul calls "the kingdom of God." As was remarked the other evening, the wealth of Heaven is theirs, because the wealth of Heaven is at the command of their Lord whom they humbly but intensely love, and that wealth he lavishes upon them; heaps upon them the choicest jewels of grace and beautifies them with salvation; gives them many a bunch of grapes by the way, observes one, and many a draught of the wine of the kingdom to make their hearts glad; settles heaven and earth upon them and says, "All that I have is thine." St. Paul says as much in Rom. viii. 17, "*And if children then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.*" But he imme-



diately adds, "If so be that we suffer with him that we may be also glorified together." To be poor and to suffer, or to be poor in spirit and to suffer wrong and persecution, are companions. To be poor does not prove a man to be on the heavenly way, unless he is poor in spirit also; humbled and broken down by sorrow for sin; or, having received pardon through faith in the blood of the Lamb, is humbled to the dust under a sense of unworthiness. Then he becomes one of Christ's poor, rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom. He is accounted rich then by all the angels in heaven!

XXI. Unto such poor it is the delight of my heart to preach the Gospel. The sight of them in the congregation does my heart good. "Hallelujah!" Yes, and hallelujah again! There are wonderful fortunes made in these days. How many arise from their beds daily in this city, poor as the devil and sin can make them in body or soul, and retire to their beds at night rich as grace can make them now, and possessing a title to a crown that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for them!

It is the Gospel that has done it all. They are no richer in worldly goods than before, and may possibly remain so, many of them; yet, to each Jesus may say, "I know thy works and tribulation and *poverty, but thou art rich.*" Rev. ii. 9. The world laughs at such paradoxes, and calls them absurdities, that is, inconsistent with reason, and out of all character with its notions and fitness of things. To this day the world cannot comprehend Jesus, where he says, "whosoever will *save his life shall lose it*: and whosoever will *lose his life for my sake shall find it.*" To this day the world cannot understand the Apostle where he says, "As

having *nothing*, yet *possessing all things*;—as *poor*, yet making *many rich*;—*sorrowful*, yet always rejoicing;—if any among you seemeth to be *wise*, let him become a *fool* that he *may be wise!*” How intolerable are such sentiments to the proud-spirited of this world! But it is thus, as St. Paul says again, that *God destroys the wisdom of the wise, and brings to nothing the understanding of the prudent, and turns into foolishness the wisdom of this world.* 1 Cor. i. 19, 20. There is a divinity in such sentiments which goes beyond all the world’s philosophy. Happy for all of you, whether rich or poor, if you understand and properly estimate such divinity.

XXII. But alas! alas! There are some among you poor and proud;—poor-spirited enough to serve the devil, but too high-spirited to serve Christ!—enough to make devils grin, and angels shudder and weep. Too poor to enter the drawing-rooms and gay assemblies of the wealthy; but too proud to repent and believe the Gospel, and thus to be welcomed into the assemblies of the royal heirs of Heaven.

And then, there are others among you who are rich in trade or in acquired wealth, or in prospects of an inheritance below, or rich in morality and natural goodness, and have no need of mercy; to you the religion of the Gospel is a DRUG. God pity you! for it is a drug we have seen many of your brethren longing for on the death-bed, and like the noble lord at the gate of Samaria, dying without tasting of the great salvation.

Such as you are too big to be saved! Jesus says, “*Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you,*

*will seek to enter in and shall not be able.*" No, indeed! such things as I have noticed swell the soul that it cannot go through the narrow gate of repentance and regeneration. Poverty of spirit is what they need to reduce the bulk of the soul. But it is the Gospel salvation alone can produce the necessary depletion. An old writer illustrated the matter thus: "A great *cable* cannot go through the eye of a *needle*; but let it be untwisted thread by thread and made into small threads and it may. Now, poverty of spirit UNTWISTS the great cable of self-righteousness. It makes a man little in his own eyes; and now an entrance shall be made unto him richly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ." Ah! that is it! But many do not like to be thus untwisted out of all their greatness. Nor will they forsake the worthless weed of self-righteousness for the healing herb of Gospel salvation.

Among such are to be found those of whom one speaks, who resemble ships that have escaped the rocks of shipwrecks, yet are cast away upon the sands. They escape the rocks of gross sins, yet are cast away upon the sands of self-righteousness. Do you all understand me? Both the devil's rich and the devil's poor often perish upon the same sands.

To be poor and not know it is a calamity. *He that* hath ears to hear let him hear—"and knowest not that thou art poor." Rev. iii. 17. To be poor in this sense and not to know it is a calamity. "And knowest not that thou art blind;"—blind, and not know it!—like Seneca's girl, of whom we read in history, who was born blind but would not believe herself blind. "The house is dark," she would say, "but I am not blind." It was her misfortune, poor girl, not

her sin to be blind. But with many of you, both rich and poor, it is both; for you keep your eyes closed against the light, and will not open them.

XXIII. There is much of what one of your own writers calls a plodding formality, and a grovelling professorship, with appetite for the serpent's food, the dust of the earth, in this old city of churches. Is this true? and that eels are not fonder of mud than thousands are of the world. But why ask the question? It is so in all large cities and towns, more or less. But such are as hard to be caught as the eels themselves, who bury themselves deep in mud.

How many among you are like Saul of old, hidden among the stuff! Or, like Sisera in the tent of Jael, headspiked to the earth! Or, like the ostrich, which though it has wings, cannot rise, its body is so heavy. O, that my Lord would direct me to some Gospel war-shells, that might reach these Saul's among the stuff and fire it around them, and start them out into a nobler employment for their own souls and those of their neighbors; shells that might at least awaken those Siseras who are in peril of a more terrible death than befel the warrior under the hammer of the wife of Jael; shells that might reach these human ostriches with short-winged souls and heavy bodies,—the brute stronger than the rational, the animal running away with the man!

O, for some dream again, like that which instructed the young preacher hitherto unused to soul-saving. He had been preaching eloquently to the admiration of many, to their heads but not to their hearts and consciences. But sinners remained sinners, which he wondered at and deplored, and so did others; for he and they did want a

revival, and he thought this was the way to bring it about. But it did not come, and he got discouraged, for not a soul got converted. But one night he had a dream. He thought he was fishing where there were plenty of fish, but he caught none. At length a pleasant little man approached whom he knew to be John Wesley, who asked him, what luck? He replied, "No luck but ill-luck; I have not caught a single fish."—"Let me see your hooks," said Mr. W. "Oh! oh!" he exclaimed, "I see how it is, my young friend, your hooks are all too large," and so putting his hand into his pocket he pulled out a handful of fish-hooks; "Here," said he, "try one of them." He did so and was successful, and in the excitement awoke;—and with this impression on his mind, that his sermons were not simple enough, that he had been preaching in too lofty a style, over the people's heads, instead of directly to their hearts; and that he must alter his whole style immediately if he would be successful. "Enough!" he exclaimed, "it shall be done;" and it was done, and a great revival followed.

XXIV. Now, then, "Looker-on," are you satisfied? My hearers, what think ye? Have I spoken too harshly of any class of your fellow-citizens? In presence of God and the Bible do you think I have? I tell you plainly harsher things are yet to be spoken. A heavier artillery must awaken from our spiritual batteries. At present you are witnesses, we are preaching repentance and faith in Christ with uncompromising energy, to the offense of some who do not or will not, but should understand, regarding knowing the time and place of conversion, a ready but extreme point to reach certain classes of professing Protestants; but other

and sharper weapons are necessary to reach even these. There are some professors of religion who are a perplexity. They would puzzle the wisest theologians to know what to make of them ;—as much, perhaps, as certain shell-fish did the naturalists of old ; so slow of life and so slow of motion, and so inconstant withal, that they were a constant puzzle whether they should be classed with vegetative life or sensitive life. It became a subject of controversy ! But the life of nature or the life of grace,—that is the question to be determined concerning these professors. O, may our Lord Jesus Christ determine it for all such this hour ; and speedily give that character to their religion, that they may be *epistles of Christ known and read of all men.* 2 Cor. iii. 2, 3. Amen !



## CHAPTER XXXII.

PLAIN DEALING WITH CERTAIN CHARACTERS.—A SERMON.



THE reader will notice frequent allusion to "The Law Sermon" in this and the following discourses. He will find extensive remarks descriptive of it and the effects in Chapters 6, 7, and 8 of Part II. in this volume. Perhaps they had better have been inserted here, but it was thought desirable to keep the Journal and Letters as much as possible together.

*"Who among you will give ear to this? who will hearken for the time to come?"* Isaiah xlii. 23.

There are several characters I wish to address. Those who have ears to hear let them hear; especially that part of my discourse which it concerns them to hear, and which they wish to hear, which may profit them to hear, and which they will hear in connection with their chosen cognomen. A few remarks, first, by way of introduction.

I. My text calls for attention! "*Who among you will give ear—who will hearken?*"

The ear is the organ or instrument of hearing. By it we have the perception of sounds;—the text refers to the ears of the body, and to the ears of the soul. St. Paul speaks of “the eyes of your understanding,” and of “the hearing of faith,” as if he would hint at the body’s counterpart in the soul.

II. *The ear of the body* is the medium to the ear of the soul. The external ear appeals to the internal, the ear of “the inner man,” of which Paul speaks.

A German writer shows how by the undulatory vibrations of the air, put in motion by sounds, hearing is produced. He illustrates it by the undulations of water set in motion by the fall of a stone therein. The speaker propels a quantity of air from his mouth in the utterance of a word, which communicates an undulatory motion to the external air, which reaches the drum of the ear, an elastic membrane at the bottom of the ear, tense as the skin upon a drum-head; thus the sound passes through one membrane and cavity to another till it reaches the auditory nerve, which reaches the brain, and communicates the sounds to the soul or understanding.

Thus far we know. Push inquiry farther, as to how by a word pronounced by another we receive an idea, and not a simple sound alone; or how a tone can act upon the mind and produce so many different ideas; we are obliged, with the German, to confess our ignorance. He and He alone, who appeals to the ear in my text, knoweth.

III. *The outward ear* is sometimes dispensed with,—that is passed by, God speaking to the soul through the understanding or conscience alone, as is the case with those who

refuse to hear his word, or who hear without profit. There is much said in the Scriptures of having ears to hear, and yet not hearing. God undertakes then to make them hear. "*Mine ears hast thou opened,*" says the Psalmist, "*digged,*" as the margin has it, "*mine ears hast thou digged.*" O, may our God this night, by the power of the Holy Ghost, dig open the ears of your understanding and conscience, O sinner! It was the Lord that opened the ear of Lydia's heart, or Paul might have preached till his heart ached before it would have opened. Acts xvi. 14.

IV. In my text God proposes to speak to *the ear of the soul* through the outward ear. And, so far as I may speak according to his oracles, so far may I hope that his voice may accompany mine. Amen.

V. *Earnest attention* is required: "*Hearken !*" "*hearken for the time to come ;*"—implies to hear *eagerly*.

VI. *Self interest* is implied. "*Hearken for the time to come.*" As much as to say, "*Your best interest in the future depend upon your close and earnest attention. Hear me every soul of you!*" A three-fold cord was never more firmly twitched together than those three,—our duty, his glory, and our good. I have one remark more.

VII. It is regarding my late sermon on the Law—"The Law Sermon," as some of you have named it; and very properly too, for there was very little Gospel in it, too little, alas! However, it has been a sharp axe among you; has hewn down, I find, no small amount of trees in the devil's forests, prostrated and wounded sinners,—wounded almost to the death; the true and proper material for this revival. But it has cut me out plenty of work, in many ways, some

of which you may learn as I proceed. But, as St. Paul said on another occasion, "*I do not repent, though I did repent.*" 2 Cor. vii. 8, for in many it has produced "*a sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of,*"—although others seem possessed of a very different feeling.

I. *Let "A. D." hearken.* 1st. There are many texts, especially in the New Testament, which show the extent and spirituality of the second law of the decalogue. All those passages which prohibit idolatry in the affections are but as so many expositions of it; the following takes the lead, I think, 1 John ii. 15, "*Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*" Sister to that is another in the same epistle, "*Little children, keep yourselves from idols.*" So, also, is the repeated injunction to love the Lord our God with all our hearts, and mind, and strength; for, to do that, is the surest preservative from the violation of it. Much might be said just here, but I forbear. You perceive the drift of the remark.

2d. There is a two-fold idolatry,—material, which is external; and spiritual, which is internal in the soul; either of which is a violation of the second commandment. Luther advanced a similar idea. Hear him: "There is an external idolatry, a bowing down of the body to worship wood, stone, beast, or heavenly host. There is a spiritual idolatry, the homage of the affections, loving the creature more than the Creator." The latter view, I fancy, cut the deepest in the Law Sermon, as there were but few Roman Catholics present. Was it not that which alarmed or fretted yourself?

3. As to the seventh commandment I must bear all that

is said against "the vulgarity and indelicacy of meddling with such a theme in a promiscuous audience." The *cost* has been counted long ago by the stranger. Whatever hardens, ruins and damns men, it is a God-sent preacher's duty to grapple with. And, if it is evident that the present participle is more appropriate to the present times, whatever is hardening, ruining and damning the bodies and souls of his fellow-men, he should grapple with the energy of a Samson.

Besides, have you never read that fine sentiment of Cowper?—that "the pulpit is the most important and effectual guard, support and ornament of virtue's cause." If the pulpit wink at that sin through fear of man or shamefacedness it betrays its trust; vice stands unrebuked in its presence, and proceeds in its work of ruin. Nevertheless, God holds the preacher responsible for the consequences of his neglect or unfaithfulness.

Ah, sir! had you repeated those awful stanzas in one of the Wesleyan hymns as often as your speaker, you would understand him better.

" Shall I to soothe the unholy throng,  
 Soften thy truths and smooth my tongue,  
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
 The cross endured, my God, by thee?  
 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
 Conceal the Word of God most high?  
 How then before thee shall I dare  
 To stand, or how thine anger bear?  
 Give me thy strength, O God of power;  
 Then let winds blow or thunders roar,  
 Thy faithful witness will I be:  
 'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee."

IV. With regard to the fourth commandment I would say with Dr. Chalmers, that I have never yet met with the man who conscientiously obeyed all the other laws of the Decalogue, and treated the law of the Sabbath with disrespect. When God makes a transfer of these commandments from the tables of stone, and writes them upon the fleshy tables of the heart, he never omits the fourth commandment. It is always there with the other nine, and meets with as prompt a response as any one of the rest. This is nearly all I have to say to you, and let my hearers judge what I say ; but let me drop another word in your ear :

V. You had better beware how you appeal to the Decalogue ! Keep out of that court, I advise, nay I warn you ! If you are caught there it will not only rend your garments of self-righteousness in pieces, and break all your bones, as the Psalmist speaks ; but it will condemn and damn you for ever. There is no mercy in that court, sir, therefore keep out of it, which you never can unless you fly to Christ as a repenting, believing penitent. One may say of the Decalogue court, as another centuries ago said, of one going into a law-suit in a court of civil law, that on going into law he finds the court full of invisible hooks ; when, on turning round to disembarass himself from one he is straightway caught by another. First his cloak, then the skirts of his coat, then his sleeves, till ere long everything is torn from him, and, like a gipsy, he escapes, because he is so stripped there is no farther hold upon him ! It is thus, my hearer and critic, the Law of God will handle you, if once within its court ; even now you are caught upon more than one of its hooks, unless I am greatly mistaken !



What multitudes were thrust into that court on Sabbath night! and they found it full of hooks which seized upon the cloak of hypocrisy, or the skirt or sleeve of the "dress-coat" of self-righteousness, and ere they escaped it was torn into tatters, till, like the seven sons of Sceva the Jew, upon whom the evil spirit "leapt," whom they had attempted to exorcise in the name of Jesus, whom Paul preached,—leaped upon them and overcame them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded! Acts xix. 14, 16. Thus fled the hypocrites and Pharisees and formalists of all sorts, and poor torn sinners who never had either the form or power of godliness; some of the latter, like that soldier in a certain place who said he was knocked down like an ox, having nothing to plead but, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and mercy he found, through the blood of the Lamb!

But many, to their sorrow, have found that the jurisdiction of this court extended beyond the limits of the Centenary chapel; along the streets to their homes; and on Monday morning to their counting-rooms, offices, shops, parlors, kitchens, garrets and cellars, and out to the fields, everywhere, in fact, maintaining its dread jurisdiction; and over all the past besides, and over the present week, and over all the future throughout time and eternity;—wide as the world, and extensive and terrible as eternity!

Ah! many present know to their sorrow now, that the studied disguise and the flattering peace and virtuous show,—the powerless formalism and closed eyes, and seared conscience, and hard deceitful heart and fig-leaf garments, the strong man armed withal were poor defenses against the

tremendous energies of the Law of God,—the chosen weapon of the Eternal Spirit, and the great instrument in His hands of bringing sinners to repentance the world over.\*

VI. To the last objection of A. D. let the audience hearken ; but I would only oppose to it the sentiment of one long since gathered to his fathers. Hearken to it ! “It was only the libertines who said the moral law was designed for creatures, not for Christians ; for the unregenerate, not for the regenerate. *Ergo*, Christians have nothing to do with it ; break it or keep it\* is all alike ; nay, better break it that they may have less temptation to hope for a legal justification.” Devil’s logic that ! I read the other day of ignited logic,—logic on fire ;—this is hell-fire logic instead of Gospel. The law and the Gospel, like the day and the sun, always go together, one and inseparable ; and he who attempts to separate them thus, God will most surely separate him and Heaven, wide as the gulf between Dives and Abraham.

The Law is for the government of all, creatures and Christians, unregenerate and regenerate, till heaven and earth shall pass away. St. Paul said, “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.” But I declare to this audience I would be heartily ashamed of it, did it dissolve our obligation to keep the ten commandments. St. Paul’s caveat does not make against what I have said : Gal. ii. 19, “*For I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God.*” Here death and life are in opposition, they confront each other. But you misunderstand the Apostle. He was dead to the

\* See a stirring description of this Sermon and its effects in the Second Part of this Volume, Chapters VI., VII. and VIII.

law as a source of life, of justification, peace, confidence, joy ; but not dead to it as a rule of life, as the rule of his actions, as the standard and guide of his moral conduct. His source of life was elsewhere,—“*Hid with Christ in God,*” as he plainly declares in Gal. iii. 3.

The Law had stripped him of his self-righteousness till he mournfully admitted,—“*Not having on mine own righteousness which is of the Law,*” and then condemned him to death in its terrible court. Then came the loud, long, and bitter cry : “*O, wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?*”—not the shadow of death, but its substance, its body, breaking all his bones,—all his hopes of heaven through the merit of his own righteousness—precluding all hope of justification before its dreadful tribunal ; just as many of you felt on Sabbath night. Then fled his trembling conscience to the Court of the Gospel, where he found mercy, being justified, and acquitted through the merits of Christ. So the next we hear of him, it is in the joyful exclamation of life from the dead : “*I thank my God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*” For, “*There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.*” Then he goes on to give an account of some great principles involved in this his wonderful acquittal.

Please read over, when at home, the seventh chapter of Romans, and the eighth. But, lest you should come to any wrong conclusions regarding the Apostle's experience, conclude by reading the sixth chapter of Romans, where he recommends and includes himself in a better experience than

that which he describes in the seventh of Romans. Mark that hint, for it is of importance.

But, by all means, weigh well what he says in Rom. viii. 4. "That the *righteousness of the law* might be *fulfilled* in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." Do you understand?—showing, that as the Law had been like a schoolmaster to send him to Christ to be justified, and Christ Jesus, who was sent to save his people from their sins, true to his character, sent him back to the Law to be regulated. Do you all understand me? St. John speaks to the same effect in 1 John iii. 4, 5, where he defines sin to be the transgression of the law, and insists that Christ died to take away our sins, that whosoever shall abide in him might have power given to them not to sin, that is to keep the moral law, through a principle of loving obedience, showing their faith by their works.

II. Let a "distressed and persecuted penitent" give ear; let such an one "Hearken for the time to come."

1. You tread among snares and death. Satan is laying his train to blow up all your good intentions and hopes of religion. The world has got you already in its black book. It is sad, therefore, not to have your name in "the book of life." But it may be so soon, if you make haste to "flee from the wrath to come," to the Saviour of sinners, who is waiting with open arms to receive you. The Law of God pursues as a sword, and the tongue of the wicked, which the Psalmist calls a sword, follows you also. Jesus is your city of refuge from both. You are moving in the right direction, but at too slow a pace. "Forced marches," to use a military phrase, should be the order of the day: or, to use a nautical

phrase, you must "carry more sail," or you will fall into the hands of the old pirate of hell.

2. Make haste! make haste! spread all the sails of your affections; cry to God for the heavenly breeze, and thus be prepared for it when it comes. Satan has opened his mouth against you. "*And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood.*" Rev. xii. 15. But the earth helped the woman, and swallowed up the flood. And poor dust and ashes, now addressing you, would open his mouth to your relief;—would try to absorb his "flood of despair," by the promises of the Gospel. More of this by and by.

But make haste, O thou distressed penitent. He may not only send after you a flood but a tempest. He is called in Scripture, "*The prince of the power of the air:*" and, by the same we learn, he is "*The spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience;*" and with amazing energy, as you have realized.

3. The Lord help thee! This is your time of peril. You have left the shores of destruction, and he would hurl destruction after you. A rough voyage you have had so far. Many have been discouraged and "put back," when trying to pass through the same stormy channel where you are now being tossed. How sad if you perish after all you have suffered! perhaps at the mouth of the harbor of salvation! Alas! sadder still if you perish by the blasts of contradiction from the mouth of those to whom you owe your existence!

4. Reflect well upon the first law of the Decalogue: "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*" This excludes all

competition with Jehovah. The second law is like unto it, which forbids idolatry in the affections, as well as external idolatry towards wood or stone images, or the like.

5. Reflect, also, upon the first lesson of Christian discipleship taught by our Lord. It was this, that the CLAIMS of father, mother, wife and children, brethren and sisters, yea, even of life itself, shall not be brought into competition with His claims. Luke xiv. 26. Besides, to love them more than Christ is forbidden under a penalty of a terrible exclusion and loss in Matt. x. 37, 39. Observe again: the second lesson on Christian discipleship, taught by our Lord, is that no man can be his disciple who refuses to bear his cross. Luke xiv. 27.

6. Here, you see, both law and Gospel meet you at the very threshold of Christian discipleship. And now, it remains with you to make your choice between these claimants. You are now acquainted tolerably with the threatenings of both. Choose then, this day, whom you will serve. What you do must be done openly. If you choose Christ for your Lord and Master, he decrees that heaven and earth and hell shall know it, as assuredly they will, and you shall hear of it, especially from unconverted and prejudiced relatives, who would seek to be your masters instead of Christ. But two masters in this regard you cannot serve, as Jesus Christ has elsewhere reminded you; nor have you forgotten, I trust, the observation of one the other evening—that you cannot go masked to Heaven; nor find a tunneled way, nor a night-passage to the skies; if you belong to Christ it must be known; you cannot live among sinful men and keep that fact a secret; you will be forced to do something that will make



it known you have the Spirit of Christ, or else to grieve away that Spirit.

7. Come, then! what you do do quickly, for what is done heartily, as one observes, is done speedily. But count the cost well on both sides that you may not rue hopelessly afterwards. Take time for it, but not too long, lest you weary out the Holy Spirit that is waiting for your decision. Should your choice fix on Christ, then consult not with flesh and blood. Stand for the right though friends should thunder it wrong. Do not waver, but go straight forward in the way of duty. That, and that only is the way of safety. Parley not. To do that is to pause, to be weakened, to falter, to fall away from Christ.

8. Dare to do your duty. Leave all consequences to God to settle or to overrule. Obey God rather than man. What you dare to resolve dare to execute; and, as Sydney Smith advised, what you do do seriously and grandly. Fear not ridicule. Act like one who wears a soul of his own in his bosom, and who does not wait till a soul is breathed into him by the breath of fashion! Remember the motto of the Hampdens,—“*Vestiga nulla retorsum*,”—“Not a step backwards;”—and that, as Mr. Barnes speaks, not from whim, caprice, or custom, but because it is believed to be the will of God. This is what he calls the religion of principle, voluntarily and intelligently adopted, and a steadfast adherence to it; adding, that in matters indifferent and not enjoined by the high authority of God, such a religion is as gentle as the breathings of an infant, and yielding as the osier or the aspen-leaf; but in all that is a matter of duty that pertains to the law of God, it is like an oak on the hills.

There it stands, its root deep fixed in the earth; and perchance, clasping some vast rock below the surface, its long arms stretched out, and its upright trunk defying the blast. There it stands the same whether the sun shines calmly on it, or whether the heavens gather anger, and pour upon it the fury of the storm. Such is that fine writer's idea of the religion of principle! O, ye new converts! bear all this in mind, for what I recommend to this distressed and persecuted penitent you may need not many days hence!

9. Hearken, O, hearken, distressed penitent! Your conflicts have been severe. But pardon and peace will be all the sweeter when they come. That criminal who was pardoned the other day and his liberty proclaimed, did you notice the effects? How it melted and overpowered the man. He had been tried, condemned—sentenced; but had he been acquitted or pardoned at the beginning the effects would have been different. The application to your own case is easy. Take courage. Go on. The day-dawn is near. Already does it begin to tremble along the sky of your soul.

10. Besides, your present sorrow for sin will greatly insure your future faithfulness. You cannot forget the worm-wood and the gall. The heinousness and bitterness of sin which you have been made to taste may prevent you from ever again incurring such a penalty. A burned child dreads the fire is an old maxim. A bird that escapes out of the talons of the hawk, after having been roughly handled, will ever after tremble at beholding that bird of prey anywhere near or in the distance. You will ever after this, most likely, tremble at the temptation to sin, and flee from it.

The man who barely escaped with his life from a burning house, or from the devouring teeth of the lion, or from drowning by shipwreck, would stare at you were you to inquire whether he would be willing to incur a similar risk again? But, it is thus you will feel when pardoned and saved. Can you ever forget what you feel now? that sin has involved you in the very crisis of the second death? that if you are saved it will be, as expressed in the book of Job, as by the skin of your teeth? How deeply ever after will you think and feel about a crisis so perilous and deprecate its recurrence!

11. Keep up good heart then! Beware of discouragement. Consider the case of the cripple at the pool of Bethesda. There had he lain for thirty and eight years. A long time that to expect a cure in vain. But it is only a few days since the sword of the law mangled you so! But he *hoped* on and waited. Hopelessness would have ruined him. Hope bound him to the place. Had he despaired the morning of the day that Jesus found him he would have removed from the place and so missed his cure. But there he was when Jesus came. Hope had a large investment in his salvation. May it be so with you; for, depend upon it, salvation is near.

To wait upon the Lord and to be of good courage is a command of God. He has something good for you then! If a beggar is told to wait he is sure of getting something worth waiting for! "*Blessed are all they that wait for Him,*" says the prophet Isaiah. "*They shall not be ashamed that wait for me,*" says God himself.

12. And when Jesus becomes your salvation how

precious that moment! aye, and ever after!" A friend in need is a friend indeed," and never to be forgotten. Jesus will be that friend to you. In the time of your greatest need he will come, and thus insure your eternal gratitude. Is this the time of your greatest need? Look for him, then, every moment by a steady faith in Him, and reliance upon the merits of his death:

"Redemption through his blood,  
He calls you to receive."

That is, redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins. Ephes. i. 7. That *blood* will be precious unto you ever after. Like that Persian convert who had been educated in the Mahomedan faith and awakened to his errors first, and then to his peril as a sinner, by reading the New Testament. There he read of Jesus and believed, and received remission of sins through faith in his blood. What was the result? That blood became to him the theme of themes!

Hear him: "And after some days, in an hour of hours, my heart and soul and my whole frame gave me testimony that the blood of Christ has become the propitiation for all my sins. If thou shouldst at this time die thou hast no cause to fear. To the praise of God from that hour to this hour, my belief is, that Jesus Christ is the only begotten Son of God,—that His blood was shed for the sake of sinners,—and, except the holy books above-mentioned there is no oracle from God. My faith increases daily; and my hope is that it will continue to increase." Who will hear this? "who will hearken for the time to come?" Who will hearken

with regard to the immediate prayer-meeting. That Persian has given you a true definition of justifying faith. Carry it into the prayer-meeting. Come away now and test it for yourselves, all ye who are groaning under the curse of a violated law and an angry conscience. Amen!

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

EARNEST DEALING WITH AWAKENED SINNERS.—A SERMON.



R. C. mentions in one of his addresses the necessity of “sharper weapons,”—that he used such in his “Law Sermon,” and that they were “sharp in the hearts of the king’s enemies” is pretty evident from the following discourse. The text was selected or intended it would appear as a motto for the preacher, rather than as a subject for exposition—he evidently determined to cast aside sermonizing trammels and circumlocutions, and make, if possible, a straightforward march into the hearts and conscience of his hearers.

“*Who among you will give ear to this? who will hearken for the time to come.*” Isaiah xlii. 23.

I. It is no matter that I have taken this text before. It answers my purpose now. It demands your attention, and has won it already. “The time to come.” That has more influence over men, usually, than time that is past. The past cannot be recalled. We know what was in it, the



evil and the good, the evil from ourselves and the devil, the good, whether in grace or providence from God. We treat the past as many do a friend who has it not in his power to do them any more good. "Time to come," is the future. Hope, with outstretched hand, waits to salute the future. Fear, when unsanctified, shrinks from the future, deprecates it, and repels the thought of it; especially when our misconduct gives reasons to fear it. Infidels and impenitent sinners know what I mean.

II. There is a fear that looks toward the future without repelling it; a godly fear; the fear of a truly awakened and penitent sinner; one who desires to flee from the wrath to come, and knows not which way to fly. Fear is a passion, and a painful one; because it apprehends impending danger. It is a manly emotion when there is a true cause; such as an offended God, and the approaching perils of eternity. And it is more manly still when it either prompts a flight from the danger, or leads the man to cast about for means of defence against it when it comes!

III. There is an indirect appeal to this passion of our nature;—to these principles associated with it. "Who among you will give ear to this? Who will hearken for the time to come?" He who feels this painful emotion will surely hearken for the time to come; especially if its sister hope stands by its side.

This is all I have to say by way of introduction. Now, you who have ears to hear, hearken.

I. *Let "A DESPAIRING PENITENT," hearken.*

1. You say, "There is no mercy for me." How do you know that? who told you that? The devil, doubtless, who

told you just the contrary when in the full career of sin. It is the devil's lie. Is it not written he is the father of lies?—"he is a liar, and the father of it." Why set the hand of your soul to his lies. But you ask, "Is it not possible?" To be sure it is. The spirit may be quenched. The day of grace may be sinned away. There is no mercy for the finally impenitent. Because such sin both against Law and Gospel. "*A fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries,*" is all that such are to expect in the time to come. But you are not impenitent. Sin is hateful to you, and yourself an abhorrence to yourself on account of it; yea, and a terror to yourself. You desire forgiveness, though you hardly dare to hope for it. Your day of grace sinned away! No mercy for you! Nonsense! It is to you and to the like of you that offers of mercy come from the throne of God thick as sunbeams from the sun! Away with all such black and dismal thoughts! Cheer yourself with the brightening certainty in the coming future, and that future may be the next hour, nay the next—this moment! Why not? Has God not said, "*Behold, now is the day of salvation!*" Certainly he has. And if unbelief were to give place to faith "now," it should be unto you. Lord Jesus help me properly to address the despairing sinner.

2. Hear what a good man once said to another just like yourself. "No mercy for me," said the despairing one. "How know you that?" said the other. "Have you seen the book of life? Have you read the records of eternity? Are you not unreasonably intruding into the secrets of God, which belong not to you? Besides, if the treaty were at an

end, how is it that your heart is now distressed for sin, and solicitous for deliverance? ‘The sin unto death’ is always found in an unrepentant heart;—no contrition, no sorrow in the soul for having committed it. To all who rightly understand the matter, it is a matter of joy, that when God smites the senseless heart of the sinner, that a painful sense of sin comes with the blow. Then, and not till then, may it be said, ‘*This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.*’ Be of good comfort then! May not mercy be coming and you not see it? or, have you been waiting at the wrong door?” Aye! mark that! “waiting at the wrong door!” That may be the real fact in your case!

3. But you will inquire, “What did he mean by the wrong door?” The Law door, perhaps, which shut against your face like a thunder on Sabbath night,\* and which continues to threaten you with an eternal imprisonment in hell if you continue to stand there much longer!

4. Fly from that door. If you have mistaken it for the Gospel door, be apprized of your mistake, and fly from it as the manslayer of old from the avenger of blood, speeding his way to the open and welcome gate of the city of refuge! Jesus Christ is your city of refuge. Fly, sinner, fly!

5. If you are still standing at the door of the Law, what are you to expect there? Nothing but strict justice. Justice! why that would ruin you forever. Justice! you should deprecate that with the Apostle’s “God forbid!” Fly from that door. It is well it opened not at your knock; you might have been in perdition now. Fly from it, sinner, fly! This is what is meant in the Scriptures by

\* See account of the Sermon—Part II.

fleeing from the wrath to come! Flee, then! for wrath is coming.

6. But do not fly far! The Gospel door is very near the Law door. And if you are disposed to go to that, the Law itself will help you; for, St. Paul says, the Law is our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. Gal. iii. 25.

Hearken, then! The Gospel door is the door of hope, and it is conveniently near the Law door;—as the cities of refuge of old were located convenient as possible for those who were flying from the sword of justice.

7. Hearken again! See to it that you are knocking at the right door. If sure of that, there abide, for it is only at that door mercy is dispensed. Abide there. Keep on knocking and believing. Knock loudly. The louder and more earnestly the better, if you only believe all the while. Hear Jesus: “The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” Intense earnestness is the meaning; the same as “strive to enter in at the strait gate.” The word strive there means agonize to enter. “Suffereth violence,” that is, the laws of the kingdom permit it. Our God, the King thereof, invites to his, and crowns this violence, this earnest intensity, that says with wrestling Jacob of old, “*I will not let thee go except thou bless me;*” He crowns the earnest soul with the desired blessing. “The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence,”—“is gotten by force,” as the margin has it.

8. Have faith, then, in the laws of this kingdom of grace into which you would enter; knock and push and strive and agonize till all Heaven is moved in your behalf.

9. Begin now; why not? Why wait till the prayer-meeting begins? Is not the hour of proclamation the most likely time for salvation? Begin now. What you want is the publican's repentance, blind Bartimeus's energy and the leper's faith; the breast-smiting, and the repenting cry, "*God be merciful to me a sinner;*" the casting aside the garment of self-righteousness, as Bartimeus did his outer garment, leaving nothing but rags and poverty behind, and the energetic cry which will not be put down without the boon, "*Jesus, thou Son of David have mercy on me;*" with the believing, Christ-honoring confidence of the leper, "*Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean.*" All three found the boon they sought. The publican went down to his house justified. Bartimeus got his eyesight with those words of Jesus, "*Go thy way thy faith hath made thee whole,*" and that instant he received his sight and followed Jesus in the way. To the leper he said, "*I will be thou clean,*" and instantly he was healed and cleansed of his leprosy. So shall it be with you, if you imitate them as you should.

10. But I repeat, see to it that you are at the right door. If so, there abide until you are relieved. At no other door than the merits of Jesus Christ is the mercy you need dispensed. A beggar goes from door to door wherever he hopes for help. But after he has knocked at all the doors but one and sent empty away, what then? To the one unvisited door he hastens, where he knows "*there is bread enough and to spare.*" There he stands and knocks and will not go away. "This is my only hope," he says, "if I leave here I perish." There he lingers and makes much ado. He ought to have gone there at first, and not to have pushed himself into such

an extremity. This is your case precisely. Compare it with my *simile*. Is it not so? Your duty is plain; *abide*, and keep on knocking, and in a few minutes we will help you, till our united knockings and cries at mercy's door shall awaken the echoes of Heaven!

11. It was said of one of old, that "*he was clothed in filthy garments;*" but an angel of the Lord stood near him. And who should stand there, also, at his right hand to resist him, but Satan. Zech. iii. 1. Then forth came a voice saying, "*The Lord rebuke thee, O, Satan: even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?*" Next came a voice of salvation saying, "Take away the filthy garments from him." It was done, and more than that, for a voice of mercy was heard, saying: "*Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with a change of raiment.*" And so it was; and "*a fair mitre*" was put upon his head, with glorious promises of usefulness in the cause of God.

12. Well, there is much of this going on in your case. *Satan* stands at your right hand to resist any efforts to do you good. The filthy garments must not be removed, nor the iniquity of your life forgiven if he can have his will. The brand must not be plucked out of the fire. The law or God flames around it like a furnace. Your soul is the brand which Satan would have burn for ever. But unless you make his will your will it need not be. Christ's will is otherwise; but nothing can be done without your free and voluntary consent.

13. Satan has changed his voice concerning you. "There is no mercy for you." Thus it was not once: "*It is time*



*enough yet.*" That was his voice when working upon your presumptuous hopes. But now that your eyes are opened, and your soul in distress, he would work upon your DESPAIR: "There is no mercy for you." It is surely a lie, and he is the father of it.

What more can I say? Hear what one said to another similarly harrassed. "Though your case be bad it is not desperate. Though the night be dark and troublesome and tedious, keep on the way to Christ and light will spring up. To mourn for sin is your duty; to conclude there is no hope is your sin. You have wronged God enough already. Do not add a farther and greater abuse to all the rest by an absolute despair of his mercy. It was your sin formerly to presume beyond any promise. It is your sin now to despair against many commands." Could any thing be more applicable to your case? This is all I have to say to you at present.

II. Let "THE WOUNDED-BUT NOT HEALED SINNER," *hearken, for I have a message from my Lord to you.*

1. You remind me of a dying backslider, who, after trying hard to apply the promises to his sorely irritated conscience cried out in despair, "The plaster will not stick." No, poor fellow! for he was pressing the promises against the sore without an appropriating faith in the blood of the Lamb, without which no promise can ever stick. There was no application of the blood that cleanseth, I John i. 7. Therefore no applying hand of the Holy Spirit; therefore, the hand of an angry conscience soon tore it off. The plaster would not stick, and he died.

2. Hear me! It was only that which appeared a just

God can appease an enraged conscience, the blood of Christ rightly appreciated. "Jesus Christ hath loved me and gave himself for me. His blood was shed for me, for my sins; I trust in that and in nothing else, now and forever;"—so said that weeping sinner the other evening, and he instantly found mercy!

3. Without such a faith, such a trust, conscience will displace the best promise in the Gospel. It will never allow it to stick long enough to heal. And why? Because that Law of God which wounded you so deeply on Sabbath night remains unsatisfied. It is that which so frets and irritates conscience against you. It sides with the law, and will for ever and ever. Alas for you! O, what is to become of you? Must your wounds remain open and bleed for ever?

4. Hear me! "Hearken for the time to come," until you cry out with Luther, and suit the action of your soul like him to the cry, no promise will ever stick: "O, Law! I plunge my conscience in the wounds, blood, death, resurrection and victory of my Saviour Christ. Besides him I will see nothing, I will hear nothing," Luther was made to see and to feel that he had need of everything Jesus had purchased for him in the whole work of redemption. So must you. But it will do you no good till your faith, like his, is applying; till you resolve, like him, to set nothing before your eyes but Jesus Christ dying for your sins, and rising again for your justification. Till then, never expect to have proper rest from either law or conscience.

III. *Let "A DISCOURAGED MOURNER IN ZION," hearken.*

1. It is no wonder you mourn. Luther says the desire of self-justification is the cause of all the distresses of the

heart, but that he who receives Jesus Christ as a Saviour enjoys peace, and not peace only, but purity of heart ;—that such a faith kills the old Adam in us, and by the Holy Ghost given unto us, gives us a new heart. Well might Luther exclaim at the close of the sentiment, “This is no empty speculation, but a practical method, by which we obtain a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ ;”—“It is the very honeycomb of a New Testament peace,” exclaimed another happy German preacher. Aye, and until you have found your way to this honeycomb you never can enjoy such a New Testament peace ; never, *never*, NEVER !

2. Hear me thou mourner discouraged ! You are not so much condemned for your past violations of the Law of God as you are for your present unbelief. This is your greatest sin. Christ atoned for all your sins, but you are unwilling to believe it practically ; that is, so as to trust. I was going to say venture your all upon it, but I dislike to use the word venture when there is neither chance nor risk, but where all is safe and sure. But where there is a want of courage, perhaps the word venture may be allowed. Be courageous, then, and venture singly upon Christ for pardon and peace.

3. Harken ! and let my words sink down into your heart : You grieve the Holy Spirit when you look for reasons in yourself why Jesus should not bless you. Look in another direction, then to Calvary, to Christ your advocate, for reasons why He should bless you.

What Mr. Wesley said to one I would say to you. “You look inward too much, and upward too little.” Come, my dear friend, look Christ-ward. St. Paul advises “*Looking unto Jesus* ;” or, as Dr. Macknight translates it,

“Looking off to Jesus,” that is looking away from everything else, and looking unto Jesus only.

But you say, “I cannot avoid looking at myself so long as I feel as I do.” Well, if it must be so, for one look at yourself give a dozen looks unto Jesus.

4. Perhaps you are not overrating the aggravations of your guilt; but as one observed, “You should beware of underrating the mercy of God through the atonement of Christ.” What he said farther is fairly applicable to you, “You feel you are barely out of hell, and your poor conscience, unused and strange to its office, labors to discharge in a moment the accumulated duty of years;” aye! and the accumulated guilt of years, without a proper recourse to the blood of Christ! Why! you might as well attempt to discharge the national debt of England.

5. Come to Christ. He has undertaken your whole cause. Hearken to St. John. *“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.”* Is not that enough for you? What more can you want to induce you to trust your whole cause in his hands?”

6. Hear Jesus himself, *“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”* And again: *“And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.”* Those sweet words I will in no wise cast out, that is, refuse him acceptance and mercy. John Bunyan tells us, in his *“Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners,”* that when he was an awakened penitent, that promise was given him, but that Satan tried every way to wrest it from him; telling him

that he had fallen lower than any other sinner, and had done what other sinners never had done; and that he had no right to the promise; but he still held on to the "in no wise cast out,"—"by no means, for nothing whatever he hath ever done." But hear Bunyan's own words, as near as I can remember: "And yet Satan never once suggested, in thus seizing to drag away this promise, 'You do not come aright.' No, because he knew full well I understood at what it was to come aright, namely, as a vile ungodly sinner, and so cast myself at the feet of his merey, condemning myself for sin. If ever Satan did strive for any good word of God in all my life, he did for this good word of Christ, "*And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;*" he at one end, and I at the other. O, what work we made! How we did tug and strive; he pulled, and I pulled on the promise; but God be praised I overcame him; I got sweetness out from it!"

Come, then, poor "discouraged mourner," come! lay hold on the same promise, and if Satan takes hold upon the other end, pull as hard as you are able, but do not let go; pull on, and soon as I close, which will be in a few minutes, we will hasten to your side, and help you to pull. Christ will lend a hand: we shall all have a hand at it, and see if Satan will hold on and pull against us. Let him; and sure as he is devil we shall drag him by it into the presence of Christ; as did his envy and hatred of Job, into the council-chamber of old, when the Lord said, "Whence comest thou, Satan!" and see how abashed he shall appear in the presence of your promise-keeping Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

IV. *Let "A LAW-CONDEMNED SINNER," hearken.*

1. And yet, strange to say, while the Law condemns you, you have a fatal disposition to cling to it. It is your irreconcilable enemy, and yet you seek, by reformation and promises of entire amendment to make it your friend. Could you reconcile the civil law thus? Can a violated law ever justify the criminal? Why then cling to what so rends your conscience and breaks all your bones? "The Law worketh wrath," says St. Paul. So says your own experience, and yet you hope it will work love by and by. Never! The hope is vain;—that is, if you apply to it thus. "*The Law is good if a man use it lawfully,*" says St. Paul again. Good, if he will use it as a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ to be justified, and he seeks afterward to be regulated and controlled by it; evil, if he persist in seeking to be justified by it, for that is to use it unlawfully.

2. Ponder Rom. iii. 20 well, for it is home to the point in hand. "*Therefore, by the deeds of the Law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for the law is the knowledge of sin.*" Put this and Rom. v. 1 together, and you have the way to the Kingdom straight before you, as the railway from York to Newcastle! Hearken! "*Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.*" How can you, with two such passages before your eyes, or sounding in your ears, persist in hoping for peace from Law? You might as well expect it from hell.

3. Place Calvary between you and Sinai, or you are an eternally undone sinner. You say, "I do believe Christ died



for me." Yes, but you are unwilling to trust wholly there; this, that, and the other must be done and felt first. Your trust is divided. You have more Saviours than one. This is a fact, if you are seeking peace with God, partly by works and partly by faith. Instead of flying directly from the Law to Christ, all guilty and polluted, and helpless as you are, you try to make friends with the Law, that it may speak a good word for you. Alas! alas! That would be a new thing under the sun.

4. There is a fire in your conscience which the Law has kindled, and which the blood of Christ alone can extinguish. But you linger with the Law, which only adds new fuel to the flame. Suppose your house was on fire, would you throw oil upon it to put it out? But what oil is to flames the Law is to that fire within you. The Law of God is a fire of itself. If your clothes were on fire would you rush into fire to extinguish it? A man got his arm broken by machinery the other day: suppose he had thrust the arm back into the destruction in hopes of bettering it, or of making himself more worthy of the sympathy of the physician, instead of hastening at once to the surgeon. But these cases simply illustrate your conduct when you apply to the Law to be bettered, instead of coming at once to Christ.

5. Fly to Christ at once. Tell him your whole case, the very worst of it, with a humble, repenting believing heart; and you are the very subject Jesus will delight to save. Refuse, as you fly to Christ, to be beholden to the Law for a single particle of comfort. Plead guilty; plead the merits of His death; plead and trust, and he will become thy salvation. This is all I have to say to you. Give thy blessing, O Christ!

V. *Let* "ONE WHO OWNS A BLEEDING CONSCIENCE"  
*hearken.*

1. Your wounds by the law-can never be else than fresh and bleeding until you come to Christ. "A burden" must ever rest upon your wounded conscience until you hearken unto Jesus and obey. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Come unto him now, while I address you! "A death" must ever rest upon your spirit until you say with Peter, "*Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.*" With him of old you must still say, "We look for a time of healing, and behold trouble," aye! until you hearken to that voice calling unto you from amid the prophets, "*Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else.*" St. Paul echoes it, "*Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.*" Let it be the look of your heart. Burmier defined justifying faith to be the look of the heart towards Jesus Christ. Luther used to say if a man love not Jesus he has never heard with his heart the great things Jesus has done for him! Another continental writer, I remember, defined justifying faith to be nothing else but a serious and intense consideration of Jesus Christ.

2. Is your heart set against sin? It is, surely. A sick man cannot indulge. Bleeding feet cannot run. A bleeding conscience is a slow traveler hell-ward, unless desperate. But it may crawl to hell the way many do. But it may crawl to Jesus also, and be healed.

3. Jesus Christ bled to death for you; therefore *you* need not bleed to death for sin! It was in your stead He suffered

and died. Why then should you suffer and die? He satisfied the demands of the law against you when He received its death-wounds in His body on the tree. Eternal Justice asks no second vindication. It did wound you sore, but not unto death; for the design of its blows was to drive you to Christ to be justified.

4. It was on Christ your iniquity was laid. Why then should you bear it? Reason and conscience suggest reasons without number why you should; but the Gospel not one. Jesus suffered for your sins. He bore them in His own body on the tree. God the Father accepted His death for yours. Justice was satisfied. It is ready to be so now; but not until you close in with Christ, not till you take Him for your Saviour. Then, and not till then the law has no further demands.

5. Here you behold the mercy and goodness and severity of God. You have no higher proof of these than in the death of Christ in your stead. Nor have we a weightier argument against sin; "No, not," as a French divine remarked, "in the burning lake with its smoke; eternity with its abysses, devils with their rage; hell with its horrors; and the souls of the damned overwhelmed there with torment and despair!" A sacrifice so tremendous speaks volumes;— "*He was the Son of God.*" This is enough. Sin with its penalty due never had so awful a comment;—so terrible a vindication. Hell and its torments, with all due deference to the French preacher, certainly came the nearest to such a comment, such a vindication. But here, in this world, it is the mightiest of all arguments; the death of the Son of God for the sins of men. It alarms my soul while I proclaim it.

I tremble at the severity of God's justice, while I do rejoice as a saved sinner in the arms of his mercy.

6. Justice and mercy received their vindication at the cross. Indignation at sin, and love for the sinner, never had such an exemplification, and never can have again.

In the name of Jesus, O, bleeding sinner, I raise up the cross, Jesus dying thereon for thee;—not a material cross with a carved image thereon, the folly of the Romanists, but the fact of the cross; that Jesus Christ did bleed and die on the cross on Calvary for the sins of thy soul; and to tell thee that now, even now, God is in Christ, reconciling thee to himself.

O, that the rocky hearts in this congregation might melt at the touch of that cross; as the rock flowed into a fountain at the touch of the wondrous rod of Moses. God is present. His power is here. Come away, ye awakened;—ye tearful and tearless but distressed penitent sinners, come! Jesus is coming, and you are coming; coming by hundreds. They come, my Lord, they come!

“By death and hell pursued in vain.”

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### PARENTAL AUTHORITY—THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG.—A SERMON.

“ *Who among you will give ear to this? who will hearken for the time to come?*” Isaiah xlii. 23.



HAT “Law Sermon,” while it has hewn down materials for this revival, prostrated and wounded sinners; has certainly cut me out abundance of work. Some of my hearers propound questions, others are offended; while not a few enquire, “*What shall I do to be saved?*” It is impossible for me to reply to each by letter. Nor will my time or strength admit of private interviews with all. My hope is, that my colloquial or conversational style in the pulpit may answer the purpose; at least this is one reason why I adopt such a style so often. I consider it usually the most effective and practical style of preaching. Some of you may differ with me in this, but I cannot help it, such are my views. It is best for *me*; and I watch the effects closely. This I know, the stately-stilted, high-voiced, high-flown, to-the-clouds sort of preaching, often misnamed

eloquence, does not answer my purpose; which is, to speak to the heart and to the conscience; and to do the most possible good to the souls of my hearers. But if what I have named, or anything else which the world calls eloquence, stands in the way of my usefulness, I would sacrifice it in myself without a scruple. At any rate you have the reasons why there is so much of the colloquial in my general discourses. If fastidious hearers chose to understand me and appreciate motives, well, if not, then good opinion must go on the same altar of sacrifice with eloquence!

2. My text asks for what you have power to give, your attention: "Who among you will give ear? who will hearken for the time to come?"

3. There is in my text an implication; that is, something implied, but not expressed; something tacitly, that is, silently insinuated or hinted at. What is that? This: that many were indisposed to give ear, or to hear to no profit, "*Who among you will give ear?*" There are ears plenty within reach; but who among you will allow your mind and ears to go together in the work of hearing? so as to be governed by the things which you are to hear? One observation more.

4. The sense of hearing has been given to us all for a double purpose; for the preservation of the body, and for the preservation of the soul. By the ear we are warned of approaching danger; or invited to food for body or mind; or regaled, and refreshed, and invigorated for future service or enjoyment.

Which is of the most use in time of darkness and danger? the ear or the eye? The ear, certainly. We cannot see in the dark, but we may hear. The ear is our watch; high in



the head as a sentinel in his tower, and more accurate, it is thought, in the darkness than in the light; perhaps, because there is more silence then. It tells us when we are free from danger, and warns us of its approach.

To be blind and deaf is a sad calamity. To have the use of the eyes, in total darkness, without the sense of hearing is said to be painful and terrifying. That deaf little girl, of which one speaks, is an illustration. She was playing with children in a strange room, when the light was suddenly withdrawn, and all was complete darkness. The other children were amused and happy, tottering around; but the poor deaf child raised a piercing cry of distress and anguish. Its terror was agonizing. Not so with the other children. They heard the sound of each other's breath and motion, and felt they were not alone. But the deaf little creature felt herself entirely alone, and shrieked in agony. Alas! for the sinner! how fearful is his state! morally deaf, to whom God has been as silent as if the universe were without a God. But how does the sinner bear it? Because he is blind as well as deaf, and ever remains so in this world, at least, till, as the Apostle hints, the eyes of his understanding are enlightened.

Another observation. Then I shall speak to those who have ears to hear, and are willing to make a right use of them. It is this:

5. *That the sense of hearing should be gratefully exercised.*

*First:* For the excellence of the gift which we have from God. For we might have been born deaf; or the Author of our mercies might easily have deprived us of our hearing. And who of us has not provoked him to it? Let us beware!

*Second*: For the use of our reason with it; by which we are not only able to distinguish sounds, but the sense and meaning of them.

*Third*: For a moral sense or conscience, by which we may receive, apply, and feel the moral force of that which is addressed to our ears and reason.

*Fourth*: Because we are accountable to God for the use we make of these excellent capabilities. Thus, when we "hearken," it is for "the time to come," as well as for the present.

The first is enjoyed by brutes; the dog especially, in whom the organ of hearing seems to defy sleep, which has led some to imagine it a separate intelligence in that sagacious animal; as if he is enabled thereby to keep watch while his other senses are asleep. And may we not allow that animals possess the second, also, though in a limited degree? They have reasons for their actions, as well as ourselves. But some call it instinct. Well, that comes so near to reason, sometimes, that, as a gentleman observed to me in Switzerland, it is a hard matter to define where reason ends and where instinct begins. As to the third, a moral sense or conscience that belongs to human beings exclusively. The brute does not share it with us; nor the happiness or misery of it. Think of that.

And now, attention, all you who expect replies to objections and inquiries. My heart beats and burns with St. Paul's sentiment: "Who is *weak*, and I *am not weak*? who is *offended*, and I *burn not*?"—burn with living zeal to strengthen the weak, even to the showing my own weakness, and to remove, if possible, every stumbling block out of the

way of the stumbling ; for that is the true idea of the word "offended," in that and other passages. Let me have the fellowship of your prayers.

I. *Let "AN INDIGNANT PARENT," hearken.*

1. Better you had said grieved than that belligerent word. But hear me ! It is only in the Lord children are to obey their parents. Harken to St. Paul : "*Children obey your parents IN THE LORD : for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise.*" Ephes. vi. 1, 2,—evidently referring to the fifth law of the Decalogue, or ten commandments.

Understandest thou what thou hearest ? You will reply, "To be sure I do ; St. Paul says 'it is right' that children should obey their parents, instead of strangers or anybody else." And I would reply back again, to be sure it is ! So there you and I are agreed. And that Fifth Commandment of which you heard the other night maintains your right. Aye, and by its convicting power went far to bring your children into the state of mind with which you are in conflict. More upon this, may be, by and by. But their knowledge of the violation of that commandment in more instances than you can remember, burned into their consciences a conviction of sin, which the mercy of God can only remove. Let that suffice, just here.

2. It is right that children should obey their parents ;—right in itself, on the principle of natural justice. As one justly observed, many years ago, "Obedience is the interest a parent receives for the capital expended upon a child." And, God forbid, sir, that I should be the means of depriving you, or any parent in the city, of your lawful interest. Mark

that! *lawful* interest; for it may be in that as in the present law of usury—that if more than lawful interest be demanded and taken, the capital or principal is forfeited; so it is well you should understand the law in the case!

3. Obedience, therefore, is right. And we see by the passage quoted, that while a child pays to his parents this just interest upon the capital they have expended upon him, he is just advancing his own best interests; for the Apostle adds, "*That it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth,*" Ephes vi. 3:—an evident comment on the commandment in question:—"Honor thy father and thy mother: *that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*" Exod. xx. 12. Hear me, O ye children! See to it that you render this right conscientiously to those to whom you owe your existence.

4. And now, sir, here you and the "stranger" are again agreed. Are we not? The duty of obedience to parents is undeniable. No one with the Bible in his hand can doubt that;—to say nothing of justice or natural affection. I teach nothing loose upon that subject; I never did. Without it a child's religion is a phantom. To disobey a father or a mother is to disobey God, for he has enjoined obedience, with the promise of a high reward; aye, and with the severest penalties implied for disobedience. To refuse is to break with God, and to incur those penalties. Philo, the Jew, placed the fifth commandment in the first table, because he thought devotion to God was defective, if honor to parents was deficient.

It is natural justice; when we consider the cares, sacrifices, toils, and expense parents are at in bringing up and

educating their children; they, and they only, know how much! Such a capital has been invested in them as they never can refund, but the interest may be paid, *must* be paid. Affection and obedience are the interest. To refuse this is felony before God. To pay it is simple justice. Let every son and daughter present weigh their reasons for obedience, and act upon them with a conscience.

5. But look up, thou penitent, or believing son or daughter! Why look down? why weep? why sob? Am I ignorant of your case! Not so! Be not discouraged, nor utterly dejected. If your parents are bigoted or wicked, or unrighteous, prejudiced, overbearing, or unreasonable, and would trample upon your conscience, I have something to say on your behalf. Your side of the question has not been touched, but it shall, I promise you, before I conclude.

6. Well, then, "Children obey your parents," for this is right; so evidently right, that Solon, the Grecian law-giver, thought it unnecessary to enact a law concerning it. His reason for the omission being asked, he replied, he could not believe human nature could be so wicked as to refuse obedience to those who brought us into the world. Gratitude, he thought, would secure it, if nothing else. And you, readers, remember he enacted no law in his code against ingratitude. When asked his reason for this, he said he left it to the gods to punish ingratitude. For the same reason, perhaps, he omitted a law to punish disobedience to parents, nor was he astray in the sentiment; for God will surely punish it, in this world, or in that which is to come.

7. Now, for the other side of the question! Mark the proviso, "*Children obey your parents IN THE LORD, for this is*



*right.*" Mark that "*in the Lord.*" There is a world-wide divinity in that proviso, you may depend upon it!

But you say: "I demand implicit obedience of my children;" very well. If your commands are in accordance with the revealed will of God, and do not conflict with your child's conscience, he is bound to obey you. But, if otherwise, he is not. It is only "*in the Lord*" that your right is recognized; that is, you are not to command anything contrary to the word of God. But do so, and it would be sin to obey you; wrong, instead of right. Do you understand me? If your commands are at variance with God's commands, then he is bound to obey God, rather than you. Can you have any rational objection to this?

The sinfulness of your commands liberates your child from obligation in that respect; while upon all other points not enjoined or forbidden in the word of God, obedience is your due. You must bear with this, my dear sir, and not be angry, else God may be angry with you, and punish you for usurping his rights!

8. Hear for the time to come. Let the truth thoroughly impress itself upon your mind. Your sinful exactions free your child from obligation. Right obedience stands opposed to wrong. Command him to do what God has forbidden or not to do what God has enjoined, and he is that moment released from obedience to you, without sin. To obey you would bring damnation upon himself and you. It would be to make a god of a parent, and all such gods and their worshippers shall perish from under these heavens.

Parents have no right to usurp the place of God. When they do so, the devil is in them; aye! so sure as he was in



the serpent when he talked with Eve. Excuse me, sir, but it is thus he may speak through a misguided parent to the ear of a child!

The late Rev. John Smith, of famous memory, who in bygone days preached the Gospel in this city, used to say, "Every human being holds fellowship with God or the devil; with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or apostate angels, walks on the verge of heaven, or on the verge of hell." Never a truer sentiment uttered than that!

9. But how is a child to know with whom his commanding parent is holding fellowship? or upon what verge he is walking, whether heaven or hell? How, but by comparing his life and commands with the Holy Scriptures?

Job's wife, I doubt not, was moved by the devil to say what she did to her sorely afflicted husband: "*Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God and die.*" If ever Satan stepped beyond his charter he did then. He had liberty to deprive Job of his property, children, health, and, perhaps, character too, by slanderous insinuations; although, to touch his life was forbidden. But when he used his wife's tongue to destroy his soul, he grasped at something over and above his original charter and usurped. He desired to destroy two souls by one blow; the soul of Job, and then the soul of his wife. Consider! As a parent you have a charter from above; large enough in privilege, in all conscience; but when you act the god towards the conscience of your child, disregarding the Will of God in the Holy Scriptures, you are certainly devil-like, overstepping your charter, and committing a usurpation. Satan is tempting you to it all the while, though you know it not, but he is;

that parent and child may be both damned by one infernal stroke. Take notice! I warn you to beware and refrain.

10. Think, sir, of Peter, when he undertook to rebuke his Lord and Master. Matt. xvi. 22, 23: "*But Peter began to rebuke him, saying, be it far from thee Lord: this shall not be unto thee.*" And how it must have astounded those standing by, and Peter himself, when Jesus turned and said to Peter, "*Get thee behind me Satan: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of man;*" to think that Satan had obtained such a mastery over Peter's mind and tongue, and yet Peter not to know it. Beware, sir, lest there may be something of this in your case. Think me not to harsh, if I have ventured to open your eyes, as my Lord did those of tempted and tempting Peter!

Think you that Peter was not taken by surprise? He thought he was obeying his own sympathies, and speaking his own mind when he was speaking the mind of Satan. Peter, doubtless, imagined that he was sailing down the stream of his own free prudential volitions, when Satan all the while had his hand at the helm. Poor Peter! aye! and poor father! be sure the same hand is not at your helm, also.

11. Consider! Do you well to rebuke your child for doing well? Is it not doing well to repent, to believe, to find pardon through Jesus Christ, to forsake sinful companions to follow Christ, in company with the pure and the good?

Consider! "*Hearken for the time to come!*" Is it safe or right in you to say, "*Desist, on pain of disinheritance?*" Has Satan nothing to do with you in this business? Take care! God may *disinherit you!*

Hearken again! Think you that Satan was not in the kinsfolk of Jesus when they set out to interrupt him in the work to which His heavenly Father called Him? when they went out to lay hold on Him with this apology, "*He is beside himself.*" Mark iii. 21. Beware of harboring the same thought in your heart regarding your anxiously praying, repenting and believing child.

Hearken again! Think you Satan was not in the would-be friends of Francis Spira, when they advised and urged him to recant his Protestant faith in favor of Romanism, and successfully, to his ruin;—till he became like "a living man in hell;" so great was his torture from an accusing conscience.

Hearken again! Think you that Satan was not in Herod when he sought the life of the infant Christ? Ah, sir! it will be a sad day to you when you find you have been seeking to destroy the image of Christ in your own child!

12. Hearken to me, all ye unconverted fathers and mothers in this assembly. "*Hearken for the time to come.*" I stand by my comment on the fifth commandment, in my Law Sermon. I stand by your children in obeying God, rather than you. Some of you, no doubt, would have "protested" against Jerome had you been present when he declared: "If my father stood on his knees before me, and my mother hung also about my neck, and if all my brethren and sisters and kinsfolks were howling on every side to retain me in a sinful life, I would fling my mother to the ground, I would despise all my kindred, I would run over my father and tread him under my feet, thereby to run to

Christ when he calleth me !” It is seldom one meets with a livelier comment upon that declaration of our Lord : “ If any man come to me and *hate* not his *father* and *mother*, and *wife* and *children*, and *brethren* and *sisters*, *yea*, and *his own life*, also, *he cannot be my disciple.*” Luke xiv. 26, 27. To *hate* here means, to *love less* than Christ ; which we could not be said to do if we preferred to *please* them before Christ. Such was religion in the time of Jerome ; and such was religion as our Lord left it when he ascended into Heaven. Was it not upon this very *principle* our Lord said, that he was not come to send peace upon the earth, nor into families : “ For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man’s foes shall be they of his own household.” Matthew x. 35, 36. What think ye of this, O, ye unsaved parents ? In the light of these texts can you be *right* in such opposition ? Can your children be wrong in what you call their disobedience.

13. Hearken ! If you are wrong you are tremendously wrong and perilously wrong ! Hinder not your children, I beseech you. It will be sad to go into perdition yourselves, but sadder still to drag them down there with you. It must not be. This would surely double your guilt and punishment ; a double damnation for a double crime. To this you may add the torment of their bitter accusations. Better, far better have their prayers to torment you here, if it must be so, than to have the torment of their curses hereafter. May the Holy Spirit apply the steel of these remarks to your hearts now. Better in the hopeful now, than in the hopeless then.

14. Hearken, ye parents! If sin and unbelief did not infatuate you, thanksgiving instead of murmurings would be on your lips; now that your children are becoming the children of God. Return to your homes when this discourse closes and fall upon your knees, O, ye fathers and mothers, and together thank God in behalf of your offspring. Praise God, if for nothing else, that if you willfully perish, your children are not likely to be there to torment you with their reproaches! If you are not afraid of hell yourselves, be afraid of seeing your children there. If the prospect of its scorings does not alarm you, be alarmed about their reproaches. If the rich man in hell deprecated the coming of his "five brethren" into that place of torment, *you* may well dread to encounter your *own* children there. Much as some of you dislike my ministry, and would wish it hurled back again upon American shores, be assured I am doing you a good service in return for your scorns, in effectually preventing such family gatherings in perdition.

15. Hearken! Hear the inquiry of my text. "*Who among you will give ear to this? who will hearken for the time to come?*" O, discourage them not! threaten them not; retard them not; divert them not from their purposes to serve God; dampen them not! Is there no check upon your spirit? no *throb* in your conscience? no uneasiness within you? no misgiving that you are at all wrong? no desire, no conviction that you need this very religion yourselves? Or, are you, indeed, judicially blinded? God forbid! Forbid it yourselves, by setting your hearts to seek the Lord.

16. Behold the encouragement! If you are desiring to



travel heavenward, here are your children preparing to travel the same road with you heartily. Scores of fathers and mothers in this assembly have lately joined their children on the heavenly road; and scores of fathers and mothers have been joined by their children on the same highway to Heaven.

17. If such be your determination now, stay for the prayer-meeting. You have heard God's first law in the Decalogue: "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*" Make not yourselves gods to your children. And you have heard Christ's first lesson to every disciple, that neither father nor mother, brother, sister, wife, nor child's claim, shall ever be allowed to compete with the claims of Christ. This is all I have to say to parents at present.

II. Let "A PERPLEXED AND CONSCIENTIOUS SON," and "A SORELY TRIED DAUGHTER," *hearken*.

1. You have heard what has been spoken in the ears of fathers and mothers this evening. And now a few words in the ears of sons and daughters—to these tried ones, especially.

You remember the words of Jesus, "*Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.*" So, you have a FATHER in Heaven; and you must please Him, as well as your father upon earth. Mark that! If the claims of your earthly father conflict with those of your heavenly Father, why, then, the claims of the former must be sacrificed.

But *let your light shine*; let it shine at home. "It is the beauty of a *star*," says an old divine, "to shine in its proper orb; and it is the duty of a Christian to shine where God



has placed him. RELATIVE grace bespangles a Christian." Think of that. Relative, and every day grace, is what you want, and what you must exercise, or you may send your parents to perdition. You must have grace from above, to carry yourselves gracefully towards your relatives; especially towards your father and mother.

It may be hard to do so, I admit, when they act so ungracefully towards you; but grace will make that easy which would be otherwise difficult. But you must not return evil for evil. Obey them freely in everything, where conscience does not forbid. In matters indifferent, and not forbidden by the word of God, be yielding as the osier by the stream; but in matters forbidden there, the oak on the heights should not be firmer.

Do not obey morosely, but amiably, cheerfully, and with alacrity. Show them that you delight to obey them, when you can carry a good conscience with you.

Leave no duty undone. Know your duty, and do it. Give no cause of complaint on that score, or you will ruin your influence at home. A good example at home; see to that.

2. In the meantime, prove to them, how deep your concern for their eternal interests. Pray for them. Weep over them. Plead for them, and if they will bear it, plead with them to be reconciled to God. It will disgust them to see you more zealous to save others from hell, than to save those who have higher claims upon your affections. Learn to show piety at home. Alas! to help to save the parents of others from hell, and neglect your own, would be questionable piety. "Worse and worse!" exclaims the uneasy father, "now I shall be tormented more than ever." Never mind such exclamations,

ye troubled ones! You have been standing too long upon the mere defensive, and Satan has usurped upon you. Begin the offensive policy, that is the aggressive—aggression for God and the salvation of those who are near and dear to you. Aggression! that is the word! “*Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire,*” says Jude. Save, O save, with filial fear and holy zeal those to whom you owe your existence.

Aristotle mentions an eruption of Mount Etna, during which pious children were seen escaping from the flaming lava, carrying their aged parents upon their backs. He assures the reader, as a positive fact, that there ran down from Etna a torrent of fire that consumed all the houses thereabouts; but that in the midst of these fearful flames God’s special care of the godly shined most brightly: for the river of fire parted itself on this side and that, and made a kind of lane for those who ventured to save their aged parents, and pluck them from the jaws of death!

Now hearken! Your parents are exposed to a more dreadful fire than ever Etna belched forth on terrified Sicily; they are in danger of “*the lake of fire burning with brimstone.*” Rev. xix. 20; in danger of being “*cast into the lake of fire,*” Rev. xx. 15. You believe—you see their danger. And, if pagan children ran such risks to save their aged parents from temporal flames, how much more should Christian children struggle to save their parents from flames that are eternal! And, if it was so that Providence favored them, how much more may we expect an interposing Providence in your behalf! Furious Etna! torrents of consuming lava stood ruled; and a pagan philosopher was

compelled to acknowledge a Providence rewarding filial piety. O, but if you are faithful, the same Providence shall work for you. Lookers-on shall be forced to acknowledge, "*Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.*" Ps. lviii. 11. Amen!

## CHAPTER XXXV.

A VOICE TO THE PENITENT AND IMPENITENT.—A SERMON.

“ *Who among you will give ear to this? who will hearken for the time to come?*” Isaiah xiii. 23.



**T**HAT Law Sermon! what shall I say? There is trouble in the camp of Israel. Moses stood and cried, “ *Who is on the Lord’s side? let him come unto me.*” With the deepest humility I utter the same cry; but followed by another, who is on the Law’s side, and on the side of the Gospel, also? let him come unto me. Law and Gospel! They must both go together in faithful preaching.

Here I stand. God help me. I am not alone. Many stand with me on the same principle.

II. The Lord’s side is upon the Law and Gospel side, and you all know it. The Decalogue, or the Ten Commandments, is the great and ordinary instrument of the Holy Ghost in the awakening of sinners, sinners of all classes and degrees. But it is the Gospel that converts them. “ *For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith.*” Rom. i. 17. The Law plants repentance in the heart, and

the Gospel plants faith, and faith brings peace, *peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ*. The seventh of Romans, and Rom. v. 1, 2, as well as the eighth of Romans should be studied well.

The foundations of human wickedness can never be shaken but by the great battering ram of the Decalogue well set on. *The foundations of the great deep* of human depravity can never be broken up but by such an earthquake as the Law of God only can create. But care should be taken, I admit, to relay righteous foundations speedily as possible with Gospel materials; else the ruin and desolation are complete.

III. Perhaps that was the defect on the night in question; but, I hope it has been well atoned for since; I mean ample amends have been made by a hearty preaching of the Gospel. Behold the effects upon the happy multitudes around us, who, a short time since had almost given themselves up as lost, resigning themselves to the *wailings of despair*; but now behold them, so much at a loss to express the love and adoration which prevail within. Herbert, the famous old poet says, that philosophers have measured mountains, fathomed the depth of seas, traced fountains, and measured the stary expanse; but they have never been able to measure sin and love! No, indeed! And all the happy faces looking towards this pulpit to-night are ready to say the same with a voice of thunder.

IV. But there are many sad and disconsolate hearts here yet. But we have hope for them as they shall hear very soon. O, may that God who by his own finger wrote the law originally upon *tables of stone* condescend to re-

write them to-night upon the fleshy tables of your newly-converted hearts ; hearts once hard as stone, but now all broken. O, look up, ye prisoners of hope look up ; for your redemption draweth nigh.

V. I know not that I have any apology for taking this commanding and awakening text again, other than what I am going to say is of great importance and greatly needed at the present crisis. My text is like a John the Baptist, going before and preparing the way of the Lord ! it is a voice crying in the howling wilderness of doubts and fears ; in a land of drought and pits and terror, and the shadow of death. The text, John-the-Baptist-like, awakens attention, wins the ear ; and it is my duty, Jesus-like, to keep that attention unto the end.

VI. I propose to address three persons present ; but let the congregation bear in mind that there are scores of consciences present in need of like instruction. Therefore, let all such hearken while I address the persons aforesaid.

I. Let "AN EARNEST PENITENT AND MOURNER IN ZION" *hearken, and hear for the time to come.*

1. You speak of "tears." And how many tears think you have been shed in our world since Adam's repenting cheeks were wet with them ? Yet, O, thou earnest penitent and mourner, there is just as much merit in that one tear-drop in your eye, as in all the human tears which have flowed for sin since Adam wept ; that is no merit at all ! no, not for the pardon of a single *sin* ! As well try to pay debts with your tears ; or weep your departed mother out of her grave, or your buried wife, as by weeping cancel your debt of sin, or weep your soul out of "*the horrible pit and miry*



*clay,*" into which the violated law of God has hurled you. The law which has condemned, torn and imprisoned your spirit, knows nor admits no tears but the tears of Him who was without sin, but whose tears were blood; who wept blood at every pore of his precious and innocent body in the garden of Gethsemane for you. There, and at Pilate's bar under the scourges, and upon Calvary, hanging on the nails, and his heart replying to the soldier's spear, he did all the weeping. Human tears, seas of them, can add nothing to the merit of such tears of blood and water wept by the Lord and Saviour.

2. But hearken, tears may do you injury. They may draw your attention from that which is meritorious to that which is worthless. Hear what one said to a weeper like yourself: "You may break your heart for sin; mourn like a dove, shed as many tears, were it possible, as ever there fell rain-drops to the ground: yet, if you come not to Christ by faith this repentance will not save you, nor all your sorrow bring you rest." And equally good was the following to the same; that it is good to weep and pray; but it is a *snare* of the devil if you rest in their supposed efficacy without coming to Christ. Without Christ these are physicians of no value. One hour with Christ in secret will do more than all the counsellors and comforters in the world! Ponder well such sentiments. They are truthful and truly evangelical.

3. Mark well what I am going to say. It is that which satisfied divine justice, and that only, which can ever satisfy and pacify conscience; the infinite sacrifice of Jesus Christ; infinite in merit and efficacy; without a hearty and single

reliance upon which, all your weeping and praying will be of no use in appeasing an irritated conscience.

Weep as much as you will. I would not shut up those fountains of feeling which the hand of the Spirit, certainly the hand of sorrow, has opened. Let them flow on till the hand of mercy wipes them all away ; or until they are

“The tears that tell your sins forgiven.”

If they serve to float your soul to Christ, very well ; but do not substitute them for Christ ; nor consider them as a plea why God should bless you. Pray all you can ; and praise God, if you please, for the grace of prayer. But do not suffer yourself to be deluded by any of these ; to suppose that the insulted majesty of the Law will smile upon them ; or that eternal justice will remit any of the penalty due on their account. As well might a criminal expect by his tears and outcries to appease the civil law, or turn aside the course of justice.

Hearken ! Had salvation been possible by such means, Jesus Christ had never died. St. Paul treats that point with great energy in his Epistle to the Galatians. And in Col. i. 19, he tells us, that “*It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell ;*”—all fullness of merit as well as mercy. O, then, seek not, expect not to find these anywhere else !

4. Where is your dependence ? What mean those words, “tears, and prayers, and Christ.” Why is Christ last ? Then you say, “My hope is thereabouts, and yet I have no peace.”

How can you, if you are uniting other saviours with Christ, and dividing your hope among them, and Christ last ?

Peace! I will say to you, as Jehu did to the messenger: "*What hast thou to do with peace?*" Nothing whatever, so long as you are trying to patch up a peace with God and conscience thus; with what you are doing, and what Christ has done. Beware of what you are about! Christ will be either all or nothing. He will admit of no such partners in the affairs of your salvation. He suffered too much on your account for that; to say nothing of the infinite dignity of his person, and infinite merit of his sufferings. Do you understand,—do you feel what I say?

5. Have you never read the reply of the Roman Senate to Julius Cæsar, when he desired that body to appoint a colleague with him in the consulship, to share his labors and responsibilities. The Senate refused, with this ingenuous reply, that it would be a great disparagement to Julius Cæsar to join another with him in the consulship. But it is thus you disparage Jesus Christ when you place your hopes of salvation upon "tears and prayers, and Christ;" presenting altogether as a reason why God should have mercy. O beware of this insidious,—this treacherous principle of self-righteousness, which is still lurking within you; this legal bias which warps all your repentance and doings.

Think! Reflect! Be as ingenuous as the Roman Senate! Away with all but Christ. Depend wholly upon him. Divide your trust thus, and between them you will fall into hell. As a good man remarked, that to trust in Christ, and also in our own self-righteousness, is like setting one foot upon a rock, and the other in a quicksand! and added, Christ will be either all and all to us, or nothing; in points of righteousness and salvation He will have no social honor;

as He did the whole work He will have the whole praise. If He be not able to save to the uttermost, why depend upon Him at all? and if He be, it is folly to lean upon any beside Him.

This is all I have to say to you at present. Nevertheless, what I am going to say to others may be useful to you; therefore listen.

II. Let "A FINALLY IMPENITENT" *hearken and hear for the time to come.*

1. But are you sure that is your state? or is it a mere paroxysm of a troubled conscience which makes you say it? or an impulse of thoughtlessness? or is it a coruscation of daring impenitence? Do you know the import of the term? Have you weighed the consequences? Have you courage to look them in the face? Is it not to remain unpardoned for ever? and to be punished with everlasting banishment from God? Perhaps you think this no hard matter to bear, seeing that in this life you are most in your element when you feel yourself at the greatest distance from God.

2. But is the consequent punishment of hell easy? "If it were for a thousand years," said one, "I could bear it; but seeing it is for eternity, that amazes and affrights me." Another exclaimed, "I am afraid of hell, because there the worm never dies, and there the fire never goes out." Harken to what another said before he bade adieu to time, "The eternity of extremity is the hell of hell. To lie in everlasting torments goes beyond all bounds of desperation. To roar forever through disquietness of heart; to weep and grieve, and gnash the teeth forever through vexation of spirit." Ah! thou "finally impenitent!" if you think all

this easy, you have as much lost your wits as your faith. To play the hero, and choose the unsafe side proves that you have as much lost your senses as your pretences to prudence!

\* \* \* \* \*

3. Think, man! "Finally impenitent" is to maintain eternal opposition to God, and to have the government of God arrayed in eternal opposition to you! That man, now in eternity, who died some distance from this city, clearly understood this when he uttered the following sentiment: "Wronged justice can never be satisfied in perdition. The sinner in hell will be always sinning; and therefore he must be always and forever punished; thus, the 'everlasting punishment' announced by Jesus Christ in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, becomes an eternal necessity." What think you of that? "Stay, friend," said Tiberius Cæsar, to a criminal under punishment, who begged that monarch to hasten his punishment, and grant him a speedy dispatch, "Stay, friend! you and I are not friends yet." God and the sinner damned can never be friends, no more than God and the devil. Why? Because such a sinner and the devil are final impenitents.

4. To deny that final impenitence takes place in this life would be to side with the Roman Catholic notion of Purgatory: for that holds out the hope of repentance and salvation to the damned. This Protestantism discards, because it has no foundation whatever in the word of God. Therefore it necessarily holds to the very opposite; therefore final impenitence takes place in this life, and, consequently, is perpetuated in the life to come. It is a terrible thought,

therefore treat it not lightly. "*Hearken and hear for the time to come;*" aye! for that may be terrible when it does come.

5. There is a terrible crisis before you. Common sin has been leading you to it. "To what?" To the positive rebellion of your soul against the Holy Ghost; to the point in the mental history when that mental rebellion shall become malignant as the devil and your depravity can make it; when the Holy Spirit shall be repulsed for the last time, and take his everlasting flight;—this is the "*sin unto death,*" of which St. John speaks, and for the pardon of which it is no use to pray. 1 John v. 16, 17. Hearken! "*If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask and he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death. THERE IS A SIN UNTO DEATH: I do not say that he shall pray for it. All unrighteousness is sin: and there is a sin unto death.*" You will do well to ponder well such an awful declaration as this. It is to this point in your mental history you have already come. Whether you have passed it to the ground that is unpardonable because of final impenitence, it is not for me to decide.

6. Alas! You have been wearing down your own conscience by repeated acts of wilful sin; and you have been *wearing* out and wearying the Holy Ghost by a wilful extinguishment of superior illumination; and from your own confession one would suppose you had succeeded, but for some expressions about that lady of your acquaintance that has been thrown into such anguish or alarm, regarding the sin unto death.

7. Take care, my dear sir! Beware what you are



about! *Hearken, and hear for the time to come!* In everything else play the hero much as you like. But in this, pray make a halt, take a pause, take breath, think! The risk is too tremendous. It is like that individual in a small boat above Niagara Falls. Presumptuous confidence was his ruin. He approached too near;—nearer than any other dared; too far; the current caught him; the rapids mastered him; recovery was impossible, and he went over the Falls!

8. To sin against the direct influence of the Spirit of God is the sin of sins. It is the capital offence under the Gospel. It is the wilful sin mentioned by St. Paul in the tenth of Hebrews; which leaves behind no hopes of mercy but a *certain fearful-looking for of judgment and fiery indignation* to devour the soul, now a finally impenitent and an unchangeable adversary of God Almighty. It lands the sinner in the very vestibule of hell. His passage into its miserable prisons is likely to be very short and shortly. The ancients, you may remember, named a certain place upon the earth, as affording the soul the shortest passage into hell. Thus, when a person died thereabouts, they buried him without putting a piece of money in his mouth to pay his passage; it was so short, he needed none! But such is this sin unto death. What was a fiction in heathen mythology only illustrates a tremendous fact in Christian theology. Beware, sinner! Beware, all of you, that you furnish not, in your dying hours a terrible illustration. That is all I have to say to you.

III. Let “A DESPAIRING AND TEMPTED SINNER” *hearken.*

1. Aye! rightly have you spoken, “a *tempted sinner;*”

for tempted of the devil you surely are, or you would not despair. Satan has changed his voice concerning you. Formerly he worked upon your hopes, and stretched the mercy of God to the very *gates of death*. Now he works upon your fears and tells you, "*The Lord hath cast off for ever. He will be favorable no more. His mercy is clean gone for ever. God hath forgotten to be gracious,*" Ps. lxxvii. 7, 8, 9. So you see Satan can quote Scripture *now*, as he did to Christ in the great temptation, eighteen hundred years ago. Mark iv. 6. Then he perverted Scripture, and tempted to presumption. Now, in your case, he perverts the punctuation of Scripture by changing the simple notes of interrogation into the positive period, or end of all dispensations of mercy, to drive you to desperation. Look into the seventy-seventh Psalm, 7, 8, 9, and you will find a note of inquiry at the end of each sentence which Satan has quoted. What is rendered only problematical [to suppose the worst,] he has rendered certain. But that is just like Satan! It is all one to him whether he destroys by desperation or by presumption. It is thus, by working on the positive, he would transfer your repentance into hopeless despair. It is no more true repentance then; for, as one said the other night, all evangelical repentance is founded upon hopes of mercy.

2. One thing is plain to me. Satan has not been able to prevent you from wading, so to speak, into *the bitter waters of repentance*. Thank God for that;—a power not satanic has accomplished that. Hell is the devil's school for repentance. You have been driven into repentance sooner than he hoped. But he is ready for every advantage, and would drown you now that you are in the bitter waters. That

is, he would force you to wade in too far and too deep, knowing that your guilt is too heavy upon you to swim, and then he would cover you with the billows of despair!

Hearken unto me. You have waded deep enough if, like Peter among the waves, you despair of all salvation but that which comes from Jesus,—crying with Peter, “*Lord, save me!*” Keep your eye on Him as Peter did, though sinking, and He will soon be with you, stretching forth His gracious hand and saying: “*O, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?*” Then shall you walk with your Lord triumphantly into the *life-boat*, Salvation!

3. *Tears of repentance* are good; but the devil would have you *weep yourself blind*, so that you may never be able to see Jesus. He would have you weep your life and hope away, and then taunt you with the question. “*Is a drop of sorrow enough for an ocean of sin?*” The poor conscience says “*No,*” and “*No,*” re-echoes Satan, sounding like thunder in the soul.

4. Hearken again! This is one of Satan’s fallacies—an infernal sophism, a deceitful argument, Satan’s logic, a show of reason with malice and fraud in the deduction. Hundreds of years ago one met a similar fallacy, and blew it into fragments, thus, “Sorrow proportionable to sin is not attainable in this life. If you have Gospel sorrow that is sufficient. If you grieve so as to make sin hateful, and yourself abhorred by yourself, and Christ precious; if your remorse end in a divorce from sin, with a single penitential trusting faith in His death for your sins, it is enough! Gold is long enough in the fire when the dross is purged away from it.” What do you think of that? That is the Gospel in very truth!

5. Hearken again! If you listen to Satan's voice mine will do you no good. And what is worse, if you set your hand to Satan's lies, you render the promise of God null and void, so far as you are concerned. Satan tells you that your case is desperate; I say it is bad, but not desperate; there is hope in your case. "No mercy!" It is Satan tells you so; but he is as ignorant of the Book of Life and Death as you are. May not mercy be coming, as day, and you not see it? Perhaps you have been waiting, like the beggar mentioned the other evening, at the wrong door; at the door of the Decalogue. No wonder then you despair. Neither repentance nor tears avail at that door. There is "*no mercy*" there. "*Obey and live; sin and die; but thou hast disobeyed and sinned, therefore thou shalt die,*" is its dreadful sentence. Who would linger at such a door, if he could make an escape?

6. Alas! like him of old in the seventh of Romans, you can only say to that Law, "*I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me;—I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?*" Is not this just what you feel? And you are often forced to say with the same troubled one: "*For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.*" Then it is, poor soul! that the *Law* thunders you away from its door, without offering you a single crumb of mercy! "*Do and live, sin and die,*" is its terrible thunder. To whom should you go to now? whither should you fly? Whither but to the Gospel door, Mercy's door, crying out

again with him in the seventh of Romans, in the blackest night of his despair, "*I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" *There is your only hope.* Go there, and there abide, *trusting* in Him who died for you, and *pleading* His merits, until you are relieved.

7. A minister of the Lord Jesus lay dying in Scotland, some time since. A brother minister called to see him, and inquired, "Well, my brother, what are you doing?" "Doing?" answered the dying servant of God, "Doing? I will tell you: I am gathering together all my prayers and sermons, all my good deeds and bad deeds, and am going to throw them all overboard together, and swim to glory on the plank of free grace." Happy man! had he been at the mercy of the Law he would have perished, for it never throws out a plank of grace to the perishing sinner! that plank comes from the Gospel. You have found it thus in clinging to the Law; that it rather puts a weight of lead to your feet to send you to the bottom, and as you sink hurls after you the thunderbolt of which St. Paul speaks, "*The Law worketh wrath.*" It is the Gospel that throws out the plank of free grace; such an one as came within reach of the desperate, that is despairing; jailor of Philippi, "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.*" Is not this plank sufficient to sustain you?

8. When I was in the city of Limerick, south of Ireland, two or three years ago, one related to me his conversion thus: Conviction for sin had seized upon his soul. He was unhappy, and he knew why. Christians had given him advice, but it did him no good. One night, when reading a sermon at home on the conversion of the Philippian jailor,



he found peace and joy in believing. It came about thus: He read the jailor's anxious question, "*Sirs, what must I do to be saved;*" and the reply of Paul and Silas, "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,*" and felt pleased with the instant effects upon the trembling and despairing jailor. Then the thought occurred, "If believing in our Lord Jesus Christ saved that sinful jailor, why may it not save me also? What was sufficient in his case should be in mine; I will, I do believe in the same Lord Jesus Christ;" and believe he did, and found instant salvation through faith in that wonderful name! The next day he met one of the leaders, and with a face beaming with joy, inquired, "Why did you keep me so long in the dark?" "What do you mean?" "Why did you not tell me that the same faith that saved the Philippian jailor would save me also? for it has saved me, and my soul is very happy!" Come, then, poor troubled despairing soul! bear me witness that I am not keeping you in the dark! No! but I assure you that the same faith that saved that desperate man at Philippi, who was on the point of self-murder, and that poor Irish sinner, is sufficient to save you also.

9. Come away then to Mercy's door, where you have not been yet, I fear; or, if you have, you have knocked too softly or unbelievingly, or but once or twice, perhaps, and then gave over; retracing your steps to the Law door, perhaps saying, "I am a much better man now than I was when here last, be at peace with me. I have abandoned all my sins, and I am endeavoring to keep all, every one of the commandments; but I am in a sick and starving condition, and dying; show pity, I pray, and bid a returning rebellive."



Is that where you are? Alas! alas man! what are you receiving there? Nothing but curses; the last one of which pealed thus upon your amazed ear, "*Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.*" Gal. iii. 10. And the second peal in the ear of your conscience had an implied curse, more raking and decisive, if possible, than the first, "*For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.*" James ii. 10. And that "one point," which would ruin you forever, is that you do not, you cannot love God.

10. Well, then, hearken unto me, and your soul shall live. By this time, I think, you must be satisfied there is nothing but perdition for you in that quarter. Come, poor sinner! come away with me to Jesus! \* There are no curses awaiting at his door; no want your spirit feels to be left unsupplied there; no tear left undried there, unless it be,

"The tears that tell your sins forgiven."

No wound left unhealed at that door; no heart sent sorrowful away from His door. Come, away, then!

11. But mark! If you will secure his aid, you must abandon all other aids. All other doors must be forsaken; other physician than Jesus you must never think of nor employ. As one said, who once went down in similar deep waters with yourself, but rose again to seize the plank of free grace, "You must not only forsake your sinful self, but your self-righteous self; not only your worst sins, but your best performances." Never better advice so far as it goes. It is by grasping and holding on to these things he

would have you abandon that sinks and drowns many a poor penitent in the deep waters of despair.

12. It is said when a person sinks in deep water, the peril is that he find anything at the bottom to lay hold on. If he grasp a stone, or a snag, or weeds, or other trash there, there is a singular fatality about him that he will hold on and drown. Whereas, if he grasp nothing at bottom, he is about sure to come to the surface again! Is there not something of this in your case? Have you not laid hold upon sinful self, or upon self-righteous self, or upon your worst sins, or upon your best performances, instead of laying hold upon the alone merits of Christ, and so you are like to perish in the depths of penitential sorrow. Let go of all, and lay hold upon that. Harken to the voice of your God by the prophet Isaiah, "*Or let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me; and he shall make peace with me.*" Isaiah xxvii. 5. Who is the strength of God but Christ? "*Christ the power of God,*" says St. Paul; "*The power of his Christ,*" say a multitude of saints and angels in glory. Rev. xii. 10. Take hold of Christ, and you shall make peace with God. But hundreds of years ago one asked a divine, "How can I have an arm long enough to reach unto Christ in Heaven?" He replied, "Believe, and thou dost take hold of him." Aye, believe that he has loved thee, and gave himself for thee, and trust wholly in that, and thou shalt be immediately saved; this is the only way to become or remain a child of God.

13. O how soon would you rise to the surface of hope on hearing these words, were you not still holding on to something; I will not say some sinful indulgence; for, alas!

that would be to resemble that miserable man who cut his throat the other day, many miles from here ; (but who never was here, mark that, at least not during these meetings), a hand interposed, and the gash was closed ; but he sought the first opportunity to tear the wound open again, and he bled to death. Sin has brought you into your present condition, and to suppose your sinning on, I cannot. I hope better things of you. But what are you grasping ? O be persuaded to let all go, everything, and lay hold upon Christ, saying with Jacob. "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Hold on like him, and prevail !

14. Hearken unto Jesus ! " *Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.*" Luke xiv. 33. Forsake all, then, and rise to the surface of these waters of despair. Jesus is there, and will be with you there, as with sinking Peter among the waves. The devil is at the bottom where you have been entangled, and the mouth of hell is thereabouts. Satan has great advantage there ; and he is terrible when he gets the advantage, "*Lest Satan should get the advantage of us,*" was St. Paul's deprecation ; but he had just remarked upon a manifest advantage he and others had over the fiend, "*We are not ignorant of his devices.*" Ah ! ignorance of his devices is fatal to many.

15. Hearken, then ! When you rise to the surface of hope, lay hold upon Christ by faith, and you cannot sink. Are you not on the surface this moment ? Strike out "the arms of mighty prayer," and with the hands of faith feel after Christ ;—so sure as he was near to sinking Peter, he will be to you. "O Jesus !" cried a drowning sinner in the river Mersey, at Liverpool, who had just been capsized from

a small-boat, "O Jesus! must I go from the bottom of the Mersy into hell?" That moment a voice rang through his soul, probably from the Holy Spirit, or an angel of God, "Swim!" "I cannot swim," he exclaimed, in an agony of fear and horror. But the voice,—it was no audible one, sounded through his soul again, just as he was going down the second time, I think. "Strike out, and swim!" again and again it was repeated, quicker than lightning. He did strike out on reaching the surface, and struck the capsized boat that had floated to him, seized it, and was saved from a watery grave, and the sinner's hell. I saw him afterwards near the banks of the Mersy, conversed with him, and found him happy in God.

16. Give ear, O perishing sinner! "Strike out, and swim,"—out with the arms of faith, calling on the name of Jesus! Strike out!—half hope, half despair, but strike out like that drowning man who determined not to go to the bottom again while he had an arm on his shoulder or strength to use it; though he never swam in his life before. Strike out like him, and the life-boat of the world,—Jesus, the sinner's friend, will place himself instantly within the grasp of your faith, and shall save you from perdition, and you shall triumph in the God of your salvation like that rescued and pardoned sinner on the banks of the river! Yes! cry out again and again, "*Lord save me!*" Hallelujah! The sinner has got hold of Jesus. Now save him Lord Jesus! Shout ye sons of the morning! Christ and the sinner have met at last. Begone Satan! Haste, and away to thine own hell. The prey has escaped. Shout ye sons of the morning! Shout ye children of light.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes! one more sinner has escaped the yawning gulf of perdition; one more sinner that was lost is found; one more, yes, and yet another and another! O, I would cry out with Petrarch of old:

“Victorious faith! to thee belongs the prize;  
On earth thy power is felt, and in the circling skies!”

And another sinner has repented unto life; and another—saved—happy—all enfolded in the arms of Jesus! Bear them, O Christ, Jesus, my Lord! bear them in thy bosom, even as the tender shepherd his lambs.

Away! away old Leviathan of hell, away,—dive from Time’s surface into the gulf of eternity, sink into the pit that is bottomless; for thy prey has escaped. Hallelujah!

Shout, all Heaven, shout! For it is there we would have it told, the glorious news to reverberate, till our glorious joys is echoed back from every triumphant breast in Heaven! till our ascriptions of “*Glory to the Lamb,*” shall be returned by all your replying voices, and those words, “*This our brother that was dead is alive again; and was lost, and is found,*”—Luke xv. 9—return to us with a “*Glory to the Lamb,*” by all your replying voices! Hallelujah! The sinner’s friend was, indeed, among the waves,—was walking over those chilling waters of despair, beneath which the poor sinner was perishing; and all because he had so long refused to lay hold on Christ as a present Saviour, waiting for him at the surface! Be glad and rejoice, O my soul. O, what victory upon earth ever produced such joy as this! Be glad and rejoice, O all ye who are capable of it! Rise ye trium-

phant multitudes and sing, sing in the majestic Old Hundred,  
sing,—

“ Praise God from whom all blessings flow!  
Praise Him all creatures here below!  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

What next is to be done? “Multitudes! multitudes in the valley of decision,” cried the prophet. Multitudes! multitudes are sobbing, crying for mercy. Come, ye disconsolate! Come, ye languishing! Come, all ye with the hearts wounded or hard, but miserable! Come all of you,—as many as can kneel around this altar and near it! Those who cannot find room here, hasten down into the large lecture room. What is to be done? Hearken! “*Pray one for another that ye may be healed.*” This is the resource pointed out by the Holy Ghost. To this we betake ourselves. And now, glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen!

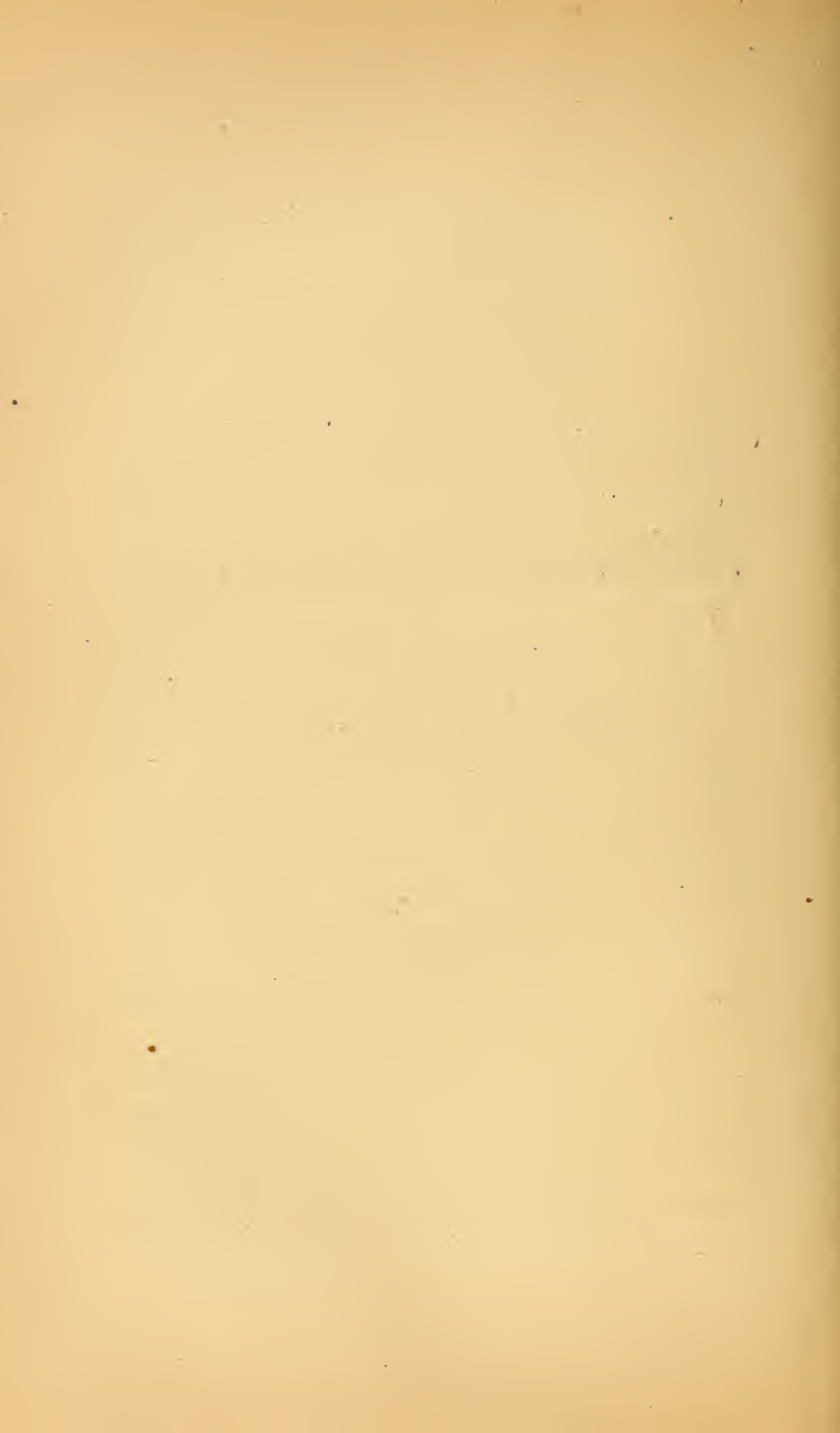
“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be!”



·GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN SOUL-SAVING.

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PART SECOND.



## CHAPTER I.

POSITIONS OF THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH.—JOURNAL.

August 1, 1845. (*Friday Morning.*)



TIME speeds onward, "gallops withal;" and my soul is very humble withal; and the great world around us is not in the best of humor with us.

We have taken the giant by the throat and floored him more than once. We have shaken hands and parted, but he kicks back, cares not a straw for us, and we care not a pin for the world! so far at least as its opinions, its smiles or its frowns, its tongue or its hand are concerned. The deathless souls therein, which are being led captive by the devil at his will, we resolve to rescue. This forces us to be the aggressors, and God giveth us the victory, as he did to Abraham and his *trained servants at Dan!* Gen. xiv. 15.

It is by pretension only that the world cares not a straw for us! There are *straws* afloat between us, and they show which way the wind of their thought and uneasiness blows. But *straws* break no bones, though, if there were plenty of them they might smother or impede us somewhat. How-

ever, it is evident they consider us worthy of more attention than straws. We have become *the city's talk* already; but "*the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not,*" as saith St. John. It does not know what to make of us, we are an *enigma* to it; but it knows very well that we understand it, and that we know what the devil would make of it, and what God would make of it, and what *we* would make of it—that we would turn it "*upside down,*" (Acts xvii. 6,) because it is *wrong side up!* It is no *enigma* to us; nor are we to it so much as is *pretended*, were it candid enough to confess. But, O, my soul! be ambitious to be numbered among those whom God knows and loves. There are stars, high in space, which have no names; they are, in the sight of man, "*little and unknown,*" but loved and prized, doubtless, by their *Creator*. They are in yonder galaxy, or milky way, that stripe or "*silvery wreath*" around the brow of heaven, fringed with the deep blue firmament; it is full of stars, but so far removed are they from the earth, and so small from our point of observation, they have, as yet, no astronomical name, I believe. To the Lord of hosts are they known. *He telleth their numbers and calleth them by their names.* Ps. cxlvii. 4. Theirs are not the *only names* men have not got their tongues around! *mine*, for instance! Never mind! if so be the name of Jesus be rightly spelled, pronounced and experienced in the hearts of the multitudes around us, *saving them from their sins!* Matt. i. 21. I love to think of that expressive title, "*Thy hidden ones,*" Ps. lxxxiii. 3. They are too small for the world's notice, yet the Lord notices and loves them, tells their number, and calls them all by their names, and bears them through a sea of light to thrones

eternal in the skies. They stand high in the estimation of angels ; and are very dear to all the souls which earth has sent to Heaven.

Lord Jesus, my Saviour, if the honor of thy cause and the salvation of souls bring me nearer to my fellow-men, and thereby enlarge my magnitude and force me into notice, O, do not suffer me to lose the peculiar honor enjoyed by thy "*hidden ones*," and thy "*little ones*," who may well glory in being little and unknown to the great ones of the world, but

"Loved and prized by God alone."

And, O, my Lord ! whatever may occur to this singularly constructed name of mine, *honor* or *dishonor*, grant this my humble, nay, my very great and exalted request ;

" In thy fair book of life divine,  
My God·inscribe my name ;  
There let it fill some humble place,  
Beneath the *slaughter'd Lamb* ! "

## CHAPTER II.

### HOLINESS OF HEART—A PARADISE.—JOURNAL.

*Saturday Morning, Aug. 2.*



**I**SPOKE last night on holiness, encouraged believers to press after it, by *going on unto perfection*; from the fact that they do enjoy the first fruits of it already in their hearts. That opinion of the old philosophers is capable of farther expansion than I gave it;—that when God created the earth he made provision for a continual and universal spread of vegetative life, by sowing in its *surface-mould* the germs of a universal paradise; that is, He sowed therein the seeds of all the varieties of herb and plant, and tree and flower which continue to charm, profit and regale the senses of man through all his generations. So when the Lord converts a soul, He sows therein the seeds of every virtue which are designed to take root and grow to perfection. In the *surface-mould*, so to speak, of a *regenerated heart* the seeds of a *universal paradise* are sown by the hand of the Holy Spirit. He is then called to go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1. And the more *swiftly* he advances



to that blessed state the more *speedily* do these seeds grow and expand until the heart becomes altogether an Eden of love, a universal paradise ; more and more so, until it is transferred to the paradise above, where those divine graces, which budded and blossomed upon earth, shall advance to a still higher perfection, and so onward throughout eternity. A fact this, which every truly converted soul realizes most surely upon earth, if faithful.

Mr. Wesley was of the same opinion : “ *Inward sanctification* begins the moment we are justified. Then the seeds of every virtue are sown in the soul. From that time the believer gradually dies to sin and lives to God : yet sin remains in him, yea, the seeds of every sin, till he is sanctified throughout, spirit, soul and body.” How clearly, then, is it the duty and privilege of every such person to press forward to the perfection of the work of grace within him !

It is seldom one has such a good opportunity of a powerful appeal to *self-interest* as this theme affords. About twenty entered into the enjoyment of purity, and ten or twelve were justified. We have had about forty-three saved from the world this week, and the same number of old believers sanctified, and eight other members justified. Total ninety-four.

\* \* \* \* \*

EVENING.—Enjoyed a sweet walk along the banks of the river Ouse this afternoon ; had great rest of soul and sweetness of thought and feeling. The world can offer nothing equal to this. “ *Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer ?*” said Gideon to the grumbling men of Ephraim ! Judges viii. 2. Are not the

gleanings of the grapes on the hill of Zion better than the vintage of carnal pleasures gathered on the glittering heights of fashion? How much more when the pleasures of grace are gathered in the ripe vintage of purity and perfect love within the soul.

That busy bee winging its way from flower to flower in quest of honey was suggestive. It was not disappointed, because within those flower-cups Providence had stored a sufficiency for the bee. But it is different with man; for, if he fail to find the honey of pure happiness in Jesus, who is "*the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley*," he must expect to be disappointed everywhere else; all the creatures God has made are incapable of supplying it, as much so as artificial flowers honey for the bee. This is the reason why so many are sent empty away who come to the creatures within their reach for happiness first, neglecting Jesus. It was so with me many a year, until I learned the secret and rectified the mistake;—sought and found happiness in Jesus Christ, first and alone; then and not till then I found it elsewhere. It was wonderful then how much of the *honey* of true happiness I found in every creature God has made.

A pious man talked of building a chapel for God in his heart. Mine, blessed be God, is built and dedicated. One of the fathers observed, he who carries his chapel about with him may go to prayer when he pleases. The idea of the Apostle is a pleasing theme of contemplation: "*For ye are the temples of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.*" 2 Cor. vi. 16. But the temple must be kept in good repair; the roof, that is the head, must be pre-

served from error ; error in the head is bad as a leaky roof above a congregation of worshipers ! Then the windows of the temple, the eyes of the understanding, must be kept unblurred by the world, the flesh and the devil ; and the door of the temple—the heart—barred, bolted, and secured against the assaults of the three-fold enemy aforesaid. And what else is wanting, but an intellectual altar, bearing *the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world*, and mine ; and then all the affections, enkindled by fire from heaven, blazing around—as the wood around the sacrificial lamb ; and all this inner temple of the living God lighted up brilliantly with Christian doctrines and principles ; and all the powers of the MIND, reason, judgment, will, memory, conscience, and all the PASSIONS and AFFECTIONS there, as worshipers ;—zeal, love, desire, fear, joy, gentleness, goodness, meekness, patience, brotherly kindness, charity—all as adoring worshipers ! and this temple vocal with prayer and praise, and fragrant with the incense of gratitude to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and filled with the glory of God, as Solomon's temple of old, when the priests could not stand to minister. 1 Kings viii. 11.

But what about faith and hope ? O, I had them there among the worshipers, of course ; but ready to do battle for God, in rescuing souls from the power and dominion of the devil ! but my mind got off from chapel and temple, caught away like Phillip of old, but by a few stanzas from one of the old poets, I forget which. They popped into my head, and carried me off to view hope and the Christian, as *the sons of the prophets* viewed from afar Elijah and Elisha traveling towards Jordan. These were the lines :

“ True hope is Jacob’s staff, indeed,  
 True hope is no Egyptian reed,  
 That springs from mire, or else can feed  
     On dirt or mud :

By hope just men are sanctified ;  
 In the same ocean safe at anchor ride,  
 Fearless of wreck by wind or tide,  
     By ebb or flood !

Hope’s the top window of that ark,  
 Where all God’s Noahs do embark ;  
 Hope lets in sky-light, else how dark  
     Were such a season !

Would’st thou not be engulf’d or drown’d,  
 When storms or tempest gather round,  
 Ere thou cast anchor try the ground :  
     Hope must have reason.


Hope hath a harvest in the Spring,  
 In Winter doth of Summer sing,  
 Feeds on the fruit when blossoming,  
     Yet nips no bloom :

*Hope* brings me home when I’m abroad,  
 Soon as the first step homeward’s trod,  
 In hope to Thee, my God ! my God !  
     I come ! I come !”

## CHAPTER III.

PENCILINGS OF THE REVIVAL IN YORK.

*Monday Morning, August 4th.*

 I HAVE finished my work in two chapels, and have commenced in the Centenary Chapel, in which were crammed three thousand people last night, whom I was enabled to address with as much ease as seven or eight hundred in our American-constructed churches. This is fact. The Wesleyans in England, how closely they continue to model their chapels after Mr. Wesley's plan! And how excellent a judgment and taste did he show in such matters.

It is evident that here in this Centenary Chapel the great battle must be fought and won. We have only been skirmishing as yet; however, through the power of God, we have taken nearly four hundred sinners from the ranks of rebellion, and, perhaps, about seventy sympathizers with the outsiders, who were entrenched in the church but unsaved; all converted to Christ now, and loyal and happy, and some of them entirely sanctified. How undeniably evident is all this in the life, looks, and experience of these happy multitudes.

We have had some hard fighting, it is true. At New Street Chapel, a few evenings since, I had to take the broad axe of truth, and hew down sinners like a madman;—and hewed down they were. How wonderful its power when the Holy Ghost sets it on. It was, as one called it, “wild sword law,” but the effects were glorious.

Yesterday I assisted at the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. The influence from above was powerful,—love-tokens from Jesus many and sweet and convincing. He was “The Master of the Feast,” and all seemed to have on “the wedding garment,” for most appeared to have the marriage joy, and the tender-heartedness, besides, that bowed before the Lord, while celebrating the death by which we live. A blessed utterance was that of one, that the Lord’s Supper comes to us like a ring plucked off from the finger of Jesus, or a bracelet from His arm, or rather like His picture from His breast, delivered to us with such words as these: “As often as you look on this remember me; let this help to keep me alive in your remembrance, when I am gone and out of your sight.” Surely that purpose of the Sacrament was delightfully realized yesterday.

Col. i. 19. A fine text for the occasion, “*For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell.*” The Lord helped me. The congregation was deeply moved in apprehending the distinction between the humanity and divinity of Christ: his humanity as seen in his weariness, hunger, thirst, and poverty, in his eating, drinking, sleeping, weeping, etc.,—his God-head as displayed in his God-like miracles. There was a silent awe that dared not to move, a breathless hush, as if the God-man who walked the Gallilean



Sea, and who hushed the wild wail of the tempest, was there in His most essential majesty and glory. Many, too, realized that sweet sentiment of one, that Jesus resembles that mystic ladder Jacob saw, its foot on earth, its top in heaven; his human nature upon earth, His divine nature in heaven, and our grateful thoughts, like happy angels, ascending and descending upon Him. The figure is good, for it is by His human nature we find a pathway to His divine. He was "*God manifest in the flesh,*" that is made evident and understood by God-head emanations from His human and physical nature; God-head manifest through His manhood in the mighty works which He performed among men, and to which He so often appealed in proof of His divine character.

Had a vigorous time at night, and fifty saved.

## CHAPTER IV.

### DAVID GREENBURY—A CHARACTER.

York, August 7, 1845.



It is David Greenbury you mean. He was born in your county, sir! What have you to say against poor David? He was considered one of the worst sinners in Yorkshire. "*In prisons oft,*" as he says himself, not for his virtues, but his follies; not for his zeal in religion, but for zeal in wickedness; not for Christ, but Beliel;—the grief of his heart-broken mother, and the terror of his neighborhood; a *curse* wherever he went; a gambler, a pugilist, a drunkard.

But the Gospel found him, in the last stages of degradation, almost "*a devil,*" like Judas, and on hell's brink. The Gospel of Jesus Christ found him without a coat for his back, a hat for his head, or shoes for his feet; not yet twenty-eight years of age, and yet a finished specimen of *Satanic workmanship*. The Gospel found him, lifted him up, set him upon his knees, and extorted the long loud, repenting cry, "*God be merciful to me a sinner; save, Lord, or I perish! O, save, or I sink into hell.*" This cry was heard, his soul was saved;

this wretched creature found mercy through faith in the blood of the Lamb, the friend of sinners smiled upon him and said, "*Go in peace and sin no more.*" David arose a *new* creature; his body in *rags*, but his soul clothed with "*the garments of praises,—beauty for ashes,*" and filled with holy gladness and love to God and man,—singing, as if he would have heaven and earth hear;

"For this [no more a sea of night]  
To Thee my thankful heart I give;  
To Thee who call'dst me into light,  
To Thee I die, to Thee I live.

"Suffice that for the season past  
Hell's horrid language fill'd my tongue;  
I all my words behind me cast,  
And lewdly sang the drunkard's song.

"But, O, the power of grace divine!  
In hymns I now my voice can raise,  
Loudly in strong hosannas join,  
And blasphemies are turn'd to praise!"

What is David now, that his "probation" has expired, and two or three years besides? He is still happy in God; a thorough tee-totaller and an honest conscientious man; respectably clothed, and in his right mind, and highly respected by everybody, except now and then by those in the *succession of the "elder brother,"* whose sayings are recorded in the fifteenth of Luke! David is "*a new creature,*" indeed,—"*Behold all things are become new.*" 2 Cor. v. 17. A better definition of a Christian than that text you could not find, sir, nor a more striking illustration of it than David Greenbury!

The lion has become a lamb. He of the handcuffs and chains of iron is now bound by the chains of love, gracing his neck and gestures, while he runs in the way of God's commandments. He of "*the hundred fights*" now *fights the good fight of faith* with Gospel weapons, and often shouts the victory too! The arm which once flourished like an Irish shillalah over the heads of imperiled crowds, is now often seen raised in prayer over the heads of trembling penitents! The gamester no longer is seen throwing as it were his last stake for time and for eternity, trembling with rage and despair.

Greenbury is the wonder of Yorkshire, sir, the enigma of infidels, the amazement of all the rowdies and "tramps" of city and county. "If David Greenbury has found mercy who need despair?" Nobody doubts that the Gospel has made him a new man. He has an eye like a prince, sir; soft and beautiful as a star in the brow of evening. He preaches sometimes, and with *a tongue of fire*, full of native eloquence, accompanied by a torrent of *affection and sympathies* towards poor perishing sinners, to which your Ouse would be too tardy a comparison. "But his *grammar*." Ah! there you have poor David! "And his *pronunciation*." Aye, there you have him again! Never mind! Better he should break grammar than break heads! Better pommel the Queen's English than the Queen's subjects! What think you?

And "noise." Yes, yes! "like Greenbury in a row!" Aye! the energy is there, the gestures, possibly, and without doubt the voice, but mellowed and softened by grace; and his tones of kindness and words of love tell to everybody he has been with Jesus! His "noise" is "a joyful noise;" and nobody is afraid of him now, except some hard cases

whose consciences terrify them while David speaks ; but the masses, and some of them the vilest and the worst, gather around him wherever he “ holds forth ” in Yorkshire, and bend to hear him speak as if he were an angel from Heaven.

It will not do for you to say anything against David in Yorkshire, sir ! He is a diamond in the rough. The most ignorant and vulgar cannot help perceiving that ! A precious gem in an iron setting. But in him hath God *shown all long-suffering for an example* to all such sinners in Yorkshire who may feel their need of like mercy ; and for an encouragement of all who believe and pray for the salvation of sinners, even of the worst sinners, who may say of David Greenbury, as one many years ago said of a very wicked man named John Rogers, who had been converted, when he wanted to exercise the greatest charity and hopefulness regarding any wicked person, would say, “ I will never despair of any man for John Rogers’ sake.” No sinner need despair, nor none despair of him while David Greenbury lives !

David remains poor in this world’s goods. He works too hard in the Lord’s vineyard to allow him to become rich in his own. But having neither wife nor child, he gives care to the winds, and his whole heart to Jesus ; and so that his pious old mother has plenty, and sinners are converted, his mouth is filled with songs of thanksgiving and praise all the day long. He knows not what earthly troubles he may meet or what may overtake him ; nor does he seem to care, but confidently marches on ;—never was better illustration of Mrs. Osgood’s lines,—

“ But like a rill that singeth still,  
Whate’er be in its way, love ! ”

Such a soul is a blessing to any society wherever he may go; shows what religion can do for a man. How then can you, and certain others, say a word against David? Could any thing but the Gospel produce a change such as this? Could philosophy? As easy by a word change the spots of the leopard, or by a lecture the Ethiopian's skin, or change the lion into a lamb, the tiger to a kid, or the serpent to a dove, or turn a devil into an angel, or bring forth purity out of putridity!

He has, through love to me and interest in my work, paid a short visit to York. Not to look on and idle away his time. Nay, but to work mightily for God, and enjoy these times of refreshing, and to buckle his armor tighter on for future conflicts in soul-saving. He will be off from us by and by, like a blazing comet, into colder regions, carrying with him light, life, warmth and joy wherever he goes. He has stood among us here, knelt among us, prayed among us, exhorted us, hearts melting, eyes streaming, like the rock under the wonderous rod of Moses! Hallelujah! "*For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek;*" aye! and to *Englishmen*! But I am ashamed of everything else that would attempt to do the work of the Gospel without the Gospel. Again I say hallelujah! And if you are not disposed to join me in it; why, then, the church *militant* and the church *triumphant* are ready for the shout of praise. Hallelujah!



## CHAPTER V.

HOLINESS—AN ARGUMENT FOR,—POTENT WITH BELIEVERS,

*Saturday Morning, August 9th.*



PURITY was my theme last night: I showed that as sanctification progresses in the soul “*the fruits of the Spirit*” ripen, and a mental paradise is proportionably enjoyed; a good “encouraging thought” this for seekers of full salvation. It is well to keep this in view when preaching on the subject. It is a great preservative from tartness and harshness, or scolding oratory, when one is on that theme before the tardy and the unwilling. But it is a potent argument with those who are convicted deeply for the blessing. It is good, also, to remind such that they are not left in ignorance as to the heavenly sweetness of this blessing, because they have had rich foretastes of it in their past experience in justification; love, and joy, and peace, and purity, and other graces, all, indeed, in an imperfect state, because in a transition state, sin frequently bubbling up from the depths within, like mud from a foul-bottomed spring, roiling and spoiling all, yet enjoyed long enough to realize the paradise of enjoying such graces continually.

It is good to tell them that sanctification begins with justification, and is inseparable from it,—that is, incipient sanctification, its commencement; as day begins with the dawn and is inseparable from it. And, as at day-dawn there is no part of the atmosphere without some light in it, so in justification there is no part of it, that has not got the light or first principles of sanctification in it; not, indeed, what it shall be in the noon of its perfection. It differs from that as day-dawn differs from the glory of a summer noon.

The audience entered readily into the idea of justification being the beginning of the soul's Gospel-day; and sanctification diffused through it, as sunbeams through the cloudless atmosphere of a summer morning. Thus the justified soul has an answer within herself, when she sings:

“ Whence these wandering gleams of light?  
 These gentle ardors from above?  
 Which make me sit like a seraph bright,  
 Some moments on a throne of love!”

What are these but the harbingers of a more glorious Gospel-day!—“these gentle ardors from above,” are but as so many sunbursts of the sun of righteousness through the gathering mists and clouds of unbelief; that glorious sun hovering, as it were, on the soul's horizon, and scattering already the cold mists of pride, passion and unbelief; indicating the speedy approach of a glorious summer day to the soul; but depending mainly upon the steady motions of the soul towards Him, as our natural sun had to await the motions of our globe from west to east in order to fill this eastern hemisphere with the light and sunshine we have all

enjoyed this glorious August day. But mark, if the motions of our earth were as fickle as some in seeking sanctification, it would be a long time before the fruits thereof would come to perfection.

From whence come the fogs and clouds which so often way-lay the sun, and muffle all the sky, and which have created more than one dreary day in this noble August? From whence but from the surface of your globe, fluid or solid? And from whence those clouds of pride, envy, evil desire, impatience, and unbelief, which often render our spiritual day so dreary? Whence but from the impurity of an evil heart of unbelief. These fogs and clouds are to the souls what their namesakes in nature are to the day, and those doing business in it, uncomfortable to landmen, and perilous to navigators!

As "sun-bliks," and soft breezes, and gentle ardors in the atmosphere bespeak fair weather and more benignant skies, so do "these gentle ardors from above," which make the soul to sit seraph-like upon a throne of love; they are what the old Latinists used to say of providential intimations, "great indicators;"—aye, as so many sweet pre-assurances that the soul shall soon be seated permantly on a throne of love,—to "*rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks,*" until translated to a throne above eternal in the heavens.

These items of my discourse may be of use to me in the future. But I find this method of preaching sanctification more winning, effective, and softening than a severer style, though that is sometimes necessary. It is good thus to draw, after the lid, so to speak, has been taken off the sepulchre of

the heart; after the soul has seen, as it was able to bear, the depths of its inbred corruptions. Over twenty received full salvation before the meeting closed. O, my Lord Jesus, make and keep me as holy and as pure as I am preaching others should be! Amen.

*Saturday night, August 9th.*—Enjoyed my favorite ramble along the banks of the Ouse this afternoon; I was pensive, but peaceful, and penetrated with a deep sense of my many infirmities of judgment and speech, of flesh and spirit, but panting for more of the strength of Christ within, and a richer baptism of the Holy Ghost. I desired heaven also;—“growing and groaning thitherward.” I could sympathize with the Psalmist, who, in one psalm, cries out “Quicken me! quicken me!! quicken me!!!” no less than *nine times!*

The afternoon, and rural scenery around, so soft and so lovely—such as England alone can afford when in a pleasing mood. Paused at a well in the New Walk, and drank from

“An iron cup, chained for the general use!”

Here and there along the banks of the river an illustration of the poet Gay’s descriptive lines, as if he had penciled them from life along this quiet stream:

“Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,  
Which down the murmuring current gently flows,  
When, if chance, or hunger’s powerful sway,  
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,  
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,  
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:  
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!  
How the rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!”

But the poor man-fisher walked on, praying and breathing after God,—

“His mind still bent, still plotting, where,  
And when, and how the business may be done,”

of catching the souls of men, who are swimming in the perilous river of sin and death.

“Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize  
What thou hast bought so dear!”

Well, thought suggested thought, and blessing came with thought till all was blessing. Blessings run into blessings in Christian experience, as one hints about felicities running into felicities! They assimilate like two drops of water, which seem to have a sort of mutual attraction for each other, and fifty drops will run into one drop readily as two. It is so with spiritual blessings. Music is another illustration. All the separate notes blend till all the air is melody. The same may be said of sunbeams, they run together and assimilate till all the atmosphere is sunshine; all the atmosphere of the soul is melody and sunshine when the blessings from above do meet, assimilate, and harmonize as they always do when purity is at home to entertain them! Aye, felicities run into felicities is the idea in grace as well as in nature. Hallelujah!

However, O my soul, forget not thou hast some hard fighting before thee yet in York. Buckle on the armor, then, and prepare to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ thy Lord. Amen!

## CHAPTER VI.

### “THE LAW SERMON.”



THE reader will remember a frequent allusion to “The Law Sermon,” or a discourse upon the Decalogue, towards the close of Part I., in the sermons to awakened sinners and penitents, and a note promising an explanation in Part II. And it may be recollected, also, that at the close of one of his addresses, Mr. C. intimated the necessity of opening “a heavier artillery” from “the spiritual batteries,” and of closing upon them with “sharper weapons.” How the intimation was realized, together with the promised explanation regarding “The Law Sermon,” may be gathered from the following characteristic letter:

*Monday Morning, YORK, August 11, 1845.*

I had an awful time last night upon the moral law or Decalogue, and the utter impossibility of any soul of man attaining unto justification by it. Rom. iii. 20.

It was one of the most awful seasons I ever witnessed, and I have seen many. “I am assured,” says some one,



“till God shows a man the face of sin in the glass of His Law, till he make the scorpions and fiery serpents that lurk in the Law, and in the conscience, come hissing about him with their deadly stings; till he has had some sick nights, and sorrowful days for sin, he will never go up and down seeking an interest in the blood of Christ with tears.” Acting upon that assurance, I held up the glass of the Law, the whole ten commandments, before a congregation of, perhaps, three thousand souls.

If ever a people beheld the hideous face of sin, and its exceeding sinfulness, they did then, for the Lord God and His Spirit did help me. The Decalogue awakened its thunders, till my own soul trembled before the Lord. Its scorpions and fiery serpents did, indeed, awake, hissing most fearfully in the face of many a startled and wounded conscience.

A celebrated divine in France remarked to his audience, when about to discuss the claims of the Decalogue, that if he had one wish, as to the proposed success of his sermon that day, it was to have the advantage Moses had at the base of Mount Sinai, at the giving of the Law; if he could, even in Paris, show them, as Moses, the manifested God in the assembly; if he could, like him, give the Law to the people, in the presence of the eternal legislator; saying, “This Law which I give you proceeds from God. Here is His throne; there is His lightning; yonder is His thunder.” This was the advantage Moses had. Accordingly, continued the divine, never were a people more struck with a legislator’s voice. He had hardly begun to speak when, at least for that moment, all hearts were united, and all Sinai echoed as with

one voice, crying, "*All that thou hast spoken we will do.*" But, alas! in vain do we say, "*Thus saith the Lord.*" You can only see a man in the pulpit; you hear only a mortal voice. Could we show you God present; God authorizing our voice; God sanctioning each law with a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning, and a peal of trumpets! Such were the wants of the French divine. Such, indeed, was my want, also, in the beginning of the sermon; a want which God very soon supplied. The manner differed, indeed, but the effect was most significant and awful.

The audience felt the sentiment, that as the Holy Spirit is given to the Church, to indemnify her for the loss of Christ's visible presence; so the same Spirit is given to every God-called minister, to indemnify him for the absence of those Sinaitic tokens of the presence of the Law-giver of heaven and earth; for surely such tokens were with us, as much as we were well able to bear. O, it was enough, that the thunders of the great Law were heard, and its "fiery flying serpents" felt without the terrifying presence of the offended majesty of God.

It is supposed that the Ceremonial Law was given in silence to Moses during the forty days he spent with God on the Mount; but that the Moral Law or Decalogue was uttered by the voice of God himself directly to the ears of the people, and afterwards written by the finger of God on the tables of stone. Exod xx. 19 sanctions the opinion, where all the people are represented as saying to Moses, "*Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die.*" It has also been supposed, that as each law reverberated from the mouth of God, the thunderings,

and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet mentioned in the 18th verse were repeated, "the mountain smoking" the while, and the people standing afar off. Thus, "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me;*" now a gleam of lightning, a peal of thunder, and a blast of that supernatural trumpet, and so on to the close of the tenth commandment.

The object of such accompaniments, doubtless, was to signalize that code of laws above the ceremonial, as having a higher and more enduring position in the government of God; to impress more deeply the minds of that listening multitude. With such awful sanctions as these they could not but realize the majesty and authority of the law-giver; the strict holiness of His laws, and the fearful consequences of violating them.

There were, of course, no such supernatural phenomena on the night in question. No; but a solitary voice, conveying to each ear of the thousands present, each law of that Decalogue distinctly, and showing its nature, spirituality, extent, and its condemning power; calling, as by the voice of a trumpet each conscience to be faithful to itself and to God, in pronouncing "Guilty or not guilty," in every breast.

But, O, my soul, tremble now at the thought of the sure presence of the Divine Majesty. He was there judging those thousands, and judging thee also. Alas! knowing well my own short-comings, and my past transgressions of this law, both before and after I knew the Lord, in *this* or *that* particular; O, how my soul bowed itself in self-condemnation, though pardoned for all through the blood of the Lamb, while it bowed itself Samson-like, in dragging down the pillars upon which the whole fabric of many a Pharisee's

self-righteousness stood ;—crash after crash till all seemed ruined above, below, and around every sinner ; and hell's prison-doors seemed as if opening wide to receive the condemned, the ruined. My soul trembled in view of its unworthiness though in the full realization of that sublime spectacle of one of the poets :

“ He in the current of destruction stood,  
 And warned the sinner of his woe ; led on  
 Immanuel's armies in the evil day ;  
 And with the everlasting arms embraced  
 Himself around, stood in the dreadful front  
 Of battle high, and warred victoriously  
 With death and hell.”

And the following, also, had some illustration, but not altogether, the residue has yet to be realized ; and, I verily believe, there were convictions fastened and planted to bring it all about very soon.

“ Men heard alarmed,  
 The infidel believed,  
 Light-thoughted mirth grew serious and wept ;  
 The laugh profane sunk in a sigh of deep  
 Repentance ; the blasphemer, kneeling, prayed,  
 And prostrate in the dust for mercy called  
 And cursed old forsaken sinners gnashed  
 Their teeth, as if their hour had been arrived.”

But, if ever the scorpions and fiery serpents which lurk in the Law came hissing around an audience with fiery and deadly sting, they did then.

The *image-chambers* and *retiring-rooms* of many a sinner's heart were penetrated. Every law of that Decalogue seemed

like a *beam of Omniscience*. Thoughts which shunned the day were tipped with an awful light. Inclinations, un-owned and undefined were unriddled, and purposes ferretted and charged home.

There was attention deep-fixed and still as the night. Responsibility fixes thereabouts. That, to use an idea of the philosophers is the *dew-point* of divine influence, also ;— the stand-point for the just decision of God concerning every truth-awed sinner ; the pivot, so to speak, upon which salvation or condemnation is likely to turn. Attention arrested is what Dr. Chalmers considers, “the *looking-faculty* of the soul in a state of action. It is an organ which moves itself, and fixes at the bidding of the will. It is thus that the understanding reaches its conclusions, and by which responsibility is deeply incurred.

There are conclusions which incur condemnation. Want of evidence may be a favorable consideration with God. But to neglect that portion of evidence within reach renders a man responsible for his conclusions. God will deal with such. The sinner cannot create light nor bring it from the upper sanctuary. That is the work of the Holy Spirit. But he can open his eyes to the light when it comes. He may love it or hate it if he will ; but come it will in one way or time, or other : for there is a *true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world*. John i. 9. He may open or close the eyes of his understanding towards it. So far as this is wilfully done so far God holds him responsible. So then, upon this principle he is not only accountable for what he does know, but for what he might know, or might have known. May not the decisions of the Great Day proceed on the same



principle? Is there a thought more alarming could be impressed upon the mind of a sinner?

Well, the sermon closed, and most of the congregation fled from the place. But for the prayer-meeting I should have done the same,—to pray and groan the burden of my heart away in secret before the Lord.

The prayer-meeting began, but all was death. The people seemed stunned, stupified, bewildered, discouraged, hardly the breath of life in them. “*Who then can be saved?*” St. Paul says, “The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life,” or “*quickeneth,*” as the margin has it. And in Rom. vii. 9, he speaks of having had *life* without the law, but *death* when it came with its condemning power. Alas! we had “the *blackness of darkness*” and death everywhere, in the prayer-meeting, in the chapel above, and lecture-room below. And poor sinners that lingered behind might well say with the lepers of old at the gate of Samaria; “*Why sit we here until we die? If we say, we will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also.*” I thought of what Martha said to Jesus: “*Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died.*” Lord, if thou hadst been in my sermon this death might have been avoided. Jesus was spoken of at the close. Calvary and its scenes were not forgotten;—“*Christ the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;* but that did not seem to be the end or drift of the sermon, but to *condemn and damn* for the *past*. Calvary was not introduced *soon enough* to prevent death. The cordial was withheld too long, and my patients died on my hand. I did not preach Jesus *long enough* nor *tenderly enough*, nor with *sufficient emphasis*.



And yet the law was not set forth as a *source of life*, but chiefly as a *rule of life* broken thousands of times ; I did not set Jesus forth as the *source* of life for those who were legally dead. “ *Our life is hid with Christ in God.*” It was my aim to show that *eternal death* was the penalty for every violation of the law ;—that\* “ the law worketh wrath ” to every sinner ;—that it was *impossible* to be justified by it, seeing that a broken law could never justify. *That* was all clearly set forth and fearfully felt ; but not that we may be justified by faith through the alone merits of Christ’s death. The mountain smoked and burned, and obscured everything but sin. Jesus himself says, “ *And I, if I may be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me ;*” I did not lift them up as Moses did the *brazen serpent* on the pole,—*high up* above law and penalty ;—not so as every *serpent-bitten* sinner might behold him.

The Law sent home guilt. Guilt following upon the heated conscience, is like a splash of water upon *hot iron* ; it fills all the room with vapor,—everything is seen obscurely. One compared guilt to a *mist* which hinders the soul from seeing Christ ;—as the “ *pillar of cloud* ” separated the Egyptians from the Israelites so that they could not see them ;—an odd comparison, but so it was. The Law made conscience hot, guilt fell upon it, a cloud of condemnation arose and covered all the sky. “ *The Sun of Righteousness* ” was hidden, and *darkness* was over all the land.

However, when God intends greatly to bless and elevate his people it is often his plan first to greatly depress. It is said : “ The Lord *killeth and maketh alive,*” 1 Sam. ii. 6, not that he maketh *alive* and then *killeth*. I was struck to-

day with Ps. cxii. 4: "*Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness;*" and also with Micah viii. 8; "When I sit in *darkness* the Lord shall be a *light* unto me." And again, Isaiah ix. 2: "The people that walked in *darkness* have seen a *great light*: they that dwell in the land of the *shadow of death*, upon them hath the *light shined*." Not light first, and then darkness, but the darkness first and then the light. "But is passed from *death unto life*." Not from life unto death. The bitter first, and then the sweet! as the Israelites had bitter waters, and then God gave them the sweet! This seems to be God's order with all who enter his service. The devil's plan is just the contrary;—life first, death at last;—the sweet at the beginning and bitter at the end,—“the bitter pains of eternal death,” as the Church of England expresses it.

Perhaps, too, many were growing on legal soil and needed the legal sickle; or the fires of Sinai scorched and withered them. Luther used to say, "The *Law* of God and the *Will* of man are two adversaries, that without the grace of God can never be reconciled." Surely those two adversaries met on Sabbath night, and the conflict was fearful. The Law knocked Will on the head and floored him, and stood over him ready for another blow if he stirred hand or foot! Alas! all was still as a death chamber. Grace seemed frightened from the place by the thunders of Sinai, and reconciliation between Law and Will seemed impossible without the presence of Grace. The adversaries met, Jesus interfered not between them. The Law was victorious, and the sinner died. This is my sorrowful story. After conversing with God I usually betake me to the pen, either on journalizing

or correspondence. In this I have often found consolation, reproof or instruction in this soul-saving life. O, who is sufficient for these things! None, O Lord, my God, but those who are *called of God as was Aaron*. Heb. v. 4. 2 Cor. ii. 16.

After all I am persuaded this sermon was needed in York. That other remark of Luther has done me good, for it has a more extended application than he intended; that in preaching justification by faith he laid the axe to the root of the popish error of justification by works. Now God enabled me, for a somewhat similar reason, to lay the axe of the Law to the root of pseudo-popery in this city; cutting up by the roots "*the damnable heresy,*" that good works are part payment for our justification; that there is life, and peace, and salvation in the Law, if we are ingenious enough to compound with God in a recognition of Calvary! Instead of that they were made to see and feel that there was nothing for them in the Law but wrath, death, and perdition.

There were two trees which need the axe of the Law: Antinomianism and Legality. The one despising the Law as a rule of life, adhering to faith only. The other rejecting life from Christ through simple faith, and clinging to the Law, both as a rule of life and a source of life. Each of these trees rivalling the German and Sweden Christmas trees; one decorated with such fruit as: "Christ has fulfilled the Law. His righteousness is ours. Therefore we have nothing to do with the Moral Law. There is more virtue and safety in breaking it, than in keeping it; because it is hard to fulfill its righteousness, and not trust in its

righteousness ; thus, if we are justified by the Law, we are fallen from grace. To believe is our rule. That is all that is required of us. Obligation to the Decalogue is Legality, which we disclaim. If broken, it affects us not, seeing it is not our own righteousness, but that of Christ, in which we are to stand acquitted. In this we are clothed." Aye! like the garment of blind Bartimeus, beneath which all was filth and raggedness, which people saw plainly enough, doubtless, when he threw away his upper garment!

The fruit of the Legality tree is, "We are neither adulterers, fornicators, murderers, drunkards, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor Sabbath-breakers. We do to others as we would have them do to us. To say we are not worse than others is saying too little; we are better, a great-deal better. This cannot all go for nothing in the matter of our salvation. There is something to the credit side of our account with God; that which may effect something towards our justification." Here there is no confession of sin, no intimation of repentance, nor any acknowledgment of a felt necessity for it, nor of Christ dying as an atonement for their sins; so far as they are concerned the necessity for his sufferings were but problematical; as if they would affirm St. Paul's supposition, "*If righteousness come by the Law, then Christ is dead in vain.*" Gal. ii. 21. But they forget Paul's plain declaration, "*But that no man is justified by the Law in the sight of God, it is evident.*" Then he goes on to show why it is evident. Because the just are required to live by faith, and shows that the Law is not of faith; "*Do and live,*" is its motto, otherwise *death is the penalty*; and on this principle, "*Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are*

*written in the book of the Law to do them.*" Gal. iii. 10. To this we have the voice of St. James, "*For whosoever shall keep the whole Law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.*" James ii. 10;—facts which they were pointedly reminded of during the sermon.

Against these corrupt trees the Law-axe gleamed fearfully and struck. The consternation reminded one of that which prevailed among the prostrate trees of Baal's grove of old, against which the ten axes of Gideon's servants had prevailed during one eventful night. Ten sharp axes are those "ten commandments," truly! "Sin appeared in its bloody colors then!" exclaims one; "it struck me with horror and amazement, and I died; the good opinion I had of myself vanished away, and I died; I was as one that had given up the ghost!" Aye! thus it was with Saul of Tarsus, if we take the seventh of Romans as his experience.

Well, this is a long communication, and I must close. It has lessened the burden upon my heart some, and it may be interesting to you. But I have more to tell you, reserved for another letter. We are looking up—hoping—believing.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MORE ABOUT THE LAW SERMON.

YORK, *August 12th*, 1845.



WELL, as I remarked, the prayer meeting after the sermon closed, with "*failure*" written upon all our hearts, and we retired discouraged enough. I never had seen anything exactly like it. It seemed as if the revival was "*killed dead*," as one expressed it; but there was good sense in the remarks of another;—that some sermons, like some sins, only tickle a congregation for the present, and when all is over they think nothing of it, have been amused, as at a theatre, and may be pleased to come again; at least will speak well of the performance. But there are discourses which rend consciences, as do some sins, and then those consciences rend the owners, and leave them half dead; that this is the preaching, after all, that will bring eventually most glory to God; although it may bring persecution or distress upon him who so preaches; that a heaven-sent sermon may, like an unexpected blow, strike a congregation senseless for a little time, only for a little time, they will



soon awake again to terrible life ; when God's house will become like a great hospital after a bloody battle ; filled with the groans of the wounded and the dying, and the cries of those suffering amputation, and so on ; but eventually vocal with the cheerful voices of the convalescent and the healed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brother John Unwin, who had come over from Sheffield on Saturday night, expecting "a great field-day of battle and of victory," returned early on Monday morning, sorely disappointed, leaving poor J. C. groaning in expectation of a week of sore conflict. Indeed we were amazed ;—could hardly tell what to expect. If consciences were indeed rent where were the usual outcries for mercy ? instead thereof, there was the silence of the sepulchre. Where were the distressed ? Where were the wounded ? If depraved souls were struck down into insensibility, would they come to life again ? We hoped so, and that there might be "a lively coming to," though not very agreeable to delicate eyes and ears. Or, if the masses were "frightened out of their wits," would they venture back again ? We shall see.

\* \* \* \* \*

I liked that remark of one, that "The Law sends us to Christ to be justified, and Christ sends us to the Law to be regulated." Alas ! my congregation did not fly *to* Christ. but *from* him. Most of them, I fear, clung to the Law that condemned, and would hew them in pieces, as Samuel did Agag before the Lord, and in a sense imitated Paul in an extremity, "*I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat where I ought to be judged ;—I appeal unto Cæsar ;*" and Justice, like

Festus, said, "Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? unto Cæsar shalt thou go;" and my poor solitary desponding soul says with Agrippa, on the same occasion, "This man might have been set at liberty had he not appealed unto Cæsar." These poor sinners might have been set at liberty, into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, had they appealed to the clemency of Christ, instead of to the tender mercies of the Law, for they are cruel, as Solomon speaks of the mercies of the wicked. That preacher in Germany had the right of it when he said, that no sooner does the Law of God vindicate its injured majesty in the conscience of any one, than the bondage of that curse is felt. No sooner is this felt, generally, than the terrified individual undertakes to satisfy the Law in the way of obedience and good works, and he is pretty confident he has ability sufficient for the purpose. Alas for him! He has set his foot upon a path from which no one ever brought anything back but broken bones, a wounded spirit, and a terrified conscience. He finds his sincerest endeavors defeated. He tries to capitulate, and come off on amicable terms. *He resolves to keep it as well as he is able.* Will this satisfy the Law? No! for it requires *perfect obedience.* It seizes the debtor to the whole law, and says, "*Pay what thou owest,*" and the poor debtor, *half despairing,* says, "*Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all;*" which, at length, comes to *perfect despair,* in this regard, and then the poor ruined debtor flies to Christ, who undertakes his cause, cancels the enormous debt, and sets him into the liberty of the sons of God!

\* \* \* \* \*

Here and there I find one who, like Job, is bravely

maintaining the legal principle; who right loyally to God and self, is saying: "*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him; but I will maintain mine own ways before Him.*" Job. xiii. 15. They will trust in the mercy of God through Christ, but will maintain they are not so bad as the Scriptures would prove them to be, in the eye of the Law of God. If God would have every mouth stopped, and all the world become guilty before Him, Rom. iii. 19, sure there might be some exceptions. Sharper truths are yet necessary for these, and it is likely they will hold fast their carnal or legal integrity, and appear in the Lord's courts again, to justify their own ways before Him. The spiritual Jerusalem of such must be searched as by lighted candles. Zeph. i. 12. Lord Jesus, furnish me with thy candles, to meet this emergency. O what difficulties stand in the way of the Gospel. If St. Paul needed *the prayers of the brethren, that the word of the Lord might have free course and be glorified*, surely I need the prayers of God's people.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have hope in God. It is related of some serpents, that though their sting be so fatal, and their poison so terrible in its effects, they afford an excellent medicinal oil. Well, those serpents which came hissing from the Law have some oil in them, if not medicinal altogether it may supple the will, to use an idea of Locke, aye, and the joints of some stiff-limbed and stiff-necked sinners, that they may run to Christ and hastily bow to his yoke. But it is said a stone dipped in oil will harden. If this oil does not supple the will it may harden the heart. We shall see. God originally wrote the Law on tables of stone, which afterwards were

broken in pieces. These hard hearts upon which He wrote His law on Sabbath night may yet be broken in pieces by the power of God. The Law was re-written on new tables. And after these hearts have been broken, and "a new heart and a right spirit" given,—"*even a heart of flesh.*"—Ezek. xxxvi. 26,—His own Spirit will re-inscribe the Law thereon; and holiness of heart and holiness of life become twins, as he of old proved from Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27.

But the poor body required rest, aye, and mind too;—retired, hoping for sleep, and hoping still stronger for better times,—*the more glorious ministration of the Spirit.* What a theme for meditation under such circumstances, is 2 Cor. iii. 3, 8. O, but if I ever preach from the Law again, my resolve is to write over the sepulchre of its terrible records what the angel said to Mary at the empty sepulchre of Jesus: "*He is not here, He is risen!*" Christ is not to be found in the Law, but *above* it;—has still power upon earth to accept *repentance, tears, and relying faith,* and to *forgive* sins, and to save all to the uttermost who come unto God by Him. The Law, by itself, admits of none of these, but the Gospel does; yet the Law, as a *schoolmaster,* may bring us to Christ, to be justified and saved. Amen! Gal. iii. 24.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MORE ABOUT THE LAW SERMON. — ASPECTS OF THE  
AUDIENCE.

YORK, *Aug.* 15, 1845.



ES—"the human face is often an index of the heart," but a false index too often, so that it cannot always be trusted. Nevertheless it often betrays its owner. There are seasons when men's souls "look out at their faces" unmistakably. You are welcome to my "notes," such as they are. Had you sat with me in the pulpit after the discourse in question, and "taken notes," also, it would have been amusing to compare notes! The whole occasion has left impressions upon my mind never to be obliterated.

You know the pulpit in the Centenary Chapel is at the entrance, so that a full view of the retiring congregation may be had if one wishes. The faces of that departing multitude were deeply interesting and awfully solemn and varied. It could not be concealed that the Law of God had made a deep impression, one not to be readily shaken off or effaced.

Here and there the careless aspect, or the rude and the indifferent, or the loitering smile, like moonlight upon snow.

And here and there a forced carelessness, but showing unpleasing thoughts in spite of them. Others all sternness or unbelief that things were just so bad and ruinous as represented; and near to such an one, the lineaments of scepticism defiant. And close by loomed up a face,

“Unrepentant, dark and passionless.”

And one and another with “something between carelessness and trouble;” and another and yet another, aye, scores, looking as if “the hour of fate was hovering nigh,”—dark thoughts not to be shunned and difficult to be concealed. And some with musing look at variance with their thoughts;—for there are looks like politeness, not felt,—unnatural. Others, and not a few, who seemed to say with Addison:

“’Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,  
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,  
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.

Ah, me! words do not come at my call, to express the stony, the dissatisfied, the contemplative air of this and that face in the retiring masses;—and faces pale as ghosts upon a dark cloud, “sad workings of the bloodless face telling of the tooth of fire at the heart,” as one remarked; and some, as Burns observed upon a certain occasion:

“Some seem’d to muse, some seem’d to dare,  
With features stern—”

As if the poor preacher was to blame for this “Law-storm,” as some have named it, for making the sinner’s case so truthful and so desperate withal. Aye! and on the streets, sallies



of wit and levity, and “a *damn* for the preacher,” showing that the tongue and conscience had broken commerce.

But there were countenances not a few, upon which there were traces undeniable, that Pollock’s sentiment was rife at the heart ;—“Nothing now seems worth a thought, but has eternal bearing in it.” It was plain, plain as could be, that many who came with the veil of midnight on their heart had it rent in twain, like the temple’s veil in the hour of darkness and crucifixion.

And some of the delicate, the educated, the refined, passed on haughtily, who had had their feelings shocked by the introduction of “that seventh commandment,”—rather by the *indelicate* of the preacher, in calling things by their true *Scripture names* ;—for daring to break into *the chamber of imagery*, Ezek. viii. 12, and pour the glare of Sinai’s law upon the creations of an impure imagination—daring to inquire of the “proudly chaste,” after the manner of Chalmers, whether, “If they had been removed from all that was *licentious in practice*, they had *recoiled* in the unseen solitudes of their hearts, from all that was licentious in *thought, passion, desire*, or in the *conceptions of the imagination or fancy* ?—whether they had spurned away from the sanctuary of their thoughts every unhallowed visitation ; and constantly presented to the approving eye of Heaven a bosom with all the adornments of a pure and spiritual temple ? with all the graces and beauties of an unspotted offering ?” Aye ! this, and more “intolerable to be borne,” in appeals to the outwardly unclean, and to the inwardly defiled by the obscenities “of the imagination of the thoughts of the heart,” which, in certain states, can be “*only evil continually*.” Gen. vi. 5.

And to have the temerity to cry: "*He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone.*" John viii. 5. And, for having the boldness to say again with Jesus, "*Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.*" Mark v. 28. However such sentiments may have been repulsed by some, their memory and conscience were swift and impartial witnesses.

And the man of business was there,—hitherto so proud of his general integrity;—the despiser of the petty thief, the burglar or the highwayman was shocked above measure to perceive how the principles of these outlaws had, one way or another, been intermixed with his own manifold transactions;—how far short he had come even of Burns' standard of an honest man,—“Whose eye, even when turned on empty space beamed keen with honor;”—and how the principle of injustice worked in the things which were least, and brought, in the eye of God's Law, the condemnation of dishonesty;—those tolerated artifices and practical disguises and wiles of a deceitful policy of which Dr. Chalmers speaks, which, according to him, have spread themselves to so great an extent over mercantile society, and which have hardened and worn down the conscience of those who for years have been speeding and bustling their way amid a variety of manifold transactions;—clenching the whole with, “Thou shalt not steal,” and riveting the conviction home and fast by that declaration of Jesus, “He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much: and he that is *unjust in the least is unjust also in much.*” Luke xvi. 10. The case of that youth apprenticed to a dry good's merchant told powerfully, who

told a lady who had purchased a silk dress, that he perceived, as he measured it off, that the silk was fractured somewhat, and she refused it and went away. The merchant overheard the young man's remark and was angry, and wrote immediately to his father, a farmer in the country, to come and take his son home, adding, "for he will never make a merchant." The farmer hastened into town and inquired of the merchant what was the fault of his son, and received this reply, "It was only the other morning a lady called to buy silk, and he was so simple as to tell her the silk was a little damaged. It is not our business to make known such things; the eyes of the purchasers must be their judges in such matters." "Is this all you have against my boy?" said the farmer. "O, yes, he is very well in other respects." "I am glad of that," rejoined the farmer, "I think more of my boy than ever. Come, my son! Come out of this place, I would not have you remain here for the world;" and so farmer and son bade the merchant good morning, and left him to his own reflections. O, how intolerable is this sort of preaching to a large class of business-men.

Ah! my dear friend, it is easy scribbling about such things, and easy reading what has been scribbled, like perusing an account of some great battle; but quite another thing to be a principal actor in the scene; I mean, it is no easy matter to bring one's mind to preach thus; to have one's hand turned against every man, and to provoke a return of the compliment; like poor Ishmael, *whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him.* Gen. xvi. 12. It is a cross, and more so at one time than another, according to more or less deficiency of *spiritual strength.* But no

*cross, no crown.* If we will *wear* the one, we must *bear* the other. Amen!

Now, then, my work is before me; I must try to have these awakened sinners delivered from the Law-curse, and then hand them back again for Law-conduct. Bring them to Jesus Christ their life for *justification*, and then back again to the *Law* for *regulation*. That is it!—freedom from *Law penalties*, but obligation to *Law precepts*. Lord Jesus help me ever, and thine shall be the glory. I need not tell my friend how much I need his prayers to Christ for me.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### IN THE FURNACE.

YORK, *Friday, Aug. 22, 1845.*



GOOD man named Argerius, who preferred a prison rather than offend his conscience, wrote from thence a cheering letter to a friend, dating it, "From the pleasant garden of the Leonine prison." Well, here I am confined to my solitary room, may date from thence. A severe attack of illness night before last, similar to that at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., a few years ago, when death came very near unto me; but was not permitted to repeat the blow, or I should never have seen England.

And now in the city of York, in the dead hour of the night, it seemed as if he looked me in the face, but departed from me about sunrise. Help me to praise the Lord! This has not been the first blast against the candle of my poor life, but it burns still. "Behold the miracle, O, my soul!" has been my grateful language. This is Providence,—behold the sparkling of the gem, HEALTH, I hope, begins to sparkle again! like a gem in an unfavorable setting.

Must try to preach to-night if I can stand upon my feet.

I was thinking to-day of the old general, who when in the last stages of an incurable disease, rallied in his tent on hearing of an unfavorable turn in the battle, had himself carried upon the field, and seeing his troops waver, give way panic-stricken before the enemy, *rallied* them, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory and died.

Battle has its risks, and so has such a conflict for souls as this. We are "*fearfully and wonderfully made,*" says the Psalmist. Aye! "*wonderfully made!*" How amazing the wisdom displayed in one's physical and intellectual structure! Yet how "*fearfully made!*" so easily *shattered in pieces*. A few thousand fall upon the battle-field,—"*blown by battle's whirlwind into deserts of eternity,*" and how much is said about the event, while over *thirty millions* die every year, and little is said or thought about it!

A few, and but a few *ministers* of Jesus die early and suddenly by battling for souls, while vast numbers of preachers and professors die from other causes. But the will of the Lord be done. I like what an old divine said, "Let my candle go out, if the Sun of Righteousness but shine." Amen to that!

To *end* or to *die*, is written upon the face of everything beneath the sun, except the human soul, and health of course is included in the general doom. The stately pine, the sturdy oak, and the delicate flower, I have seen them perish; stateliness, sturdiness and delicateness wasted by wind and weather, by disease or shock of lightning or storm,—they drooped and died, or were shattered or overwhelmed, the flower the soonest, but not the surest. It is so with poor humanity also, and the grave shuts up the story of one's days



in silence and in darkness. But is that all? Paganism could say as much. Does Christianity say no more? O yes! my wearied spirit! it points thee to a life to come!—to an immortality beyond! As a German preacher beautifully remarked, that the Scriptures do not attach much importance to what we call *death*, as regards the children of God; even, as we ourselves at the birth of a butterfly do not linger at the ruined chrysalis, but direct our whole attention to the beautiful creature, thence coming forth to the light!

Those words of Jesus are near, "*I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work.*" John ix. 4. I realize this more than I can express. There is a work appointed me. My heart is set upon it. I have my *day* in which to do it. It *must* be done. Fully on *this* my mission prove. To God I owe it. To life I owe it. Life is too short to stand still. "I have plans for the life of forty Emperors," said Napoleon; "but before I have time to execute two of them I shall be worn out body and soul. For our poor lamp does not burn long. Life is too short to stand still. As soon as I have thought I execute." Napoleon for a perishable crown, humble J. C. for an imperishable one. We differ in our places of coronation. *A crown that fadeth not away* is promised those who fight the good fight of faith. Let me aspire though I may never attain to the genius and energy of a Napoleon in this great war for souls; he for a corruptible crown, I for an incorruptible. 1 Cor. ix. 25. Napoleon has stepped into eternity. Where is his glory? where the thunder-shout of millions to his praise? where the trumpet that reverberated his name and fame among the nations? where—O, silent as that little heap of

dusty bones near which I stood in Paris last autumn,—all that remains of the hero!

But what saith my Lord? "*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*" And what said Solomon? "*He that winneth souls is wise.*" And an Archangel from Heaven confirmed the same to the prophet Daniel by the great river Hiddekel, saying, "*They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever.*" Dan. xiii. 3. In the margin of my old Bible, I see, "they that be wise," reads, "they that be teachers," so that the whole promise seems to be for those who endeavor to win souls to Christ. They shall shine in Heaven, whether successful or not, because they were sincere teachers of God's holy word. But if they have *turned many to righteousness*, and were *truly turned themselves*—that is *holy in heart and life and motive*, then the stars of Heaven are the constant illustrations of their future glory! But, to know the full import of such a comparison would require an excursion among those glorious orbs of the firmament, which I intend by and by, if God permit, but O, not until my work has been altogether finished upon earth. Amen! There is a great move among the masses. Before, it was hard work to convince them of sin, and to convict them of the fallacy of their presumptuous hopes and self-righteous confidences; now care has to be taken that they sink not in utter despair of all mercy. The Law of God, the Decalogue, is surely a terrible weapon. It penetrated scales of self-righteousness, thickly set as those of Job's *leviathan*, but the peril has been of their bleeding to death.

*Saturday, August 23.*

I did try to preach last night as well as I could. Jesus was present. What a moving theme is sanctification by faith! Those remarks of Mr. Wesley, regarding his inquiry why so few of the Scotch Methodists enjoyed holiness, had a good effect;—that he had mused on the subject frequently, and at length resolved to inquire into the cause on his next visit to the Scottish societies. He did so, and everywhere received the following reply, “We see now we sought it by our works; we thought it was to come *gradually*; we never expected it to come in a *moment*, in the very same manner we received justification.” What wonder, then, rejoined Mr. Wesley, that you have been fighting all these years as one that beateth the air! An incident this, which should be studied in more countries than Scotland, for there is a great deal of this sort of *air-beating* all over Methodism.

For my part, I see and feel the necessity more and more, of abiding closely and intensely, by *the simple way of faith*, such as we meet with everywhere in the New Testament;—so well expressed by our Lord in that capital promise, Mark xi. 24, “*Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye shall receive them, and ye shall have them.*” I see, more and more, that in proportion as I insist and press full salvation from all sin now, by just such a faith, signs and wonders are wrought among my hearers. I see, more and more, that so soon as the Methodist people clearly understand the way of faith, such is their general sincerity and energy, they immediately receive full salvation. So well have they been taught on all other points of doctrine, theoretically and experimentally, and accus-

tomed as they are to embrace them with their whole heart, that this doctrine, when clearly understood, is embraced with amazing energy!

The faith that purifies the heart, Acts xv. 9, all ears, all hearts are open unto it, when thus sanctioned by the word of God. "What is it? How am I to receive it?—to exercise it, in order to be pure in heart?—for surely it is attainable, else why should the Scriptures speak of it, and the faith by which it is received?" All this have I read in the fine countenances of thousands, when such a text has been announced. And, when fully comprehended, it becomes a source of instant and mighty power,—as last night, for instance!—a spring that moves all the wheels, and sets all agoing; or, as one said, it is like a *thread of silver* running through a *chain of pearl*, it puts *strength and vivacity* into all the virtues of the soul!

Many were saved; some with a great and majestic faith, and a joy unspeakable; others with a small and a trembling, but obstinate faith, but it carried away the blessing. I could not but liken the one to sturdy Samson, shouldering the gates of Gaza; and the other to the faith of frail Rahab, which could do little more than hang out the scarlet thread from her window on the wall of Jericho, and wailed, and believed, and was saved, she and all her family. There was salvation in Rahab's faith, as well as in the faith of Samson!

## CHAPTER X.

### PROGRESS OF THE REVIVAL IN YORK.

*Monday Morning, Aug. 25.*



ESTERDAY had strength equal to all demands. Hallelujah!—a day of liberty, power, success! A day that lifted up my head above my enemies round about. There were over eighty souls saved. “*Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ.*” Rev. xii. 10. O to be more like Jesus! more holy, pure, useful. Amen. Tears flowed from many eyes in abundance. All right, my Lord! He spoke well who said tears could not be put to better use than to weep for unpardoned or pardoned *sin*; adding, tears for outward losses will do no more good than water upon a rock; but tears for sin are blessed tears; they are like the dew of Hermon, or like the long expected showers upon the valleys and hills of heaven-blest Israel.

The wells which the Philistines had filled with earth, were opened by Isaac and his servants at last. Gen. xxvi. 15. These precious wells in York, which the devil and the Philistine world had stopped up with earthly-mindedness,

are open now, once more! Hallelujah! That is my soul's watchword! and it sounds well through all her palace, and is re-echoed in Heaven—Hallelujah! Like Isaac and his servants, we had hard digging in the valley of the plain ere we came by the well-springs; but we reached them at last. May they never be filled with earth again. Rather, may they ever remain open, and make the Wesleyan Joseph like Jacob's Joseph, "*a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall.*" Gen. xlix. 22. If so, my soul shall bless God ever for my visit to York, and for these tears!

Some one has said our best commodities come by water, so our choicest blessings of grace often come by the water of penitential or believing tears. And so it was, we had rich arrivals yesterday of some of the best commodities of Heaven!

*Tuesday Morning, Aug. 26.*

On Monday nights I seldom preach; being too fatigued after the Sabbath. We had a great and a good time last night. Had the privilege of hearing Rev. James Everett preach. Text—"Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom,"—a rich, evangelical discourse, with grandeur of thought, sparkling with gems of beauty, and full of tender unctious.

It is Plutarch, I think, that compares speech to gold; and on this principle the less dross, the more valuable the metal. Mr. E.'s sermon was pure gold, free from the dross of wordiness. If "clearness and perspeucuity is the grace of speech," truly the speech of James Everett is graced indeed. Like the child in the fairy tale, his mouth dropped all sorts



of diamonds! He is no ordinary man. It was a rich feast to my hungry soul. But best of all, sinners were converted, and believers sanctified before the meeting closed.

The Rev. Mr. Cornock, one of the stationed preachers, addressed the united Wesleyan Sabbath Schools, a few afternoons since, in the Centenary Chapel, which was crowded on the occasion.

His address was both ingenious and eloquent. He has the rare talent of winning and keeping the attention of children; such as I have never seen surpassed. Every little eye was intently fixed upon him. His illustrations were simple, happy, and appropriate; and his questions highly suggestive and instructive; and were replied to by the children with a readiness and good sense that surprised; reminding one of the grandsire in "The Pelican Island" with his little grandson,

" ——— dancing at his side,  
 And dragging him, with petty violence,  
 Hither and thither from the onward path  
 To find a bird's nest, or to hunt a fly :  
 His feign'd resistance, and unfeign'd reluctance,  
 But made the boy more resolute to rule  
 The grandsire with his fond caprice. The sage,  
 Though dallying with the minion's wayward will,  
 His own premeditated course pursued,  
 And while in tones of sportive tenderness,  
 He answer'd all its questions, and ask'd others  
 As simple as its own, yet wisely framed  
 To wake and prove an infant's faculties ;  
 As though its mind were some sweet instrument,  
 And he, with breath and touch, were finding out  
 What stops or keys would yield the richest music."

Mr. Cornock is a powerful preacher also. I heard him preach on Monday night, a week or two since, an excellent discourse from that text, "*Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope.*" Zech. ix. 12. His style and manner are widely different from Mr. Everett. He is a preacher of another class, but no less useful. Mr. E's discourse was full of quiet beauty, tact and genius; that of Mr. Cornock, vehement in utterance and gesture;—"speaking as the thunder doth, louder and louder," "terribly, inconveniently in earnest;" inconveniently to some, perhaps, but not to me, nor to the mass of his audience, I'll venture to say. It was a rich Gospel sermon, full of unction and life, and sprinkled with considerable talent,—

"Thundering the moral of his story,  
And rolling boundless as his glory!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### AGAIN IN THE FURNACE.

*August 27th.*



H me! Confined to my room once more; but not to my bed; "a visitor again on the rounds of God's sweet will." Have had a similar attack of illness as the previous one; about the same time in the night it came, lasted as many hours, but much more severe, and departed about sunrise, leaving me very weak.

There is peril in these sudden attacks; only that the Lord reigns. But if he had not something more for me to do in this world they would carry me off. Jesus interposed; I mark the sign; and expect to be useful awhile longer. Had He not appeared for my help, as on the storm-tossed vessel's deck on the Galilean Sea, why I should have sunk, but with a shout, "Now, for Heaven, and heartily!" But He has spared my life, and thus prolongs the voyage. It is well; long voyages usually bring large returns to shipowners and mariners. O, may it be so in my case. Amen.

This is the time for reflection and self-examination. I would like quietly to note down here a few thoughts which

are floating about in my mind. They may be useful hereafter, or profitable now, and a recreation to my languid spirits.

Those lines of Herbert are upon my heart with sweetness :—

“ Happy he, whose heart  
Hath found the double art  
To turn his *double pains* to *double praise*.”

And how sweet to have the spirit of prayer, which, as good Cecil remarks, does not necessarily come with affliction ; that if this is not poured out upon a man he will, like a wounded beast, skulk to his den and growl there !

This is the season, too, to feel the weight and the importance of what one has preached unto others. An invalid imagines everything heavier than it really is, because of his own weakness. But in this situation one only begins to feel the true weight of one's doctrines ; although, perhaps, this is never so fully realized as when one is actually upon the solitudes of the death-bed. “ I have often heard you with pleasure,” said a dying minister to a brother minister, who called to see him ; and looking steadfastly at him, continued, “ but give me leave to tell you that, till you come into my situation, and have death and eternity full in view, it will be impossible for you to conceive the vast weight and importance of the truths you declare.” A great truth that, which this brief interview with death greatly confirms. O, my Lord, yes ! May I preach to my fellow sinners after this in a manner I have never done before. If this be one of the designs of God in the visitation, may it not be frustrated. Amen.

These revival conflicts are *wearing*; they waste the body and consume the vital energy. St. John applies Psalm lxxix. 9, to Christ: "*For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up; and the reproaches of them that reproached thee are fallen upon me.*" And so we read in John ii. 17, "*And His disciples remembered that it was written, the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.*" Jesus had entered the temple and created a singular commotion among the money-changers, sheep and oxen-dealers, and dove-sellers, overturning their tables, and with a scourge of small cords driving the whole of them out of the temple, thundering after them, "*It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.*" These worshipers of Mammon took high offence, we may be sure, at what they considered His audacity and unwarrantable interference with their business; to say nothing of the manner in which he had so uncerimoniously exposed them to the laughs and jeers of the lookers-on; and began to cast about for some means of retaliation. "*The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.*" Eaten up *prudential* and *worldly-wise considerations*; eaten up my *influence* and *popularity* with certain classes. "*The reproaches of them that reproached Thee,*" by making Thy house a den of thieves, and unrebuked and unavenged by the Lord God of the temple. "*The reproaches of them that reproached Thee fell on me,*" who disturbed them in their nefarious and God-dishonoring practices. When His disciples saw the results of our Lord's zeal, it recalled to their minds the prophecy in the ninety-sixth Psalm.

Ah! and so it is often with the faithful preacher;—the zeal of God's house sometimes eats out more than his pru-

dence [in a worldly sense] and his influence and popularity, but his health also, the most precious boon of all!

What Horace says of common jealousy may be said of that jealousy to which the prophet Elijah confessed in the ears of the Lord of hosts on Horeb, "*I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts ;*"

"The silent slow consuming fires,  
Which on my inmost vitals prey,  
And melt my very soul away!"

Ah! who that has ever entered the temple of Elijah's God, jealous for his honor and burning for the rescue of souls from the grasp of Satan; who that has ever there set on truth against error, and holiness against sin, and the weapons of the Gospel against the strongholds of the devil, has not found those lines of Horace verified in soul and body, unless he has retreated from the field of conflict ingloriously? who has not found it, if the battle-strife, as here, has continued for months to be a mind-exhausting, body-wasting, a health-sacrificing and life-risking undertaking. That is, if he resolve not to deal with a slack hand; and, especially if it happen that his body is too slender for the tremendous motions of a soul shaken and moved by the power of God. A flower-pot may accommodate a flower; but if an oak be planted there it will soon outgrow it, and rend and shatter it to pieces.

By the grace of God assisting I have worked hard; but not harder than I ought or the circumstances demanded. Not knowing how long my day of working might last, or how soon the great and effectual door, still open, might close



in England, I resolved to strain every nerve, bring as many sinners to Christ as possible, and then *rest*, when Jesus should seem to say by surrounding providences, as he did to his disciples, “*Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile.*” Mark vi. 31. That hint of Jesus has great weight with my mind. “*I must work the work of Him that sent, while it is day : the night cometh when no man can work.*” But last week came the trial of my strength, I fell down in sore affliction, but staggering to my feet again, fell upon the ranks of sin, sword in hand, and *one hundred sinners fell* beneath the power of God, wounded but crying for mercy, and were pardoned, healed—saved.

But a second storm overtook and prostrated me again ! and here I am. What of that ? “*Why should a living man complain ? Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth ; and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. “Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick,”* was the anxious message of Martha and Mary to our Lord regarding their brother Lazarus. But Jesus said, “*This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.*” Nevertheless, he allowed sick Lazarus to die, and to be buried four days before He came to the rescue !

\* \* \* \* \*

These are love-tokens, then. Hush, unbelief ! Down thou sceptic Reason ! speak out Faith, right loyally ! Speak out louder than their mutinous grumbings. Faith has right of floor ! Speak out, Faith ! Aye ! now it does truly and eloquently !—I am no *bastard*, but a *son* ! Heb. xii.

A storm overtook the disciples on the sea of Galilee ; but that was no evidence against the voyage. Jesus was

with them in the ship, and her prow was in the proper direction in obedience to his commands; so all was well. Their faith was greatly tried, but they were witnesses of a great miracle, so that their faith was no loser;—" *What manner of man is this? for he commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him.*" Luke viii. 25. How great a God is my God, for He commandeth the most rampant attacks of disease, and they obey Him, and depart from the distracted body, and then, how great the calm!

The troubles on the banks of the Red Sea were no proofs the Israelites had done wrong in coming so far, and by that way. Aye! though they were forced to march into the foaming waves, it was no evidence they were out of their providential path. They risked nothing, when all the world would have said they risked everything: "*they went over on dry ground,*" in the midst of the sea:

By crystal walls protected.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some poet has said,

"Enough to live in tempest; die in port."

Nay! nay! . But rather go into Heaven in the tempest of a revival conflict and victory, when,

"Like mighty winds and torrents fierce,  
It doth opposers all o'errun;  
And every law of sin reverse."

And then to have its *whirlwind blow off the mantle of the flesh*, place the soul in a chariot of fire, like favored Elijah, and be carried upward by it into Heaven!

Hallelujah! To enter glory mid such a work as this! To have an instant view of its influence upon the inhabitants of heaven! To behold this hour that text verified, "For I am not ashamed of the *Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,*" Rom. i. 16; and the next hour to behold Luke xv. 10, illustrated: "*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*" Oh, but to behold their joy over the hundreds now repenting on every side. O, what a glorious work is the Christian ministry! aye, when a man resolves to make a glorious thing of it.

Augustine used to wish that Christ at His coming might find him either preaching or praying. Doubtless he had one or other of the wish, or both. What sayest thou, my soul? Thou hast a similar wish, I perceive, and another wish beneath them, bearing them both, like another Atlas! that Christ might call thee holy, and, therefore, ready; and the whole work He has given thee to do entirely finished;—and the call come in the scenes of a glorious revival, thy mantle falling upon some young Elisha to pursue the victory; thou, in the meantime, entering glory amidst the acclamations of angels over the scenes of salvation thou didst leave but a few moments before! O my Lord! O my soul! what an honor! what a privilege this!

And then, if like Lazarus, thou couldst return my soul to the body again, and be allowed to "*do battle*" for Christ and souls once more, how then wouldst thou preach? Aye! the ruling passion is still strong within, I perceive; so strong as to anticipate a wish to leave Heaven were I there—to come down to this sin-cursed earth, and enter the battle in

strife for souls once more! Well, well, my soul! battle for God *now*, just as if all this had actually occurred. Thou canst do this *now* with less peril; for were such a privilege and return to the body granted thee, thou wouldst rend and destroy it in a month! A body immortal as thyself would be necessary to sustain thy mighty movements then! It is well and better as it is. Fight now, faithfully, the good fight of faith, and thou shalt, by and by, enter into the joy of thy Lord. With these feelings let me totter into the pulpit to-night. Amen.

*August 29th.*—Did so, and the Lord of hosts was with us, indeed; many saved.

*Noon.*—Frail is the flesh “that walls about our life.” But the angels of God are the life-guards of His saints. They guard our life till our work is done;—as “*the tree of life*” was guarded in Eden *by a sword of flame*, turning every way at the wonderous gate. Gen. iii. 24.

Have enjoyed a walk along the banks of my favorite Ouse,—sweet and silent river, wandering and meandering onward “at its own sweet will,” to the ocean, “like human life to meet eternity.” And the poor invalid wandered on at his own sweet will, staff in hand,—not, indeed, as the old poet Spencer hints, “holding staff in hand for mere formalitee,” but from real necessity,—more than was wont in other days. Had great peace of mind and deep humility.

O, but it is sweet to get out of the din of the city thus and alone, to look upon the fair face of nature, and as Keats says, “Breathe a prayer full in the smile of the blue firmament.” One can bear then to see pride and wealth and

power towering high without ever fetching a sigh of discontent:—

“ They are but men, and I'm a man.”

Aye, Clare! and a child of God also! better still! And, blessed be God! a quiet mind, and a touch of heavenly gladness! When life gives these, what has she more to give? a little stock of health, O my Lord Jesus! to be expended for the good of the sheep for whom the shepherd died!

I am free from pain, but weak; system rallying. Thank God for a youth of virtue, free from licentiousness and dissipation. Had Satan and the world sucked the marrow of my constitution in youth, these attacks of illness would have broken me down quite; at least there would have been less strength to bear or to rally. Praise my Lord Jesus Christ! he won my heart in my youth, and kept it, and in so doing saved me from a thousand snares, and as many bitter pangs of conscience and ailments of body. By this means he preserved my constitution for the work whereunto he has called me.

My heart panteth after the living God. Gathering my armor unto me, and trying to buckle it on for the fight; saying faintly with the German poet:

“ Of all thy goodness I'll be singing,  
 Long as my tongue has strength to move;  
 To thee my greatful homage bringing,  
 Long as my *heart has power to love*;  
 When feeble lips no voice can raise,  
*My dying signs shall murmur praise!*”

Till then, my faith in God must be unquestioning, unhesitating, and unsuspecting. This is the faith,—this the spirit

which, as Cecil remarks, God delights to honor; he bestows it, and expects to see it produce in us the open ear and the disposed heart.

*Afternoon.*—Out-door exercise is doing me good. Walking is better than riding; especially if one has to ride with company; for then one must converse, and that exhausts in my present state. But walking alone and conversing with God has not this effect. It was Cecil, I think, who said that the Christian's fellowship with God is rather a habit than a rapture;—a pilgrim habit of looking inward, upward, forward, and walking steadily on, refusing to look backward! This is much of my experience at the present time; only that I incline much to look backward; not, I trust, in the sense our Lord forbids; but rather in the sense Moses enjoins in Deut viii. 2, “*And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness to humble thee, and to prove thee to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no.*” For, although I am only yet between thirty and forty years of age, yet I often find it good to obey, and retrace life thus far, for arguments in support of humility and thankfulness. And surely my life furnishes arguments for both in great abundance.

Well, I trust this affliction has done me good. It has led me to a closer inspection of self, and I would hope to a closer walk with God. An old writer compared Job to a musical instrument,—whenever struck him, God, man, or devil, the note was, “*Blessed be the name of the Lord!*” And my poor soul has given out its little notes too; not so loud, nor so emphatic as Job, but O, I trust sincerely, and in harmony with the divine will.



## CHAPTER XII.

### BELIEVING FOR SANCTIFICATION.

YORK, August 26, 1845.



To ———

O your inquiry I reply: The two revivals go on together gloriously—justification and sanctification. Of every one hundred souls saved, thirty or forty are trophies of full salvation. Were it otherwise, I should tremble for the stability of these new converts, the work among sinners spreads so rapidly. But numbers of the converts experience the blessing, and the church entering so fully into the work of holiness, I have strong confidence. I preach directly upon the subject once a week, on Friday nights; the impulse of which is felt several days, especially on the Sabbath.

There are always “difficulties” to be contended with and overcome, in advancing this doctrine and experience, the chief of which come from the opponents of the present act of faith. “*Believe that ye do receive,*” Mr. Wesley’s watchword, in his day, through all his societies; Christ’s watchword also to the whole church, if she would but hearken to it, “*Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have.*” The possible

evils or mistakes arising therefrom, prevented not our Saviour from providing for its perpetuation, nor Wesley from its reiteration.

But it has been assailed in various forms, and by numerous authorities—in vain. It is not possible to undermine or overthrow so plain a declaration of Jesus Christ. Opposition to it, in fact, is but antagonism to the doctrine of present salvation, deny it as they may. Nor have I ever yet found one such opponent to stand clear himself, in the enjoyment of full salvation.

How much safer would it be, in cases of mistake in sanctification, to seek a remedy for the evil in another way than by assailing so plain a promise of Christ? its mistranslation, which has never yet been substantiated, certainly, to say the least, our present translation of Mark xi. 24, stands upon as good authority as any other that has been brought forward in opposition to it, and, I dare to say, better than translations from a doubtful reading, which Greisbach himself marks, as merely worthy of farther examination, but inferior to the commonly received text.

That Mr. Wesley was influenced by this is evident from the fact that he drops, "*Believe that ye shall receive,*" when directing seekers of full salvation how to believe, saying, "*Believe that ye do receive,*" "believe that he *doeth it,*" "and then He will enable you to believe *it is done,*" "if nothing be required but simple faith, a moment is as good as an age;" "*full salvation is nigh; only believe and it is yours;*" if you seek it by faith, you may expect it *as you are,* and if as you are, then expect it *now;* expect it *by faith,* expect it *as you are,* and expect it *now.* To deny one of them is to deny

them all. To allow one is to allow them all; do *you* believe we are sanctified by faith? Be true then to your principle; and look for it just as you, neither better nor worse.” “Sanctification is ‘*not of works, lest any man should boast.*’ ‘*It is the gift of God,*’ and is to be received by simple faith. Suppose you are now laboring to ‘*abstain from all appearance of evil,*’ ‘*Zealous of good works,*’ and walking diligently and carefully in all the ordinances of God; there is then only one point remaining: the voice of God to your soul is, ‘*Believe and be saved.*’ First, believe that God has promised to save you from all sin, and to fill you with all holiness. Secondly, believe that he is able thus to ‘*save to the uttermost all that come unto God through him.*’ Thirdly, believe that he is willing, as well as able, to save you to the uttermost; to purify you from all sin, and fill up all your heart with love. Believe, fourthly, that he is not only able but willing to do it *now*. Not when you come to die, nor at any distant time; not to-morrow, but *to-day*. He will then enable you to believe it is done according to His word.” “To this confidence, that God is both able and willing to sanctify us now, there needs to be added one thing more, a divine evidence and conviction that he doeth it. In that hour it is done. God says to the inmost soul, ‘*According to thy faith be it unto thee!*’ Then the soul is pure from every spot of sin; it is clean ‘*from all unrighteousness.*’”

How much, after all that has been said and written upon this subject in modern times, have we improved upon Mr. Wesley’s mode of teaching it! But such were his views; you have met with them before, doubtless, in different parts of his works. How perfectly in harmony with the doctrine

of a present and full salvation by faith! And also with such passages as Acts xxvi. 18, "*Sanctified by faith.*" And Acts xv. 9, "*Purifying their hearts by faith,*" and Mark xi. 24, "*Believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*" O that our theological critics, who boast so loudly of their Wesleyan orthodoxy, and who are so concerned lest our people should deceive themselves in sanctification matters, would be persuaded to imitate more carefully our founder in their phraseology, and thus harmonize their language more consistently with the doctrine which they profess to believe and teach—salvation by faith, and not seem to antagonize it so much by their unguarded language.

Indeed one cannot help being struck when reading Mr. Wesley's tracts, sermons, and journals upon this great doctrine, how his sentiments were opposed; that he had to encounter objections from persons outside of Methodism, very similar to those which we have to encounter from some Methodists of the present day.

Rom. v. 1, "*Therefore being justified by faith,*" has never been so assailed by them in cases of mistaken conversions, as Mark xi. 24, "*Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have.*" I mean with regard to mistranslation. No, the cause of mistake or deception is sought for elsewhere, than in "*Being justified by faith.*" And why! Is it not because such are better acquainted by experience with the faith that justifies, than the faith which sanctifies.

The above sentiments of Wesley, on this subject, should go far to settle the right side of Wesleyan orthodoxy. It was thus he thrilled the life of faith into his societies, as he flew through these three kingdoms, like a flaming scraph!

In like manner Fletcher taught : “ Struggle, I say, till you touch Jesus, and feel healing comforting virtue proceeding from Him, and when you know clearly the way to Him repeat the touch till you find He lives in you by the powerful operation of his loving Spirit, till you are able to with St. Paul, ‘ *I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me : and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.*’ Gal. ii. 20. To aim aright at this liberty of the children of God requires a continual acting of faith ; of a naked faith, independent of all feelings in a naked promise,—such as, ‘ *The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil !*’ ‘ *I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*’ ‘ *The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.*’ By a naked faith in a naked promise I do not mean a bare assent that God is faithful, and that such a promise in the Book of God may be fulfilled to me : but a bold, hearty, steady venturing of soul, body and spirit, upon the truth of the promise with an appropriating act, ‘ It is mine, because I am a sinner, and I am determined to believe come what will.’

“ Here you must shut the eye of carnal reason and stop the ear of the mind to the reasoning of the serpent, which were you to listen to him would be endless, and would soon draw you out of the simple way of faith, by which we are both justified and sanctified. You must also remember that it is your privilege to go to Christ by such a faith *now* and *every succeeding moment* ; and that you are to bring nothing but a careless, distracted, tossed heart, just such a one as

you have now. Here lies the grand mistake of many poor, miserable, but precious souls. They are afraid to believe, lest it should be presumption; because they have not yet comfort, joy, love, etc.; not considering that this is to look for fruit before the tree is planted. \* \* \* \* \* Beware then, of looking for any grace previous to your believing; and let this be uppermost in your mind \* \* \* \* \* *Believe* till you are drawn above yourself and earth; till your flaming soul mounts and loses itself in the Sun of Righteousness. \* \* \* \* \* A passage I have found much relief from when my soul has been in the state you describe, is Rom. vi. 11, '*Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.*' This reckoning by faith, I find, is not reckoning without one's host, but Christ is always ready to set his hand to the bill which faith draws."

"Be it I myself deceive,  
Yet I *must*, I *must* believe."

In all my discourses upon this theme I feel perfectly safe in conforming my language and sentiments to the method of interpretation adopted by these eminent men. And you cannot but perceive how all this harmonizes with that promise of our Lord: "*Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have.*" Mark xi. 24.

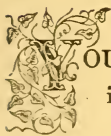


## CHAPTER XIII.

SANCTIFICATION ENTIRE.—WHY WITHHELD.

YORK, August 30, 1845.

To ——



YOU will find a reply to your inquiries in the following extract from my Journal:—

*York, Aug. 30th.*—Last night I preached upon entire sanctification. What a rich theme is Acts xv. 9; “*And put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith.*” *Proposition—Reasons why some earnest and sincere seekers of heart-purity do not obtain it. Sincere seekers of it; persons who have considered well those striking commands of our Lord, in Mark ix. 43, 48, “If thine hand offend thee cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And if thine eye*

*offend thee pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*" An awful decision! An awakening intimation! A terrible argument! and it was felt by the insincere. It is not possible to repeat such a passage slowly, clearly, and with proper emphasis, without producing a solemn effect.

Those sentiments of an old divine, though quaint, did not lessen the effect. "Better see thyself in Heaven with one eye, than see thyself in hell with both. Better hop into life with one leg, than run into eternal death upon both. Better without a right hand, to be set with the sheep at God's right hand, than having a right hand to be set at God's left hand, and after, with both hands bound to be cast into hell-fire." Any sinful object or attachment, I suppose, dear and necessary to us as a foot or hand, or eye, must be severed from us if we are to escape hell and enter Heaven.

Having proved that sincere seekers after purity may do all this, yet may remain unpurified, I then gave the reasons in this and that particular case; such as, 1st., Some do not seek it distinctly;—that is, as a distinct blessing. They plead for it as a deeper work of grace; something to make them feel happier, more religious comfort, etc., etc. And so indistinctness and confusion attend upon their every effort; and thus onward throughout all their after experience, whatever blessings from above they may receive; and so also in all their future relations of their experience, all is indistinctness and uncertainty. They did not set their heart on the very thing itself—purity of heart, and perfect love. They prayed and expected and received according to the maxim

of old Hesiod the poet, "*The half is better than the whole;*" and so it was unto them, and thus characterizes their whole experience as they proceed. God thinks just the contrary of Hesiod's maxim, and treats them accordingly, but often with repulsion, so that they hardly attain to the half of what they seek. Thus it goes on with such, until by a far deeper conviction of their want of conformity to God, they are led to cry earnestly for all that Christ purchased for them on Calvary. Again:

2. Others do not seek it distinctly by faith. Then convictions may be distinct enough, and deep enough; but without any very distinct notions of what that faith is which purifies the heart. Thus all their efforts are like one who is beating the air; or, as Flavel remarks, "are but as so many arrows shot at random into the air; they signify nothing for want of a fixed and determinate object." Just so! Such an object, or mark for their faith, as Mark xi. 24, "*Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.*" Thus, they cry, "*Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.*" And then wonder why that is not bestowed which is so in harmony with the will of God. Why should it, and they all the while refusing to exercise the faith by which it is to be given? They refuse to believe that they do receive, until they feel that they have received. Thus they break with Christ in that capital promise in His Gospel, and so Christ breaks with them, and they still remain severed from the blessing. They set aside Christ's condition, "*Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have;*" and then Christ sets aside their petition. Thus matters go on

till they cease seeking the blessing altogether ; or, until they are better instructed.

Again: 3. Others do not understand the nature and importance of faith. There was a very good influence while I spoke upon the story of the young house-wife, who, in her first effort at making bread, omitted to put in the leaven, because she understood not its nature and importance. Consequently her wonderment and consternation on taking the bread out of the oven, to find it so heavy and hard. But an older house-keeper coming in, set her right, and pacified her towards the miller and flour-dealer, by instructing her in the nature and importance of leaven in bread-making ! The application was thoroughly understood and felt.

Well, when they got upon their knees to pray for purity of heart, they did not forget the leaven of faith. The results were instantaneous and amazing. A great company believed and were saved. Bless the Lord, O my soul !

## CHAPTER XIV.

### GAINING STRENGTH.

*Saturday Afternoon, August 30.*



OUT for a ramble,—gaining strength and elasticity of mind and body. How can it otherwise be, surrounded with

“The earth’s bright verdure, and the heaven’s soft blue.”

And the deep contentment of nature, vocal with the songs of happy-hearted birds, and blythe humming bees; and go where one would, “alighting on flowers,” and carelessly flitting butterflies, and the hum of every living thing that loves the sun, and has the talent to express its satisfaction. Aye, and better than all, within one’s breast a peaceful conscience, and overhead a smiling heaven, high as the throne of the eternal! What a blessing is existence with such accompaniments! What an Eden of love and happiness does it fling around one!

“O what a glory does the world put on  
For him, that with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, that looks  
On duties well-performed, and days well-spent!”

Well, I wandered on along the quiet Ouse,—silent and gentle river! as I often exclaim, “deep as love,” silent, but living and moving onward, making itself to be felt, like the Christian’s peace, by dipping flowers and overhanging shrubs. Had it but the clearness to show “the gems beneath the tides,” as the poet speaks, if such are there; and if it did but “reflect heaven” upon a wider breast, it might more resemble his pretty comparison of

“The scenery, in its flow, to be  
Like candor, peace, and piety.”

Oh! sentimentalism! But I am good for little else to-day. That thought of one is worth remembering, that Jesus is the soul’s Sabbath; and the soul’s ocean of blessedness besides; to which all its motions tend, as the river which rests not till it gains the sea, which is its great central attraction!

*Saturday Night.*—Much better. The fresh air and its accompaniments have done me good. Be not forgetful of all these benefits, O my soul! The manna and the rod were both laid up in the Ark of the Covenant. Heb. ix. 4. So in the ark of my grateful memory; but more of the manna than the rod, much more. Scores of sinners saved this week, and forty-five trophies of entire sanctification.

*Monday Morning, September 1st.*—Hail September! Adieu August! A blessed month hast thou been to multitudes in this city. France had once a king who was called Augustus, and for no other reason than he was born in the month of August. How many heirs to thrones and crowns have been “born again” in York, during the by-gone noble month of August!



Weeping again among the people. Wet eyes and soft hearts. The wells remain open ; the crystal tears flowing. The Philistines have not been able to fill these walls with earth, and so they continue flowing. A fountain playing in the midst of a garden, by the banks of a living stream, as at Chatsworth yonder, is a pleasant sight. But to behold the tear-fountains playing, at the touch of truth, in the garden of the church, where the living waters are flowing, pleasanter still to Christ, to angels, to my soul, to all who love you. Hallelujah. Many saved.

Hudson, "The Railway King," as he is called, had a grand reception in this city the other day ; a triumphal entry like that given to a Roman hero, in days of old. All York was in commotion, and multitudes from afar. Heaven, and hell, and eternity, and all the grandeur and importance of this great work of God seemed as if given to the winds, amidst firing of cannon and ringing of bells, and shoutings of the masses :

"And dissipation's altars blaze,  
And men run mad a thousand ways."

The Italians of old used to ring their bells and fire their guns during a thunder-storm, and do so yet, perhaps, to drown the noise of the thunder, and charm away the flying bolts, that people might not be terrified by them.

This revival has sounded like a great thunder in the ears of these York sinners ; and now they seemed as if thinking, "Let us see whether these joy bells, and hurrahs, and roar of artillery, and scenes of merriment, and dissipation shall not drown the noise of this revival from the ears of our

troubled consciences." Aye! we shall see! I thought! They cannot afford to keep this stir up long. These bells, and cannon, and hurrahs, and merriment, and dissipation are but for a day. The thunder-storm of this revival has lasted months, and may for long to come. I must own to fears, however, that for awhile the effect of these things might go nigh to swamp the revival, knowing how well they are adapted to grieve the Holy Spirit, harden hearts, and deafen, blind, and sear the conscience.

But Jesus reigns! Yesterday he set all "to rights again," as one expressed it. The truth of God lightened and thundered grandly, gloriously, and effectually as ever. Truth, like thunder, grows not hoarse, nor weak-voiced, nor "crackt," by the lapses of ages. It vindicates its full claim to sublimity and terror, "sounding as if ten thousand brazen chariots were rolling at one and the same moment, along the floor of heaven," speaking to the understanding and conscience, and fears of men :

" Telling in accents thunder given,  
The majesty of God !"

TRUTH, like the *Lightning*, is still "*the forked weapon of the sky*,"—which can scathe, and strike, and shatter into fragments now, as it did three thousand years or more, when God, as the Psalmist says, gave up the flocks of the Egyptians, "*to hot thunderbolts?*"—speaking to the fears of the yet unstricken, that their hour is coming!

TRUTH, like the *Tempest*, grows not old nor feeble, but can wrestle with the stoutest sinner, and *floor him*, as the tempest wrestles with the giant oak, and with the

might of a tornado, uproots easily as a thousand years ago, when,

“The battle-cry of warring winds, like  
Armies meet on high !”

The power of God was in my soul, and in the souls of my helpers. Words of fire were given to all of us; they went forth like balls of fire, quick, and struck here and there like shocks of lightning! O, but the breezes of heaven did stir our souls! and they increased to a tempest; and the people were moved as the trees of the wood. Hallelujah! “*The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!*” Another name for our Almighty Jesus! mighty to save sinners, and His people from their sins!

But, O my Lord! these efforts shake this poor mortal frame. Let me expect a failing of this strength, as I advance in life; so that I may not be utterly cast down, when I discover *I am not what I was,—when heart and strength faileth.* Psalms lxxi. 9. But O, my gracious Lord, let me not backslide from this thy power in my soul and ministry. Amen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, it turns out, that the Spirit of God, as a “still small voice,” was present with many a sinner during all the late scenes of revelry in the Hudson triumph.

But yesterday, and last night, *the same Spirit* was present, also, amid all the wild war of truth, and its terrific and sinner-awaking elements. It was with sinners, as with Elijah, during the Horeb storm. “*The still small voice,*” had more power to melt, to move, to control, than the mountain-rending, rock-breaking, earth-heaving, and all-devouring wind,

and earthquake, and fire. 1 Kings xix. 11, 12, 13, 14. When all come together upon a congregation of sinners and believers, the effect is tremendous. We had about forty saved at the close of the prayer meeting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, Hudson has had his triumph, and I have had mine;—for the triumphs of Jesus are my triumphs! “Where are your jewels and your ornaments,” said a lady to the wife of a great general, in ancient times, to whom she was showing her wardrobe. The noble wife replied: “The victories of my husband are my jewels and my ornaments!” The victories of my Lord Jesus Christ are *my* jewels and ornaments! Hallelujah!

Yes! Hudson has had his triumphal entry into the old city of York, and Jesus has given me mine into the spiritual Jerusalem, riding on the back of humility!

My Lord had one triumph allowed him while the guest of earth; and into an ancient capital also! But he chose to perform it on the back of an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass! What an implied contempt was that upon all notions of worldly pomp and triumph!

Praise God, O my soul! The honor that comes from above is enduring. That from beneath is transitory; it has been compared to the bubble that glitters in all the colors of the rainbow; but presently it bursts, even as we view it, and is seen no more! It has been compared, also, to the gourd, which extended its cooling shade over the head of a Jonah against the scorching heat, but ere the next day’s sun had arisen, it had withered away, and left unhappy Jonah fainting and wishing to die, and telling God to his face, “I

*do well to be angry, even unto death.*" Worldly glory has also been compared to the flower that blooms and breathes in the air of morning, but ere twilight disputes the approach of night, its beauty and fragrance are gone !

And it has been compared to the splendid hues which bedeck the insects wing, as it flutters in the sunbeam, which are easily brushed off, and which disappear upon the withdrawal of the uncertain beam. But what Lord Bacon said of piety, virtue, and honesty, may be said of the honor and happiness of bringing sinners to God : it is the sweetest life, the most enduring of all honor, it accompanies the faithful servant of God through life, nor quits him when he dies !

## CHAPTER XV.

### ANONYMOUS AND ANNOYING LETTERS.

*Tuesday Morning, September 2.*



SATAN would try the metal of my armor, and the nature of my glory ; whether it is the real Christian armor of sixth of Ephesians, or defective ; and whether it is the glory of which St. Paul speaks, “ *God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.* ”—Aye, or whether it is glorying in men, or success, or self!

Anonymous letters ; Satan sends his messages by this mail, and letters from quarters unexpected, where Satan shows his hand in the real signature. A poet says, letters were invented to aid the wretched. Alas ! but for the grace of Christ some letters would make one wretched, or give one the frets!

What a thing is policy, in Church as well as State. Policy ! Expediency ! How much of these originate the striking and mysterious phenomena, corruscating so fre-



quently over the Church of God from her human authorities. Nor would some men ever rise in either Church or State without discounting largely to policy or expediency; and that too without the least ill-will towards the subject standing in their way. To be aware of this so as to make allowance for the lee-way made by persons that would be otherwise friends gives charity freer air and love larger elbow-room! *Sic vita!* aye! indeed, such is life!—"such the stuff the world is made of;"—even good men, so would charity say, beyond the hills yonder, who see not and will not see the amazing manifestation of God's power, as here; acting as if they would prefer to see thousands constantly exposed to the damnation of hell, rather than see the same power manifested there. Great God! what a creature is man! The old poet might well exclaim!—

"Lord, what a nothing is this little span,  
Which we call man!

When not himself he's mad, when most himself, he's worse!"

Another remark of one created a smile, solemn, if not sorrowful as was my heart, that it was not till the crab had bitten the heel of Hercules that the crab was placed among the constellations; and, besides, that I should always be aware of one fact, that the motion of sea-crabs, ever after that event, have been singularly contrary!—as if pretending to go in one direction, while you perceive they are going directly in another; that it is the claws that deceive one so; the heart of the crab is set to its point, and it clenches its prey before it is aware! Aye! aye! I exclaim, give over, for my heart is not in the laughing mood! Besides, there is

tartness in the figure ; and that is not the sweetness of the humble, gentle, patient, lamb-like mind that was in Christ, my Lord. "Yes ; but can you forget that Jesus looked around, being grieved for the hardness of their heart." Aye ! true ; but I am but a poor sinner saved by grace, and fallible, and this "being grieved" might go too far, and leave me bereaved of my unction, and that would be a calamity to me and to others. Ah, no—

"Be mine the will that conquers pain,  
The heart of rock, the nerves of steel."

Nay, nay ! Mr. German poet ! That is altogether too stoical for me ! it is going to the other extreme. Grace does not petrify the feelings thus. And if it did it would not so exalt the soul, I think, as it does to feel, look unto Jesus and forgive. Did not Jesus suffer and learn obedience from the things that He suffered ? Heb. v. 8. And does not St. Paul hint that we must be partakers of His sufferings, if we would be partakers of His consolation ? 2 Cor. i. 7. We are to feel the one as sensibly as the other, I suppose. Pagan stoicism, and Christian fortitude and patience greatly differ.

Take heart, my soul ! Beware of tartness and severity. These, no more than wrath work the righteousness of God, nor thy good. Think of that lesson in old Herbert, which once was of service to thee :

"Fix thy behavior low ; thy projects high ;  
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.  
Sink not in spirit, who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much, than he who means a tree.

A grain of glory mixed with humbleness,  
Cures both a fever and letharginess.

\* \* \* \* \*

Calmness is an advantage. He that lets  
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire."

That was a good idea of one, centuries ago, that the fire in the flint lies there warm and contented alone, but it requires a knock to make it shine out visibly. Well, well, that is true; and, if so be it is Gospel fire, then the more knocks the better, perhaps. But, if "strange fire," angry fire, his application and knocks are to be deprecated. John the Baptist both shined and burned, John v. 35, but he was no volcano!

This last knock may be only one of Satan's compliments. I must not return the knock against his instrument, "Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue," but redouble my knocks against the devil and all his works. Amen! I must not lose my unction, or I shall be knocking with straws against all the power of the enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Walked out along the banks of the Ouse, overshadowed with pine trees, a sweet retreat; but a loneliness upon my spirits. Went from thought to thought like that bee the other day from flower to flower, as if disappointed of honey; but it was not discouraged but resolved to "try again." At length it found a flower-cup well stored with nectar. There it revelled in sweets and winged away at length to the hive, evidently laden, legs and thighs, if not wings, with the precious material wanted in the hive. Well, it was thus with me until I alighted on a sweet thought which was like

a honey-flower. Till then sadness sat heavy upon me, as Saul's armor upon David. O, give me my sling and my stone, and a glad heart and free. Dejection's sackcloth is an unbecoming livery for the court of Heaven. I tried to put it off; hard to get quit of it, as the beggar to rid himself of his rags, until something better falls in his way. The Dutch poet speaks well, where he says:

"Sorrow is dreary,  
Sorrow and gloom outweary the weary!"

But "there I was met by one, who Himself had been wounded by the archers." And with that gentle force, of which the poet speaks, He solicited the darts, and healed, and bade me live! Thence wandering onward, indulging in many thoughts of men and things, and in the sweet companionship of Jesus, the sinner's friend and mine, my soul, like the bee, found the best flower in all the garden of the Lord—"The Rose of Sharon!" Beautiful and truly fragrant and lovely; a honey-flower, indeed, to my wearied spirit and tired heart!

O but there are many pleasant things in this world, and sweet and beautiful things, delicious things, and things melodious; this for the eyes, that for the ears, and the other for the taste and the nerves. But Jesus is the most pleasant, sweet, beautiful, delicious, melodious, to my soul, of all else beneath the sun! To my hungry soul He is manna; and rest to my weary spirit. His dear name is surely music to my ear, is honey to my mouth, and a festival to my heart. He is my all and all; the life of my soul, as the soul is the life of my body. He is my soul's paradise. And yet, for all

this, my soul is in the lowest valley of humiliation. My path to Heaven runs much of the way through this valley. It is well. It is the safest for me; and so sheltered. The heights are dangerous, and windy. Those who live much up there,

“Feel those tempests which fly over *ditches!*”

I feel better. Such visitation from above, leave a *sweet tincture of holiness* in the heart, and fortify it against future assaults. It is thus one is enabled to view men calmly and rightly; and with a forgiving, loving heart to think with him who said,—

“The best of men, turn but thy hand  
For one poor minute, *stumble at a pin!*”

*Wednesday Morning, Sept. 3d.*—The word of the Lord was as a flame last night, and the people stubble. Surely the word is still, as of old, fire, and as a *hammer to break the rocks in pieces!* Jeremiah xxiii. 29.

Attended a Sabbath-school tea-meeting, and gave a short address. That idea, “Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child,” says Solomon: yet is it not equally true that the stamina of his nature is there also? Education develops and controls it. But it must be a thoroughly religious education, that which converts the soul, else that stamina, like Judas, may become as the nature of a very devil. There must be the education of the heart, as well as of the head. Wellington contended for both,—the union of religious instruction and intellectual attainments. “If you do not teach them religion, as well as science, you will only educate so many devils,” was one of his observations. “Give children a Bible, and a calling, and God be with them,” said a good man. Amen.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE REVIVAL IN YORK—NOTICED.



THE work advanced with great power in York during the months of *July* and *August*. A correspondent of one of the London papers observed:—

“THE REV. J. CAUGHEY IN YORK.—The blessed revival of religion which has been spreading here for several weeks past, has excited almost universal interest and attention; and I believe it has not yet, by far, reached its climax. It is one of the most lovely sights imaginable, after rising at an early hour on the sacred Sabbath morning, to take a tour upon the public roads leading to this ancient city, and behold innumerable crowds of villagers, from a distance of ten or twenty miles, either in vehicles of various descriptions, from the massive wagon to the genteel phaeton, or upon foot, all actuated by the laudable purpose of being present, at an early hour, in the Sanctuary of the Most High, to listen to the preaching of the everlasting gospel of the blessed God, and to behold the soul-inspiring, heaven-enrapturing displays of the Divine mercy and power, in the salvation of immortal



souls, as is witnessed, from day to day, and Sabbath after Sabbath, in the Centenary Chapel, which is excessively filled with attentive and sincere worshipers. And it is the fervent prayer of the Church militant, and, we believe, the all-absorbing desire of the Church triumphant, that this glorious work should spread wide as the world, and penetrate deep as sin, so that every human being should be brought under its all-subduing and saving influence; that our sin-stricken earth may again be converted into a paradise, where nothing shall be heard but the sounds of blessing and praise to the Triune God for ever and ever. Amen."

## CHAPTER XVII.

“LIFE FROM THE DEAD.”

*September 4th.*



HAT “Law Sermon,” of which I wrote you a long dreary account, seemed to have killed everything dead. But it was death before life; the bitter before the sweet; the worst before the best. That is God’s order! but Satan’s order is just the contrary, as I remarked at that time. For, you may remember, although my faith was sorely tried, it was not dead; stirring proofs thereof in after works!

It is thus our gracious God delights agreeably to disappoint the fears of His people. “*I was alive without the law, once,*” says Paul, “*but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.*” But he revived again under “*the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.*” And who was more full of life and peace and joy than that same Paul, when fully possessed of the Gospel salvation!

It was so with these York sinners, in a manner I never saw before. The Law of God knocked them down, like so

many oxen under the blow of the butcher. The law, with regard to some, was a thorough exorcist! It said to the "Antinomian devil," as Jesus to the unclean spirit of old, Mark ix. 25, 26, "*Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him; and the spirit cried and rent him sore, and came out of him: and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said He is dead.*" How mysterious such possessions! But such mysteries in diabolical power, in one form or other, have not ceased.

But Jesus reigns, head of the church, He even makes good His promise to His ministers, "*Lo I am with you, even unto the end of the world.*" And so also there is a fulfillment of that promise, "*Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst.*" Thus, as He took the rescued and apparently dead demoniac by the hand, and raised him up a living man, so did He to many a prostrate sinner, the last few weeks.

It sometimes happens in a seaport, that vessels are wind-bound, and a great gathering of them linger in port. Now and then, after Herculean toil, one gets out to sea; but the rest wait for a fair wind, and the serving of the tide. At length the wind "chops round" fair, and the tide serves. Then what a bustle, as one ship after another is warped out, till the bay is full of them; each unfurling and spreading all sail to the wind, and off to the land beyond the seas.

Well, we were "wind-bound" for a little after that law sermon, and many a poor sinner, with ourselves, had a hard time of it. But, at length the spiritual wind chopped round from Sinai, and blew from Calvary! That is the "true trade-wind" for the heavenly port; and the spring-tide of

salvation set in at the same time, and then there was a cry in the ships! Isaiah xliii. 14. And shouts of glory! Score after score were warped out of the dry docks, and spreading the sails of their affections to the heavenly gale, with songs of praise and shouts of joy, they sailed off for the land of light and glory! The wind still blows from Calvary; and there is a "stiff breeze," as the sailors say; and scores and scores are "clearing" constantly for the port of Heaven!

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Matters wear a different aspect now than when I wrote you an account of "the law occasion!" The Psalmist speaks of the all-creating spirit of God, and of the renewing of the face of the earth in the spring. Psalms civ. 30. By that same spirit he has renewed the face of the moral world around us here. Vast numbers who went away that night, condemned to death, and inclined to appeal, as the citizen of old, from the decision of Philip of Macedon, thought better of the matter, and resolved to appeal to "the throne of Grace," instead of the throne of Justice. Cries for mercy ascended soon, and not in vain. Their trembling consciences could not stand before the flying fiery serpents of the law. But they looked unto Jesus, and their guilt could not stand before the efficacy of the blood of Christ. So sure as hundreds of the serpent-bitten Israelites were healed by looking at the brazen serpent erected by Moses in the wilderness; so sure have hundreds of the sin-bitten and law-bitten sinners of York been healed by looking unto Jesus!

Adam violated the law of Eden, partook of the forbidden fruit, and felt the sickness unto death. Eden had flowers, and plants, and herbs in great abundance; but to

what purpose? Not one of them all possessed the rare virtue to cure that disease. Where snakes abound, the snake-plant abounds also, it is said, which neutralizes or expels the poison from a snake-bite. But, alas! there grew not in all Eden, an herb or plant that could neutralize the poison of the old serpent, which is "*the devil and Satan.*" Rev. xii. 9. It is in the Gospel garden alone, where grows the famous "*plant of renown,*" as Ezekiel names it; to which our poor serpent-bitten race might run and eat, and live for ever. To this, multitudes here have had recourse. They approached, all paleness, sickness, and death; they went away all health, life, and joy! The law-wounds and law-sickness made Jesus desirable and precious. How little good results from offering him to unawakened and unwounded sinners. It seems only, as it were, to increase their guilt, without their feeling it. But when sinners are prepared to appreciate him, that is, when the law of God has stricken them through and through, with a sense of guilt, then is Jesus precious indeed! Then is He pardon to the guilty; medicine for the sick; water for the thirsty; wine for the desponding; bread for the hungry; a port for the storm-tossed; a shelter for the ship-wrecked, whom the waves of distress have dashed upon the shores of desolation. He is clothing for the naked, restoring salve to the blind, life for the dead, and rest for the wearied in spirit. Thus has He been to the ghastly squadrons of distress and despair, as we have witnessed here from night to night.

The disconsolate have found in Him a balm for every woe and wound. The poor sinner, whom the law has entirely bankrupted, holding Him still by the throat, saying,

“*Pay what thou owest,*” and he in his agony replying, “Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.” Poor fellow! he might as well have attempted to pay the national debt of England! But when he looked for nothing but to be carried away into the prison of Hell, he found in Jesus a bailman, and an introduction to a bank of grace, which redeemed and cleared him at once, from all his liabilities. And how he did shout then!

The hitherto unhappy and miserable are telling to all around how that they find Jesus *a sweet without a bitter*; “a whole ocean of sweetness,” said one, “without a drop of gall.” “An unchangeable friend,” says another. “A rose without a thorn,” adds a third. “A lily without a nettle,” says a fourth, “and all the more fragrant, the opinion of Pliny to the contrary notwithstanding: for he affirmed that the lily was all the more fragrant for growing beside the nettle; but the Rose of Sharon needs no nettle to render it fragrant to my soul.” It is well for these now, that nettles of discomfort do not spring around their path. They will spring up by and by, and soon enough.

But I do love to hear those new converts talk of Jesus. O, it would do your heart good! I was reminded of them in my morning lesson to-day, in private, Luke vii. 47, “*Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.*” She had just washed the feet of Jesus with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, and kissed his feet, and sprinkled them with precious balm, till all the room was filled with the fragrance. As to Simon, the Pharisee, who noticed the busy sinner, he could neither understand her, nor why Jesus



allowed such an one to touch him. But Jesus understood her, first made his own apology, and then hers, and to the amaze of Simon and other guests, said to the weeping being at his feet, "*Thy sins are forgiven; thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace.*" O, how much of this is going on among us here!

This is the time to learn the value and glory of the Gospel; the healing, saving efficacy of that Name that is above every name. Our "fighting men" have realized more than ever, that Jesus is a panoply of strength. My own soul has found him to be like "*the tower of David, whereon their hung a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men,*" Cant. iv. 4; all glorious defences against all the power of the enemy, when battling for souls. He is my high tower, my love, my life, my all in all. But he is no respecter of persons; for he is the same to the needy multitude who crowd the temple of our God.

Our excellent secretary has furnished me with the following table, showing the progress of the work up to August 3:

	Justified from the World.	Justified from Wes- leyan and other Churches.	Sanctified.	Total.
From June 15 to 22.,.....	32	46	50	128
" " 22 to 29.,.....	46	48	75	169
" " 29 to July 6, ..	60	55	89	204
" July 6 to 13,.....	48	25	56	129
" " 13 to 20,.....	41	24	53	118
" " 20 to 27,.....	47	20	53	120
" " 27 to August 3,	43	8	43	94
	317	226	419	962

This table ends near the time of "the Law Sermon," when heavier artillery had to be brought to play upon the ungodly. The secretary reports that since then, up to the 4th instant (September), there have been three hundred and sixteen persons converted from the world; ninety nine members of Wesleyan and other churches converted, and one hundred and sixty-seven persons sanctified; making a total for the month of five hundred and eighty-two. Unite these with the table already given, and you will perceive that we have had six hundred and thirty-three converted from the world, and three hundred and twenty-five converted from Wesleyan and other churches, and five hundred and eighty-six sanctified; making a total of the justified and sanctified of fifteen hundred and forty-four, or thereabouts, since the middle of last June! To God alone, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all the glory. Amen.

The above is a great work for so short a period. But, still, how far short of the three thousand souls converted in one day, under one sermon of Peter, standing in one of the streets of Jerusalem! We are yet far from such a Pentecostal success; the remembrance of which should and does humble us. But blessed be God, we are expecting a larger effusion of the Holy Ghost.

In the meantime, no pains are being spared in ascertaining the state of grace in which the above persons continue to stand; the reality of the work of God in their souls, so far as man can judge. Their names and places of residence have been carefully registered, and reported weekly to the Leader's Meeting, over which the superintendent minister presides, accompanied by his worthy colleagues. There the

list is examined, and action taken, as to the best means of looking after these late accessions to the classes. They set out, from the first, to mark closely this work of God; its nature, and extent, and reality; and to use all possible endeavors to secure to the church a permanent benefit, with a single eye to the glory of its Head. Thus, as an old writer says, "They that mark *particular providences*, shall always have *particular providences to mark*;" so it is with these excellent brethren. They have marked, with grateful and adoring hearts, this work of the Holy Spirit, and He on His part, is giving them glorious things to mark, surely!

Each leader, in city and country, is furnished weekly with a list of persons appointed to his class from the world, and members of his class, who have been justified, reclaimed from a backsliden state, or sanctified; at the top of which list is the following note:

"DEAR BROTHER:—We have much pleasure in handing to you (as annexed) the names of parties to whom our special services have been rendered a blessing, and who intend to place themselves, or are already, under your care as leader. We affectionately commend them to your prayerful attention, and shall be glad if you will return an answer to us, in writing, to the accompanying questions. We remain, dear brother, yours most truly.

*Signed by the secretaries who keep the register.*

"Questions:

"*Do these persons retain the blessings they have obtained?*

"*Have those met with you that promised to do so?"*

This note, with the list of names thereon, is usually

returned to the secretaries, with "yes" or "no" appended to each name, in accordance with the above questions and facts of character. These return notes are transferred to the Leader's Meeting, and considered.

This, you will perceive, requires much labor and painstaking. But it is just for the want of some such regular system as this which causes such losses to the Church after some great revivals. The new converts are not properly cared for and looked after, and so many fall away.

It is only when leaders conscientiously do their duty, feeling their responsibility and the value of souls, that they are thus willing to devote themselves thoroughly to such a service. But if otherwise, the Church of God is betrayed, and the revival exposed to unmerited disgrace.

Some of the answers to these notes are deeply interesting. A leader, acquainted with the character of this and that person on his list, gives a little sketch of the remarkable facts in their cases. Instance the following, a few days since, with a few verbal alterations :

"The case of Mr. P. is extraordinary indeed. Until lately he has been a great sinner. Hearing of the great work in York he proposed to me to go into the city with him to see what it was all about. 'Friday,' said he, 'Friday; let's go on Friday.' I told him that night would suit me, as the sermon would be on sanctification; but that some other night in the week would give him a better chance to judge of matters. Another night was fixed upon, and accordingly we went. On our way I conversed a little with him, in which I told him it was but lately I had found peace with God, through faith in Christ. It was evident to me that the Spirit of God was

predisposing his mind, though Satan also was busy. However, I could learn nothing satisfactory. But my cry went up to God for him, but in heaviness, seeing the case was a hard one.

“We went to the Centenary Chapel, and heard Mr. Caughey on Gen. vi. 3: ‘*And the Lord said, my Spirit shall not always strive with man.*’ As the sermon progressed, Mr. P. sighed deeply, ‘Then I am undone.’ After a little he sighed again, and muttered, ‘I have quenched the Spirit, I am undone;—there is no mercy for me—my damnation is sure.’ He groaned deeply, and with a hard heart, as he afterwards told me.

“Mr. C. cried out suddenly, and with a loud voice, ‘Sudden destruction, O sinner! Look out for that, if thou hast sinned away thy day of grace!—a certain fearful-looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour thee as an adversary of the Lord’s Christ;—sudden death is apt to follow this sort of quenching the Spirit; the one calamity quickly follows the other.’ This came like a thunderbolt to Mr. P., and he exclaimed to himself, ‘*I am afraid to go home. What is to become of me?*’ But the voice of the preacher changed in its tones into tender expostulations. ‘There sits one among this multitude who begins to fear God. He fears also he has incurred the double calamity;—that he has quenched the Spirit,—provoked him to cease striving, and to give him over;—and that the death-stroke hovers over his guilty and forfeited life. The man thinks that the Spirit of God has forsaken him, taken His everlasting flight; that he is a lost man. It is not so. The Holy Spirit is still with that man, wrestling with his thoughts, his hopes, his fears, his



depravities. He is now piling death-sentences on his heart, and rousing his conscience once more to send the alarm in trumpet-tones through his spirit. Why all this, if there is no mercy? It proves the contrary. Hear me, O thou miserable soul, it is the Holy Spirit of God that would lead thee to Christ, if thou wilt only permit.' Hope sprang up in his mind, dashed with fear and despair.

"The sermon closed. Mr. P. fell down upon his knees in the pew. I urged and re-urged he should go forward for prayer. 'No,' was his stern reply, 'I am hardened, there is no use.' But his sobs and sighs told of a fearful struggle going on within. Satan appeared to be holding him with a strong hand. 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you,' I said. 'Come! stretch out the withered hand! Jesus is near you to help. Arise and come away.' He sobbed out, 'With His help I will,' and in a moment or two he was prostrated among the mourners, and not in vain, for he found mercy.

"On our way home he ripped open his past life. And what a life! And yet, through his career of wickedness, and while the very pest of his neighborhood, the Spirit of God had been striving with him; he, all the while taking deeper plunges in sin to get rid of it.

"He believes the last call from Heaven reached him through Mr. C. All is well now. His fine farm of one hundred and fifty acres is smiling under the culture of a child of God. His wife, an heir of Heaven also, says, "*All things have become new,*" in their now happy abode. His seven children have now the example of a praying father. He trembles in view of the possibility of falling away. Tell Mr.



Caughey we intend to call upon him, when Mr. P. will tell him all his mind. Yours truly,  
C. H."


Blessed be God! "*Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire.*" I remember that night very well. Many thought the discourse "a wild, irregular, incoherent, disorderly affair; without taste, system, or grace." Yes! but it was full of the arrows of the Almighty, which penetrated as the lightnings of the storm. It is with such pulpit-storms as with decided storms in the natural world: Providence does not seem careful at all to please people's tastes and habits; down it comes, like it or dislike it, as you please, but down it comes and we must bear it were it as bad as one once muttered: "Since I was man, such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, such groans of roaring winds and rain I never remember to have heard." Aye! and though thousands muttered and protested, still down came the storm, howling, raging and careering onward in the fulfillment of the dread mission of Him by whom it was commissioned and sent forth on its errand of mercy or of judgment.

Men bear such storms with considerable patience and fortitude. They bow before that great and invisible and dreadful Being, who sits enthroned behind these terrible elements, giving them all their power. God is often equally present in the pulpit-storm when the elements are truth, and terrible as truth can make them! But man is seen; and the carnal mind takes up arms against the annoyance. Many do not, will not understand the Divine economy in the administrations of the Spirit.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PROGRESS OF THE REVIVAL IN YORK.

*September 5th.*

HE wind still blows from Cavalry. The effects are seen all around us. Scores and scores more, "clearing" from the shores of sin, for the port of Heaven. The work advances in majesty and power. "The heavens are big with rain." Clouds of mercy overspread the city. Truth, like streaming lightning and rolling thunder, fills all the spiritual sky. The teeming shower descends. The fires and thunders of Sinai, and sounds of trumpets, and unearthly voices of tenor and of law, have rendered this Gospel phenomena, doubly sweet and agreeable. Hallelujah. This is the day of salvation! This is the acceptable time. The people seem to know the time of their visitation. But many do not; yet it is the time of their visitation; even for the present generation of sinners in this city. These days of Gospel power, one calls "*The golden spots of time.*" Aye! and as one piece of gold contains many pieces of silver, when "changed," so these golden spots, these rich seasons of grace, comprise many rich and choice blessings, when

“cashed,” or “changed” (to use a commercial term), by an ever-wakeful Providence.

Sinners “stand much in their own light,” for both worlds, when careless of their improvement. The neglect of them is often the cause of complicated miseries.

*Saturday Morning.*—Hard fighting in the past; easy preaching now;—instance that occasion in New Street Chapel;—felt I was accomplishing nothing, but left

“To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,  
And prophesy to ears that will not hear,”

and so went at them with the broad axe of truth, until they felt they had need of every drop of blood that fell from the wounds of Jesus on the cross, to cleanse, to close, or to heal their wounded spirits! Now all is so easy, usually, and successions of victories so complete! Have labored this week with great delight and holy joy. This renders the service somewhat angelical. I was enabled to preach the word with a sweet freedom and pleasantness of disposition; which, according to good Herbert, the old poet, is a great key to do good, as it opens the hearts of men the soonest. Instruction, he says, seasoned with pleasantness, enters soonest into the heart, and roots the deeper; adding, that men shun the company of perpetual severity. Very good, Mr. Herbert, and yet, we must not be all sweet-meats and milk and honey with our hearers! Pleasantness, as you remark, is good seasoning; but the principal material must be something more weighty and substantial; must preponderate in quantity. There are seasons when the seasoning is like breaking pleasantries with one under sentence of death. If sinners

are to be awakened, converted and saved, the preaching must be severely searching, and terribly alarming. The Protestant pulpits of England have not a superfluity of such preachers, or preaching. But it must be done by somebody, or sinners will perish. However, he who does this work as he ought will have his reward in an abundance of seals to his ministry, and souls for his hire.

The work of holiness advanced last night in power. That is a glorious text, Acts xv. 9, "*Purifying their hearts by faith.*" It never wears out. The people saw clearly the way of faith, and perhaps about twenty-five received the blessing of full salvation.

The importance of faith, in order to purity, can hardly be overrated. It is like the mainspring of a watch, it sets all a-going, when once the soul is wound up to conviction and decision. When once the justified soul is resolved, by the grace of God, to have the blessing, and the gentlest touch of the Spirit is given, then faith puts the soul in motion, and believing, fills the heart with purity and love.

This believing is in accordance with Mark xi. 24, "*Believe that ye receive and ye shall have;*" and is as necessary to convey the blessing of full salvation to the soul, as the telegraphic wire to convey the electricity that carries the message in an instant from afar; as necessary as the atmosphere that conveys the sunshine to the bosom of the wailing and needy earth; as necessary as the atmosphere to convey sounds to the ear. Who but a fool would expect a message by electricity when the wire is down? or sunshine or sounds independent of the atmosphere? Aye! but there are many such in experimental theology, who expect

purity of heart and perfect love, without the medium of believing !

These simple illustrations are effective mediums in conveying truth to the mind. They simplify the way of faith, and give the sincere soul a quick perception of God's method of purifying the heart ; especially if the preacher is not theorizing, but urging the people to believe now.

People soon see and feel the difference between what is mere theory, and that which is intensely practical, and experimental. Guard against the former, O my soul, and be intensely alive to the importance of the latter. A revival such as this keeps me grandly practical and experimental. So should it be ; so may it ever be. And rather than have it otherwise, better plunge into the solitudes of a forest, and there abide with God, until the soul is energized and inspired by Heaven to have it so, in the face of men and devils. Amen.

*Sept. 8, (Monday.)*—Good success last week ; about seventy-six found mercy, and fifty-eight purity. Yesterday, the glory of our God filled his temple, and thirty were saved. My soul is in good health, and humble ; yet very weak before the Lord, but bold and courageous before sinful men. Nor is this hypocrisy, showing what I do not feel ; for I feel the one state sensibly as the other, each in its season. Weak, humble, low as dust and ashes can be before the Lord, in secret ; strong, bold, daring, feet upon earth, head toward heaven, a lions heart to fly on the prey, in public before the people.

My health is not worse, but better rather. The weather is fine, and the air soft, pure and delicious. My walks on the banks of the Ouse, before breakfast refreshing ; every



thing in sweet repose. That was a pretty remark of one, that light pulls off the veil, draws aside the curtains of the night, and makes every thing appear in fresh colors.

English scenery has a charm peculiar to itself. There is little indeed of the picturesque about York, it is too flat for that, unless when viewed from the tower of the Old Minster. Then, indeed, one sees Cowper's spacious map, but far beyond,

"Of hill and valley interposed between,  
The Ouse dividing the well-watered land,  
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,  
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen."

But there is much rural beauty, all around, and deep quiet. But alas for the poor fish ! I thought, for there goes a fisher, as if he would illustrate Armstrong's picture,—

"Tracing with patient step the fairy banks,  
With the well imitated fly to hook  
The eager trout, and with the slender line  
And yielding rod, solicit to the shore  
The struggling, panting prey, while vernal clouds  
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pools,  
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms."

The net seems less cruel than the hook. It was the nets Jesus ordered to be let down for a draught, and not lines and hooks. Perhaps they had none on board. The process would have been too tedious for a miracle; besides Peter would have been down upon his knees before he had hauled out fifty, with the exclamation, "*Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord,*" Luke v. 8.

However, I suppose it would hardly do to argue against hooks with these Ouse fishermen, as they would remind me,



true enough, that Jesus himself sent Peter a fishing with hook and line, saying, "Go thou to the sea, and cast a *hook*, and take up the *fish* that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a *piece of money*; that take, and give unto them, for *me* and *thee*," Math. xvii. 27. A sore trial that for Peter's faith. I'll venture to say he had many sad unbelieving thoughts on his way to the sea!—such as, "My Master is badly off, when he has to send me on an errand like this, to get a little cash to pay his tribute money and mine! And I am as hard up as himself. Had I kept to my nets, I might have had enough and to spare. It is strange that he who could raise the dead, and put eyes in the head of the blind, and stilled the tempest, and sent a tide of pure blood through the arteries and veins of the leper, cannot call forth silver and gold into the pockets of his disciples. But there are better days a coming, I hope. Money is hard to be come at by everybody, I suppose. And now I am going to the sea to fish,—for what? To catch a fish with money in its mouth. If I catch a fish it is well, but to catch one with money in its mouth, the thing has never been heard of on the shores of the Sea of Tiberius! However, there is no help else, so I shall do as bidden. He is a good servant that does what he is bidden." Arriving at the sea, in went the hook and line. Was his faith tried for a while, till he had as much doubt of catching a fish as he had of taking one with money in its mouth?

But the hook was in the sea; and first a nibble, and then a positive bite, and a jerk; "caught, surely!—a fish at any rate, whatever becomes of the money! Aye! here is the money! All is right, as He said!" I should like to have

seen Peter on his return! I think I see him with an elastic step and a sparkling eye, and with a faith as strong that if Jesus had sent him back, with the same hook and line to fish for a whale, he would have gone without a doubt of success!

How Peter must have chided himself, if he did indulge in the despondency and unbelief I have surmised. Remembering, perhaps, the "*great multitude of fishes*," in that miraculous draught that first introduced him to Jesus!—the prelude to his great commission to go forth and catch men; or the walk he once had with Jesus on the waves. Math. xiv. 28. And how with such recollections he could have doubted finding a fish with money in its mouth! But ah! how often have I yielded to similar unbelief and despondency in soul-saving, and in other of my more private affairs. I wonder what became of that piece of money. It would have been a curiosity, "*That take, and give unto them, for me and for thee.*" The tax-gatherers got it, doubtless, and so it glided into the Roman treasury, and thence back again into the currency of the country. I have never learned that among all the relics of Popery, they have pretended to show this coin. The thing could be done, in their way, did they but think of it.\*

\* It may turn up yet, and become as profitable as "the holy coat," of late years!—J. C.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE TELESCOPE.

YORK, *September 10, 1845.*



HAD the pleasure, a few evenings since, of traversing the sky through a powerful telescope. We stood upon a quiet spot,

“Where Science points her telescopic eye,  
Familiar with the wonders of the sky.”

The heavens were cloudless and beautifully clear. The moon was there with all her “starry nobility” around her, “up and undisturbed in lofty fields of air,”—gazing upon earth intense, “as if” (to use a surmise of Pollock), “she saw some wonder walking there;” some wonder! aye, indeed! that we curious mortals should presume to gaze upon her fair face so inquisitively.

Her stars were all about her, each in its place, as if fast anchored in the deep blue abyss; where depths are heights, and heights are depths; and fondly by her side a little star, the one, may be, of which the great poet speaks:

“A single star is at her side, and reigns  
With her o'er half the lovely heaven.”

Our friend elevated his instrument, as if "to travel up to the sharp peak of her sublimest height, and young astonishment commenting on prodigious things,"—pausing in the field of one, once supposed the remotest in the solar system; to us, certainly, the most beautiful of all her sisters, Saturn; which should have been shown us last of all, for we saw nothing to surpass or equal it in beauty and grandeur. It is a sublime creation, and took some of us by surprise. For, though we had read about its appearance, yet never before having seen it through a telescope, it filled us with amazement; luminous with rings, and striped with belts. O, but one did want to visit that beautiful orb, and examine the nature of those sublime accompaniments, which may be our privilege by and by.

Saturn, if not the remotest planet in our system, is considered, I believe, the slowest of them all in motion. Yet, in the single half hour we viewed him, he traversed more than ten thousand miles of space! carrying along with him seven moons, and those two stupendous rings, and his own body too, larger than our earth by nine hundred times!

What a magnificent object, even at this distance, and seen through an instrument necessarily imperfect. But how much more magnificent, if one viewed it in closer proximity, or in its immediate vicinity; to behold such a globe, so vast, so beautiful, with such grand appendages, and moving with amazing velocity along the bosom of the firmament! How awfully grand must it appear to those superior and happy beings who are permitted up there to contemplate it! Sublimity, grandeur, magnificence, beyond all our imaginings! Well, if we are only good, and live and die holy,

we may have that privilege, and many, many others. We must exchange worlds to know, see and enjoy. Besides, we shall have larger capabilities for appreciation than now.

It is not to the stars only we shall make a nearer approach, but to God himself, to the wisdom and understanding of that great Being who reigns enthroned amidst all this beauty and splendor!

How great a God is ours! That vast globe, with all its mighty appendages is but as a precious gem pendant from His own radiant throne. But what shall we say of those other thousands and thousands of globes which are scattered in such profusion over the fields of immensity! all in like manner, but as the pendulous jewelry of that unrivaled throne!

One would think the poet Gay composed those fine lines after enjoying such a scene as we are contemplating:

“No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes;  
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.  
 Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,  
 We view the traces of the Almighty hand:  
 Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,  
 And with new glories hangs the boundless sphere;  
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,  
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;  
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,  
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.”

But who would suppose that a man who could write thus could have ever been tempted to write his own epitaph—thus:—

“Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
 I thought so once, and now I know it.”

Write it he did, intending it for his grave-stone, and upon the stone it was put. With my own eyes I read it on the slab which perpetuates his memory in "The Poet's Corner," in Westminster Abbey! Ah! he now knows the contrary of that libelous jest upon Nature, and upon Nature's God, and upon the immortal intellect of man, and his own accountability for the deeds done in this life!

The poet speaks of "the silver moon." Alas! for the moon! This telescope is no flatterer! it would make as little of the queen of night as Gay would of life. So far from flattering her majesty, that is making her look better than she is, it makes her look worse, much worse; robs her of more than half her charms, without adding anything to the pleasures of curiosity, caricatures her! transforming her fair and beautiful face into a broad mass of molten lead! O! —and to have so fair a face so scandalized! she, the beautiful queen of my affections, and my traveling companion over many a weary league by land and sea, over mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers, oceans, and nations and continents; the desire of my eyes, cheering me so often in strange lands; her's the only face I knew, looking all the more lovely and soothing, as I hoped friends thousands of miles away were admiring that same serene countenance at the same moment with myself! exciting the wish that she could speak to them from the sky, and tell them, as we exchanged glances, the emotions of my heart and my whereabouts! Do take away your telescope, and let me see if my once fair and beautiful companion is as lovely and tranquil as ever! Yes! as ever! she looks as lovely as ever!



- “ All hail to thee, radiant ruler of night !  
 Shedding round thee thy soft and silvery light ;  
 Now touching the hill-tops, now threading the vale ;  
 Oh, who can behold thee, nor bid thee all hail.
- “ Through the path which thy Maker hath trac'd thee on high,  
 Thou walkest in silence across the vast sky ;  
 Suns and worlds scatter'd round thee, though brilliant they be,  
 Appear but as humble attendants on thee.
- “ Over mountain and valley, o'er ocean and isle,  
 Pour down thy soft splendor, and lavish thy smile ;  
 For thy splendor undazzling, and touchingly sweet ;  
 Is one that ev'n sorrow serenely can greet.  
 And thy smile glistening bright, on each dew-drop appears ;  
 Bringing hope from on high, forming rainbows in tears.
- “ For thou comest forth when the stir is subsiding,  
 Like an angel of light through the clear heavens gliding ;  
 As if to remind us, ere sinking to rest,  
 Of worlds more glorious, of beings more blest.”

There ! that is pretty poetry ! sweet, and true to nature ; though, I fear I have not been quite true to the poet ; for, were he alive and present, he would likely find fault with my disarrangement of his fine stanzas, unless he kindly made allowance for my weakness of memory.

Pardon me, sir, if in defence of my lovely “ Ruler of Night,” my celestial favorite, I have been disrespectful to your excellent telescope ! for, I suppose that nothing short of Lord Ross's telescope could do her anything like justice ; and that is not to be seen every day. Yours seems to be more partial to Saturn than to the Moon !

How one's soul enlarges itself as the telescope sweeps

from star to star! How vast the circumference which affords such ample space for such numberless worlds! of magnitudes so enormous, of circuits so wide! Aye, and room enough for other systems and worlds untelegraphed to earth, but intimated in the Galaxy, or Milky Way! Our solar system alone is supposed to claim a cubical space of between three and four thousand millions of miles in diameter. But what shall we say of the space claimed by the fixed stars and myriads of other worlds which lie outside and beyond our solar system?

“How large say, then,  
Where ends this mighty building? where begin  
The suburbs of creation? where the wall  
Whose battlements look o’er into the vale  
Of non-existence, nothing’s strange abode!”

There is a meaning, I think, beyond all human imaginings, in such expressions as the following, which we find scattered, like the stars themselves, over the pages of the Bible. “*Heaven is my throne, the earth is my footstool;*” and, again, Job xxxviii. 31, 33, “Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of Heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?” Questions put to Job by God himself. And again, in the book of Psalms and in Isaiah, “*The heavens declare the glory of God;*”—“*I dwell in the high and holy place, saith the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.*” And again, “*The third heaven.*” And again, “*Who only hath immortality*

*dwelling in the light.*" And again, "*The Lord hath prepared His throne in the Heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all.*" And again, "*A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary.*" Glorious, indeed! And if that opinion or surmise of the wisest and best astronomers be correct, it may assist us somewhat in the comprehension of the glory of the throne; that it is the centre of the universe, around which all the suns and systems of creation continually revolve; that the sun is the centre of our solar system,—and a glorious high throne is His from the beginning of the creation of God, being five hundred times larger than our earth, and all the planets and comets put together;—that there are millions of other stars in the immensity of space which pay no allegiance to the sun, deriving from him neither light, heat, nor motion; that our sun himself, with them, owes allegiance to a higher centre, and him and all revolve around a central orb yet higher, and that, with its system of worlds roll around a centre still higher, till at length all the great central worlds in the universe of space are found to revolve around the throne of Almighty God, which is the glorious centre of all worlds.

The idea is certainly a sublime one. To suppose such a vast ascending series of central worlds, with all their dependent worlds, of which they themselves, like our sun, are centres, revolving around the throne of God, the centre of them all, is an amazing thought! an overwhelming idea!

I once stood upon the Capitoline Hill of ancient Rome,—

"The high place where Rome embraced her heroes,"

and looked down upon the forum spread out beneath,

spanned by triumphal arches, and strewn with broken columns and pedestals, and fragments of glorious architecture, once vocal with the eloquence of Cicero and other Roman orators of antiquity. "Hail, venerable forum!" exclaimed all my heart, looking through my eyes. Hail, great centre of Roman dominion, and Roman power! Hail, all hail! though in melancholy ruins all! Hail the spot, yonder, where stood thy pillar of gold, from whence radiated as lines from their centre, roads to every province of the Roman empire, universal! All hail! I dare not chide my emotions; for I feel that is a spot which still sways sublime dominion over one's imagination! Like Gibbon, I could have "sat me down," and sighed to the passing winds of Heaven, though unblest with his inspiration to write "*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*" Aye, I had feelings there which may not soon be forgotten.

But what are we to think of the glorious high throne of our God! such a centre of empire, with such appendages! Words fail; and one's imagination holds sublime dominion over the soul. Adoring silence becomes us:

"How great that Power, whose providential care,  
Through these bright orb's dark centre darts a ray!  
By nature universal threads the whole;  
And hangs creation like a precious gem,  
Though little on the footstool of his throne."

And, then, to suppose those worlds, world above world, are all inhabited by myriads of intelligent beings, all burning with loyalty to that central throne, a loyalty which sin has never quenched or weakened!

Well, with such views, what is my estimate of this great

conflict for souls here in York? Do such views weaken or lessen its importance? Not in the least. The telescope interferes neither with my faith nor my zeal. The Bible! the Bible! thank God for the Bible! its revelations surpass the telescope, and ever shall. The Florence philosopher refused to look through Gallileo's telescope, lest he should see something that might disturb his faith in his own philosophy. I would like to traverse the heavens thus nightly, and gather zeal therefrom, to people those skies with the souls for whom the Son of God did bleed and die!

Yes! for whom the Son of God did bleed and die! Calvary! Calvary! Calvary! Astronomy with all its wonders, and the telescope with all its wonderous revelations, can show nothing to shake my faith in that stupendous fact exhibited on Calvary! They reveal nothing to shake my faith in that! Nothing to lessen the magnitude and importance of the sufferings of the Son of God on Calvary. No! no! no! The scenes of Calvary eclipse all the wonders of the firmament! The lore of those stupendous skies sinks into insignificance before the lore of Calvary.

Calvary! Yes, it is Calvary that elevates man to be the most valuable and magnificent creature upon the platform of creation; else the Son of God had never left such a glorious throne, and retired from the grandeur of heaven to appear in the form of man, and actually to bleed to death upon a cross on Calvary for his rescue from eternal woe.

In view of Calvary, I would cry out with that eminent divine in Paris, "Disappear every other wonder of nature, and providence, and revelation! vanish all of you before the miracles of the Cross! for the cross on Calvary outshines



you all into the darkest shade! this glorious light makes your glimmerings vanish! and after my imagination is filled with the tremendous dignity of this sacrifice, I can see nothing great besides ;”—to which my whole being says, Amen!

It was a look at Calvary, and another look at man, which led one to exclaim two centuries ago, “The most valuable being in the world is man, and the most valuable part of man is his soul.” How instinctively we feel this in view of Calvary! And with what a tremendous weight does that dread question of Jesus come upon the mind in the presence of the Cross of Jesus Christ my Lord, “*For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*” It shows that the world is too poor to pay its value; that it would bankrupt the world to purchase it, aye, and a thousand millions of world’s besides!

And yet, poor infatuated sinners are parting with their souls for a trifle; for, as one remarked, an earthly vanity, a fading commodity, a momentary pleasure, an opinion of honor, a thought of contentment, a dream of happiness; at the risk of pulling down God’s plagues and judgments upon them in this life, and the damnation of soul and body in the next; betting with the devil, and staking their soul for a trifle; and, as Dr. Chalmers observes, going to hell in a small way! O, my soul awake to the rescue.

And now, good telescope, farewell, and do good to everybody as thou hast to me. Adieu, with many thanks, my excellent friend, the owner of the instrument. Good bye! magnificent Saturn, and angry looking Mars, and all ye



glowing stars, and thou tranquil moon, and resplendent dome  
of heaven ; thou over-arching firmament, farewell !

All hail the human SOUL ! the conquest of which shall be  
my highest ambition here below :

“ The soul, of origin divine,  
God’s glorious image form’d of clay,  
In heaven’s eternal sphere shall shine,  
*A star of day !*

The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky ;  
‘The soul, immortal as its SIRE,  
Shall never die !”

**Amen.**

## CHAPTER XX.

MORE NOTES OF THE REVIVAL IN YORK.



September 11th.

ACCESS to the people. More imagination than usual. This is best now and then. It serves to relieve; gives elasticity after the onslaughts of severer truth. An audience loses its vivacity, so to speak, if hammered incessantly with the sterner attributes of truth. When a boy I could boast of *whipping my top asleep!* so may a preacher whip his congregation asleep,—into insensibility. Imagination has its uses in the economy of God; only let it

“Shed its sweet sunshine on the moral part,  
Nor waste on fancy what should warm the heart.”

September 12th.—Too much imagination,—into the other extreme! Shall I never be able to observe the proper medium? always running into extremes; my nature, I fear, since a boy. And, yet, have been wonderfully preserved from vice in the extreme, even when I knew not God; but extremes in this and that pursuit, or friendship, or emotion., Lord help me. Lord Jesus preserve me. Leave me not

any more to myself in the pulpit ; save me from this sort of balooning ! “ *What doest thou here Elijah ?* ” among the rocks and precipices of Horeb ? What doest thou here James, in “ cloud-land,” among the stars, climbing amidst the firmaments of the Galaxy ? Oh ! No sinners there to be converted, no more than on Horeb, where Elijah stood. The prophet wanted to die, I suppose, and climbed up as near Heaven as he could ; and James, though not wishing to die yet, took an excursion into the altitudes to see how they looked ; and descended to the prayer meeting in due time ; but—enough ! How careful ought I to be of my thoughts in private ; if plumed there for a flight in the wrong direction, they become like that eagle among the Alps, the other day, that pounced upon a child and soared away with it toward heaven, leaving desolation in the cottage beneath !

O my soul ! mind thy one great work, the awakening and conversion of sinners, and sanctification of believers ; and let the starry worlds take care of themselves, until thou shalt visit them, may be under happier circumstances. Amen.

*Saturday Morning, Sept. 13th.*—Holiness last night. Aye, that is the doctrine to bring a preacher down out of cloud-land ! to humble and simplify his spirit ; calls him down from the altitudes, where the air is too thin to support life, into the low, warm vales of humble love, in heart, in thought, in spirit, in language, in the manner of loving John, “ that disciple whom Jesus loved ; ” who had pre-eminently the spirit of “ *the man of Nazareth.* ” Lord Jesus, give me more of this spirit. Amen.

These Friday night discourses rectify my spirit, and correct my style; for I am always on holiness Friday nights. And how much better for one's own soul, than this soaring would-be-great style. The serpent's dust, spiritual pride, flies high! So thick is it up yonder, it would put out the eyes and intoxicate the brain.

The heavenly manna falls in the vale below; and the doctrines there are pure as the mountain airs, stainless as the mountain snows, clear as the mountain springs, white as the spotless linen which drape the angels of Heaven. Rev. xv. 6.

Holiness inspires a language peculiar to itself; a language, like the amber, to use an idea of Trench, where a thousand precious thoughts embed themselves, and are preserved. There are lightning-flashes there amid the thoughts; but love arrests, and fixes, and preserves them from perishing; for they reach the heart, as the lightning does, through all the space between the pulpit and the hearers, and embed themselves there, after working wonders; destroying the works of the devil, establishing purity, bringing in and maintaining an everlasting righteousness. Hallelujah!

The number saved this week as follows: Fifty-two souls converted from the world; fifteen members of this and other churches justified; and forty sanctified,—who had that prayer of the Apostle answered in themselves. 1 Thess. iv. 23. Total this week, one hundred and seven. All these, as usual, have passed under careful and individual examination and instruction; their own lips testifying to the abundance of divine mercy and grace vouchsafed unto them in the hour of agonizing distress. Their names, also, and

places of residence duly recorded for the inspection of the Leader's Meeting.

The following copy of a letter I neglected to enter upon my journal for August, I had better record here. It shows some "good fruit" from preaching on restitution :

"LONDON, 30, 7th Month, 1845.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND : We are duly favored and much gratified with a letter signed 'A Wesleyan,' of 29th inst., covering a half note, value when complete, £20. And we can rejoice with him and with thee at this fruit of thy ministry, which has evidently been blessed. Without wishing to enter into particulars of name, it will be a satisfaction to us to know, in order to place the amount to proper account, whether the £20 belongs to the late firm of S. & W., or our present firm, S. & V., for whom I am very respectfully thine. W. S."\*

The following letter to me, received a few days since, is worthy of place :

"DEAR SIR : Gratitude is powerless to express what I feel I owe you, through Divine interposition. I was a miserable, wretched backslider. My mouth was filled with cursings ; my nights with all kinds of vices. Mine were the horrors of a fallen spirit ; these were my rewards ; and hell, the lowest hell, my expectation. My heart was a hell of itself.

"And yet, I, even I, have mercy found ! Glory be to God, it is so ! My soul is happy once more ; I am a new

\*The names were in full in the above letter.—J. C.

creature in Christ Jesus. All things have become new. In this matter, and that of peace, my soul is clear, through the blood of the Lamb; and a happy house, besides, is mine. My wife and servant both converted, also. We all pray. We are all happy. Tell poor backsliders they may be saved, since Christ Jesus my Lord has saved me—the worst. Hell-fire would have been my portion but for this event. I expected to be sent to hell every day.

“The restitution was from me. I would not sell my soul for that; the owner has his own. But tell backsliders they need not despair. The world has lost its hold on me. But I intend to do something for God, and to redeem the time. My heart was a bad one, but not too bad for the blood of Christ to save. Hoping to meet you in Heaven, farewell.

“G. H.”

Bless the Lord, O my soul! “*Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire.*” Zech. iii. 2. Restitution cases are springing all around us, out of the darkness of dishonesty. A brother told me the other day that he knew of three letters passing through the post-office in one day, containing “restitution money.” A tailor in London is soon to have his bill remitted, so one tells me, who has called for advice; and yet another case,—a lady handed him what she thought was a shilling to pay for a cab, but which was really a sovereign, which he pocketed, and said nothing. She missed it, but he denied, and so the matter passed, but conscience recorded the item among other items, and now rages about it, and demands to be rid of it. Some one has called conscience a spiritual echo, as it echoes the actions of past life, and makes them sound again. It has been echoing fearfully



through his soul, and filling him with doleful accusations and forebodings. The lady, he tells me, it is impossible to find. In that case I advised he should drop it into the poor-box.

*Monday Morning, Sept. 15th.*—A good day yesterday. Less imagination; more of solid truth; but forgot not that sentiment of one, “It is unphilosophical to depend upon the mere statement of truth.” Aye! some do this, and are dry preachers, and their success is on a par with their dryness. I was enabled to avoid that error, while the imagination was held in tolerable subordination.

Imagination and taste are aids. Tact is useful, also. Tact places truth in advantageous positions; but imagination illumines truth, and renders it striking. Genius is a better word than tact; as it implies something higher and nobler, while it includes within it the skill and readiness of tact:

“To bind the firm and animate the cold.”

A noble company of young people saved; an acceptable offering to the Lord our God; not of the world’s leavings, nor of Satan’s worn-out slaves, with exhausted affections and beggared spirits. No! but vigorous, fresh-hearted, and lovely, as the fountains of water playing amid the morning sunbeams:

“But sure the stream of life must sweeter stray,  
The nearer to its source the waters play.”

Last week I received the following note from our secretary:

“DEAR SIR: We had a remarkable case on hand after you left last night. A poor, wretched wreck of a man came

down to where we were recording the names of the saved. He was in deep distress of mind about his soul. In broken accents he said: 'Ah, Sir! I am the man!—he whom the preacher described in his sermon to-night. It was my first time being here. The word went to my heart. I am a poor backslider.' But all the truth had to come out. He himself had preached the Gospel. 'And what caused you to fall away, my friend?' He replied with deep emotion, 'Strong drink, Sir,'—a telling fact, Mr. C., for a temperance meeting! He added, 'Nine years ago, in Bristol, my position was highly respectable. I was solicited to attend political meetings at a hotel: did so, drink ruined me.' At this moment, the Rev. Mr. Cornuck came in, and looking at the man recognized him, and asked, 'Do you know me?' 'No sir.' 'But I know you,' rejoined Mr. C., 'and have heard you preach; and, if ever a man preached the Gospel, you did, and faithfully, in Bristol.' Here the man felt terribly.

"His history is a mournful and painful one. Drink ruined him indeed. He has been tramping about the last three years, with a son, seventeen years of age, picking up a miserable pittance by whistling songs, ingeniously, in public houses. He has not seen his wife during that time. More particulars hereafter. We are about to assist him.\*

"Affectionately, in haste,


"T. B. SMITHIES."

\* A remarkable case! "Sharp misery had worn him to the bone." He found peace in Christ soon after; abandoned drink and vice, and became a new man. A few choice souls joined hands with God, to bid him live; lifted him into life; obtained a respectable situation for him, for which he was qualified by previous education. He and his son are doing well. We hope for the best concerning them. The Lord is great.—J. C.

Another brand plucked out of the fire! O but it is worth living for, this! Let me pursue, with renewed ardor, the business for which I was born. But my soul travels onward, in the deep valley of humiliation. But that was the valley trod by my blessed Lord. It is pleasant. There are many sunny spots in it; and sheltered from blasts rife on mountain tops.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### SUDDEN DEATH OF A LEADER.

NE of my officers here has fallen, not into sin, thank God! but into eternity, and suddenly. T. H., who rendered valuable service to our Lord Jesus, in this revival, has been sent for, and has gone to Heaven. Ah! how solemnly it affects us who are left behind, to fight on, for victory! May the solemn event do us all good. We are noticed in Heaven by "*a cloud of witnesses*," may we behave ourselves nobly on the field, and quit us like men!

\* \* \* \* \*

He spoke well who compared the breath of man to a written sentence, in which there are divers commas and short pauses, after which speedily follows a full stop, and there's an end! Just so! and I trust our departed brother punctuated the sentence of his life well! so that it reads well to himself, now in eternity! Happy is he who can say with him, and thus carry it out to the full stop in death, which is but a prelude and a pause to its recommencement in Heaven:

“ Long as I live beneath,  
 To Thee, O let me live !  
 To thee my every breath,  
 In thanks and praises give !  
 What e'er I have, whate'er I am,  
 Shall magnify my Maker's name.

Then when the work is done,  
 The work of faith with power,  
 Receive thy favored son,  
 In death's triumphant hour ;  
 Like Moses to thyself convey,  
 And kiss my raptured soul away.”

Our friend visited D. on business, and there suddenly departed for glory.

“ They looked—he was dead ! his spirit had fled ;  
 Painless and swift as his own desire,  
 The soul undress'd from her mortal vest,  
 And stepped in her car of heavenly fire ;  
 And proved how bright were the realms of light,  
 Bursting at once upon the sight.”—

Leaving his body and his character to his friends, as Elijah did his faith and his mantle to Elisha.

What a mighty change does the follower of Jesus know after death ! from earth to heaven ; one dying hour doing what all the praying he ever enjoyed could not do ; introduces him to the visible presence of Christ. Now sick, next moment perfectly well, free from pain and anxious care for ever and ever. “ Now in the body,” said one, “ conversing with men, living among sensible objects, and within a few moments to be with the Lord. This hour on earth, the next

in the 'third heaven.' Now viewing the world, and anon standing among an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. To be lifted up from a bed of sickness to a throne of glory. To leave a sick and pained body, and be in a moment perfectly well, and free from all infirmity and sorrow,—where all is unquestionable, absolute certainty. And thus it is, O that all the world might hear and understand! When a saint dies, all Heaven above is, as it were, moved to receive and entertain him at his coming. But when a sinner dies, '*Hell from beneath is moved for him to meet him at his coming,—it stirreth up the dead for him.*'" Men are greatly contrasted in character here. The very pagans themselves, on this account, contemplated a contrast in the character of their reception after death.

Thanks be unto Jesus for this victory over death! It is to thee, O Christ, we owe it. A martyr was asked how he could appear so light and cheerful with such a terrible death before him, replied, "My heart is so light at my death because Christ's was so heavy at his." Aye! there it is! The secret is there! All the bitterness there is in death, he tasted for us, and that rendered our tasting of that bitterness unnecessary.

All this is fully realized by the justified and purified soul, in passing through the ceremony of dying. It was bitter to Jesus that it might be sweet to us. No wonder St. Paul said, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." Most men need patience to die, some one observed, but St. Paul, it would seem, needed patience to live! So the world goes



to the present time! If we would see the face of God in Heaven we must first be able to look death in the face upon earth. Not, however, from mere natural courage, of which the ungodly warrior, on the field of battle, has plenty. No, but as a result of grace; like Dr. Goodwin in his last moments: "Ah! is this dying? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!" So gracious is our God at last, even to those who live beneath their privileges.

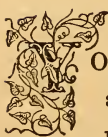
Thus have I whiled away a solitary hour. I can realize somewhat how a general must feel who loses a beloved officer in the battle. Well, farewell, my brother! My soul says of thee, as the ancient Romans of a departed hero, *Abiit ad plures*, he has gone over to the majority! Aye! and before a great while the minority must follow thee. As Edmund Burke to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in concluding a notice of his death, so would I say to thee, "Hail, and farewell!" May our Lord Jesus Christ prepare us all for the same mighty change. Amen!

"What though the stream of death divide  
Our souls a moment on the shore,  
We part to meet, we join to abide,  
Where pain and parting are no more!"

But what a vapor is life! or, at best, a taper feebly glimmering and exposed, and readily extinguished. As Flavel observes,—“There is no more but a puff of breath, a blast of wind betwixt this world and that which is to come.” Very true! And to think that one’s eternal destiny for weal or woe may be thus disposed of is enough to fill any man’s mind with consternation who is living in sin;—that is, if he would allow himself time to think upon the subject.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### NOTES OF MEN AND THINGS IN YORK.



To ———

YORK, Sept 17, 1845.

YOU wish to know my “whereabouts,” and what I am about, now that “majestic August” has bidden me adieu, and “pleasant September” taken me by the hand.

But as you are pretty well “posted up” as to my July and August movements, little need be said. Here I am still in the old city of York, and “stirring” in right good earnest, full of the life of soul-saving;—head, heart and hands full, and lips. Solomon says, “*The lips of the righteous feed many;*” and his father before him speaks of the sword of the lips. Jesus says, “*Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.*” How sweet also that message from God, by Isaiah: “*MY SPIRIT that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever.*” Isaiah lix. 21. Blessed be God!

To your inquiry regarding the ministers, they are all with me, and with all their heart and soul, affording me all the aid in their power, with perfect liberty to "push the battle to the gates," without "let or hindrance." Some of them occupies the pulpit every Monday night, usually.

A few nights since, a sweet discourse from excellent Mr. Walton, superintendent. It was listened to with deep attention;—in thought and structure of sentences elegant; in language comely, holding "the ear of thought" a willing captive;—modest in speech and gesture, with all the Gospel learning in his expressive countenance:—

"A manly style, fitted for manly ears."

Such are the sentiments which arise in one's mind when hearing this excellent man. He has a beautifully constructed and finely balanced mind, richly adorned with varied knowledge, with grace matured.

He is the author of several popular works;—that on "*The Witness of the Spirit*," and another entitled, "*The Mature Christian*;" himself a noble illustration. I have found a friend in Mr. Walton,—one who will not change with the seasons, unless my judgment or discernment have deserted me. This alone well repays my visit to York.

I had the privilege, also, a few weeks since, of hearing another of his colleagues, the Rev. Charles Cheetham. It was an ingenious and telling discourse on Rev. ii. 5: "*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.*" They were to remember from what they fell, and by what they

fell, and to what they fell. Upon these points he was exceedingly searching, but alarming upon the consequences to which their fall had exposed them ; reminding one of the manner of some of the old Puritan divines,—terse, pointed, full of truth and originality, and hearty honesty ;—strikingly versed in the causes and preventives of “the falling sickness” among churches and individual Christians. God bless Brother Cheetham for that sermon ! for I am sure it must have been made a blessing to many. It would be a blessing preached over and over again in any latitude in Christendom. It was

“ Sterling sense,  
That which, like gold, may through the world go forth,  
And always pass for what ’tis truly worth.”

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

I have just enjoyed a pleasant ride amidst pretty cottages “with gardens redolent with flowers” and birds around, “with dainty plumage and melodious song.” The less showy birds sing the sweetest, the prettiest are the least talented. The blackbird and the thrush are my favorites ; the latter is really a pretty bird, but it requires one to be near it to appreciate its beauty, for it is not a showy bird ; but one forgets all else but its sweet and powerful song. Its voice reminds me much of the American robbin,—at least in some of its notes.

England is a lovely land. There is an air of comfort, intelligence, and well-to-do everywhere, except in the large cities and towns, where squalid poverty, vice, and ignorance are painfully prevalent. But of what large town and city in any country in Christendom may one not say the same ?

The Love-feast was a gracious season ;—"joy answering joy,"—a brotherhood of sweetest feeling.

From soul to soul the spreading influence steals,  
Till every breast the soft contagion feels."

Hundreds of new converts, mingling their sobs and tears and testimonies and hallelujahs with the old veterans of Zion's banners !

Wesleyan Methodism in York has some beautiful minds ; choice spirits ; full of love to God, and benevolence to the poor, succorers of many, as the unseen stream, warbling and meandering in desert places, nourishing and cherishing many a tender herb and plant and flower, unknown to the great world.

But York, like most places I have visited, is not without such as Tertullian called "silken Christians," who bear no cross, and are notorious at "the knack of hoping," as Goldsmith speaks, to be carried into Heaven on the back of the church. The gates of glory will be too low, I fear, to admit such riders ; such church appendages will be "sloped off" in the hour of trial. It is a pity ; for they deny themselves of many things the world offers, for the sake of such a comfortable seat on the back of the church !

That is a terrible declaration of God : "*So I swear in my wrath, They shall not enter into my rest.*" Heb. iii. 11. Enough, as one remarks, to shake every vein of the unbeliever's heart ; for it is as if God had said : "If they ever come into my glory, then say I am no God, for I have sworn the contrary." Well, such hear, now and again, some startling and searching appeals. But they turn away the

ear, and refuse to hear, until their hearts are hardened. Water runs off a duck's back without penetrating the feathers. The regular Wesleyan pastorate, are active, zealous men, and generous, and self-renouncing; caring not whose labor may be most honored, if the work of God but go on. O how pleasant does this make my exhausting toil!

The leaders, too, male and female, are untiring in their efforts for souls; persons of deep piety, and fine intelligence, and humble withal. Many of the membership are heartily engaged for God, as opportunity serves; nor do they wait for opportunities, but create them; a great deal in that! How often they remind me of what Nehemiah said of the citizens of Jerusalem, during the building of the walls: "*The people had a mind to work.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

The work advances in power. Scores of sinners converted this week, and scores of believers purified. A day or two since I received the following:

"DEAR SIR: Twenty years ago, A. B. was a tippler. During five years he stole his employer's liquor to drink. A sermon some years ago troubled him, and he restored £10. But under a sermon lately, during this revival, 'Restitution or perdition,' again aroused him, and he remitted £31 10s., with these words appended: 'I think myself indebted to you for this sum.' The gentleman who received the restitution, returned the following reply: 'Mr. D. acknowledges with thanks, the receipt of £31 10s. Aug. 21, 1845.'

"Twenty-two days after, Mr. D. himself was called to render up his own account to God. These facts suffi-



ciently attest the power of divine truth, when faithfully preached and applied by the Holy Ghost.

“Affectionately,

“L. T.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Have just returned from a tea meeting in the New Temperance Hall; delivered an address. There is a singular mournfulness over my spirit. The state of my health may be the cause. How the body can weigh down the mind!—such “conscious poverty of soul,” as I feel this evening! What changes come over the spirit!

Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
Then wherefore should we mourn?

—especially seeing we live in these houses of clay,—one so shaken as mine. But O for quickening grace, that so greatly strengthens the body as well as the soul.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE CORNER-STONE AND THE WORM.



SI wrote you last, so continues the work, without pause or abatement; scenes of glories, power and mercy.

A few days since, rode over to Fulford, a neighboring village, with the Rev. D. Walton and Mrs. Walton. The laying "the foundation stone" of a new chapel there, was the occasion. Mr. W. was to "lay the stone," while an address was expected from me. During the interesting ceremony, my mind was quite barren and confused. How the body can weigh down the soul! confuse and perplex the operations of the brain, shade, overshadow so the intellectual powers. O thou web of life! thou soul and body, how strangely interwoven together!

I watched the procedure of laying the stone, but could not collect half a dozen ideas together, nothing beyond a few common-place remarks, until a little worm that was hanging in the bank dropped down into the mortar, and barely escaped being crushed to death by the descending

stone. That roused me; for it suggested: 1st., Math. xxi. 44: "*And whosoever shall fall upon this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever this stone shall fall it will grind him to powder*" This was a good starting point; Jesus Christ himself being that stone; reference to Isaiah xxviii. 16, where he is called a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation! Here are titles, showing the immovable solidity and preciousness of having Christ for a foundation, "*Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone,*" according to the Apostle. Ephes. ii. 20.

2d. And again, "*Other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.*" 1 Cor. iii. 11. Now all this being settled and sure as the throne of God in Heaven, needs no farther argument or illustration from us.

3d. But one thing more is equally sure, and you may rely upon one as well as the other, that "*whosoever shall fall upon this stone,*" Jesus Christ, "*shall be broken,*"—unto repentance and deep contrition for sin; shall be broken off from the world, the flesh, and the devil, and united to Christ and saved; shall be broken off from the ranks of sin and sinful men, and joined to the visible church; shall be broken off from the old stock Adam,—the olive that is "wild by nature," and grafted into Christ, "the good olive tree." Rom. xi. 17, 24. Shall be broken off from "the broken cisterns" of sinful and worldly pleasures, aye, and mere legal observances, "which can hold no water," can afford no living waters of divine refreshment to the thirsty soul, and united with that spiritual rock, from which flows rivers of living water, which followed the Israelites wherever they went in the great wilderness, "for," as says St. Paul, "*they*

*drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ,*" a rock which still follows his spiritual Israel, until their feet dip into the Jordan of death, as they enter the heavenly Canaan!

4th. But he that hath an ear to hear, let him hear! Equally true is the other dread clause of that sentence-warning of Jesus; "*but on whomsoever this stone shall fall it will GRIND HIM TO POWDER,*"—terrible judgments here and hereafter!

5th. A few moments since, I noticed a worm as it fell from that clayey bank, in the crisis of lowering that foundation stone to its place. It fell upon the mortar into which the stone was about to be imbedded. It crawled along, and barely escaped being crushed to death.

6th. That worm resembles that impenitent man standing there looking on. He has not yet fallen on Christ; not yet broken down nor broken off from any of those things we have noticed; not yet united to Christ, or joined his people, as a new creature!

7th. Sinner! Sinner! Sinner! Listen to me. Behold your peril in the incident of that worm. It illustrates your sad case. Angels notice you as I noticed the worm. They tremble for you. God himself noticed the worm: for, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the notice of the Lord of Heaven, a worm may not be beneath the condescensions of his regard; nor is thy soul, O sinner!

8th. Hear me! Your peril is as imminent as was that of the worm. But alas! consequences differ, as much as eternity differs from time. Had that stone fallen upon the worm, its substance would have blended with the mortar, in

instant death; and no more would have been heard or known of the worm; it would have had no future history. But the true foundation stone falling upon you—instant death,—what then? Your history continues its annals; soul severed from the body; that body disjointed “bone from bone,”—ground into the powder of graveyard dust.

“But ah! destruction stops not there!”

9th. So sure as the substance of that worm would have been rent and mashed into mortar, your soul would be immersed in flames; the case of the rich sinner mentioned by our Lord, who died, was buried, and in hell-fire lifted up his eyes, is an illustration of terrible significance. Luke, sixteenth chapter.

10th. Hear me, O sinful man! He spoke well who said, we might as well try to measure eternity as the sinner's danger out of Christ. But the little worm escaped death; and so may you. But there is no escape for you if you die as you are. I announce to your ears nothing new in this; but how woefully heedless of it have you been.

11th. The crisis of such a calamity may be now impending. A kind hand has just picked the worm out of the mortar, where another hand had just pushed it aside from death. May the hand of eternal Mercy reach your soul this day, and drag you out of the mire of sin.

12th. The worm is now in safe-keeping from farther peril, let us hope. Sinner! Sinner! Sinner! commit your soul to the safe-keeping of Jesus, from farther peril, from this hour, and for ever and ever. Fall upon Christ, this instant, now, and be broken into alarm and contrition for

sin ; else, alas ! alas ! You may be soon in the custody of devils. If death find you doing the devil's work, he will consign you to the devil's clutches ; then comes the devil's lodgings and the devil's pay for a life service !

Hear me, all of you ! Sinning to-day in England, and wailing in hell to-morrow, is no pleasing transition ! No, nor is it a pleasing thought to carry away with you from the scene of laying the foundation stone of the Fulford Wesleyan Methodist Chapel.

Well, the benediction was pronounced, and the people solemnly dispersed to their homes ; some, I hope, to repent and pray. Perhaps this seed sown may bring forth fruit unto eternal life. It may be there was a good reason why my mind should have been so barren of a subject. The Holy Spirit, possibly, had that little worm in reserve, as furnishing something better than what would have occurred from my own cogitations. He delights to accomplish great ends by small means ; for so it is written, that " God hath chosen the *weak* things of the world to confound the things which are mighty ; and *base* things of the world, and things which are *despised*, hath God chosen, and things which *are not*, to bring to nought the things that are ; that no flesh should glory in his presence." 1 Cor. i. 27, 28. And so the Lord calls Jacob a " worm " by the prophet ; yet promises to make " a new sharp threshing instrument " of that worm, " having teeth." What next ? That worm threshing mountains, and beating them small, and the hills to chaff, and raising a whirlwind to scatter them ! Isaiah xli. 14, 16. All in harmony with God's established order and purpose,—to accomplish great things by small means.



Praise the Lord! I will hope that the incident of the worm may not soon be forgotten; and that it may be the means of saving some soul from "*the worm that never dies.*" If some sinner shall date his awakening and conversion from it, the small matter brings about a mighty event. That worm may be identified with his history through ages everlasting. In the midst of his eternal hallelujahs, he may stop to tell the story of the worm at Fulford!

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### MEETING THE NEW CONVERTS.



FEW nights since we held a meeting for the benefit of the new converts ; about six hundred of whom were present ; all very happy ; a fine, intelligent, rejoicing multitude ! What a change from the storm of their weeping and wailing a few weeks ago. "Another hell," as some one called it ; but now truly resembling Heaven in no small degree !

An old mother in Israel told me she used to be present at Mr. Wesley's society meetings ; and she remembers, when looking upon such a large company of people converted under his ministry, he would become greatly moved, and would begin to sing, all joining with him :

"Who, I ask in amaze, hath begotten me these ?  
And inquire from what quarter they came ?  
My full heart it replies, 'They are born from the skies,  
And give glory to God and the Lamb.'

O the fathomless love, that has deign'd to approve,  
 And prosper the work of my hands ;  
 With my pastoral crook, I went over the brook,  
 And, behold, I am spread into bands !

All honor and praise to the Father of grace,  
 To the Spirit and Son I return !  
 The business pursue, He hath made me to do,  
 And rejoice that I ever was born !”

We felt no small degree of the same feeling, when surrounded by these hundreds of happy and triumphant new converts.

After the usual confirmatory service, an invitation to seekers was given. Many came forward. It was a time of power ; and about forty were saved before the meeting closed. God might well ask Abraham, “*Is any thing too hard for the Lord?*” Gen. xviii. 13. No, my Lord, no ! Seeing Thy word declares, “*Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power.*” Psalms cx. 3. Surely this is the day of Thy power in this city. Glory be to God !

But my soul is very humble ; an oppressive sense of nothingness. Satan near to usurp upon me.

Health worse, somewhat. The wheezing cough has returned. O for quickening grace, that can change the briar into a fir-tree, the thorn into a myrtle, the thistle into a rose ! For surely a weak body reminds of these, when the soul has a will to work, and the fields ripe in harvest breezes waving. But the will of the Lord be done.

Must soon leave York for elsewhere. O this wandering mode of life. It needs peculiar grace. Live or die, I am shut up unto this. I can do no other than I am doing.

Surely a great door and an effectual has been opened to me of the Lord. 1 Cor. xvi. 9.

Many saved yesterday (Sabbath). Last week there were seventy-six converted from the world, and twenty old professors besides, and thirty cases of entire sanctification—surely these did experience the blessedness of the pure in heart! Math. v. 8. Total saved last week, one hundred and twenty-six. All glory be to God.

My correspondence is heavy; mailed twenty-seven letters to-day. I see not how I can curtail at present, without giving offense, which I am unwilling to do,—of many I have no disposition to do so,—for they are very dear friends.

A sweet dream last night; the moon at the full, and all her stars about her; and one beautiful star going down in the west, and all Nature in a deep calm—a contrast to the revival storm in which I am thoroughly involved.

Mr. Burdekin, one of the oldest booksellers in York, and, if I mistake not, the oldest male member of the Wesleyan Society, except Mr. Agar, presented me with the following curious old bill, copied from one stuck up at Richmond, on the 4th of June, 1774, the king's birth-day, close to the play bill for that day, and was read by many thousands on that day, and produced a decided effect. The present bill has been carefully preserved for many years; it has been backed with an additional layer of paper to keep it together. It was printed in Bristol; and shows the efforts of the Methodists in the times of the Wesleys, to cope with one of the many evils which surrounded them. It is still worthy of preservation, and might, if printed, awaken conviction in the consciences of "play-goers." It reads as follows:

## BY COMMAND OF THE KING OF KINGS.

AND AT THE DESIRE OF ALL WHO LOVE HIS APPEARING.

## AT THE THEATRE OF THE UNIVERSE,


On the EVE of TIME, will be performed

THE GREAT ASSIZE, OR  
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Earnestly Recommended to the Serious Attention of every Individual.

THE SCENERY, which is now actually preparing, will not only surpass every thing that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just representation of the Inhabitants of the whole world, in their various and proper colors; and their customs and manners will be so exactly and so minutely delineated, that the most secret thought will be discovered.

This THEATRE will be laid out after a new Plan and will consist of *Pit* and *Gallery* only, and contrary to all others, the *Gallery* is fitted up for the reception of people of high or *heavenly* birth; and the *Pit* for those of low or *earthly* rank.

 The GALLERY is very spacious, and the PIT without Bottom!

To prevent inconveniences, there are separate doors for admitting the company, and they are so different that none can miss them who are not totally blind:—The door that opens into the *Gallery* is very *narrow*, and the steps up to it are somewhat difficult, for which reason there are seldom many about it: but the door that gives entrance into the *Pit* is very *wide* and very commodious, which cause such numbers to flock to it that it is generally crowded.

The STRAIGHT DOOR leads towards the *right-hand*, and the BROAD ONE to the *left*.

It will be in vain for one in a tinselled coat and borrowed language to personate one of high birth, in order to get admittance into the upper places; for there is ONE of wonderful and deep penetration, who will search and examine every individual; and all who cannot pronounce *Shiholeth* in the language of Canaan, or who have not received a *white stone* and a *new name*, or cannot prove a clear Title to a certain portion in the Land of Promise, must be turned in at the left-hand door.

## THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS

Are described in I. *Thess.* iv. 16. II. *Thess.* i. 7, 8, 9. *Matt.* xxiv. 20, 21, and xxv. 31, 32. *Dan.* vii. 9, 10. *Jude* 14, 15. *Rev.* xx. 12, 13, &c. But as there are some people better acquainted with the contents of a PLAY-BILL than the WORD OF GOD, it may not be amiss to transcribe a verse or two for their perusal;—“*The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with his mighty Angels, taking vengeance on them that obey not the Gospel, but to be glorified in his Saints.—A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him, a thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him.—The Judgment was set, and the Books were opened.—And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the Lake of Fire.*”

ACT FIRST.—Of this grand and solemn Piece, will be opened by an ARCH-ANGEL, with the SOUND OF A TRUMPET; who shall swear by HIM that liveth forever and ever, that there shall be Time no longer!

ACT SECOND.—Will be a PROCESSION of SAINTS in WHITE, with GOLDEN HARPS, accompanied with SHOUTS of JOY and SONGS OF PRAISE.

ACT THIRD.—Will be an ASSEMBLAGE of all the UNREGENERATE; The MUSIC will chiefly consist of CRIES, accompanied with *weeping, mourning, lamentation and woe!*

TO CONCLUDE WITH

*AN ORATION BY THE SON OF GOD.*

It is written in the xxv. of *Matt.* from the 34th verse to the end of the chapter, but for the sake of those who seldom read the Scriptures, I shall here transcribe two verses:—"Then shall the King say to them on his right-hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:—Then shall he say to them on his left-hand, Depart ye cursed, into everlasting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels:—


AFTER WHICH, THE CURTAIN WILL DROP

*Then, O to tell!*

Some rais'd on high, and others doom'd to Hell:  
These praise the Lamb, and sing Redeeming Love,  
Lodg'd in his bosom, all his goodness prove;  
While those who tramp'd under foot his grace,  
Are banish'd now forever from his face;  
Divided thus, a Gulf is fix'd between:  
And EVERLASTING closes up the Scene.

TICKETS for the *Pit*, at the easy purchase of following the vain pomps and vanities of the fashionable world, and the desires and amusements of the flesh; and to be had at every flesh-pleasing assembly.

TICKETS for the *Gallery*, for no less rate than being converted, forsaking all, denying self, taking up the Cross, and following Christ in the regeneration; to be had no where, but in the Word of God, and where that Word appoints.

 No Money will be taken at the Door, nor will any Tickets give admittance into the *Gallery*, but those sealed by the Holy Ghost with Immanuel's Signet.

Thus will I do unto thee, O Israel, and because I will do thus unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.—*Amos* iv. 12.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### YORK CASTLE.



VISITED the Castle the other day, and spent a solemn hour. "York Castle," an imposing name for a prison, but it is a stronghold indeed; a prison for one of the largest counties in England. How forcibly one is reminded, in passing along its dreary corridors, of Mrs. Sigourney's prison scene :

"The harsh key grated in its ward,  
The massy bolts withdrew,  
And watchful men of aspect stern,  
Gave us admittance through :—  
Admittance where so many pine,  
The far release to gain ;  
Where desperate hands have vainly striven  
To wrest the bars in vain.

What untold depths of human woe,  
Have rolled their floods along,  
Since first these rugged walls were heaved  
From their foundations strong ;

Guilt, with its scarred and blackened breast,  
 Fierce, Hate, with sullen glare,  
 And Justice, smiting unto death,  
 And desolate Despair.

Here Crime hath spread a loathsome snare  
 For souls of lighter stain,  
 And Shame hath covered, and Anguish drained  
 The darkest dregs of pain ;  
 And Punishment its doom hath dealt,  
 Relentless as the grave,  
 And spurned the sinful fellow-worm,  
 Whom Jesus died to save.

Yes, here they are, the fallen so low,  
 Who bear our weaker form,  
 Whose rude and haggard features tell  
 Of passion's wrecking storm."

Aye! "passion's wrecking storm!" and the Rum demon was the spirit of that storm! Almost every countenance and form indicated that fact, as a country shows the devastated path of the late tornado. He spoke well who said:

"I gazed upon the tattered garb,  
 Of one who stood a listener by ;  
 The hand of misery pressed him hard,  
 And tears of sorrow swelled his eye.

I gazed upon his pallid cheek,  
 And asked him how his cares begun ?  
 He sighed and thus essayed to speak.  
 ' *The cause of all my griefs was Rum.*'

I watched a maniac through the grate,  
 Whose ravings shocked me to the soul;  
 I asked what sealed his wretched fate?  
 The answer was '*The wretched Bowl.*'

I asked a convict in his chains,  
 While tears along his cheeks did roll,  
 What devil urged him to his crimes?  
 The answer was '*The cursed Bowl.*' "

O England! England! how long wilt thou protect a  
 cursed traffic, thus to destroy thy children!

In this prison, Montgomery the poet was once a political  
 prisoner. Here he wrote his "Prison Amusement." And  
 yonder stands the statute of Madame Justice, whom he so  
 ungallantly satirized:

"There, on the outside of the door,  
 (As sang a wag of yore,  
 Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,  
 Who never yet hath entered in!  
 The cause, my friend, may soon be shown,  
 The lady was a stepping-stone,  
 Till—though the metamorphose odd is—  
 A chisel made the block a goddess!

"*J'y suis pour mon coût,*" "I paid dear for it," said the  
 Frenchman. However, few there are who take up lodgings  
 here are on good terms with "Mother Justice," meaning no  
 disrespect, of course, to the excellent Montgomery, to whom  
 Mother England has shown true signs of repentance, by  
 making her once abused son her Poet Laureate!

Time prevented us from making a minute inspection of

the melancholy place. We left, depreciating an incarceration in that hell, of which this great prison is a type. For, although the accommodation and discipline of the prison are such as even Howard himself would hardly have objected to; still it is a prison, and in connection with its ruined inmates, forces the idea of hell upon one, vividly as Vesuvius!

Nor can it fail, one would think, to impress the criminals themselves with a similar idea. They all appeared solemn and well-behaved; no thanks to them for that, perhaps; nevertheless many a sinner has repented unto life in York Castle. In those cells,

“Where desperate hands have vainly striven,  
To wrest the bars in vain.”

And where Guilt has presented its “scarred and blackened breast,” and Hate, its “sullen glare,” and Shame has cowered, and “Anguish drained the darkest dregs of pain;” and where Justice has seized its victim, “to smite unto the death;” and where Despair has sat in desolation; aye! there, even there, has many a lion become a lamb, in years gone by; the penitential sob, the appeal to Heaven, the earnest cry for mercy, where it is never refused the sincere penitent, offered in the name of Jesus Christ; where mercy has often descended and whispered peace.

York is a very ancient city; the Eboracum of the Romans, and even in this day the first city in Britain. It still retains the honorary title of “the Capital of the North,” although neither so large, populous, nor wealthy as

some other great towns in the kingdom; yet, in point of rank, it is not denied the credit of being the second city in England.

It is walled, and but for its low position, and the absence of military display, reminds one of Quebec. The walls, in some parts, afford an agreeable promenade, where I have enjoyed many an agreeable walk.

Have just returned from a walk among the venerable ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the museum and its gardens, and out along the city ramparts. And what a panorama of objects met our eye from the ramparts. And the mind, like a pendulum, moves oscillating between London and Edinburgh, standing equi-distant between these two great capital cities; and next between time past and time future; from the days of Agricola, who first discovered Britain to be an island, and who planned the walls of York, and it is said, labored upon them, to the Roman emperor Adrian, (a short space to be sure,) who had his residence here, to the times of Severus, who had his court and camp here, and who died here, and whose sepulchre is here; to Constantius the Great, who was born here; and here died his son Constantius, in the imperial palace, but where is its site? where? And so down through succeeding centuries; and where?—to what lengths in the future of York would the mind in its oscillations reach. Ah! but without recognizing aught but vacuity or uncertainty, till the farthest point is reached—the day of judgment—thence swings back to its centre, and unto the past, even “*before the mountains were brought forth, or even the earth and the world*” were formed, “*even from everlasting.*” Ps. xc. 2. Returning sweeps forward “to

*everlasting*," burdened with the mighty inquiry concerning the eternal destinies of this multitude saved lately here; wearily back to its York centre, making shorter vibrations amidst the points of history, of which those massive gates and heavy walls seemed to plead so eloquently,—of the din of war—the rush of pursuing or retreating armies,—the battle-strife of Pict and Dane, Roman, Saxon, Norman, and Scot: the dust of whose thousands, fallen in battle and in siege, is thick all around these ramparts! And high above all, that "mountain of ecclesiastical architecture," as Mrs. Sigourney names it, the Old Minster! which consumed one hundred and fifty years to build; and which the storms of centuries have not been able to overthrow! We enjoyed a quiet turn or two through its vast area,—perhaps for the last time.

"I stood within a Minster of old time,  
 Ornate and mighty. Like a mount it reared  
 Its massy front, with pinnacle and tower,  
 Augustly beautiful. The morning sun,  
 Through noblest windows of refulgent stain,  
 Mullioned, and wrought with leafy tracery,  
 Threw o'er the pavement many a gorgeous group  
 Of cherubim and seraphim and saint,  
 And long robed patriarch, kneeling low in prayer,  
 While as his golden finger changed the ray,  
 Fresh floods of brilliance poured on all around.  
 —O'er the long vista the delighted eye  
 Bewildered roved, transept, and nave, and choir,  
 And screen elaborate, and column proud,  
 And vaulted roof that seemed another sky.

\* \* \* \* \*



Fain would I tell you, what a world of sound  
 Came from that pealing organ, when its soul  
 Mixed with the chanter's breath, bade arch and aisle  
 Re-echo with celestial melody.  
 Its mighty tide bore off the weeds of care  
 And sands of vanity, and made the words,  
 Such common words as man doth speak to man,  
 All tame and trifling to the immortal soul."

But along the banks of the Ouse has been my favorite walking place; sweet, long to be remembered scenes. The river runs through the heart of the city, and is navigable for vessels of sixty tons up to the great stone bridge. The rivers Swale and Ure, by a confluence, originate the Ouse, which soon receives the Nidd as a tributary; at York it takes the Foss; farther down, the rivers Wharfe and Derwent, the Calder, the Aire, and the Don—its Yorkshire waters, which swell it to a noble river. It forms soon after a junction with the river Trent, where it loses its name, like many other coquettes, and becomes the Humber, which, in its turn, after running eastward for some distance, becomes an estuary of the German Ocean, and after toying awhile with its tides, is swallowed up and lost for ever in that wilderness of water.

I have been entertained the last few weeks at the house of Mr. Roccliffe, outside the city walls, where every comfort has been mine to enjoy in the society of kindred minds. Blessed be God! How graciously does he provide for me, in this respect, always.

Enjoyed with the family, some days since, a pleasant ride, the object of which was to see Castle Howard; a mag-

nificent mansion ; the interiors exceedingly grand ; furniture and paintings, princely. It is surrounded by a beautiful park, enlivened by several ornamental buildings ; one of which, the family Mausoleum, has an imposing effect,—a circular edifice, surrounded by a handsome colonnade of Doric columns, and crowned with a dome, which looks well from the interior, rising to the height of sixty or seventy feet, mosaic in squares, with a rose in each, and supported by a fine display of Corinthian columns : floor in compartments, inlaid with marble, and a beautiful table of antique mosaic.

What would Diogenes have said of all this ?—he who willed in his last testament, that his friend should not bury his body at all, but hang it up, staff in hand, to fright away the crows ! However, that was no Christian sentiment, nor Jewish neither. But he was a fright, poor man, while he lived,—in his Cynic garb, and crowned with a tub ! With such contempt for his poor body while alive, it was not to be expected he would provide much better for it when dead.

Well, whatever may have been the state in which these great folks left the world, they are certainly magnificently entombed ! Widely different,—O, how widely from the vast majority of Christ's sleeping dead wrapped in humble turf !

Ah ! but the Rising Day is approaching ! Then the contrast will be greater, but the other way ;—when Jesus shall say of all His people, as He did of Lazarus, "*I go to wake them out of their sleep !*" Aye ! and these underneath this splendid Mausoleum shall be awakened out of their sleep also. But how shall they arise ? from whence their souls ?

"From bowers of heaven, or burning glooms of hell !"

When Death's doors shall be opened, and out from under this flattering marble, issues the soul-claimed bodies,—when “*Holiness to the Lord,*” through life, will be more for their credit and safety, than all “*the sculptured garnish*” heaped over them when dead!

Aye! *The day will declare it?*—that Day of days, when the wicked shall be *frightened out of their graves* by the *blast of the last trumpet!*—but which, to the buried saints, as Flavel remarks, it will carry no more terror than the roaring of cannon, when armies of friends approach a besieged city, for the relief of them that are within it. Hallelujah!

The park is also graced by a pretty *Ionic Temple*, with four porticos, over the doors of which are busts of *Vespasian, Faustina, Trojan, and Sabina*. Its floor is of antique marble, and its dome is ornamented with white and gold.

Another part of the park, where four fine avenues of trees intersect, stands a stately obelisk, one hundred feet high; with an inscription we did not take time to read. But the effect of the whole struck us very agreeably.

We had a pleasant ride back to the city. The beauty of the scenery was charming. Dyer was a fine descriptive poet. Here is a fine specimen, in a few words:

“ Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landscape tire the view?  
 The fountains fall, the rivers flow,  
 The woody valleys warm and low;  
 The windy summit, wild and high,  
 Roughly rushing to the sky!  
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower;  
 The naked rock, the shady bower;

And town and village, dome and farm,  
Each give each a double charm.

\* \* \* \*

How close and small the hedges lie !  
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !  
A step methinks may pass the stream,  
So little distant dangers seem."

It would require a position on the top of the old Minster to realize the closing lines !

Was reminded of the remark of an old Christian writer, that the visible creation is the heathen's Bible, the plowboy's primer, and the traveler's perspective, through which he receives representations of the excellencies of God ! A Bible, primer, perspective ! it is all of these to me. One can read more of it, and see more of it, enjoying a ride thus ; but my readings are chiefly done on foot ; because then I am under necessity of talking with none but Nature, or Nature's God. But this excursion was most agreeable and exhilarating ; besides I had perfect liberty to muse in silence or to converse as I felt disposed. This suited my weakness. Ah, well, there is no arguing against debility ; I must yield to necessity, and retreat from the battle-ground of York where Jesus Christ has given us a glorious victory. Hallelujah !

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CONCLUDING NOTES OF THE YORK REVIVAL.



WELL, here I am in Scarborough, close by the ocean!  
“*Ministers must move as well as stars,*” as an old  
Christian of the seventeenth century observed.

It became evident to self and friends, that my health required rest, so I retreated from York, after preaching between one hundred and two hundred sermons, besides temperance addresses, etc., etc.,—months of hard fighting for God, and truth, and souls, against the combined powers of hell and error and depravity; struggling against repeated attacks of illness, and consequent debility.

The numbers saved, according to the report of our secretary, is as follows: thirteen hundred and fourteen justified; seven hundred and twenty-seven sanctified; total, two thousand and forty one souls. To God be all the glory!—yes, all the glory, with all my heart, and with all my soul. Amen.

The Wesleyans and others showed me much kindness. May my Lord Jesus Christ reward them. The Lord said to

Paul in a vision, "*Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace : for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee : for I have much people in this city.*" Such was my faith, and it was sweetly realized ; and, besides, he showed me in a stronger sense than "vision," that he had given me many friends in that city.

In the hospitable mansions of Mr. Agar and Mr. Rockliffe, I was entertained with genuine English hospitality. Precious families ! I feel sure my Lord will reward them at the Resurrection of the just, for their kindness to me His servant. Amen !

And that excellent old servant of God, Joseph Agar, Esq., the father of my host—now on the extremest edge of life, calmly awaiting his Master's call, on the solemn shores of that ocean he must sail so soon, yet without any dread of the hour of embarkation !

His is, indeed, a tranquil evening of a busy day ;—what one called "the stepping-stone to Heaven ;—enjoying

"An old man's blessings, liberty and leisure,  
Domestic happiness and smiling peace."

The last line is especially applicable ; for, although the wife of his youth has "crossed the narrow sea," and the world is all the lonelier on that account : yet he is blest with a son who, in all respects loves and honors him ; and a daughter-in-law attending to all his wants, with the affection of a daughter.

He has "liberty and leisure," freedom from all the cares of life and leisure, that is well employed in reading, and keeps well posted up, through the public papers, as to how



God is governing the world ; and has his purse or pocket-book always at hand for payment of subscriptions, and for the calls of charity.

He is a study ; bowing beneath the weight of more than fourscore years, yet full of life, shrewd, quick at repartee, but all in harmony with the Christian character.

He is well read on the doctrines of Methodism, and for many a year the financial watcher of Wesleyan Methodism in York. "Yonder comes Mr. Agar, we shall have a collection," used to be pleasantly whispered among the young people, when he made his appearance at city gatherings ; but they revered him for all that, for they knew that no hand went deeper into its own purse than that of Joseph Agar, on collection occasions.

He was intimately connected with the Rev. John Wesley, and accompanied him to some of his Yorkshire appointments. When Mr. Wesley resolved upon sending preachers to America, Mr. Agar took a lively interest in the Missions ; and when Joseph Pilmore, passing through York on his way to New York, and preached and needed aid, Mr. Agar assisted in taking up a collection for him to help him on his journey. Little did Mr. Agar think he should live to see the day when American Methodism should have its one million of members, and its four millions of regular hearers. Mr. Agar may well exclaim with one of old, "*According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought ?*" Numbers xxiii. 23.

He was for many years a member of the Corporation of the city, and filled the office of Sheriff ; has been a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society in York between sixty

and seventy years, filling the various offices of trust which Methodism has to bestow upon her laymen, and always with the highest satisfaction to his brethren. All honor, through divine grace, to such a man.

I often listened to his heavy cough, and marked the evident giving way of that robust frame. Servant of God, farewell! If I meet thee no more upon earth, may I meet thee among that noble band in Heaven,—thy associates of the last and present century. I can only think of thee now, just as the poet describes :

“ But the old pilgrim, weary and alone,  
Bowed down with travel, at his Master’s gate  
Now sits, his task of life-long labor done,  
Thankful for rest, although it comes so late.”\*

Last sabbath I spent at Leeds. Preached in St. Peter’s Wesleyan Chapel, morning and night, in behalf of the Tract Society. It was a risk, in the present state of my health, considering the size of the chapel,—the largest in the connexion—four thousand people crammed into it at night. The collection amounted to £40, two hundred dollars; but what was better we had thirty-five souls converted, and twenty-five believers sanctified. There was a great cry among stricken sinners!

Yesterday, in company with that remarkable man, Brother David Greenbury, whom God has lent me for the present, to be the companion of my weakness, returned to York by railway, and thence to Scarborough,—David, all

\* This aged servant of God “crossed the narrow sea” into the heavenly land, about fifteen months afterwards, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.—J. C.

“Hallelujah and glory;” poor J. C., thoughtful, pensive, prayerful, yet somewhat happy too.

Between York and Scarborough we noticed the prettiest and sublimest arrangement of clouds I ever remember to have seen. They overhung the ocean, which we could not see,—the greater part of them white as snow, and piled upon a gentle sky in remarkable shapes and forms,—

“Like an arched path o’er the billows thrown.”

David could easily imagine them, the chariot of angels, “at a halt,” or their paradise, or palaces, or “the pleasant pilgrims of the sky,” but rather lazy ones,—like some other sky-bound pilgrims, who need the breezes of heaven to stir them up, and waft them off and away to water and refresh “the dry places” of the earth, which are calling for them.

Arriving at Scarborough we found it had been announced for me to preach that evening, and without consulting me on the subject—for I had come to rest a little, and try the benefit of the sea-air; but a sea-voyage would, perhaps, be better. We had a good time, however, and a few saved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brother Greenbury would have me over to his native town, Malden; off we went, and to crowds preached the word of life, eight or nine found mercy, and several sanctification. An accident on the railway prevented our return till late in the night; had to hire a coach, and David and I were in our glory, all alone, praying and praising God, with the same religion glowing in our hearts that Paul and Silas had. Acts xvi. 25. But how differently circumstanced! They in a prison, feet fast in stocks, and backs all gory with

“many stripes;” we riding in our coach and pair like fine gentlemen. However we rejoiced in the midnight hour under “the sunshine of a countenance beaming friendship” upon our triumphant spirits. David well illustrates that sentiment of the old poet :

“ My conscience is my crown,  
Contented thoughts my rest ;  
My heart is happy in itself,  
My bliss is in my breast.”

We are hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. Ireland, a relative of Dr. Newton. They insist I must preach, if at all able, and would not allow us to stay at an hotel, my usual place, if traveling on my own account.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yesterday I preached twice, to crowds of people ; the last sermon my Lord greatly owned ; I cried to the multitudes from that text, “*Quench not the Spirit.*” I Thess. v. 19. There was a great shaking and crying out for mercy among sinners. Blessed be God ! about sixty of them found mercy ; and between twenty and thirty the blessing of entire sanctification.

To-day, with a company of friends, I enjoyed a pleasant ride to Filey, another agreeable “watering-place” on the Yorkshire coast ; returned to Scarborough and preached in the evening, when we had thirty souls saved. Rom. v. 1.

The sea air and rambles along the coast is doing me good ; but it is not easy to recruit and keep on preaching. Must move elsewhere. But O it is hard to refrain, when such an extraordinary power attends one’s ministry. It

may not be always thus. There is a period in every God-called minister's history, which is his true Heaven-appointed harvest. Then he must reap, as he may never have the like again; and the night cometh, when he cannot work.

But a letter from that dear old Irish brother, James Field, of Cork, affects me; he of whom I wrote you some account; who, returning from the Peninsular war, having obtained an honorable discharge from the Royal Artillery, found himself standing before the Wesleyan Chapel in the city of Cork, about break of day, 21st September, 1809. The morning was fine, streets solitary, his beloved wife and family yet asleep, ignorant of his arrival. There he stood before the chapel gate, deeply affected. He laid down his pack, placed his sword across the iron gate, and kneeled down upon the flags and praised God with all his heart and soul for providential care midst sieges and scenes of battle and bloodshed, and for bringing him safe back to his family in peace; and prayed thus: "And now my God and King. I praise Thee for all Thy mercies, as Thou has enabled me, by Thy grace, to serve faithfully my earthly sovereign, and hast provided for me an honorable discharge from this bloody service, I drop, I lay down my carnal sword at the gate of Thy house, determined by divine grace to put on more heartily the whole armor of God, the breastplate of righteousness, the girdle of truth, the gospel shoes, and the shield of faith. O Lord Jesus Christ, enable me now to take the sword of the Spirit, for I am resolved, by Thy assistance, to serve Thee as faithfully as I have served King George. O God, teach me to be as expert in the use of these my spiritual weapons; teach my hands to war, and

my fingers to fight, that I may crucify the flesh, overcome the spirit of the world, and vanquish all the powers of darkness; serve my generation, glorify Thy name, and be made meet, through rich and abounding mercy, to enjoy Thee in glory, through Jesus Christ my Lord. Amen." Now, was not that a sublime spectacle!\*

And well and faithfully has he kept that solemn oath of allegiance to the Son of God. He has fought the good fight of faith now nearly forty-five years, and has done the devil's kingdom much injury, and been a blessing to many precious souls.

And now in his eightieth year, or more, here is a beautiful letter from the old warrior, dated from "The banks of Jordan," expecting every day the call which conducts him to a crown.† He writes, "Do not, Brother Caughey, allow them to kill you in England before you have finished your Master's work; for they are like the Indians who happened upon a richly laden apple tree, but were in such a hurry to get at the fruit they cut it down!" A good hint; but ah me! I cast all prudence to the winds, when on track of souls. But the Lord reigneth! Amen.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now farewell, Scarborough! It is a pleasant town and seaport in North Yorkshire; rising from the recess of a beautiful bay, it spreads itself along steep and craggy heights. It is a favorite resort of invalids and pleasure-

\* The reader will find a more extended account of this old leader, in "METHODISM IN EARNEST."

† Not long after he crossed over that Jordan, and entered his promised rest. O may I be so happy as to join him there, when my work is done on this side the same Jordan, through Jesus Christ my Lord. Amen.—J. C.



seekers, on account of its salubrious air and benefit of sea bathing and other advantages. Its harbor is supposed to be one of the best in England.

I have preached six times here. The secretary (for I always have one appointed), reports one hundred and twenty converted, and fifty cases of full salvation as the result. All glory be to God. He doeth the works. To Him be all the glory. Amen.



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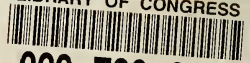








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