

B

0
0
0
0
7
3
7
3
4



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



UCSB LIBRARY

X-34897

HOSS LIBRARY

THE

LIFE OF HENRY LONGDEN,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL:

COMPILED FROM HIS MEMOIRS, DIARY, LETTERS,
AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

Behold an Israelite indeed ; in whom is no guile.—*John* i, 47.

NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED BY T. MASON AND G. LANE,

For the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Conference Office,
200 Mulberry-street.

J. Collord, Printer.

1837.

PREFACE

TO

LIFE OF LONGDEN.

THE proper subjects of biography are the lives and characters of those who have shone pre-eminently in civil or religious society. The conduct of such, whether they trod the public circles, or adorned the private walks of life, ought to be exhibited as examples to posterity: and it seems but a just debt to perpetuate the memories of those who have employed their time, devoted their powers, or hazarded their lives, for the promotion of the true happiness of their fellow-creatures. Nor would those flowers of modest worth, which bloom unseen in the vale of life, appear less lovely, or be found less instructive, could we call them from their obscurity:—but their names, with their private virtues, are registered on high!

The subject of the following memoirs was employed the major part of his life in the founding and the spreading of Methodism; for he knew no difference between the cause of that people and the cause of Christianity. It will be seen that his labours were not in vain in the Lord.

The compiler is conscious of his inability to answer the demands of a pious and intelligent public, in performing the task imposed upon him; but those brethren who were more able to undertake the work had not sufficient leisure; and others, who had ability and opportunity, had but an imperfect acquaintance with the life and labours of the deceased; it appeared, therefore, to devolve upon the present writer by providential appointment.

Among the manuscripts of the deceased was found the short and imperfect account of himself which appears in some of the following pages; which account was not intended for publication, but only for the instruction and admonition of his own family.

Correctness of narrative, and faithful delineation of character, have been attended to, setting down naught by way of extenuation or exaggeration. The sacred biographers are examples of this, in having written the whole truth, whether it consisted of light or shade.

This manual is sent into the world with a sincere desire that the divine blessing may accompany it; which alone can succeed every human effort to spread the honour of the Father, Son, and Spirit, to whom belong equal and endless praises.

THE LIFE
OF
HENRY LONGDEN.

CHAPTER I.

From his childhood to the time of his conversion to God, and his becoming a member of the Methodist Society.

I WAS born in Sheffield, in the county of York, February 6, 1754. Although my parents had had nineteen children, none of them were living when I was born; and their great desire that I should be spared, led them imperceptibly into an over-indulgent kind of tuition, which, for some years, proved destructive of our peace and comfort.

My constitution, (together with that of a sister two years younger,) contrary to most of the former children, was sound and good, and it became probable that I should be reared. *Crying and fretting*, it was thought, would endanger my health, and therefore every one's first care was to prevent the little wonderful stranger from being *hurt* or *vexed*. I have ever considered this treatment as a great infelicity. So long as it lasted, we were plunged deeper

and deeper into difficulties. Every thing which I saw I wished to have ; and lest I should *cry* I must have it instantly, if it were possible to procure it. The new toy was soon cast off as old and useless, and the more I had the more I wanted. My fond parents were thus in continual bondage ; and the domestics were as so many slaves to my childish tyranny. That the evils resulting from this mode of educating children may deeply affect my own children who may live to be parents, I will enumerate some of its baneful consequences, as exemplified in the first seven years of my life.

I remember standing one day with a milk-can in my hand, when my father, who was observing me at some distance, saw me in danger of being run over by a cart, and shouted to me to run instantly. The loud voice at once startled me and raised my majesty ; in consequence of which, by way of revenge, I took the can, and laid it before the cart, and the wheel ran over it. What a mistaken affection, that I did not receive from my parents a salutary correction !

At another time, having on a new suit of clothes, my father happened playfully to startle me, at which I was so mightily offended, that I took a handful of mire and rubbed it on my clothes. Not long after this, as my father's apprentice boys were going out one evening to walk into the fields, I told them I would go with them, but they, refusing me, ran away ; I followed them, but being outrun, in my fury

I plunged over head into a horse-pond. I was conscious of nothing more, till some hours after I woke as out of a trance, lying upon my mother's knee.

My father, knowing no remedy for these painful propensities, submitted to them as admitting of no cure. Otherwise he was a man of amiable disposition and manners, affectionate to his acquaintance, and faithful to his friends.

He possessed a large share of original genius, which he applied to mechanics. This engaged his attention so as to injure his circumstances by the neglect of his business. Nor was it till his last sickness that he seriously considered the importance of religion, and the awful realities of eternity. In the painful retrospect of his life, he found that he had been *friendly* to all, but an *enemy* to himself.

My mother was a very intelligent and a deeply pious woman. She was in church-fellowship with the Calvinists, and *experienced* that holiness which she had considered was not attainable till death. The Scriptures were her daily study, and she could say, "Thy words have I hid in my heart!" She enjoyed the comfort of true religion, in its present peace, and its future prospects in a better world.

It was with growing concern that my mother beheld my stubbornness. She lamented that she had not *begun early* with suitable correction. As I had now been seven years under the sole control of my capricious passions, she thought it was too late to use coercion, and re-

solved to try to the utmost what her instructions and admonitions, her prayers and example would avail. Almost as soon as she put her resolution in practice, she saw some fruit of her labour; and at length she could govern me by a kind word, or an affectionate look. With what veneration do I remember her pious care!

Now she began to "train up her child in the way in which he should go;" and I remember I was very early the subject of religious impressions. My understanding was enlightened, my conscience was awakened, and I felt the drawings of the Spirit of God.

I had always been kept, as much as possible, from wicked examples; and now I felt astonished when I saw or heard the wickedness of the wicked. Hearing a carter swear at his horses, I was so affected that I went home weeping, praying that God would have mercy upon him, and not send him to hell.

My mother, perceiving the success of her labours, was stimulated, if possible, to greater diligence. At the age of nine, she prevailed upon me to keep a diary, in which I wrote a faithful register of every hour. When reading what I had written, I found a pleasure in reflecting upon the hours of my improvement; and I reviewed with equal shame the hours spent in foolish plays and diversions.

At the age of ten I was taught to pay particular attention to the sermons which I heard. On the evening of the Sabbath, my mother did not fail to inquire how much I could remember

of the three discourses I had heard on that day ; and I found a growing ability to relate the general and the particular divisions, with many of the concluding inferences.

I often felt the Lord sweetly drawing me to secret prayer. Believing it to be a positive duty, I engaged in it, and soon found the habitual exercise of closet devotion to be my delight. I had the testimony of a good conscience, peace of mind, and I lived in union with God.

If in the course of the day I had unfortunately offended God, I did not fail at night ingenuously to confess my sins, and I often received comfort before I rose from my knees. One night my sense of criminality was so great that it was with difficulty I could prevail upon myself to bow my knees in prayer. While I was praying, I said, in the simplicity of my heart, " Lord, if thou wilt forgive me this once, I will never sin against thee any more ; if thou wilt condescend to forgive me *now*, *I will never ask thee to forgive me again.*" I continued to pray and plead till comfort sprang up in my heart, and I got into bed quite satisfied.

Now I thought I must be doubly watchful, for if I am brought into bondage again, there is no more hope of mercy. For some time I gave myself up to reading and prayer, and to continual watchfulness ; but alas ! in a few weeks I was suddenly overcome with anger. When I retired to bed, I was alarmed by the recollection of my rash vow. I durst not attempt to pray, but hurried into bed, covered

myself overhead with the clothes, and did not pray again for many years.

Although I now lost my union with God, and began to relax in keeping my diary, yet I retained, by force of habit and the restraints of a religious education, the form of religion, and avoided all vain company; and I entertained a growing affection for my parents.

I was of the age of fourteen, when my father became acquainted with the brutality of Mr E——n, my schoolmaster. When I was first put under his care, my father charged him to be sure to conquer me. He began by frequently beating me unmercifully; and, unfortunately, we had a controversy as long as I continued with him. He often knocked me down, by way of experiment, to see if he could make me shed a tear. One day my father sent me an errand in my way to school, which caused me to be five minutes too late. Without any inquiry, my master ordered me to strip off my coat and waistcoat, and, having mounted me upon a boy's back, he beat me violently, while the boy walked six times the length of the school. "Now, you dog," said he, "you will come too late to school again, will you?" "Yes, sir," I rejoined, "whenever my father sends me an errand for an ounce of snuff I will go."—"Search his pockets," he said, "and if there be no snuff, he shall undergo the same again." My pockets being searched, an ounce of snuff was found, and I was liberated.

Those pupils in our school who were learn-

ing the languages, adjourned, at stated times, to Mr. S. a classical teacher. I had made considerable progress in the Latin tongue when my father, by some bruises upon me, became acquainted with my treatment at school. He resolved, therefore, to remove me that day. Mr. S. expostulated with him, saying, if I were taken to business then, all he had taught me would be lost ; but if I were to continue another year, he could perfect me in the Latin—that he had never known a boy who had made an equal proficiency in the same time ; and that rather than I should not prosecute my studies he would teach me for nothing : but my father was inflexible.

I continued with my parents till I was fifteen, when I was placed an apprentice to a razor-maker in Sheffield. Directly a new scene presented itself to me. In the work-shop I beheld sin in new forms, and heard blasphemies by new names. I could perceive no fear of God either before men or boys. For some time I was grieved, yea, I was filled with horror ; but, by and by, their oaths and imprecations became familiar to my ears, and their obscenities were less offensive to my mind.

I had yet the benefit of my mother's warning voice, and in this day of trial, her admonitions ever sounded in my ears. Temptations assailed me in every form ; but to be branded as singular was too powerful for me. It was easy for me to trample upon their threatenings and promises ; but, being prayerless, I could not

resist the tide of wicked example ; and I was carried away by the flood.

I had been in this situation three years when my dear mother, ever to be remembered, sickened and died. I was much affected with her tranquillity of mind, in a near view of the eternal world. With what pleasure do I record her sweetness of temper, enlightened by a well-informed mind ! She was wise for eternity by the conscientious discharge of every duty, and by seeking and obtaining a "meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light." I was with her the night before she died ; she bore her pain with Christian patience and fortitude ; she expressed great thankfulness for the least thing I did for her ; and she was joyful in hope of the glory of God. That night she entered into rest, in the triumph of faith. May I meet her in the day of the Lord !

It was not till after the death of my mother that I could go to the same lengths in sin as my shopmates. While she lived, I was called to account for the manner of spending all my evenings and Sabbaths, and by her restraints I was nearly preserved from associating with my fellow apprentices ; but now, by degrees, I began to yield myself a willing captive to the fowler's snares.

My soul recoils at the recollection of my manner of life the latter part of my apprenticeship. Without any disposition to contend or quarrel, I was frequently embroiled in fightings with others. Naturally bold and courageous,

I was a stranger to fear. Having a high sense of honour, I not only hated every thing that was low and mean in myself, but I was desirous of correcting the want of it in others. It was this which made me defend the weak and oppressed in every company. Being always victorious, in a short time, and without any design, I became the champion of Sheffield.

In whatever game or exercise I engaged, I always performed it in the best manner I possibly could. I thereby acquired a habit of excelling all with whom I associated. I would not suffer too great a familiarity from any of my comrades, and always maintained a strict probity of character, being punctual to my appointments, and faithful to my promises. This insured a due respect from all. O! how I was murdering my time, and prostituting my talents; the willing captive of sin, and slave of Satan—of all these former things I am truly ashamed.

I often indulged a disposition to contrive a secret train of circumstances which should result in merriment, though at the expense of some present. I several times appeared to be drowning, to the great consternation of the spectators, and then laughed at them. One day I climbed into a tree, and, as if by accident, fell from it into the river, and struggled in the water as one drowning, while the bystanders were kindly contriving how to snatch me from a watery grave. At another time, being naked, I was just going to bathe in a

deep part of the river, when a man passing by, I asked him if I might walk in and bathe with safety. "No," said he, "if thou dost thou wilt be drowned." I replied, "Are you not mistaken? I think I have bathed here before;" and without waiting for an answer, I plunged in, and began to tread the water; then gave a shriek, and sunk. When I came up again, the man was screaming and stamping in an agony. I repeated this twice, and when I came up the third time, I burst into laughter at him, swam away, and left him to cool off his perturbation.

Who will not subscribe with me, "he willeth not the death of a sinner," while reading the following circumstance? When I was about nineteen years of age, one of my companions proposed to go to Attercliffe feast the following Sabbath afternoon. We went accordingly, and proposed to drink pure spirits. In a short time a few of us drank five pints of gin. I was surprised to find it had no intoxicating effect upon me; but soon after, as we were returning home, I fell senseless as a dead man! A person just then passing by, who knew me, when he had inquired into my situation, took me into his arms and shook me violently, which caused a profuse vomiting. My poor widowed father was sent for, and I was put to bed in a neighbouring house. I continued in a state of insensibility sixteen hours: when I awoke I was in a high fever; my tongue and throat parched with thirst, and the room apparently running around. It was some weeks before I

fully recovered my health. I have often, with tears of gratitude, remembered this hair-breadth escape from death and destruction!

Being solicited to abscond from my servitude, by a comrade who had differed with his master, I told him I would set out for London that night, if he was sincere and willing, to which he agreed. I secretly revolted, but I had plighted my word. We accordingly packed up some clothes, and precipitately left our homes that night, and got to Nottingham next day. In our hasty retreat we had only brought one shilling, which we spent in the morning. We consulted what was best to be done; for to return home would be cowardly. We therefore offered ourselves to a recruiting party of gunners, and enlisted for soldiers. I requested to be sent off immediately to a distant place, lest my friends should find me and take me back again, but I was refused.

The day after, as I sat with a party of soldiers, to my great astonishment my father appeared! The following is the conversation which passed between us, as nearly as I can recollect: and I will here remark, that the taunting, irreverent replies which I made continue to sting me, and have cost me many tears!

Father. Well, sir, you are in pretty company.

Son. Yes, sir, I am in such company as I approve.

Father. Don't you intend to go home with me, sir?

Son. No, sir, I intend to see home no more : I am resolved to see the world, and I have chosen the profession of a soldier, with the intention of making my fortune.

Father. You are my property and my prisoner, and I will have you handcuffed, tied upon my horse, and sent home in disgrace.

Son. If you will suffer me to ride all the way, I will return home with you, for my feet are rather sore with walking here.

The good man was quite at a loss what to do, and sat down in silence. Presently he gave me a look of tenderness, and, walking out, said, "I want to speak to thee." My hardened heart could not deny so small a request, and I followed him. When we were alone, he proceeded thus :—

Father. I am at a loss to account for this kind of behaviour ; thou hast always been dutiful to me, and I do not recollect ever denying thee any request : thy master and mistress also give thee an excellent character.

Son. You have always been a most indulgent parent.

Father. Art thou dissatisfied with thy master, or employment, or any other thing ?

Son. No.

Now my father burst into a flood of tears, and said, "Why wilt thou bring thy father in gray hairs with sorrow to the grave ? I have loved thee, and always thought thou wouldst have been the comfort of my old age. Thy mother is gone ! and wilt thou go also ?" Here

he touched a tender string, and I could not for my life refrain from weeping also; the spirit of the soldier and hero forsook me, and I instantly said, "My father, do not grieve, and I will go with you wherever you please; and, in future, will endeavour to make amends for the grief I have wickedly caused you." We returned into the house, and after liberating me from my engagements with the soldiers, he took me to his inn; and the next day we arrived in Sheffield. This merciful deliverance from a life of warfare had no lasting good effect upon my mind. My companions looked upon the whole as a youthful frolic, and I was the more esteemed and caressed by them as a man of spirit.

My master and mistress were the reverse of each other in their tempers and dispositions. He was mild and pacific, dispassionate and sober; but she would alike disgust by her over-kindness or brutishness—ever contriving unnecessary rewards or satiating her malice by revenge. At these times my master sought quietness from home, and often would not return till two or three o'clock in the morning. It remained a mystery how he gained admission into his own house, for he was always carefully locked out. The truth was, I used to sit up in my room till all the family were asleep, and then return to the kitchen fire till my master gently tapped at the door, when I was ready to open it.

One night my mistress resolved, if possible,

to prevent my master gaining admission into the house as usual. She took the keys out of the locks and then carefully secreted them; afterwards I heard her cautiously creeping up to my lodging room, to examine if all was right there. I leaped into bed, and nearly covered myself, closed my eyes, and opened my mouth, and was very busy snoring when she arrived: having looked at me, she turned about and said, "O! I see you are safe." To avoid waiting till she was asleep, as usual, I followed her so close as to be able to pass by her door just as she was shutting it. She heard a creaking, opened the door, and catching a glance of something, she pursued as quickly as she was able. There was no alternative, so I leaped into the brewing copper, which had some water in it, and was just composed when she arrived. I believe she looked everywhere but in the right place: finding nothing, she felt alarmed, and, believing it to be something supernatural, she hastened to bed. As soon as I thought she was settled, I ventured to leave my cold retreat, and dried myself by the kitchen fire. At two my master tapped at the door. I had already unscrewed the lock with a knife, and I admitted him, to his great satisfaction: I then screwed the lock on again and went to bed.

In the morning there was a grand consultation how my master had got into the house, as the keys were taken away the night before. I told them it was possible he might have a key, and when our key was taken away, no-

thing was more easy than to gain admission : but that when our keys were left in the locks, it must give him much trouble to get them out before he could introduce his own key to open the door. " O then," said my mistress, " I will take care in future always to leave the key in the lock !" She did so, and saved me some trouble.

One day I caught hold of my mistress's uplifted arm, when, in a frenzy of passion, she was about to strike a fellow apprentice with a heavy kitchen poker. I remonstrated with her sharply on the consequences which must have followed had I not providentially prevented her design. Her husband just then coming in, she cried out to him, " O, this Longden is such a lad !" " What has he done amiss," said my master, " and he shall be punished ?" " O ! he is such a lad !" she said. " Do tell me then what he has done !" added my master. " Why," she said, " he has just saved me from being hanged !" To show her gratitude, I had as much fruit pie and ale, for a fortnight, as I pleased ; but, unfortunately, one of us then happening to displease her, we had hot broth and cold beef for as long a period.

Much as my master and mistress differed in other respects, in this they agreed—they were without God in the world.

In the last week of my apprenticeship, in the afternoon, being accused of idleness, I instantly stripped and began to work, and did not cease till, in twenty-four hours, I had begun and com-

pleted a full week's work. This activity at work caused me to abound too much in money: but it was well known I kept a public purse, and shared my bounties among my more necessitous companions.

Thus have I gone through the course of my apprenticeship, faithfully narrating the wicked practices which were then my boast and glorying. I would, however, during this time, defend Christian professors and religious conduct upon every occasion. I often regret that I was not under greater moral restrictions in my apprenticeship. With what a tender conscience did I leave my parental roof! And who can tell what evil might have been prevented, and what good might have resulted, had I been placed in a religious family! What a polluted stain upon my life was the course of those years! Many of my companions died as they lived. Why did not I destroy my life and plunge into hell? Doubtless, because there were many ardent prayers recorded in heaven, offered by a pious mother, which remained to be answered upon earth. The fervent inwrought prayers of a righteous person avail much—they cannot fall to the ground unanswered.

Being now of full age, I sat down seriously to consider the course of my future life. To continue in the business I had learnt would have been the most profitable; but when I recollected the age and growing infirmities of my father, and the gratitude and affection which I owed him as a son, I resolved to offer him my

services to conduct and manage his business. He accepted my offer with readiness and great affection.

I began my new employment with unspeakable satisfaction, from the recollection that my father was freed from all worldly care and duty: determining that while he lived he should be supplied with every possible comfort. And O! had I then experienced the power of religion, I am persuaded that he would not long have remained a stranger to it.

It evidently appeared that my father began to sink apace under many infirmities. A friend called upon him, and told him there was a physician near fifty miles off who was noted for the cure of his complaint. Not being able to hire a horse that night, I resolved without delay to set out on foot early the next morning. I arrived at a village within four miles of the place at seven in the evening. It was quite dark, and I had a large trackless common to go over: I sought a guide in vain, and turned out upon the heath alone, with not a star to light my way. After I had walked some time, I saw a glimmering light near me, and upon inquiry, to my astonishment, found myself safe in the village which I had almost despaired to find! I saw the doctor that night, who thought he could be of some service. I returned joyfully with his prescriptions, and reached home the next night in safety. The medicines considerably alleviated my father's pain, but they had not the sovereign power to cure.

By unremitting industry, I soon found my father's trade to increase and prosper; and I look back upon the last year of my father's life which I spent with him in this manner with pleasing recollection. The hoary rugged path of declining life was smoothed, and his afflictions in some measure were beguiled.

Carnal as I was, I began to feel some concern for my father's salvation; and one day I took the liberty to ask him the state of his mind towards God. I found he was in uncertainty and darkness; and through the Antinomian error he was, without effort, leaving his final state to the unconditional and eternal election or reprobation of God. I gave him the best advice of which I was capable, and begged he would permit me to pray with him: he consented, and when we rose from our knees we were both much affected.

Ever after this, his views relative to the method of salvation were altered, and he became a man of prayer. Some lovely young men (of whom I have presently to speak) visited him: and although he gave no satisfactory testimony of the remission of his sins, yet there was full evidence of his sincerity and godly sorrow. I must leave this to the righteous decision of the Judge before his dread tribunal.

About six weeks before the death of my father, I entered into the marriage state. The circumstances were as follows. As I was one evening walking into the country, I met two young women: as soon as I had passed them I

found an involuntary and unaccountable regard for one of them—a regard which I had never felt for any other person. I paused a while, and would have followed them, but durst not, for fear of giving offence. I often sought her afterwards, but in vain, for I had not any reference or means of inquiring after her or her friends.

Some months afterwards, my sister told me she had invited a few female friends to tea, and she hoped I should make it convenient to be with them; to which I consented. What was my astonishment when I beheld her whom I had sought so diligently! After mature consideration I offered myself as sacred to her, and some time after we were united in the bonds of holy matrimony: for which union I shall have cause to praise God in time and eternity.

I soon found that, although my earthly wishes were consummated, I was not essentially and permanently happy. I was an enigma to myself. I felt in my soul a painful void. Vanity and disappointment were written upon all things. What to do, or whither to turn, I did not know. A voice from within frequently said, God is the fountain of happiness; the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness and peace! But I was a stranger to the voice of God, never having attempted to pray for myself after that rash vow before mentioned, and I seemed to be cut off from the great fountain of happiness.

I was pondering these things in my heart at a time when two of our neighbours were ill of a decline. There were some pious young men

(mentioned before) whose uniform practice it was to visit the sick wherever they heard of them. Accordingly they came to our village, adjacent to the town, and offered their instructions and prayer. One of the sick persons positively rejected them, with expressions of indignation and contempt: he died a few weeks afterwards, and he made the most awful end I ever witnessed. He appeared filled with dread and horror; his cries, his groans, his looks, were enough to shake the most infidel principles and conduct. The other of these gladly received the service of the visiters, and by their happy instrumentality received a clear sense of the forgiveness of his sins, and was filled with the love of God.

I was exceedingly surprised, when I called upon him, to hear his joyful and blessed testimony. I resolved to watch him attentively in his affliction and death, to prove, if possible, the reality of his professions, to ascertain the possibility of a knowledge of pardon, and to see the excellence of religion as exemplified in his uniform faith and his triumph in death; if these things were true, it would be an important point gained in my search for happiness. Accordingly I visited him several times in a day, and often sat up with him all night. My utmost wishes were gratified; I did see him die, and heard him, with his latest breath, witness a good confession. When I saw his patience under suffering, his calm resignation to die, and his confident hope of a glorious resurrec-

tion, together with the animating joy which beamed in his countenance when singing songs of praise to God for his late and almost miraculous deliverance, I burst into tears, and said, "O how I envy your situation! could I but die like you, with this heavenly peace, and love, and joy!" "My friend," he said, "God can save you as well as me; he is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to a knowledge of the truth, and be saved. I myself am one of the greatest sinners out of hell, and the Lord has had mercy upon me, even upon my death-bed." He then raised his hand and said, with solemnity of voice, "My friend, I know that God will have mercy upon you; he will pardon all your sins, yea, he will make you *instrumental of good to thousands*; and then, after a season, we shall meet above, to praise God for ever and ever." "The Methodists," he added, "under God, have been instrumental of my conversion." He then pressed me to hear their preachers, and recommended me to obtain an acquaintance with a class-leader whom he named.

Thus I became decided and fixed in my judgment, and in my choice of religion as the one thing needful, by being providentially an eye-witness of the awful death of a sinner and the happy exit of a saint of God. I was ready to inquire, How may I escape the damnation of hell? how may I secure the salvation of my soul?

The remains of my dear departed friend,

Samuel Earnshaw, were interred on a Sabbath day. As soon as the funeral ceremony was over, the young men who had visited him came to me, and gave me a kind invitation to go with them to hear preaching, which I gladly accepted.

It was the first time I was ever in a Methodist chapel, and I was much struck with what I saw and heard. The preacher, Mr. John Peacock, was a plain man, without any parade. His deportment was solemn, without affectation; his prayer was simple, but it opened heaven; his preaching was unadorned, but mighty by the power of God. He felt what he said, and he could not restrain tears from running down his cheeks. I observed the congregation were often in tears also. The men sung with all their hearts, and the women sweetly sung the repeats alone; the men sat on one side, and the women on the other. I thought, Where am I?—This worship is pure, simple, and spiritual; nor did I think there had been a people so primitive and apostolical upon earth. In the fulness of my heart I said, “This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God for ever.”

Upon reflection I saw nothing was so reasonable as the service of God; I viewed him as my benefactor, my great original and end. I saw I was brought into being to be happy for ever in the knowledge and love of God, and in obedience to his commandments. I stated the views I had received, and the resolutions I had

formed, to my old companions in sin ; and told them I should be glad if they would join me in the service of God ; but if not, I wished a total separation. In this I continued firm and resolute, while they waited for my halting, laying every possible snare to entangle.

I acquainted my dear wife and my sister (who resided with us) with the nature of my experience. I instituted prayer and the reading the Scriptures in my family ; I took them with me to the house of God ; and it was evident that by an attentive hearing of preaching, a genuine work of grace was soon begun upon each of their souls.

Already I was convinced of the folly of making the rash vow which I had formerly made, and of the sin of keeping it, by the total neglect of prayer. I began to pray in secret as well as in my family. This, as well as the exercise of every other known duty, was pleasant to me ; for I had yet felt no other workings but the first precious drawings of the Spirit.

With these views of myself as a reformed character, and consequently a very good Christian, I went to a Methodist class-meeting. But before I dared to attend one of these social meetings, I called upon the person recommended to me by my deceased friend, and addressed him as follows : “ Sir, I have taken the liberty of calling upon you to converse with you on the subject of religion.” “ I am glad to see you,” he replied ; “ do sit down.” “ Sir,” I continued, “ I have lately been in the habit of

hearing your preachers, and they positively declare that a man may know that his sins are forgiven him in this world." He answered in the affirmative. "And, sir," I added, "do you know that your sins are forgiven?" He now looked seriously at me, and said, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ, I do know my sins are forgiven." I said, "Pray, sir, by what means, or how, do you know your sins are forgiven? is it not possible for you to be deceived?" "Young man," he answered, "if I were to give you a Scriptural answer, I should say, 'We know the things which are freely given us of God by the Spirit which he hath given us; and the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the sons of God;' but you would not understand this language: I will, therefore, tell you my experience, informing you how I was both awakened and converted." The good man proceeded familiarly to declare his experience:—but the veil was on my heart; I could not understand him. He invited me, however, to his class, and I became a member of society from that time.

My class-leader spoke to me in such language as the following:—"Before we are made saints we must be conscious we are sinners; you appear to be without a discovery of the malignity and danger of sin, or a sense of the mercy of God: he pardoneth all those who truly repent and believe in his Son for salvation. I would seriously recommend you to pray earnestly to God to give you a sense of the burden

of your sins." I promised to conform to his instructions, though I knew not what he meant; for I found much comfort in attending all the means of grace, and could rejoice at the change which God had evidently wrought in me.

In answer to these prayers, I awoke one morning with an afflictive sight of myself. I beheld myself a wretched being, fallen from God, far from the way of peace. I saw the tenor of my life had been an act of daring contempt of the majesty of heaven, and myself an enemy to God; that I had transgressed his righteous laws, and was a rebel against his throne! I leaped out of bed, and for a season attempted to dress myself in vain. My spirit was in sore amazement, the wrath of God lay heavy upon me, and my sins, which I had forgotten, now passed in array before me.

I longed to unbosom myself to my class-leader, hoping to find some alleviation from his sympathy. I accordingly called upon him that day, and with many tears described to him the sorrows of a wounded spirit. I was much disappointed to observe him and his wife smiling at each other during my narration. When I had ended my account, he said,—“This is the Lord’s work upon your soul; you must of necessity have repentance towards God before you can exercise faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Remember, God has pronounced the mourners blessed, in the prospect of certain deliverance; for the lip of truth hath said, ‘They shall be comforted,’ therefore, we are glad and rejoice

over you." He recommended me to give myself much to prayer, to plead in faith the promises of pardon, which are all "yea and amen in Christ Jesus;" and he assured me I should soon rejoice in a manifestation of the love of God.

My life became a life of prayer: so far I was obedient; but the subject of my prayer was contrary to the instructions I had received. I prayed for clearer light and more powerful convictions; and I received an answer: "The sorrows of hell got hold of me."

When I dared to lie down in bed, I kept awake as long as I could, lest, sleeping, the righteous judge should close my eyes in death, and I, banished "to my own place," should awake in everlasting torments. My dreams were composed of ghastly phantoms, and I awoke but to an invigorated sense of my wretchedness. I fasted and prayed, but the heavens were as brass to my prayers. My flesh began to waste, and my strength was so decayed, that I was no longer able to attend to my secular calling. My knees were not able to bear the weight of my body, so that generally in prayer I lay extended on the ground; and when my voice failed me, I groaned my wants and miseries into the ear of God. My despair and agony were such, one night, that I said, "O righteous God, if thou canst not consistently with thy justice save such a wretch as I am, bring the matter to an issue; and to all eternity I will acknowledge thy dread sovereignty and

righteousness ; for I have destroyed myself ! But O ! if thy love and pity can stoop so low, save me from this hour !”—But there was no answer.

Some friends (so called) expostulated with me, saying “I took things too high by laying them too much to heart ; that I should certainly kill myself, or lose my reason, if I did not relax a little ; that, ‘It is good for a man both to hope and patiently to wait for the salvation of God ;’ and that, if I would be quiet and still, the Lord would in due time deliver me.” My soul abhorred such counsel, and I fully determined,
“If I ne’er find the sacred road,
I’ll perish crying out for God.”

When I was thus earnestly seeking the Lord, a circumstance occurred, which, instead of proving a blessing, tended greatly to discourage me. A strange family coming to reside in our neighbourhood, I made free to call to converse with them about religion. After some introductory remarks, I told them I was a Methodist, that I feared God, and that I had lately begun to inquire the way to heaven ; that I and my family wished them well, and should be glad to afford them every office of kindness in our power ; but if they were not like-minded with reference to the salvation of their souls, we could not have any familiarity or acquaintance with them, for the friendship of the world was enmity against God. The man, with pleasing astonishment, replied, “You are just the sort of person I wanted ; I have had a de-

sire to serve God some time, but I did not know how; and if you will instruct me I shall be very thankful." We took both him and his wife to our chapel in Mulberry-street, and they heard the word with gladness. The unadorned and powerful sermons of our preachers were soon instrumental to their thorough awakening. About a month after this I was awakened at midnight, and found my neighbour knocking loudly at the door, and he said he must speak to me. When I came down and opened the door, he caught me in his arms; filled with joy and rapture, he began to praise the Lord for pardoning all his sins. I was exceedingly hurt with his testimony—it was too powerful for my feelings to think he was made happy before myself, who had been seeking forgiveness so much longer than he had. He met with a very improper reception, and it was well I did not put him out of the house. "Joseph," said I, "you may, perhaps, be as happy as you appear to be, but you will do well to give full evidence of it by your conduct; only take this with you—'Let not him that putteth on the harness boast as he that putteth it off.'" When I had so said, without any reply he meekly turned and went away; and I, yet wretched and forlorn, spent the remaining part of the night sighing, groaning, and weeping.

My deliverance was brought about in the following manner; and O that every humble penitent could hear it! After I had fasted and prayed in vain for three months, one of the

brethren called to see me. Having inquired minutely into my state, he paused, and then asked me, "Why are you not pardoned, and made happy in God?" It appeared to me a very unreasonable and absurd question. I answered, "I cannot tell." "Hearken to me;" he said; "it must be either God's fault or your fault; either that God is not able, or, what amounts to the same, that he is not willing to save you; or, that you certainly have not sought salvation in the right way. With respect to the former, I will undertake to prove that God is able and willing to save you now." This he did with great clearness and force of argument; and concluded, saying, "If the God of truth hath said, 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast him out,' it must of necessity follow, that all the fault is yours, the hinderance is in yourself alone. I know you have broken off every sin, have left your old companions, and have sought the Lord earnestly, with many tears; all which are essential to salvation. You have been mighty in grief, till your flesh is consumed, and you have trusted in this, as a plea for the mercy of God, instead of pleading in faith the death and mediation of Jesus Christ as the only ground of your hope, and plea for pardon. If you were to seek salvation a thousand years, without the precious name of Christ, it would not, it could not, avail."

This faithful messenger greatly astounded me, and I found the risings of pride and anger, to be thus stripped of my last covering. He

proceeded, "He that believeth shall be saved: this is the short, easy, scriptural method of salvation, by which a sinner can be saved. With all your heart believe the promises, and cordially embrace the Lord Jesus Christ, as your Saviour, evidently set forth to give you remission of sins; and in the moment you exercise this faith, God will send the spirit of adoption into your heart, crying, Abba, Father!"

The light of truth shone into my mind, and I with gratitude now saw that my tears and prayers could not atone for one sin; that God was able and willing to save me now; and it only remained for me to believe, to obtain instant deliverance. I found myself upon the threshold of mercy, and was just going to venture upon Christ by faith, when it was suggested, "If thou believe now, thy leader will not receive thy testimony to-night at the class-meeting;" I listened to the tempter by putting it off, and, doubtless, thereby grieved the Spirit of God.

On my way to the class I greatly anticipated my deliverance, saying to myself, "As I pass this tree, this gate, &c., returning home, I shall be happy in God, praising him for the pardon of all my sins." When I got there, I had a mighty contest with the powers of darkness. He who was a liar from the beginning said, "Thou art deceiving thyself—thy repentance is not deep enough—thou hast not prayed long enough—the blessing thou art seeking is of infinite worth!—this cannot be the time—

thou dost not feel the Lord so near as thou didst this forenoon." I renewed my efforts, struggling in prayer—saying, "Jesus, I take thee for my Saviour; I believe thou diedst for me, even for my sins to atone. I cast my guilty soul into thy arms of mercy! I do believe, I do believe!" Just then the leader asked me the state of my experience; in the fulness of my heart I cried, "I will believe! I can believe! I do believe! glory be to God!" The leader and members were much affected, and all joined with me to praise the Lord. He then gave me some salutary instruction to hold fast the beginning of my confidence with steadfastness. I was assailed that night with powerful temptations to suspect the reality of the work, yet I continued determinately to believe and give glory to God. For several days I had frequent contests with the adversary; he said, "Now thou art worse than before, for then thou couldst weep for thy sins, but now thou art hardened and careless about them." I instantly dropped upon my knees, and the Lord graciously interposed, rebuked the tempter, and filled my believing heart with love, and joy, and peace.

CHAPTER II.

From his Conversion to the time of his being appointed a Class-Leader.

THE morning after my conversion, while we were at breakfast, I pressed the necessity of

believing *just now* upon my wife and my sister, who had both been earnestly seeking the forgiveness of their sins some months; when the latter suddenly rose up, and with her lifted hands clasped together, in the full assurance of faith, exclaimed, "I do believe! I do believe! I am happy! I am happy! glory be to God for ever and ever!" My wife also, on the evening of the same day, at her class, was clearly delivered from the burden of her sins, and could believe and triumph in God as her Father, reconciled to her through the death of his Son.

We were indeed a happy family! a three-fold cord which could not be broken. We lived together in acts of reciprocal affection, labouring to anticipate each other's wants, carrying one another's burdens, and each leading the other out of nature into God.

Our evenings were spent in religious conversation, and were always concluded by reading a portion of Holy Writ. Then, with harmony of voices, and, what was better, with unison of hearts, we sung the songs of Zion: and, lastly, we poured out our souls in fervent, importunate prayer, and we did not pray in vain.

By the good providence of God, my sister was married to Mr. James Barlow, and survived to be the mother of two children. The elder of these is now living, and is treading in the steps of his mother, following her to the regions of endless day: the second died in infancy. Soon this little spark of being returned

to its own native element of spirits! Mysterious providence! to give birth to this short-lived existence on earth! It cost its mother's life! She died triumphant, in full assurance of eternal life. She was a woman remarkable for the neatness of her person, simplicity of manners, and integrity of heart: was rather reserved in conversation with strangers, but she was a cheerful, faithful, and intelligent friend.

But thou art gone, my sister! thou hast passed the flood! and hast in nobler strains, and with more exalted powers, these many intervening years, been vying with angels and archangels, to laud and praise the glorious Three One!

From this time I held on my way, waxing stronger in the Lord: it was manifest to the people of God that I was truly sincere, and they bore with my infirmities. From the beginning of my pilgrimage I saw the plain beaten path of duty to be the way of safety; and always availed myself of every means of grace, public and private; and I believe in every ordinance my eye was single. In reading or hearing the word of God, whatever I saw as my privilege I applied for to God in prayer, and pleaded his promise and faithfulness till I received an answer.

“The zeal of the Lord eat me up.” I was deeply concerned for the honour of God. I dared not to suffer sin to pass unreprieved. Whether rich or poor, I had no alternative, but instantly, “in the name of our God I set up

my banner." Naturally a stranger to fear, I delighted to attack Satan in his fortresses and strong holds, and I took a hazel stick in my hand, to have in readiness, if I should hear any boys blaspheme the name which I so much venerated; that, at least, if I could not beat Satan out of them, they should not sin in my hearing with impunity.

My old companions did not part with me without reluctance; at length, when all entreaties were ineffectual, they contented themselves with thinking that, by-and-by, I should be weary of my new profession, and be glad to be received again into their fraternity. They, however, feared to meet me; for I had conscientiously and faithfully warned each of them of their danger. I have often observed them turn or run anywhere to avoid meeting me; and sometimes I have followed, and found them in some secret corner, to their great confusion, and to the shame of their cause and their master.

Some months after my conversion to God, my class-leader said to me, "Do you think that God can save you from all inbred sin?" I replied, "I know God can do every thing; but I do not expect that he will save me or any of his servants to that extent and degree before death; I think he will suffer these enemies to remain, for the trial of my faith and constancy." He lent me a treatise upon Christian perfection to read with candour, and desired me, before I read it, to pray earnestly to God, for light and conviction, to receive the unadulter-

rated truth as it is in Jesus. I did read the book with candour, mixed with prayer; and I saw from the Lord I was not in the most excellent way; the remains of self-will and unbelief, of pride and anger, were within me, and while I sought to conquer one of these, another would gain an ascendancy.

I told these things to my religious companions, and found that their experience answered to mine as face to face in a glass. In order to help each other in the most effectual way, it was proposed and agreed that we should meet in band. This, of all the advantages in the economy of Methodism, is far the most useful and excellent,—where two or more are bound to be faithful with the souls of each other—jealous, with a godly jealousy, sympathizing in suffering, and bearing one another's burdens. And I know, by many years' experience, that "it is good for brethren thus to dwell in unity."

As soon as I had received a clear conviction for entire sanctification, I saw the word of God had comparatively been a sealed book to me. The prayer of the great apostle for the Thesalonians, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly," taught me, that those Christians for whom he prayed were sanctified in part by the spirit of adoption, in that moment when their sins were pardoned. He asks entire sanctification as a blessing which was to be received in time, in life, in health, because this blessing, in common with all other spiritual blessings in

Christ Jesus, must be received in answer to the prayer of faith, *now*; and not to be wrought in a succession of years by the hoary hand of time; neither gradually, by the performance of a succession of religious duties; nor suddenly, by the iron grasp of death, as I had before vainly imagined.

And the apostle's declaration of his experience to the Philippians, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me," farther encouraged me. And "let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," must, in the lowest sense, mean humility without any mixture of pride, and holiness without any mixture of sin.

Without the experience of universal holiness I saw I could not bring so much glory to God, neither could I be so extensively useful in my day and generation. And I was convinced that not any thing short of this degree of inward purity is a meetness for the society of angels and the presence of God, whose transcendent glory is holiness.

Being fully convinced that entire sanctification is the privilege of every Christian believer, I resolved to seek it diligently in the use of all the means of grace. I found I could not retain this thirst for holiness, if I was not diligent in prayer and circumspection. If at any time I was remiss in any duty, or was engaged in unprofitable conversation, or did not improve every hour to edification, my desires and convictions considerably abated.

One evening, at our band, the presence of God peculiarly overshadowed us; we were met with one accord to plead *that* as the time accepted, and not to cease pleading till we could all declare, that "He was manifested to *destroy* the works of the devil." We were presently "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Being purged from all iniquity, we fully and heartily gave up our bodies and souls to be the Lord's for ever.

The state of weakness to which my body was reduced by the fasting, prayers, and agonies of repentance, was not yet removed. Instead of amending, my health declined, and I was seized with a nervous fever. A few extracts from my diary, when I was recovering, will best show the state of my body and mind.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY,

WHEN HE HAD BEEN IN THE SOCIETY ONE YEAR.

Sunday, January 25, 1778. I have been blessed to-day in all the means of grace; and have been led to rejoice in God, who giveth me a clear evidence of his sanctifying love. The Lord Omnipotent reigneth in my heart.

26. I do not give *all diligence*, but I have set out anew to-day. I possess a sweet peace, but not a fulness of joy.

27. My poor nervous body has been an oc-

casation of lowness of spirits, sore temptation, and evil reasoning. Prayer to-night has been a means of grace, and my soul has found its centre and rest.

28. A day of peace and comfort ; but I would not be satisfied with this ; “eager I ask and pant for more.” I want to love thee, my God, with greater fervour, and to love, for thy sake, every creature thou hast made.

29. I am not conscious that I desire either the riches or the honours of the world ; I only want more of thy light, life, and love. For these I would be covetous—a miser—a niggard.

This evening, while going to the house of God, I did not enter his gates with reverence ; and therefore, no wonder my mind was not stayed. O God ! forgive all my negligences and sins, for Christ’s sake.

30. A day of fasting to the body, and of feasting to the soul. I have experienced the love and power of God as words cannot express. O that I could sufficiently praise God ! surely I shall one day see him in glory, and then my expanding soul shall praise him without weariness to all eternity.

31. I have been overpowered with weakness to-day, and my body has been a burden. Sometimes it appeared as if God had forsaken me ; at others, I had a glimpse of his presence. Fasting yesterday brought my body lower than usual ; yet if the Lord shall please to strengthen me I shall do the like again. In my closet,

this evening, I intend to wrestle in prayer, till I can feelingly praise Him from whom all blessings flow.

Sunday, February 1. Under preaching and at my band I have found much pleasure and profit.

I have been led to lament the state and condition of my old companions. What an infatuation! they are bartering their immortal souls for the empty pleasures of sin, which are but for a season.

2. Why do I not more visibly grow in grace? Surely there wants more earnestness. I find nothing contrary to love, yet a deadness frequently steals upon me. O God! I engaged in worldly conversation. O Lord! quicken my soul, so will I run after thee.

3. This morning I arose joyful in the Lord, and found the divine presence with me all the day. To-night, at class, Satan triumphed, and I was brought into condemnation by speaking my experience in a *general manner*, and not pointedly declaring that God had full possession of my heart. Jesus, thou art a Saviour to the uttermost; thine is the power, and thine is the glory.

4. Blessed be God, I walk in the light of purity, and I enjoy that love which casteth out the fear of death; he is the messenger of my Lord. O send the deliverer! that I may be admitted into thy presence, sit at thy feet, and gaze at thy fair beauty for ever and ever. I was much blessed to-night while hearing W. M.

from Isaiah xl, 1. He set up a standard of examination. "The people of God," he said, "are separated from all iniquity, and they are continually devoted to him." While he spake of the resources of their comfort, it was indeed a time of refreshing.

5. The Lord enabled me to reprove sin to-day, and a profligate sinner fell under the power of conviction. May he bring forth fruit meet for repentance! I have been powerfully tempted to-day without sin. Blessed be God, who perfecteth strength in weakness!

6. This day twenty-four years I first saw the light. Why was not the good Spirit of God weary in waiting, and in striving in my long career of sin?

"Amazing love, immense and free,
For, O my God! it found out me."

How shall my wandering soul magnify and extol the infinite mercy of God? Angels, men, and devils gaze in astonishment at a brand plucked out of the burning! Though I might and ought to have been more diligent and faithful, yet I am what I am by the grace of God; and I do here deliberately, solemnly, and heartily consecrate my future days (be they many or few) to the service and glory of God, as my reasonable service, my indispensable duty, and my highest privilege.

7. I have entered upon a new year, and the vows of the Lord are upon me. I shall do all the will of God, through the strength and grace of Christ. I have been treated unjustly to-

day, and was instantly tempted to anger; I cried, "Lord, help me!" and found an inward calm and self-possession, by which I had the advantage of my adversary. I returned home praising God, who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

8. I have found the Lord a quickening spirit in the ordinances to-day. What remains but that I more than ever devote my heart and life to God.

9. A day of trial. Lord, I know thou canst remove this nervous affection, and thou wilt, if it will advance thy glory. Blessed be God! at the lowest times I have the happiness of a good conscience, and this is more than tongue can tell.

10. I have been better in my health to-day, and I have been exulting in God. I hope I shall learn to trust God when I am feeble and tempted, for he knoweth my frame, and the sincerity of my heart.

11. This has been a day to be remembered; at sister Alcock's funeral, when I sat with her class-members in a separate room, I felt the overwhelming presence of God. How near was the eternal world! only a very thin veil separated us. How soon, I thought, this will be my case, and my friends will be brought together on a like occasion. I then poured out my soul in prayer for a full meetness to be admitted into the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven.

12. I am astonished that I felt a backward-

ness to-day in going to God in secret ; for I never came away without a blessing. I have been shown the necessity of greater diligence in mental prayer.

14. I feel pain of body ; but, Lord, let it continue thy time, and accomplish thy gracious purposes ; I feel nothing contrary to pure love.

16. I have been very low, and sometimes perplexed, lest there should be in me a spiritual decay. Surely I do not live in the full exercise of faith. May I trust thee in the day of adversity, and triumph over pleasure and pain.

Sunday, February 17. Words fail me to set forth the goodness of God this day to my soul. At morning prayer, at morning service, in short, every moment of the day, I found such a spirit of prayer and praise ! I see my demerits are fire and brimstone to all eternity. But O the mighty change ! a child of God, an heir of heaven !

“ Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.”

By the return of spring, together with my mind being calmly resigned to the divine appointment, and the blessing of God upon both of these, I gradually recovered my former state of health and activity : I now saw and admired the wisdom and gracious permission of God in my late affliction. I became more fully acquainted with myself by it than I otherwise could have been. And what we are taught

by suffering we do not forget so easily as that which we learn by precept and example.

My prayer, from the beginning of my Christian course, was, for *zeal* for the honour of God. Having much forgiven, I saw it was my duty to love much: accordingly I ran into every open door of usefulness, seizing every opportunity of doing good. But here I was in danger, lest my fervour should not be according to a knowledge of the Scriptures, and the analogy of Christian experience. From the weight of my own infirmities, I was taught to bear with the infirmities of the weak; I had a feeling of their wants and a sympathy with them in their sufferings. I saw it required a greater effort of grace to enable us patiently to sit in a corner than to run about reproving sin, or calling sinners to repentance.

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

I addressed him as follows :—" Young man, I am sorry to see you so ill." He said, " I am very ill indeed, sir, but it will not be long—I shall soon be released—I hope I shall soon be in heaven." " I am glad," I added, " to hear of your willingness to die, and of your hope of heaven ; have you a scriptural foundation for your hope ?" As he made no reply, and thinking he did not understand me, I said, " You know, my friend, there are many die who do not go to heaven, for God saith, ' The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the people that forget God.' Before we can be admitted into heaven we must repent of our wicked lives, and obtain a pardon of all our sins. Have you repented and been forgiven ?" He could contain himself no longer ; but, turning with indignation to his mother, he said, " What did you bring this fellow here for ?" Then turning to me, he said, " Man, go about your buiness ! I did not send for you, nor do I want you ; you do me no good ; surely my sufferings are great enough, and you distress me exceedingly." The more I endeavoured to pacify him, the more his anger kindled against me ; I therefore sat and silently lifted my heart to God for wisdom to direct me. It appeared as if I had no possibility of success, unless I could obtain consent to sit up with him all night. I asked, entreated, and would not be denied. I told them what an excellent nurse I was, and I hoped we should have a comfortable night—if they pleased, I would go home and fetch some

currant jelly, and other things proper for a person in his situation—that I would bring some refreshment for myself, that I might be no expense to them—that a night of sound sleep would refresh the old mother, who seemed almost worn out—that I would instruct him in the best manner I was able—and, that if there were a change for death, I would awake the mother, that she might see her son die, &c., &c. Taking it for granted I had prevailed, I hastened home and returned as soon as possible, and found they had not locked me out.

The young man received me with sullen silence. After some soothing conversation, I prevailed upon the mother to go to bed. As the young man was not able to lie down, he remained in his large chair day and night. I told him I had brought a Bible with me, and if he pleased, I would read to him, to which he consented. After I had prayed, I read, and expounded those parts which were applicable to his state. "What!" he said, "you are beginning again; you certainly will kill me—it does so hurt me to talk! O that my mother was but here!" I said, "My dear child, you need not to talk; I won't ask you one question, and I beg you will not speak, and I will pray and read." I kneeled down and prayed again, but with little expectation. Then I opened the precious word of life, and alternately read, expounded, and applied—when I saw his passion rising I begged he would not speak, for that would hurt him.

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

'I feel on me the wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just—but O thy Son hath died.'

Jesus died for me; for his sake alone forgive me—but let it be just now. Lord, I believe! help thou my unbelief." We both prayed harder and louder, till we prayed with all our might.

When we rose from our knees (for I found he had dropped upon his knees during the last prayer) he walked over the room, and leaning his head against the wall, he said, "O God! if thou wilt give me a little ease and strength, I will pray as well as I can." Immediately he

turned to me, and said, "I have no pain! it is all gone." He then poured out his soul in strong cries and tears, and his body shook like a leaf in the wind.

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

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

This was a memorable night; what a contrast between the former and the latter part of it. In the beginning, devils were raging within him, unwilling to lose their prey; in the after part of the night, angels were rejoicing over another sinner saved by grace. I sang several hymns of praise to God, and we conversed as brethren in the Lord, and fellow citizens of heaven; we eat the bread of life, and antedated the joys above.

When his mother came down in the morning she was struck with astonishment to hear her son praise God. He said, "If God had not sent his servant to visit me, I should have been damned for ever. The Lord has pardoned all my sins. I am so happy, I cannot describe it. Glory be to God for ever!" &c. He continued a few days, faithfully warning his friends and acquaintance to flee from the wrath to come, magnifying the boundless grace of God, as manifested in him, and then triumphantly departed this life, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

August, 1778. I heard an anecdote of Mr. Wesley, which much affected me. He was asked how he transacted such a multitude of business: "Brother," he said, "I do one thing at once, and I do it with my might." I therefore took for my motto, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" and I determined to divide each day into certain portions, that one positive duty might not interfere with another, and that not any thing of importance might be neglected. Accordingly, I rose at five and spent an hour with God. From six to four I devoted to business, allowing myself frequently a few minutes for secret prayer. From four to ten I made sacred to religious purposes; for reading and prayer; and either attending preaching, prayer meeting, class or band meeting. I could always sing—

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear," &c.

My business prospered more and more ; and there being but a few in the same calling, I could choose my connections, which prevented much risk and trouble. I had money to spare for the support of God's cause, and for the relief of God's poor. I thanked those who called upon me to assist them in their public charities ; and I sought out modest worth, which shuns the public eye, quietly suffering in obscurity. Surely I tasted all the blessedness of giving, by making the widow and orphan's hearts to sing for joy.

I began to perceive, that in order to be extensively useful I must increase in the image of God ; that zeal for God must be founded in love to God. And I could not be eminent for holiness unless I continually advanced in divine knowledge. Several friends were helpful to me in recommending a judicious selection of books, chiefly upon the nature and reasonableness of the Christian faith, and defences against the attacks of skeptics and infidels ; the arguments for and against general and partial redemption. The Arminian Magazine had just been issued, the reading of which, then especially and ever since, proved a signal blessing to me. I studied the Scriptures with much prayer, without consulting any human opinions for a reason. I saw it my privilege to believe upon the authority of God, all that God had revealed and declared ; and I saw it my duty to labour as much as possible to ascertain the meaning of the Holy Ghost, when reading the

books which he inspired. And thus I sought to store my mind with religious truth, as a means of increasing my personal holiness, and also to confirm me in the pure doctrines of the gospel, as well as to acquire an ability to perform the apostolic injunction, "be always ready to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." But how can a man have this readiness who has not examined the foundation and reasons of the whole code of essential Christian doctrines, and received and embraced them from conviction of their truth and divinity, resulting from such a personal examination? A man may be an upright Christian without this, but it must be allowed, he will be extremely liable to be blown from his steadfastness by every wind of doctrine.

It is true that all of religion, which is absolutely necessary to be known, is plain and easy to be understood, and yet angels desire in vain to fathom its depths profound, or climb its heights sublime.

I paid strict attention to all the public means of grace; for, as the labourer feels he needs his food, so I felt a need of all these helps in the way to heaven. At first I was tempted to relax when offences abounded, but I do not know that I ever listened once to that common temptation. And I never waited upon God in vain, but received a word of light or conviction, of reproof or comfort. God was with me, and he made my soul as a well-watered garden.

As my health was fully restored, I was desired regularly to attend the prayer meetings. I soon found that the greatest part of those who are enlightened under our preachers are saved in our prayer meetings. Well might our poet exclaim, "O wondrous power of faithful prayer!" We seldom met without witnessing the conversion of sinners, for "the hand of the Lord was with us, and many believed and turned unto the Lord." Sometimes, from the fulness of my heart, I exhorted a few minutes, and I saw fruit of my labour. When I had been in the society about two years, I was desired by the superintendent to take the head of a class. The deep impression I had of the importance of such a charge, and the responsibility which devolves upon those who engage in such a duty, caused me to hesitate, and I desired to have time to consider of it. I deemed it an important and difficult thing to be a faithful Christian, and I believed it an awful and more difficult task to be a faithful pastor. Again, if I were faithful with my own soul, the end would be answered; but if even I were faithful with others, through their insincerity or carelessness the end might not be answered.

The preacher called for my answer. I told him the substance of these reasonings, and urged farther, as objections, my youth, my inability, and my inexperience. A class-leader, I urged, ought to be a father in Christ; a man of sound and deep experience; well acquainted with the workings of the human heart and the devices

of Satan. He must feed the flock with nourishing and suitable food. He ought to lead the people forward, to find out their hinderances and besetting sins, in order to their removal; and set before them their high calling, and continue his anxious labours till he delivers them up to the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, "blameless, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." He should also be so exemplary in his experience and character, that, like a true captain, he may lead the way himself, and meekly but confidently say, "Follow me!" "If these things are so, I must beg leave to decline the offer, as being utterly unfit for that office."

He replied, "You are partly mistaken. A leader is only accountable to God for his own zeal and purity, and he will be rewarded according to the vigour and exercise of these principles, without any reference to the sincerity or hypocrisy of the people committed to his care. I admit that fathers in Christ are the most able to feed the flock: but I would ask, How came they to the matured state of fathers? Did they not attain it by the labour of a series of years? Besides, all these elders have as much work as they can bear; and here is a little flock which will be scattered and devoured, if we wait till we find a man who acknowledges he is fit for his office. It is my opinion that God appoints you to this work, and you will grievously sin against him if you refuse to engage in it."

I was much affected; I durst not refuse, but

with many tears, and much trembling, I engaged in what I considered by far the most important office among the Methodists.

The first objects of my attention were to convince the people of the necessity of punctual attendance, to conform to all the rules of the society, and to acquaint myself with every member, as much as one man may know another; and when I had used every human effort of which I was capable, then frequently to commend them to God in my closet.

The Lord gave me the desire of my heart in behalf of most of them, and great was our prosperity. They were very conscientious in their attendance: so much so, that we have sometimes been the winter quarter, and we have not had one absentee, unless detained by sickness, although we lived a quarter of a mile out of the town.

I made it a duty to call upon those members of my class who were heads of families, to know the state of their domestic economy, family regulations, and family religion. I never found one involved in difficulty and debt, but they were first deranged in their plans of economy; and I never found one defective in regular attention to family worship, that prospered in personal piety. Verily, "godliness with contentment is great gain."

By various means I became acquainted with each, nearly as with my own soul, with their besetments and temptations, arising from their age, sex, circumstances, and situations in life.

It was often sounded in my ears, "Bid the people that they go forward;" and, blessed be God! many of us did

"March hand in hand,
To Immanuel's land."

In my frequent intercessions for the people, God took me into his pavilion. It is not proper to relate the answers to prayer which I received, respecting those who unfortunately began secretly to relax in prayer and watchfulness, in love and obedience, and who had begun again to live in indulgence of some secret sin. The detection broke the snare, led to humiliation of soul, which often ended in restoration and healing.

Every few months we had a trial, arising from that which in itself was a cause of thanksgiving. The Lord increased our members, and the room became too small, and it was necessary to divide our company. This occurred again and again.

My experience in my nervous fever taught me to bear with the infirmities of the weak; but I ever made a proper distinction between infirmities and sins. I could not, dare not, palliate or soften the sins of the unfaithful; and I knew a true penitent would always run before me, in self-abhorrence and crimination. I loved my people, and sought to build them up, but only upon a good foundation; and few came among us, but those who loved and sought plain dealing. When I had confidence of the sincerity of a professor, I loved to administer a sove-

reign balm for every wound by the Spirit of truth, the Comforter, and all the consolatory promises of the gospel. These soldiers of Christ nobly stood, bearing the burden and heat of the day: primitive Methodists, hardy Christians, who denied themselves, took up their cross, and followed their Lord and Master.

One summer's day, when sitting in my house after dinner looking out of the window, I saw a person at a distance seated upon a log of wood, looking attentively towards the house. I was a little surprised; and looking again presently, I saw him in the same position. Thinking it was a person in distress, I went to him to make some inquiries, and found he was one of the society of Friends, who believed he had a call to visit me, and was waiting there for a farther opening. I gladly received him into my house. As he sat some time in silence, I concluded he had not any special message to me, and ventured to interrupt silence by asking him how he thought we could best spend an hour to our mutual edification. He said, "Perhaps thou hast a plan to propose." "I have been thinking," I replied, "that if we could tell each other, with good temper and sufficient freedom, what appears to us to be the leading defects in Quakerism and Methodism, we might learn something of importance." "Perhaps thou wilt begin the first," he said; which I did, and continued for some time, declaring my undissembled sentiments. When I had finished, and he had heard me patiently,

without any reply, he began with the same freedom, as follows:—"I have frequently observed, when thy people go to worship, they talk about buying and selling, or any other worldly project, till they arrive at the very threshold of the meeting; but whenever thou seest a Friend going to meeting, he walks in silence, inattentive to all he sees and hears, seeking a preparation in the temple of the heart, to wait upon God, who is a spirit. When thy people come out of meeting, it is like the disturbing of a bee-hive. Every one has his calls to make, his messages to deliver, or instructions to receive. When all this is ended, some friend is waiting for him, according to appointment, to inquire how he liked the preacher, &c. The reply probably is, 'He is an excellent preacher! what a flow of language! how zealous he is! this is one of the best sermons I ever heard!' &c.; whereas, if thou wert to see the Friends when they come out of meeting, thou wouldst remark, each retires in silence, for though he is not in the meeting-house, he is conscious of the presence of that Being who filleth immensity, and who maketh the heart of the contrite his habitation. And if any remarks be made on a speaker among us, they are of this kind; I think friend —— has been favoured to-day—ascribing all the praise to whom it justly belongs." I exclaimed, "Guilty! guilty! the naked truth! I am the man! And, by the grace of God, I hope I shall be benefited by what I have heard." I only knew

of one thing more to make this a Christian meeting; and that was, uniting in humble, hearty prayer to God for his blessing upon our conversation. But the mention of prayer made him very uneasy, and he remonstrated against it, lest their people, hearing of it, should reprimand him. At length, after I had promised secrecy, he consented. While we were thus engaged with God, we were much affected, melted, and blessed; and we parted rejoicing that we met in the name of the Lord.

Ever since my interview with this Friend, his remarks have had their proper influence upon my conduct. Soon after I took a sitting in a pew down stairs, that I might retire as soon as service was concluded, without uttering one word if it could be avoided. Some of my brethren may have thought me reserved and singular, when going to the house of God and returning from it. But they knew not what this pious Quaker had said to me, and the consequent conviction which yet habitually remains upon my mind; and which, I hope, will continue to influence my conduct to my life's end.

It is proper to remark, at the close of this chapter, that the house of Mr. Longden was a house of prayer, and his closet was a *Bethel*. Perhaps there are few men who attain the same degree of power with God in prayer, which he now possessed. All persons who came into his presence were faithfully questioned as to their Christian experience, and none left his house

without prayer. He was a terror to evil doers, and lukewarm professors carefully avoided his company. But very many went to his house at Port Mahon, mourning, to join with him in fervent prayer, and their sorrow has been turned into joy; sinners have been pardoned, backsliders have been restored, and believers have been cleansed. Thus did he grow rapidly in holiness, and abound in usefulness, being filled with the fruits of the Spirit.

When he had been but a few months in the Methodist society, a member of the society in Sheffield was going down High-street one evening to the old meeting-house in Mulberry-street, and saw Mr. L. cross over the way with firm step and undaunted resolution, to reprove a rich man who was swearing. Mr. W. stopped to listen to the conversation, and was so struck with what he saw and heard, that his heart instantly clave to him, as the heart of Jonathan to David. He said within himself, "By the grace of God, I will get acquainted with this man." He did so, and, for nearly five and thirty years, was his constant companion, in storm and tempest, sunshine and rain, winter and summer; and in every circumstance of life, whether frowning or smiling, joyous or grievous, his affection knew no decay; he watched him in his last conflict—he saw him triumph gloriously over every adversary—he hung over his departing spirit—he closed his eyes in death! And now is patiently waiting till his change come, when their friendship

will be consummated in heaven, and lasting as eternity.

CHAPTER III.

His call to preach the Gospel, and some account of his labours.

FROM a child I had a presentiment that I should be spared to the estate of manhood, and live to preach the gospel.

I had been about two years in the Methodist society when I began to hear the voice of God calling me to be his witness and messenger. The contemplation of such an important work filled me with fear and trembling; and I hoped it was only an evil suggestion of Satan, to exalt me into pride and self-importance, and therefore to be resisted with all my might. At length, the convictions became so frequent and powerful that I was constrained to acknowledge the voice of God.

I determined to unbosom myself to my bandmates, in whose affection I had an inviolable confidence; but when the time came I was overpowered with shame. It appeared great presumption to say that I believed God had chosen me as an instrument to call sinners to repentance. I thought they would certainly criminate me as a willing dupe to self-deception. Although I knew I had coveted extensive usefulness, yet I had not desired, nay I had even dreaded, that kind of usefulness. I now

resolved to maintain a uniform secrecy, and wait till God should reveal his designs concerning me to some other person.

It is most certain, that by this rash, presumptive act, I grievously sinned against the Lord, and I lost, in this awful contest, a peculiar gift and power with God in prayer, which I fear I shall never recover. By contending with the Lord, he withdrew from me his loving, cheering presence, and I lost my evidence of entire sanctification. I remained obstinate, and became languid in secret prayer: my affections were not steadfastly set on things above, and I began to feel some inclinations to the world and sin. Passing by an old favourite bowling-green, I stood and listened, and it was with difficulty I resisted the temptation to turn in. At length I saw my danger, and, struck with horror, I ran from the place as one running for his life.

At the next band-meeting I told my state of mind to my band-mates; but I did not break the tempter's snare by ingenuously declaring the cause of it. But O! the compassion and condescension of God, who "willeth not the death of a sinner." He condescended to my infirmities, by revealing to another the work of his Spirit on my mind. "I do not wonder," said one of my band-mates, "at your dangerous state: I believe you are fighting against God. You have often prayed for extensive usefulness, not in the appointment of God, but in your own way. Tell me, have not you a con-

viction that God has called you to preach the gospel; and have you not, through fear and shame, resisted the call of God?" I was too much affected to make any reply. He proceeded: "I believe *you must either preach or perish*. After God has blessed and encouraged you already in your exhortations and prayers, to the conviction and conversion of many, is it not base ingratitude thus to start aside from that mode of usefulness in the church and the world which God in infinite wisdom appoints?" I replied, with trembling, "Rather than perish for ever, I am willing to make an attempt before a senior preacher, and, if he approve, to go on some time by way of trial."

I was accordingly appointed to accompany one of the elder preachers the following Sunday. I shall never forget the conflict I had with my fears, and the suggestions of Satan that day. How I walked to the place I cannot tell: when the time was at hand, and the people were collecting together, my heart sunk within me. But the Lord timely appeared; he graciously composed my mind as soon as I stood before the people; and he enabled me to bear my first testimony to the TRUTH with freedom of speech and enlargement of heart, giving me also some fruit of my labour.

When the people were dismissed, the good man with whom I came said to me, "*There is wo unto thee if thou preach not the gospel.*" Notwithstanding his confident manner of speaking to me, and by getting through this first

attempt better than my fears foreboded, yet I had many doubts and scruples remaining. I resolved, however, to offer myself a candidate upon probation for six months, and (if the people would bear with me so long) I would proceed, if possible, paying no attention to my being bound up, or having liberty in my exercises; but from a general view of the fruit of my labours, and my acceptance with the people, I would then conclude to persevere in my engagements, or thankfully relinquish them for ever. Blessed be God! at the expiration of six months I had abundant satisfaction. The Lord gave me seals, and, notwithstanding my many infirmities, the people received me in the name of the Lord. My own soul was frequently blessed in my work and labour of love; and even when I had less liberty, it was not less profitable to myself, as it afforded me cause of deep humiliation before God.

Unfortunately, Mr. Longden's own narrative here breaks off; he had, however, committed to writing a few subsequent circumstances in his experience which shall be inserted in their respective places.

When Mr. Longden began to preach, the Sheffield circuit included the Barnesley, Doncaster, Rotherham, Chesterfield, Bakewell, and Bradwell circuits. The journeys of the local preachers were twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty miles a day, besides preaching two or three times. It doubtless required, for such a work, not only a willing mind, but a hardy con-

stitution; and many excellent constitutions have been broken in this most glorious work—the salvation of perishing men.

If our deceased friend had a favourite part of the circuit, it was in those distant parts of it which compose the Bakewell and Bradwell circuits, among the mountains of Derbyshire. He admired the grandeur of the scenery, but more especially he was delighted with the people—their simplicity of manners, their affection for the servants of God, and love one to another, and their attention and fervour in every part of the worship of God; all conspired to unite him closely to them in indissoluble bonds of Christian fellowship, and to exercise every power and grace for their eternal welfare. On the Sabbath morning he would rise very early, sometimes long before the dawn of day, and set out upon his journey; often exposed on the high moors to the piercing north winds, and beaten by the sleet and rain; but evermore he could say, “Lo! I come with joy to do the Master’s blessed will,” &c.

A few individuals are living who knew him when he had made his first visits to these places. Their joint testimony is, that they at once observed in him a penetrating understanding and a strong, masculine mind. Nevertheless, he totally disclaimed all dependance upon himself; he would labour with God in secret prayer, before the hour of preaching, for his promised help, deeply conscious of his own weakness and helplessness: he begged the prayers of all who

had any power with God, assuring them that he could not preach to a prayerless or an inattentive people. And then, endued with the strength of God, enriched with his grace, enlightened by his truth, he spoke with mighty energy; and his message, under the divine blessing, was the power of God unto salvation. At Grindleford Bridge he was once under a painful embarrassment; his soul was in darkness, and had no light into the passage of holy writ which he had intended to speak from. He simply told his state to the people, and begged they would join with him in prayer to Almighty God, that he would bruise Satan under his feet, and appear as their deliverer: and, just when he was crying, "O Lord God! if thy servant trusteth in thee, suffer me not to be confounded," deliverance came in a glorious manner; and the Lord gave him a tongue, as the pen of a ready writer.

At the period already alluded to, the light of the gospel had visited comparatively but few of the villages. Religion, in its outward observances and very appearance, was nearly banished! the churches were deserted! the ale-houses were peopled! the Sabbath was profaned! and all kinds of brutal, inhuman, ferocious, and licentious games were practised! Who was sufficient for evangelizing these Christian savages? No mere man, unassisted by the Spirit of God, however learned or courageous. Often when a preacher made his first entrance, he was repulsed with inhuman treat-

ment. Some indeed would argue and allege, they had the parish church, and they wanted no new religion. At other places not a single family durst receive the preachers, for fear of the consequences; and they have often stood to preach in the open air, in the midst of a shower, not of *rain, but of rotten eggs, and mud, and stones*; and have delivered their message under the protection of that Being who has said, "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore and teach all nations, and lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world." As a happy partaker of the grace of God, Mr. L.'s heart was imbued with an ardent desire that all might enjoy the salvation of the gospel. And in the prosecution of this great work, he endured the cross and despised the shame, rushing into every open door of usefulness, and seeking to open those which were determinately shut. In one place, after he had been preaching in the open air, he heard of a gentleman farmer whose daughter had joined the society, but who himself was inveterate in his dislike to them; he went straightway to his house, knocked at the door, walked in, and sat down. "Sir," he said, "I am the Methodist preacher: I have been preaching upon the common, and having travelled sixteen miles, I am now very faint, and shall be extremely obliged to you if you will give me a little refreshment." The person thought, English hospitality obliges me to give him a refreshment, and really there seems something

open, honest, and good about the man : I had conceived these Methodist preachers were all swindlers. He accordingly set before him the best his house could afford. His guest spake of the things of God ! he kneeled down and prayed—the man was much affected—it seemed as if he had entertained an angel unawares. The next day there was a hue and cry through the neighbourhood, that Mr. — was turned Methodist ! Why, thought he, it is not true ; but, as I have the reproach, I might as well have the benefit :—so he invited the next preacher to his house ; and both he and all his family were soon partakers of the heavenly gift. And as long as they lived, their house was a pilgrim's inn ; and he who calculates to a cup of water, is crowning them in his presence with eternal recompenses.

Scarcely any people raged against the Methodists or persecuted them with that ferocity, as the people of Barnsley. For some years a preacher never went there without several persons in company. A man is now living in that town, who, thirty years ago, in the rage of persecution, resolved to murder Mr. Longden. He ran up to him with an instrument in his hand for that purpose, and aimed the intended fatal blow at his head ! but he, with his usual agility, leaped aside in that instant of time, and providentially escaped with his life.

When Mr. Alexander Mather was stationed in Sheffield, he formed a peculiar affection for Mr. L., which he retained through life. Mr.

M. saw his manners and spirit, and had an unbounded confidence in his zeal and courage. He came to him one day, and said, "Harry, I have published for you to preach next Sunday, at Darfield, at nine o'clock in the morning, and at Wombell, at two in the afternoon." "Is there," he inquired, "any place to preach in?" "Yes," replied Mr. M.: "in God's chapel, under the roof of heaven. You must go early, and breakfast at the public-house, which is open for all travellers." He went, according to the appointment. When he had breakfasted, he told the landlord his errand, and asked him to be so kind as to show him a convenient central place, where he might stand to preach. The man readily consented, and waggishly placed him upon a wall opposite the church, and between the vicar's and the curate's houses. They began the worship of God by singing a hymn; the landlord, at first, being all the congregation. The sound of their voices soon brought a large company together. The clergymen were so enraged at this attack upon their *quiet*, that one of them ordered the ringers to ring the bells, while the other got upon his horse, and galloped up and down the street, if possible, to disperse the people. The bells continued to ring, he to preach, and the people to hear. He preached, indeed, till he was almost black in the face, determined, if possible, that all the people should hear and understand him. Several, that day, received the good seed into good and prepared ground, which af-

terward bore fruit to God. When he had done preaching, Mr. ——— came to him, invited him to his house, and it has ever since been open to the servants of God. In the afternoon he preached in quietness at Wombell; and published for preaching at both places the following Sunday. From this time he procured a supply of local preachers, and hired a horse for those who could not walk, till both places were regularly attended.

The next day, Mr. Mather called to inquire of his reception and success. "Sir," said he, "you laid a burden upon me heavy enough to break a horse's back." "Ay, Harry," he replied, "it is a very easy thing to break a horse's back, but if you put a mountain upon a Christian's back, you cannot break it."

He was conscientiously punctual in his attendance upon every appointment in the plan. His work was no drudgery, it was his delight—the business of his heart! The people to whom he was appointed to preach had a confidence that he would not send another as a substitute, because the place was distant, or that he would stay at home because the roads were difficult, and the weather cold and stormy. One Sabbath morning he said, "If any one would give me five guineas to take my place and work to-day, I would not suffer him to go in my stead." At another time he said, "Were Mr. Wesley arisen from the dead, and going to preach to-day, I would not neglect my place to hear him."

The afflictions of his family could not keep him from his appointed work, such was his love for the souls of perishing men. His children were several times, and his wife was once, in particular, thought to be near death; but when he had procured every human help and every possible alleviation and comfort, he commended them to God, and left them, that he might go and publish the unsearchable riches of Christ, as well as prevent the disappointment of a congregation.

One Saturday he was afflicted with such violent pain and inflammation, occasioned by a decayed tooth, that he thought it would be impossible for him to preach the following day, unless he could have some abatement of the pain; he went, therefore, to Mr. S——, the apothecary, and desired him to take out the decayed tooth: upon examination, he found it was the farthest tooth, and decayed to the root; he was told he must bear the pain, for it was impracticable to take the tooth out. He replied, "You, sir, could cut my jaw-bone off in a minute, and I think, if you attempt to dig this stump of a tooth out, you will soon succeed; and if I complain, or make any signs of fear, you shall be at liberty to give over directly." At length he was persuaded to undertake it, and presently, after inflicting much pain, drew out the remains of the tooth.— "Now," he said, "Mr. L., you must not attempt to preach to-morrow; if you do, a mortification may be the consequence." "Sir," he

replied, "the very reason I came to you to-night was, that I might be able to preach to-morrow;" and although his mouth was sorely lacerated, he preached three times on the following day, without receiving any injury. Some may reprobate this conduct as rash and presumptive, but let them learn what that saying meaneth, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up."

After he had preached some years, he began to ride his own horse, which he found a great comfort and means of safety. Notwithstanding the horses which he rode carried him with ease, he had many providential escapes. Sometimes he found the hand of God upon him for good in imminent danger, while traversing the trackless mountains covered with snow. But that Being who guided his people in the wilderness by the cloud of his presence, conducted him in safety to the places whither he journeyed. Upon one of these occasions, as he was returning home, he found a man who was lost in the snow, and given over to despair. They rode together till the person knew where he was, and he ever after esteemed Mr. L. as his kind deliverer.

"One day," (he says in his own narrative,) being desired by Mr. —, an itinerant preacher, to preach for him that evening at Chesterfield, "I willingly consented to go. In the afternoon, when I set off, the weather was very stormy. When I was within a few miles of the place, I began to consider whether I was

doing right to leave my calling, to preach for a far abler and more acceptable preacher, that he might stay at home, and have nothing to do. I was lost in this revery, when the mare I rode made a foul stumble, instantly dislodged me into a deep clay-ditch, and she herself fell upon me! Both myself and the mare had our heads but just out of the water. I knew if she began to plunge she would soon trample me to death under her. In this perilous situation, I began to cry unto the Lord, and he came to my help. My mind was quite calm and collected; I spoke kindly to my mare, and clapped her upon the neck, and then attempted to raise myself a little. This I repeated for near half an hour, till, by little and little, I got out. All this time, although she was very spirited, she never moved. As soon as I was out of the ditch, I called her by her name, and she began to plunge and struggle till she got out. All bespattered and bemired as we were, I mounted, and rode on to Chesterfield, singing songs of deliverance. If I could have foreseen the teeming floods of grace which were poured upon the people that night, I should not have wondered at Satan wanting to drown or suffocate me on my way thither."

It was evident to every unprejudiced mind, that it was Mr. Longden's intention to be useful in the most effectual way. He knew he must give an account to God of the ministry he had received. Therefore, he delivered gospel truths in an unadorned manner, to a plain

people, avoiding every thing that was splendid or merely amusing. In the discharge of his duty, he laboured to be clear of the blood of all. He faithfully warned the notoriously wicked, the cold formalist, the lukewarm worldling, and the fell hypocrite; and they were often made to tremble before the Lord. But the sinner's refuge at Mount Calvary was his favourite theme. When he was preaching one afternoon, in Garden-street chapel, offering a present salvation to be received by faith, he paused and said, "If I am not greatly mistaken, the Lord just now sealed his own doctrine, and saved a precious soul; if it be so, I hope that person will now rise and give glory to God." Instantly a man stood up, and bore a blessed testimony to the power of God on earth to forgive sins.

His discourses were never personal, but adapted for the general good. He considered, in making his Sabbath preparations, the state of the people whom he was appointed next to visit; whether they had "need to be taught which be the first principles of the oracles of God," or whether they were generally of full age, even those who, by reason of use, had their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. Out of his treasury he brought things new and old, "that the man of God might be perfect, thoroughly furnished" with every Christian grace, producing in their season all good works.

God gave his servant spiritual discernment

to know the subtlety of Satan's devices, and the deceitfulness of the unregenerate heart. He would have the hinderance known, the danger felt, and the evil of our doings put away, before he would publish the remedy. He knew the importance of a clear and impressive conviction of our want, in order to faith in the promises, whether for the justification of our persons or the sanctification of our nature; and thus, by distributing to every one his proper portion, the true intent of a gospel ministry, "the perfecting of the saints, and the edifying of the body of Christ, was answered." The people were led from repentance to pardon, from pardon to holiness, "even to a perfect man; unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

His sincerity and fervour, as well as his compassion and affection, were often manifested by the tears which ran copiously down his face. Methinks I hear him consoling the widow, and the fatherless, or encouraging the distressed and afflicted poor, or comforting the tried and tempted believer! He points to heaven, the rest of the weary, and the home of the pilgrim—to heaven, where dwells our compassionate great High Priest, who was perfected through suffering, and who is also able and willing to succour those who are tempted—to heaven, whither our prayers must incessantly ascend to the Father, through the mediation of his dear Son, from whence strength shall be given proportioned to our day of suffering.

And desponding saints, while they have listened, have found the precious promises "A balm for every wound, a cordial for their fears."

To preach the gospel was only part of his work, as an under shepherd of Christ's flock. He had interviews with the class-leaders of the respective societies; inquiring faithfully of each the state of his personal experience, his manner of leading his class, the attendance of the people, their growth in holiness, and the increase of their numbers, &c.; and if any of the members were sick, he would visit them, accompanied by the leader.

In the families which kindly received the preachers, he was ever about his Master's business. He knew that Christian ministers are eminently the light of the world, not only when they are in the pulpit, but in every place, by an elevation of sacred character. He had salt in himself as a divine principle, and he was as the salt of the earth to spread the divine savour. His words to the parents, and children, and the servants, were with grace seasoned with salt. He would affectionately inquire: "Art thou in health my brother, my sister; does thy soul prosper? Are the consolations of God small with thee?" He went over one Saturday evening to the place where he was to preach the following day. When he arrived, there was apparently the same complacency as usual between his host and hostess, and both of them manifested their former affection to him. When he had sat awhile, he said, "I cannot

stay here; O, how miserable I am! God used to dwell in this house, but he is now departed—I cannot stay—I must go.” The good man and his wife seemed agitated, and begged he would not go away. He asked, “Is there not an accursed thing?” They replied, by an ingenuous confession, how Satan had crept in between them; and, although the occasion was trivial, yet the breach was serious and painful. The snare was broken; they joined in prayer and intercession to God, and he graciously healed them. The habitation was again the house of God, and Mr. L. cheerfully consented to remain with them all night.

He taught parents the magnitude of their duty, and the responsibility of their station. He looked with interest upon the children of Methodist parents, as their successors in the church, when themselves should be resting in the grave. He often aimed at awakening their attention, as well as conveying instruction to them, by relating pleasing and seasonable anecdotes, &c. At proper opportunities he taught the servants their duty to God and man, and they loved him for his condescension and care for their souls.

When the Sheffield circuit was more extensive than it now is, the itinerant preachers frequently appointed him to hold the country love-feasts. He would upon these occasions encourage and animate the people to freedom and simplicity in speaking, setting them the example himself. He would desire them to

speaking short and explicitly, with reference to their being penitents or believers, or as being justified freely, or sanctified wholly. Many of these Bethels have been at the very gate of heaven, or heaven itself in miniature. The people felt the plenitude of God, all were filled with the Spirit, and spake under his influence. "If they were not already come, they were journeying together unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant."

The most memorable of these annual love feasts was that which was held on the first Sunday in August, in the Woodlands. The veteran servants of God came from far to this place. They used to meet on their way at particular places of rendezvous, and came to Hopart in companies over the mountains, in the spirit of prayer and joyful anticipation. Mr. L. preached and presided at this love-feast more than twenty years, and partook of the common joy and benefit of the saints in these feasts of love.

I am glad to be able to publish several things of importance which follow in Mr. Longden's own words, transcribed from his private memoirs. The first is an account of the great revival of religion in Sheffield, which also con-

tains a detail of his prejudices against it, and the subsequent method which the Lord in condescension took to convince him that the work was really of God, and not effected by the will of man.

The revival of religion in Sheffield, in the summer of 1794, was in the following manner: In the love-feast on Monday, June 30, there was nothing remarkable observed, either in speaking or in praying, till about the time when they were about to conclude. Mr. Moon called upon one of the local preachers to pray. While he was pleading with God, he was carried out of himself with holy fervour, in an extraordinary manner. The Spirit of God came as a mighty rushing wind, filled the place where they were assembled, and overwhelmed every individual by its powerful influence. A few who did not understand it, and resisted it, were confounded, and in their error escaped as for their lives. There was presently a general, loud, and bitter cry in every part of the chapel.

Mr. Moon now left the pulpit, and he and all the official men and women who had power with God in prayer, went from pew to pew, seeking those who were in distress. They inquired into the cause of that weeping and sorrow, and they pointed the penitents to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" exhorting them to exercise faith in him as the only Saviour, able and willing to save them now. They prayed fervently for all those whom, upon inquiry, they found to have

a genuine work of God upon their souls. There were, perhaps, fifty such persons so engaged at once, either praying for pardon, or singing praises to God for assurance of forgiveness.

Thus they continued praying and singing, till one or two o'clock the next morning. There was a prayer-meeting held in the chapel, for several successive nights; and the same powerful effects were wrought; the people continued together till a late hour, and very many sinners were converted from the error of their ways.

Being detained from the love-feast by urgent business at home, I was much surprised with the accounts I received by one and another of the crying and apparent confusion in the chapel. In the evening I hastened to the place to see and hear for myself. Such a scene presented itself, as I had never witnessed in the church before! In one part I saw several on the ground, groaning as in the agonies of death! in other places persons were shrieking as if they were just about to drop into liquid fire! Many were praying with all their might; and others with joy beaming in their countenances, were shouting glory to God! or singing praises to him from whom all blessings flow!

I was so exceedingly affected with the sight and sound of these things, that my mind was filled with dread, and my body shook and trembled! I withdrew, therefore, to a private corner of the chapel, that I might silently observe what was doing, if possible, with Christian candour; but I could not understand it: I felt a

reverence full of terror, and I returned home quite confounded.

Many of my brethren inquired of me my opinion of this strange work. I told them I did not understand it; that I had not seen any thing of the kind before; that I had always thought those were the best seasons when the Sun of righteousness had softened, melted, and dissolved my soul, when I was filled with divine love, and lost and absorbed in God.

Although I could not actively join my brethren in this work, I durst not limit the Holy One of Israel, by censuring or opposing his servants; indeed, my daughter M. and my son H. were among the saved, and I was convinced a divine change had passed upon them. I knew that they, as well as scores of others, when they went to the chapel, were influenced by no higher motives than a vain curiosity, yet were suddenly and powerfully wrought upon, and that afterwards they gave incontestable evidence that the change was divine.

Soon afterwards, while I was pondering these things in my heart, I was appointed to lead a neighbouring love-feast. While I was engaged in prayer, there was a movement among the people like murmuring waters: I felt increasing power in prayer, and, as I rose in fervour, the cry of the people was louder and louder, till the whole place was in a ferment. I durst not oppose, or check them, at the peril of my soul. The Lord had made me fully open to conviction, to know his will; and when

I asked myself, "What must I do?" I found it easy, yea, I was constrained in spirit to come from the pulpit, and go into the midst of the people. I passed from place to place among the distressed; exhorting them, and praying with them. Thus did the Lord destroy my fears, and for ever take away my scruples, and sweetly enlisted me, a willing unworthy servant, in this great revival. In this blessed cause, while thus engaged, I witnessed many such pentecostal seasons: and, O! what struggles of faith and prayer, and what transporting love and joy in the Holy Ghost, have I often felt on these occasions, even till my poor body has languished and fainted.

The recollection of my past ignorance of this work, and my feelings when viewing it as a spectator, make it easy for me to bear with my well meaning brethren who have opposed us, as if all was the result of inflamed passions, and not wrought by the power of God. But surely such persons forget that in the first and every subsequent age of the church, where there have been great revivals of religion, there have been the same outward effects.*

* Let any Christian man read with candour the account which the revered father of Methodism gives in his journals of the effects of his preaching at Bristol and Bath, from April to June, 1739. Let them take the same wary discrimination as the physician, Monday, April 29, and let them be convinced like him, and *acknowledge the finger of God*. The great Whitefield heard of these strange outward signs, which accompanied the inward work of God. On Sunday, July 8,

In the year 1795 a holy and indefatigable servant of God was appointed to labour in the Sheffield circuit. He continued with us three years, during which time about fifteen hundred souls were added to our society. I was much struck with his manner and spirit. I never witnessed in any other man such burning love to God and man, and such unwearied diligence in preaching, praying, exhorting, and visiting from house to house. I had the happiness of obtaining his confidence and friendship, from which I have gained more knowledge and holiness than from all other men. It was not till now that I had clear, Scriptural views of sanctification, and the method of obtaining it, nor was I before fully established in the experience of that blessing. Perceiving its nature, I

he preached to the people himself. As soon as he began, in the application of his sermon, to invite all sinners to believe in Christ, four persons sank down close to him, nearly in the same moment; one lay without either sense or motion; a second trembled exceedingly; the third had strong convulsions all over his body, but made no noise, unless by groans; and the fourth, equally convulsed, called upon God with strong cries and tears: thus he found his objections were chiefly grounded upon gross misrepresentation of matter of fact. From this time, saith Mr. Wesley, I trust we shall all be willing for God to carry on his own work *in the way that pleaseth him*. And let every sincere inquirer read Mr. W.'s statement of plain facts, and his reasonings upon the subject, on the 20th May the same year, and say whether this is work that bringeth to naught the wisdom of the wise. In this way I have no doubt, only in a far greater degree and extent, God will arise to evangelize the whole world.

was freed from every scruple, and had a divine power at all times freely to give up and fully to devote my little all to God. I saw that we may stand in this state of salvation, and be faithful to grace received, with different degrees of proportion, and consequently make more or less proficiency in holiness and communion with God. I feel more than ever an humbling sense of my coming short of the glory of God. I see a more narrow and a more excellent way, "to be strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness, and to be filled with all the fulness of God."

In the midst of these days of grace, Satan, that avowed enemy of the church's prosperity, found means to sow the seeds of contention among us. The unhappy division which took place in the year 1796, caused the lovers of Zion to mourn, and Satan to triumph. Mr. Longden studied, he prayed, he wrote, he travelled, to prevent, if possible, the threatened breach.

In conjunction with his friend, W. E. Miller, he wrote the following address to the Methodist society in Sheffield.

"DEAR BRETHREN,—It is with hearts filled with the tenderest concern for your eternal welfare, that we now address you. The events which have recently occurred in the Methodist connection are so awful, and the consequences may be so dreadful, that we are compelled to make this one open appeal; beseeching you by

all the ties of Christian fellowship—by all the blessed privileges we enjoy—and by all those sacred seasons of power and love which we have spent together, to weigh solemnly what is here submitted to your consideration. We ask, Is it not owing to Methodism that, under God, you have been awakened to see and feel your lost condition? have been snatched from the jaws of hell, led to the Saviour of sinners, and converted unto God? Have not all your present springs of peace, and lively hopes of heaven, arisen from this source? Has it not been your boast, that, in purity of doctrine, in number of privileges, and in ability of preaching, you have been the highly favoured of the earth? Have you not seen signs and wonders wrought, the arm of the Lord made bare, pentecostal visits of fire descending, and the place wherein you were assembled, filled with the glory of God? Are these things true? If so, we ask, Have you been robbed of one of these privileges? Has the purity of your doctrine been corrupted? or has God withdrawn his presence from his people? You will ALL answer, No. We ask again, Has the gospel become expensive? Are you required to contribute more to its support than formerly? Are you oppressed with any new burdens? or are you not left at liberty to pay your penny a week, or let it alone, as you feel most convenient? Your answer is ready: you ALL acknowledge there has been no alteration during the last fifty years.

“Dear brethren, where are the evils you complain of? You have perhaps been told that the money collected is not accounted for with sufficient openness. We answer, Apply to the stewards, examine their books; read the annual statements of the Kingswood and yearly collections, published by the conference. Judge for yourselves; use your own eyes; do not listen to the mistaken representations which are so unfortunately spread abroad; neither be led like *children in leading strings*, when you are able to use your own legs. But you are informed that the preachers receive more from the society than is adequate to their support. O! brethren, listen not to reports which can only fill your breasts with needless jealousies and unworthy suspicions. We can assure you, and will prove it to all that call upon us for information, that there are scenes of distress and misery among the preachers which would make your hearts bleed. The single preachers had twelve pounds per annum thirty years since, and they have no more at present; although every article of life is considerably advanced, yet the sum allowed for victuals amounts to a trifle more than two shillings a week per head. The servant of a reputable farmer has a better provision than a Methodist preacher. We therefore entreat that you will not suffer ill-grounded prejudice to creep in between you and your preachers. They have yielded all their money matters into your hands,

they have thrown themselves on your mercy :* do not tread them under your feet. They are your servants for Christ's sake : do not wish to make them your slaves.†

“ Brethren! brethren! we desire your real happiness, we are zealous for your true interest. We can appeal to a heart-searching God when we assure you that, if we saw you oppressed, we would fly to your relief: if we saw corruption creeping into the connection, we would cry aloud in the front ranks! But you are in danger of being misled,—of rushing into the greatest errors,—of pulling down (so far as your influence extends) the noblest fabric which God has erected since the days of the apostles,—of dividing preacher from preacher, brother from brother, and sister from sister,—of stabbing sterling Methodism to the heart, and of preventing the effects of a revival which might have leavened the whole universe! O stop! stop! we charge you, at the peril of your souls, stop! Shall hell triumph? Shall the wicked exult? Shall sects and parties cry, ‘Down with them, down with them: ha! ha! so would we have it!’ You would tremble at the thought of bringing a father’s gray hairs with sorrow to the grave by your cruelty, or breaking a mother’s heart by your ingratitude, but what are cruelty and ingratitude to earthly

* Alluding to the Address of the Conference to the Methodist Societies.

† Referring to the admission of delegates into conference.

parents, compared with making a rent in the church, exposing precious souls to the danger of eternal destruction, and opening a wide door for the wolf of hell to enter and devour the flock of Christ? O! beware of schism—tremble at division!

“Methodists, be cautious, be firm; remember there never was a division from the body of Methodism that prospered. Stand still, and see the salvation of God. They that believe shall not make haste. If there should be a party that will separate, wait the event; see if the ark of the Lord goes with them—whether they have greater privileges, a cheaper gospel, more powerful preaching, and the glory of the Lord is more evidently revealed. Then you can determine upon the propriety and necessity of quitting your old ship, and venturing your all upon a new bottom.

“Finally, brethren! we love you, you know we love you. We have spent our strength, and impaired our health, in labouring for your happiness. Go where you may, leave us, think hardly of us, trample upon us; we will still follow you with our tears, our prayers, and our blessings. We are still willing to suffer the loss of all things for your sake. You may break our hearts, but you shall not tear away our affection: still this cry shall follow you: ‘Return, ye wanderers;’ our arms and our hearts shall be ever open to receive you, and our last prayer shall be, ‘May the Methodists be one.’ May one volume of praise, one

cloud of incense, ascend to our Father and our God! May the whole connection which was built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, be again fitly joined together, and compacted by that nourishment which every joint supplieth, and grow into a holy temple in the Lord, and be filled with all the fulness of God.

HENRY LONGDEN,
"EDWARD MILLER."

The next step which he took to preserve the peace and union of the body was to ride through the Derbyshire part of the circuit, and visit every society, accompanied by his friend, Mr. A. Hill. They were received as the angels of God, and found all in firm compact, determined to abide by primitive Methodism even unto death, except at Grindleford-bridge. Seeing them intent upon leaving, they did not attempt to dissuade them from going. When they had taken a refreshment, they asked permission to pray before they took a final adieu. During prayer the people's hearts were opened, and all their former affection flowed into them, prejudice gave way, and they saw their intention to separate was not of the Lord. When they rose from their knees, they said one to another, "What think you, brother, shall we go?"—"No, I think not," said one. "We will thank you to visit us as usual," said another; so that, under God, the people there were preserved in the same mind one towards another, in the bond of unity.

Notwithstanding these efforts to preserve the church, and many more of a similar nature, many leading men in the Sheffield society left the connection; and many simple, well meaning persons went along with them.

“What,” says Mr. Longden, “are the awful effects of this division? One thousand persons separated from us. But where is more than one half of them? A very few have returned to us, humbled for their sin; others feel their loss, and have seen their error, but cannot submit to acknowledge it. But very many are sinners of the most notorious kind. They are frequenters of ale-houses! drunkards! unclean persons! deists! or professed infidels! I am afraid the chief instruments in this rent will not rejoice on account of it in the great day of the Lord.”

Notwithstanding this serious rent in the church, the work of God was carried forward with mighty power. It was not confined to the town of Sheffield: but, by the united efforts of the itinerant and local preachers, the fire spread nearly into every part of the circuit. Jerusalem was in great prosperity, and the converts of Zion were many. A sermon which Mr. L. preached at Eyana, is yet remembered, when the Lord poured water upon the thirsty, and floods upon the dry grounds. Twenty-six persons professed to experience redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of all their sins, most of whom adorn their profession, and hold fast the beginning of their confidence with

steadfastness unto this day. This was no strange thing; it was frequently the case in a love feast, preaching or prayer meeting, that ten or twenty were justified by faith, and returned home praising a reconciled God.

He was not satisfied with preaching nearly every Sunday, but he frequently preached on the week-day evenings. When there were only three travelling preachers where there are now eighteen, preaching in the country places was very seldom: the word of God was precious, and the people would come from far to hear it. For several years he preached once a fortnight at Hallam. During another time he preached weekly at Hoyland; at another, weekly at Thorncliffe, &c.

He was frequently called by night and by day to visit the sick and the dying. He felt this required all the wisdom, courage, and grace of the most adult Christian. Wisdom not to heal when he ought to wound, and not to wound when he ought to heal; wisdom to distinguish between a fear of the wrath of God, and a hatred of sin and contrition of soul; courage not to shrink from a faithful and affectionate discharge of duty to those who are sinking and fainting under the pressure of complicated affliction; and grace to bid those of a fearful heart, Be strong!—to show the faithfulness of God, and conduct them triumphantly over the last enemy, quite to the verge of heaven: for this momentous duty we have witnessed his eminent qualifications. We shudder at the

recollection of his visiting a dying varnished hypocrite, who, with lifted hands, was crying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Instantly he interrupted him, "Thou limb of the devil! thou firebrand of hell! thou goat in sheep's clothing! thou fornicator! what a game is this! Selling thy soul to the devil, and crying, 'Come Jesus:' rather cry, 'Come, chief devil, come quickly!' And will not hell be hot enough when thou liest down in liquid fire, that thou shouldst add to all thy other sins the sin of hypocrisy? I must go; where—where is my hat? I am filled with horror! This room is, as it were, full of devils!" The man began to cry aloud, "Mercy, mercy! don't go, do stay: O! for mercy!" He stayed, and heard a full confession from the man of his notorious sins, and we trust there was some hope in his death.

Being from home on a journey, a friend told him the case of a dying man, an opulent merchant, whom several had visited; and he wished Mr. L. would see him also. When he was introduced into the chamber of affliction, he beheld a pale, intelligent countenance, full of sorrow, tinged with despair; his eyes looked full of grief! Mr. L. asked him of his health, and then inquired respecting his views of another world, and his state of preparation for it. He said, "Sir, I am an apostate fallen spirit; I am undone; I am lost for ever! There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

To which he replied, "Will you hearken to me? if you knew that you were pleasing Satan would you talk thus?" He answered, "No." Farther he asked, "If you knew you were adding to all your former sins, as well as dishonouring the mercy of God by talking thus, would you continue to do so?" He replied, "No." "Most certainly you are doing all these: you have entirely forgot that the merits of Jesus Christ are infinite; and unless your sins are more than infinite, at least the remedy is equal to the disease. It is true, you have wickedly and daringly lifted up your single arm against the Omnipotent: but Jesus Christ is the propitiation for all the sins of all the sinners in the world; and if there were as many rebel universes as there are sinners in the world, still the number of sins would be finite, committed by finite creatures, yet the mercy of God could more than extend to all:—the mercy of God is unbounded, because the merit and mediation of Jesus Christ are infinite." The sick person repeated, "The merit of Jesus is infinite! the mercy of God is infinite!—then, may I indeed be saved?" "Yes," replied Mr. L., "you may be saved, and you may be saved now. A day or a moment with the Lord is as a thousand years. Ask of God to forgive you now for his dear Son's sake, and it shall be done unto you according to your faith." Hope beamed in his countenance; and while engaged in prayer, faith sprung up in his heart, and Jesus got himself a victorious name. With astonishment he

exclaimed, "What hath God wrought! He hath taken me from a horrible pit of darkness and despair, and hath brought me into his marvellous light. I know that my Redeemer liveth; I shall soon see the king in his beauty; I bless the day that I was born," &c., &c. He survived a few days, and then his spirit escaped to his great Redeemer.

In the year 1800, after preaching at Br——d, he was told there was a person, a publican, very ill indeed of an infectious fever, but no one durst go near him for fear of the infection. One of the friends asked Mr. L. if he durst visit him. "Yes," he replied, "I never had any fear in the way of duty." He went and found J. H——e, apparently near death. When he was seated, he asked him what prospect he had before him if this sickness were unto death? He found the afflicted person had been brought to serious reflection in the course of his illness. The following words had been applied to him, as the means of his awakening: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." He saw that he had loved almost every other object with all the heart—with "the full capacity, the whole power of the soul;" but to the Lord God he had rendered a mere formal outward service. He said, "I am wretched, I am in the dark; and what to do to obtain salvation I cannot tell." He saw his sin, he felt his danger, he had a broken heart and a contrite spirit; but he was perishing for lack of knowledge: he was quite ignorant of the cove-

nant of mercy, of the way of faith in the blood of Christ, in order to salvation.

While Mr. L. unfolded the way of a sinner's approach to God, the means of salvation, the witness of the Spirit, the nature and excellence of religion, the sick man listened, and drank these gospel truths with astonishment and gratitude. He furthermore told him the manner of his own conversion; and added, that for more than twenty years he had not had a doubt of his acceptance, or any fear of death: and, if God were to call him that hour, he had not any thing to do for eternity, "except the arrangement of a few family affairs." Our friend H——e thought, I cannot believe he would deceive a dying man; and if what he says be true, there is a blessed something in religion which I never knew or heard of.

Mr. L. kneeled down to pray, but his prayers were soon turned into praises: "Lord," he said, "I know thou wilt save thy servant, and his whole house." The sick man exclaimed, "Blessed Lord! thou hast sent one of thy prophets to declare my salvation, and the salvation of my household."

This was soon realized. He began to recover, and soon inherited the promises of mercy. His wife, who also was an earnest seeker of salvation, was presently made happy in the love of God. Martha, their niece, who soon after resided with them, was savingly converted. And the servant man became also a servant of the living God.

Not long after, Mr. L., in a love-feast, was telling the goodness of God to this family, and he added, "I only know of one thing that is wanting, which is, that the sign may come down." Our brother H——e rose up and said, "I am a living witness of the truth of these things, and I bless the Lord, he has already blown the sign down; I have made a free sacrifice of all to him, and I find his service my reward."

At one period there was a very afflictive winter in Sheffield. Work was very scarce, the flour was very unsound, bread and provisions were very dear, and withal, in many places, a fever was raging with alarming progress. A strict inquiry was made into the circumstances of every poor family in the society; and that winter, we believe, every lack of food was supplied to all. One family which Mr. Longden, accompanied by Mr. W——n, visited, deserves notice, as it evinces to what extremities God suffers his servants to be reduced; but that he is immutably faithful, who hath said, "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

The family alluded to lived in the outer part of the town: when Mr. L. and Mr. W——n reached the house, they found the door fastened, and the window-shutters closed. They knocked at the door again and again, louder and louder; but all was still. They then inquired at the nearest neighbour's house, whe-

ther the family was removed? "No," they said, "they are all ill of the fever; we visited them as long as we durst, but the fever is so bad that we really durst not risk our lives any longer." They now returned, determined to break the house open. First they knocked and vociferated at the door; presently they heard the foot of the poor man coming to open the door. They entered the house, walked up stairs, and beheld a most affecting scene! A pious father and mother, and several children, without a friend! without money! without bread! all sick; but no medicine! no cordial! All their store was just finished, except a piece of an orange, and there had been a contest who should have the last bit! the youngest child was to have it!

The father of this afflicted family they found a true son of Abraham; "he did not charge God foolishly, but patiently endured, as seeing him who is invisible." He was assured that the Judge of the whole earth would do right. And help came in the time and manner of God's appointment, and to his glory.

By kind attention the lives of the whole family were redeemed from destruction. They were spared to one another, and restored to the community. Doubtless the two visitors felt the blessedness of giving, which Job so happily expresses: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me: and when the eye saw me, then it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, and him that had none to help

him. And the blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon me."

That he might embrace every mode of usefulness to the church, he had a select correspondence. He had intercourse, by this means, with some of the best men and women of the age in which he lived: and as a father in the gospel, he did not refuse the solicitations of those who needed and sought religious instruction. To show his ability in this respect, we have transcribed the three following letters; the first was written to a young lady of superior endowments, whom he saw exposed to some danger.

"Grace, mercy, and peace attend you, from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Your kind letter gave me much pleasure. In answer to your inquiries, I observe, that when trials and temptations are permitted to assail us, the gracious design is either to prevent some evil, or to discover some weakness; to cure some spiritual malady, or to exercise and mature our graces, and thereby brighten our crown of rejoicing for ever. If we are faithful, (i. e., if we constantly look to God for help and direction, and exercise our faith which worketh by love,) be assured, the evil will be prevented, the good obtained, and God will be glorified.

"Your next remark relates to the praise or blame which cometh of man. As it respects you and me, it is nothing but a blast of wind, inasmuch as we are what we are in the sight

of God. It is a base spirit which seeks the praise of man, and that is a proud spirit which rejects and spurns at reproof. Nevertheless, with reference to others, and our own usefulness as public characters, we should be careful to avoid the very appearance of evil. What Mr. C. said was perhaps improper. I hope you will ever act according to the teaching of the Spirit of God, which always accords with the rule of his word.

“ You have nothing whereof to be proud ; every talent which you possess, the Lord has bestowed ; and I am certain that many have received more grace than either you or I experience. There are two things for which you ought to feel constantly thankful ; I mean, simplicity and sincerity, as well as the adorning of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. With these you have doubtless many defects ; I wish you could gain the mastery of one particularly. What I refer to is your stammering, both in conversation and in prayer ; I believe there is no defect in your organs of speech. You appear sometimes either mentally absent, or to be hurried beyond the subject, or you have an influx of ideas which flow in upon you, and instantly you begin to say—I—I—I, as if giving yourself time for recollection. I believe you may avoid this, if, for a season, you speak and pray deliberately, in easy words and short sentences.

“ You ask, ‘ Why did God make man free to stand or fall ? ’ For this plain reason, because

if it had been otherwise, he would not have been a man, but an irrational creature. God hath prepared a better state as a reward; but if man were not free, (i. e., created with every possible motive to obedience, and barely possible that he should fall,) he could not be accountable; and if he were not accountable, he could not be rewarded. But the end and consummation of his being is an eternal reward, therefore he was created free. But you ask, ‘Can a man who once had faith be lost?’ I think so, because Scripture and experience testify that a good man may fall into acts of sin, and sin is dishonourable to God; but the eternal punishment of sin is not dishonourable to God. If he permit the former, he will inflict the latter. ‘But will not God restore those who are fallen, if they repent?’—Yes, a thousand times.

“With respect to using words in private prayer, no directions can be given, but to use that method which is most profitable. We have the privilege of every mode, but we are confined to none.

“Permit me now to give you a little advice. If it be possible, find out all your defects, both inward and outward. Examine yourself faithfully, and you will discover what was before unknown: pray earnestly to God, and he will show you what had escaped your own researches. Be not discouraged with the sight, but set about having them removed. Do not talk much in company. When you converse, let it arise from a conviction of your duty, in

the Spirit of God. Young, red-hot professors often talk too much. Never illustrate any truth from your own experience, but from the word of God as the only standard. You may mention your own faults and past errors, by way of caution to others. When you give reproof, have respect to your own spirit, motive, and manner; and let it not only be seasonable to the state of the person, but have a regard to the proper time and circumstances. Finally, husband your time, and do all you can for God; not with an eye to reward from man; no, not even a smile from man: and you shall have a full reward from the Lord Christ; so shall you ever continue to be a comfort and a blessing to me.

“ I am receiving more of God, and I appear less to myself. I see a fulness of love in Jesus Christ. I want nothing else: I seek, I strive, I labour for nothing else but closer communion with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

“ I am, &c., &c. HENRY LONGDEN.”

LETTER TO A YOUNG ITINERANT PREACHER,
WHO WENT OUT FROM SHEFFIELD.

“ *Very dear Brother,*—I rejoice to hear of the health of your body, the peace of your mind, and a blessed prospect of success in your labours.

“ You inquire how you may be useful. Your great object must be improvement in real vital holiness—in ministerial abilities. To improve

in holiness, you must avoid every thing which brings darkness into the soul, by grieving the Spirit. We know that all persons are not in equal danger from the same thing. Some grieve the Holy Spirit of God by idleness, lounging away their time in any thing or nothing. Some suffer loss by not exercising a proper guard over their thoughts. They cast the reins upon the neck, and their vain imagination leads them to the ends of the earth. And others suffer great loss for want of a spiritual conversation. They talk about the world and politics, about any thing or nothing : are trifling or serious, as most suits the company where they are.

“ If you desire to be eminently useful, be eminently holy. Avoid then idleness, as you would drunkenness ; be always usefully employed. I would recommend you always to have an object in view. Whether you think, or read, or preach, or travel, or converse, always aim at something—your own improvement, the good of others, and the glory of God. I do not need to inform you, that the best and surest way to grow in personal godliness is to live habitually in the spirit of prayer. We cannot pray too much. I believe a preacher may learn more by prayer than by all other means. Would it not be well for you to rise early ? to divide your time into portions, and see that prayer occupy several hours in every day ? Dear Jackey, take notice not to follow the example of others with relation to prayer.

To pray much upon your knees, or upon your face, before God, may not be profitable at first; but persevere, and your strength and communion with God will abundantly increase, even until you are all prayer and all praise.

“If by prayer you maintain a spiritual frame of mind, you will find it easy to govern and expel all sinful and unprofitable thoughts. And your conversation must be spiritual, ministering edification to all. By this means your way will be open, your character established, and your usefulness abundant in the Lord.

“My paper fails me to speak of your improvement in ministerial abilities. I will leave that till a future opportunity.

“The Lord is still kind and gracious to me. Through his mercy I walk at liberty, increasing in humble love. My body is a clog to the activity of my soul, and often presses me down: though I am rather stronger than formerly. In the midst of all, my comfort is to know that I am in the will of God.

“Miss Mary Unwin is gone triumphantly to glory! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! We shall all soon meet in heaven.

“I am, &c., &c. HENRY LONGDEN.”

LETTER TO AN AFFLICTED, DESPONDING SAINT.

“*My dear Brother,*—I feel a kind of melancholy pleasure in reading your letter. It affords me true pleasure to observe, from the general tenor of your epistle, that your spirit

is humble : you have abasing thoughts of yourself, and exalted thoughts of Christ. There is a spirit of sincerity throughout. There is no deceit either in your heart or life : you desire to appear what you really are ; and you desire to be what God would have you to be. You are willing to give up any thing, if you might get nearer to God ; and you are willing to endure all that the Lord is pleased to inflict.

“ When you have read thus far, methinks I see you pause, shake your head, change colour, and, sighing, say, ‘ This is not true ; my friend Longden is mistaken.’ I answer, It is my dear discouraged brother L——s that is mistaken, and it will be fully proved in the day of judgment, when you shall shine as a bright star in the kingdom of your Father. But I am willing that the Spirit of God should now decide between us : here I will kneel down and ask my God to shine upon this letter, upon my mind, and upon yours. Now, after prayer, I find myself confirmed in my opinion. But you object, ‘ Why then am I not happy ? Why am I not filled with love, and praise, and gratitude ? Why am I troubled with doubts of my acceptance ? Why do I feel so much self-will, and so many sinful tempers, viz., forgetfulness and impatience ; and sometimes they break out in angry looks and sharp words ? Why do I feel such a backwardness to duty, especially private prayer and faithful self-examination ? If your statement be true, why does every thing appear so dark for time and eternity ?’

“Hear me with patience, and I will answer you. The reasons are, you have, in general, an afflicted body. If your health improves, and strength increases, do you not feel an increase of spiritual comfort? Your mind is depressed, and weakened in its spiritual exercises, by your enfeebled body. But does God smile or frown according to the degrees of your inward vigour, and not rather look at the integrity of the heart? You have been so long in the habit of doubting and distrusting God and believing the devil, that you scarcely feel comfort in any thing but writing bitterness and wo against yourself.

“You ask, ‘What would you advise me to do?’ Consider the Almighty as your father and unchanging friend; that he is striving every day, and every moment, in a thousand ways, and by a thousand means, to bless you. Consider that the Lord Jesus Christ has really and personally died for you; that he is this and every moment pleading *your* cause at the right hand of God. Consider, again, that the Holy Ghost has enlightened your dark mind, and quickened your dead soul; that He who has raised, has often restored your soul, and given you his peace and pardoning love. Remember the eternal Trinity loves you with an infinite love! that God desires your happiness with an infinite desire! He has begun a good work, with the purpose to perform and perfect it unto the day of Christ. Although he afflicts, perhaps he sees you and I can be saved

in no other way. And do not only consider these things, but believe them; yes, believe them cordially, and you will receive strength to suffer patiently, to fight manfully, and to resist every adversary steadfast unto the end.

“ You say, ‘ You could do all this if you were a child of God.’ And what is it that will assure you that you are a child of God? One great proof is, a being freed from the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, and to have a desire in all things to please God. You must know that your heart is changed by the Spirit of God. Why were the races so hateful to you? Why could you not take your family there, as eager to see as the crowds that were there? Would it not give you pain to join in the assembly of the wicked? Have you any greater pleasure than attending the means of grace? Any greater enjoyment, than in the holy conversation of a lively friend? Do you not love every man in proportion as you believe he bears the image of God? You answer in the affirmative, but complain of a hard heart. I grant you are not fully sanctified, but are not these the fruits of justification? Where do they grow? Not in nature’s garden, but in a regenerated heart. You are justified, and you may be sanctified too. Is not God able to save, even now? O my brother! look up, behold the Lord waits to be gracious, even now is the accepted time.

“ Take my advice for one month, and see if you do not go better forward. Dare to believe

that God is now your reconciled Father, through the death of his Son. Draw near unto him with confidence as such : in your approaches to him, tell him all your cares, and fears, and wants, and wait in faith for an answer. And endeavour to cultivate a thankful frame of mind, by the remembrance of his care over you, and his goodness unto you and yours ; and then your happy life will sweetly glide away in thankful songs of praise. The Lord grant it for the sake of Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

“ I am, my dear brother, yours very affectionately in Christian bonds,

“ HENRY LONGDEN.”

Mr. Longden was not only a burning and a shining light at home, in his family, and in the church of God, but the last fifteen years of his life, as he was not occupied with any personal attention to business, he made frequent excursions in company with a friend or preacher who was like-minded, saying, “ Let us go again, and visit our brethren in every city, where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do.”

In his tour in 1797-8, to York, Hull, &c., he spent a few days at Gainsborough. A circumstance which occurred there will serve to show the great power of faith and importunate prayer. Under preaching on the Sabbath morning, a boy and a girl, who were brother and sister, were deeply affected. When they returned home, their disquietude of spirit still increased : the boy retired to give vent to his

feelings ; and the girl, feeling the arrows of the Almighty, wept sorely, and could not be comforted.

The parents sent for Mr. Longden and Mr. Nelson, (who had met him by appointment at this place.) They went to the house and conversed with the girl. "I feel the smart of a wounded spirit," she said : "if there be any mercy for me, do pray." They joined in solemn prayer, and in about half an hour she passed from death unto life : the divine change which was wrought, was as clear as it was sudden. Like a little cherub, she ran across the room, and embraced her mother ; and declared to her, in astonishing language, what the Lord had done for her soul. The mother burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O ! my child is saved, and I, a poor backslider, am in the way to ruin ! What must I do ? I cannot, no, I will not rest till I have redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of my sins. Is there any hope for me ? Wretch that I am, to leave my Saviour !" They published Jesus Christ, an advocate with the Father, even for poor backsliders. Desire, hope, expectation, and faith, in succession, sprang up in her soul, and presently, in answer to prayer, she was restored to the light of God's countenance, and the joys of his salvation.

Their attention next was called to the father, who continued to kneel in a corner, crying, "O ! my Jack ; O ! my Jack !" Now they heard the boy roaring upon the stairs. They brought him into the room, and inquired what

was the cause of his sorrow. "My sins," he said, "and if they be not soon removed, they will sink me into hell." They asked him, "But how must your sins be removed?" "Jesus Christ," he said, "must take them away, no one else can. If I could but believe that he would do it—but O! I am so great a sinner!" Here he burst out weeping again, as if there were no hope for him. They instructed and encouraged him; and, while they spake, and prayed, the boy was not less satisfactorily delivered from guilt and condemnation than the two former.

About this time he visited Nottingham, accompanied by Mr. Wilkinson. Miss C. S——n speaking of it, says, "A short time previous to Mr. Longden's visit to us, the Lord poured his Spirit upon his people in his quickening influences. I am not certain that he knew, when he came among us, that the 'fields were already white unto harvest;' but he was evidently sent as an able and willing instrument in the promotion of a revival of pure religion.

"Two sermons which he preached in Hockley chapel were attended with a special and a lasting blessing: from Ezekiel xxxvi, 26, 'A new heart will I give you;' and Matthew xx, 6, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' There was a remarkable plainness and simplicity manifested in these sermons; yet the high calling of believers was explained with great clearness, and enforced with holy energy. The plainest understanding might comprehend

them; and those of more extensive information were instructed; and the rich and the poor were again awakened to their privilege. For although several had formerly experienced the perfect love of God, it was become as a flame nearly extinct. With most, little remained of its sweets, but a fruitless wish, or a feeble desire. Again they beheld in the gospel glass the glory of the Lord. They saw its nature and its advantages; it was also placed within the reach of every sincere believer; and a great number sought and found this great pearl, and dared to profess Jesus Christ a Saviour to the uttermost.

“In his visits from house to house, together with his dear friend Mr. W., he was remarkably blessed of the Lord. They went forth ‘warning every man, and teaching every man, labouring and striving in prayer, according to the mighty working of God, which worked in them mightily;’ and visible good was done with the effusion of the Spirit being poured upon every family which they visited. I never before or since witnessed so extraordinary a work. God so filled and overwhelmed the people with powerful conviction, or with a fulness of his love, that the feeble body fell motionless, as if the animal functions were suspended for a season. I was witness of these effects, and can testify their truth and verity.

“You are well aware how his soul would exult in these manifestations of the Spirit. In his former visits to Nottingham, he had seen

the nakedness of the land, had borne the burden of the Lord, mourning over the state of the people. But the barren wilderness was to him as a Canaan, overflowing with milk and honey—as the garden of the Lord abounding with luxuriant fruit.”

They generally breakfasted and supped at Mr. S. B——’s, at whose house they lodged. Many who were unwilling to carry the burden of sin or the remains of corruption any longer, came to join with them in family prayer. We will instance two, viz., Mr. and Mrs. H——, among those who were signally blessed. He came one morning alone, determined to seek with all his heart the full salvation of his soul. He asked in faith, and was filled with God.—At this instant his wife, who had followed him with the same intentions and intense desires, came into the room. She fell upon her knees, and asked in faith the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Christ, pleading the promises, and ceased not till she received an answer. Her happy soul was not less signally blessed than her husband’s, and she praised God with joyful lips.

Sometimes Mr. Longden’s body fainted under the fatigue of praying, as in an agony, from house to house, from morning until evening; and Mr. W. was obliged to labour alone, while he rested a day to recruit his animal strength.

Salvation was sent to every house which they visited: and some who were prepossessed against this work, as irregular and disorderly,

were obliged to submit to its powerful influence, and acknowledge that it was *divine*. As soon as they began to pray, neighbours, friends, and relatives, were instantaneously seized with powerful convictions, and were as suddenly saved from all iniquity.

I transcribe the following account of the conversion of Miss B——r, from Mr. Longden's manuscripts :—

“I do not remember to have ever seen a person in such agonies of body and mind as she was. We observed fear, terror, despair, desire, expectation, and faith, alternately prevail: for she determined to find the mercy of God, or die upon the place, and perish crying out for God. Her poor mother could not bear the sight, and was obliged to withdraw. Salvation came in a moment; and O! what a change! how sudden! how glorious! as manifested in her features, her voice, her language! ‘Beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness,’ were given her; and the house, the town, the kingdom, were far too small for her expanding full soul, in which to praise a glorious Trinity. She shouted aloud, and called on all the world to join her in the high praises of God.”*

* Miss B—— was afterwards married to Mr. E——s, of Derby, a gentleman of high respectability, and she maintained through life an unblemished and exemplary character. She died in May, 1810, triumphing over the last enemy. Her afflicted husband wrote to Mr. Longden, desiring him to preach her funeral sermon. “She always,” he observes, “considered you

They visited several societies in the circuit, and in every place the same work of the alarming awakenings and speedy conversions was experienced. At Arnold many were saved, and praised God with joyful lips. At Basford, the Spirit of God was as fire among dry stubble. After preaching, they continued in prayer as her spiritual father, and I feel persuaded that your visit would be made a great blessing to the people."

The following is Mr. Longden's answer:—

"*My Dear Brother E—*,

"Your favour of yesterday has deeply affected my mind with a sense of your bereavement, and my own loss, as well as the loss which the church and the world have sustained by the death of your dear partner. Sister E— was to you a faithful and an affectionate wife, a lovely and a sweet companion! She was to me a dearly beloved child! I have not once thought of her since the day of her conversion, but with heartfelt emotions of pleasure, and spiritual profit. To the church she was a bright example of burning love and flaming zeal: and to the world she was a Moses in the gap!

"But she is gone, to return no more to this sad state of mortality. O! how empty, how transient, how uncertain are all things here! Let us not forget that her heavenly Father, that her and our adorable Redeemer, has called her home from a state of exile. Let us lay our hand upon our mouth with this assurance, I was not worthy of such a wife! I was not worthy of such a child! Our loss is her infinite gain. She is for ever seated on the Redeemer's throne, crowned with unfading glory!

"I am sorry I cannot comply with your request on account of extreme indisposition: and had I been well, I fear my feelings would have so overpowered me, as to have rendered me absolutely unfit to undertake to improve her death to the living.

"I am, &c., &c.

"HENRY LONGDEN."

some hours, pleading with God for those who were crying, "God be merciful to us sinners." It cannot yet be forgotten that all who kneeled at one form, in the same moment, received the witness of pardon, and at once gave glory to God.

Mr. Longden, in his sermon that night, asserted, "instead of lewd songs being heard in the factory, soon there would be hymns of praise sung in every room." Much as the proprietor and managers doubted the truth of this, they found this was the beginning of good days. The work of God spread with rapid progress; and presently they joyfully witnessed the banishment of carnal songs from the factory, and nothing was heard throughout the place but the songs of Zion. "He that sitteth upon the throne, saith, Behold I will make all things new."

It would fill a volume to relate all the instances of good which he was made the humble instrument of to individuals and societies, by arbitrating causes, settling differences, and reconciling former friends; as well as by seeking poor wandering sinners, and bringing them to Jesus Christ. His great study, his constant aim, and his daily prayers, were directed to the same end,—the revival and prosperity of the work of God.

We will conclude this chapter by subjoining his own account of his journey to Whitworth, in Lancashire.

Some years ago, being afflicted with a very

dangerous complaint, I was advised to apply to the Whitworth doctors, by whose advice and operations I received great relief. In this place I found myself surrounded with the halt and the maimed. I could not eat any thing with the least appetite, for the smell of wounds and the sight of suffering objects, in almost every form of misery. Removed from the means of grace, and the society of my friends and family, and being very feeble, often languishing with pain, I thought it was high time to resolve upon something to recruit my sinking spirits, either to return home, or to begin to labour publicly with my remnant of strength, by preaching to these poor sufferers. I resolved upon the latter, and obtained the use of a large room, and many heard the word, I trust with lasting benefit. In the exercise of watering these, my own soul was often watered. Now the cheering presence of God made all things easy; my appetite returned, and I gained strength daily.

One day as I was seated in a front room of the house where I lodged, reading my Bible, an emaciated man passed slowly by, supported by crutches. I raised my head, and caught a glance of a most wistful look from the man. I began to read again, but I found my attention was disturbed with thoughts of the man. I felt an involuntary affection for the poor sufferer! I could read no more. I thought, I will go and find him, and converse with him, and see what this meaneth. I found he had

just arrived at his lodgings, and was seated in his chair.

I addressed him as follows:—"My dear friend, you appear to be very ill, and likely soon to leave the world." He said, "Yes, sir, I expect to be discharged by the doctor to-day, and sent home to die." I asked him, "Are you prepared to die?" "No," he resumed, "I have neglected my soul all my life. My home is a little farm near York. By great industry and frugality I have supported my family with credit; but this has been my chief care! I have not been devoted to God, and alas! I fear now there is but little hope of my ever getting to heaven." After I had spoken to him at some length, with much enlargement, by way of instruction and exhortation, I prayed with him and left him.

About six the next morning a messenger came in haste, desiring me to visit the poor afflicted man. I found him in an agony of distress. Inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, he said, "I am heart-broken, if ever man was: I used to think it almost impossible to bear the pain of my leg; but I have forgotten my leg in the greater anguish of my mind. O, sir, I have not had a moment's ease since you were here. I am lost! I am lost! I am so great a sinner, I despair of mercy." I offered him all the encouragement and help which the gospel offers, and assured him God would make him as happy as he could live; and I hoped it would be that morning. I, and a friend who was with me,

prayed alternately. The man joined us with all possible fervour, crying aloud for mercy. Shortly his despair was gone. He said, "Lord, thou wilt pardon me." His faith increasing, he said, "Lord, I feel thou wilt pardon me *now*;" and very soon after, faith was victorious, and mercy triumphant; he broke out in loud praises and thanksgiving to God.

When he rose from his knees, he said, "Now I am happy, and I am willing to die when it shall please God to call me; only I shall be thankful if the Lord please to permit me to see my wife and children, that I may tell them what he has done for my soul, and that I may give them a dying charge to seek the Lord without delay, and devote themselves to God; but if he appoint otherwise, I here resign myself to his will."

I said to him, "My good friend, I will tell you a secret. It was God who sent me to seek you; for after I saw your poor meager face, as you passed my window, I felt such a love to you, and a desire to converse with you, that the Lord constrained me to go in search of you, and to God alone you must give the glory of your salvation."

He replied, "And, sir, I will tell you a secret: from the first moment that I saw you in this town, I loved you even better than I loved my own wife. I have followed you in the street, to have the pleasure of treading in the same place that you did; and I have gone past the window of the room where you sit a hun

dred times, that I might look at you. Yea, and the more the people said against your preaching and praying, the more I loved you. But O!" he said, "how I shall love you in heaven, only less than Jesus Christ." The following day we had a most tender and affectionate parting—till we meet to part no more!

CHAPTER IV.

His Experience, as extracted from his Diary.

January 1, 1798. We have had a blessed visitation at our covenant meeting this evening. Many were not able to stand under the overwhelming power of the Spirit, but fell down. Some were pardoned, others were healed, and cried, "Glory, glory be to God in the highest." I do most deliberately and heartily covenant to be devoted to Christ in life and in death.

2. This morning at my band, brother T—m was filled with the love of God. Our four friends from Nottingham are returning home; determined to cleave to God and each other, praying and labouring for a revival of the work of God in the conversion of sinners.

Sunday, 7. I was much humbled while hearing brother P. from Rom. xii, 1. I trust I see fully the will of God concerning me.

8. I have found much profit to-day in visiting the sick. W. L. is resigned and happy. J. E. is in an uncertain state. W. B. is yet unawakened. J. S. is kept in perfect peace. H. T.

is poor and happy ; and B. W. is in the clefts of the rock. O! the vanity of the creature, and the importance and excellence of religion in life and in death !

9. My mind has been oppressed to-day with the languor of my body ; but I drank of the refreshing streams in my class. I was led to speak of the manner of my enduring in patience, or conquering by faith, which proved a general blessing.

14. I was aroused and quickened while hearing Mr. W. from Luke xiii, 9. He spoke of our advantages as Englishmen, as Methodists, and as Sheffield Methodists, on whom God had poured out his Spirit abundantly ; and the consequent and proportionate fruit which was expected and required, fruit to perfection, which should remain. I met J. Robert's class after dinner. I was much blessed among them ; they are truly alive : several found pardon. I had a good time at family prayer in the evening, and retired in peace with a grateful heart.

15. I found B. W. in a heavenly frame, in constant union with God ; may my soul, like his, evermore be conformed to the image of God in all things.

16. We had a time of much love and union at my band ; it appears, unless I labour hard, I shall be left far behind. At J. Borwick's class, he was delivered from all his doubts, and the people were made alive. May they add to their faith diligence.

17. J. Finningley's class, I trust, is alive to

God. The leader was quickened, and several of the members were fully sanctified to God, and my own soul was blessed in the midst of them.

18. I met with the preachers and some others, to consider the best manner of conducting the work of God, that the revival might continue and increase. We concluded in peace and unanimity. In the evening Mr. B. preached from Psa. cxxxiii, 1, much to the purpose, and very satisfactorily.

19. Attended the committee of the intended Sunday school. There was perfect harmony, and much prayer for the blessing of God. I thank my God for assurance and peace within.

22. I was much profited while hearing Mr. B. upon evil speaking, and was strengthened in every former resolution, to use all the circumspection and self-denial which the gospel requires. I was comforted to-night, by seeing an old woman made happy by the forgiveness of her sins.

23. The divine presence was manifestly among us at Mr. B.'s this morning. W. S. professed to be cleansed from all sin. I had a painful time at W. H.'s class in the evening. I found him prejudiced against what he formerly professed,—holiness of heart. No wonder that his people had imbibed the same prejudices.

27. We had an outpouring of the Spirit at the select bands to-night. An itinerant preacher and three others came from Ashby-de-la-Zouch. There was a happy strife who had most cause to praise the Lord.

Sunday, 28. Mr. M. preached this morning from *love*; he had much good matter. If this excellent man would labour for a better arrangement, and would adopt a less violent action, he would be one of the greatest lights I have known. In the forenoon I heard Mr. G. S. How wonderfully this man outruns in zeal and usefulness many of his superiors in knowledge. The excellency of the power is of God. On the whole, I have had a good day.

29. The Lord condescends to make increasing discoveries to me of his nature and his will. May I praise him with every breath!

30. This has been a day of peace, and in my class a season of triumph. Many souls were blessed, and two strangers experienced the mercy of God.

31. Set off to visit the churches. The friends saw me ride into Chapel-in-le-Frith, and instantly ran through the town to publish for preaching at seven. We had a precious time; I trust lasting good was done. To thee, O Father, be all the glory.

February 1. Dined with Mr. R. at Macclesfield. He is a man of God. Mr. L. is offended with noisy meetings. I returned to Chapel-in-le-Frith in the evening, and heard a promising young man, who will make a useful preacher, with much prayer and study. We continued in prayer after preaching, and the power of God was present to heal.

2. Returning, I called at Hathersage, and spent an hour in prayer with several of my

dear friends, I trust not in vain. I got safe home to dinner. I thank my God for his protection, and every supply in Christ Jesus. May my future days be fully devoted to God!

Sunday, 4. Met Owlerton class: it was a time of breaking down, and of building up. One man was pardoned, and several were sanctified. The Spirit of love was so poured upon us, that we scarcely could part. This Sabbath has been at once a foretaste and a preparative for the Sabbath above.

6. I have this day completed my forty-fourth year. Pause, O my soul! look backward and forward. Many important stages, and many of the busy, active scenes of life, are gone for ever. What hast thou been doing for these more than twenty years of thy Christian profession? What a want of zeal in the cause of religion! How little thou hast attained of the heights of heavenly love, the depths of profound humility, the breadth of spirituality, and the length of burning charity! Thou art swiftly passing into eternity! Surely, then, what thy hand findeth to do, should be done with thy might. Every power should be exerted, and every faculty devoted to God. Give me faith which cannot be denied, give me power which every heart shall feel. In every public exercise, give me souls: in every company, let every word be with grace, "*seasoned with salt.*" Surely the year upon which I am now entering will be abundantly crowned with the blessing of God. The Lord be merciful to me,

and help me to "give all diligence," to use all activity, "redeeming the time."

9. I shall be much exposed to-day; the Lord direct and preserve me. I have experienced his love and guardian care; and blessed be my God and King.

Sunday 11. This morning we have begun a Sunday school. Many brethren and sisters offered their services as teachers, and many children were admitted. The presence of the Lord was eminently among us. Surely this is a good beginning of a great and good work. In the evening I heard brother N. at Crooke's, with much pleasure; may he be clothed with humility. Afterwards I gave an exhortation, with some enlargement.

13. We had much of the power of God at Mr. Beet's class; many were filled with love, and my unworthy soul was very happy.

15. The Lord has quickened my soul to-day: may I press towards the mark, and never, never faint.

20. Spent this afternoon with Samuel Hewitt: he is very ill, and very happy.

21. We had a precious season at brother C. Hodgson's class: O how happy! Glory be to God for ever!

22. I had much liberty in family prayer this morning. Mr. W. was endued with the spirit of his work in preaching to-night, from "Be careful for nothing," &c.

24. My union with God is increasing: blessed be his holy name. I have spent most

of the day visiting the sick. I shall not soon forget my interview with Joseph Sheldon. He has been a sincere, uniform servant of God, among the Methodists, about fifty years, and he has enjoyed the perfect love of God for thirty years. I do not wonder that God is now so eminently with his servant, opening his prospects to the regions of day, and giving him ravishing foretastes of his inheritance above.

Sunday 25. Two boys were converted at school to-day. These are first fruits unto God, certain pledges of a glorious harvest of souls. "On all the earth thy Spirit shower;" from the least unto the greatest. This has been a day of inward triumph in God.

26. There was great harmony in the preachers' meeting: they are alive to God, and we have a prospect of great good throughout the circuit.

28. The Lord is giving me clearer views of his fulness, and of my emptiness: may I press unto salvation.

March 6. I have had a good day, and a blessed class-meeting at night. One young woman found mercy.

7. A national fast. This has been a day of real humiliation in public and in private. I had great comfort in leading brother Froggart's class.

9. I have experienced uncommon nearness to God all this day, and great enlargement in prayer.

10. Rode to Eyam, and settled the chapel deeds in great peace.

11. Preached at Eyam and Bradwell: here are prospects of much good. The two K——s had their backslidings healed.

12. Mr. W. spoke plainly and affectionately from, "Lovest thou me?" In the evening I heard an occasional sermon in the dissenting chapel which my parents used to take me to: how my heart glows with gratitude for my superior privileges among the Methodists!

20. In the band we sought an increase of humility as the heart of one man: to have meaner and more abasing views of ourselves, seeking in all things to exalt the Saviour.

22. Dined at Whitley-wood: a fine atmosphere without, and heavenly tranquillity within. Mr. B. in the evening spoke plainly upon cleanliness, as composing part of godliness.

25. My body has been low, but my mind has been graciously visited.

26. Glory be to God, I am better this morning; may this be a day of close union with God. Mr. Wood preached S. Hewitt's funeral sermon, from Psa. cxvi, 15. It will not soon be forgotten.

28. I rode over to Rotherham, to see Mrs. Green. In the midst of sore afflictions, long confinement, and loss of her worldly goods, she is all resignation, all patience, all meekness, overflowing with heavenly love. I was indescribably happy while I heard her gracious words. What a holy ambition has this venera-

ble saint to be conformed to the image of her dear Lord in all things.*

April 8. Many souls were saved to-day at Rotherham love-feast. Our God is pouring his Spirit upon all around us. Our preachers are filled with life, and inflamed with zeal, and we have prosperity through the circuit. O Lord, send a general shower of grace over all the thirsty land: yea, let the earth be covered with righteousness, and all flesh see thy salvation.

9. My soul is drinking into the fulness of God. O, what days of grace are these! The word and ordinances of God are exceedingly precious.

10. Several strangers and brethren were at my band this morning. We were baptized with the fire of the Holy Ghost. Our Nottingham friends are returning, filled with love, and peace, and joy.

17. The Lord screens me in the day of battle; and he supports me in my frequent attacks of pain and weakness—in pain all is well.

23. I had a pleasant journey to Edgehill, and found my daughters well at school. A watch-night was held in the neighbourhood: in the evening I unexpectedly found my dear friends, Tatham and Brewster, there. We rejoiced to meet, especially as we witnessed the

* It is a lamentable circumstance that no memoirs were written of this great and good woman, that her virtues were not recorded for the example of ages to come.

salvation of several. We met at Miss Ward's to breakfast, next morning, and, I trust, we spent a few hours to mutual edification. From thence I rode to Buckland-hollow to dine; and had a season never to be forgotten. In the evening I was restored to the bosom of my family in peace. Glory be to my God and King!

May 18. I have been a tour of near three weeks to Hull, York, Leeds, &c., with Mr. J. W., for the benefit of my health: I hope we have left a savour of grace in every place. I am returned better in health. Blessed be God for every mercy!

20. Preached to-day at Thorpe, with liberty and enlargement, but was much exhausted. I must give up public labour, or die.

June 12. Mr. B. and I have been fourteen days at Nottingham. The hand of the Lord was with us: many believed and were saved—some from the guilt, and others from the dominion of sin. May they bring forth much fruit unto thy glory!

19. G. Kirby has made a good finish, by a triumphant death. There are few days that pass without my witnessing the triumphs of Christ over Satan, by the pardon of sinners, or the full salvation of believers. "O Jesus! ride on till all are subdued!"

23. I possess a heaven-born peace without interruption. I have good reason to conclude the Lord is extending his work within. I am going to the select bands: O God! meet and bless me there!

Sunday, July 1. I am the Lord's prisoner to-day, being confined by an acute pain in my kidneys. I adore the Lord, who gives me perfect resignation to his will.

3. This quarterly meeting of the preachers far exceeded every other that any preacher present ever witnessed, in a fulness of love and glorious power. Mr. W. wished to speak his experience, but he could not, he was so much affected. Mr. B. was so dissolved and overpowered, that he could not pray: and Mr. P. shouted, Glory! glory! glory to God in the highest!

All the local preachers (two excepted) had a clear evidence of sanctification, and those two received the blessing before we parted. What may we not expect the coming quarter?

5. M. Pier de Pontavice is residing with us a few weeks: he is a French emigrant, who has travelled some time with Dr. Coke: he was perfected in love to-night at the select bands.*

26. I have been with Mr. B. a week into the Derbyshire part of the circuit. This servant of God is owned and succeeded by God wherever he goes. I have been drinking larger draughts of the love of God. I want to be filled, actuated, and inflamed with this continually.

I have been much engaged with God in

* There is an interesting account of his death in the 34th volume of the Methodist Magazine. He was a man of amiable manners and fervent piety.

prayer these few days for my wife's father, who is evidently sick unto death. From the first day of our joining the Methodists, he has not had any union with us. To-day, blessed be God! his Pharisaic opinions are gone, and he acknowledges himself a guilty sinner, and looks for pardon by the merits of Christ.

27. To-day my father Wood made the following confession:—"From the time of your conversion to the present, I have watched your conduct attentively, and have long been convinced that you were *right*, and that I was *wrong*." He spends most of his time praying for mercy upon an old sinner.

28. This morning I asked him if the Lord was precious to his soul: he replied, "Yes, he is, blessed be God!" He does not pray for pardon, as he did yesterday, but his mouth is filled with praises to the God of his salvation. About twelve o'clock he died, and we trust he entered into rest. May this miracle of grace be made a blessing to the whole family!

August 3. I am not certain whether I visit the fatherless and widows in distress as much as I ought to do. Here is my difficulty: as soon as I increase my labour I increase my disorder. Glad should I be to know and do the will of God in all things.

6. I had a glorious season yesterday at our annual love-feast in the Woodlands. Many souls were overwhelmed with God.

8. Thou knowest, O God! my desire. I want to feel bowels of compassion for perish-

ing men ; then shall I labour in every place, by every means, to snatch them as brands out of the fire, and compel them to come in, that thy house may be filled.

September 8. On Tuesday, the fourth, my son William appeared to be seized with a cold ; on Wednesday, being worse, we sent for a doctor : he suspected danger, and ordered him to be bled with leeches. On Thursday he told us his disorder was water in the brain, and that he had no hope of his recovery. On Friday I set off early to fetch home E. and H. from school, and arrived at home about five in the afternoon. I found that, after six hours' hard struggling in convulsions, about one at noon, my dear little lamb was admitted into the celestial city. I thank thee, O God ! for enabling thy poor worm to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord !"

29. When I am stronger in body, I have a return of activity and a flow of energy. I am mercifully preserved from sinking into discouragement when I am weak and poorly. The one state is more pleasant than the other ; but the least pleasant is not the least profitable.

October 20. I see it is possible for me to be more fully devoted to God, growing continually in personal holiness. O God ! leave not thy unworthy servant, but save me to the uttermost.

21. I have been considering my privileges : I am fearful my improvement bears no propor-

tion to them. Search my soul, O God : surely it is not leaky, losing the good received ; for, after all I have received, I am constrained to say,

“ A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, and pant for more.”

Sunday 28. A day of blessings. Mr. M. preached in the morning from, “ The first resurrection ;” in the evening from, “ Behold now is the accepted time,” &c. ; he had great liberty. Many found peace.

November 7. I have apparently been gaining strength of body. I was encouraged thereby, on Sunday, to preach once more. But I was so exhausted afterwards as to be obliged to lie down, nor could I hold up the following day. “ Father, thy only will be done.”

December 2. I have been much blessed in the company of Mr. B. the last week, who has been over to beg for Nottingham chapel. It was pleasant to witness how cheerfully and liberally the friends contributed ; many of them were in danger of giving beyond their ability. O God, keep thy dust in an humble, thankful, waiting frame, trampling down every enemy, and eagerly desiring all thy salvation.

8. I groan in this body, being burdened. When shall I quit this tenement of clay ? By *faith* and *patience* we must inherit heaven, the consummation of all the promises.

9. The refreshing streams flowed into my soul to-night under Mr. W., from, “ What lack

I yet?" O God, be thou my centre, my all and in all.

13. I have been blessed several times to day while conversing and praying with my family. *Surely we shall all meet in heaven!*

18. We had a memorable band-meeting this morning, and an affecting parting with Mr. B. We were all dissolved in love! May I hold fast whereunto I have attained. Amen.

January 17, 1799. I have been sixteen days at Nottingham. Mrs. T. is a miracle of grace. Mrs. B. and Miss R. are active and useful, and most of my dear friends are pressing forward. I was much affected with Mr. B.'s great kindness to me. I hope to profit much by his advice and example. The Lord reward him a thousandfold into his own bosom.

31. This has been a month of happiness and prosperity: may every succeeding month be even as this, and more abundant. I only want to live for this, to get more of the image of God.

February 20. Tribulation is inseparable from the present life. I have been exposed to danger by several worldly things, but I found God to be all-sufficient. His word is truth, and his peace fills and rules my heart.

March 25. Our love-feast to-day was rather flat; there was not much good speaking; neither was there any of the power of God. O my God, take thy own work into thy hands, and soon let the whole world bow to thy sway!

April 23. I have had a week of sore conflict. When I am low and inactive the enemy

comes in as a flood. But I can appeal to God, and say, "Thou knowest the way that I take." I quietly leave the result of all to God.

30. Our High Priest is touched with a feeling of our infirmities: he knows how to succour, and when to deliver, his tempted followers. Again I feel his cheering presence comforting my soul. All glory to God!

May 28. I have been fourteen days with Mr. W. at Hull. I have felt a measure of the blessedness of those who hunger and thirst for God.

June 17. My union with God is without interruption; but I cannot rest in this. Who can fathom that expression of our apostle, "And be filled with all the fulness of God?"

July 15. I want an increasing conviction of my littleness and dependence, my unworthiness and vileness, before God. Nothing less than such a conviction will make me "press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

August 26. My afflictions inform me, I live upon the borders of eternity. This prevents me encumbering myself unnecessarily with worldly things, and suggests the necessity of having my wings ready trimmed for a flight to Abraham's bosom. As my body sinks my soul rises.

October 3. My soul, through mercy, is getting forward better than ever; and my family, who lie near my heart, are more devoted to God than heretofore. H.'s letters from Lincoln-

shire have been made a blessing to us. O may our dear, dear children be entirely given up to God, that we may spend together a whole eternity of praise!

July 20, 1801. We had a glorious day at Eckington love-feast yesterday. It was a season of great good. Many spoke with simplicity and divine power. Several were delivered from the burden of guilt.

August 19. Returned from an excursion to Spennings, Bradford, Leeds, York, Hull, and Gainsborough. I have seen signs and wonders wrought, the arm of the Lord made bare. And I experienced the truth of that declaration, "He that watereth shall be watered himself." My health is also improved, and I intend to devote it all to thee, my God.

March 27, 1802. My soul is kept in perfect peace and purity. Our drooping expectations in the church, I think, were revived on Thursday night, while I spoke from Rom. v, 3-5. Last night we had a lively prayer-meeting, and we expect a shower of grace in the love-feast to-morrow. Our dear brother Miller is expected here to preach, for the benefit of the Benevolent Society. May the Lord work mightily by his servant!

April 1. I feel a power always to give all to God, and to maintain a sweet living union with God. But O! I want more life and energy; and, in order to that, more earnestness and diligence.

CHAPTER V.

The subsequent part of his life, containing an account of his affliction in 1807.

FOR more than twenty years after Mr. Longden became a member of the Methodist society, he enjoyed an almost uninterrupted state of good health. He was remarkable for muscular strength and activity, as well as for a regular flow of cheerfulness and sweetness of temper. The natural and divine ability which was given him he employed in the work of God, with zeal for his honour, and love to the souls of men, bought with the precious blood of the Son of God.

At length his constitution and strength began to fail. Various infirmities appeared in succession: the relaxed nerve, the trembling hand, and the feeble step. By the number of his years, he might have been reckoned to be in the zenith of his strength, but he felt the approach of a premature old age. He sometimes said, "It is new work for me to learn to walk slower up hill than down hill." After preaching twice on a Sabbath, he began to have feverish, restless nights, and he did not usually recover from the fatigue of that exercise till the middle of the week. He was now convinced that he ought to regulate his delivery in the pulpit, and that he might speak as clearly and impressively in a low as in an elevated tone of voice: and that, if he could

acquire a calm and deliberate enunciation, he might continue to preach without much injury to himself.

No man ever resolved more firmly, or strove more uniformly, to comply with his own injunctions, in this respect, than he did; yet when in the pulpit, in the midst of his work, the heavenly fire kindling, his rules and restrictions were consumed as stubble, and he laboured as though he was preaching his last sermon. He used to say, "My horse ran away with me." Such were his views of the vast worth of souls, that he would not have hesitated to die in the pulpit if, by that means, he might become the instrument of their salvation. From the time of his preaching the funeral sermon of James Mallinson, he was never able regularly to take his full work in the plan.

"I must give over preaching," he says in his diary, "or die:" and he was obliged to relinquish his pleasant work altogether for a season. But see the man of God! if he cannot be useful in one way, he will, if possible, be so in another. Mr. L. could only preach with his whole soul, and therefore he could not preach at all, but he could lead classes: he accordingly visited all the classes in the town and its vicinity, diffusing the divine savour wherever he went. We have seen his remarks on some of these visitations.

He regularly rose about five o'clock in summer, and at six in winter. He appropriated the hours before breakfast to devotion; esteem-

ing them the best part of the day, as most congenial to worship. He was not then liable to interruption, nor was his mind engaged in the duties of the day. He soared on the wings of contemplation; and was admitted by the blood of Christ into the most holy place, to hold communion with his God. Thus he began his days, by quiet meditation, fervent prayer, and a devotional reading of the Scriptures. Nor did he dare to enter upon the duties, the dangers, or the sufferings of the day, without renewing his covenant engagements. Being filled with the Spirit, he went forth into the world with cautious, wary steps.

His forenoons were generally spent in exercise in the air, and in visiting—not those in affluent and easy circumstances; but he sought Christ in his poor members, in the abodes of adversity, and the houses of affliction and mourning; removing their despondency, and heightening their pious joys. Scores, perhaps hundreds, of those whom he conducted by his friendly attentions to the verge of heaven have hailed him on the celestial shore.

His afternoons, if not prevented by any appointment, were spent in his study. His library was a collection of the writings of the best English divines; and he made them his own, as far as, in his views, they accorded with the infallible truth of God. He used prayer in all things, but especially in study. From a child he knew the Scriptures in general; but now he studied every part of revelation with close

attention. His younger brethren have often found him able and willing to direct their studies, and point out the best manner of usefulness in the church and in the pulpit.

In his visits to dinner or tea, (which were not frequent,) his rule was, to pray in every house, and to direct all his words to their edification. All chit-chat and slanderous conversation were banished wherever he came, and he left uppermost in the minds of the people a sense of eternity and the pleasure of true religion.

Every evening in the year, if his health would permit, was occupied with the public means of grace; either preaching, or class, or band, or select band. It was his confident belief, that no religious body on earth was equal to the Methodists in religious privileges; and he laboured diligently to "occupy till the Lord should come," that none of his opportunities might rise up in judgment to condemn him. In fine, he spent his days in holiness and happiness, in devotedness and usefulness. His continued weakness and frequent pain called every grace into exercise; in the crucible he was tried, and made white, and purified.

When his health was restored a little, he renewed his exertions in preaching, which were always followed by a relapse of his former weakness and suffering. When he had not strength to preach, he often attended the Sunday school as a spiritual instructor, and he saw fruit of his labour in this way. Indeed, his

grateful heart would be employed some way for God; and when his strength failed him for one kind of usefulness, he sought out another.

After a series of time, however, it pleased the Lord so far to raise and restore him to health, that he was able to preach once on the Lord's day. With what pleasure he went forth again to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ: it was his meat and his drink, the joy and delight of his heart. He continued to labour thus for several years, sometimes venturing to preach twice on a day, but never without injury to himself.

In the night of December 16, 1807, he was awoke in bed by a pain, which he could only compare to boiling liquid metal in his bowels. He leaped out of bed, sought for ease in every posture, in bed, out of bed. rolling upon the floor, &c., but all in vain. His body sweat at every pore! Medical help was called in immediately, and, after some hours, which seemed like ages of misery, a little ease was obtained.

The professional gentlemen entertained hopes of his recovery until Sunday, the twentieth, when, early in the morning, he had a relapse. He struggled with the pain some time before he would suffer any help to be called in. When the doctors arrived, it was evident they had no hope; notwithstanding they made every effort.

The opinion of the doctors was soon spread through the town. Public prayers were most

devoutly offered up to almighty God, by the whole congregation to spare his useful life; if consistent with divine wisdom. But all appeared in vain. His body was convulsed all the day, and his triumphant spirit appeared to be receding from a suffering world below. He took an affectionate leave of his dear wife and children, and many of his intimate friends: others snatched a parting glance from between the curtains.

I have transcribed from my diary the following sayings, which he uttered at intervals while he lay upon the bed of languishing. The former part of the time he was frequently in an agony of excruciating pain, but with an opening view of an eternal world.

December 20, 1807. Tossing in bed, and not able to lie a minute, without seeking a new posture, he said with triumph, "Let God be glorified; what does it signify whether we have ease or pain, up or down, (in bed,) whether in health or sickness, life or death."

To J. D. he said, "Eternity is best, you may say what you will. Make sure work for eternity: I have much against myself, but Jesus has nothing against me." "The Lord has just caught me at a right time. How happy, how sweet was my mind, I preached last Sunday at Heley, from James i, 2-4; and in the evening at Cross Scythes, from the three following verses." Mr. B——r said, "You have nothing to do now but to look to Jesus;" to which he replied, "I have not to look far, not

even to the end of the room ; he is nearer and nearer.”

In an agony of pain he said, “ This is not like a knife : it is like a *red-hot knife* ! Jesus suffered, being innocent : let Jesus be glorified ; let every thing else give way.”

We remark here that, while Mr. Levick was pleading with God for his life and recovery, a present answer was given. He was no more convulsed ; and when the doctors came, an hour after, they remarked the change, and entertained hopes of his recovery from that time.

21. He said, “ When Jesus was asked to go and heal the centurion’s servant, they said, ‘ He is *worthy*, for he hath built us a synagogue.’ Now we can say, ‘ Our Jesus is *worthy*, for he has laid down his life for perishing sinners.’

“ I see more than ever the dangers which beset our path to heaven. The body in which we dwell is composed of senses, which, if indulged, are enemies to spirituality. It is composed of flesh and blood, and naturally loves sloth and its consequences, carelessness and procrastination. As men of business, we are in danger from anxiety and a desire to hoard money. As inhabitants of the world, we are in danger from the influence of appearances and the force of human opinions, as well as from the spirit of the world. Add to this the power, the malice, and the subtlety of Satan—yea, of all hell combined against us. The covetous man collects and counts his

money, and thus he barter his soul. The sensualist eats and drinks, and his god is his belly: and how many are slain by harmony and beauty."

"*Sunday, December 27.* In former afflictions I have been tempted that nobody cared whether I was well or ill, lived or died; also what would become of my family, when they had lost their head; but I am quite delivered from these things. I have not had one painful thought in this affliction. All glory be to God."

He awoke and observed, "I prize health more than I ever did: it is a cluster of jewels; it ought not to be carelessly injured, much less destroyed."

The doctor said one day, "Were it not for these *ifs* and *buts*, we could get on nobly." He replied, "They are all wisely ordered. Our enjoyments depend upon our viewing them through a true or a false medium."

He said, "If I die at this time, I wish to have nothing said of me by way of praise; nothing but plain matter of fact, that I died, aged so many years, and that I was so many years a member of the Methodist society, a class-leader and a local preacher." We were much affected: he also wept. Mr. B. said, "Don't distress yourself." "O, no," he replied, "I am no more distressed than if I were talking of my breakfast or my dinner."

After a pause, he said, "So one generation succeeds another. It is but as yesterday

since I was a young man, and buried my mother and my father:—the way of all living! Now I have seen my day, and it has been a sweet day!

“When I think of my children, I could almost cast anchor for *life*; but when I consider, if I were spared a few years, my infirmities, my uselessness to the church, and my liability to these attacks, and contrast them with the joys of heaven, *to die will be infinite gain.*”

To T. B., who was going to Nottingham, he said, “I feel nature is sinking and fainting, and as if I could desire of Jesus Christ to open paradise to-night. As to my soul, it is not possible for me to doubt. To inquire, Do you think the Lord loves me? would be dishonourable to God. How easy it is for me to say, I know, I feel his love. Give my dying love to my Charlotte,” &c., &c.

He had now been about a fortnight in a state of the greatest weakness, apparently on the borders of eternity; there appeared only a bare possibility, but no probability, of his recovery.

At this time he said, “I am so deeply convinced of the wisdom of God in his moral government, in guiding and guarding, ruling and governing, disposing and controlling, the whole creation, animate and inanimate, that I can heartily say, Father, thy will be done.

“O God, fill my soul: why may not my soul be filled? I come to thee for the ful-

filment of thy promises, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. I can resign my dear wife and children to-night to come to thee : thou wilt take care of them."

To his daughter Sarah, when raising him up, he said, "Thank thee, my love, this will soon be over."

To his wife, when leaving him for the night, he said, "My dear, stay thy mind upon thy God : call to mind his past mercy and faithfulness. Thou art my chief care, nearer to me than all my children : ever remember, *God is with thee* : that this struggle for life and death cannot hold out long, and that all will end well. If I recover thou shalt see how we will help one another ; and if I do not recover, thou wilt soon follow after. 'Who meet on that eternal shore, shall never part again.' Be assured, then, the Lord will support and comfort thee."

To his nephew, who was waking with him, he said, "Be wise to improve your time, and prepare for these circumstances. I hope the preaching of Mr. B. will be made a blessing to you." "I hope," he said, "it is, but I reckon it to be so only as it influences my heart and life."

"What comforts I have ! and my dear Lord lay upon the cold, damp ground. What a succession of affectionate friends I have to wake with me, and to wait upon me in the night season ; but my Saviour was forsaken of his friends in that night of sore extremity, and

was surrounded only by his enemies, who thirsted for his blood.

“O that I might be permitted to ask the speedy appearance of my deliverer! But no, this is selfish and cowardly. All my appointed hours will I wait, till my change come.

“O the glory which awaits the faithful! I sometimes think my mother and my sister will be sent to convey my happy freed spirit to the bosom of God. Before that change come, I expect a full manifestation of the Spirit. Yet I do not consider this as essential to my safety or happiness; if this favour be withheld, the will of the Lord be done.”

When Mr. Longden had lain in this happy, hopeless state about three weeks, the obstinate and dangerous symptoms of his complaint began to give way, and we were encouraged to hope he would be given again for a season to his family and the church. He began to recover by slow degrees, contrary to all our fears; and, to the astonishment of the doctors, he was raised from this bed of affliction.

The following is his own account of this illness, in a letter written to a friend, when he was recovering, February 8, 1808:—

“How shall I describe the loving kindness of our faithful, covenant-keeping God! His strength has been perfected in my extreme weakness. In my late affliction my pain was frequently so acute that, looking forward but *one hour*, was like anticipating *years of anguish!* yet, glory be to God, I have always

found his grace sufficient for the present moment.

“I was in a sweet frame of mind when I was seized with this inflammation. I had spent the morning of that day visiting Christ in his poor afflicted members. The Sabbath before, I could not preach from any other words than these, ‘My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience; but let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.’ These words were my comfort and support in all my agonies. My extremity was so great, and my weakness so extreme, that I felt very little sensible comfort: but I always had a firm and unshaken confidence in the mercy of God, and the merits of Jesus Christ. And He who has felt our infirmities, and borne our griefs, did not suffer Satan to throw one fiery dart, or to bring one railing accusation, against me throughout my affliction. Nor do I remember that I ever felt one painful thought to enter my mind from the beginning. Such condescension and compassion belong to God: adored be his name.

“When my pain was removed, and I could reflect, I found myself very defective. I saw in myself a very faint resemblance of my dear Lord, his profound humility, his unbounded love, &c. Covered with shame, I often cried out, God be merciful to me a sinner! The

Lord is now raising me up again, and I feel willing to remain in this vale of tears, that I may obtain all the mind that was in Christ.

“I have been overcome with affectionate solicitude and attention of my friends; many of them have insisted, in succession, to wake with me, affording me every possible alleviation and comfort. Add to this, that prayers have been offered up, in public and private, that the Lord would spare the life of a poor worm. I assure you, I need your prayers more than ever, that I may fully answer the requirements of God, and the expectation of my friends.”

In the month of November, in the same year, he wrote to the same correspondent, as follows:

“My health is very precarious, which obliges me to be very careful in my diet and regimen, and moderate in every exercise. I thank the Lord, I am able to meet my classes, and have strength sometimes to preach once on a Sabbath day, although I have frequent slight returns of my pain. This serves to keep me in an equilibrium between time and eternity. I do pray with submission, that the Lord would employ me in some little way while I live here; and then

‘My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.’

“I often feel enlargement in prayer, even to agony, for my friends, the church, and the world. I desire all the life of faith, and closer union with God. If I increase in any thing which is good, it is in a knowledge of myself,

and a deadness to the world. Jesus is my Saviour. I wonder at his patience and admire his goodness, so richly and repeatedly manifested to such a vile sinner."

In another letter, written June, 1809, he observes—

"I am likely to become a poor inactive invalid, laid aside like a poor broken vessel of no use. But I am not unhappy, nor am I even tempted to impatience or discontent. It is sufficient for me to know that my life and health are in the hand and under the merciful disposal of God, who frequently gives me a blessed anticipation of glory. I think the Lord has much to do for me, to refine and fit me for his immediate presence: may I never frustrate his design! Continue to pray for me, and my family, for I have no greater joy than to see my children walking in the truth."

There are hallowed feelings and realizing views of eternity, to which we are strangers in health, and which can only be known in such a state of affliction as we have now narrated—a state in which every human refuge is vain, in which the heart and the flesh fail! To die is momentous! To enter into a new state of existence, is truly awful! even when aided by all the precious assurances of the Scriptures of truth, and supported by the comforting presence of God. Such a near and apparently certain prospect of eternity calls every grace into exercise, and puts every power to the full proof. Nevertheless, this is the Christian's

experience; he looks without dismay at the approaching monster, and cries, "O death! where is thy sting? and where thy boasted victory, O grave? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." He looks attentively into the dark valley, which to him is as the "shadow of death," but behold the other end of it is lighted up with the bursting rays of glory! He cannot fear any evil, for God is with him, and has engaged never to leave or forsake him.

Such was the experience of Mr. Longden in his late affliction, and his remnant of days were spent as if he had then been favoured with a view of heaven itself. Every excellence which composed his character shone more bright than ever. His ardent love to his friends, and his great forbearance with his enemies, his deadness to the world, and his heavenly-mindedness; a disposition which is no other than the soul's being formed to the veneration of the eternal wisdom, goodness, and power; profound humility, and the spirit of prayer and thanksgiving, a mind created anew in the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness, meet to dwell in the heavenly regions, where nothing but perfect purity, entire devotedness to God, love, goodness, benignity, order, and peace, shall have place for ever.

All his actions and tempers, the invigorated zeal of all his public labours in the pulpit, in his classes, &c., proclaimed, "I have nearly done with this inch of time; I am dressing for

eternity! I live for immortality! Why do thy chariot wheels delay? Lord, for thee I wait!

‘O come thou down to me!
Or take me up to thee!’”

CHAPTER VI.

His Character.

SECT. I.—HIS UNION WITH GOD BY FAITH.

WE have seen from his diary, in the year 1778, that he had not been long in the way before he was convinced of the necessity of a clean heart. At the same time he learned that faith is the cementing principle, in consequence whereof the sap of divine influence flows into the believer's soul, purifying his heart, filling him with heavenly consolations, and causing him to abound in the fruits of holiness. The ardent spirit of our friend was not willing to rest short of all that salvation which is revealed in the Scriptures of truth. Beholding the infinite power and mercy of God, and being assured that what the Lord had promised he would, for Christ's sake, also perform; he staggered not through unbelief, but confidently believed every word which cometh out of the mouth of the Most High; and according to his faith it was done unto him—he was put in possession of that purity which his soul had thirsted for.

He states, in his memoirs, how he was confirmed in this grace, in the revival of religion, in 1794. Previously to this event he was uniformly exemplary, pressing after all the mind that was in Christ, and often sitting with him in heavenly places. But, henceforward, the living waters flowed like a river, and his union of love was full, intimate, and uninterrupted. He could distinguish between the devices of Satan and the depravity of the human heart, and was freed from those fears and reasonings which bring the soul into bondage, and which many times had caused him to cast away, through ignorance, the pearl of perfect love. He learned experimentally what he had before known but by hearsay; to wit, that passions as naturally flow from divine love as from that which is human. This (says an eminent divine) can only be comprehended by those who understand the language of perfect love. The bottom of the soul (he adds) may be in repose, even when we are in many outward troubles, just as the bottom of the sea is calm, while the surface is strongly agitated.

We have his views upon this subject in the following extracts from his letters:—

Aug. 27, 1800. “I am certain many things may occur, which, for the present, may damp our joy, but not any thing to weaken our power of believing, and giving constantly an undivided heart to the Lord. I have experienced a deeper work of the Spirit since I saw you. My communion with God has been constant;

nevertheless, I see infinite lengths before me. I would not touch, or taste, even in voluntary thought, whatever would defile the soul. I pray to be found improving the talents which God vouchsafes me ; doing all, and offering all a sacrifice of faith, without which it is impossible to please God."

August 11, 1803. "I have found by experience that we may feel very differently, as it relates to joy in the Holy Ghost, in a state of sanctification ; when we wade through deep waters, and when we ride above the storms. We dwell in a body of flesh, liable to pain and disease ; we live in a world of hardened sinners, who are proud, deceitful, and revengeful : we are encompassed with apostate spirits, who are full of envy, craft, and rage, and who seek with amazing success to distress or to deceive us. Is it any wonder then that persons so circumstanced should feel heaviness through manifold temptations ? Let it, however, be remembered, that every unholy temper and impure desire is incompatible with his grace : on the contrary, persons so saved always feel sweet patience and resignation in every suffering of life, are firm and undaunted in opposing every enemy, and are ready to forgive every injury.

"It is true some lose the blessing of entire sanctification, by ignorantly giving place to doubt in the midst of difficulty, when they feel no wrong desire or temper : and others, through inexperience, when they first attain it, vainly suppose they have found a place of rest ; and

relax in duty, instead of using greater diligence. But others happily are better taught, that the only way to maintain their ground is to go on to greater conquests, till the Captain of their salvation calls them to put off their armour."

His consecrated heart became thus the constant habitation of God through the Spirit, by receiving the great charter of the gospel, "I and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him:" and hence he could not be moved by unexpected trial, or sudden temptation; but, having on the whole armour of God, he stood in a state of self-possession, ready prepared for every attack, from every quarter, and in every form. In all places, his soul was breathing after God—having his glory in view, desiring to please him in all things: covenanting to love with greater ardour him who is the altogether lovely, and to serve him who is the best of masters, with increased fidelity. In return, God vouchsafed to converse with him by the way, to feed him with the bread of life, and to delight his soul with hopes blooming with immortality.

Writing to a friend, December, 1804, he says:—

"It is a long time since I had such a week of close communion with God as the present; one drop of heavenly honey after another has been given me: and I, weeping, have been filled with astonishment at the condescension of my Lord. How easy it is to suffer in this spirit."

SECT. II.—HIS DEVOTEDNESS TO GOD.

He called Jesus Lord, by the Holy Ghost; naming the name of Christ, he departed from all secret and open iniquity; reverencing the name of God, he submitted to his authority; and confessing Jesus as his Saviour, he resolved to follow him as his infallible guide. As a sincere disciple of the Lord Jesus, he forsook all the gratifications of a vain world. His renunciation of the flesh, and deadness to the world, were more openly evinced in consequence of the death of an opulent relation, when he was raised from comfortable to independent circumstances. Instantly the eyes of all around were fixed upon him, watching whether he would maintain the same plainness of dress, and continue his former familiarity with the poor of Christ's flock, or whether he would become effeminate in his manners, relaxing in his zeal and diligence in the church, and be worldly in his appearance; devoting his money to supply the imaginary wants which the rich are ever forming in endless variety. But no, his devotedness to God was sincere and unaffected; he was proof against every snare and allurements, enjoying the kingdom of an inward heaven.

Being now no longer necessitated to pay personal attention to business, he relinquished every secular engagement, resolving to set himself wholly apart for God. He dedicated his possessions, his time, and his strength, to Christ in his church and in the world, "presenting

himself a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, as his reasonable service." His devotedness to the church as a preacher, as a class-leader, and as a counsellor to those who needed and sought his advice, was peculiarly extensive and exemplary. He was well fitted to perform the difficult and important duty of visiting the sick and dying; and he refused no application, but considered the request of the afflicted as a sufficient call to visit persons even in the most malignant and contagious fevers. He went, obeying such a summons, in full assurance of faith, with singleness of eye, "not counting his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." He was the servant of all, and he only desired to live that he might diffuse happiness to all. For the purpose of spreading the religion of Jesus, he prayed and wept, he used his purse, his influence, and his authority; he invited and remonstrated, argued and persuaded, travelled and preached with indefatigable zeal.

This important work so deeply affected his heart, that he was often influenced to labour beyond his strength, and his concern for the interests of religion was manifested by his joy when the Spirit was poured upon the people, and many sinners were converted to God; nor was it less evidenced by his pungent sorrow when the peace of Zion was disturbed, and her prosperity interrupted.

The flame of divine love and holy zeal, which began at his conversion, was not known to decline even to the end of his warfare. His faith, substantiating the realities of eternity, led him as an exile far from home, to travel uniformly in his pilgrimage; persuading all he could to go with him to heaven, the pilgrim's present hope, the saint's eternal rest.

SECT. III.—HIS POVERTY OF SPIRIT, AND HIS HUNGERING AND THIRSTING AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS.

We connect these together, because the one naturally results from the other. Genuine humility consists not in mean expressions, but in a mean opinion of ourselves. It refuses every assumption of praise or idea of merit; and, on perfect renunciation of self, its language is, "Paul is nothing who planteth, and Apollos is nothing who watereth, but God is *all* who giveth the increase." Hence arises, of necessity, an earnest seeking after God, "that out of his fulness may be received, and grace for grace." Of this humility our friend was a conspicuous example; he deeply felt his insufficiency; he clearly saw the poverty of human nature, and was in consequence led to fix his eye on that fulness which is in God, and whence alone he could be supplied with grace to help in time of need.

We will hear his own language, as extracted from his familiar correspondence.

September, 1797. "Since I saw you, my

soul has been brought into closer union with God. I feel more sensibly the value of a moment, and the surpassing importance of eternity. It is the diligent hand that maketh rich; and I resolve, by the grace of God, to labour more diligently in prayer and watchfulness. I know but little of the exceeding greatness of the power of God in the believer's soul. This view of myself does not tend to discourage, but to rouse and quicken me.

“What shall I say to excite you and myself to greater diligence? If it would avail, I would inscribe with my blood ‘mourning, lamentations, and wo, that I have known so little of God, and that I have been so inactive in his cause.’ It is a cutting thought, that I have known the truth more than twenty years, and am yet no farther on my pilgrimage.”

September, 1798. “Jesus is still precious to me as my prophet, priest, and king. I never felt such need of him, nor such ardent desire after him as now. Two things stand in the way of my increasing in communion with Christ. The first is *idleness*. I am not provident of my time, though its value is beyond human calculation. If a heathen emperor said, ‘I have lost a day!’ I may say I have lost many years! The second is *self-pleasing*. Although the desire of the flesh is subdued through the grace of God, yet I do not, as I ought, rejoice in crosses, temptations, and afflictions, for Christ's sake; nor shall I ever be able, till I am filled with the fulness of God. How

shall we account that I sometimes feel a propensity to sink into lukewarmness? It is with hard labour, with all my privileges, that my soul is preserved alive to God. O do pray for me, that my soul may ardently press after God, and that I may abound in humble, patient, gentle, meek, all-conquering, never-failing love."

November, 1799. "My days are spent in peace. I enjoy such a degree of happiness as seldom falls to the lot of man in this transitory world: all glory be given to the Giver of all good! I am often, however, grieved that I am so little devoted to God. I see before me an open door. O for the power of faith, which bids the mountains be moved, laughs at impossibilities, and cries, It shall be done! Thou knowest, my God, whether I willingly sink into heaviness, or whether it is the necessary consequence of bodily weakness and infirmity. This, however, is certain: the Lord has full possession of my heart, and reigns without a rival."

June, 1803. "I am deeply ashamed before God and his holy angels, on account of my spiritual slothfulness. I am not daily stretching every nerve to live in the first glory. I have long desired the Lord to humble me, and he is come with his fan in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge the floor."

November, 1803. "I bless the Lord, he enables me at all times to make a sacrifice of all to him. I am sweetly at liberty, free from entanglements. I expect all and seek all my

happiness in God. But my state of mind is not what I could wish it to be. I want to live at the fountain head, evermore thirsting for God, that I may be filled. Thou knowest, O my God! how intensely I desire this. I am almost dejected that I am but yet a dwarf! Our compassionate High Priest, however, despiseth not the day of small and feeble things. He is faithful, and 'he will fulfil the desire of them that fear him.' "

His soul languished and pined for the life-giving presence of God; he pleaded the promises with the vehemence of faith; and the more he received out of the divine fulness, the more he perceived he was yet but on the very surface of the unfathomable and eternal salvation which Christ has purchased with his precious blood. Such were his views of himself, certain proof that his piety was deep. True it is, that the diligence of his outward practice would not seem to harmonize with these self-accusations of slothfulness; but though he felt that he was weak, yet in reality he was strong in the power of God.

SECT. IV.—HIS SELF-DENIAL.

The life of a Christian is a life of spirituality. "To be carnally minded," saith the apostle, "is death; to be spiritually minded is life and peace;" and, "if ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live:" and "they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with

the affections and lusts. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." It is only faithful souls who know how strait is the path of spirituality, and of how great consequence is the least indulgence of the flesh. It is the expression of a great man, "as a very little dust will disorder a clock, and a grain of sand will obscure the sight, so the least forbidden indulgence will hinder the right motion of the heart towards God."

These were the sentiments which influenced the temper and deportment of our departed friend. He experienced and practised Christian temperance and sobriety, habitually watching the workings of human nature in the will and affections; he denied himself of every pleasure and every gratification which, however innocent in itself, did not lead to the glory of God and the fartherance of grace in his soul. Hence he obtained government over the body, making it subservient to the true purposes for which it was given, to help, and not to hinder, in the pursuit of holiness and usefulness.

SECT. V.—HIS FORTITUDE, PATIENCE, AND RESIGNATION.

"It was given him, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but to suffer for his sake." He was buried with Christ in baptism, immersed with him in suffering. He partook largely of the chastisement in which all the children of the kingdom have a share. His trials were of various kinds, and arising from

different quarters : sometimes they were peculiarly severe, or were of long continuance, and they were repeatedly near to the threshold of heaven. He was grieved by the mistaken views, and by the consequently mistaken representations, of some of his brethren : sometimes he suffered from the secret disaffection of professed friends, or the open hatred of avowed enemies. He was tried by the forgetfulness and ingratitude of those who had received his cordial and salutary support in time of their extremity ; he suffered greatly for the last fifteen years of his life from bodily affliction, and he mourned that he did not live to see the desire of his heart in the conversion of all his children.

Perhaps the character of our departed friend was never so unfolded, nor shone so luminously, as in severe trials. Like the arch of a bridge, of which the keystone was Christian fortitude, the greater the weight that was laid upon him, the firmer was the stand he made beneath it. No obstacle or opposition, however apparently insurmountable, could discourage him, but steadily persevering, in spite of every difficulty, he laboured to have "always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man." His love of truth led him to maintain it, were it even at the expense of the loss of dearest friends ; but, though all men forsook him, he stood as an iron pillar, strong, immoveable, and undismayed ! He never was known to repine under reproaches of malice, and he received

without resentment the shafts of ingratitude. He would often say, on occasions like these, "The purity of my intention and the rectitude of my conduct will be known by the holiness of my life—this is my best defence: I can live away these reproaches."

A person came to him one day, and said, "Mr. Longden, I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, sir," he replied "you are my best friend: if I can but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I shall be sure to prosper: but, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said, "Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is that you have against me?" "O," said the man, "I really don't know what it is,—it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong." One of his friends, also, who called to see him in his last illness, said to him, "Brother Longden, I never heard you preach, nor was I ever in your company, but if, through evil report, at first, I was prejudiced against you, before I left you all my prejudice was gone; there was such a spirit of love and zeal displayed, and the unction of the Holy One so accompanied every word, that I was again sweetly united to you; for I felt that God was with you." These are not the only instances wherein the errors of his brethren have been thus acknowledged by themselves.

What he so confidently affirmed above, he lived to realize. While his enemies were silenced by the uprightness of his conduct, his friends were restored to him. Their former intercourse, which had been suspended by a difference of opinion, was renewed with redoubled ardour : and when they visited him in his last affliction, the purport of their affectionate expressions was, "I am distressed before thee, my brother : very pleasant hast thou been to me : thy love to me was wonderful ! O that we might not be divided in death : give us one grave, that we may be buried together !"

His fortitude was not the result of stoical apathy, or of self-wrought firmness ; it was a Christian principle, accompanied by those two sister graces, patience and resignation. These recognise the appointment of God in all things, and wait the accomplishment of his gracious purposes, being assured that "all things work, together for good to them that love God." In languor, in restlessness, and in strong pain, his attention was fixed upon the High Priest of our profession, who was perfected through suffering. He could say, "Jesus suffered tribulation in every possible form and extent with which human nature could be assailed, and no evil temper ruffled his breast, no bitter word escaped his lips ; and he suffered not for himself, being innocent. Shall a living man, (a sinner out of hell,) therefore, complain, a man for the punishment of his sins ? Shall a child of

God complain to receive that from his heavenly Father which is a sure token of his regard? Shall a saint of the Most High complain at that which matures his grace, and increases his glory to all eternity?" Imbued with these sentiments, he did not reckon the suffering of the present life a subject of lamentation, but of rejoicing. And he endured with silent meekness the evils which befell him, and evermore after their removal ascribed his support under them, and deliverance from them, to God, who alone is able to save.

Let us again attend to his own language, as extracted from his letters :--

March, 1799. "One of the highest and most acceptable services we can offer to God, is, to suffer with perfect patience all his will. It is an offering of which angels and disembodied spirits are incapable; they perform the will of their Father with indescribable cheerfulness and intense zeal; but, blessed be God, we can suffer, as well as do, the will of our heavenly Father. I find an increasing sweet resignation to his divine will. I am enabled to sit, and sweat, and smile, under pain of body, saying, Glory glory, glory!"

"The Lord sees good to try me closely, but he graciously supports a poor worm. I find it glorious to believe when I cannot see his smiling face, nor feel his burning love. I trust the Lord for all I want, relying upon his faithfulness, and casting myself upon his mercy. I have witnessed in ten thousand instances of

my experience, that God is faithful, that his promise will not—cannot fail.”

August, 1801. “I have experienced some particular trials lately from professed friends, but it is sufficient that Jesus gives an approving smile, and says, ‘Well done.’ If the testimony of man is great, the testimony of God is greater. He enables me to shout salvation and victory, perfecting strength in weakness.”

SECT. VI.—HIS CHARACTER AS A PREACHER.

The apostle’s account of his own commission by Jesus Christ, to preach the everlasting gospel, is doubtless an epitome of every successive appointment to that great work to the end of time. “I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.” It is evident, before we can receive the inheritance of the sanctified by faith in Christ, we must receive the forgiveness of sins; and before we can be pardoned we must be turned from the power of Satan unto God: and before our consciences can be awakened by the power of God, the eyes of our understanding must be

opened; and as divine illumination is necessary to divine attainment, Mr. Longden considered the pulpit as misemployed, if it were not always made the medium of instruction.

That he might be an able minister of Jesus Christ, he deeply studied the Holy Scriptures, acquainted himself also with the comments of the best critical, experimental, and practical divines: but although he deemed a literal explication of Scripture to be important for the purpose of rendering divine truth clear and luminous, yet he did not consider it the most essential thing to occupy a preacher's attention. When a man is sent of God as an ambassador of Christ, to evangelize his fellow sinners, after their understanding is enlightened, he has to labour with the perverseness of the will—to conquer it; the enmity of the carnal mind—to remove it; the power of habitual sin—to break it; and the tyranny of Satan—to overthrow it. He has to lead them forward by repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among the sanctified. This was Henry Longden's constant aim and labour.

In the pulpit, persuasion sat upon his lips, and his mouth was filled with convincing arguments. He set before the sinner his danger, and the magnitude of his sin; and the most obdurate were oftentimes arrested by the power of God, and, through disquietude of spirit, cried, "What must I do to be saved?" He pointed

the penitent to the "fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness;" and God gave him a fluency of speech when addressing those who were prepared for the kingdom. Jesus was his favourite theme. He would dwell with pathos upon Christ in his sacrificial character, as an able, willing, suitable, and present Saviour; he would cry, "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Nor was he less noted for insisting upon entire sanctification, as the privilege of all believers. In his own manuscripts he says, "I have ever found it incumbent upon me, not only to preach a present, but a full salvation." And the church was edified and built up, according to the analogy of faith.

His whole soul was engaged in this momentous work. The ardour of his zeal, upon some occasions, appeared as if it would consume his body, and he would forego every personal consideration, if he could by holy importunity be instrumental in the salvation of souls. He often wept in the pulpit, and, by his tears powerfully evincing how much his heart was affected by his work, contributed to enforce his words upon the hearts of his hearers; hence it was not unusual to see saints and sinners weeping in every part of the chapel. A lady of literary eminence said to me one day, "Whenever I hear Mr. Longden preach, I always weep, either in abhorrence of myself, or love and gratitude to the Saviour: every word is as a live coal

from the altar, and there is a something in his preaching which I never felt while hearing any other man."

In addition to his spirit of zeal and power in delivering Scripture truth and doctrine, we must notice his remarkable simplicity. After thirty years' experience as a preacher, and observation as a hearer, he made no alteration in his mode of preaching. He was happy in his choice of texts; and being persuaded that simplicity of arrangement is most apostolical, and that every part of a discourse should tend to one or two leading impressions, or evangelical purposes, he reprobated, both in opinion and practice, the artificial plan of sermon-framing, replete with heads and propositions, as calculated to fix the whole attention of the hearers upon the preacher, while the hungry soul is left to starve. He therefore studiously avoided every human embellishment, fearing lest an attempt to please the imagination might prove to be at the expense of an immortal soul. He addressed the understanding and the conscience, keeping in view the adage of the good Puritan, "Aim at the fifth button!"

He was also increasingly confirmed in his opinion, that simplicity of spirit has an unequalled effect in making way to the conscience, and in winning the heart to the cause of Jesus Christ. A simplicity this, as remote from every thing mean and vulgar as from bombast and parade; as distant from false fire as from the empty form without the power of

godliness, and which was so peculiarly exemplified in the ministrations of our Lord.

With relation to his preparations for his public exercises, he has been heard to say, "I study and prepare for the pulpit as if there were no Holy Ghost to help me there ; and when I enter upon my public work, I cast my preparation at the feet of Jesus Christ, depending upon divine influence as much as if I had not premeditated." Thus, possessing a penetrating mind, a vigorous understanding, and a deep experience of the things of God, endued also with that unction of the Holy One which alone can consecrate to him the talents of his creatures, our much lamented friend laboured in the vineyard with abundant success. In various parts of the kingdom, seals were given him to his ministry ; and in his regular appointments, in the Sheffield circuit, the people received him as a servant of God, eminently favoured of his Lord.

SECT. VII.—HIS CHARACTER AS A LEADER.

We have seen with what conscientious deliberation he entered upon the office of a class-leader, and how minutely and extensively he engaged in its duties , we do not, therefore, wonder that in this department of Methodist discipline he was pre-eminently useful. He studied the example of Christ with close attention, in order that he might uniformly tread in his steps ; and that, imitating it in all things, he might not only evidence the genuineness of his

profession, but be also the pattern as well as the leader of his people.

He was an affectionate shepherd of his flock. Every individual lived in his heart : he prayed to God for them daily ; he sought the wanderers with affectionate solicitude, and the sick and the dying he conducted to the verge of heaven.

Being well acquainted with the devices of Satan, and the workings of the human heart, it was in vain for the members of his classes to attempt to deceive him by the commonplace expressions of good desires, &c., &c., by which too many who have declined into Laodicean indifference strive to conceal their departure from God. Such were always detected, and were dealt with in the plainest manner. He was careful not to heal before the wound was probed to the bottom, however painful might be the operation to his own feelings ; and he dared not to admit the testimony of peace, without due evidence that God had spoken peace. Truly he led his flock, like a judicious shepherd, to green pastures ; and it was a feast indeed to meet with his people, to hear his own experience, and to listen to his wise and pertinent remarks on each respective case. Nor is it to be wondered at, that many of his class members have become eminently holy and useful, both as preachers and as leaders, and bless the day that ever he became known to them.

SECT. VIII.—HIS CHARACTER AS A HUSBAND
AND A PARENT.

He saw and ever acknowledged the special interposition of a good providence in the choice of his wife. This conviction, in addition to her real excellence and exemplary deportment as a wife and a mother, was a firm basis on which to found that spiritual and matrimonial *love* which composes all controversies, makes all things easy, and sweetens every state.

He was truly an affectionate husband. He manifested his love not so much by words as actions, viz., by an habitual attention to his partner's health of body, and domestic comfort, and especially by a serious care for the salvation of her soul: in this respect, he was a helpmeet indeed, labouring in every possible way for her prosperity in divine things, even as for his own soul. Upon one occasion he said, what his conduct always had corroborated, "Thou art dearer to me than all my children." In every affliction he solaced her by his tenderness, telling her the sincere have nothing to fear, but every thing to expect, from a faithful Creator, and a compassionate High Priest; and, thus encouraged, she dared to believe, and felt that inward calm which the experience of religion inspires, and enjoyed those prospects into a brighter and a better world with which true believers alone are favoured.

The mode of education which Mr. Longden adopted, differed in some minor particulars at different periods; but in the grand leading

principles he never varied or relaxed,—no, not even for a day. He looked upon children in general, and his own in particular, with lively interest; and as his own parents had grievously erred in the management of himself, in childhood, he resolved what course to take when children were intrusted to him. At first, indeed, believing that “just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined,” he was disposed to censure warmly all religious parents, without exception, whose children were refractory; but he was soon taught by sad experience to be more restricted in his expectations, with respect to both himself and others. On his dying bed he said to a young friend, “However lovely your children may now appear in their infancy, do not expect too much from them: use every possible means to ‘train them up in the way in which they should go,’ and leave the event to God, who alone can save them.”

He viewed children as fallen creatures, who have before them an eternal existence, which must be an everlasting curse or blessing; and who, therefore, in addition to the education which they need to fit them for members of civil society, require, also, and in an essential manner, to be instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, and in the ways of righteousness.

He considered the first object of youthful instruction to be *obedience*. By the fond indulgence which his parents had exercised towards him in his childhood, he had found it

difficult in after life to gain a complete conquest over himself; he resolved, therefore, to do his utmost to extirpate self-will and stubbornness in his children by the restraints of authority. None of them, after the age of twelve months, were suffered to indulge in childish pets, crying for any thing that was forbidden: by a word of rebuke, he would silence them instantly.

After he had taught his children implicit obedience to their parents, without reference to reward, he next instructed them in the nature of filial obligation and gratitude.

Having laid down this foundation, at the age of five he began, in the most simple terms, to speak of God the creator, preserver, and governor of the world: that he is everywhere, that he sees and knows every thing, that he is powerful, and can do whatever he will, and that every creature constantly depends upon his care.

At the age of seven, he taught the nature of moral obligation:—First, with regard to God, and as implying reference of his greatness, gratitude for his bounties, obedience to his commandments, and a love to our great Parent, and a reliance on our best Benefactor, expressed in the important duty and privilege of prayer. Secondly, with regard to our fellow-creatures, and as consisting of subjection and respect to our superiors, condescension to our inferiors, and civility to all: an abhorrence of falsehood, and constant adherence to truth.

After laying this foundation, he put into their hands the sacred volume. He would explain the nature of our moral depravity; our actual sin, with many of its aggravations; our total helplessness and insufficiency to save ourselves, and the everlasting punishment which is prepared for the wicked. He would then unfold the plan of our recovery and salvation by Jesus Christ; he would point out his holy life as our great example, and his meritorious death and powerful intercession as the only means whereby we could obtain the forgiveness of our sins, and the eternal rewards of the righteous. These instructions were accompanied with fervent prayer to God to bless this early seed, to give the fruitful shower of grace, whereby alone the blade could spring up, then the full ear, then the ripened corn.

He was truly circumspect in his deportment before his children; there was no lightness or jesting on the one hand, nor sullenness or moroseness on the other. His conversation tended to edifying. That they might respect the people of God, he was careful not to mention, in their hearing, the occasional inconsistencies of professors; that they might love religion, they beheld him happy in the experience and enjoyment of it, and he habituated them to the practice of the observances of religion, by his regular performance of family prayer and attendance upon every Christian ordinance.

That his instructions might not merely be adventitious, and to avoid giving reproof the

moment it was deserved, he met his family stately once a week, in the form of a class-meeting. His affectionate and deep concern for every individual, manifested by his gentle reproofs, his kind admonitions, and apposite instructions, will, we trust, be ever kept in view as maxims and principles of conduct by them through life. Like the patriarch of his family, he taught the law of God and the way of salvation.

He abhorred the foolish practice of some who suspend all correction "till," as they say, "the book is full;" and then, under the influence of passion, beat their children most unmercifully. He had recourse, it is true, to coercive measures, yet always with regret, and not even when most needful until he had kneeled down to implore the blessing of God upon the correction he was about to inflict. But it must be acknowledged that he lived to mature his plans and mode of education, however at first formed and acted upon with the purest intentions: for he saw that other and more powerful motives than merely those of authority and obedience might be used, after the years of infancy, in order to prevail with children to apply with diligence and cheerfulness to any appointed task or duty. To rectify the error into which his parents had fallen, he ran, perhaps, at first, into the opposite extreme, viz., too frequent and severe correction; he was, however, latterly more lenient, though equally firm: and when his children arrived at a proper age he

made himself more familiar with them, labouring to render the path of duty pleasant and easy.

SECT. IX.—HIS CHARACTER AS A MASTER.

We know that it is the opinion of some, that if any degree of respect be manifested to inferiors and dependants they will take improper liberties, remaining no longer in due subordination. It is true that instances of this kind may occur sometimes, and they must be dealt with accordingly; but Mr. Longden found that servants, when treated as rational beings, would then, and then only, serve with fidelity and affection; hence he would reason calmly with them when they had acted wrong; and if they were incorrigible, he would discharge them, without exhibiting an evil temper, or uttering an unguarded word. In general, however, instead of having to reprove them for neglect in his absence, he had to caution them not to labour beyond their strength, but to work one day as they could work the next. O how pleasing to witness servants, not fearing and hating, but reverencing and loving their masters, "obeying them in all things, not with eyeservice as men-pleasers;" and, in return, to see "masters doing the same things unto them, forbearing threatening, knowing that their Master also is in heaven!"

His care for his domestic servants, and their manifest affection for him, were deserving of notice. It was not possible for any of them

to remain in his house, and continue ignorant of their spiritual state. Being incorporated into his family, they were objects of his solicitude and daily prayers, and a goodly company of these call him their father in the Lord. It was no drudgery for them to wait upon his person; they were ever contriving for his convenience, and anticipating his wants; and joy ever beamed in their countenances when he entered his happy dwelling.

SECT. X.—HIS CHARACTER AS A BENEFACTOR.

He had Scriptural views of his responsibility, as the possessor of earthly property. He knew that he was a steward, who had to render a strict account to God for his expenditure, extending even to the least minutiae. He never wasted money in foolish ornaments, or imaginary pleasures. His conscience was tender, and he dared not: his mind was spiritual, and he would not expend in vain and outward show that which was intrusted to him for nobler purposes.

In order to comply with that rule, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right doeth," he sought the most secret method of distributing his bounties. He had not only a list of pensioners whom he statedly relieved, but often left his home to seek out the abodes of the wretched; and a friend has declared that he had long a positive and unlimited commission from him to relieve the necessitous according to his own discretion; and that, at all times,

what he had disbursed was cheerfully refunded. If the rich desire the applauses of men, let them publicly scatter their blessings; but if they want the praise which cometh from God, and seek a rich reward in heaven, let them give in secret, serving Christ in his afflicted members, and he will acknowledge them openly.

It is true, upon public and important occasions, secrecy would have been a false humility, and at those seasons Mr. Longden stepped forward into view, in order to give an example of liberality to others. Witness his contributions towards the erection of our large and expensive chapels, Sunday schools, &c.

Some years ago, a friend wrote to him, faithfully declaring that he was afraid he was not sufficiently liberal. His remarks upon this letter in his journal are as follows:—I find, upon examining my cash book for the last six months, I have given to the poor exclusively one-seventh part of my income. Perhaps my friend is right; it is possible that I ought to give much more away than I do; but my dear friends do not know that I am prohibited by our articles of copartnership from receiving more than simple interest of my capital in trade. Add to this, that the supplies of another mercantile concern, into which I was persuaded, contrary to my judgment, have been nearly ten times as much as the original contract; and these supplies have been necessarily taken, from time to time, from my yearly income. None but God knows what grief of mind this has

caused me. I wish to give one half of my whole income to the necessitous. O! the blessedness of giving! What did holy Job feel when he exclaimed, ‘The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me?’ I know that what I leave behind me I shall lose for ever; but that which I lend to the Lord I shall find again, and reap the benefit of it for ever.”

SECT. XI.—HIS CHARACTER AS A COMPANION
AND FRIEND.

He was formed for society, possessing strong sense, an enlarged mind, an uncommon flow of spirits, and a most affectionate disposition: hence his company and friendship were in extensive request. Nor was he averse from social intercourse; happy himself, he loved to be surrounded with cheerful countenances, provided only that the cheerfulness arose from such a source as was consistent with the religion of Jesus Christ. He possessed a fund of most interesting anecdotes; and when in company with a small number of friends he would open out his store in a manner peculiar to himself, and excite sensations in his hearers of delight and sympathy which it is impossible to describe.

In large and mixed companies he was aware that it was very difficult so to manage the conversation as that it should not tend to injury rather than to improvement, and he could not endure the desultory chit-chat which is so fre-

quently introduced, and which he called "murdering time." To prevent these evils, he would call forth into exercise the talents and graces of some of those present; or he would introduce a leading topic of conversation, which would tend to general improvement: for instance, on such an occasion he once proposed the following inquiry: "What are the surest evidences that a soul is growing in grace?" Among many other excellent things which were said, the following answers are remembered:—

In a private Christian, a growing pleasure in reading the Scriptures—keenness of spiritual appetite—delight in prayer, and holy boldness in approaching to God—increasing union with God—and power to conquer sin.

In a public character, not an increasing popularity, nor even a progressive usefulness; but an increasing discernment in spiritual things—love to perishing sinners—and desire to glorify God. Each person in the room, who felt at liberty, contributed his or her quota: the interview was concluded with singing and prayer, and they parted glad that they met in the name of the Lord.

The name of *friend* was a sacred character in his estimation; he confidently communed with a select few of the excellent of the earth, by personal intercourse and regular correspondence. With these he had no reserve, but lived in habits of the utmost intimacy and affection. From them he received sympathy in suffering, and advice in difficulty; while at the same time

he increased his happiness by imparting of his own spiritual delights, and augmented his strength and courage by declaring his past victories.

SECT. XII.—HIS FAILINGS.

Much has been said in commendation of the excellent character of our friend; it is still far from our design to paint an absolutely perfect character. This we know was never found in mere humanity. At the same time it may be safely said that Henry Longden's defects were so few, and of such a nature, that those who loved him best would feel no pain in recording them.

His natural disposition was full of energy and fire, which nothing but grace could subdue; and as, before his conversion, he was a champion for sin, so, after he was brought to God, he was a champion for righteousness; and in both cases he bore down all before him. It was very justly observed, in a discourse delivered at Doncaster, on the occasion of his death, by one who most sincerely loved him, that "he was by nature a *hero*, and had his lot been cast on the quarter-deck of a British man of war, it cannot be doubted that he would have fought while one plank would have held to another—he would have conquered or died. Something of this spirit would at times appear in his official capacities in the church or elsewhere. Not that he gave way in the least to sinful violence; but acting honestly for God, he felt it was his duty to be *firm*; and firmness

in him assumed sometimes a character of harsh inflexibility, which was painful to those who were the objects of it." Perhaps this cannot be better illustrated than in his own words, spoken not many weeks before his death. "Although," said he, "I have not knowingly departed from God in one instance, since I turned to him and joined the Methodists; yet, if I had my life to respend, I see many things which might have been done which have not been done, and I see many which would have been better omitted which have been done. In the official characters which I have sustained, I believe it has been sufficiently evident that I have always acted in strict integrity. In all my transactions I loved and sought *plainness of speech, free from duplicity*; but in maintaining this I have sometimes gone over the line of prudence, by not paying sufficient attention to the feelings of my brethren; whereas a soft word turneth away wrath."

It has been asserted that he was easily imposed upon by those who made a fair profession of religion. This was perhaps the case where he had little opportunity of investigation; but though mentioned as a failing, it could only prove that he was not infallible; and that he possessed that charity which hopeth all things, and thinketh or suspecteth no evil. Happy character, in which the search of candid truth can find so little imperfection! O that all who bear the name of Methodists were like him!

SECT. XIII.—HIS PERSON.

This is in itself a matter of little moment ; yet there are but few individuals who do not feel a desire to know something of the appearance of those of whom they read. To gratify this natural curiosity, this section is subjoined to the "Character of Mr. Longden." He was tall, and remarkably well made ; his figure was finely proportioned ; and though at one period he rather inclined to corpulency, yet, till he was worn away by illness, he never lost the expression of great muscular strength, combined with great activity. His complexion was fair, and his manly countenance was unusually prepossessing. Perhaps the natural cast of his physiognomy was improved by the inward peace and benevolence which ever beamed from his eyes ; so that some persons who knew him only by report have melted into tears as soon as they beheld him. His voice was a full bass, and at the same time highly melodious ; and his ear for music was finely correct. He delighted in singing the praises of his Lord ; and the effect of his voice while engaged in this employ will long be remembered by many. As a Christian, he was rarely equalled : as a man, few indeed could be considered his superiors : and the writer of a paragraph, who had not the happiness of his acquaintance till towards the decline of his strength, has no hesitation to say, "He was a man, take him for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again,"

A SUMMARY CHARACTER, WRITTEN BY A
FEMALE FRIEND.

When I contemplate the character of my dear deceased friend, I view him as one of the first order of beings in the present state. Those who knew him best, beheld his excellences as scarcely tarnished with infirmity. It is true he was exposed to the envy of some who vainly expect to find, in such a character, almost an angelic perfection of knowledge and wisdom. Such persons do not discriminate between Christian character and human circumstance; and attribute moral evil to the one, which is owing to the limited powers of the other.

In a review of the good qualities of Mr. L. I feel a difficulty in deciding what were his characteristics. Looking at him as a man, I have often admired his strength of intellect, his accuracy of discernment, and his firmness in maintaining what he believed to be right. Although some of his friends have differed from him in opinion on various subjects, yet I have not known the exception of one instance where his plans and treatment have not ultimately proved the best.

As a friend, he has been rarely equalled. With what pleasure have I beheld his openness of disposition, his uniform cheerfulness, and his fervid affection. All whom he knew and approved had access to his heart, and they might claim all the advantages of a friend in need.

As a Christian, I knew him best. I know he entertained such views of himself as only grace can give. While he appeared to me all diligence, fervour, and perseverance, I have heard him lament his coldness and little estimation of eternal things. When first I became acquainted with him, I was but beginning to know myself; and there appeared so unaccountable a difference between his public labours and his humiliating views of himself as excited a surprise, and almost a doubt, how one so warm and fervent could complain of such coldness and insensibility. But when I learned that it is one chief design and effect of grace to make us nothing in our own view, the doubt was solved.

With such views of himself were connected an actual application to Christ as a present Saviour, and exercise of powerful faith in the promises for all the salvation of the gospel. With the humble confidence of a child, he would plead for the bread of God, for himself and others; and he found all the promises yea and amen in Christ Jesus.

As a public character, I never knew a person so invariably ready to act for God as Mr. Longden. He sought opportunities of usefulness in every place and company. As distant from ignorant forwardness as from cold inaction, his zeal was happily blended with humility.

Connected with this was his feeling for the church. Though I considered him as a man acquainted with griefs, yet I know that he found

his chief joy, or greatest sorrow, according to the prosperous or drooping state of his church. In the former, how greatly he rejoiced! in the latter, how much he mourned!

In health he acted for God, and in affliction he no less submitted to his will. So that if we select his chief characteristics, we must point out—in health, a holy zeal and courage, mixed with a due proportion of knowledge and love; and in affliction, a holy cheerfulness under suffering, and a sweet resignation to the bitter cup. I have witnessed his love to God in both these circumstances. I have heard him with much fervour (but with entire submission) ask the Lord for health, that he might devote it to him; and I have seen him in bodily affliction and sore trial feel as a man, yet triumph as a Christian; suffering with his dear Lord, that he might reign with him to endless day

CHAPTER VII.

His last Sickness and Death.

IN the summer of 1811, a little before the Sheffield conference, Mr. Longden was appointed to preach at Handsworth Woodhouse. On that day he delivered an impressive discourse from Rev. xxii, 17, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst

come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." This was his last and farewell sermon, and it was delivered as though he had known that his departure was at hand.

When he returned home in the evening, he found he had taken a violent cold. The usual methods of relief were resorted to without success. His cough was so obstinate and deep-rooted that nothing could remove it, and whatever was administered only served as a palliative. Many of his old friends among the preachers, who saw him at the conference, were much affected with his appearance: he was so altered by affliction, that some of them did not know him; and all agreed in the belief that the Lord was about to call his servant home.

It was recommended to him by the faculty to breathe the sea air, as the most probable means of removing his cough, and of invigorating his strength. As soon as the conference was concluded, his wife and daughter repaired with him to Scarborough, a place which he had been in the habit of visiting annually, and which was endeared to him by the affection of many of its pious inhabitants. "This journey," he said, "will, under God, either restore me to health, or serve to convince me that this affliction is unto death."

The fatigue of a journey of near one hundred miles was too much for his exhausted strength, and he was certainly injured by it. Soon after his arrival, a medical gentleman recommended to him the use of a warm shower bath. The

shock quite overpowered his sinking frame, and, if possible, fastened his cough more firmly than before. He now became so ill that it was thought he could not survive many days. But "God, who comforts the distressed," disappointed the awakened fears of his surrounding relatives and friends. He again revived, and at length was able to take a little exercise, by riding upon the sands, and once more flattering hopes were entertained that he might be raised up, and spared for a season.

After spending a few weeks in this manner, the cold winds and rainy weather set in, and it was necessary to depart. Much was to be apprehended from the journey. He, however, reached York, tolerably well, the first night. A number of his select friends, who breakfasted with him the next morning at Mr. Agar's, will not soon forget that memorable interview! Conscious that he should see them no more in the body, he exerted himself far beyond his strength, and quite unfitted himself for the labour of that day's journey.

He reached home weaker than he left it, fully convinced that God had marked him for the eternal world; and although a decline of nature is sometimes attended with flattering symptoms, yet he was seldom, if ever, driven from this belief. He saw the last enemy approach, and began to meditate anew on the combat in which he must fall, and on the combatant whom he knew he should nevertheless conquer. A due preparation for death was not, however, a

work then for the first time begun. It had been his chief business for many years to become fully ready for this awful period. He saw it an important thing to die, and to enter into a new state of existence; and such were now his views of the last momentous work of dying, that he said, "We sometimes talk off the book, in health, when we speak of death."

It was in the beginning of November, 1811, after his return from Scarborough, that his family were at length convinced of his approaching dissolution.

A few extracts from the diary of an eyewitness, which was written during this trying and afflictive season, will be read with interest by the lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ, as they exemplify the power of religion in the Christian's patience, resignation, and fortitude in affliction, and his final triumph over death.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS SAYINGS, ETC. DURING HIS
LAST AFFLICTION.

"I think that in heaven they lay a particular emphasis upon 'Worthy is the Lamb!'"

"On earth the servants of God have few days, and they are full of trouble. Heaven is the reversion of earth: its inhabitants have fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

To two brethren out of the country he said, "I can testify the faithfulness of God. He comes nearer and nearer to me in my affliction. The Lord is so far from leaving me to myself, that he puts underneath and around

about me his everlasting arms : when troubles abound my consolations abound. The foundation upon which I have built is indissolubly sure : the promises are not yea and nay, but all yea and amen, in Christ Jesus."

"I renounce my labour for Christ and his church, as very imperfect and full of infirmities. I have been an unprofitable servant. I rest my all upon the boundless mercy of God, and the infinite merits of Jesus Christ. This stone is tried, elect, and precious indeed to my soul. How I pity sinners without God, in dying circumstances ! What could I now do without Christ, much less to have God for my enemy ? The blood of Christ can make the foulest clean—his blood avails for me ! Glory be to God in the highest !"

At another time, conversing with some friends, he said, "A few more struggles, and then cometh everlasting deliverance ! and O how welcome the messenger ! How soon I shall join my old companions in paradise ! how our dear brother Haslem will exult when we meet in the heavenly plains !"

To G. Sh—w he said, "My dying exhortation is, *Be diligent*. It is impossible to do too much for God. Give all diligence, with singleness of heart. Never faint, never relax, but labour so much the more in the time of sore conflict."

To another he said, "How kind the Lord is to me. He is gently taking down this tabernacle ; he surrounds me with kind sympathizing

friends, and kisses my soul away to regions of blessedness. In a few days, or weeks, I shall hear the cry, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh ! go ye out and meet him.' And the best of all is, it will be just when the Lord pleases."

December 10, 1811. To-day he fainted for a short time, through extreme weakness, and thought he was dying. When he recovered a little he said, "I felt no inward flutter : I sweetly sunk into the arms of Jesus, saying, 'Triumphant Lord, appear !'"

Two female friends called : one of them came out of the country, and at whose house Mr. L. had often preached ; he said, "I am a dying witness of all those essential doctrines which I have preached on your mountains and vales for many years. The truth and faithfulness of God stand for ever. I am more than conqueror through Jesus Christ. I have confessed him through life, and in this important hour he does not forsake his feeble servant. 'To publish the glad tidings has been the delight of my heart !' No pleasure-taker has longed more for the return of the parish wakes than I have longed for the return of the Sabbath, that I might again engage in my pleasant work."

To W. B., a local preacher, he said, "I have the advantage of you, notwithstanding my weakness and confinement ; for 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, and the crown of righteousness awaits me :' but you are yet in the field of

warfare : be faithful only, and victory is certain. O how near ! how soon I shall tread the golden streets ! Labour, my brother, for inward liberty and uniform steadfastness, then the pulpit will not be a prison ; your inward conflicts will be easy, and your public labours will be blessed : without this, you will only make patch-work of it."

"How unutterably sweet is the presence of Jesus to me ! where thou art, nothing can be difficult or painful, but all is well. He has a name above every name : what can we fear with such a Saviour !"

At another time he said, "I am just taken from the evil to come : I almost tremble for the rising generation. When I began to be ill, the Lord found me in a state of gospel liberty ; I was not carrying a load of guilt, nor indulging any secret sin, so that there was not any thing to undo."

December 11. He said, "How I want to praise God. I have an intense desire to shout the praises of God. I am so languid and feeble I cannot shout, but soon I shall praise him with the fire of a seraph."

December 12. "I am gradually going down with the sun in December, and we shall both in a few days be at our lowest point ; and then I shall rise, and rise for ever !"

"This is my experience, *looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.* There is not any thing in the world a thousandth part so desirable as death ! To depart,

and to be with Christ, is far better than long life in its best estate.”

In answer to the inquiries of a friend, he said, “This has been a good day ; how near heaven has been to me ! My natural disposition is active, and would not be confined in a corner ; but I am a prisoner of the Lord, gently sinking into the grave. It is by faith and patience we inherit the promises, and how necessary are both in a lingering decline ! In this illness first my flesh began to waste and my strength to fail ; then my appetite was more nice and delicate ; then my knees trembled under me, and now I cannot support my tottering frame : thus the Lord is gently taking down this tabernacle. O happy, happy ! when the weary wheels of life stand still ! and how very soon !”

December 14. One of the family desired to support his back with pillows : he said, “Jesus is the best prop, my love ! yes, he is my prop : he does and will support me. O he is a sweet prop ! blessed be his name !”

This evening, the family being assembled in his room, he said, “At the close of another week I can say, the Lord is still with me ; he has supported me, and now I have more to praise him for than ever. This condescension of my Lord is nothing more than I expected. O how the grace of God has preserved me these many years !—it was not with a youthful flash ; no, for latterly I have been more fully devoted to God than ever I was, and the Lord does not forsake his servants in their extremity and old

age. I know he will bring me off more than conqueror through the blood of the Lamb."

Speaking of a backslider he said, "Poor man! when he is taken ill he sends for J—— to pray for him; wrings his hands, and is in the utmost distress; but, poor dear man! as soon as he is a little better he goes to the tavern as formerly. O the danger of such a character!"

Speaking of a friend, who is subject to a very dangerous complaint, "Ah!" he said, "he must be always ready; ever have on his heavenly clothes, that whenever the chariot of fire and the horses thereof arrive, he may have nothing to do but to step in, and mount up through the air to the heavenly regions."

A friend saying to him he thought he might yet recover, with a smile he replied, "I am quite happy with respect to that; my cause is in good hands: were it in the hands of my dear wife or children, or friends, or physicians, they are all but poor fallible creatures, and would be sure to err: but my Jesus, who has my cause in his hands, my divine Master, my bleeding Lamb, my precious Saviour, cannot err. Let it be life or death, my Lord, as thou appointest."

Being very weary and restless, he exclaimed, "O my Jesus! come to me and raise me! I cannot doubt thy love, but I want to feel its power: I cannot doubt thy faithfulness, but I want to feel its plenitude. Come, my Lord! and help thy poor weak child."

To Mr. W—— he said, "How is it that I have not the bursting joys, the mighty floods?" Mr. W—— said, "Rather inquire, have I perfect patience, perfect resignation, perfect love?" "O yes," he said, "if the Lord were to prolong my sufferings in this confinement for many years, I would say, Father, thy will only be done!" "How is it possible," said Mr. W., "without a miracle, to shout the praises of God, when your voice is nearly gone? Such visitations would delight your soul, but they would not be any additional ground of confidence."

To a friend he said, "Many of my brethren have run before me in learning, ability, and success; but I trust few of them have laboured more willingly and cheerfully in the work of the Lord."

He often told his brethren that he was waiting for the promise of the Father, even as a baptism of the Spirit, as an entire meetness for heaven. On Christmas eve he had a memorable visit from the Lord: he proclaimed aloud the glory of the Lord: roused, as it were, with the shouts of angels, and kindled into rapture with visions of glory, he broke into expressions of holy triumph in Christ, as infinitely precious and faithful, and eternity seemed to him as if it would be too short "to utter all his praise!"

To C. C—— he said, "How often we say we want to live nearer to God. The great evil is, that we do not resolutely pray more. We must have time for secret prayer, taken from

business or sleep if we have no leisure. Who ever resolved thus, in the strength of God, without actually living nearer to God? It has been my rule and invariable practice for some years, to pray at least six times a day in secret, and with less than this I could not maintain uninterrupted union with God."

Mr. Jonathan B——r called, and said he had a laborious day on the Sabbath, and he felt the effects of it; to which he replied, "I can tell you, on the faith of a dying man, the work you are engaged in is the work of God; and if you are fully faithful, you will receive a glorious reward at the resurrection of the just."

December 26. For five hours this evening he had a violent pain in the heart, but maintained a sweet equanimity of mind. "This body," he said, "cannot find rest for one moment, but soon it will rest in the grave. My Saviour trod the wine-press alone, forsaken of his friends, and hated of his enemies; but I, a worm, have every earthly comfort, and every blessing arising from the skill of physicians, the attention and tenderness of my family, the affection of my friends, and the prayers of the church. Jesus exclaimed, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' whereas I have the presence of God every moment; and his presence is ease in pain, and life in death."

He said, "Mr. —— is far the wisest man I have known; he is living most for eternity! he is more abundant in labour, and in success in winning and saving souls."

Jan. 1, 1812. His words were, "Happy! happy! happy! I would not exchange with any man upon earth. O what a prospect of an inheritance beyond the grave! It is this which stamps a superiority upon religion; it is not a cunningly devised fable." "As I grow weaker my cough is less irritable: how kind this is of my Lord!"

To two female friends he said, "Labour to give your whole heart to God, and then labour to do all you can for God in his members; if your opportunity be small, yet if you can but pin a pin for God, he will not be unmindful of it, and it cannot lose its reward."

At another time he said, "What a comfort I find in always having God at hand to turn unto! When I awake I find him instantly in my thoughts, cheering me upon my bed." Raising himself in bed, with lifted hands, he said, "What a glorious change I shall soon experience! What raiment I am about to wear! What company I shall join, and blissful employments I shall enter upon! The grandeur of princes is faded and gone!"

January 4. The family being met in his room for worship, he said, "One means of my preservation has been—*sincerity*. I have made many mistakes, but I have instantly confessed my fault to God, and he has healed me. My children and servants, if you would not have any misgivings upon a dying bed, in your transactions *never have two ends in view*, a secret

and an open one : avoid a double mind, as being the sure way to destruction."

January 6. Being extremely feeble, and having a restless night, he wished to be dressed and assisted down stairs, but thought he should not be able to return. "I think," he said, "this may be the last rising from my bed." "But," a friend observed, "you may revive a little." "That," he said, "affords me no comfort." He exhorted his wife, and those of his children present, to labour after spirituality, living continually under a sense of the divine influence. In the course of the day he said also, "Perhaps we have been mistaken in our views, in not any thing more than in the probable simplicity of the scene upon our instant dismissal from the body : probably the departed spirit of an old companion in tribulation may smile and welcome me into the heavenly world, and, opening my eyes, I may find myself in paradise ; and as soon as the child of immortality can bear, the surrounding happy spirits may conduct me into the presence of him whom my soul loveth, even to JESUS."

To Mr. B——ll he said, "Sometimes I am so weak and languid that I do not know where I am or who I am. When I am myself I am waiting upon God every moment. At the lowest of times I know that all is well ; so that I am tossed upon a tempestuous sea, with the port in view,

'And my Lord, he will not tarry :
Soon he'll call his servant home.'

January 10. All this day a heavenly sweetness rested upon him. Having a little ease and recruited strength, his lips were touched with a live coal from the altar, and he triumphed in Christ; he said, "My Jesus! thou art my heart's delight, my soul's only treasure, my satisfying portion, my eternal inheritance."

About six o'clock in the evening he said, "My dear, I am cold at my heart; I think the last conflict is commencing." Soon after he was seized with a shaking fit. We thought it was the last struggle; during this time he could not speak, but he was quite sensible. In about an hour the violence of the symptoms abated, and he revived again. He passed a very restless night.

On Saturday the glands of his throat swelled much; he had a night of toil, but evinced nothing but perfect patience.

On Sunday, January 12, he could not rise from his bed, for the first time. He admired the goodness of God in dealing with him so gently throughout his affliction, bringing the body down to death by imperceptible degrees.

To a friend he said, "I believe the angels of God are hovering around us, we must die to see them; and who would not die to be admitted into the company of saints and angels. Hasten, O Lord, the day of my espousals!" To his family he said, "If departed saints are permitted to go on embassies of love to their old companions in tribulation whom they have left

behind, I shall be glad to visit you and give you a lift up the hill."

For some weeks past the doctors had almost daily expected his dissolution; and he himself had begun to say, "Why do thy chariot wheels delay?" and, "To be present in the body is to be absent from my Lord: to depart and be with Christ is far better," &c. Mr. B——ll this morning, when praying with us, *blessed God for a new day* given, that we might receive grace upon grace, and by lengthened suffering might brighten our crown and increase our glory for ever. This thought affected his mind, and he said, "Jesus, I'll cease to count the hours; I'll suffer on a month, a year! thy time is the best. O let thy will be done!"

He remarked, "I bless the Lord I have been spared again to set my house in order: I have lived to see all my just debts paid, and every thing made plain and easy for my executors. For this I thank thee, O heavenly Father!"

To Mr. G. S——th, who had walked thirty miles to see him once more, he said, "My brother, the way in which we are is the good and the right way. It is good in proportion as far as we have gone; if we had gone farther it would have been better. Had I strength and utterance, I would tell you my enlarged views of eternal things. My brother, our God is able to give exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. He is faithful to every promise; but how much depends upon our diligence! The Lord is very kind and gracious, he never leaves

me for a moment. I have not had a doubt or a scruple since the beginning of my affliction. I hope you will live many happy useful years, if you can but proportion your exertions to your strength ; otherwise you will bring premature infirmities and death."

The return of his fever became more frequent, and caused almost a continual restlessness and tossing. The word *rest* was music in his ears, yet his cry was, "Jesus, let all thy will be done!" He expressed an increasing willingness to suffer, and he was evidently taking a softer mould, changing from glory to glory into the image of God, who is transcendently glorious in holiness. Mrs. B——ll said, "Well, blessed be God! patience is not exhausted yet." "No," he said, "that is not wonderful, when I assure you that the Lord is with me continually ; and he is patience and resignation, courage and fortitude, strength and wisdom. I have survived beyond all the expectations of all my friends, and I am spared for purposes worthy of the wisdom and goodness of God ; and as soon as they are fully accomplished he will call me home."

Mrs. B——ll remarked, "I think, from a dream which a pious man had respecting Mr. Fletcher, the spirits of departed saints visit the churches, or particular members of the militant church, only by *express command*, and that their happiness chiefly consists in doing the will of Christ, and serving his pleasure." "So think I," he replied ; "nevertheless, it is

probable they do thus minister to the saints on earth. I often think our powers will be amazingly enlarged and perfected when we enter the world of spirits—there will be no error; that which is imperfect shall be done away; and when our bodies are changed and fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ, and when with our united soul and body we meet the Lord in the air, our happiness will be consummated for ever.”

February 10. He now took very little support, and entirely refused all solids. His memory, which till now was retentive, began to fail. The doctor told him he could not survive long. “That,” he said, “is a sweet word, doctor; it revives me; yet I am not anxious how long.”

His mind fully rested on God, desirous only, in life and in death, to advance his glory. From the 12th to the 23d February, he could not lie upon his sides for pain and difficulty of breathing, and he could not lie upon his back, because the skin was inflamed and broken, so that he could only sleep while his head was supported with pillows, night or day: he also coughed very much, which so exhausted him that he was unable to converse much with his friends, and but few were permitted to see him. During the short intervals in which this dying Christian was able to speak, his language was to the glory of Christ, and to the encouragement of his servants. “How precious,” he said, “is Christ, in all his offices, his atonement

and intercession, his covenants and graces." While a friend prayed with him, he said, "*It is all glory! all glory!*"

February 22. He appeared to change for death; he blessed his family; afterwards he revived again. To his old tried friend he said, "My dear friend, how I love you! it is with a pure heart, fervently; God will support you to the end. You will not be long after me."

Sunday, February 23. A visible change took place at six this morning, and it was evident his departure was at hand. He had almost an incessant coughing, but was able to expectorate very little. "This," he said, "is my last earthly Sabbath. O! how soon! how very soon! deliverance is at hand! I charge you all to meet me in heaven." He was quite sensible all the day, but was able to speak but little.

At six in the evening the mucus fell upon the lungs, and his cough ceased. The last conflict was begun: he said, "The messenger of my Lord is come; do not any of you be fluttered or alarmed, but be silently engaged with God in prayer." He entered the valley as one who feared no evil. Fully prepared for every event, he met the last enemy with the composure and steadiness which had ever distinguished him upon former occasions of suffering. In life he had been one of the foremost in the Christian profession, and in death he was called to give full proof of its genuineness, by being put into the front rank of suffering. For the

space of eight hours before his dissolution his suffering was extreme. A little cold water being given him in a tea-spoon, he said, "The request of Dives was a small one, but it was denied him." His lips being wet again with water, he said, "Hallelujah for cold water!" He waved his hand, and looked unutterable things! He saw beyond the limited gloom of the valley of the shadow of death those everlasting hills of light and glory to which his soul aspired! and he waved his hand in token of complete, everlasting victory.

At two o'clock he asked who were that sat near his bed—we told him. Several rose up to watch his departing breath; he waved his hand for them to sit down. Afterwards he turned his eyes to the window, and said, "Air." When we had put down the sash we gently raised him in bed, and he breathed with more ease; till, at half past two, on Monday morning, February 24, he entered the joy of his Lord, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

Happy spirit! thy warfare is accomplished, and thou hast taken thy everlasting flight. May those who remain eagerly grasp thy mantle; and may thy name and excellences be perpetuated in the church as long as the sun and moon endure! Amen.

Our deceased friend was buried, by his particular desire, not as a *gentleman*, but as a *plain Christian*. About forty of his brethren, the itinerant and local preachers, proceeded first, two by two; then the corpse, carried by

six of those who loved him ; eight of his particular friends were pall-bearers ; and, although the day was cold and stormy, it was computed there were not fewer than ten thousand sincere mourners accompanied his remains to the house appointed for all living. **THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.**

THE END.

DCSB LIBRARY

X-34897

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



B 000 007 373 4

